

## Love in Youth

"What do you mean?" she cried. "Oh, go on, talk as if I were a man, dot the i's and cross the t's; for goodness sake. I must know everything. . . ."

"It's like this," Mr. Foxwell began. "A man has usually had experiences. He knows that some mistresses are better than others. It doesn't mean he must love best the best one. You understand? . . . In any case," he broke off, "you must just work it out for yourself. Ask yourself: why does the mother idea war against the mistress idea physically?"

"I see," said Jenny slowly, as if thinking; "there must be ways and means."

"Heaps of them; think of him always, not of yourself and your own pleasure, see?"

Jenny nodded her head. "I think I understand. You wise daddy! But is the companion part hard also?" she went on after a moment's pause.

"Sure," Mr. Foxwell replied, nodding. "Think of it. The body, after all, is a simple problem; but the mind's complex and more important and Bancroft has a good mind. It will make you work to get on a level with him, and you must win at least to equality. Now in the case of the body you have no such difficulty, no competition there except with others and his past and I guess his past hasn't been very lurid. If you can't beat all that comparison I don't know you."

"Must one always make oneself scarce and be hunted?" she asked. "Does love given freely never call forth love in a man?"