

## MY SHIP.

(Song of a Pessimist.)

I wonder when the day will come  
For which I've waited long,  
When all my sorrowing is done  
And life is one glad song,  
When every debt is off the slate,  
My promises made true,  
When I'll be good and wise and great  
And have a cent or two;  
When care and grief have passed away  
And peace and joy begin;  
Upon the glad and happy day  
When my fair ship comes in.

I sit beside the restless sea  
And list to the billows roar,  
To wonder when they'll bring to me  
The bliss I'm waiting for;  
But as I call to mind how fate  
Pursues her fickle way,  
And usually brings too late  
The gifts for which we pray,  
I sigh and bow my weary head  
To hide my deep chagrin—  
I know I'll be a long time dead  
When that old ship comes in.  
—John Wallis Clearman, in Life.

## MATRIMONIAL SELECTION.

THAT we girls of the present day are a vast improvement upon what our mothers were; that we take a more practical, a more sensible view of life; that we have jettisoned nearly all those silly, artificial conventions by which the Victorian woman set so much store, no candid observer will deny.

Yet, even now, some of the aforesaid silly conventions still survive, and one, the silliest of all; I mean the relation of woman to man in the preliminaries which lead, through courtship, to wedlock.

Nearly forty years ago Darwin startled the old wives of his day by exploding upon them, as a bombshell, his novel theory of natural selection. I, too, in my smaller way have startled some old wives of my generation by torpedoing them, so to speak, with my novel theory of matrimonial selection. But I must tell you all about that theory; why I formed it, and how I carried it into practical effect.

First, then, as to why I formed it. I had not been "out" many months when it occurred to me to inquire into the reason of the absurd custom by which the right of selection and proposal lies exclusively with the man; to ask myself why it was that he should be free to pick and choose, whereas she—his equal in many things and his superior in most—should have to content herself with being picked and chosen. And when I came to look into the point—to inquire the "why" of it, I discovered that there was no "why," but that it was merely a meaningless convention—an empty custom, existing because it existed, and observed because people were foolish enough to observe it. Nay, it was more than meaningless—it was rotten, it was iniquitous. If marriage means anything to either party (a point, perhaps, open to discussion, upon which I will not here embark), it means more to the woman than to the man. To him 'tis but an incident, to her it is a career; to him 'tis still the same old tune, with variations; to her 'tis a brand new piece that has to be learned and studied ab initio. Of this fact the name process is emblematic. Let him be Mr. Smith, let her be Miss Jones. They marry. What of him? He remains Mr. Smith to the end of the chapter. What of her? Her "Miss" becomes forthwith converted into "Mrs.," her "Jones" transformed into "Smith." Her former name and style know her no more. In one word, he is the absorber, she the absorbed.

Now to be absorbed the process of absorption is far more momentous than to the absorber. That is axiomatic. It therefore follows that if either one has a greater liberty than the other in the field of selection, that one should be the woman. But in practice—by a most absurd convention—things are precisely the reverse. Man, the absorber, can select and propose to any number he likes of the whole fair sex. Woman, the absorbed, is limited in her choice to just those few men that may see fit to propose. While he has thousands to pick from, she has only units; and those frequently the wrong units. That is the worst of it. She may see the man who is just suited to her; whom she knows she could make happier than any other woman could; who would, in a word, be the ideal mate for her. But he is not among those who have proposed to her. Therefore, he is not within practical politics. She marries some one else as a pis aller.

But the reformer who doesn't begin by adopting in practice his own doctrines is no true reformer. He is a quack, a charlatan, a humbug. I am not that sort. My motto, like Stratford's, has always been "Thorough." "As a first step," says I to myself, "toward transferring into woman's hands the initiative in matrimonial selection, I will exercise that initiative myself. Others, when they see my success, will follow my example; and soon the benighted custom by which my sex are treated as mere passive proposers will have been relegated to the limbo of exploded fallacies."

I first mentioned my resolve to mamma. I did not expect support from the amiable but obsolete old dear; and I certainly did not get it. Mamma was aghast. Her hair almost stood on end; or, rather, it would have stood on end had it been hers to do so. I did not mind mamma's displeasure, however. Was it not the fate of all reformers to be misunderstood, abused, derided by their own families? Besides, was I to be turned aside from my high enterprise by a mere outburst of obsolescence? No, indeed! 'Tis in such pinpricks that your whole-hearted revolutionist finds, not an obstruction, but a stimulus. So with me. It spurred me on. I resolved to open my new campaign without a moment's delay.

The first thing to do, of course, was to pick out my man—my ideal mate. That was simple. In fact, I had already had my eye on him for some time. His name was Charles Wilton; his age, thirty-five; his pedigree, unexceptionable; his person, prepossessing; his manners, agreeable; his pursuits, athletic, and his moral character above reproach. Moreover (but this is incidental, and in no wise influenced my considerations), he had

lately inherited from his father a fortune of £200,000.

That, then, was done. My ideal mate was selected. Next to apprise him of my selection and to invite reciprocity. This took a bit of thinking out. I thought it out. The result of my reflections was that I decided to seek expert advice; to pick up wrinkles from one or other of my married friends. I pitched on Dollie Dulverton, who had been lately absorbed by young Cattistock, of the Bays; and to her I went.

After unfolding to her my scheme in general outline, I said:

"All that I wish to do, at the first going off, is to change the personality of the proposer, not the method of proposing. One must not attempt to touch all at once. Therefore, I have come to you to ask if you can give me any useful tips, based upon your own experience as a past proposer."

"Ah," said Dollie, smiling, "you wish me, in fact, to coach you up in the manners and rules of good proposing?"

"I wish you to tell me," I answered, "what phraseology Mr. Cattistock made use of when he proposed to you. It may serve me as a useful line."

Dollie thought for a moment or two, picking up the threads of recollection. Then she rejoined:

"Very well, my dear, you shall have a precise account of all the circumstances. The affair took place at Lady X's dance. Frank began by remarking that the room was devilish—he begged my pardon—confoundedly hot. I acquiesced. Have you made a note of that, my dear?"

"Go on," I remarked, with some impatience. "I wish to get to the kernel of the nut. These little preliminary breakings of the outer shell are immaterial."

"Nay," answered Dollie, "you cannot get to the kernel without these little preliminary breakings of the outer shell. It is an integral part of the process. However, I will proceed. Frank's next observation referred to the floor, which he declared to be a ripper. I concurred. Then he said, give him such a floor and a partner whose step suited his, don't you know, and, by Jove, what more could a fellow want? I said nothing. I only looked hard at the toes of my satin shoes. I knew now what was coming, and that the less I interrupted the quicker it would come. Frank cleared his throat and tugged at his mustache. Then he embarked upon a confused and ungrammatical rignarole, in which 'Partner—step suited—ball of life—heaven on earth,' were the only distinct and intelligible expressions."

Dollie paused.

"And that's all," she said, "Do you mean," I demanded, "that he never asked you, in so many words, to marry him?"

"Never! Without another remark—we were in a corner of the conservatory behind two oleanders and a plaster Apollo—he took me in his arms. I offered no objection. So there we were. That settled it."

"Well," I said, after a brief reflection, "I shall meet Charles Wilton at Mrs. Z's dance to-morrow night; and I will see what can be done—if I get the opportunity."

"If, my dear," cried Dollie, "there is no 'if' in the matter. The proposer makes his opportunity."

"I suppose he does," I was fain to admit. "There are a good many things to learn about this new role, after all."

"It is an art and has its technicalities like every other," she replied.

Which was so undeniable that I agreed to it without comment.

Next evening, I went to Mrs. Z's dance. There, as anticipated, I met Charles Wilton. I cast about how I should make my opportunity. But this proved to be unnecessary. He asked me if I would sit out the fourth waltz with him. I did. The ground being thus cleared, it only remained for me to put into practice Dollie's manners and rules of good proposing.

I began:

"Don't you think the room—er—very hot?"

Now he ought to have acquiesced. But he didn't. He answered, instead: "Do you think so? I find it just comfortable."

This departure from the rules of the game rather puzzled me. What was I to do? I decided to ignore it and proceed as though it had not occurred.

"If you ask me," he answered, "I should say that there is a trifle too much beeswax on it."

This reply was most upsetting. However, I made a bold dash.

"Given such a floor and a partner whose step suits one, what could a girl want more?"

He was not silent. He did not stare at the toes of his pumps. He did not (evidently) know what was coming.

Instead, he answered genially: "Don't matter a button-top to me. The only dancing I ever do is to walk through a square. But I dare say that what you suggest is very jolly for those who like it."

This was too vexing. It quite killed my opening for that metaphor about "The Ball of Life" and "Heaven on Earth," so I was brought to a standstill. Soon afterward he took me back to mamma; and the chance was gone.

Evidently Dollie's method was no go.

And on thinking it over I saw why it was no go. It was because it was an allusive method. Now the allusive method is, no doubt, very sound for a man, and for this reason: Woman knows him to be a proposing animal; she is, therefore, on the qui vive; she leads up to it. But a woman proposing for the first time, as I was doing, is in a very different position. The man, naturally, never suspects her intention (having always regarded her as a mere passive proposer); he cannot make out what she is driving at, and so her allusiveness is lost on him.

"Yes," said I to myself, "there is only one way—the direct way. I must treat him as one treats children. I must be plain, literal, precise. I must say what I mean in the most simple, unequivocal language. Yes! I must, as it were, propose to him in words of one syllable. 'I love you. Will you wed me?' There can be no mistake about that. It is the formula that I shall certainly adopt."

We next met about four days later. It was in a tea shop in Bond street. I was drinking chocolate alone at a little table. There was a bunch of hyacinths in a vase on the table. He came in; he saw me; he took a chair opposite to me. Greetings were exchanged. I looked about. No one was near. Here was my chance. Bravely I began:

"I love—"

There I stopped. The "you"—simple, easy little word—would not for some reason come out. It stuck in my throat.

"Well! What do you love?" he inquired.

The "what" irritated me. Was ever such incorrigible denseness? A woman would have had the sense to say "whom," as a matter of course. But he had invited a neuter, and a neuter he loved, if only to punish him.

"I love—hyacinths," I said, crossly.

Yet even here there would have been a way out had he possessed an ounce of perception. He had only to say, as a woman in like case would have said: "Happy hyacinths!"

Then I should have remarked: "I always associate you with hyacinths."

But what do you think the opaque creature did say?

"Don't care for 'em myself? Smell too strong."

It was really impossible to do anything with such a perfect miracle of obtuseness. So my second chance was lost.

However, a reformer who gives in after two failures is no reformer. I must try again. I must be still more simple; still more elementary in my language. After all, the "I love you. Will you wed me?" formula was what logicians would call a complex proposition—a combination of the categorical "I love you," which in view of what followed, was really superfluous. I would only retain the essential portion, viz., the interrogative "Will you wed me?"

Four plain words of one syllable. Surely, these admitted of no ambiguity or misapprehension.

Our next encounter was in Piccadilly, on the north side, near Devonshire House. I was walking west, he east. We met face to face. I held out my hand. He took it. Now was the time. I made the fateful plunge.

"Will you—"

Would you believe it? At that supreme moment, by the cruellest stroke of luck (surely the stars in their courses were fighting against me), I swallowed the wrong way, and had a violent choking fit which lasted for two minutes. It was too exasperating. To be put off—just at the critical point—by a silly little affair of the windpipe. Of course, I couldn't complete my sentence after that. It would have been like finishing one's best story when one has been interrupted in the middle.

So when Charles Wilton, having waited in polite sympathy until I had done choking, remarked:

"You were about to ask me—"

"To come to tea to-morrow afternoon," I replied, feeling obliged to say something.

"With the greatest pleasure," he rejoined.

When I returned home I found—to my satisfaction—that mamma would be out the following afternoon.

"I shall see him alone. And this time I will succeed," said I to myself, setting my teeth resolutely.

I should have succeeded, too. There is no doubt about that. But an unlooked-for accident again baffled me. Before I had time to say a word, Charles suddenly exclaimed:

"I say! By Jove! don't you know?"

Those were his precise words. Neither more nor less. Not much in them, is there? But somehow, like Mercurio's wound, they served. He took me in his arms.

It was like leaving out all the proof in one of Euclid's "props," and jumping straight from the hypothesis to the Q. E. D.

But the Q. E. D. was reached? True. Yet see in what a position it placed me. It destroyed forever my prospects as a practical reformer in the field of matrimonial selection. I could not propose to Charles, being already engaged to him; nor could I (for the same reason) decently propose to any one else.

And, on thinking the matter over, I have come to the conclusion that, in the present backward condition of human affairs, my scheme of reformation is, after all, premature.

So long as a man can propose intelligibly by merely exclaiming: "I say! By Jove! don't you know," whereas a woman may make remarks ten thousand times more suggestive, and yet fail to suggest anything; so long, I say, as this irrational state of things obtains, the female proposer is simply handicapped out of it. It is iniquitous. But it is the fact. I therefore advise my sisters, like wise women, to accept the fact—and the male proposer—

Truth.

## BIG BORE RIFLES AND SMALL.

The Small is No Doubt Better For All Round Purposes.

The old dispute between big bores and small bores is meaningless now, because the most killing guns are the high velocity nitro guns, which are all small bore compared with the black powder guns. The best all-round rifle is now the thirty-calibre nitro, not because it will do all that is claimed for it, but because it makes so much flatter a line to everything within reasonable distance than any black powder gun can do. The ball goes too much to pieces on some shots, and all that I have tried throw ten per cent. of balls wild, five slightly wild and five badly so. But the swiftness of the ball overbalances the other defects. An all-round rifle is almost impossible, and some sacrifice must be made. Sacrifice for flat trajectory is not always a sacrifice of accuracy, but often one in favor of it. Between seventy-five and two hundred yards, the place where most shots on open ground fall, no black powder gun small enough to be carried with comfort can make up in accuracy what it loses in curve of trajectory as compared with the thirty-calibre nitro rifle. I refer to the high velocity shell and not the smokeless cartridges of the same strength as black powder. The soft-nosed bullet driven with the high power nitro is the most killing form in which a ball of equal diameter can be made for all-round work. Those of copper or steel do not make a large enough hole for most shots on the softer parts of the body.—From Handling the Rifle on Game, from Outing.

## The Paper of To-Day.

Only paper of the very best quality is now made from rags, the bulk of that employed for newspapers and book work being manufactured from wood pulp. Other materials are also coming into use to meet the enormous demands for paper, and plants which were at one time supposed to be of no economic importance are contributing their fiber to the manufacture. Among the new materials may be named bagasse, the refuse of the sugar mills, formerly a waste product, save that it was employed for fuel. Rice straw, long only used as bedding for cattle, is also enlisted in the service of the paper maker. Spruce is the wood now generally used in making paper pulp, and of this there is a vast amount not yet drawn upon in the Dominion of Canada, which is only waiting for railway facilities to transport. In the meantime, protests are being raised against the quality of the paper made from these substitutes for rags. It answers the purpose of ephemeral literature; but there is good reason to believe that it rapidly deteriorates, and that books made of it will have but a short life. It is somewhat humiliating for us to have to acknowledge that our modern documents cannot compare in permanence with those written on Egyptian papyrus before our own historical period began.—Chambers' Journal.

## The Henrichenburg Canal Lock.

A novel and unusually powerful elevator for lifting canal boats and barges from one level to another is situated at Henrichenburg, on the Dortmund-Ems Canal, in Germany. It is capable of lifting a canal boat of 800 tons burden a distance of about fifty-two feet in slightly over two minutes. The elevator itself, that is the trough in which the boat floats, is about 225 feet long and twenty-eight feet wide. It is raised by a 150-horsepower electric motor, which rotates four vertical threaded shafts, one at each corner of the lift, and on each of which is a threaded traveling block supporting the trough. As these shafts are turned around by the motor the four blocks are drawn up along the threads, and carry the elevator along with them. Five floats in a tank beneath the lock on which the elevator rests balance the weight of the trough and the water it contains, amounting in all to some 6000 or 7000 tons, so that the energy expended in raising and lowering is little more than that required to overcome the friction. The lock-gates are operated by electric motors. The electric generating plant is situated alongside the lock on the canal bank.

## "Long One Jackass."

Senator Elkins, of West Virginia, in his young days was a railroad station agent out West, his office being a box car on a siding. He tells the story on himself that one day in checking up a carload of immigrants' effects he could not find a bureau called for by the way bill. He was in possession, however, of a vigorous young jackass that was not down in the bill. So he wired to the shipping agent:

"I am short one bureau and long one jackass."

The answer came back:

"You are O. K. That bureau was a burro."

For the benefit of the Eastern tender-foot it may be explained that the burro is a small pack animal of the jackass species.—Portland Oregonian.

## Knew Where the Whip Came From.

Signor Marconi, of "wireless" fame, is fond of dogs, and used to own a cocker spaniel of unusual intelligence. The young inventor says that one day he took this dog to a saddler's with him and bought there a whip. That afternoon the animal was disobedient, and he punished it with the whip he had just purchased. But in the evening, when he came to look for the weapon again, it was nowhere to be found.

Just then there came a ring at the bell. It was the saddler, the whip in hand. "Your dog, sir," he said, "brought this to the shop in his mouth this afternoon and laid it on the floor and ran off quickly."—New York Tribune.

## Danger of Wealth Shown.

By John J. B. Johnson.



ALL possessions have value only as they may give pleasure or prevent pain. It is hardly necessary to enumerate how and in how many ways they are supposed to be capable of giving pleasure and preventing pain; each one knows for himself, and it matters not that the knowing is so different. Nothing is surer, however, than that possessions do not always give pleasure nor prevent pain. In many, if not the large majority of cases, neither of these ends is attained. In sixty years I have known many rich, some very rich and a few ultra-rich, and my memory and impression of the lot is that they average up on the wrong side of the ledger of happiness compared with the mass, most of them having nothing of value, unless perchance it be a good name.

In the doctrines of the orthodox, of all creeds and nations and in all times, professing to deal with eternity, souls exist forever in happiness and in misery. One soul in the lapse of unending eternity will enjoy more or suffer more than all mortal beings that may live on earth or earths, planets or stars, no matter how many there may be nor how long they may live, provided only that the succession end. The logical conclusion is that one soul is of greater value than all the possessions of all mortal beings.

The point I have to make is whether it is reasonable to suppose so weak a vessel could be loaded with so weighty a cargo on so dangerous a sea? It would look, having reference to the eternal vertiges, like the shipper was lacking common sense and common prudence.

## Love and Quarrelling.

By Margaret Deland.



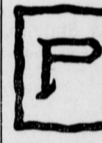
MOST men and women who have lived long enough in the world to gain wisdom by experience will be obliged to admit this strange sad union of Love and Quarrelling; but every one of us who has lived deeply enough to know that experience worketh hope, will admit that when Love quarrels with its beloved, it is just because this noble ideal of unity has run off the track, so to speak; a virtue has gone to seed; a divine quality has developed a defect. The outlook for quarrelsome Love is not so hopeless when we can understand this. See how it would work if those two squabbling sisters would either of them stop to remember that it is only Love, foolish, exasperating, unbalanced Love, that is responsible for the ill-bred domestic criticism that spoils the home life. If Jane once honestly believed that Mary's love made her so unpleasant, she would stop aghast, amused, no doubt, and very likely touched; but almost certainly silenced. And that would be the end of the quarrel.

To bring about this same friendship between people who love each other, respect for each other's individuality is of course necessary; but such respect is, after all, an abstract thing, and cannot be cultivated in a moment. While waiting for it to struggle through our stony egotism, there is one thing we can do: We can vow that unless duty seriously and lovingly demands it, there shall be no unasked criticism between people who love each other!

Think how it would make for peace if domestic criticism were forbidden at every breakfast table. Think of our own happiness if our brothers and sisters will stop telling us unpleasant truths!—think of their happiness if we could refrain from enlightening them as to their dress, or manners, or beliefs.—Harper's Bazar.

## The Physical Training of Our Children

By Dr. T. D. Wood, Director Physical Culture, New York.



PHYSICAL training should always aim at improved courage, self-control and will power, and it should from the very beginning strive to develop other social instincts and the better nature of the child, so that he will be unselfish, helpful to those about him and ready always to co-operate, and thus be prepared for the larger work in the world after he is mature. The first factor necessary for the proper physical training of the child is the full appreciation by the mother of the importance of that phase of the child's training. The second factor

is the knowledge of his organic physical condition. It is folly to suppose that so delicate a machine as the human body will take care of itself, will keep in perfect condition without attention. There should, accordingly, also be a properly educated teacher.

If physical training is to prepare the child better for his life in human society, for his work in the great world, it must help toward the attainment not only of physical health, but of every desirable characteristic and quality which the child should have.

Physical training should counteract every tendency to bad position and posture in order that the body may be kept and grow straight and symmetrical. Physical training should make possible a more perfect mental development, that will power, courage, self-control, should be effective and a very beneficial way; that the moral and social qualities should always be gained even from the very earliest years.

In the physical training of the child, as in all education, the two persons most concerned are the mother and the teacher. The proper physical training of the child can only be accomplished where the school is concerned with all of the influences which affect the child at home, and the home is also intelligently concerned with all the influences which affect the child at school.

## Germany and the Danish West Indies

By A. Maurice Low.



GERMANY'S political intrigues have more than a passing interest for the United States at the present time. If the secret history of the Danish West Indies treaty negotiations were ever published, it would probably be discovered that Germany had a very large finger in that pie. One is inclined to ask why Denmark, after having apparently welcomed the thought of ridding herself of the incubus of the Danish West Indies, should suddenly discover that they were of value to her and defeat the treaty. The answer might be that Germany was possessed of sufficient influence at Copenhagen to bring about a reversal of sentiment. Nor would it be difficult to discover her motives. Germany, in addition to seeking a foothold in South America, is extremely anxious to obtain a point d'appui in the Caribbean Sea; and the only place in which she can plant her flag is the Danish West Indies.

Germany gains two things by preventing the transfer of the Danish West Indies to the United States. So long as St. Thomas and the adjacent islands are under the Danish flag they are not in the possession of the United States, and in statecraft, as well as in some other things, much may be gained by delay. No one knows what may happen in the course of a few years. Undoubtedly, next to owning the islands herself, Germany prefers to see no change made in the proprietorship.

But there may be another reason why Germany regards the existence of the status quo as in her favor. That she would like to absorb Denmark into the German Empire is not open to question. There are people, of course, who insist that such a thing is absolutely impossible, not because of any opposition in Germany, but because the Danes are too bitterly hostile to Germany to become Germans. They have not forgotten the seizure of Schleswig-Holstein. But that, after all, is the past. Remembering the close dynastic existing between England and Denmark, and England and Germany, it is not a fanciful stretch of the imagination to conceive that the German Emperor may be trying to induce his uncle to use his influence to create a sentiment in favor of Denmark's becoming part of the German Empire. Emperor William is perhaps not unwilling to pay for this service; but exactly what he can offer to England is not apparent at this moment.

Supposing Denmark should be merged into the German Empire, what then becomes of Denmark's West Indian possessions? The obvious answer would be that they would follow the flag. That would be a transfer of sovereignty, from one European power to another. A transfer of sovereignty in the waters of the New World would be a violation of the Monroe Doctrine. Would the United States so regard it in the circumstances? An extremely interesting question would be raised if that should happen, and a question that might not be so easy of solution, especially if at that time, as already suggested, Germany possessed a navy superior to that of the United States, and felt that she could afford to disregard the warning of the latter country. That is a phase of the West Indian negotiations that has been given by men whose business it is to give serious consideration to the question.—The Forum.