

The Invitation To Matrimony A Bachelor Girl's Chat

BY HELEN ROWLAND, IN CHICAGO RECORD HERALD

"I'm beginning to think," sighed the Mere Man, "that perhaps I'm not so fascinating, so alluring, so altogether irresistible as—as—"

"As you'd like to be?" suggested the Bachelor Girl helpfully, preceding him across a muddy street on the tips of her polished toes.

"As I used to be," corrected the Mere Man, guiding her carefully over the gutter. "It's been a whole month," he grumbled, nodding toward a leap-year calendar in a shop window, "and nobody has proposed to me."

The Bachelor Girl tucked her little muff up under her chin and looked at him over it sympathetically.

"Oh!" she exclaimed. "Then you know how it feels?"

"How what feels?" demanded the Mere Man.

"To sit and wait—for a proposal," explained the Bachelor Girl. "To lie like the goods on a shop counter until somebody comes along and looks you over and says: 'I'll take this one, please.'"

To stand in the show window of society like the dummies in a tailor's window and be turned round and round on a pedestal to display your charms in the desperate hope that somebody will come along and annex you, and that you won't be finally laid on the shelf with the showman's old maids and faded belles. That's what women have been doing for centuries, and that's why they are at last demanding the right to propose!"

and she waved her muff dramatically. "The right!" repeated the Mere Man with fine contempt. "They've always had the right, haven't they? They have the right to shave their heads and blacken their teeth and wear their coats wrongside out, and smoke cigarettes and drive delivery wagons and go to prize fights, and offer their seats to us in the street cars, and pick up our handkerchiefs, and carry our bundles, and send us violets and bonbons. There's nothing morally or legally wrong about a woman proposing to a man. It's perfectly right—"

"Of course," assented the Bachelor Girl triumphantly.

"But awfully poor policy," added the Mere Man promptly. "The only thing that makes a man want a wife at all in these days of bachelor comforts is the fact that he has to make a little effort to get one. There wouldn't be any marrying nor giving in marriage whatever if you took away the last barrier between us. It's too easy already."

"What!" The Bachelor Girl almost stepped into a snowdrift as she wheeled around to face the Mere Man. "What do you mean, Mr. Porter?"

"I mean," explained the Mere Man hastily, "that since stern parents and gookle-eyed chaperons and barred windows and stone walls went out of fashion most of the excitement has been taken out of the love chase. There's nothing left to make it interesting but the chance that a chap might be turned down. Take that away and it will be as tame as the races at the circus, where the lady always wins and the little pony always comes in first. There's no fun betting on a sure thing," and he flicked the snow resolutely with the point of his cane.

The Bachelor Girl swung her muff impatiently.

"But don't you see," she argued, "that if it became the fashion for women to propose it would be a year before it would be bad form for a man to propose?"

"Great Scott!"

"And then all the uncertainty and anxiety and excitement would be on your side," she added, triumphantly. "Men would be just as nervous about getting married as women are now. You'd have the same doubtful, delicious feeling every time a girl coaxed you into the conservatory or sat out a dance with you that you do now when you pass a woman acquaintance

on the street and don't know whether she's going to speak to you or not."

The Mere Man shivered.

"Exquisite prospect!" he murmured, cynically.

"And, besides," went on the Bachelor Girl, cheerfully, "it's a woman's privilege to decide first whether or not she will acknowledge a man's acquaintance and invite him to call or to dine, isn't it perfectly logical that it should be her privilege to decide first whether or not she will marry him and to invite him to the altar?"

"And his privilege," broke in the Mere Man, desperately, "to refuse the invitation!"

The Bachelor Girl dropped her muff in a snowbank.

"I never thought of that," she said reflectively, as the Mere Man recovered the bit of silk and fur and restored it to her.

"Of course you didn't," he retorted, brushing the snow from his coat sleeve with perfect equanimity. "You probably thought that, because we haven't the privilege of refusing to return a woman's love, we wouldn't have the privilege of refusing to return her love."

"You wouldn't," gurgled the Bachelor Girl delightedly, "if you were polite."

"That's just it," agreed the Mere Man. "What you women want is not only your own rights, but ours too; it's not a chance, but a sure thing."

"Well," sighed the Bachelor Girl, holding her muff pensively against her cheek, "it would be a much surer thing than it is now."

"Happiness," rejoined the Bachelor Girl promptly. "We'd get the husbands we wanted, instead of any old thing that happened to want us."

"But how about us?" protested the Mere Man.

"Oh, you'd be much better off," returned the Bachelor Girl, nonchalantly. "It's much more important that a man should marry a woman who wants him than one whom he wants; somebody who is so delighted and grateful that she will wear herself to a frazzle trying to make his life a path of roses, than somebody who merely looks upon him as a last resort or a means of paying the bills. When a woman makes her husband miserable it's nine times out of ten because he's not the man she wanted to marry, but she shows her resentment against fate by wearing soiled kimonoes, and sloppy slippers and quarreling over trifles and spending his money recklessly. Besides, I don't see, from the matrimonial records, that men have made such a success in picking out life partners that they should want to keep on doing it. Women could do it much more scientifically."

"May be they could," assented the Mere Man, ironically. "But that doesn't make us yearn to turn over the pleasure of choosing his own wife and running his own courtship, and doing his own loving, just as a small boy wants the privilege of choosing his toys and running his own steam engine and winding his own top. It's a masculine trait to want to do things yourself and a feminine one to want them done for you."

"But it's awfully hard," sighed the Bachelor Girl, "to sit by and see a thing all bungled up and slopped over and spoiled, and—"

"To watch a proposal," continued the Bachelor Girl, "being blurted out and squirmed through and twisted out of shape into a farce, when you could have managed it like a Broadway production of 'Romeo and Juliet.' Success in anything, even matrimony, depends a whole lot on how you begin it, and when a man begins by getting so excited and frightened that he forgets what he wanted to say and goes off

and telephones it to you, or writes it and sends it special delivery, it takes all the tang out of everything."

"There aren't any real proposals any more. When a man wants to marry a girl nowadays he just casually mentions to her that he needs somebody to darn his socks and make his coffee and keep his shirts in order; or else he begins by railing at the laundries and berating the boarding houses, and gradually works around to a description of the new mission furniture he expects to buy and of the way he'd fit up a flat if she'd come and live in it; or he may nonchalantly inquire whether she likes her steak rare or well done, and follow it up by an exclamation of delight at their mutual tastes in meat and vegetables and the suggestion that they might always give their dinner orders together. And when it's all over and she finds herself married she has forgotten how it happened and has nothing to remind her of her courtship—but the ring and the wedding certificate. But if women could do the proposing they wouldn't rush into it or stumble into it, as if it were a luncheon or a duty or an afternoon tea. We'd wait for proper background and a full moon and slow music; and then we'd lead off to a secluded corner or conservatory or the park, or—why, I do believe, we're there already," exclaimed the Bachelor Girl, interrupting herself, as she turned with a little skip of delight from the avenue into the snow-covered path beneath the trees.

"We are," acknowledged the Mere Man with real fright in his eyes. "But you didn't finish," he added hastily. "What would you do when you got into a tight corner or a prepositional or a lonely park?"

"That's what I brought you here for," "Shall I show you—"

"Hold!" cried the Mere Man, flag-

ging up his hands imperatively. "What have you to offer me, madam?"

"What?"

"Can you guard me tenderly from all cares and troubles and make my life a path of roses and pay my tailor's bills and keep me in cigarettes and smoking tobacco?"

"What are you talking about?"

"Will you settle my bridge debts and my club dues and furnish me with fancy monogrammed shirts, and take me traveling in the choo-choo cars, and tip my valet and—"

"Do you mean to say—"

"I mean to say that a proposal is an offer. What have you got to offer?"

And the Mere Man folded his arms and faced the Bachelor Girl challengingly.

But the Bachelor Girl walked on in dead silence.

"I thought so," remarked the Mere Man, trying to peer over the muff she held up to her cheek. "It's the chap who is going to foot the bill who usually gives the invitation to dinner or the theater—or matrimony," he added laconically.

"Oh, well," The Bachelor Girl slipped her muff down from her scarlet cheek and tucked her fingers easily inside it. "I'll let you do your own proposing then," she pouted.

"Thank you," returned the Mere Man politely. "I was just going to. This is such a lovely background, and there's the slow music of a hurdy-gurdy in the distance, and I've got you off in a lonely corner—"

"Do on!" urged the Bachelor Girl enthusiastically. "I never in my life felt so much like—"

"Do you?" exclaimed the Mere Man joyously, trying to catch her fingers through the muff.

"Like refusing you!" finished the Bachelor Girl haughtily, stepping to the other side of the path.

Every One Responsible for Best Use of His Powers

By Rev. J. G. Davis, Pastor of Church of St. Joseph of Arimathea, Elmford, N. Y.

To each according to his several ability.—Matt. xxv, 15.

This parable of the talents contains a message of awful warning and of sweetest comfort. God holds every man responsible for all that has been committed to him; he also rewards faithfulness beyond our wildest expectation.

When the householder in the parable was preparing for his journey he did not distribute his property indiscriminately among his servants but only after careful consideration. He gave to each according to his several ability. To one man he gave five talents, not from favoritism, but because he had the ability to use it profitably. The man who received one talent was not capable of great things, but he had the ability to use the one talent. His fault was that he refused to use what was committed to him, fondly thinking that his master would be satisfied with his safe return without increase. We may also perceive a feeling of jealousy and discontent because a larger amount was not given to him.

The law of human responsibility is universal. I am today very much what I made myself. As I have used my time profitably or unprofitably, as I have resisted temptations or yielded to them; as I have allowed my passions and appetites and the desires of my lower nature to control my thoughts and actions, or have brought them into subjection to the higher, so is my character today. Whether I will or not, I am held in the strictest accountability.

The boy in school who shirks the multiplication table, promising himself to study diligently when he shall have reached the higher mathematics, are an impossibility without a thorough knowledge of those things that he despised as useless. He is quite incapable of making use of the five talents because he has buried, not used, the one talent.

The same rule holds good in the

spiritual world. God gives gifts of grace to his children as they have the ability and disposition to use them. Grace used means grace increased. Opportunity taken advantage of means greater opportunity. Large returns were not expected from the one talent man, but some return was expected. He would have been commended equal with the five talent man and the two talent man, however small his return might seem in comparison with theirs, has he used his talent.

And just here is the word of comfort. The five talent men and the two talent men are comparatively few. The greater part of us are of one talent ability. All that is expected of us is what we use and make the best we are able of what we have. When the time of the great accounting comes we may have little to offer, only a cup of cold water given to one of Christ's little ones; only a kind, sympathetic word spoken; only a helping hand held out to one needing the support. It is what we were able to do and we will receive the commendation of the Master equal with those whose opportunities have been greater. "Well done, good and faithful servant. Enter thou into the joy of thy Lord."—Rev. J. G. Davis.

KISSING IN OTHER LANDS

IN ICELAND IT IS A CRIME —
JAPAN COPIED IT FROM
AMERICA.

In the remote ages people saluted the moon, sun and stars by kissing the hand. It was the custom of the earliest Christian bishops to give their hand to be kissed by the ministers who served at the altar. The custom soon declined, however, as a religious ceremony, but it is still continued as a mark of the highest favor in most of the kingdoms of Christendom.

It has long been a matter of history that the beautiful and fascinating Duchess of Devonshire bribed with a kiss many a reluctant voter for Fox in the famous Westminster election, and the equally beautiful and bewitching Lady Gordon, when the Scottish regiments had been thinned by cruel reverses, turned recruiting sergeant, and to tempt gallant lads placed the recruiting shilling in her red-rose lips, whence he who would might take it with his own.

In Finland the women consider a salute upon the lips as the greatest insult, even from their own husbands. Says the New York Tribune. There was a time when the custom of English duellists to kiss each other before firing. This piece of hypocrisy was satirized by John Wesley in his Journal, under date of June 15, 1758, recording a duel between two officers at Limeirk: "Mr. B. proposed firing at 10 yards. Mr. J. said: 'No, six is enough.' So they kissed each other (poor farce) and before they were five paces asunder both fired at the instant."

Mohammedans on their pious pilgrimage to Mecca kiss the sacred black stone and the four corners of the Kaaba. The Romish priest on Palm Sunday kisses the palm. There is a curious tradition about the origin of kissing the toe of a Sovereign Pontiff. It is said that one of the Loes substituted the toe for the right hand as the object of salute because his own right hand had been mutilated by misadventure, and he was too vain to expose the stump. In Iceland kissing is severely repressed by the civil laws, and the consent of the woman to the suggestion does not release the male transgressor from the liability to heavy punishment. In Russia the Easter salutation is a kiss. Each member of the family salutes the other. Chance acquaintances kiss when they meet. Principals kiss their employees, the general kisses his officers, the officers kiss their soldiers, the czar kisses his family, retinue court and attendants, and even his officers on parade, the sentinels at the palace gates and a select party of private soldiers. Easterlike in Russia is a carnival of

RAISULI IS NOW A BRITISH SUBJECT

BANDIT GUARANTEED BRITISH
PROTECTION FOR RELEASING
SIR HARRY MACLEAN.

On Feb. 6 Kaid Maclean, otherwise known as Sir Harry Maclean, the British subject who is commander of the bodyguard of the Sultan Abdul Aziz, recovered his liberty after a detention of seven months in the mountains of Morocco. The conditions of ransom dictated by the bandit Raisuli to the British Government having been complied with, the prisoner was personally conducted by his captor to the British legation at Tangier and is now in safety. The incident recalls the middle ages, when kidnapping was an honorable calling, and holding to ransom was a profitable business.

This is not the first time that Raisuli has made money by reverting to medieval ways. Some four years ago he captured the correspondent of the London Times on the outskirts of Tangier, and did not give him up until he secured in exchange the release from prison of some of his adherents. Not long afterwards he seized American and a British subject, and this time not only got from the Sultan Abdul Aziz a ransom of some \$50,000, but also an appointment to be governor of a district where his interests lay. Having been dismissed from this post almost a year ago, he forthwith reverted to brigandage, and all attempts to coerce him failed, although one of the towns controlled by him was occupied by a number of his followers, and some women of his harem were captured.

In June last year, believing that more could be accomplished by diplomacy than by force, the Sultan sent Sir Harry Maclean to negotiate with the bandit, but after an interview the envoy ventured to go to another without adequate safeguards, and on July 1 was made prisoner. The efforts to secure his release were long and futile, owing to the preposterous terms imposed by the brigand. Raisuli ultimately declined to treat with the Sultan Abdul Aziz, and insisted upon entering into direct negotiation with the British Government. Even after an agreement had been reached with Sir Gerard Lowther, the British minister at Tangier, a hitch occurred, because the authority of Abdul Aziz had become so weakened at Fez that it was impossible to secure the Moorish prisoners detained there who were to be exchanged for Sir Harry Maclean. After Abdul Aziz, however, had been proclaimed at Fez, the prisoners were given up and reached Tangier late in January.

Thus the last obstacle to the execution of the agreement for ransom disappeared, and on Feb. 6, as we have said, Raisuli himself brought Kaid Maclean to the British legation. The terms upon which the release was procured was cabled at the time. Not only did the bandit receive from the British Government \$100,000 and the release of 50 Moorish prisoners, together with the slave women who were taken after the destruction of a house of his, but he became himself, together with 28 of his relatives, a British protected subject. Of the money \$25,000 was paid him in hand, but as a guarantee of good behavior the remainder was to be deposited for three years in the state bank, though by way of interest \$250 was to be paid to him monthly.

What heightens the medieval flavor of the story is the fact, attested by all who have come in contact with him, that Raisuli is as courteous and engaging as a gentleman.

Rheumatism's Ruthless Hands Clutched him for Five Years—Two Bottles of South American Rheumatic Cure Gave him his Liberty.

William McAteer, Farmer, Creemore, P.O., writes: "For years I have been a sufferer from acute rheumatism. At times I have been completely laid up with it—could not put on my clothing without assistance. Before I had completed the second bottle of South American Rheumatic Cure I was a well man. If those two bottles had cost me \$50.00 I would have considered it cheap medicine."

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COLD SETTLED ON THE LUNGS

Mrs. Irwin Bennett, Parrsboro, N. S., writes: "I feel it my duty to write a few words in praise of Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup. I took a bad cold, which settled on my lungs, and made it almost impossible to breathe at times. I coughed constantly and could not sleep at nights. A friend told me how Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup had helped her, so I procured some, and before I had taken one bottle my cough was gone and I could lie down and sleep at night."

"Bread and cheese and kisses," while Japan knew nothing of a kiss until the Americans entered the country. In England and America still survives the custom of kissing under the mistletoe at Christmas, which is one of the happiest forms of kissing known to civilized nations.

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