

# Love Affairs

# Meddlers Often Spoil Matches

By HELEN OLDFIELD



IS IT ANYBODY'S business if a gentleman should choose to wait upon a lady, if the lady don't refuse? Or, to speak a little plainer, that the meaning all may know, Is it anybody's business if a lady has a beau?"

It is a pity, but there are many people who, whether from contemporaneous human interest or from impertinent curiosity, manifest a great disposition to concern themselves with that which is none of their business and solely pertains to their neighbor's affairs. Especially is this noticeable when the affairs are those of the heart; nothing so much attracts these busybodies as an incipient love affair.

If Johnny Jones, on two or three successive Sunday nights, goes to church with Susy Smith; if Edwin at reception or lawn party shows a preference for the society of Angolina above that of the other damsels of their set, forthwith tongues begin to wag, an engagement is taken for granted, and knowing looks and open comment freely are indulged in, to the greater or less embarrassment of the young couple, who in all probability merely were enjoying each other's congenial society, with no ulterior purpose of matrimony in view.

Of course it may be said that the young folks ought not to mind a little teasing and that they are foolish to care. But sometimes the teasing is more than little, and for the folly, is it not among the saying of sages that all men, still more all women, especially in the days of their youth, are prone to folly as sparks that fly upward?

The woman who is capable of a genuine platonic friendship may be willing to run the gantlet of small talk so long as she and her friend thoroughly understand each other, but always there is the haunting doubt as to whether he really does know that she is not in love with him. And when, as so often happens, the friendship glides into love she never can be altogether sure that her suitor is not asking her to marry him because he is in love with her but because other people have persuaded him that she expects him to do so.

Yet this situation less is to be dreaded than that vague connection, a little more than friendship, a good deal less than love, where neither quite is clear about the feelings of the other, where the woman is fettered by conventions and the man, who could make matters clear, is satisfied with undefined relations. It is one of the many cases in which men fail in candor to women because they dread a scene.

For the rest, it is not to be wondered at that the world at large does not believe in platonic friendship between men and women; the point in which it is at fault is that it will not leave such affairs to ripen into love or to fade and fall at leisure without interference, which almost invariably does harm rather than good.



There is a cure for consumption; I found it by accident 25 years ago. I had declined steadily for more than two years and was so weakened on account of the disease that I could not walk two city blocks without stopping to rest. The physicians assured me that I could not live to exceed three months.

I sold my business and went to Valentine, Neb. There I contracted with a ranchman to take me to Gordon on a bed of hay and blankets in his wagon. We were six days going through the sand hills. The days were hot and sunny; the nights

cool. I slept on the ground.

The third day out (or was it the fourth?) at the Bear creek crossing I shot a deer with my revolver and began to eat its flesh; my appetite increased and after a week I was hungry nearly all the time. Bacon, baking-powder biscuits, black coffee and wild game made up my bill of fare. From Gordon I traveled for three weeks south into the sand hills, my only company being a saddle horse. Sun, soil, air, wholesome food and all the physical exertion I could perform cured me completely. Nor has there been any return of the malady.

I am now past 50 and in perfect health. The cost of my cure was less than \$100, and it need not have cost as much as it did. The thing to do is to go out on the dry, sunny western plains, sleep on the ground, keep moving and don't stay long enough in any place to die. Eat simple and wholesome food, sleep on the ground and nature will take care of tuberculosis.

Ask your physician if my prescription is not a perfect one—sun, soil, air, food, exercise to the limit—can your doctor add anything to these?

# Advice to Mother of Girl of Eighteen

By ELIZABETH McCULLEN

some just and definite cause. When a girl has attained an age of fairly mature intelligence "because" is not enough of a reason to give her for anything. But it is the girl's place to listen to what her parents have to say and to be just.

Possibly her mother's dislike for the man of her heart is founded upon some circumstance that can be explained away. If it is not, then it is best to bow to the decision made of older judgment.

In any case meetings upon street corners and in shops should be avoided. Appointments of that kind cheapen the girl and no man has the right to ask it of her.

But I would like to write a little note of warning to the mothers and remind them that it is always better for a young girl to see the man she insists upon seeing in her own home. Streets and parks are bad places for young people.



# NINE ALMOST LOST TONGUES

Statesmen of Europe Hold That the Extinction of Small Languages Is Desirable Politically.

There are no less than nine almost forgotten tongues which since the beginning of the nineteenth century have retaken their places, politically and in literature, among the languages of modern Europe. The nine are Greek, Roumanian, Bulgarian, Servian, Magyar, Czech, Finnish, Norsk and Flemish.

The list does not include Gaelic, which is no w experiencing resuscitation in some parts of Ireland at the hands of the Gaelic league, nor Polish, which achieved a political and literary revival in Galicia.

The nine languages first named are now used by fifty millions of people—a fact which does not suggest much likelihood of the approach of a universal language.

At the beginning of the nineteenth century the statesmen of Europe, almost without exception, held that the extinction of the smaller languages, which had already ceased to hold a place in courts or general literature, was desirable on political grounds.

In Europe, French, English, German, Spanish, Portuguese, Italian, Russian, Turkish, Dutch, Danish and Swedish were the only languages recognized as European, either in an official or literary sense. The last five were almost unknown outside of their own lands and even there they were nearly without literary use.

# GOOD PRACTICE ON DUMMIES

Motorists Try to Dodge Obstacles, Moved by Pulley, Suspended Across Race Track.

One of the features of motor life at Brooklands, England, is the monthly



Moving Figure to Be Dodged.

bogey competitions. Obstacles are suspended along the race course and kept moving across the track by means of a pulley, says Popular Mechanics. It is the object of the motorists to dodge the figure.

# AMUSING MAGIC WITH SUGAR

How to Put a Lump of Sugar in a Bowl of Water Without Letting It Get Wet.

Can you put a lump of sugar at the bottom of a bowl filled with water without wetting the sugar?

Of course you can—that is, provided you know how. Here's the way to go about it:

Fill a large bowl about half full of water.

Take a goblet and cut a piece cardboard into circular shape, so that it will fit closely into the top of the goblet.

Place a lump of sugar on the piece of cardboard. Then force the cardboard into the glass. Lower the glass, in a vertical position, into the bowl of water.

The lump of sugar now reposes upon the piece of cardboard at the bottom



Place a Goblet Over the Sugar.

of the bowl. Still it is dry, for the air in the upturned goblet keeps the water from entering.

See if You Can. Sit on the ground with your legs crossed under you, fold your arms, and get up without unfolding them.

Place the tips of your fore fingers together and press them against your chest. Then ask anybody to pull them apart by pulling your wrists. So long as you keep your fingers touching your chest they cannot do it.

Stand sideways close to the wall, with your arm raised flat against the wall, and the rest of your side touching the wall. Then try to raise the legs on the other side without falling over.

Hold up your hand, and try to bend each finger separately, leaving the other straight. You will find that when you bend the third finger the fourth, or little finger, will bend with it; or if you bend the fourth, the third will bend also.

# BOYS' OBSTACLE WATER RACE

New Wrinkle for Swimmers That Affords Much Fun for Participants and Spectators.

Our readers who are at summer resorts where there is bathing or who are fortunate enough to live in the country, where swimming is a common sport, always have a nearly perfect pastime at hand. But, after all, the best of everything grows monotonous after a time, and a little spice of novelty often doubles the fun in a pastime to which you have become so used that you take it as a matter of course.

Here is a new wrinkle for bathers and swimmers, which, besides being great fun for those taking part in it,



Diving Under Board.

will furnish amusement for crowds and crowds of grown-ups, as well as young folk of your own age who are not expert swimmers, but who will wish they were when they see you taking part in it, says a writer in Good Literature.

One of the best of water sports to watch as well as to take part in is a water obstacle race. Of course, you know all about the obstacle races on land, in which the racers crawl through barrels, over boxes and fences, run up and down inclines, jump over hurdles and all that sort of thing; but in the water, well, it is quite new, and you cannot possibly imagine what fun it is until you try it.

Two or three boys can furnish lots of sport, although it is very much better to have five or six, or even more racers. The race is not always to the fastest swimmer, and the more racers there are the more chance the less expert ones have. The race should be held in water not more than shoulder deep, so that in case of any one's becoming tired out, he will not have to over-exert himself in going ashore, or spoil the race by requiring the assistance of the other racers.

The swimmers start at a given signal, as in any other race, and then fun commences. The leaders soon come to a board or a pole across the course, under which they must dive swimming under water and rising on the other side. Then for five yards or so they have clear sailing, but then they come to a more serious obstacle.

Two posts stand up in the water, their tops a few inches above the surface. Across them is a pole or cross-bar. This must be climbed over, and any one who has ever tried to climb out of water knows how difficult and slow a task it is. It is easy enough if one goes about it very slowly, but that is just what our racers may not do.

The crossbar safely past, the swimmers come to several logs tied by thin cords to a pole driven in the



Getting Over an Obstacle.

water. Each racer must untie one of these logs, climb on it and paddle it with his hands a matter of five yards or so. If he be not very careful and steady on his perch, the log will roll over and he will be dumped into the water. In that case he must again climb on his log and paddle after the others, who will have gone on down the course.

The foremost racer, astride of his log, comes to a little float anchored at one side of the course. On the float are a lot of small paper bags, each one filled with dry scraps of paper. Here he abandons his log and grasping a paper bag holds it high above the water with one hand and swims to the finish line ten yards away. He must not get the bag wet, under penalty of losing the race, and in case of every one getting more or less water on his bag, the paper inside is examined and the judge considers the dryness of it in deciding who has won the race.

Many laughable mishaps occur at almost every new obstacle in the race, and the result can never be foretold. You may invent many new obstacles and make the course as long as may be desired, but you must remember that swimming is much more exhausting than dry land sports, and be careful not to overdo it, and especially careful to hold your race in shallow water.

# There Are Lots of Him.

"Does your husband never come home smiling?"

"No, he's afraid of hydrophobia."

"What in the world has that got to do with it?"

"If he was to come home smiling the dog might bite him before it recognized him."

# DEEP SEA TALK.



The Porpoise—I hear that the sporty old lobster went all to pieces in his last days.

The Tortoise—Well, I should say he did go to pieces, and small pieces. He ended up in a lobster salad.

# CUTICURA CURED HIM.

Eczema Came on Legs and Ankles—Could Not Wear Shoes Because

Of Bad Scaling and Itching.

"I have been successfully cured of dry eczema. I was inspecting the removal of noxious weeds from the edge of a river and was constantly in the dust from the weeds. At night I cleansed my limbs but felt a prickly sensation. I paid no attention to it for two years but I noticed a scum on my legs like fish scales. I did not attend to it until it came to be too itchy and sore and began getting two running sores. My ankles were all sore and scabby and I could not wear shoes. I had to use carpet and felt slippers for weeks. I got a cake of the Cuticura Soap and some Cuticura Ointment. In less than ten days I could put on my boots and in less than three weeks I was free from the confounded itching. Capt. George P. Bliss, Chief of Police, Morris, Manitoba, Mar. 20, 1907, and Sept. 24, 1908."

Potter Drug & Chem. Corp., Sole Props., Boston.

# A Useful Baby.

Speaking of tricks to win the sympathy of juries in criminal cases, Judge Willard M. McEwen, in a recent address before the Illinois State Attorneys' association, said: "I know of four cases where a baby played a prominent part in getting the acquittal of the defendant, and I later learned that the same baby had been used in each of the cases, although the supposed mothers in each case were different women."—Law Notes.

It's the judgment of many smokers that Lewis' Single Binder 5c cigar equals in quality most 10c cigars.

In Madagascar everyone wears silk, which is cheaper than linen.

Constipation causes and aggravates many serious diseases. It is thoroughly cured by Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets. The favorite family laxative.

Woman thinks she will be man's superior when she gets her rights.

# LOW COLONIST FARES TO THE WEST AND NORTHWEST.

Union Pacific Passenger Department announces that Colonist Fares will be in effect from Sept. 15 to Oct. 15, 1909, to all points in the West and Northwest.

This year the West looks more promising than ever. Now is the time to secure land at low prices, and, at the same time, to visit the many interesting points in the West and Northwest, at which liberal stopover arrangements may be made.

A better estimate of raw lands can be made now than formerly, because these lands are in proximity to new farms that are producing wonderful crops.

For descriptive literature, write to E. L. Lomax, G. P. A., U. P. R. R., Omaha, Neb.

# Women in Postal Service.

The distinction of first appointing a woman postmaster does not belong to America, nor is the employment of women in the postal service a new idea. As early as 1548 a woman postmaster was appointed to look after the mails of Braine le Comte, an important town of France. In the trying times of the Thirty Years' war, the principal office in the postal service of Europe was held by a woman, Alexandrine de Rue. From 1628 to 1646 she was in charge of the mails of the German empire, the Netherlands, Burgundy and Lorraine. She was known as a master general of the mails. In America, Elizabeth Harvey was the first to hold a place in the postal department. She had charge of the letters in Portsmouth, N. H., in the beginning of the seventeenth century. A half century afterward Lydia Hill was placed in charge of the post-office in Salem, Mass.

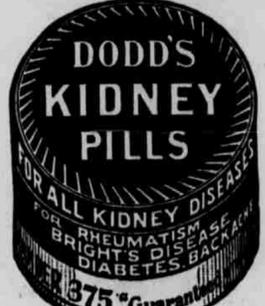
# Not Qualified for the Job.

Father (impressively)—"My son, I want you to be very attentive to your new teacher, who is a man of wide and general information. He can teach you everything you need to know." Small Boy (derisively)—"He? He don't know nothin'! Why, he can't even tell who's pitchin' in the league teams."

# The "Black-Hand" Business.

Mrs. Hart—My husband got a letter to-day saying something dreadful would happen if he didn't send the writer a sum of money.

Mrs. Smart—My husband gets dunned for his bills, too.



# Ask Her This Question

"Do you know of any woman who ever received any benefit from taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound?"

If any woman who is suffering with any ailment peculiar to her sex will ask her neighbors this question, she will be surprised at the result. There is hardly a community in this country where women cannot be found who have been restored to health by this famous old remedy, made exclusively from a simple formula of roots and herbs.

During the past 30 years we have published thousands of letters from these grateful women who have been cured by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, and never in all that time have we published a testimonial without the writer's special permission. Never have we knowingly published a testimonial that was not truthful and genuine. Here is one just received a few days ago. If anyone doubts that this is a true and honest statement of a woman's experience with Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound write and ask her.

Houston, Texas.—"When I first began taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound I was a total wreck. I had been sick for three years with female troubles, chronic dyspepsia, and a liver trouble. I had tried several doctor's medicines, but nothing did me any good.

"For three years I lived on medicines and thought I would never get well, when I read an advertisement of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, and was advised to try it.

"My husband got me one bottle of the Compound, and it did me so much good I continued its use. I am now a well woman and enjoy the best of health.

"I advise all women suffering from such troubles to give Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound a trial. They won't regret it, for it will surely cure you."—Mrs. Bessie L. Hicks, 819 Cleveland St., Houston.

Any woman who is sick and suffering is foolish surely not to give such a medicine as this a trial. Why should it not do her as much good as it did Mrs. Hicks.