

this dislocated world of ours as an old maid. On the contrary, it would be a clear case of "To every damsel a man or two."

If we read aright the signs of the times, the inspiration of the average bachelor is a good dinner, his aspiration the latest thing in the half-world. Ask one of these grasshoppers why he does not marry, and he will tell you it is because the girls are "too extravagant." Indeed, one would almost think to hear him talk that the girls had the habit, too, of pools, yachts, late suppers, and jewelled garters.

But this is how he talks to "the boys." "No, sir, catch me putting my head in a noose! I'm out to paddle my own canoe. Women! Pshaw! The women down town are always glad to see me, and never ask where I was last night. They just make it agreeable for me. And when I tire of one, I'm not tied to her, or at the worst, I can cut the hemp, bid her a pleasant good morning, and seek pastures new when and wherever I fancy——."

They remind us of the frogs in Aesop, who were extremely wise. They had a great mind to some water, but they would not leap into the well, because they could not get out again.

And this is why there is such a plethora of unmarried women—why the girls must take of necessity to nursing, missions, and sisterhoods.

Of course, if the old maid be rich, this alters matters, for "Love's arrow," says one who knows, "is tipped with a jewel, and shot from a silver string." The ugly girl with a dowry is sure to find somebody ready to marry her on any terms, thus enabling her to transmit her bodily and mental ugliness to her offspring.

The poor girl must go on growing old more or less gracefully, and must daily endeavor to possess her soul in patience when she is addressed as "ma'am," instead of "Miss," and when the obliging shop-girl asks if she would like to look at the toys and baby-jumpers. It is consoling, however, to know that Venus, herself, without a dowry, would have been only a pretty sea-side girl with a harvest apple in her hand.

Mr. Carnegie tells us in a burst of confidence, what he would do if he were Czar, and so I may be excused if I venture to predicate as to my course of action if I were an old maid.

Ah! I'd get married—married right off. It is never too late to wed" (synonym for "mend"). I have no belief whatever in "single blessedness." The poet who sang that "all the flowers of love blow double," was a profound philosopher.

My dear girl, don't sit and mourn! The world is wide—so wide—and there are many who would love you—if *you loved them*. I italicize the last phrase, for in it is comprised the whole of the law and the prophets.

The man who is running straight ahead with steam full on, may, now and then, be **artfully** sidetracked. He may be shunted **off by** such a small thing as an innocent question. If most men would take the trouble to look back and find out how they came to get married at all, they would generally find that the affair began with some naive confession on the part of the girl of a total ignorance which asked humbly for enlightenment. It pleased him to display his mental superiority, and to have an oracular infallibility.

Or he may be sidetracked by proximity. "Proximity," says Lord Lytton, "is the soul of love." If two people can only meet often, the match is half made.

Then, Milady!

Express yourself simply, and with a voice as sweet as possible.

See everything, but appear ignorant.

Read everything, but quote nothing.

Know as much as possible, yet please by asking questions.

Be light-hearted, charitable, indulgent.

Preserve your beauty.

Listen attentively.

In order to keep a cool head, see things at a glance, judge quickly, and think more quickly still.

Nine chances out of ten, he will be sidetracked. Later on, you will have ample time to consider whether or not he was worth the trouble.