Laura Jean Libbey's TALKS ON HEART TOPICS

REFUSING TO RETURN PICTURE.

etter sit still where born, I say,
Wed one sweet woman and love her well,
ove and be loved in the old East way,
Drink sweet waters, and dream in a spell,
han to wander in search of the blessed isles,
nd to sail the thousands of watery miles
In search of love, and find you at last
On the edge of the world and a cursed outcast.

"Should a girl allow a young man who is a frequent visitor only at her home to have her picture in his possession?" This is quaintly asked of me by anxious girls, as well as by mothers.

You can find harm you never thought of resulting from many young girls' and young women's experiences, which has thoughtlessly led them into the saddest of folly. A young girl is pleased to accept the attentions of a young man, knowing that he is a constant caller and that he takes pain to instill in her mind that he thinks a great deal of her. Often he gives her to understand that he thinks more of her than of any young woman he has ever met. For the time being he is sincere and means what he says. But how does she know that they may be intended for life partners in the near future? He may be only a deeply interested, friendly visitor, and actually not having considered betrothal, nor even having serious intentions, although she has made quite an impression upon him.

If he is a far-seeing young man, he believes in calling constantly upon the girl who is pleasing and makes his visits enjoyable, concluding that he has plenty of time and opportunity to consider whether his heart shall be given into her keeping or not. He cons over the selfish fact that, as he is heart-whole and fancy-free, he is at liberty to pay attention to first one girl, then another, perhaps, until he comes to propose.

While their prospects are unsettled, girls should be earnestly advised not to allow their thoughts of love to dwell upon him captive-like. Therein lies the source of many a heartache. During the love time, naturally, bright young women choose a sunny day to have their photographs taken, in their prettiest fetching white frock and ribbon bows, coquettish looking hats, the dainty costume looking too sweet for anything; captivating those who are privileged to look upon the smiling face of the picture proudly shown. The young man takes it from her and gazes long and rapturously at the lovely bit of femininity the card reveals, exclaiming: "I think it's perfectly splendid! Don't you want to let me have one of them? I would appreciate it more than words can tell!" This little flattery, and thinking it would be constantly a reminder of her, won a hesitating consent. "Take it till you tire of it and the subject; then be sure and return it." "I promise that faithfully," is his response, as he pockets the photograph.

Little does a girl realize, as in this case, of the rift in the lute which separated them. Of it accidentally falling out of an envelope and the club-fellows' comments and remarks passed which were uncomplimentary. Photographs have been lost in the street, picked up to adorn pamphlets. One girl, at last wise, declares she never allowed her photograph to be given without losing the young man recipient. Usually they refuse to return pictures or part with them.

A JILTED GIRL'S CHANCE.

No one is so accursed by fate,
No one so utterly desolate,
But some heart, though unknown,
Responds unto his own.

It has often been noticed with considerable wonder that the fairest of girls to look upon has possibly been left alone in love's race at some one time by a fickle lover. At the time when he took his departure it seemed that there was no more trying position the wide world over for the girl to find herself placed in than this turn in her devotion. There is nothing more appalling than a faithless lover.

She must face foes and dear ones alike, knowing that they are scrutinizing her bearing at such a time. Gossips, too, must come in for their share of meddling. The girl has much of her proper pride and spirit left; this has never failed in coming to her rescue.

There were circumstances that she could not control which prevented her from staying away from places where she would unfortunately be likely to meet him with another whom he had chosen. She resolves that her wisest course to pursue is to school herself to meet the ordeal and to get through it bravely, holding her head high. The man who without just cause jilts the woman who has learned to love him is not worthy of the least respect from her or one heartthrob from her bosom. Such a man should not observe, by the faintest sign or word, that she has a remnant of love left for him in her wronged heart or that he has the least place in her regard. She conceals the resentment and bitterness from showing, for that would but humiliate her the more.

Her only course to pursue is to treat him entirely as if he were a newcomer her part, a ladylike way which is plainer than words can speak: "Your unworthiness has not broken this heart!" Most all men are chivalrous by nature. Few if any would be base enough to look down upon a worthy girl for this cause. Pity is akin to love. She seems more beautiful and more refined, because of her pitiful treatment and her return of good for evil.

Silence was golden to her. She could not be induced to go from one end of the town to the other and to rake him over the coals, as he deserved. She avoided him when she could. Her face wore a sweet expression and she did not despise all men on account of one man's doing. Mr. Right was one of the many whom she appealed to. He took an active part in aiding needy charities; made unknown contributions to the poor and suffering. It proved best and providential that her former lover freed her, as it was the means of gaining a better and devoted husband, who dearly appreciated her true value by making her life rosy and happily blest.

MERRY WIVES.

I walked in the world with the worldly;
I craved what the world never gave,
And I said: "In the world each ideal
That shines like a star on life's wave
Is wrecked on the shores of the real
And sleeps like a dream in a grave."

There are women whose only delight consists in leading a merry life, planning ahead for every day and evening's amusement. The more they go among gay pleasure throngs the more they want to be in their midst. They assume an air of sunshine and the fragrance of roses is about them. If their lives ever had a desire to change into busy, important spheres of womanhood, this dear privilege seems denied them through their goings, which they cannot break away from.

The women who have reached this stage should not be blamed, and examples of useless lives pointed out by those who do not consider the cause and effect of what takes them into the path of never-ceasing revelry. Quite a number of these fair women who are lovers of sport have in their hearts resolves, thoughts, rich, mellow and of deep appreciation for their loved ones, the stay-at-home folks, who do not leave the hearthstone any oftener than they are obliged to.

Very often they are married to men whose dispositions and fancies are just the opposite to their own. The regret of one or both since they wed is that no dear little one has come to their household to hold their devotion within the four walls of their home. This is the serious drawback which has led her to seek solace and pass away time merrily in the outside lively world.

The merry wife is popular and never lacks an opportunity to push forward as an attraction, added to her alluring knack of making herself beautiful, together with adopting pleasing styles. The seasons of merry wives pass by with countless rapidity. The first few seasons she is full of vim, radiant over the idea that she has taken the shine off from her young woman rivals. Conquests by the score she knows she has made. Bachelors, married men, those who have come in contact with her, have never missed paying homage to her merry moods. She expected this sort of life to go on and last from one season to another.

As they winged their swift flight by the merry wife at length looked long and earnestly into her faithful mirror, realizing the truth. Youth and its purposeless years have fled; beauty she can no longer boast of. It has faded under the relentless hand of time and artifice. With hands clinched lightly, lips too mute for a sob, eyes too dry for a tear, she faces the inevitable—the problem of what she had better turn to the rest of her years, the misspent, merry life which opened out so rosily. She is not lonely now in her home. She creates a new interest in home and dear ones. There is a grateful exchange of deep true love, which experience has taught is a wife's only happy tie that is lasting and full of tender sentiment and devotion. Husbandlike, he is glad she took her time to find this out.

Panama Canal Tolls.

All vessels using the Panama canal pay toll according to the system of toll rates decreed in the proclamation of the president, November 14, 1912. There is no discrimination in favor of the United States or any other nation. The rates are as follows: On merchant vessels carrying passengers or cargo, $1.20 per net vessel ton—each 100 cubic feet—of actual earning capacity; on vessels in ballast without passengers or cargo, 40 per cent less than the rate of tolls for vessels with passengers or cargo; upon naval vessels, other than transports, colliers, hospital ships, and supply ships, 50 cents per displacement ton; upon army and navy transports, colliers, hospital ships, and supply ships, $1.20 per net ton; the vessels to be measured by the same rules as are employed in determining the net tonnage of merchant vessels.

This Should Stop Air Raids.

Wonderful stories are being whispered about Paris of a new Marconi invention. It is declared the inventor of wireless telegraphy has found a way to utilize Hertzian waves in such manner that aeroplanes can be brought to a standstill and held immovable in the air. Experiments, so the report goes, have been conducted with great secrecy until the invention has been perfected and soon will be in use. The picture presented of air machines held stationary in the air while guns of the enemy below were shooting them to pieces offers a new thrill of horror for followers of war news.

Shortage of Eclipses.

This year has been a famine so far as eclipse phenomena are concerned. Usually there are four eclipses each year, two of the sun and two of the moon; but both bodies have managed to avoid total obscuration this year, and although there have been two annual solar eclipses, confined mainly to the Pacific ocean, not once has

Tales of GOTHAM and other CITIES

Milwaukee Girls Learning Housekeeping on $500

MILWAUKEE.—"I might just as well die right now. There certainly won't be anything left for me to eat or wear after my husband and three small children have been taken care of, so I might just as well die."

Shouts of laughter greeted this woebegone lament. The speaker was a sophomore in the South division of the Milwaukee high school. As part of her work in the household arts department, she was wrestling with the problem of apportioning an annual salary of $500 so that all the needs of a family of five would be met, with a little left for a bank account.

"I haven't any money left for meals on Sunday; I guess we'll have to be invited out," sighed a class-mate.

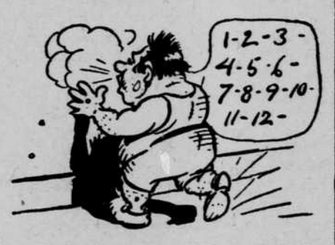
Here are a few of the things taught to girls in the Milwaukee schools: The feeding and care of children, laundry work, actual practice, first aid to the injured, emergency and home nursing, marketing and household accounting.

It makes no difference how many millions her father may have, if a Milwaukee high-school co-ed elects to take the domestic science course she must stand over the washtub and wash her own clothes and, after they are dried, iron them. If there are stains in the garment she must remove them. If the garment is faded she will be taught to make her own bleaches to use on the fabric until it becomes pure white. If she doesn't want a white gown she will be taught how to dye it.

Particularly interesting are the experiments in apportioning the income. Each girl is given an income, ranging from $500 to $2,000, and is required to divide it so that there shall be a proper proportion for rent, clothes, food and other expenses. Then she is required to take the allowance for food for each week and figure out a series of menus which can be served within the sum allowed, and which will give the greatest possible food value for the money expended.

Kansas City Business Men Are Becoming Sylphs

KANSAS CITY.—Visitors to Kansas City have been commenting of late on the graceful, sylphlike figures possessed by many of the city's middle-aged business men. Not so long ago these gentlemen were moaning about their physical architecture, for the part of them from ribs to hips—their dining rooms, so to speak—had assumed the appearance of bay windows.



"Hey, doc!" said a man thus afflicted to Dr. J. A. Reilly, physical director of the Kansas City Athletic club. "What am I going to do about this?"

"That's easy," said "Doc" Reilly. "Just give it away."

"But, doc, I wouldn't wish this on any of my slim, trim, natty friends if I could, much as I hate them for their greyhound waists."

"I didn't mean that," the physical expert said. "I mean give it back to old Mother Nature, who handed it to you. Stationary running is the little old Santa Claus who will carry it back to her.

"Stand with your hands against the wall at a point three or four inches, on a slope, from the shoulders. Hold your head up so you can breathe. Then run. Heels off the floor; every step on the ball of the foot. Lift the knees; not too high at first.

"Do this twice a day, morning and evening. Run 50 steps at a time the first day, counting them aloud. When I say aloud, I mean loud. Wrench the sound out of you with a heave and a grunt. Increase the number of steps by ten and fifteen for a few days. In a week you should be running three or four minutes at a time by the watch. In ten days you will notice a diminishing waist line."

The man spread the joyful news, and now many members of the club may be seen "running" daily, and waist lines have come back.

New York Puts Chile Penguin Among Its Fish

NEW YORK.—When did the penguin become a fish? That is the question that is being propounded by numerous visitors to the aquarium. The dictionary says an aquarium is a place where fish are kept. But there is a penguin at the aquarium. Sometimes it can be seen and sometimes it can't, but if you want to see it look up at the roof.

A short time ago, while cruising off the coast of Chile, W. D. Swartridge of this city captured a penguin. He brought it here, and, having no use for it himself, sent it to the aquarium. There it has remained and has proved a veritable white elephant.

The penguin was put into a tank with a number of fish from southern waters. In the morning it wore a contented look. But there were no fish in the tank.

The penguin had to have a home, so it was put in a tank with the crocodiles, alligators and shellfish. It tried to eat them, but without result. Now the penguin has to be fed, and although homesick it devours at every meal a pound of herrings, for which it shows a preference over codfish. It spends the greater part of the day on the gravel roof as a general rule.

There is no danger of the penguin flying away, because, although it has wings, it cannot fly. The wings are only useful for swimming. The penguin is the most docile inhabitant of the aquarium, as it never shows any temper and permits anyone to stroke its neck.

"I know now where the women got the notion of wearing furs in the summer," said one of the attaches. "They adopted it from the penguin. In the summer he grows a lot of fuzzy feathers about his neck, and in the winter they disappear, leaving his neck exposed just like the throats of the women you see wearing furs in the summer, but who have open collars in the cold weather."

Voice Culture for New York Subway Guards

NEW YORK.—Training subway guards to call distinctly and in one breath names of express and local stations on their runs is the task now being performed by the Interborough professors in the school of instruction at West Farms. Variegated voices come to this mill to be ground. The leading vocalists prove to be truck drivers and longshoremen. All nations contribute sons to the service. The big task is to get the Italian, the Corkonian, the cockney, the Portuguese, the Frenchman and the Cuban to shout "Astor place!" in the pitch found to carry clear above the din of underground traffic.

Day after day the candidates are run through their paces in the instruction car, each lesson taking an hour and a quarter. First the guard has to sing off the local stations, say from the Bridge to Fourteenth street. There is no swish of passing trains or whir of motors to give him the key. He strikes a note that is too low. The instructor warns him not to stand between cars and throw his voice out into the tube. Guard takes heed, places one foot inside the platform and shouts ahead so his voice is sent forward into the car. The pitch this time is high enough to distinguish the call above the subway noises.

The plan is to get all the dialects and accents so Americanized as to make the names of subway stops understood by the Interborough patrons, no matter whether the voice hails from Kerry, Whitechapel, Brittany or Palermo.

CONDENSATIONS

A1 at Lloyd's means hull, anchors, cables and stores first rate. A2, hull first-rate, but furniture second-rate.

Japanese volunteers who offer their services to Russia will be enrolled at Vladivostock in the Fifteenth Fusiliers and sent to the front in Europe.

Tests of electrical smelting at old tin mines in Wales have shown that the loss of metal is about one per cent, as compared with eight or nine

Azorean "hemp" fiber is to be used in the production of American papers, a paper manufacturer in the United States having opened negotiations with a St. Michaels grower for the bulk of his output.

Hudson Maxim, the inventor, has an artificial left arm. He lost his real arm experimenting with explosives, but he can manage the steering wheel of his automobile better than half the people who own cars. He had to give a demonstration of this before the authorities would grant him a license.

WOMEN ENVIOUS OF THRESHER'S COOKIES

Wisconsin Man Wins Prizes for Dainties That Set Mouths Watering at Festival.

Madison, Wis.—"Cooking for the threshers" has been the stock expression for all that is wearisome in farming households for many years. It meant extra help in the kitchen—hustle and worry and stew, bake and broil and fret from 5 a. m. until after eight o'clock at night.

But in Dane county the farmers' wives have no need to worry. That county can boast of one thresherman who is such an exceedingly skillful and resourceful cook that he can beat the best of woman competitors.

C. A. Bailey of De Forest is the man. At the Windsor fall festival he carried off one first prize on devil's food cake, another first prize on cocoanut cookies, first prize on baking-powder biscuits, second prize on lemon pie and sweepstakes on canned peaches.

Told the Gaping Group His Best Recipes.

"It's a shame I couldn't have spared more time from my work with the gang or I would have entered something in every class in the outfit," smilingly declared Bailey to a group of people who were admiring his dainties.

He then leaned back complacently against the show case and, putting his thumbs in the armholes of his vest, told the gaping group his best recipes. His defeated rivals icily turned their backs and began examining the crazy quilts and tatting.

Bailey bids fair to rival the famous Baker Bunn of Baraboo.

WOMAN KILLS BIG BEAR

While She Trailed Huge Animal and Shot It Husband Watched Auto.

Spokane, Wash.—Mrs. Charles W. Sanders shot and killed a big black bear when she and her husband were motoring to Colville. Mr. and Mrs. Sanders left Spokane at daylight on a hunting trip in Stevens county. The bear was seen in the timber several yards from the road.

While her husband remained in their machine Mrs. Sanders followed the bear until at close range and killed him with one shot, which struck the bear just behind the ear.

A hunting party encountered the bear last week, and in a fierce struggle with their dogs the bear came off victor, after wounding one dog severely. The bear weighed 250 pounds.

THIRTEEN EXPLAINS DEFEAT

Persistence of Unlucky Number Was Also Aided by Killing Black Cat.

California, Pa.—T. J. Underwood, comptroller of Washington county, ascribes to "thirteens" his defeat as candidate for sheriff at the primaries.

In the first place, his name, Tom L. Underwood, contains thirteen letters. The license number of his yellow campaign car was 113. On Friday, August 13, while riding in his car with another candidate now numbered among the also-rans, he ran over and killed a black cat. The number of signers on Mr. Underwood's petition was 113.

$3,000 IN GEMS IN SLIPPER

Forgetful Woman Sends Secret "Vault" to Cobbler—Follows Old Adage.

Chicago.—Adam Schultz, a cobbler, believes thoroughly in the old age, "Honesty is the best policy."

Mrs. Harold Felinger has a habit of concealing her jewels, valued at about $3,000, in the toe of her slipper. She put them in a new slipper the other night and then forgot the fact when she sent the slipper to the cobbler to be stretched. The cobbler found the jewels. They were restored to the owner and he was rewarded with $5.

RATTLER'S FANGS MISS HIM

Snake Strikes Negro's Overalls and Is Unable to Disengage Itself From Slack.

Jefferson City.—A negro farm hand cutting corn felt several sharp tugs at his overalls and thought he had become caught in briers. Glancing over his shoulder he saw a rattlesnake five feet long. Reaching round with his corn knife, he managed to sever the snake just back of the head.

The snake had buried its curved fangs, nearly an inch in length, in the slack of the negro's overalls and

GATHERED SMILES

NO TEMPTATION.

Mrs. Earlydawn—Get up, daughter. Remember, it's the early bird that gets the worm.

Daughter—Let him have 'em. I think worms are horrid, anyway.

The Usual Result.

When modern fiction writers try
Their thoughts to serve up hot,
We get erotic novels—with
The accent on the "rot."

Grim Humor.

"Seems like you've had an accident here," said the farmer, as he brought his team of fat mules to a halt.

"No," replied the motorist, who was crawling painfully from under his wrecked car. "I've just played a practical joke on my wife."

"How's that?"

"She thinks she's going to a matinee this afternoon in this car."

Resented.

"What I want to see," said Diogenes, "is an honest man."

"And when you see him, what will you do?"

"I'll simply go my way. A thoroughly honest man generally has positive opinions of his own, and, therefore, is liable not to be very good company."

A Straight Tip.

"I hear your engagement with young Cashleigh is off?" said the first fair daughter of Eve.

"Well, you are entitled to another hearing," answered fair daughter No. 2, as she held up a graceful hand on which a solitaire sparkled. "You see for yourself that I am still in the ring."

Very Much So.

"There is an extremely paradoxical way of freezing out a man in business."

"How's that?"

"By hot competition."

Surmises.

"I wonder what sort of life the people lead who live on Mars."

"Do you suppose that for pets they have moon dogs?"

Night Views Only.

City Resident—That's a very pretty suburban town you live in, Jones.

Distant Suburbanite—Yes, I hope to see it by daylight myself some time.

A Personal Tragedy.

"The stranger you saw took me apart to tell me a startling story."

"What happened then?"

"I could not pull myself together."

Limited Experience.

Mistress (to new girl)—We entertain a good deal. Have you had much experience at parties?

Girl—Only as a guest, mum.

COULDN'T HELP IT.

"I love you more than life."

"But just stop and think what a life you lead, and it's no wonder."

The Human Masquerade.

Men move along as in a dream,
With uniforms and paint,
'Most everybody tries to seem
Somebody that he ain't.

Force of Habit.

Mr. Staylate—I often think, Miss Susie, how I will come to die.

Bored Hostess—I wouldn't like to frighten you, Mr. Staylate, but I'm sure it will be of something lingering.

Retort Courteous.

"That man has an unfair advantage over me in a swimming match. He can't go down, for he's got a cork leg."

"Yes, but it won't float any better than your head."

A Careful Lady.

"Never leave the parrot in the room with the goldfish."

"Very well, mum."

"The parrot is hopeless. But I don't want the goldfish to learn to swear."

Headwork.

"Why," asks a Missouri paper, "does Missouri stand at the head in raising mules?"

"Because," says another paper, "that is the only safe place to stand."—Christian Register.

IN DESPAIR.

"I give up!" exclaimed Mr. Dodsworth. "There's no use trying to please a woman."

"Confide in me," urged Mr. Twobble, sympathetically.

"My wife went away for two weeks and left me at home to keep house."

"Well?"

"I neglected my business to wash dishes and clean up, so everything would be in apple-pie order when she returned."

"And wasn't she pleased?"

"Umph! She looked around the well-kept rooms—if I do say it, they were as neat as a pin—and then eyeing me suspiciously, she asked, 'Henry, where did you stay while I was gone?'"

His Plea.

"Well, Cuddyhump," said Squire Peavy, addressing a colored citizen who was suspected of having wandered from the straight and narrow path, "what have you to say for yourself?"

"Des dis, yo' honah—dis yuh am muh prevarication," was the reply. "Nemmine wadder I's guilty or not, but dess tempt mercy wid jestice and tuhn me loose. Tuhn me loose, sah, and sho's yo' bawn I'll do as much for yo' some time!"

Had Many Accomplices.

Judge—Did you commit the burglary alone or with the help of others?

Prisoner—With the help of about 5,000 others.

Judge—What? Explain yourself.

Prisoner—Well, you see, judge, the parade called everybody in the house to the front windows, so I had a clear chance to do me work in the back.—Boston Transcript.

BLACK AND BLUE.

"How do you like my bang? They're all the style this season."

"It's much more decorative than the bang I saw over Mrs. Jones' eye this morning."

Knew Her Lesson.

He kissed the maid upon the cheek,
And when the deed was done,
The Good Book's teaching she obeyed—
And turned the other one.

Involved Advice.

"I have destined my son eventually for the bench."

"Then if he is to sit on the bench, I think you had better caution him about standing so much at the bar."

Still Extant.

"Uncle Jim, have dragons gone out of existence?"

"Oh, no, my lad. You can see one almost any day chaperoning a pretty girl."—Judge.

Took Umbrage.

"What was the trouble between you and that barber?"

"I simply asked him what was the damage. I meant the amount due him, but he took it as a reflection on his ability."

Spreading Everywhere.

"Yes, I saw plenty of native dancing girls in India.'

"And did you see those wonderful native dances?"

"Naw; they wouldn't dance 'em. They are all crazy over the one-step."

Chance for Inventors.

New Arrival—Me leg's most broke. I've heard th' Amerykins was a nation av inventors, but, bedad, it doesn't look loike it.

Friend—Phwy not?"

New Arrival—Sure, phwy hovn't they inventid a coal hole that will shtay shut phwin it's open?"

Retort Courteous.

She—I never helped you to make a fool of yourself.

He—You didn't? Didn't you marry me?

Just So.

"How is the fair sex taking to the ankle watch?"

"Oh, as might be expected."

"How's that?"

"Those who have trim ankles are for it, those who haven't are not."

Patriotic Industry.

"So they are finding out how to manufacture colors for our own trade."

"Yes; the manufacturers have been spurred on by a desire to dye for their country."

Don't Try.

"Is there any way of stopping these cyclones?" asked the man from the East.

"Oh, no," replied the Westerner; "the best way is to go right along with 'em."

Delicious Fumes.

Skimpy Mistress (scenting unaccustomed delights)—Sarah, what is that I smell?

Undernourished Maid of All Work—I think it must come in from next door.—Life.