CONCERNING MEN and WOMEN.

BY THE REV E. J. HARDY, M. A.

(Author of "How to Be Happy Though Married," Etc.)

II. WHEN TO MARRY.

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At what age should a man marry? That depends upon the man. Some men are more fitted for the responsibilities of matrimony at twenty-five than others are at thirty-five. If marriage, however, be postponed after this last figure a man is likely to get into what may be called the habit of celibacy, from which, as from other bad habits, it is hard to break away. In this habit of celibacy he will continue till he is about sixty years of age, when a great desire will come over him to try what matrimony is like just before he dies, and he will propose right and left to everything in petticoats until at last he is picked up, not for himself, but for his money or for his position, or because some one is tired of being called "Miss" and wants the novel sensation of writing "Mrs." before her name. An old man told a friend that he wanted to marry before he died if only to have some one to close his eyes. "Perhaps," suggested the friend, "you will get some one who will open them." It is not natural for a young girl to wish to marry an old man. A father said to his daughter: "Now when it is time for you to marry I won't allow you to throw yourself away on one of the frivolous young fellows I see around. I shall select for you a staid, sensible, middle-aged man—what do you say to one of about fifty years of age?" "Well, father," replied the girl, "if it is just the same to you I should prefer two of twenty-five." Perhaps the best advice one could give a young man in this matter is to say: "Wait until you cannot wait any longer." Wait that is to say until she—that not impossible she—comes with smiles so sweet and manners so gracious that you cannot wait any longer, then marry, and may you be happy ever after! As to the age at which women should marry I am afraid of burning my fingers with that question. All I shall say is that if some women are not worth looking at after thirty years of age there are quite as many not worth speaking to before it. Let a man please himself, but let him not marry either a child or an old woman.

EARLY MARRIAGES.

I have heard of people marrying when only twenty or even only eighteen years of age. Well, there is no use talking to people of that kind. They have not come to years of discretion; they are infants in the eyes of the law, and fools in those of every sensible person. When I see people of tender years like this marrying I always think of one stalk of sweet pea trying to support another. A man who lived to a great age was asked how he managed to do so. He replied: "I never ran when I could have walked, never walked when I could have stood, never stood when I could have sat, never sat when I could have lain, married late and was soon left a widower."

"Early marriages are to be deprecated," said Lord Beaconsfield, "especially for men." This doctrine does not find favor amongst the peasantry of Ireland. What they say is: "Either marry young, or become a monk young." Those who are accustomed to comfort exercise greater self-restraint in matrimony than do the poor. These last rush in, reasoning as they do in Ireland in this matter: "Shure, whatever we do we can't be worse off than we are." And yet many of the Irish poor enter into matrimony as a sort of investment for old age. When children come, as quickly as they do to the poor, into the little cabin of Pat and Biddy they say: "Shure they will be a great support to us in our ould age." And this they generally are, for in no country is the duty of children to provide for aged parents held so sacred as in Ireland.

But indeed it is not possible to answer the question when people should marry merely by discovering their age. To be ready to marry one must do more than merely live a certain time. We must think of physical and financial qualifications. It is time to marry only when people are properly fitted to take that most important step. That some preparation for marriage was considered necessary by the ancient state of Belgium I gather from a picture which I once saw in the historical society's collection of paintings at New York. The scene is the inside of a peasant's house in Belgium. On an easy chair sits a fatherly old priest catechizing a shy, hard-looking bridegroom-to-be. Near him is his lady [illegible]. She would gladly prompt him, only the priest keeps a sharp eye upon her. In the background is the old mother preparing a wedding repast in case the young people succeed in passing their qualifying (good thing it was not competitive) examination for matrimony. In the catalogue the picture was described as "Catechism before marriage according to the ancient law of Belgium as necessary for individual and state security."

PREPARATION FOR MARRIAGE.

I think that this was a wise law which provided that before people took upon themselves the great responsibilities of marriage they should have learned this much of the catechism—how to do their duty to their neighbor; for though husband and wife are more than neighbors to each other yet they are that at least and ought to behave in a neighborly way; when they do not do this states are weak, so it really was a matter for state cognizance.

Suppose a young man spent the days of youth not in settling habits, as he ought, but in sowing wild oats, he cannot fail to reap a crop of wild oats in his home life.

"Who is the happy husband? He who, scanning his unwedded life,
Thanks heaven with a conscience free 'twas faithful to his future wife."

Who, on the other hand, is the miserable husband? He who does not bring to his marriage a clean bill of moral health, who cannot make upon his wife that best of all marriage settlements—the settlement of habits in a right direction.

And even young ladies require some preparation for marriage. The most important time of their lives is between school and marriage. No one would begrudge them fun and recreation then; but still, if they are nothing but frivolous and flirty, and have no higher form of worship than to burn incense to vanity, they will not be happy themselves in marriage and certainly they will not make their husbands happy. Women look back with remorse on this ill-spent time when their children die because they do not know the elements of nursing; when their husbands are cross because they have not learned how to feed them; or when the men despise them as companions because they cannot take a serious interest in the business of life in which they are engaged. Nor is physical or bodily health a less important part of readiness for marriage. If a young man is always ailing (sometimes the consequence of ale-ing) he will not be able to support a family as he ought, and if a wife is always suffering from the "sofa disease," well, poor thing, she may from her mattress grave do something to regulate her home, but she must more or less feel that she has mistaken her calling in life when she married. Then there are the medical man's bills to be thought of, and the effect of hereditary diseases upon children, so that some of the poor things may be said to have been damned into this world. On one occasion when Dr. Johnson was waiting for dinner in Mrs. Thrale's drawing room a young man came up and asked him: "Dr. Johnson, do you think that I ought to marry?" The doctor, being nettled at the intrusion, growled: "Sir, no man ought to marry who is not likely to propagate understanding." This applies to the bodies and souls of children as well as to their minds.

"I CAN'T AFFORD IT."

"Never take a wife," said Franklin, "till you have a house and a fire (sic) to put her in." Asking a sensible lady the other day when people should marry, she replied, "When they have enough money and can afford it." That was a good answer, for marriage is a luxury which some cannot afford, and when this is the case they are very selfish to indulge in it. It may be a blessing for a man to have a quiverful of children, but he has no right to shoot them on to relations and others to be reared.

Money is said to be the root of all evil, but it is well to have a little bit of this root with us when we go shopping, and also when we go marrying, unless we are to think that mortality is one of the effects of marriage, as a certain servant girl did. The mistress with whom she last lived, meeting her in the street, asked: "Well, Mary, where are you living now?" "Please ma'am, I'm not living anywhere now. I'm married." Some of us who are married find that we have survived the operation, and also that we want a certain amount to live upon, and therefore we can sympathize with the girl who, having tried for some time a love-in-a-cottage dietary, said that she thought a kiss and a glass of cold water made but a poor breakfast. What should be said of a man who marries when in debt, and allows his bride, on returning from the honeymoon, to find bailiffs in his house?

At the same time the amount of money necessary to marry upon is often greatly exaggerated. Show me a couple who are miserable on account of straitened circumstances, and I will show you a dozen couples who are miserable on account of other circumstances. I suppose we all know bachelors who have plenty of money for marriage, but who have not enough courage, and they make "I can't afford it" a mere excuse. This was the case with Pitt. When he was prime minister of England and had from all sources an income of about thirty thousand a year, he used to say that he could not afford to marry, and then some one calculated that for each of his servants fourteen pounds weight of meat were allowed each day. Surely for the more economical arrangement of his household if for no other reason he ought to have married. I sometimes say to extravagant young men: "I wonder how you can afford not to marry—I could not."

Certainly if a young man will smoke the best cigars and will give expensive drinks to every fool who caps him on the back and calls him "old man," he cannot afford to marry, because he would not deny himself small and not very elevating luxuries for the sake of gaining that greatest of all luxuries, a good wife. Then if a man have a small income he must select a girl with a slender waist, not one who has made her waist slender by health-destroying corsets, but one who can manage a small income and make both ends meet with the least possible amount of waste.

"MARRY EARLY AND OFTEN."

Mothers have much to do with this matter. They are always on the lookout for rich husbands for their daughters; would it not be better if they fitted their daughters to be wives of men who are not millionaires? If they did this more men would think that it was time to marry.

A certain philosopher said that we should marry early and often. This advice cannot be followed if we wait till all the preliminaries that have been enumerated in reference to character, health, money, age and so forth are quite satisfactory. Rather we shall have to enroll ourselves as the disciples of another philosopher who said: "If young do not marry yet, if old do not marry at all."

The advice of the second philosopher just quoted, about marrying early and often, suggests the question when a person should marry again whose first or second partner has died. Hamlet has said very hard things against a rapid succession in this matter, and certainly there ought to be a decent interregnum between the different queens of a man's hearth. If a man replace his wife too soon it looks as if he had been in love with her successor before his first wife died. On the other hand if he never marry again people may say of him: "Once bitten, twice shy." Here, as in other cases, the happy medium is best, and I would plead for a little more sentiment than was shown by a certain Irish small farmer. Asked by his landlord if the report of his intended second marriage were true, he replied: "It is, yer honner." "But your first wife has only been dead a week, Pat." "An' shure she's as dead now as she ever will be, yer honner."

A famous American author inscribed upon the gravestone of his wife: "The light is gone from my life." Time not only modified his distress, but suggested a renewal of conjugal bliss. A neighbor had the bad taste to banter him on his engagement, and to express surprise that he had so soon forgotten his words of lamentation. He replied: "So far from forgetting them I remember and repeat them now, as originating and confirming the intention that you are pleased to criticise. I declared that the light was gone from my life, and it is for this reason that I propose to strike another match."

In pre-Reformation times there were restrictions as to the seasons when people should marry. On the fly leaf of a country register was written:

"Advent marriages does deny,
But Hilary gives thee liberty;
Septuagesima says thee nay,
Eight days from Easter say you may."

I am afraid that we do not ask Hilary or Septuagesima for their consent nowadays. Near Valentine's day, in February, is a favorite time for marrying. So is April, in spite of the fear not a few must have of making April fools of themselves. For some reason or another May is considered unlucky, though one would think that a time when every bud in nature speaks of hope should be reassuring. June is a comfortable time for honeymooning, for hotels are not full and trippers have not yet started on their wild career. Any time, however, will do for marrying, and should be taken advantage of when the right person turns up. In our next article we shall discuss this point—whom to marry.

Next Week:
"Whom to Marry."

AS TO A MARKET SITE.

Correspondent Who Thinks Eagle Street Site All Right.

To the Editor of the Globe:

I notice you are interested, as all good citizens should be, in obtaining a suitable place for a public market. We must all agree that the several localities presented have been pretty well talked up and down, and now, after some two years unceasing effort on the part of many of our best people, who have no pecuniary interest in the purchase of any particular site, whose only aim is the general good of the entire city, are now informed, and there are some that would have us believe politics is to be dragged in and play its part. The writer has too much respect for the intelligence and good judgment of the aldermen and assemblymen, whose names have been mentioned in this connection, to think it worth more than a passing mention. I think that all good citizens will agree that we need a market place where the gardener or the farmer can bring his produce; a place where he has some rights assured to him, not as at present, where he is compelled to stand in front of some one's property, who is liable to turn him away; and I think it is not just the thing for the city to impose on the property owners by using as a market place the street in front of their property while taxes are collected from them. It is evident then, for the best interests of all concerned, farmer and gardener, family and commission man, that we secure a market site. So far we are all together.

But we are informed that this alderman and that assemblyman will oppose any site that is distant from his ward, and that he is really willing to throw impediments in the way of securing any place unless his whims are gratified. All this we are told he does for the love he carries in his bosom for the dear people of his district and for the poor gardener, whose cause he now makes his own. In his love and admiration for him he would, if able, give him the block bounded by Robert, Jackson, Fourth and Fifth streets. It has been intimated by some evil disposed that to make a purchase of this magnitude by the city some one should make a little something on the side, consequently the delay to see if some one would not show up. But this is the baser view of the matter, and not warranted in fact, as they are all honorable men. Now, then, it would appear that the reason we are without a market is because some of our city fathers think their ward and what they conceive to be its best interests first, and the general good of all the people of the city is an after consideration.

It is not to be expected that a difference of opinion might not exist, and honestly, too; but, I ask, would it not be a mark of wisdom for our city fathers to come together and, if need be, bury their personal opinions, views and differences for the public good, as it is evident this must be done if we are to have a market in this generation. As an object lesson I might only draw attention to a city close by, of no mean pretensions, settled by a progressive New England people, who have within our own recollection grown from a few hundred to be in many respects our equal and in some our superior, mainly because all differences and interests, private and local, were given up when the general good demanded. We should not be oblivious to our immediate surroundings and instructive example.

The intelligent citizen of any district would praise rather than condemn the act of the alderman or assemblyman who would aid in bringing this disputed problem to a final conclusion. It was not my intention to write favorably or unfavorably of any site offered, although I have a preference, and feel that our city fathers would make a great mistake indeed if they did not secure it. It comprises ample grounds, ease of access, low price, a betterment to adjoining property, and, consequently, in time increased taxation and greater revenue to the city, with no disadvantages. The bugaboo man has been called upon to frighten the unwary, but with no success.

Your editorial in last Sunday's Globe under the heading "Kill It" astonished me, as it has others, when you were pleased to say, "The whole question has resolved itself into one of public decency," and that "its selection would be little less than an insult to well ordered members of society." I must confess all this is nice reading; but, what do you really mean? Do you object because some unfortunate women live in the lower end of the adjoining block? Why, Mr. Editor, these women can be found elsewhere, if one is disposed to look for them; and I would ask if it is not the province of the city fathers to regulate and close up all disorderly places? as I infer you must mean these in your editorial. But the facts would seem to refute your conclusions. A number of our most respected citizens live in the adjoining district; and, in that very block bounded by Eagle, Chestnut, Franklin and Exchange streets, there live respected citizens of character and worth who own their own homes, who feel that an outrage has been done them by the publication of your article of last Sunday, which appeared in the Globe. May I ask that you kindly publish these lines?

—W. H. Temple,
296 Pleasant avenue.

Nov. 18, 1899.

Stories From the Comedy of Life.

On the Street and in the Office, in the Car and by the Fireside at Home.

"I think, my son," remarked Mr. Skidder, "that we would better indulge in a walk. Mrs. Skidder is not in good form this afternoon and inclined to be slightly feverish. Let us hie ourselves away to the river bank, and there in some retired sylvan shade I will converse with you on topics which will be of momentous interest when you have arrived at man's estate."

So Mr. Skidder and his little son, Cornelius, abandoned the house and left Mrs. Skidder to flood with her eloquence the tympanum of the hired girl.

"At least it will be a short surcease for me," muttered Mr. Skidder, "a short surcease from internecine strife."

When they arrived at the river little Cornelius demanded a story.

"Very well, my son; what particular subject would you like to hear treated?"

"Money," promptly replied the youth.

"Oh, yes; money, money, money. The Alpha and Omega of modern existence. Well, my son, I will tell you a story of Very Hard Cash which is a lu-lu. Once upon a time a tall, dark man with a long black mustache walked into a low doggery of a saloon, carrying a small hand satchel. There were in the saloon, or rather dive, at the time several dark-browed, repulsive looking thugs, and they eyed the newcomer suspiciously out of their evil orbs. The man with the satchel walked up to the barkeeper and said:

"'I have in this handbag the sum of ten thousand dollars, and I desire to leave it with you until I call for it, which will be in a few days. I have no confidence in banks.'

"The barkeeper exhibited considerable surprise, and some agitation. But he promptly took possession of the satchel and tried to look pleasant.

"'You will take good care of it until I come back?' said the man.

"'Sure' replied the barkeeper, clinging to the satchel with a sort of death grip. 'Don't you worry about it a little bit. You are wise in not taking the money to a bank. Won't you take something?'

"'No, thanks. I never drink. You take good care of the money, and on my return I will be back again. Good day, sir.'

"The stranger departed and the three suspicious looking men crowded around the barkeeper and demanded the satchel. But the resolute barkeeper would not have it that way, and stood them off for a spell. But the men becoming more strenuous in their demands, the barkeeper was compelled to shoot a couple of them, while subsequently inflicting mortal injuries upon the third party with a big stab knife. Then all was quiet and the victorious barkeeper proceeded to open the satchel for the purpose of securing the $10,000 and taking the steamer for Liverpool the next morning. But while he was monkeying with the lock there was a terrible explosion. The entire building was wrecked. The barkeeper was blown into fragments and the various liquors, beers, cordials and bitters mingled their floods and streamed out across the sidewalk in one grand mosaic cocktail. The innocent looking little satchel was, in reality, an infernal machine of the deadliest description. Half a block up the street, at the corner, stood the tall, dark visaged man, with the long black mustache, and he laughed sardonically. He was a rosy handed anarchist—and was out for blood. Policemen and patrol wagons hurried past him, but he never winced. He well knew that all evidence against him had been wiped out by the explosion, so he continued serene.

"My son, the moral of this little story is this: Beware of the lust for wealth. Love of money is the root of all evil. I have no patience with men of vast wealth. The bloated capitalist, who hoards up money, is not a benefactor of his race. Capital is for disbursement and distribution among the people. Look at the example set by Sir Thomas Lipton. He is a man of means, but very far from being a mean man. He makes dead oodles of money, but he spends it lavishly in trying to lift a cup that has already become a naturalized American citizen and dislikes ocean voyages. Too much money concentrated in one man's hands is a curse. Once in my life I wanted the price of a square meal. But that is too little money.

"Now, the dishonest barkeeper was in no such straits as that. He was not starving. He could have fallen back on the free lunch which was liberally displayed in the saloon. But he was avaricious and committed a crime in order to gain a competence. My son, let this story be a solemn warning to you never to commit a dishonest act. I have lately noticed a growing tendency in you to bone me for dimes, quarters and half-dollars at most inopportune moments. This is a most reprehensible practice, and I would like to have you quit it. When you really have to have a little money go to your mother. My son, we will now return to the house in the faint hope that Mrs. Skidder has exhausted her vocabulary."

* * *

Mr. Job Truax paid his regular quarterly visit to St. Paul last week. To employ a curbstone technicality Mr. Truax believes that he is a pretty wise guy. He keeps in touch with the proprietor of a certain hotel, and here he invariably spends his week's outing—or wouldn't it be inning?—while in the city. For Mr. Truax is in the pastoral line down Dakota county way, quite a prominent farmer, in fact. But when in the city he affects urban ways, fads and crazes, or believes he does. He makes a strong bluff at them anyway.

The hotel proprietor and several others are always glad when Mr. Truax comes to town. Although he is sharp enough in a trade or general business, he is not near with his money, and manages, as he expresses it, to hold his end up. He loves to listen to a good story concerning city life. Occasionally he tells one. Necessarily the scenes of his narratives are laid in the rural districts. During his late visit, which, by the way, had no political significance, he said:

"I caught up with a circus chap last summer in a way that done me a heap of good. As a rule they are pretty smooth, you know, pretty smooth. I've got a carriage shed which butts on to the road, and the rear end o' it is pretty blamed conspicuous to the traveling public. One arternoon I druv hum from Cap. Larson's and found a couple of circus men gittin' ready to bill stick the hull east end o' the shed what butts onter the road. Fact is, they had the hindquarters of a hippopotamus already plastered up, and was jus' preparin' to spread more paste.

"'Well, gentlemen,' I said, 'whut you tryin' to do to my shed?' Is that a balloon or a warship you've got there?'

"'Is this your shed?' asked the main pipe of the circus push.

"'You've hit it,' I replied, with some dignity. 'That air my shed and now can't we come to terms about the price for making a midway plaisance out of my real estate? I don't know that I want any hoochee-couchee girls on the premises, and I'm pretty morally certain the old woman would object.'

"'These hain't hoochee-couchee pictures,' he said. 'They're the finest zoological pictures extant. But speakin' about pay for usin' your shed, what's the matter with half a dozen circus tickets? There's nothin' small about Snout Ringers' Mastadon European Shows and Gigantic Hippodrome.'

"'Circus tickets won't do me,' I said softly and bland like. 'Me and my old woman don't never go to circuses. She'd cut her right hand off fust.'

"'How does $5 strike you?' he asked after a few minutes' reflection.

"I didn't say nothin' at once, but kinder ruminated on the proposish. Meanwhile the two men went ahead and slapped on the fore feet and shoulders of the hippopotamus. The big head, with the red jaws, like a dragon's, was laying in a bundle on the ground. The men made a bluff to paste that on to the body, but I stopped 'em.

"'Hold on, gentlemen,' I said, 'It don't appear to me that I could let you have space at that figger.'

"'Wh-a-a-a-t!' exclaimed the main pipe, 'not for five d.?'

"'I'll have to tax you $7.50 to finish that hippopotamus art gallery,' I said, soft and persuasive like.

"'Then, b'gosh, we'll leave the hull shootin' match,' said the main pipe; 'there's other jint as good places for show bills up the road.'

"'An' pull down what you've got up?' I replied.

"'Well, as to that,' he said, 'its a trifle difficult to take down paper, besides the waste. Do you insist on it?'

"'I suttinly does,' was my reply. 'Seven fifty or nothin'.'

"Then them two ruminated, and the upshot was the main pipe agreed to pay the $7.50. So he went ahead and finished up the hippopotamus. Then he slung out a lot of yellow paper and slapped on the hind legs of a spotted animal.

"'Hold on, my man,' I again expostulated; 'what's that animal?'

"'That's a giraffe,' he said in a kind of a surprised manner.

"'Well,' I answered, 'there wasn't anything said about giraffes in our contract, was there?'

"'That's the way I understand it,' he said.

"'I only mentioned the hippopotamus art gallery.'

"'Well, perhaps we had better have an understanding about this deal,' he said petulantly. 'When I made a bargain with you for $7.50 I meant the hull stand of paper, or as much as this end of the shed will carry.'

"'Did, eh? Well, my friend, I was only talking about hippopotamuses.'

"'I've got some paper here of lady riders and female acrobats in tights. Likely enough you might object to them, also.'

"Then he laid out some red, blue and green pictures of young ladies most scandalously dressed, and they made me recoil.

"'My friend,' I said, 'while I might not seriously object to them, what would my old woman say if she was to come suddenly out into the road and catch sight of them nude creatures?'

"'They are not nude,' said the main pipe.

"'They look nude to me, and I know they'd look a blamed sight nuder to the old woman. Guess I'll have to tax you $15 for the hull stand, as you call it.'

"'No,' he said, positive like; 'we'll go back into some civilized country and leave what we have put up for you to do as you please with. Come on, Bill, let's pack up and duck.'

"'You won't leave any of that paper on my shed?' I replied firmly, at the same time getting out of my buggy.

"'I won't?' he replied in a hostile manner; 'and who's going to stop us?'

"'I am,' was my reply. 'This is my property you have been disfiggerin' without my leave, and I'm a justice of the peace. I can arrest you and have you both in cote tomorrow mornin'. But if you want to take all that paper down, clean off the shed and leave things just as you found them, well and good. Or if you want to give me an order on the circus treasury for fifteen John dollars and a dozen circus tickets, all right. You can go ahead and finish the stand.'

"'I thought you folks didn't go to circuses,' said the main pipe, sarcastic like.

"'Well, I've got neighbors that do,' I replied. The upshot was that the main pipe drew me an order for the money and tickets. I knowed the order would be good for Snout Ringers Masterdon European Shows and Gigantic Hippodrome would never go to law with me over a matter of $15. I reckon the main pipe got turned down, however, by the managers, on account of the bargain he made with me. But I never let's circus folks or theatrical people do me. Gentlemen, let's have something."

* * *

A half grown boy ran quickly up the steps of the Billingsley domicile and pressed the electric button. Mrs. Billingsley appeared at the door.

"Mr. Billingsley sent me up after his heavy overcoat," said the youth, looking up at the top of the house and rather carefully avoiding the eye of Mrs. Billingsley.

"What on earth does he want of his heavy overcoat?" she inquired.

"He—he's going out of town," said the boy.

"Going out of town, eh? Did he send a note?"

"No'm; he's in a hurry."

"In a hurry, eh? Where is he now?"

"He—he's d—d—down to the gas office," replied the youth, backing down a couple of steps.

"What gas office?" inquired Mrs. Billingsley, but the boy had suddenly toted and was then half a block away, and increasing his lead. Mrs. Billingsley went back into the sitting room and said to herself:

"I do wish I could have nailed that little imp. Can it be possible Billingsley is going to elope? At any rate he will have to leave his heavy overcoat behind."

At 5.30 p. m. Billingsley arrived home for dinner.

"A boy called for your heavy overcoat this afternoon," observed Mrs. Billingsley.

"Great heavens, woman! And of course you handed it right over to him. Maria, it does seem impossible for women to have good sense."

"Why, didn't you send him up to the house after it?"

"Certainly not. You might have known that I would have sent a note by an A. D. T. boy. Didn't have any uniform on, did he?"

"No," answered Mrs. B.

"So I'm just $40 out. I don't suppose it would have made any difference if I had married any one of your sisters. Of course you are all alike. Must run in the family. Maria, I can hardly believe it possible that you could be chump enough to give my overcoat to an entire stranger."

"He said you was going out of town in a hurry."

"Going out of town! Fiddlesticks! Would it not have been the most natural thing in the world for me to have informed you of the fact?"

"Perhaps so. I didn't think of that. He said you was down at the gas office."

"What gas office?"

"He didn't say. He went right away when I asked him that."

"With my winter overcoat?"

"No; without it. I didn't take much stock in his story and he go scared."

"Say, Maria, let's have dinner."

—R. F. S.

MEN AMONG THEM.

Not All of the St. Paul Teachers Are Women.

To the Editor of the Globe:

In all the discussions of late had upon the salaries and standing of teachers, reference is made almost exclusively to female teachers. The subject under consideration is "she." It is true that the great mass of the teachers are women. It may be also true that a man who occupies a position as teacher or principal in St. Paul does so rather from force of circumstances rather than because he possesses any considerable mental or executive ability or virile ambition to win fame and fortune. But it is equally true that the practice of teaching is becoming a profession, and as such is not more a distinctively feminine profession than law or medicine. Whether the work of teaching shall belong entirely to women in St. Paul or not, may be left to the decision of the people of St. Paul. One thing is very certain: That under present financial conditions no more men will enter the work here; and many of those now engaged in it will be forced out of it.

There are now thirty-three men employed as superintendents, principals or teachers. Nearly all of them own property and pay taxes. Their services in their profession are worth no more on this account, but they are for this reason more intimately connected with and interested in the life and welfare of the city. Thirty of them are married and have families dependent upon them. There are therefore about 150 persons dependent on the salaries of these male teachers. Their salaries amount to $39,270, or an average of $1,190 for each male teacher per year.

But this aggregate includes some very fair salaries, as salaries go. Let us leave out of the account the superintendents and six principals, whose salaries average $1,875. There remain twenty-five teachers and principals with salaries ranging, under the present schedule, from $600 to $1,250, and averaging $930. And this on which to support a family and pay taxes—to say nothing of the demands of churches and charities, lectures and professional reading. These are men with families, men who carry their share of all civic burdens.

Let men who occupy official positions in the state or the city, let business men and men in other professions compare their incomes with those of male teachers, even the highest, considering also the relative demands of society upon them, and then decide if one class of teachers at least are over paid. Consider also what a reduction of even 10 per cent would mean in these families.

—One of Them.

St. Paul, Nov. 18.

ABOUT DIAMONDS.

Though diamonds are now found in the greatest abuandance in Brazil and South America, they were formerly obtained from India, Borneo and the Ural mountains of Russia, says Appleton's Popular Science Monthly. The great stones of history have almost without exception come from India, though recently a number of diamond monsters have been found in South Africa, of which the most noted is the Excelsior, weighing 970 carats.

Occasionally diamonds come to light in other regions. The Piedmont plateau, at the southeastern base of the Appalachians, between Virginia and Georgia, has produced some ten or twelve diamonds which have varied in weight from one to three carats to the "Dewey" diamond, which weighed over twenty-three carats.

In 1853 the Eagle diamond was brought to Milwaukee and sold for $1. Later it was found to be a diamond of sixteen carats weight. The woman who found it lived in Eagle and the stone was picked up during the excavation of a well. Ten years later a four-carat diamond was found at Oregon, Wis., by a farmer's boy at play in a clay bank. A third diamond was found at Kohlsville. The Saukville diamond of Wisconsin is a beautiful stone of six carats and was in the possession of the finder sixteen years before he knew its value.

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