

the girl's own story of the wonder trip.—Editor.)

BY MAUD EMERSON LINCOLN

Marblehead, Mass., April 15.—I like my mother's face best of all. It is the most beautiful thing I have seen in this beautiful world. I have been seeing the world only two weeks, but I know there is nothing more lovely in it than Mrs. Edith O. Lincoln, my mother.

I have seen a baby and a daffodil. The daffodil was beautiful, but the baby was so warm and sweet I love her most.

Miss Greeley-Smith took me to Boston and we had lunch in a big hotel and we went through the big shops and saw all the fashionable ladies in Beacon st. And we saw the frescoes in the public library — she says they are among the most beautiful paintings in the world and that a great Frenchman came all the way from Paris just to paint them.

And to see all these things was thrilling. But none of them could compare to my mind with that little pink and white cuddly baby girl that lives just around the corner from us in Marblehead.

I don't want you to think from that that I am one of those girls just crazy about getting married. I think I would rather earn my own living than get married. When I was at the big hotel and saw all the women in fine clothes sitting at little tables, drinking things Miss Greeley-Smith said were cocktails, out of little glasses, I thought how much I would rather be the nice, neat, pretty girl at the hotel switchboard, because she was doing something useful.

I do not think a fashionably-dressed woman is beautiful. Her clothes are too tight and there are not enough of them. I like women, though. I think their faces are so much more beautiful than men's faces.

When I saw my father's face, and particularly his moustache, I laughed and laughed. I really think a mous-

tache is the funniest thing I have seen. I think men's clothes are funny. The stiff fences they put around their necks, those terribly tight derby hats and the two stovepipes they wear instead of skirts are so queer and look so uncomfortable.

Miss Greeley-Smith says I must not judge women's clothes by what I saw in Boston. She said if I want to see beauty in clothes I must go to where she lives—in New York city.

But I am not sure I want to go to New York city, because in my little home in Marblehead I can see the things that I love best — nice little cuddly babies and beautiful waving daffodils. And red roses! In Boston the loveliest things I saw were in the windows of the flower shops. But it seems just a little hard to me that such lovely things as flowers should be bought and sold. Why can't they be given away like the best things of all—love and light and the blue sky?

How can anybody be unhappy who has the blue sky to look at? I never get tired of looking at it. I like it better than the night sky. That is too much like the blackness in which I lived for 20 years (nearly 21 years, for I shall be 21 on April 22, and I know God gave me my sight for a birthday present.)

One night I stood on our back porch with mother and saw my first star, so bright, so lonesome, so far away! And then more stars came out to keep that little lonely star company, and suddenly mother began to laugh, because she saw that I was trying to count them!

I must not forget that the first thing I saw after my mother's face was also one of the most beautiful things. After mother had persuaded me to take my face out of the sofa pillow, where I hid because I was so afraid of the miracle that had come to me I ran to the window of our house and looking out I saw the American flag floating from the flag pole of our city hall.

"Mother!" I cried. "Look! Look!