



AN EXPERT OPINION.

THE outlook from the window where Mrs. Craig sat idly looking out was charming. A long stretch of green sward rolled away into a clump of trees with bursting buds. A robin chirped gaily as he hopped about and cocked his head at the young woman; and the soft air, fragrant with the odors of spring, blew her wavy hair into a hundred curling tendrils about her broad low forehead. She smiled with the pure joy of living and then—sighed.

"Poor Will," she said softly. Her husband had been dead three years, and a widow cannot mourn forever when life and love surge about her with their thousand allurements. Then she colored a little and left her seat by the window, as a man came hurriedly up the gravel walk.

Mrs. Craig held out her hand to him as he stepped upon the broad veranda.

"How do you do, Mr. Lowrie?" she said. "I am going to receive you out here. It's such a charming day."

"Yes," said the man. "It is nice. You received my note?" he added with some anxiety.

"Oh, yes; and I am very curious to know what I can do to help you."

An older man or one who knew women better might have detected a certain sureness in Mrs. Craig's tone, but young Lowrie saw only the happy smile on her face.

"You may smoke, you know," said Mrs. Craig, as he sat on the step close beside her chair.

"Thanks—not now," he replied. "You can help me a great deal," he went on, after a minute's pause, "but I hardly know how to begin. It is such an odd thing I am going to ask of you."

"Well, I am sure——" began the widow, with a smile.

"Please don't laugh at me," interposed the young man. "I'm in deadly earnest."

"Well?"

"You know what my life has been," he said. "I've told you all that long ago. I'm rough and uncouth, and I don't know the first thing about women. I can't do the things and say the things other men can. I don't know how. But I'm in love—dreadfully in love."

"Well?" said Mrs. Craig again.

"I want you to help me. I don't know how to make her care. You know what women admire in men—what men do to make a woman love them. Won't you tell me what to do to make this woman love me—Kitty?"



MRS. CRAIG SAT IDLY LOOKING OUT.

Mrs. Craig was sitting very straight, her hands folded in her lap. Her face was white, her lips tense and drawn. Lowrie blundered blindly along.

"You see, she's all the world to me. I can't do without her. I've tried—good God, how I've tried to make her care! But I can't. She is kind and gracious and friendly; but I don't want that. I want love. I've dreamed of it all my

"but you must not blame me if, when you win this—er—paragon, you are disappointed. Confidentially, you know, we women are not always so nice as we seem." She essayed a little laugh. "First, then, who is she? Do I know her?"

"I can't tell you that; please don't ask me."

"Oh, very well. But don't you see how



"WON'T YOU TELL ME WHAT TO DO TO MAKE THIS WOMAN LOVE ME?"

life," he went on slowly, "and I've hoped for it—yes, and I've prayed for it, too. I've worked and waited, and kept myself as I knew she'd want me to be, and now I've found her and I can't get her. I don't know how."

"What is she like?" The young woman started at the sound of her own voice. "You are sure she is worthy of this love of yours?"

"Worthy?" repeated Lowrie. "How you twist things! She's as far above me as the stars."

"Is she pretty?"

"She is the most beautiful woman in the world."

Mrs. Craig sighed. There was a pause. Finally the woman spoke.

"I will help you all I can," she said,

hard it will be to advise you, not knowing the woman?"

"I know, but I can't tell you. Do the best you can for me. You would if you knew what it meant to me."

"Well, let me see." She was fighting bravely. The color had come back to her face, her smile was steady and serene, her voice under perfect control. "In the first place, let this woman see that you are interested in her, but don't let her know that you love her. What is it they say in the West? 'Keep her guessing.' Yes, that expresses it. Slang is so useful sometimes."

"Yes, but how am I to do that?"

"Oh, you *stupid*! Can't you understand? Pay her attentions. Always seem delighted to see her. Show by your

manner that you would rather be with her than with any other woman—and act in exactly the same way to all other women when she is present. Now do you understand?”

“I—I think so,” said Lowrie doubtfully. “But”—with more certainty—“I know I can’t do it. I simply can’t talk to other women when she is there.”

“You must,” said Mrs. Craig sternly. “Where was I? Oh, yes. You see, a woman is interested in a man at first not because she sees anything particularly attractive in him, but because she sees that he sees something attractive in her. So your first move is to let her know that you are interested. Then, if you can, make her a little jealous——”

“How can she be jealous if she doesn’t care?” asked Lowrie.

“Not jealous of you—jealous of the other woman. A woman always likes a man whom she knows some other woman likes.”

“I don’t believe the woman I love is a bit like that,” interposed Lowrie.

“Oh, yes, she is,” said Mrs. Craig cheerfully. “We all are. That, of course, is just the beginning. When you can see that she is interested——”

“How can you tell that?” interposed the young man.

“Oh, dear, oh dear! Whatever am I to do with you? Don’t you know when a man likes you?”

“Yes,” said Lowrie—“generally.”

“Well, you ought to be able to tell when a woman likes you. I can’t tell you all our secrets. If a woman treats you badly, it means that she likes you very much—if it doesn’t mean that she can’t bear the sight of you.”

Lowrie groaned.

“I’ll never get on unless you stop interrupting. When you have found out that the girl likes you, begin to show her the thousand and one attentions that

make a woman’s life worth living. Don’t get too intimate with her. Don’t ever let her regard you as a brother. It is fatal. Keep your attitude as a lover always. Don’t pose. Be as nearly yourself as you can. Don’t boast of what you have done, and don’t talk too much about yourself. Let there be many paths in you marked ‘No thoroughfare.’ A woman is always interested in these paths.



“YOU CAN’T WIN ME—BECAUSE I’M WON.”

She wants to be the first to travel them. Be masterly, but don’t bully. Let her see that there is friendship as well as love for her in your heart. Nothing so strongly appeals to a woman. Let her see how you need her.”

“How am I going to let her know all that?” asked Lowrie in dismay.

“Oh, by your manner! If the feeling is there, she’ll find it out. Gratify her slightest wish if you can, and do it quietly, entirely as a matter of course. Show her constantly that she is first in your thoughts. If she is leaving a room, get up and open the door for her.”

Lowrie colored painfully. “I know I ought to do these things,” he said, “but

I've been away so long, I've gotten away from all the little niceties of life. I can't do them gracefully."

"I'm not nearly done," went on Mrs. Craig. "You must send her flowers, and candies, and books. You must do everything in good taste. These things are all important, but, above all, let her realize that she can trust you and depend on you and believe in you, and, oh, woo her, man, woo her!"

She rose suddenly and walked to the end of the piazza. Lowrie followed her, his face white and set.

"Thank you," he said. "Good by."

"Good by?" she repeated vacantly.

"You are going away?"

"Back West, where I belong," he went on bitterly. "I've been in a fool's paradise long enough. Do you honestly think I can do the things you have said I must do to win the woman I love? You know me. Do you think I can do them?"

"No," she said slowly; "I am afraid you can't."

"Can you imagine me concealing any part of my nature from the woman I love? I'm not subtle. There are no paths in me marked 'No thoroughfare.' I would to God there were!" He laughed bitterly.

She put her hand on his arm. "Don't," she said.

"In every point you named I've failed," he went on more slowly, "and the one thing I've done and can do you never mentioned. I do love her; I always have, I always will love her; but it's no use. I came up here today hoping against hope. I knew you couldn't care."

The light of a great happiness came into the woman's eyes; but he was conscious only of his own misery.

"Then I thought if I could get you to tell me how to win you—you of course thinking I meant some other woman all the time—that maybe if I did everything you told me to I could make you love me a little some day. But you see how it is. I can't do the things I ought to do; the

things you say a man must do to make a woman care for him. And I've loved you so long—since the first day I saw you."

"Not while——" she began.

"Yes," said Lowrie; "while your husband was alive. I loved you then. That's why I went away. And I've gone on loving you ever since, and I shall love you until I die and, please God, after that. But that doesn't count. I can't do the things you say. I can't win you."

"No," said the woman, with a sob; "you can't win me—because I'm won."

Then she held out her hands and smiled tremulously.

Bayard Veiller.

THE PROFESSOR AND THE BOY.

THE professor was in his den, and supposed to be studying, when the boy entered.

Why the professor should be supposed to study every time he went into his den is hard to explain. It is just as great a mistake as to suppose that people invariably enjoy life when partaking of festivities. The professor was not studying. He was dreaming dreams that were bitter sweet.

The boy was quite small, but his dishevelment was great. He walked in unannounced.

"Good afternoon," said the professor gravely.

"Good afternoon," replied the boy.

"Be seated," said the professor with distant courtesy.

The boy swung himself up to a table and perched upon one corner, where he swung his feet and studied his surroundings.

"If it is not impertinent, may I inquire how I happen to be thus honored?" said the professor blandly.

The boy eyed him suspiciously. "You mean what did I come for?" he asked.

"That's about the size of it," replied the professor, politely adopting his guest's vernacular.

"Why, I seen your front door open and wanted to know what was at the end of the hall. Besides, it was a good chance to shake Helene."

