

INCIDENTS OF THE ALTAR.

My Wife—A Chapter on Marriage.

COLLEGE GIRLS AND MATRIMONY.

American-Chinese Marriages—The Wife and the Mule—Jan and May—A Bashful Bridegroom—Young Love's Triumphs.

My Wife.
She's the dearest little lady.
And her eyes are deep and shady.
As she kneels.
And her look of pure emotion
Shows how true the devotion
That she feels.She's plump, and oh, so pretty,
With her hair in the city
Can compare.Of her charms I might make mention,
Her sweet eyes are like the gentian,
Blue and rare.She has hair of richest tinting,
Softest brown, with gold gleams glinting,
Here and there.
On her cheeks a hue reposes
Like the hours of blushing roses,
Yet more fair!I could read a page of Latin
Sooner than describe the satin
Of her gown.Of its shade that it is divine,
All the world is astounded,
So I sit and lose the preaching,
Only thinking now of reaching
Her soft arms.On the sermon's speedy ending,
All the world is delighted
Of my life.My excuse, if you'll believe me,—
Full confession will relieve me—
She's my wife.

A Chapter on Matrimony.

San Francisco Alta California: We do not hail this compulsory competition for self-support by women as a whole-some sight; for it is.

There is a remedy that is in the hands of young men. Perhaps its use depends upon increasing the certainty of work and the stability of wages, and perhaps, too, these must follow its use. Who can tell?

This remedy is in wife-seeking by young men. We do not agree that a married woman's life is one of dependence, for it is not. In the management of her household and the nurture and culture of her children, she is self-supporting in a higher sense than when working for wages merely to support her own necessities. Withdrawn from the wage-working ranks, the disappearance of her competition adds to the volume of wages the margin between the cheaper labor and the higher wages of a man, and her influence upon the temperance and frugality of her husband usually so far restrains his useless or vicious expenditures so as to net in the volume of wages an amount equal to what she would earn.

As a social force, tending to a better and more orderly life in the man who marries her, she becomes a most important factor in the state. She stands in the place of priest and policeman, of judge and jury. So the married woman is crowned with much honor and her life is full of glory.

The advice to young men to marry is not limited to those who confess themselves wage workers, but is applicable to those who boast of belonging to the salaried class—clerk, bookkeepers, solicitors, agents, foremen, bosses, etc.

A man can marry sensibly and safely on \$10 a week. At \$20 a week he is without excuse for celibacy, and at a wage above that his abstention becomes almost a crime against society. He is almost sure to be wasting a large share of his earnings upon the major vices. He is a menace to virtue, a promoter of debauchery, a danger to the state.

If young men will not marry the upright girls in their own station, who are willing to help found a home, they must expect to meet these girls in the struggle for self-support as wage workers in an increasing competition, which adds continually to the evils of society, that flow from lack of the normal percentage of marriages.

Finally, wages adjust themselves to a celibate society. In one of his decisions involving a question of labor and wages Justice Field has wisely said that wages in this country should be adjusted, not to the standard of self-support for the wage-worker himself. They should be determined by the higher standard of his ability to maintain respectably his wife and his children. To provide for them a comfortable home, which he owns, and the means to enjoy the worship and its elevating influences, and to seek proper schooling and culture. Therein he uttered the law and the prophets' upon the issue, which involves not only the domestic happiness of the individual, but the safety and greatness of the state.

College Girls and Marriage.

This is from a Vassar girl, who writes to protest against the many gibes at college girls which appear from time to time in newspapers. What is there, she asks, in a college education incompatible with matrimony? Is a love of study and culture antagonistic to perfect womanliness, and perfect wifehood? Are the terms love and Latin, marriage and mathematics, so incorrigible? Why, then those ranks of rosy-cheeked maidens, those tastefully decorated rooms one sees in the halls of girl graduates, those frequent deserts of the ranks of spinsterdom recorded in the annals of their past, not to speak of their many unrecorded womanly acts and offends? We have frequently of the terrible dangers of over-study and extravagance of our sex. But what of the equally terrible dangers of indolence, aimlessness, late hours, or social excitement, which beset the non-studious, and develops fully as many hysterical subjects as does the much maligned over-study? There are students whose ambition causes them to disregard the warnings of common sense, who trust to cram and frantic spurts rather than to a clear brain and steady work; but such are the exceptions. Why should they be quoted as the representative student who finds rather a safeguard from morbidity and ill health in the regular hours, congenial occupation, pleasant companionship, plain fare, and outdoor exercise of a student's life at college?

American-Chinese Marriages.

Chicago Herald: Dr. George B. Walker, who has an office in the Morrison building, lays claim to the titles of doctor of medicine and doctor of divinity, and has performed the offices of both whenever the opportunity offered itself.

The state board of health is disputing his right to attach M. D. to his name, but it has not made any effort to interfere with his practice pending a settlement of the trouble. The doctor's chief usefulness as a D. D. has been his friendliness to young Chinamen who aspired to become the husbands of white girls. He has solemnized no less than nine of these queer marriages, and, in fact, he can lay claim to the fact of being the pioneer in the business, for it

was he who married Sing Lee to a buxom German girl about two years ago. Sing Lee, who is a sort of a leader among Chicago's yellow inhabitants, was so well-satisfied with the doctor's work that he has given him a practical monopoly of Chinese weddings. And his devoted most of her time to finding girls who were willing to marry Chinamen. She has been successful to a remarkable degree, for there are no less than a hundred Oriental residents in Chicago who have white wives, and nearly all of them owe their happiness to Mrs. Sing Lee. Her latest essay is the match-making line resulting in the marriage of a young German girl to Quong Yick, a Well-street laundryman, on Monday. Dr. Walker tied the knot in this instance, but he did not make it secure enough to hold the new Mrs. Yick true to her vows, for within four hours after she left his office she fled from her almond-eyed spouse, and took refuge with her mother.

The Wife and the Mule. Chicago Times: "We are presented with the absurdity that a wife should sue her husband for beating her mule, but not for beating herself." Judge Watson decided that Mrs. Crocker could not sue Crocker for beating her. If the provisions of common law sustain this decision "are to be altered, it must be done by legislative action." Ah! there's the rub. The common law protects the mule, but allows the husband to chastise the wife, provided he does it with proportionate to her offense. He may not do it with a club, but he must take a rod the thickness of his thumb. A stout hickory or willow switch is within the common law. Crocker knew this, probably, and also that Mrs. Crocker had no way of influencing "legislative enactments." There are some modifications of the common law in municipal affairs, and the man who whips his wife does not always command as high social position as he once did, but still other Crockers can cut other switches and kick other Mrs. Crockers reasonable without danger of suits for damages. Men husbands have yet a strong fondness for the old common law of the older the better.

Recently a reader of the New York World asked that journal "if there was any way of compelling the father of a large family, who is in the habit of beating his grown-up girls for the most trivial offenses, to keep the peace, without publicity." The World replied as follows:

"In a case like this the grown-up girls would be justified in using their united strength to tie their brutal father to a bed-post and keep him there until he would promise to desist. A taste of his own medicine, or a little hot water trickled down his back, might help him to reform. If this is impracticable, a confidential statement of the facts to a police magistrate might secure from that official a private admonition to the brute that he would be arrested and punished if he did not stop his barbarity. Wife-beaters and girl-whippers ought to be flogged at a whipping-post."

To the last sentence so respectable citizen objects, and yet wife-whipping is a very common crime. There is no adequate punishment for it, and in cases which do not occur, outgoings and shameful. It is probable that not one in a hundred reaches the public. A special punishment should be provided for wife-beating. The mere fact that there existed such a statute would protect many poor women. Besides this, it would emphasize the scorn of the public for the brute who beats the woman he should protect with his life. The old common law has more respect for a mule than a wife.

January and May.

Edith Johns, aged seventeen, was recently privately married to Jesse Tyson, at the residence of the bride's parents in Baltimore. Owing to the great disparity in the ages of the contracting parties, the wealth of Mr. Tyson, the social prominence of both, and the postponement of the marriage, it was thought that a wedding soon after marriage would be a fashionable adventure which had gathered at the church to witness the ceremony was left to shiver in the cold, there was widespread interest in the event. It was intended to have celebrated it elaborately at Emanuel El-church, but the death of Mrs. James Tyson, sister-in-law of the bridegroom, necessitated a change of programme. Only the immediate families of the bride and groom and a few special friends were present. General Laughran Wister, of Philadelphia, acted as best man and a younger sister of the bride as bridesmaid. It is stated on good authority that during the afternoon Mr. Tyson settled \$100,000 on his bride-elect.

The Ceremony Repeated. Atlanta Constitution: A romantic marriage was performed at the little town of Newton, N. C., which attracts much attention, and is the sequel of a curious complication. Seventeen years ago Mrs. Elizabeth Ferguson was living in Rowan county with her first husband, John B. Ferguson. One day he, on some pretext or other, went to Georgia. The wife patiently awaited his return for two years, and finally heard he was dead. After many years of supposed widowhood, she went to live as a housekeeper in the family of Mr. A. Hale, a wealthy retired jeweler of Charlotte, who had moved on a farm he owned in her neighborhood, on account of the delicate health of his wife. Mrs. Hale died, and eighteen months ago, when it was discovered that Ferguson was looking at his daughter, and therefore he didn't suspect him.

Mrs. Agatha, will you be my wife?" "Only if papa is agreeable," replied the dutiful girl. "I need do nothing but papa's command." But John B. didn't think it likely his father would give his consent!" "I should think so, indeed! Papa does everythink I want to!"

Mrs. John Gruber, who was buried at Reading, Pa., Thursday, had outlived seven husbands, though but four of them were of her own race. The clergyman who conducted the funeral service as he recited the passage in Luke concerning the seven brothers who married the same woman.

Scientific people have their doubts about Lill Lehmann's forthcoming marriage for the winter. The young actress, who arrived with a cross-eyed fawn, has declared that he never could tell when his hired man was looking at his daughter, and therefore he didn't suspect him.

A Proposal of Marriage.—"Just think, Lauri! what happiness!" Here is a proposal from the wealthy owner of an immense manor, and he assures me that now he is in want of nothing more but me.

The cross-eyed man has found his prowl at last. It is love making on the sly. "I'm not doing anything wrong," he says, "but I'm not engaged." His heart was with a cross-eyed fawn, he has declared that he never could tell when his hired man was looking at his daughter, and therefore he didn't suspect him.

"My dear Agatha, will you be my wife?" "Only if papa is agreeable," replied the dutiful girl. "I need do nothing but papa's command." But John B. didn't think it likely his father would give his consent!" "I should think so, indeed! Papa does everythink I want to!"

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The marriage of Maurice Bernhardt and Princess Terka Jablonovska was brought about by a pocket handkerchief. Sarah was playing "Frou Frou" and Terka was playing "I'm a Little Teapot" when the young Herr Kalisch, who has won the affections of the great artiste, is on his way to America, and it is as likely as not that the marriage will take place here.

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