

# Won a Husband by an Injunction

out in front of Prior's store until Bert came back from calling on Prudence, and then held a little talk with Bert.

## Kept the Rivals Away.

"You might as well stay away from there, Bert," he suggested. "I don't see what you've got to do with it," said Bert hotly. "Keep your shirt on," said Rum, coolly. "She's mine. She's been my girl for the last seven years."

"O," said Bert, bitterly. "I didn't know you were so rugged." He turned away before Rum could say a word, and that night he wrote a bitter little note of farewell to Prudence and left Westville. Prudence cried a little over the note, and then rejoiced for she thought that surely after that Rum

tempted the same little game that he had tried on young Cowman. But this time it didn't work. Nowell told him plainly that he was going to win Prudence if he could, and that he would be no interference.

Before breakfast the next morning Nowell drove up in front of Prudence's home and went in. Prudence had gone out to be gone all morning on an errand of mercy, but Nowell asked her mother plainly if Rummy had any claim, or whether any engagement existed. She told him she thought Rummy had been trifling with her affections.

## Why She Brought the Suit.

When Prudence returned home that noon her mother told her of Nowell's call. Then all the fighting qualities of the

girl's New England ancestors cropped out. She determined to force Rummy to let her choose her own husband and to make him cease driving away suitors.

She hurried down into the village and held a consultation with lawyer Stone, who, after some hesitancy, declared that the most salutary action and the one quickest and most effective was to appeal to the court to enjoin Rummy from driving away her other suitors.

The prayer that a writ of injunction might issue was duly drawn up and the facts of the case were set forth in a petition. The bill set forth that Prudence Mallory, spinster, aged 23 years, was threatened with serious and material damage to her prospects in life through the acts and interference of one Putnam Rummy. It declared that for more than eleven years Rummy had monopolized the time of Miss Mallory, frightening away other prospective suitors, and that he neither would propose marriage nor allow any other person to propose if he could prevent it.

The temporary injunction was ordered to issue, and Rummy found himself served with a notice.

Then for the first time in over eleven years he saw his actions in the right light. He wanted to go straight up to Prudence's home, beg her forgiveness, and ask her to marry him, but by the terms of the injunction he was restrained from going upon her property. He sat on the dry goods box all evening, hoping that she would be called into the village on some errand, but he saw nothing of her.

## Asked Forgiveness and Proposed.

Late that night he locked himself into the office of his store and wrote a letter of twenty-four pages, begging Prudence to forgive and marry him at once. He begged of her—

if she would accept him—to walk down towards the post-office early in the morning, prepared to sit with him up to St. Johnsbury and get married.

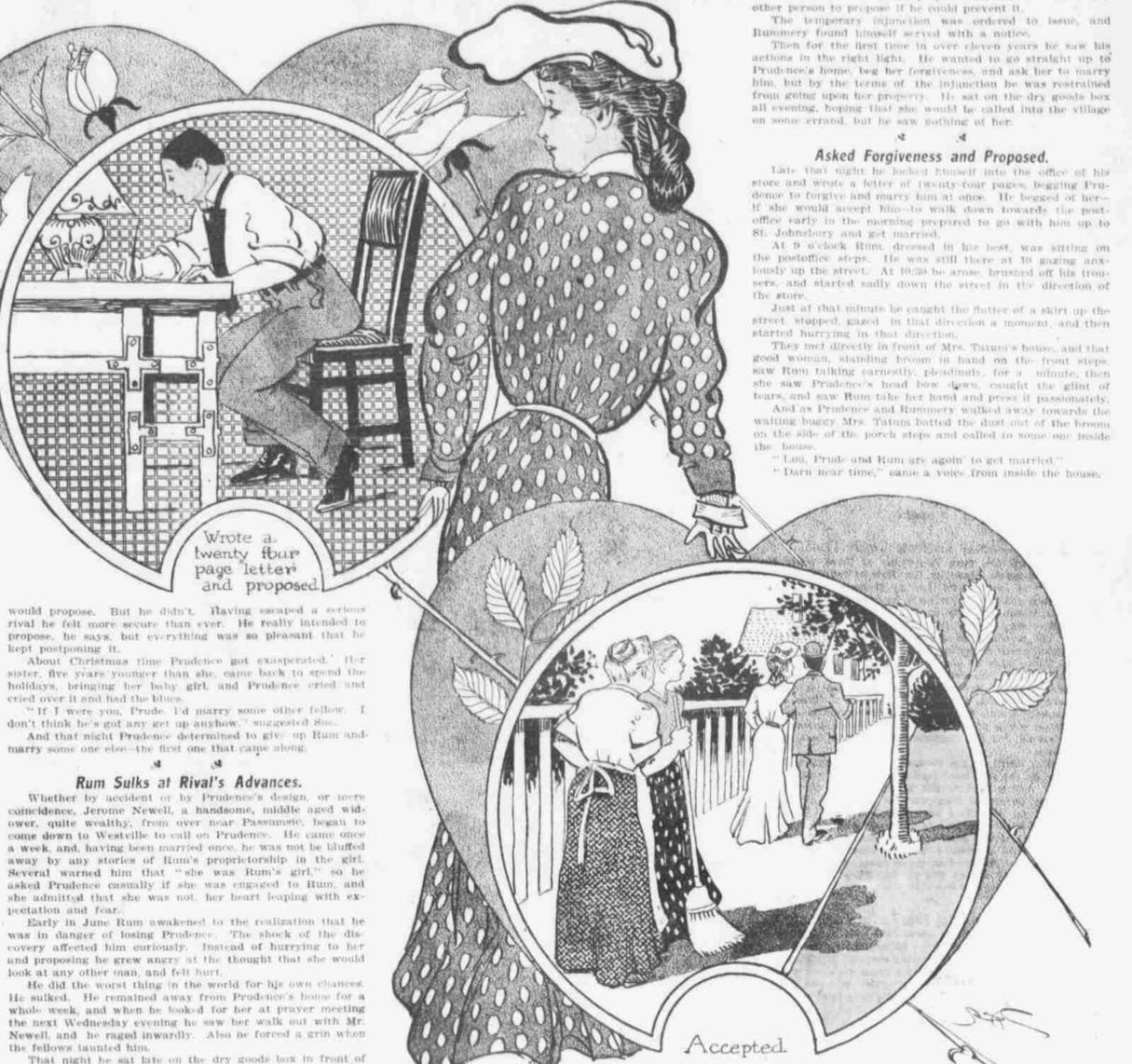
At 9 o'clock Rum, dressed in his best, was sitting on the postoffice steps. He was still there at 10 a.m. gazing anxiously up the street. At 10:30 he arose, brushed off his trousers, and started sadly down the street in the direction of the store.

Just at that minute he caught the flutter of a skirt up the street, stopped, and in that direction a moment, and then started hurrying in that direction.

They met directly in front of Mrs. Tatum's house, and that good woman, standing broad in hand on the front steps, saw Rum's coming, and, for a minute, then she saw Prudence's head bow down, caught the glint of tears, and saw Rum take her hand and press it passionately.

And as Prudence and Rummy walked away towards the waiting lady Mrs. Tatum batted the dust out of the broom on the side of the porch steps and called to some one inside the house.

"Don't you see, Prudence and Rummy are going to get married!" "Don't you see," came a voice from inside the house.



Wrote a twenty-four page letter and proposed.

would propose. But he didn't. Having escaped a serious rival he felt more secure than ever. He really intended to propose, he says, but everything was so pleasant that he kept postponing it.

About Christmas time Prudence got exasperated. Her sister, five years younger than she, came back to spend the holidays, bringing her baby girl, and Prudence cried and cried over it and had the blues.

"If I were you, Prude, I'd marry some other fellow. I don't think he's got any set up anyhow," suggested Rum. And that night Prudence determined to give up Rum and marry some one else—the first one that came along.

## Rum Sulks at Rival's Advances.

Whether by accident or by Prudence's design, or mere coincidence, Jerome Nowell, a handsome, middle aged widower, quite wealthy, from over near Passumpsit, began to come down to Westville to call on Prudence. He came once a week, and having been married once, he was not bluffed away by any stories of Rum's proprietorship in the girl. Several warned him that "she was Rum's girl," so he asked Prudence casually if she was engaged to Rum, and she admitted that she was not, her heart leaping with expectation and fear.

Early in June Rum awakened to the realization that he was in danger of losing Prudence. The shock of the discovery affected him curiously. Instead of hurrying to her and proposing he grew angry at the thought that she would look at any other man, and felt hurt.

He did the worst thing in the world for his own chances. He sulked. He remained away from Prudence's home for a whole week, and when he looked for her at prayer meeting the next Wednesday evening he saw her walk out with Mr. Nowell, and he raged inwardly. Also he forced a grin when the fellows taunted him.

That night he sat late on the dry goods box in front of Prior's, and when Nowell came down the street he at-

Accepted.



Was advised to appeal to the courts.

**M**ISS PRUDENCE MALLORY, or rather, she who was Miss Prudence Mallory of Westville, Vt., won a husband by securing a court injunction restraining him from calling on her, and two days after the injunction was secured she became Mrs. Putnam Rummy.

Miss Mallory, it is declared, is the first woman in the world who ever brought a dilatory woeer to his senses through such a court action, and through all that district of northern Vermont, the young women are praising her for her courage and determination. Rummy, it is alleged, "kept company" with Miss Mallory for over eleven years steadily, calling on her at least two evenings in the week and walking home with her from prayer meeting every Wednesday night, yet failed to propose. Other young men, attracted by the grace and beauty of Miss Mallory, came to call, only to be driven away either by the air of proprietorship assumed by Rummy or by the remarks of others—"that it wasn't any use—she's Rum's girl," until at the age of 21 years, seeing her chances of matrimony being destroyed, she appealed to the courts to keep Rummy from calling on her and driving away other marriageable men.

## Proposed to Escape Contempt of Court.

And Rummy, his eyes opened at last, took the scratch like a man, wrote a note of proposal, fearing to be sent to jail for contempt of court if he called, and the next day the engagement was announced and the injunction dissolved.

Rum—as all his friends call him—those Prudence Mallory as his sweetheart over eleven years ago when they were both in school, and after the custom of small towns the other young men and young women recognized the rights of each to the other and did not trespass. Every time there was a picnic over on the side of Knox mountain or a day's outing up on Graton pond it was "Rum" who carried Prudence's big lunch basket and sat next to her in the big wagon. It was "Rum" who helped her gather pond lilies, and it was he who sat next to her in the deep hay during the winter sleigh rides, and who poured the thick molasses into her cup of snow when there was a "boiling down" of sap in a sugar camp.

So they grew up together, and everybody, including themselves, looked upon Prudence Mallory as the future Mrs. Rummy, and thought that it was good.

Rum went into business, and prospered fairly well. He traded in land a bit, and made some more money, and he swapped horses as skillfully as the next man, so by the time he was 24 years of age and Prudence was 22 everybody, possibly including Prudence, thought they surely would be married the next spring.

## Called Regularly Twice a Week.

Rum was as steady as clockwork. He called on Prudence at her mother's home every Sunday and Thursday evenings of the year, and he walked home with her from prayer meeting every Wednesday evening of the year, never missing a call or walk except in the second week in May, when he usually went to Boston to buy his summer goods.

The other girls and boys got married, a few each year, and Rum and Prudence dropped back into the "younger crowd," and then into the still "younger set."

"For heaven's sake, Prude, why don't you marry him?" demanded her married friends as she helped them with their babies.

# The Kind of a Man a Girl Wants to Marry.

**T**HERE is a great deal of argument and curiosity to know what kind of a man a woman is likely to regard with favor as promising to make a good husband.

There are people who declare that a young woman next dreams of matrimony till some one startles her by making a proposal, and that she really ought not to do so. I cannot see any good in encouraging a delusion that represents girls as being more foolish than they are. Marriage is a serious thing for the wife as well as for the husband, and why a girl should be supposed to be hurried into it as unreflectingly as a man times out of a boat into the water I cannot conceive. Of course she never does anything of the kind.

"How is it," a man asked Thackeray, "that ninety-nine girls out of a hundred accept the first man that proposes to them?"

"Because," answered the novelist, "ninety-nine girls out of a hundred are too sensible to let any man but the one they have chosen propose to them at all."

## No Need for Women to Propose.

There is a considerable amount of sense in that statement. Now and again a short discussion appears on the question, "Should Women Propose?" If women proposed, we should have vastly fewer marriages, for eligible young men would not dare to frequent female society as they do at present. But women have a great deal more choice in selecting their partners already than most people suppose. One of the most beautiful and sensible young women I know—for beautiful girls are as sensible as plain ones, after all—took some months to decide which she would have of eight young men, all passionately in love with her. In the end, of course, she took the first that asked her, as three of the inconsolable and disgusted seven complained to me. I asked each of them why he had not been the first, and each explained that it was because "he had never a chance." No, of course not. I have said that that young woman was sensible.

Women do not need to propose. If they did they would be rejected.

## Looks Play Important Part.

There are many things which in the first place excite a young woman's interest in a man. Entering a room full of young women, to whom he was equally a stranger, I have not the slightest doubt that a man would, if he were free to select, choose what he considers the prettiest of them to talk to. A girl entering a room full of men would choose the man who appeared nicest and most distinguished looking. Looks stimulate or destroy interest.

The head of an eminent publishing firm some time since begged me to use my influence with an author whose books are in considerable demand with women, not to make his likeness public. The author is a most ordinary looking creature, and afflicted with no inconsiderable amount of personal vanity. When he got two or three letters from women suggesting that his portrait would be acceptable as a frontispiece to his next novel, he was delighted, and gave orders accordingly. The publisher forewarned in threatening that ordinary looking countenance at readers who had each imagined the writer beautiful with the beauty that was her special choice. The author has never been able to understand—he insisted on hav-

ing his way—why that book, which was at least as choice as any he had written, seemed to meet with considerable disfavor.

An extremely plain man is at a disadvantage in attracting interest and sympathy. A man should look his best. People have a right to demand it of him. He will suffer if he does



Dandy and Sloven Both Fail in Love.

not act rightly by them. No man has a right to be uglier than he need be in his appearance.

## Majority Object to Handsome Men.

Yet the great majority of girls do not favor the most handsome men. It is to some an odd fact that the plain or even

ugly man triumphs over much better-looking rivals in gaining their hearts. The reason simply is that girls have more sense than they are usually credited with. No man is half so keen as they are to detect a man's vanity in good looks, misdirected efforts to exaggerate them, or to make impressions by means of them. No man resents such conduct so bitterly.

One of the richest and best looking bachelors in the world was converted into a woman hater by the cutting things he heard spoken respecting him by women before whom he especially tried to cut a fine figure. A rich friend of his, whom he had probably selected as his chief competitor because his miserable appearance acted as a species of foil to throw his own striking personality off to its best advantage, used, perhaps in revenge, to keep his handsome friend most accurately informed as to the remarks he overheard respecting him. They incensed him so bitterly that he resolved to have nothing to do with a sex that criticized him so keenly. He never married. The women meanwhile have all chosen husbands, not worthy, most of them, to "hold a candle" to him on the score of physical attractiveness.

The man who thinks he is good looking, or who is quite certain of it, had better forget all about it as soon as he enters a woman's society, for she will quickly discover the fact, and will not readily forgive him for it. That is no reason, however, why a man should not pay reasonable attention to not spoiling any attractiveness he possesses by neglect of his hair, face, and hands, for instance, or by selecting to dress to the best advantage.

## Sloven and Dude Equally Ignored.

The two faults in a man's dress that a woman does not readily forgive are dandyism and slovenliness. While a woman is apt and reasonable—to think a good deal of her own dress, she is not favorably impressed by the man who shows an undue interest in his. I have known a too frequent change of ties noted to a man's disparagement.

And yet men who are apt to be dandies are frequently by no means fools. I recall, when he was a young man, was one of the greatest fops. When he was at Gibraltar he discovered one came for another at the sound of the midday gun. A friend of Nelson noted that it was painful to see how overdressed he was on various occasions. He rejected in flattery. The duke of Wellington was nicknamed among his intimate companions "The Beau." It is not safe, by any means, to conclude that a man is a fool for overdressing.

The fact that men have atrociously bad taste in such things, and as soon as many begin to think about dress at all, they begin to make things worse than they were before by indulging in gross exaggerations of shape and colors.

Slovenliness is, of course, often associated with genius. Some people make the mistake of supposing that the two things are inseparable. It may be to a certain extent flattering to a woman that a man who is so absorbed in work that he forgets to change his collar as often as he should, should yet find time to think of her. But she is shy of him, and responds only so.

## Admire Pleasant, Agreeable Men.

But whatever a satisfactory appearance may do in the shape of an introduction, there are only the preliminaries. I have known people exceedingly afterwards for introductions for which they most eagerly sought. I introduced a man to a woman some time since, in consequence of his

earnest importunity, and he has reproached me ever since with being responsible for her having made him ludicrous from that time forth. I had anticipated it, knowing that the woman had a remarkable facility for arriving at a person's just value.

Without agreeableness, some ability, and the qualities girls admire, a presumably attractive man is liable to be an



Loved Him Because Lions Might Eat Him.

unreliable creature. That is where the plain, ordinary looking, and even ugly man so often scores. If he has the sense to realize that he depends for approval upon something more than his looks, he exerts himself and wins.

One of my friends owes his matrimonial success in a great measure to an accident which permanently destroyed his good looks. Up to that time he had placed what appeared to me rather undue reliance on them. From the moment when his horse's

hoof stamped them out forever, he resolved to rely for supremacy upon something else, and set to work to cultivate a charming manner. He is one of the most considerate, amusing, and graceful men in society today. I would wager that he could marry a better girl who would have rejected him before that disaster which his good sense has transferred into a fortunate chance.

## Take All or Any Kind of Man.

Girls marry all kinds of men. The bigger the fool, the more some girls appear to appreciate him. The brute may find his admirer, as we can see for ourselves any day in the newspapers when we read their results.

"Women fall in love and marry one for many reasons. You might not think it, but they always have a reason of some kind, though," said Max Adler. "One of the queerest reasons I ever heard of was that of Mrs. Hobbs, the wife of the distinguished performer in the lions' den of a traveling menagerie. Hobbs was always anxious to know when first the lovely and accomplished maiden who agreed to accept his name, fame, and fortune became inspired with that regard for him which induced her to reply 'Yes' to a passionate appeal made rather vague by the signor's emotion and language of five languages that got mixed up in the fever of the occasion."

"I first thought I might be induced to listen to a proposal," confessed the signorina, "when I saw you in the lions' den, and I reflected that you might be eaten up any day!"

"The signor was not half pleased with that reply. Did it mean that she was induced to marry him because he was a hero, or because she reflected that there were no many chances that she should be an early widow?"

## Weds the One Who Loves Her Best.

The man the girl marries, though, in the vast majority of cases, just the man who she thinks loves her best, and whom she would love best to make happy from among all the men in the world. She does not require him to be particularly brilliant, heroic, or sublime, and it is a good thing she demands sense, honor, and "grit." She admires manliness—not the manliness that is identified with and can be acquired by dumbly exercising and things of that kind for half an hour every morning, but the manliness of a cool, sane, courageous facing of life's difficulties and problems.

Sixty-seven of women would sooner marry a man who is heavily struggling to succeed than have a ready-made successful man.

"I guess," explained the young American girl, when expatiated with on her choosing a struggling suitor, "that marrying a man who has got everything already is something like buying a ready-made dress. One loses all the fun of the making."

## Reject "Smart," Allow Men.

Greatly to her credit, the shrewish girl despises and rejects the young fellow who is "too smart for anything." She has a wonderful quickness in recognizing the shallow impudence that seeks to hide the failure due to idleness and want of principle under a professed contempt for ordinary honest work. The quickest way to win a girl is to recognize that she generally shows a remarkable amount of good sense in choosing the man she marries, and to resolve to be worthy of it.