

well satisfied if the nobleman despises their family's simplicity. He'd be he marries a woman of noble birth; but to marry a foreigner from a vulgar Republic is the scene of vulgarity to the middle-class Britches; a woman who may be the daughter of a man who was once a Liverpool longshoreman or Sheffield day laborer; that is too much.

If America has to trade money for titles with the English and throw into the bargain the most beautiful American women, here it is something to know that the English are easily enraged by it. An English woman wrote in the realistic fiction to a Sunday journal in London, expressing why she hates Americans. Lucy Weston Jones says to some Americans whom she meets at a table d'hôte in Rome: "In London the big hotels are costly and the little ones are dear." She was a large red-faced woman of a serious cast of countenance, who habitually wore tailor-made tweeds, with a neck-chain and bracelets of Irish bog-ore, and had no suspicion whatever of the color of her flaxen hair with a frankly brown chin. "It's my advice," she added impressively, "go into longings somewhere off Piccadilly. Then you won't have to pay for what you don't get, and it's really the only way I know to avoid the Americans."

The consideration of the difficulty that young gentlemen of the west sometimes have in finding their partners before the dance begins, it is well to contemplate some of the pleasanter aspects of the chaperon question. When a young lady goes with a chaperon she is returned to her after every dance. If the young lady with a stranger a friend of the chaperon's among the young men takes her ball book and sees that it is filled before he hands it back to the owner. Then each young man brings up his successor and introduces him before leaving her.

"Alone, alone, all, all, alone. Alone on a wide, wide sea" is often over expression of the way a girl feels sitting in a large ball-room unacquainted with no more than one or two of the young men there. A chaperon takes the edge off neglect and with this institution one never sees the heart-breaking sight of a girl sitting all by herself while the rest are dancing. Not even her rivals enjoy it. It makes the ball one-sided, it spoils the nice balance of the decorations. Even at Sherry's the girls escape from their chaperons and play and whisper in the reception rooms in the shadow of the palms, but as I said before the chaperon is a necessity. She is not always convenient but sometimes the need is so great that all other times are forgotten. You do not often need a fire escape but the once that you do makes up for all the times it was in the way.

Mrs. McKee refused to attend her father's wedding and as soon as the ex-president started for New York the dutiful daughter entered her father's house, that he had prepared for his bride, and gathered up what she wanted and shipped it off to the place she keeps her property. Russell Harrison did not care to encourage his father by going to his wedding either. Everybody knows that General Harrison has supported the Russell Harrisons and the McKees since the formation of those exacting and uncompromising families. As soon as their present stipend is spent they will probably think best to be a little more cordial to the present Mrs. Harrison.

There is a great deal of foolishness written and printed about second marriages. Because a man is fifty years old and over is no reason why he should not be lonesome or why the society of an insufferable snob like Russell Harrison should be sufficient for him. Those two Harrison children are sulky because they will not inherit all of the General's property and because their daily allowance may be cut down. They have in-

sulted Mrs. Dimmick and got her, their mother, and themselves most unpleasantly talked about. Their conduct is irreconcilable with the score of filial affection. When General Harrison announced his approaching marriage to Mrs. Dimmick, they must have known him long enough to be pretty sure it would take place and that no tantrums would prevent it. Under these circumstances if he had not the usual regard for the family they would have helped him through until the wedding, nor gave them any trouble at least, any reason to think Mrs. Dimmick was not welcome to the General. Instead of which Mrs. McKee's conduct in fleeing from Indianapolis with bride-brace gathered up in the absence of the man of the house shows a capacity for vulgarity that shocks the west.

Russell and Mrs. McKee have succeeded in stirring up a lot of ancient gossip, in embittering an event they could not prevent and in estranging their father entirely.

General Harrison has kept things as quiet as his unnatural children could allow him to. The wedding arrangements were simple and nothing was allowed to get into the newspapers that foresight and moderation could prevent.

S. B. H.

#### A Dream Dreamed Over.

The music was throbbing and pulsing; The flowers and the palms and the

**MAINTAINING**  
In smooth panel doors were reflected

That glorious gala night.

With the fragrance of roses about her,

In her dainty, pure white gown, She was, as he whispered to her,

"The prettiest girl in town."

She smiled and blushed and demurely said,

"A pretty girl indeed."

But by her heart's deep contentment,

She knew that he thought it true.

And they danced to the thumping music.

Oh! He was capture that.

When she was the prettiest girl in town

And he was the first of men!

They parted with anguished sorrow.

Time cleared the clouded sky, as he duly

But at last night's ball, he lived again.

In the charmed days gone by, his steps

His son and her daughter were dancing.

The girl in pure white gown, said he

And she heard him say, as they passed

his brother, "I guess I'll let him out to be

"You're the prettiest girl in town!"

He was the prettiest girl in town.

When she was the prettiest girl in town

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