

Statisticians calculate that every lover averages three serious and five semi-serious affairs in the course of his life.

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If I were a man, I would prefer a sense of humor in my wife to any other gift. It has been rightly called "the divine saving grace." A woman who has it is never conceited or vain, and is nearly always cheerfully philosophic. Of course, a woman with a keen sense of humor, runs the risk of getting killed prematurely, but then I'd see to it that she carried a weighty life insurance.

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It is always well to be careful about your love-making. Most men propose in a dark parlor, but they have to get married under a white light.

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The Encyclopædia Britannica defines love as "The principle of sympathetic and pleasurable attraction in feeling and thinking beings."

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Ah, my dear Sir, don't commit suicide if you have been refused. The very wisest of men, even the Fathers of the Church, are agreed that woman is a lamentable failure. "Poor, silly things," says one writer, "who have not the sense to know it's no use denying what's proved."

"Than woman, there is no fouler or viler fiend." This is a piece of amiability from Homer.

It is not well to begin life with such a creature. Besides—

You may have better luck next time. No good huntsman refuses to try again if he has had a bad day's sport. The doe that escaped his gun yesterday, may be "grassed" to-day. Besides, in love, as in hunting, the pleasure derived from the pursuit of the quarry is the main thing.

And then you must remember that times have changed. Mademoiselle is having her innings now, and so may pick and choose. The law of dependence no longer forces her to find in some measly little specimen of masculine humanity, her only refuge from starvation.

Avoid all-but-identity in your sweetheart. Attraction towards one's opposite tends to keep up the true standard of the race. The foundation of mutual affection is in the attraction, not of affinity, but of contrast.

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The contrast is perfect between a bachelor of 70 and a sprightly belle of 17.

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The stolen kiss "snatched hasty from a sidelong maid" is not really a kiss at all. It must be mutual to be appreciated.

An old campaigner tells me that it is not necessary to hold a girl by the ears to prevent her getting away. He says it is quite as effective and more graceful to put your arm around her neck, your fingers under her chin, and then—. After a few repetitions she will find it doesn't hurt.

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Bachelors have been described as "Pirates of Love, who know no duty." I suppose this name is applicable because you sometimes make the girls "walk the plank." Now, if this is your reprehensible habit, be warned by the result of Swift's amours. His biographer says of him, "He requited them (his sweethearts) bitterly, for he seems to have broken the heart of one and worn out that of the other; and he had his reward, for he died a solitary idiot in the hands of a servant."

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Never ask her uncomfortable questions about her age. A woman is like a piece of music, she has no date.

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And if you should marry grandmamma, don't be annoyed because Mrs. Grundy grins and winks her wicked eye. You know she does not understand how very, very old you *feel*.

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Should matrimony be a matter o' money, I wouldn't like to be brutal enough to bluntly answer "yes," but will just intimate that it is not politic to lose an estate because a woman is inconveniently attached thereto.

It is no disgrace to be poor, you know, but sometimes it is very inconvenient.