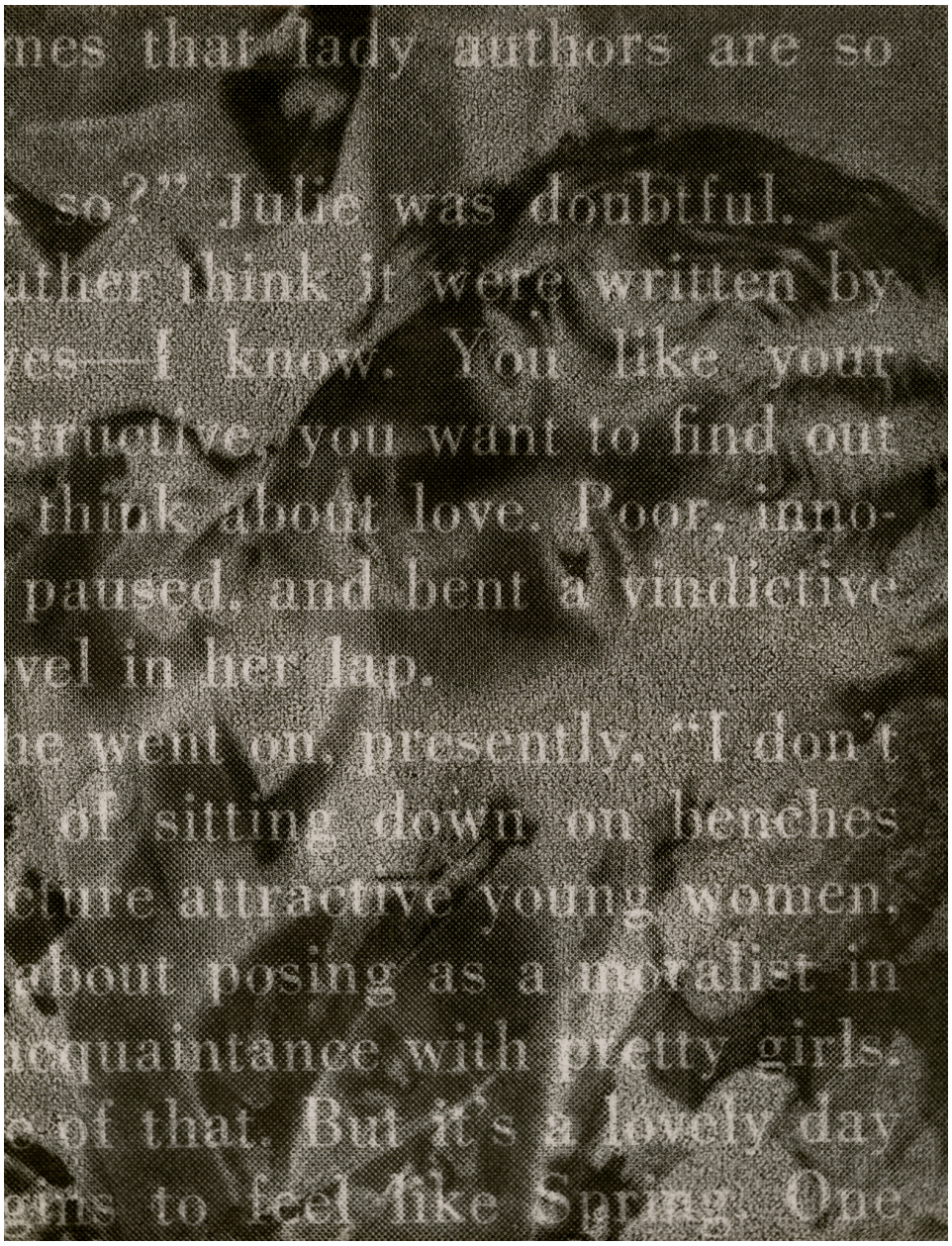
mes that lady authors are so
so?" Julie was doubtful.
ather think it were written by
es—I know. You like your
structive, you want to find out
think about love. Poor, inno-
paused, and bent a vindictive
vel in her lap.
he went on, presently, "I don't
of sitting down on benches
chure attractive young women,
bout posing as a moralist in
acquaintance with pretty girls.
of that. But it's a lovely day
gins to feel like Spring. One