

## THE DIARY OF A DEBUTANTE

(Continued from page 8)

and the bedrooms and drawing room and music room are on the lower floors, quite reversing the accepted order of arrangement of a house, but most sensible, as a kitchen should always be at the top of a house. This is a modern arrangement, bound to be followed extensively in time to come. Our little house stands in a row, the houses differing only in door and window designs and variety of stone or brick trimmings. It is wonderful how much alone one may be in so crowded a thing as a city block, each man's house his own castle quite as much as though surrounded by large grounds.

We have been so much entertained, and my calendar is filled right up to the day before my wedding. Lucy insists that we shall have a week-end at Cliveden, but as yet the date has not been set. Stanley is quite eager for the visit there—man like, he has forgot, I think. But when I come to question my heart, I find it is now at peace regarding Cliveden and the days spent there. Lucy plans to have quite a fete, I believe, at the end of Lent, with a long list of guests.

How soberly an engaged girl settles down! I said this the other day, and Frances Robinson said that was the reason that she did not become engaged, that she always had no end of fun. But immediately I noticed a wistful look in Frances's eyes, and I remembered that it had been whispered about ever so faintly that Frances lost her heart her first season out, but the man proving fickle her faith in men had been shaken generally. And then I remembered too, that always now at Frances's elbow Lester Harworth bobs up, and I wondered if he were not just persistent if he would not win. One cannot fancy a better match than Frances and Lester—Nellie once said quite soberly that she was afraid Frances was only

flirting with him. Frances is no end popular, and she is most independent, and can always do what other girls would not dare to do in the way of unconventionalities. Frances is a law unto herself, and seems to enjoy life immensely, and yet I have come to wonder if this is not just her way, perhaps, of getting even with fate, treating life like a jest.

I think I shall indulge in my bent as match-maker when I have come into my matronly state, and I believe Frances would be the most interesting subject to experiment upon. I shall plan to make her jealous of Lester—I wonder if that would be dangerous? But if a man could not stand a test before marriage he could not stand it afterward, and his metal would better be tried before. If Frances saw Lester devoting himself to the prettiest debutante of the season, for example, I feel quite sure she would realize just her condition of heart in his direction. So I have already a match-making task before me for next autumn.

Oh, I fancy in leaving girlhood behind I shall find many new duties and responsibilities. I enter upon the quiet Lenten days with the feeling that I want to look well into my heart, I want to be sure that I am strong enough to be selfless should occasion require, that I will be patient if patience is needed, never exacting, and that if God pleases and children come to me, that I may be a mother equal to the sacred trust of guiding their feet aright. But like the girl who wanted to see the flower by the swamp bloom once more before her wedding day, I want to live through the Lenten days alone, I want to kneel with my little white prayer-book in my hand as I have done always, I want to be a girl still and just for these days. No one will know this, my little diary, but you.

## THE FORCE OF TRUE LOVE

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would not walk more erect by reason of such greeting!

There are times when it almost seems as if we had forgotten the meaning of love. What an amount of selfishness and lovelessness we meet with in this world! What abundance of carping and fault-finding, and what paucity of appreciation! What forgetfulness of blessings conferred, what remembrance of errors committed! Go where you may, you do not escape the chronic fault finder. To his jaundiced eye nothing is right. With an assiduity worthy of a better cause, he is forever searching for flaws.

Of course there are flaws. Has not the sun its spot, and the rose its thorns? Yet the sun is luminous, notwithstanding spots, and the rose sweet, notwithstanding thorns. And seeing that none of us are perfect, why prate of the imperfections of others? Why act as social scavenger, collecting from the sinks and ash barrels of slanderers and scandal mongers the faults and failings of others, and dishing them up for others' entertainment? What happiness can there be in effecting the unhappiness of others? Why not rather cultivate the opposite trait, that of finding our own happiness in making others happy? Why not rather add vigor to our lives by increasing love in our hearts? For love is life, and life is love. They who do not love do not live. They who love nothing are nothing. Love is the solution of the riddle of life. It is the ladder to heaven. It is the revealer of the beyond. It robs death of its terror and the grave of its darkness. It begins its ministry before yet we enter life, and continues long after we are gathered unto the dead. "Loving those we lose, we never wholly lose those we love," says Thackeray. Love is the golden chord that ties our heart to a thousand other hearts. It weeps with us when we weep, and smiles when we smile. It rejoices in our triumphs, and instills hope and cheer in our defeats. It is keen-eyed and keen-eared to our virtues,

and blind and deaf and dumb when seeing and hearing and speaking can only mar happiness.

It is more divine than theology,—it is a form of religion itself. It has no need of creeds or dogmas to convince, of bans or inquisitions or torture-chambers to convert. Its saints are not those who waste their years in prayers and penance, or who wage holy wars or battle mightily in theological controversies, but those who preach the gospel of love, and practice what they preach, who scatter seeds of kindness, who perform deeds of love, and spread sweetness and light, wherever they minister.

It is more precious than gold, for they that have love in their hearts have a treasure that neither wealth nor power nor station can purchase, have a treasure that time cannot diminish nor adverse fate depreciate, a treasure that grows the richer as earthly values grow poorer, that grows the stronger as physical strength grows weaker.

It is more to be desired than book-learning, for they that have love in their hearts possess the true wisdom of life. They have the wisdom that makes life worth its living. They have the wisdom that penetrates beneath the surface of things, and understands that they alone live who love, that they alone enjoy who partake of the blessings of this earth with their hearts as well as with their heads. They that have that wisdom are the chosen of God. Along their paths flowers always spring and birds always sing, and smiles and thanksgivings always abound. Their very face is the mirror of a heart that loves all and feels for all and sympathizes with all, a heart that is patient with human foibles and compassionate with human error, that bears insult and injury meekly, that answers unkindness with kindness and evil with good, a heart that preaches, in words which all can understand, the divinest of all beatitudes: *Blessed are they that love.*

## ST. VALENTINE COMES TO THE NORTH

(Continued from page 11)

good old Rainer. And the mail man. "Hullo, you," he cried to the mail carrier, "why didn't you wait until Easter? Why come at all?"

"Why, Hastings, what are you expecting? I'm in two hours ahead of time." Tony was watching him with curious eyes.

"There are letters for you, Ted, and a parcel."

Hastings made an effort to seem careless, and reached for the parcel.

Rainer was saying, "A cold country. When we've finished this job, we'll be in condition to go and look for the Pole."

Hastings held her picture unwrapped in his hand.

"What's the matter with the country?"

he demanded of Rainer, "The country's all right."

Rainer looked at him.

"You've changed your opinion since I left?"

Then he took the scene completely in, for Hastings still stood in the centre of the little office, with the girl's picture in his hand.

"Why, it's St. Valentine's Day," he cried, and there was no sneer in his voice.

"Are congratulations in order, old chap?"

"We will have some music," said Tony sympathetically, "We will have 'Annie Laurie,'" he conceded. He picked up the record.

"Oh, if you like, old man," said Hastings, "but Caruso's good enough."

And then the dinner gong rang.

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If the milk forms keep on beating until all is mixed in. Place on ice or in a cool place until hard. If a yellow color is desired, use butter coloring.

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