

Love in Youth

"He's young," replied the father. "Don't forget that. He's got a good head. He may do something big yet. Give him lots of praise. Put the highest standard on him, but praise him, encourage him. We don't grow by blame and fear, see?"

His daughter smiled at him.

"I see, but my praise isn't worth much yet. I'm not his equal. But I'm not your daughter for nothing. I'm going to try my best."

"You'll find your judgment is sounder than his," said her father, "when you know half as much. You'll see things he misses and that'll give you self-confidence."

"Did the child live?" Jenny asked inconsequently.

The father shook his head.

"Oh, you poor daddy! I wish I could make it up to you. Did you never try again?"

"Inez made it hard for any other woman to take her place," he replied simply. "Now and again I went out to dinner or for a drive with some one else, but it wasn't the same. No companionship and very little pleasure, I guess. . . . I've had the best that life can give," he added. "I'm satisfied!"

"What a fool mother is!" cried Jenny. "What a fool!"