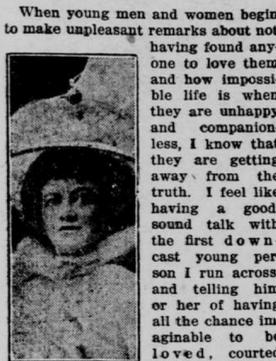


Laura Jean Libbey's TALKS ON HEART TOPICS

SEARCHING FOR OUR LOVE.

O my rap soul! If thou hadst power To choose all blessings earth can give...



When young men and women begin to make unpleasant remarks about not having found anyone to love...

In the first place, they must not start in to think that romances spring up from flirtations, coquetry and a liking from the first devotee that crosses one's path.

"I am not quite sure whether I love him or if he truly loves me," is seldom on the lips if the hearts are in unison, the right chord touched.

Few stand in need of the answer if the thinking cap is put on. If a heart would go out to you with wonderful lasting love, search must be made from where it is possible to win one.

Let me give the girls a timely hint that earnestly want to marry well: Don't take up with a gay, debonaire free lance whom you innocently thought to be just the opposite.

Women who will take their own risks and believe that they can overcome any obstacle after marriage, start, after leaving the altar, handicapped.

Stutters Even in Kisses. Demosthenes, and other victims of a partially tied tongue, please take notice.

SHE WHO IS A PENITENT DECEIVER.

In the year that's come and gone, in the golden weather, we swore to keep the watch of life together.

Ought a girl, in your opinion, to deceive her mother, much as she may dislike doing so, by evading telling her the truth regarding her meeting a lover?

This is an earnest appeal from a young man reader. I have no doubt that a young man looking for a girl whom he would marry would want in full confidence with her parent.

She sets at work very patiently to win her daughter over to seeing him as she knows him to be. At last she tries hard to consider that it is for the best of her to try to view him as favorable as she can.

enough to win her. Love which is built upon deceit is built upon the quicksands—and is too treacherous to last for a long length of time.

Only honorable, truthful love proves happy and enduring. What man can trust absolutely the woman whom he knows is false to the mother who loves her, has faith in her and confides in her, hoping for good results?

Oh, what a tangled web we weave—When first we practice to deceive. It must not be forgotten, however, that the lover who seeks advice is sometimes the very one who tempts the girl to meet him and "not tell mother."

It is cowardly to shift all the blame on the woman. Often she is penitent, and makes up for deceiving by becoming most truthful. The sweetheart was inclined to deception by her lover. He respects her penitence, however, as does her mother.

WHEN BACHELORS MARRY.

Sigh no more, ladies, sigh no more. Men were deceivers ever; One foot in sea and one on shore, To one thing constant—never.

I used to be under the impression that very few bachelors would ever marry. But in this respect I have changed my mind. It is my belief that there never yet was a man so sure of his powers for unloving who lived all of his years without some romance.

He may never have had proof that he had a heart for someone until he was aroused to the consciousness by its sudden loss. Up to that hour of awakening he supposed he was enjoying his solitary existence immensely.

The jolly bachelor is not a mystery to those who observe him, yet only know him from afar—a puzzle as they imagine him to be. More than one suspects that his heart has been pretty well pierced by love's flaming arrows.

After breaking off with a few who claimed his steady attention, he feels that he is not half the gay, sought-after man, the would-be "catch" of the fair sex, that he thought himself to be.

It is often, when he comes across a some poor, but honest, village or city young woman, that his heart suddenly warms. She is his personification of innocence. She treats all men simply, with pleasantness. It's hard for them to tell if she is given to partiality toward every newcomer.

Is it any wonder that bachelors become good husbands when they meet just the one whom their hearts have craved for? Then they jump to the conclusion that it's good-by single life, forever.

Worthy of Thanks. A night's sleep, what a miracle of mercy it is; and a new day and the waking up with health to face it; even a pleasant meal with one's household, is not that worth a thanksgiving?

A Good One.

"I don't know what to name my new hunting horse." "Why don't you call him Sensitive?" "Why Sensitive?" "Because I notice he so easily takes a fence."

Gathered Smiles

CHAT BY THE WAYSIDE.

"People take life much easier than they used to." "Yep," replied Farmer Corntossel. "There seems to be a growin' fear that the boys'll study too hard an' that the men will work too hard."

"Still, there is every reason to believe that popular interest in a progressive civilization was never stronger than now." "Yes. But I'm kind of afraid that civilization will have to watch itself so's not to be like Lem Carruthers after he got talked into spendin' all his money for a fancy wagon. His outfit was all driver an' no hoss."

Always Humorous. Art Editor—I'm afraid your work is too comic for general illustrating. Artist—I suppose that means I will have to spend the rest of my life doing comic supplements.

"Not necessarily. You might design women's fashions."—Life.

A Wrong Reading. "Ma, did the men in the old times do the housework?" "Of course not. What makes you think so?"

"Well, in our Sunday school, the teacher was reading about the husbandman sewing tears."

JUST LIKE SOME PEOPLE.



"Rowell is a hard worker." "Yes—he'd make hard work of anything."

The Kicker. And still the kicker sings his song, A melancholy elf. It's easier to show what's wrong Than do what's right yourself.

This Didn't Really Happen. "I won't wear my new dresses at Atlantic City, after all." "And after all the money you spent?"

Good Reason. "My husband fairly choked with anger the other day." "Why?" "Because I wanted him to cough up the price of a diamond ring."

A Suggestion. Young Widow—After all, I cannot wholly grieve that my poor, dear, old husband is gone. Resourceful Friend—Then why not put on half mourning?

Filling the Bill. "I want to study, for my hero, a city of fine tendencies." "Then why not try a police magistrate?"

Letter for Letter. "Why does a poet begin so many of his sentences with 'O'?" said the politician. "There's no answer," replied Mr. Penwidge. "Why does a speechmaker begin so many of his sentences with 'I'?"

Not at That Price. Mrs. Eke—I bought these goldfish for a quarter—think of it! Mrs. Wye—Really? They can't be any more than plated.

Same Denomination. Lady (interviewing girl)—I may tell you that we are vegetarians. Girl (anxious to be hired)—That's my church, too, mum.

His Failing. "That young surgeon carries his profession even into his social hours." "How so?" "He's such a cut-up."

Malapropos Invitation. "Mrs. Jigger declined very coldly my proposal to her to join our Shulin society." "No wonder. Her husband's in jail."

Getting Back. "My cook left this morning merely because I asked her to get dinner for a few friends of mine." "I hired her, my dear, and I don't mind giving you a chance to get back at her. Bring your friends over to my house for dinner."

His Portion. "Will you share my portion?" asked the poor young man. "I fear yours is only a half portion," said the girl gently. "You will need it all for yourself."

Thoughtful Worker. "Your son seems to put a great deal of thought into his work," said the city boarder. "He shore do," replied the old granger. "He works for ten minutes or so, then sets down an' thinks about it for an hour or more."

A Further Obligation. "That man quit drinking years ago." "Yes, but the reform is not yet complete. He hasn't quit bragging about it."

"I notice the rooster is scratching for himself these days."—Judge.

LAZY THING.



"Are you opposed to child labor?" "Yes; especially when the child grows up."

The Curtain Lecture. Most wives are inconsistent When husbands drive them to it; They say: "It's no use talking," Then go right on and do it.

Naturally. "That young speeder's car has been very much admired." "Certainly, it has. I know a number of people have been struck with it."

Making Headway. "Making any progress toward getting acquainted with those fashionable people next door?" "Just a little. Their cat invited our cat over for a musicale last night."

Just the Man for Her. "So you think Katherine made a very suitable match?" "Yes, indeed. You know what a nervous, excitable girl she was? Well, she married a composer."

Accommodating. "That rude fellow told poor little Miss Flite that he didn't like her face." "What did she do?" "She changed countenance."

A Reversed Compliment. "That was a splendid paper you read at the club yesterday afternoon." "Did you like it?" "Very much. I wish my husband could write one as good for me."

AN INSTANCE.



"She said I was a perfect gentleman." "She is always calling people names."

Advice From Crimson Gulch. "Let not your angry passions rise. It's better to act slow an' tame, Fur seedin' red affects the eyes An' likes as not will spoil your aim."

The Right Place. "Does the law consider a man's home where he sleeps?" "Yes." "Then my husband ought to register from the church."

Not for the Ear. "Is the music for your new production meritorious?" "I don't know," replied the manager. "I haven't seen the chorus try to dance it, yet."

Changes. "James got down at one time to hard pan." "But he got up again, didn't he?" "Oh, yes; up to a Panhard."

The Uncertain Following. A leader marched along and found Himself alone one day, For his procession had turned 'round And marched the other way.

Filmsy Finance. "I started in life on borrowed capital," said Mr. Cassius Chex. "And now you have no debts, what- ever?" "On the contrary, I expanded my credit so that I could go on borrowing more and more."

Specifications. "Isn't that a fine line of the poet's about women being human nature's daily food?" "Yes, especially when they're peaches and chickens."

Worse. "Does your next-door neighbor wake you in the morning with his lawn mower as he did last year?" "No," answered Mr. Crosslots. "I wish he would. He has bought a new automobile and now he comes honking up the street at midnight."

Hens in Revolt. "Must be a feminist propaganda going on in the barnyard." "What makes you think that?" "I notice the rooster is scratching for himself these days."—Judge.

ACTS WAITER TO SEE PRIVATE PLAY

Young San Francisco Preacher Serves Soup So Well Friends Don't Recognize Him.

San Francisco.—"He also sees the play who only serves as waiter."

This is a new reading by Rev. Arch Perrin, pastor of the Church of St. Mary the Virgin, who in order to see a play acted as a waiter for members of the Family club on their annual outing to their "farm" in the foothills out from Redwood City.

Men he had married and whose children he had christened didn't recognize him. He wore a false mustache and a waiter's jacket, and he dealt soup from the elbow without spilling it and passed unnoticed.

The story has only just leaked out among his parishioners.

The young pastor was very desirous of seeing Martin V. Merle's forest play, "The Spirit of Youth," presented



Enlisted With a Band of Extra Waiters.

with music by Case Downing in the new open-air theater of the Family club. He was not a member of the club, and invitations were extended only to out-of-town visitors.

So Father Perrin enlisted with a band of extra waiters for the dinner preceding the presentation of the play, and passed the evening undetected.

Also, he saw the play he went to see—and liked it.

TO RESCUE ON SURFBOARD

Officer of Steamship Carries Line to Save Light Tenders From Starvation.

San Francisco.—Two light tenders at Point San Lucas, the southerly end of Lower California, were saved from death by starvation recently by L. C. Hansen, first officer of the Pacific Mail steamer Newport.

Hansen said he would take a line ashore. He rode breaker after breaker on a surfboard until he finally was cast up exhausted on the shore. Hansen was unable to move for several minutes and the two lighthouse men were too weak from lack of food to haul on the line that Hansen brought them.

After a rest Hansen was able to heave in the line, which brought a double line from the boat, and to this was attached a series of life buoys with the food made fast to them in water-tight cans.

TOSSED TWICE BY BULL

Man Hits Rafters and Starts Up for the Second Time When Rescued.

Berwick, Pa.—Tossed to the rafters of the cow stable by an angry bull, R. O. Shaffer, twenty-six, of Zenith, narrowly escaped death before being rescued by his father.

When the bull turned on him as he was taking it to a watering trough he landed on the bull's head and after striking the rafters was tossed a second time. The father then seized the rope fastened to the bull's nose and snubbed the rope around a pole, when it turned on him. His son had two ribs fractured and suffered contused wounds of the body.

LEGALLY DEAD, SHE IS ALIVE

Lost Woman Turns Up in Illinois Town and Claims Share of Estate.

Peoria, Ill.—Mrs. Anna Bergheart, who eight weeks ago was declared legally dead by County Judge Rahn at Pekin, has now turned up very much alive and has engaged an attorney to regain her share of her father's estate, amounting to several thousand dollars.

Mrs. Bergheart left her home at Mackinaw, Ill., 26 miles from Peoria, 11 years ago after a dispute with relatives. No trace of her could be found, though she spent the entire period in Chicago.

DOG SAVES WOMAN'S LIFE

Carries Note Which Brings Help to Aged Woman After Girl Has Died.

Dallas, Tex.—A report from Cisco, Tex., tells of the feat which a dog performed in getting relief to an aged victim of ptomaine poisoning on a farm nine miles from that place.

Miss Bettie Alexander, twenty-two years old, had died, and Mrs. Eliza Powers, seventy-two years, was dying when she wrote a note which she tied to the dog's neck and bade him "go home." The dog made its way to Cisco through a rainstorm, and relatives of the victims, hastening to the farm, found Mrs. Powers unconscious.

Folk We Touch In Passing By Julia Chandler Manz

TOMORROW

The Girl sank down on the bottom step of the flight that led up to her hall bedroom, and stretched out her hands as if in pleading to some unseen Presence. She did not cry out, nor did the tears come, although her gesture held all there is of pathos in the world.

"Today has been so cruel," she told herself in a voice that had grown so weary through the long hours of answering useless questions of thoughtless shoppers that it was little more than a whisper.

"You have me," came a cheerful note from the head of the stairs. Evidently it was familiar to The Girl, for she lifted her head and smiled feebly at the small ethereal figure that appeared to her more like a clear white light than a materialization.

"Tomorrow!" she whispered. "Yes," called down the glad young voice. "You always have me, you know, and nobody knows what wonderful things I hold in my hand. Why, often I change the whole outlook of a human life."

"But," objected The Girl, "today has been so cruel." "Today is often cruel, but I am never so. Put your trust in me," answered Tomorrow, and there was so much of promise in his voice that The Girl gathered her frayed pocketbook and shabby muff from the step upon which they had fallen, rid herself of some of the weariness of her overtaxed body in a long sigh, and lifted her face toward the figure at the head of the stairs.

And when she had gained the top of the flight the Presence had floated away to another vantage point, as was always the way when she tried to reach him and grasp the promise that he held out to her. "Sometimes I think you are just

"Who are you?" he questioned anxiously, "and what do you mean by intruding at such a time?" "I am Tomorrow," called the voice, and The Man grasped the hope that came with the tone and hugged it close.

"Why, yes," he said, "I had forgotten about Tomorrow. I was so closely companioned by Today that I had quite overlooked you."

Whereupon the iridescent figure of the day yet to be born danced gayly before The Man's eyes, and from a distance held out her hand to him, had not she been stayed by a wonderful, radiant Presence near.

Lifting her eyes she looked upon a face that held all the gladness of the dawn, and was afraid, because in all her life she had seen nothing so wondrous fair.

"Be not afraid, WHATEVER THINGS ARE BELIEVED ARE TRUE. I am Tomorrow, and in my hands I hold the gift of life and of health. You have but to believe."

The heart of The-Sick-a-Bed-Lady gave a bound of happiness, for she was a mother, and the little feet that came and went down the hall on tip-toe needed her guidance above everything else in the world, and with all her being she yearned to believe the words that came to her ear.

Then it was that The-Sick-a-Bed-



"Sometimes I Think You Are Just a Poor, Cheap Fraud."

a poor, cheap fraud." The Girl called to him, but he smiled back at her from his distance, and the smile assuaged the pain at her heart, and brought new hope to her cheerless life.

"Tomorrow!" she said, half to the Presence and half to herself. "Ah, if it were not for the faith and the hope I have in Tomorrow I could never go on."

Through innumerable unwise moves The Man's business had got into such a terrible mess that there seemed no extrication from it. He sat alone in his office at the close of a winter's day, and beside him sat the Spirit of Today.

"What a loathsome creature you are," said The Man to his companion.

"I am what you made me," answered Today, reproachfully. "And within the hour I die," continued the dejected Spirit.

"Then," said The Man, "I will die with you. It is a good suggestion. I have made a mess of my life, and most of all of you. You were good to me at the dawn, but now that twilight gathers, I see that it is all my fault. I have ruined you. We will go out together."

So The Man put his affairs quickly in order while Today reminded him that the evening shadows were lengthening, and that if he was to die with him he would have to hurry.

"I am getting weak—I am dying," whispered Today to The Man. "Just a moment," answered The Man.

And while he hesitated there came to his consciousness a strange impression. At first it seemed like a message expressed through some medium other than words. Then distinctly it assumed sound.

Chemists employed by hospitals have found that disease germs die quickly on certain building materials. It has been found by the tests made that the strongest or most resistant germs perish within a day when placed on the surface of linoleum. This is due to the large quantity of linseed oil used with the cork in making linoleum. Tests have also shown that it is the use of linseed oil as a binding medium which gives to many wall paints their claim of being effective for hospital use. It is claimed that as the oil leaves the paints they lose their powers of sterilization.

No Rivalry. A visitor was being shown over a big cotton mill by the proprietor, who proudly displayed some of the fabrics produced. Holding up a piece of printed calico, he said: "Our latest pattern. Excellent work, isn't it?" "It's all right," said the visitor, "but you can't hold a candle to the goods we turn out in my works!" "Same line?" asked the host, somewhat offended. "No," rejoined the other: "ours is gunpowder!"