

Love in Youth

"Who made you so wise, father?" she asked abruptly: "what woman, I mean? It wasn't mother!"

"No, indeed!" he exclaimed so abruptly that they both laughed.

"Tell me about her," Jenny went on softly. "I always felt that there was some woman in your life or you'd never have been so understanding, so sympathetic with me!"

Mr. Foxwell looked at her.

"It's true," he said, "we're more like real chums than father and daughter; but what's the good of talking about the past——"

"It'll teach me," replied Jenny. "I'm getting ambitious; every little victory leads to another struggle. I mean to make my marriage a great success."

"You've made it a success," said her father.

"I don't mean a success of three months," she went on. "I want much more than that. If it takes two to make a quarrel, one can make a heaven and I mean to make it: so tell me, please," she coaxed.

"There's not much to tell," he began. "It was a few years after you were born; your mother spent most of her time in bed and in doing herself up; she began to wash her face with grease, she called it cream and I didn't like the taste of it," and he laughed. ". . . Besides, I had my work.

"One afternoon I noticed a girl in the subway; when we got out uptown 'twas a regular blizzard, and she stopped short, looking out on the blinding snow. My