



ALMOST STARVED!

At the Seaside—Fred—How do you like the fare at your lodging house? Is there anything to object to?
Arthur—Precious little, old fellow.—(Comic Cuts.)

Yet with all their scheming the improvements they have planned will cost far into the millions. For instance, the widening of Exchange-st., which is planned, will call for \$1,600,000, although the street is only an ordinary city block in length. Avery-st., the perpetual puzzle to strangers, will be widened, at great cost, to permit of more than one team passing through at a time and more than one pedestrian using each sidewalk. Atlantic-ave. will be widened, and Cross-st. will be made a great artery of travel from Commercial-st. to Haymarket Square, wiping out most of the houses of the older type yet remaining. Other improvements under way and planned for Boston will cost at least \$10,000,000.

Some idea of costs resulting from the errors of Boston's ancient founders may be gained from the following figures: Atlantic-ave., from Rowe's Wharf to Summer-st., cost to widen \$2,404,000; Broadway extension to Washington-st. cost \$919,000; Columbus-ave., between Park Square and Northampton, to widen \$524,000; Hanover-



"Yes, it is many years since we've seen each other. Last time I saw you was the day when old man Jones died, if you remember that day."
"Remember! Good Lord! shall I ever forget it?"
"Well, I didn't know he was such a dear friend of yours."
"He wasn't, but I've married his widow."
(Copyright, 1903, by Brooklyn Life.)

st., widened from a crooked lane to a broad thoroughfare, swallowed \$1,651,000; Oliver-st. had the kinks taken out of it for \$607,000; Washington-st. has been made over from a lane for \$2,517,000, and only half done. Millions have been spent on Harrison-ave., Shawmut-ave., Temple Place, once called "Turnagain Alley"; Essex-st. and others. The above items are only a few of the extraordinary expenditures already made to improve Boston.

THE MARRYING BUSINESS.

Work of Bureau for Promotion of Matchmaking.

An institution flourishes in New-York which gives the lie to two well known and more or less accepted axioms—"marriages are made in Heaven," though "marriage is a lottery."

Any one of the twenty clerks employed by this particular institution will tell you that marriage is a business just as much as selling groceries or drygoods. The proprietor of the concern, if he wants to take you into his confidence, can tell you that it is an extremely profitable business.

"Life is before you," he says in his official announcement to the world. "Your happiness and your prosperity depend largely on whom you marry. While you are waiting for just the right one to cross your path a hundred are ready to be introduced if we have your permission. Broader fields and greater opportunities are opened up for you. Marriage and the selection of the right partner for life's joys and sorrows are by no means a matter of minor importance. By these methods certainly in a few weeks more opportunities are furnished both the judgment and the heart for a wise selection than by a lifetime of ordinary opportunities."



FACTS IN THE CASE.

SHE—I UNDERSTAND THAT DRINKING IS ONE OF YOUR FAILINGS.
HE—YOU HAVE BEEN MISINFORMED. IT IS ONE OF MY MOST PRONOUNCED SUCCESSSES.
—(Illustrated Bits.)

This alluring prospect is held out to both men and women on the payment of an initiation fee of \$5. In addition one promises to pay in case of successful engagement the amount of half one month's income or wages. In case an engagement does not result, the preliminary \$5 is not returned.

This marriage bureau operates on a wholesale scale. It has introduced one hundred thousand men who were hankering to become benefactors to one hundred thousand women who were not averse to changing their names. From fifteen to twenty marriages a week, it is said, result from the bureau's efforts. Two large buildings are necessary for its offices, the storage of cabinet photographs and descriptions, and for the reception rooms in which patrons meet and look each other over. The bureau can make acquaintances "of any religion or nationality, among laboring or literary people, rich or poor, young or old, and in almost any locality." Besides, it claims to be "the surest, most direct, safest, and by all means the most economical."

There are thorns in every path, however, and there are several in the road to rich husbands and wives. The first and most striking is that

a "charge for extra service" is demanded from those who are intent on marrying money.

"I want a rich husband," says the shopgirl, who calls at the bureau after a hard day's work. "How rich?" questions the man behind the desk.

"One with a million will do fine," she smiles. "You cannot get something for nothing," the man reminds her gently, and he hands out a scale of prices.

"Persons requesting that they be introduced only to those possessing means pay an additional advance fee of \$2 for each \$1,000 required not in excess of \$5,000, and \$1 for each \$1,000 in excess of \$5,000, and receive extra attention," is the way it reads.

The girl began to figure on the proposition. She found that it would cost her no less than \$1,005 for a millionaire husband. It was too much! She figured then on half a millionaire, but he was out of reach. She returned to the man at the desk.

"Your rich ones are too expensive," she declared. "Just get me a husband."

She left a cabinet photograph and a detailed description of her life and person, including a



He—Did you notice that woman who just passed?
She—What, the one with the dyed hair and false teeth, and nasty ready-made clothes on, all tied up with ribbons and things? No, I didn't notice her particularly.
—(Punch.)

certificate of character. She received a number by which she will be known to all correspondents until she cares to give them her real name.

If she cannot write correctly the bureau will do it for her, charging 20 cents a letter. If she is timid about making appointments at the advertised office, she can get a card of admission to a brownstone residence on another street, which is divided into reception rooms. The tickets are cheap (25 cents), and they assure one against the gossip of meddling or prejudiced persons.

There are no end of instructions looking to the successful issue of the acquaintances made. Some of them may help those who cannot afford



MR. FATMAN'S MISHAP AT THE CLUB REUNION.
—(Meggendorfer Blätter.)

to take a hand in this personally conducted marriage game.

"Do not state in your first letter that you have seventeen children, that you have lost all your property and want a home, that you have failed in business and want some one to help you out. Your second letter is abundant time for minor details and the unfavorable side of your description."

Seventeen children! Minor details indeed! "Don't send a photograph unless other people besides yourself think it handsome. It is essential that your first letter contain the most attractive description of yourself consistent with truth. It is folly to describe the person you are seeking, for it cannot change the one who will receive your letter."

There are some crimes which will bring about expulsion from this vast ready-to-be-married family. To break appointments without good excuse is a cardinal sin. Another is "to permit another to correspond with those to whom we have introduced you, or to introduce your friends to our patrons for matrimonial purposes; this is a fraud that will justify us in expelling you from our membership, and requiring from you the fee those should have paid whom you have introduced."

With all these conveniences at their command, can a New-York man or woman look the world in the face and say he or she has never had an opportunity to marry?

HOW THE JACKASS WAS GAGGED.

The late Harris Cohen (the "only original Cohen," of Baxter-st.) used to like to tell how he once won a bet of \$50.

"I was on a gunning trip with some friends of mine," he would say, "and in a field close to the house where we slept a jackass pastured. This jackass kept us awake with his braying a good part of the night. My friends, do what they would, could not put a stop to his noise.

"I happened to know a good deal about jack-



THE RETORT OBVIOUS.

STOUT MAN—HULLO! YOU LOOK AS IF YOU HAD BEEN RIDING ON A BARREL.
BOWLEGGED MAN—YOU LOOK AS IF YOU HAD SWALLOWED ONE.
—(The Sketch.)