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## An Episode of Travel

By MARTHA V. MONROE

Marriage in Europe has always been brought about in different ways from those prevailing in America. With us the great bulk of the marriages are made for love; in Europe they are largely arranged by the parents. With us the bride is not expected to have a stated dowry; in Europe the amount must not only be fixed, but settled upon the bride before marriage. In America there are no marriage brokers, or, at least, there are no such institutions; in Europe there are places, notably Geneva, where most of the marriages are brought about by this craft.

Jim Wilson, a young American, finding himself in a place where such was the prevailing custom, was much interested in it. Jim was one of those fellows who are not content with observing odd ways, but must try them. He went to a marriage broker and gave him an order for a wife. Not that he expected to marry; his purpose was to experience a case of wife negotiation. The broker told him that the man was expected to deposit sufficient money to pay all expenses; that when introduced to a lady, the object being matrimony, he might, after seeing her, withdraw, and she had the same privileges.

All classes availed themselves of the brokerage system, from the highest down to those who could not afford the expense. Jim was introduced to the daughter of a colonel in the army. He found a very ladylike and a very comely young person who received him, ignoring the purpose of the meeting entirely, but chatting with him frankly and with charming manner.

Jim could not understand how a girl of her refinement could depend upon a broker to find her a husband, and yet he knew that in the place where she lived such was considered about the only process by which girls could find husbands. He felt ashamed of himself for entering upon the matter since he had done so merely from curiosity.

Thinking that the best way out of the matter was to withdraw at once, he told his broker to say to the lady that he had decided that marriages between different nationalities were not likely to be happy and if he married he would mate with one of his own countrymen. He had been told that it was the privilege of either party to withdraw and felt no compunction at doing so.

One day while walking in a park where a military band was playing as people promenaded or sat about in groups, he came upon the young lady he had met for the purpose of gratifying his matrimonial curiosity sitting at a table with her father, who was sipping wine and smoking cigarettes. He expected to be recognized, if at all, with reserve, perhaps embarrassment. To his surprise she bowed to him with a smile. He did the proper thing by advancing and expressing himself charmed to meet her again. Her father, the colonel, rose, bowed very low and invited him to take a seat and partake of a glass of wine.

Jim was immensely pleased. After all, the matrimonial brokerage custom was not so bad. At any rate, here was a girl who had the good sense to consider the preliminaries in the light of a business transaction and not feel hurt that he had not proceeded in the affair. He chatted with her for some time, when her father took her away giving him a cordial invitation to call upon them.

Jim was much pleased to make a pleasant acquaintance in this peculiar manner. When he reached home he told to his friends. He determined to accept the invitation for once at least and within a few days made the call. The lady, though as modest as before, seemed to feel a greater freedom that the matrimonial business was no longer between them. Contrary to European customs, he was left alone with her and when he departed felt that he had spent one of the most delightful evenings of his life.

Three weeks from that evening he left the lady again feeling that for him the bottom had dropped out of the universe. He had fallen desperately in love with the lady he had declined to marry and proposed to her. She had refused him, giving him to understand that she would not marry a foreigner and on no account an American.

Mr. Wilson had any curiosity it was to know why she had received him cordially at first as a suitor and now that he was ready to complete what the broker had begun would not accept him. He knew that her father had nothing but his pay in the army, and had felt certain that the marriage on that account alone might have been arranged. He concluded to go to the broker who had introduced him with a view to learning what had brought about the change. That person said to him:

"Monseigneur, the lady could not be expected to meet with a refusal on your part to marry her. She has punished you for that."

"But," said Jim, "I thought you said that after one of your introductions either party is at liberty to withdraw."

"So I did, but this is the business part of it—a woman is privileged to take another woman's view, and in this case mademoiselle was evidently offended."

Jim went back to America with a broken heart. He does not tell of his adventure as one of the episodes of his tour abroad.

## Making People Better

There are more people in cities than anywhere else. When you want to accomplish a certain result you go where there is the greatest opportunity.

To make government better you must make people better.

To make people better you must work where there are the greatest number of them.

Remove the cities, and the country will take care of itself.

In advertising campaigns you do not try to get out first. If it is possible, get the whole country taken. This gives much money. It reduces the risk.

In this country we are trying to reform too many cities at once. Let us take one at a time.

Begin anywhere.

If New York is too large, take Fifth avenue. Let all the efficiency reformers in the country concentrate on Fifth avenue. Let's learn on Fifth avenue.

If we can reform Fifth avenue we can reform the world.—Thomas L. Masson in Lippincott's.

## Making an Apology

Never be in too great hurry to apologize.

And don't apologize unless you are absolutely certain that you have given offense. More feelings have been hurt by unnecessary apologies than by careless words or actions.

In any case you need not copy the example of people who say, "I'm sorry I was so absentminded when you were talking to me" or "I'm afraid I didn't seem very pleased to see you the last time you called."

A very wise old lady once said: "My dear, never apologize. The chances are that the people to whom you speak will not know they have been offended till you begin to explain it to them. But once they have grasped it they will never forget it again."

"So leave well alone and show your regret by being extra nice next time to make up for past shortcomings."—Pittsburgh Press.

## Mixed Orders

The very last telegraphic dispatch wired from Germany before hostilities began in the Franco-Prussian war was from Count Benedetti, the French ambassador, and was sent to the French foreign office. After stating that war could not be avoided the dispatch wound up with the following extraordinary statement: "Do not put so much seasoning in your next consignment of sausage." The astonishment that this message caused to the recipients at such a time can well be conceived, but it afterward turned out that the influence of war and a perfect flood of telegrams had befogged the German telegraphists. As a matter of fact they had mixed a purely commercial telegram from a Teutonic pork butcher named Benedict with the historic message from Count Benedetti.—London Standard.

## Ready For the Wash

Mrs. Commuter, basely deserted by her maid at the eleventh hour, mobilized a Swedish reserve in desperation for the dinner party. All the English the new domestic understood was the sign manual, but an hour's drill put her in some shape for service. The Swede went well until dessert. The Swede forgot the finger bowl, which should have been upon the plate. Mrs. Commuter employed the sign manual under cover of the table illustrating the washing and drying of hands. The Swede nodded, went on and returned.

Mrs. Commuter turned to find the new domestic at her elbow. Sincerely she held a dishpan of hot water, a cake of yellow washing soap and the kitchen roller towel.—New York Post.

## Essay

"Some folks," said the busy woman, "take life easy, as easy as the new hired girl wanted to take her new place."

"Everything goes by clockwork here," the mistress said to this girl by clockwork, mind you. You get up at 6, you dine at 12, and you go to bed at 10."

"Well, if that's all," said the girl, with a smile, "I think I will be able to manage it."

## Breathing

To learn to breathe properly inflate the lungs and walk for five paces, keeping the mouth shut and breathing through the nose. Increasing the five paces to ten and then to fifteen or more. Follow this up by taking several long breaths after getting up in the morning and again before retiring.

## Dryden and His Wife

Dryden married Lady Elizabeth Howard, a shrew of marked ability. She complained that he showed her no attention and wished herself a book that she might enjoy more of his society. "Wish yourself an almanac, my dear. Then I could change you every year."

## A Negotiable Draft

"Well," replied the physician when his patient wife asked him for money. "I hope to cash a draft soon and then—"

"Cash a draft? What draft?"

"The one I saw Mr. Oldtown sitting in this morning."

## Counting a Madman's Feet

The madman has been counted with a million of feet in every man who wears the shoes in which he walks. It is a curious fact that the feet of the madmen are counted by the number of shoes they wear. The madmen are counted by the number of shoes they wear. The madmen are counted by the number of shoes they wear.

## Parasites Looking Alike

Did you ever see a Sikh in uniform? Not whatever of someone's your childhood fancy painted upon the face of a soldier, the Sikh has it. Other soldiers may be as brave or may fight more fearlessly or die more willingly, but for simple fierceness of personal appearance all medals go to the Sikh.

A Sikh and I've seen many regiments of them on their native heath. He is a tall man with black hair and a long black beard. He is dressed in a plain blue uniform. He is dressed in a plain blue uniform.

## Very Awkward

Two Frenchmen, one an artist and the other a subeditor, fought a duel. The combatants faced each other with grim determination, both being confident of victory.

After much parrying the subeditor managed to get in an overwhelming cut, which severed the artist's nose. The wounded man dropped his sword with a groan, but in falling had the misfortune to fall across the big top of his right foot, cutting it clear off. After this interesting state of affairs he was rendered hors du combat.

The doctors rushed up to replace the piece, but in doing so they made the fatal mistake of putting the toe on the artist's face and his nose where the toe should have been, and ever since the accident when the unfortunate fellow wanted to sneeze he has been obliged to take off his boot.—Brand Magazine.

## Scooped the Beest

The extraordinary skill with which Sir Edwin Landseer painted animals was due not merely to his mastery of the brush, but also to his intimate knowledge of the animal world. One of his many talents was the power of imitating to perfection the cry of any creature with which he was familiar.

One day when the artist happened to be the guest of Lord Rivers he was requested to go and see a very savage dog that was tied up in the yard. An Landseer approached the growling beast he dropped quietly upon the hands and knees and then, crawling forward, snarled so alarmingly that the dog, overcome with terror, suddenly snapped his chain, jumped over the wall and was never seen afterward.

## No Difference

Personally, we never attached to wedding and engagement toward the importance in which it is held by society reporters. And we incline to believe both to be purely private matters in which the wishes of the persons involved should be paramount. But a girl might as well print the news of her engagement as to tell it to her best friend—Topeka Capital.

## Brain of the Gorilla

The gorilla is in stature about the same as man, but is far behind him when it comes to the contents of the brain pan. The greatest capacity of the gorilla's brain is only 84 1/2 cubic inches, the least 23, as against 62 in the least capacious human skull and 114 in the greatest.

## Art in the Soup

The artist's wife leaned over and looked at her husband's soup after she had handed it to him.

"Oh," she cried, "look at the scull! the fat has made in your soup. Isn't it artistic? Don't eat it. It is so beautiful!"—Exchange.

## More's the Pity

Patience—it takes five to make a quarrel, you know. Patience—And yet I have known quarrels to occur when two persons have been made one.—Youkers Statesman.

## Enough Said

"Why do you carry that mortgage on your home?" asked the old fogey.

"Because I can't lift it," replied the groneh.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

## It Usually Does

When a man and a woman discuss the subject of matrimony one seldom gets the better of the other. It usually results in a tie.—Lippincott's.

## Some men, like pictures, are better for a corner than a full light.

Some men, like pictures, are better for a corner than a full light.—General.

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