

Love in Youth

Mr. Foxwell smiled:

"Then tell him so, sit at his feet and learn: that'll please him just as well."

"That's just what I've been doing," Jenny pouted; "but, as you said, there must be some equality in companionship; I want ideas of my own that he can't smile out of existence at once."

Mr. Foxwell nodded his head:

"Read, then, Jenny, and talk. Read what you like best and don't force yourself to read what he or any one else says you ought to like. Don't be frightened; your personality will come through all right. The Golden Rule is: 'Never pretend to know what you don't know'—that's the pitfall of clever women. . . . Study everything that touches you; but above all hear all the music you can. I guess you'll get ahead of him first in music," he added meditatively.

"Must I get ahead of him?" she asked dolefully.

"He's ahead of you in many things; you should be ahead of him in one in order to be his equal," her father went on: "great love's only possible among equals. He must think you worth convincing whenever you differ. He must respect your intelligence—reverence you—or his love will be lacking in the finest part of love——"

"He'll never reverence me!" she exclaimed, "I'm so ignorant."

"Don't be afraid," he replied, "whatever one desires intensely in life, one's apt to get; if one's willing to pay for it," he added thoughtfully.