

her own part, helping others unobtrusively, always remembering not to go too far.

She is very sincere and straightforward, and you can always feel sure, in talking to her, that she would repeat nothing told her in confidence.

Through all this, there seems a strain of buoyant happiness, and a feeling of good will towards everyone that makes her beloved everywhere.

She is her "mother's girl." Those two hearts beat and work for each other, the mother in her girl, the girl in her mother. No little worries or discords come into their two lives.

Sweet confidences are exchanged. Father has his share in them. Of course there are exceptions. "Mother" may be an invalid hard to please and nervous. The "ideal girl" then takes up her cross with a smile, controls her temper and opinions. She may be the "odd one" in the family, but she perseveres, helps others, if home help is rejected, and fights down longings and envious feelings, knowing that God has placed her there to suffer for her own good, and all will come right in the end.

A person who is a little reserved in her ways is always more liked than the girl who gives you unasked thoughts, ideas and opinions on all subjects from the baby's new tooth to the problem of new boots.

Of course it is good for every girl to share her opinion and thoughts with others, but the little thoughts and ideas are what make one's individuality, and when these are made public property there is hardly any depth of character left for one's intimate friends to fathom.

The giving of girlish confidences is one of the sweetest privileges girlhood has, if you are sure that your confidante "understands" you, and can help to share your troubles as you share hers, each thereby sweetening and strengthening her own character.

The "ideal girl" is almost always made a confidante of. It seems to me that most of the "nearly ideal" girls I have met are a wee bit old for their age. You seldom meet a girl with the graces and virtues I have mentioned at fifteen. If you do she is sure to have her hair half up, and be much older in her ways than you would imagine.

She is never childish when she is ideal. Imagine confiding to a girl in pigtails and pinafores. Of course there are exceptions.

The ideal girl has a great control over her language. She never "answers back," but she has plenty of backbone. She never says inopportune things—oh, that blessed art of pleasing speech! She may have these faults, but she controls them under that sweet manner and smile which she possesses.

Then that last and important question, "Must she be pretty?" Well, I think if a girl has all these virtues she can't help being pretty. There is a sweet look on her face which is past denying.