

Love in Youth

car was waiting; I lifted my hat and offered to take her home. She wouldn't consent at first, but I laughed at her silly scruples. That's how it began. She was a school teacher, proud as Lucifer. I sent her books, then theater tickets; she loved the theater. I was very much taken up with my business, trying to make a million and not a few thousands. . . .

"At length I got into a big deal and told her about it; I had often been surprised by her intuition. She asked me to bring the men and let her meet them at dinner. I did. She warned me at once against my partner.

"'He's jealous of you,' she said. 'You must have hurt his vanity, and vanity's stronger than self-interest.'

"She was right. He went back on me badly; but her warning had put me on my guard and I was grateful to her—very; pitied her, too. I insisted on settling \$100,000 on her—a tenth of what she had helped me to gain. . . .

"As soon as she was independent she just told me straight out she loved me, had loved me a long time, was afraid I'd think it was for my money—she was a wonder," he added. "I learned all I know about women from her. I lived in heaven for ten years. . . ."

"Did she die?" Jenny asked softly.

Mr. Foxwell nodded his head.

"She was going to have a child. I had promised to get a divorce and marry her: I had begun proceedings."

"Mother never let on to me about that!" cried Jenny.

"Your mother only remembers her victories," Mr. Foxwell remarked dryly.