

# Why English Girls Do Not Marry Americans

By Lady Henry Somerset



It has been stated by Lady Lonsdale that there are "few international marriages between English girls and American men, simply because the English girls will not have the American men."

I do not know how many months Lady Lonsdale spent in America—perhaps I should say how many weeks; but I think we usually find that people who spend a few weeks in the States are prepared to write a book; after they have been there a few months they hesitate, and when they have been there a year or two they decide that it is impossible.

They realize probably that it may be practicable to write something upon one portion of the States in which they have happened to stay, but to write vaguely and broadly of America with limited knowledge of the continent is one of the snares into which only hasty travelers are apt to fall.

Speaking with but a superficial knowledge of what Lady Lonsdale wrote, I should say she probably forgets that comparatively few American young men make any lengthened stay in England.

American girls who travel with their mothers or other women relatives have leisure. A visit to England forms part of their education, and having studied our history and learned our traditions, the girls with fortunes seem to me now to prefer as a rule to exchange their dollars for English shillings rather than to remain in the New World to enrich their own country.

The American young man as soon as he leaves college has usually to enter business life, a life which under the present conditions gives but little leisure and allows but little time for travel or recreation.

A flying visit to London, to Rome or to Paris is usually all that is possible; it is not given to him to enter English society, to dawdle in country houses, to linger in our green lanes and trim flower gardens, or to take leisure to woo and to win the affections of the English girl.

On the other hand, there are few English girls who travel in the States. There are many reasons for this, but probably the most potent is the very great expense which such a journey entails, an expense that ordinary English families never contemplate, unless some strong reason of business, the claims of relatives or the desire to seek a fortune in the New World make such an outlay desirable.

It has often been a matter of surprise to me that the English mother, whose ambitions are not one whit behind those of the American mother, in her desire to acquire for her daughter the best of this world's goods, does not contemplate such trips as a matter of speculation.

Perhaps she feels, however that the competition is too keen, that the American girl holds her place too firmly in her own country to be dispossessed by the daughter of England.

Be that as it may, I am fully persuaded that the reason which has been suggested to me, namely, that the English girl would lose caste by such a marriage, is not the real one. Caste has practically ceased to exist.

Wealthy grocers and rich brewers, gin distillers and speculators of all kinds are now on the pinnacle of English fashion, and there is no hesitation in allying the oldest historical names with the wealth of the self-made man.

Money is the key that will open the door to the most exclusive English society, and the desire for money is not confined to the seigniors of noble houses who seek rich American wives, but I think it would equally apply to the English girl if she had a chance of acquiring the American millionaire.

# The Endless Chain of Sickness

By J. G. Phelps Stokes

HERE are upward of 1,000,000 deaths each year in the United States.

In ninety-two cases out of a hundred the people who die are less than sixty-five years old. So it is plain that in the great majority of cases the cause of death is neither old age nor natural wear and tear.

It is found on investigation that nine-tenths of the deaths and practically all of the sickness in the world are due to unsanitary conditions that could be corrected, and to bad habits that weaken the body and make it less able to resist the disease that comes its way.

But death is not the only evil that results from preventable disease. Natural death, such as comes from old age, is perhaps not an evil at all. Such death is painless, and usually comes peacefully, during sleep.

Death must, of course, come sooner or later; but the suffering and poverty that are so often caused by unnatural death and by preventable disease, and the despair which so often follows and which so often leads to vice and crime, are needless evils, and are very far-reaching in their effects.

The evils that are due to disease can be escaped just in proportion as the conditions and habits that bring on disease become more widely understood.

The social aspects of disease (that is to say, the effects of disease upon others than the sick themselves), should receive wider consideration. If people could be sick for awhile and die, without suffering themselves, and without causing suffering or sorrow or loss to fathers or mothers or children or friends, and without loss to the community, then sickness and death would be far less serious matters. But the person who is sick and dies is not the only victim.

For instance, it is plain that if a wage-earner is kept from his work by sickness or death the ability of his family to support themselves is lessened or destroyed. If increasing poverty follows, more sickness is apt to follow, too; for the chance of sickness increases as the body becomes less well nourished and less well protected from cold and exposure.

There is a sort of "endless chain" system at work here. The sickness of a wage-earning father, for instance, brings poverty to his family; poverty lessens the ability of the family to secure the food and coal and clothing that are necessary to health; for where the body is weak and the health poor disease more easily takes hold.

The whole family, perhaps, becomes sickly in consequence of the bad conditions which caused the father to become sick and unable to support them. In fact, the whole community suffers when the people become sick and die; for the people are the community, and disease anywhere affects the health and happiness and welfare of the whole.

Consider also the effect of disease upon the people's habits and morals. We know that poverty often leads to despair and desperation, and that despair and desperation too often lead to vice and crime.

Many men and women stand the trials of poverty with splendid courage and in the noblest way, but very many have not the moral strength for this, and are "driven to drink" and to every kind of vice and crime and wrongdoing.

Where vice and crime are the results of poverty that has been caused by preventable disease, they are as needless as the disease itself.

When the people by individual and united effort have corrected the conditions which underlie disease they will have prevented a vast amount of suffering and poverty, and will have removed a fruitful source of many evils that poverty brings.—New York Evening Journal.

## An Arab Spy Outwitted.

Once at least, in Egypt, the loss of his eye in an earlier campaign proved a great service to Lord Wolseley and his army. He could get no information of the enemy's strength or position. An Arab was captured prowling around our outposts, and was brought before him. It was ten to one the sullen fellow knew everything. Lord Wolseley questioned him. The fellow answered never a word, standing stolid between the two soldiers. At last a happy idea struck the General. He said in Arabic: "It is no use your refusing to answer me, for I am a wizard, and at a wish can destroy you and your masters; To

prove this to you, I will take out my eye, throw it up, catch it, and put it back in my head." And, to the horror and amazement of the fellow, Lord Wolseley took out his glass eye, threw it up, caught and replaced it. That was enough; the Arab capitulated, and the information he gave the staff led to Arab's defeat.—London Outlooker.

## German Postoffices.

Germany has 32,542 postoffices—one to every 1481 inhabitants. The number of letters and newspapers handled in 1902 was 5,515,000,000; besides which there were 42,000,000 telegrams and 757,000,000 of telephonic conversations.



## THE MONEY THAT SLIPS AWAY.

"I get fifteen dollars a week, and I never have a single cent of it when Saturday comes," said a boy of nineteen to me one day not long ago.

"Perhaps you have some one besides yourself to support," I said.

"No, I do not," was the reply. "I pay four dollars a week for my room and board at home, and all the rest goes."

"How does it go?"

"Well, it just seems to slip away from me somehow or other. I just cannot save a cent of it. There's so much to tempt a fellow to spend money nowadays. I never expect to save a cent."

I looked at the young man as he stood before me. He wore a handsome tailor made suit of clothes. His tie must have cost one dollar and fifty cents, and he had a pin on the tie for which he had said rather boastfully that he had "put up" eight dollars. His link cuff buttons were showy and expensive. A full blown rose, for which he had paid twenty-five cents, was in his buttonhole, and one of his pockets was bulging out with expensive confectionery. I heard him say that he and "some other fellows" were going to have a box at the opera the next night, and that it would cost them \$3 apiece. And yet, he could hardly tell why it was that he could not save anything.

Now, the men who have made themselves independent, and who have money to spend for the good of others, were not like this young fellow when they were boys. Had they been like him they would never have been inde-

pendent. I suspect that this boy will verify his own prediction that he would never save a cent. He certainly will not, until he acquires more wisdom than he seems to have—at the present time. The wealthiest man I know once told me that from his earliest manhood he made it a fixed rule never to spend all that he earned.

When he was nineteen he began teaching a country school at a salary of \$8 a week, and he saved \$3 of it. Later, when his salary had been increased to \$10 a week, he saved \$4 of it, and when he was earning \$15 a week, he saved \$7 of it, investing it carefully.

Of course, he did not wear tailor-made clothes, and did not buy a new tie every two or three weeks and pay a dollar or more for it. I doubt if he ever paid a dollar for a tie in all his life. And yet he is by no means niggardly, for he gives away thousands every year to the suffering and for the benefit of humanity in general. There were temptations for him to spend all his earnings, but he did not yield to them. I have heard him say that he never went in debt for an thing. If he could not pay for it, he went without it. Some one has said: "Never treat money with levity; money is character."

## PUZZLE OF THE MISSING LOVERS.



There is another young lady and her sweetheart in this picture. Where are they?—Detroit Free Press.

course of the work he found it necessary to remove a little cottage and rebuild it with better sleeping accommodation. The tenant was a very old man, so in deference to his years Lord Burton went to him personally to explain. In his kindly way he began, "Well, Donald, I'm very sorry to have to turn out such an old man as you—when the old fellow cut him short in the middle of the sentence and snapped out: "Heh! sorra, did ye say? Sorra? Na, you're na sorra or ye wadna hae done it!"—London Outlooker.

**Told of the Duke of Devonshire.**  
In illustration of the lavishness with which Chatsworth House is endowed with art treasures, and of the distinction which is supposed to be a feature of the Duke of Devonshire's mind, an amusing story went the round of the French press at the time of the last Paris exhibition. The duke, it was said, was strolling through the loan section of the English exhibits with a friend, and stopped to look with admiration at a porphyry table of matchless beauty. He examined it long with the eye of a connoisseur, and at last exclaimed: "I wonder who is the owner of such a beautiful specimen of workmanship. I almost feel inclined to envy him." His companion, who had consulted the catalogue, handed it to him with a smile. It contained the information that the table came from Chatsworth House, and was lent by the Duke of Devonshire.—London Chronicle.

In the cotton zone 25,000,000 acres are devoted to that staple, the yield being 10,827,000 bales of 500 pounds each, worth in cash \$425,000,000.

# The Funny Side of Life.

## HAT.

The hat of the average Panaman, in most social circles would ban a man, but the sun, at the Isthmus, Even on Christmas, Would otherwise grievously tan a man.—Puck.

## THE ONE OBSTACLE.

"Is there anything between you and my daughter?"  
"Nothing but you."—Town Topics.

## SARCASTIC.

She—"He's awfully sharp-witted, isn't he?"  
He—"Yes. His points are so fine I can't see them at all."—Detroit Free Press.

## THE BRUTE.

Mrs. Bixby—"Mother says that she is going to die and join father."  
Bixby—"I wish there was some way to give your father warning."—Town Topics.

## IMPERFECT FACILITIES.

Mother—"Have you taken your cold bath yet, Willie?"  
Willie—"No, ma. There wasn't any cold water warm enough."—Chicago News.

## WOULD NOT BE HANDICAPPED.

The Lawyer—"I'm afraid I'm going blind."  
The Friend—"Never mind, old man. So long as you retain your sense of touch you'll be all right."—Life.

## QUITE KILLING.



"So, Mr. Juggernaut, I hear you're death on motors?"  
"Well—er—now and then—but only manslaughter, you know."—Ally Sloper's Half Holiday.

## HIS FAULT.

Nodd—"On the impulse of the moment the other night I told my wife an awful lie, and got caught."  
Todd—"Serves you right. Every lie a man tells his wife ought to be premeditated."—Life.

## AND NOW THEY NEVER SPEAK.

She—"I suppose if a pretty girl should come along you wouldn't care anything about me any more?"  
He—"Nonsense, Kate! What do I care for good looks? You suit me all right."—Chicago Journal.

## HER OVERSIGHT.

He—"Do you know, dear, I was just upstairs looking at baby, and I believe she has got your hair."  
She (springing up)—"Good gracious! I thought I had put that switch out of the child's reach!"—Yonkers Statesman.

## ONE SORT.

"There goes Roxham. Every time I think of that man's financial embarrassment it makes me yearn to help him."  
"Financial embarrassment?"  
"Yes; he's got so much money he doesn't know what to do with it."—Catholic Standard and Times.

## MANY YEARS TO WAIT.

Poet—"I told her we would be married when I received a check for last MSS."  
Friend—"You should be careful. You know you promised not to marry for many years yet."  
Poet—"Don't worry. This matter was taken by a pay-on-publication magazine."—Chicago News.

## UPHOLDING THE LAW.

Magistrate (not long in the "country")—"Have you ever been here before? Have you ever been under arrest before?"  
Offender—"No, yer Honor. I've always had great luck up to this time."  
Magistrate—"You are discharged; but the officer who arrested you is fined \$50 for not arresting you before."—Boston Transcript.