

what we demand from it. Don't forget this when you are angling.

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The purest and sweetest happiness which woman can know this side of heaven flows from an harmonious marriage.

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A woman who marries beneath her is everlastingly done for. She has not only sinned against her class instincts, but against her nature. She has destroyed her life as much as the woman who goes wrong.

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About old bachelors. These spoiled darlings of fortune are shy, and the net must be spread by an adept hand.

Opulent and distinguished bachelors don't expect to marry. They are wedded to a sense of their own importance.

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Now, girls, I would like to tell you other secrets, but the man behind the desk keeps a dreadful blue pencil, and he uses it to a stub every day, but, the blue pencil

willing, I'll take you into my confidence soon again.

Just a word about keeping Jack when you get him.

A woman sang once how she tamed a falcon, but he flew away from her, and now wears other chains. Stripping this of poetry, Jill, she henpecked him.

The world abhors a henpecked husband, and the world is right. There is no surer way of turning out a no-good man than by killing his self-respect. Let him have full fling. The spectacle of his dictatorial moods, his changing crotchets, and flustering airs of superiority, may be interesting and funny by-play for you. Besides, shamefaced repentance and apologies are sure to come.

And if he gets positively rude, try the soft answer that turneth away wrath.

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Here is an example for you. The other day a woman deposited two cents on the stamp counter. "Well, what do you want?" snorted the gruff clerk. She answered very gently—"An automobile, please."

