

Love in Youth

"Did mother ever know her? What was her name?" cried Jenny.

"Inez Vidal," replied Mr. Foxwell. "Her father was half a Spaniard, her mother American."

"Did mother ever know her?" persisted Jenny.

"She knew of her," replied Mr. Foxwell. "When I tried for a divorce. I don't think she ever met her. Inez used to come to the office a good deal; we often drove out together, but your mother was lost in that society whirl and we were content to be with each other."

"How you must have suffered when she died!" said Jenny.

Her father nodded his head.

"It was the business that kept me alive," he remarked.

"Then you came back from school and helped."

"It was from Inez you got your sympathy?"

"Suffering," he replied, "teaches a lot."

"I think you're very good and wise," said Jenny, "and I'm a fool."

"No, no," cried her father. "I had a great teacher. I often think women are wiser than men, especially in the things that matter in life. Men never begin to know how good a woman who loves them can be till they've lost her. We often hurt a woman's little vanities even when we love her, and a woman who loves us never hurts our vanities—never."

Jenny laughed.

"You know, daddy, you're fairer-minded than any one I ever met; fairer even than Morton."