

If you want proof positive, my dear sir, of the disinterested affections of Dottie, it would be wise to circulate a rumor of your actual bankruptcy.

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"Man was made to mourn," sobs the poet, and the blamed fool thinks he can get out of it by marrying again, sneers Cynicus.

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Browning has a poem on widowers. Read it. The title is "Any Wife to Any Husband."

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The favorite text of widowers is found in Genesis ii. 18. This text is the first reflection of the Creator on the species.

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And when you get "that lonesome feeling," Milord, you will find a heap of women to select from. There is the domestic broad-faced woman, who cooks good dinners at a small cost; and the animated talking machine, who is a queer compound of hysterics and affection, as well as the impassioned, languid-eyed woman, who needs a world of looking after; and the rosebud, and the smart, vivacious little woman of the irrepressible kind. But what odds about her style? She is a woman anyway, so shut your eyes, put your hand in the bag, and grab.

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If you are at all doubtful as to your true feelings for her, just notice how you feel when a bachelor monopolizes her time and attention. If you feel "queer," and want to smash him—well, don't lose any time in proposing.

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And when she accepts you, don't enact the turtle-dove before all the company, unless you positively can't help it. People say such horrid mean things sometimes.

WHAT WE EAT

HELEN WILMANS does not believe we derive our character nor our bodily appearance from what we eat, in spite of the experiment of an old hen she tells about. The hen got the reform diet craze, and began to live on sawdust. When

she hatched out her next brood of chickens, eleven of them had wooden legs, and the other was a woodpecker.

It was along this line, too, an ardent swain explained to his sweetheart the famous dictum "what a lion eats is lion." She asked him if he believed there was anything in the notion that people became what they eat. The wise fellow said if there were she must have eaten venison, she was such a little dear. We wonder if he were making game of her.

Be that as it may, always eat the best you can get. If you stint the table to decorate your back, you deserve to forfeit head, stomach, and electoral franchise.

We have a poor idea of the physical and mental capacity of badly fed people. If Lazarus had insisted on better food than crumbs, he would not have remained a beggar.

The woman worth anything is built and sustained by hearty feeding, and there is no grossness either in eating heartily, if she work sufficiently to consume the strength afforded.

The trouble with the table in many homes is monotony, and monotony is as bad for the digestion as the temper. It is not change of air that benefits the average holiday-maker so much as change of diet.

Another error in household management is the permitting of hurried and slipshod breakfasts. This meal is really the most important of the day, because it supplies the fuel for the day's work. Paulding was right when he said, "Next to a good appetite for dinner, a keen relish for breakfast constitutes the happiness of our existence."

In some homes, it is the order of the week to eat cold dinners on Sunday. Perhaps there is logic in it, and religion, too, but as for ourselves, we will cling to the amended maxim, "The better the day, the better the feed."

It is an error to hold to the idea that "healthful food" should taste badly. On the contrary, "halesome farin'" should be the most toothsome. There is no reason why the staples which make up the bulk of our diet should deserve anything else than a prayer of thanks. It is quite possible that a plate of soup may be a comfort to the soul.