DID you ever hear of a poem being penned to a pair of tired eyes, a tired look, a tired spirit? Nor have I.

'Twould be less than one half on one per cent intoxicating were she to drink to him only with tired eyes, would it not? No, they must glow like the sparks of fire. "Ladies with bright eyes rain influence, and get the prize," to paraphrase a Milton observation.

That tired feeling is something no girl or woman can for beauty's sake afford to let linger long upon her. It is woefully destructive.

Can Be Helped Mentally.

If you are chronically and perpetually fatigued, your first duty is to consult a competent physician to find out whether you have tuberculosis, Bright's disease, or any other demonstrable disease. If you tire often and more easily than any one else you know and have no chronic symptoms discoverable, you may make up your mind you are simply another recruit in that vast army of "tireds" or "just nervous," more in need of a good shaking than anything else to pull you out of yourself.

If there is one dose you must not administer yourself it is to admit it. The more attention you give to the feeling the more quickly you weaken your power of resistance.

Fatigue Often Habit.

Weariness is a habit, just as surely as bridge or breakfast, with the woman without chronic ill. With the habit fixed enough you can believe yourself overworked when not more than 25 per cent of your energy force has been pushed. Worry, fear, resentment, discontent, and other depressing emotions create fatigue. Giving way to them, magnifies it. Presently, if you are not careful, you make of yourself an out and out neurotic, a most unattractive type of womanhood, physically and mentally.

In that authoritative and highly interesting book, "Outwitting Our Nerves," the co-authors, Dr. J. A. Jackson and H. M. Salisbury, compiled a little catechism for the neurotic:

Q.—Who gets up tired every morning? A.—The neurotic.

Q.—Who fancies his brain so exhausted that a little concentration is impossible? A.—The neurotic.

Q.—Who still believes himself exhausted as the result of work that is now ancient history? A.—The neurotic.

Q.—Who lays all his woes to overwork? A.—The neurotic.

Q.—Who complains of fatigue before he has well begun? A.—The neurotic.

Q.—Who may drop his fatigue as soon as he "gets the idea?" A.—The neurotic.

Q.—How can he get the idea? A.—By understanding himself.

Q.—How can he forget his fatigue? A.—By ignoring it.

Q.—How can he ignore it? A.—By finding a good stiff job.

If he wants understanding in a nutshell, here it is:

Get understanding! Get courage! Get busy!

They advocate enthusiasm as the best remedial agent for the nervous and fatigued, and not the rest cure. "The best releaser of energy is enthusiasm," say the authors, "and you can't get that by lying around in bed or playing checkers at a health resort.

Missing Joy in Life.

"Beside the nervous folk who feel themselves so weary that they scarcely have strength to live, there are thousands upon thousands of men and women who are called normal but who have lost much of the joy of life because they feel their bodies inadequate to meet the demands of everyday living.

"Nature is not stingy," continue these experts on nerve outwitting. "She has not given the human a meager inheritance. The body has stored within its cells enough energy in the shape of protein, carbohydrate, and fat to meet and more than meet any drains that are likely to be made upon it, either through the monotony of the daily grind or the excitement of sudden emergency. Nature never runs on a narrow margin. She does not start her engines with insufficient steam to complete the journey. On the contrary, she has in some instances reserve boilers which are almost never touched. As a rule, the trouble is not so much lack of steam as the ignorance of the engineer who is unacquainted with his engine and afraid to 'let her out.'"

Our Resources Unexplored.

In one of Prof. William James' essays he refers to the levels of energy usually untapped: "Every one knows what it is to start a piece of work, either intellectual or muscular, feeling stale—or cold, as an Adirondack guide once put it to me. And everybody knows what it is to warm up to his job. The process of warming up gets particularly striking in the phenomenon known as 'second wind.' On usual occasions we make a practice of stopping an occupation as soon as we meet the first layer (so to call it) of fatigue. We have then walked, played, or worked enough, so we desist.

"The amount of fatigue is an efficacious obstruction on this side of which our usual life is cast. But if an unusual necessity forces us to press onward, a surprising thing occurs. The fatigue gets worse up to a certain critical point, when gradually or suddenly it passes away, and we are fresher than before. We have evidently tapped a level of new energy, masked until then by the fatigue obstacle usually obeyed. There may be layer after layer of this experience. A third and fourth wind may supervene.

"Mental activity shows the phenomenon as well as physical, and in exceptional cases we may find, beyond the extremity of fatigue-distress, amounts of ease and power that we never dreamed ourselves to own — sources of strength not habitually taxed at all, because habitually we never push through the obstruction, never pass those early critical points.

"Of course, there are limits; the trees don't grow into the sky. But the plain fact remains that men the world over possess amounts of resource which only exceptional individuals push to their extreme of use. But the same individual, pushing his energies to their extreme, may in a vast number of cases keep the pace up day after day, and find no reaction of a bad sort, so long as decent hygienic conditions are preserved."

Worry Multiplies Exhaustion.

The key to unlock new stores of energy and drive fatigue away is rightfully prescribed by Drs. Jackson and Salisbury as the zest of pursuit, the joy of battle, intense interest in work, or a new enthusiasm.

Presupposing decent hygienic conditions—eight hours in bed, three square meals a day, and a fair amount of fresh air and exercise—fatigue need never become a monopolist of attention. "Attention increases any sensation," say the nerve experts, "especially if colored by fear. Fear adds to the waste matter of fatigue little driblets of adrenalin and other secretions which must somehow be eliminated before equilibrium is reestablished. This creates a vicious circle. We are tired, hence we are discouraged. We are discouraged, hence we are more tired.

"If you learn to take your fatigue philosophically," the advice runs, "as a natural and harmless phenomenon which will soon disappear if ignored, you are likely to find yourself possessed of exceptional strength. You can stand almost any amount of work, providing you do not multiply it by worry.

Work Is Remedy.

"Work and enthusiasm for work is the panacea for that tired feeling. The indefatigable energy of Edison and Roosevelt is thus explained by psychologists.

"The wrong kind of emotion locks up energy. The right kind opens great stores of it.

"No fair, then, dwelling upon hurts or slights; an old pain or disability long since disappeared; worry, fear, or any of these real causes from whence that tired feeling springs, when all you have to do is arise from your stupid torpor, shake yourself out of self pity, get courage, and get busy!"

Is Marriage a Failure

Getting at the Truth.

Through one long, blissful year Jack had been a perfect husband, which is quite what he should be nine-tenths of the time. But for that other tenth—well, there is just enough cave woman in every modern wife to want to see in her man a little of that club swinging, hair yanking ferocity that came so natural to our ancestors.

No matter what the grievance Jack always smiled. If I gave him a cold dinner, he said it was good. If I bought a $29.42 hat instead of a $12.48 one, he was glad of it. If I mashed the two choice cigars in his vest pocket he declared that it was all right. If I asked him to buy a yard of lingerie ribbon, a spool of fifty white, and a card of rick-rack braid, he said, "Delighted." When his birthday cake went down like a pancake, he was sorry on my account.

Then came the stovepipe episode. "If he doesn't get mad this time," I muttered, "I'm going home to mother."

He worked and sweated, fitted, jabbed his knee and got coal soot in his eyes. The joints were too large and the elbows too small, and the hours went by. But the only sign Jack made was to change the tune he was whistling from a dreamy waltz to a cheerful jazz.

When at last the job was finished the stove smoked worse than before. "I'll have to get some more pipe and do it all over again," said Jack. Then he grinned!

We sat down to dinner and I had opened my mouth to tell Jack that he could show a little masculine spunk or quit fixing stovepipe for me, when, "Confound it, Agnes" he suddenly exploded, "I wish you weren't so heavenly good. Take that stove pipe, for instance. I felt like raising the roof, but you're such a sweet little person that all I could do was to say a few things under my breath"

"Hurrah! I'll stay!" I shouted, whereupon Jack and I both explained and danced a jig around the table. And now we know that we can have a good fight if we want to. M. H. D.

Answers to Beauty Queries.

MRS. P.: WELL, WHY NOT BE individual in shoes as in other dress items? You probably wouldn't wear a poke bonnet and a bouffant waistline because it is not your style. The short vamp shoes are not enough " on " anyway to be chosen for that reason. The woman with a long, narrow foot should choose aristocrat shoes to be in the picture, particularly if she is tall. Black, brown, and gray are better for her than white, as a rule. There's no doubt about it at all. The skirts are longer—much. Better leave a wide hem for the day when you will fall into the parade. We all fall sooner or later, no matter how we may kick at first. Not the street sweeper length, but about eight inches, is the popular note, modistes tell me.

QUERY: BEEFSTEAK, ROUND, average helping, 150 calories; tenderloin steak, one slice, 250; corned beef hash, 2 heaping tablespoons, 80; lamb chop, one broiled, 180. I wonder if you would not like a little booklet I have just completed giving a list of foods with calories values. All it will cost you is a stamped, addressed envelope. Fish, meats, dairy products, vegetables, fruits, breads, pastries, etc., are all listed therein.

FARM AND GARDEN

4 Girls Who Win Canning Contest Get Trip to Europe

FARM girls of America are to be given equal recognition with the boys in club work. A mere trip to the county seat, the state fair, or the International will not suffice. A trip to Europe with all expenses paid will be awarded the four champion canning girls of the United States this season, the largest prize ever offered farm girls.

Arrangements are already made for 55,000 rural girls, who are members of the girls' club conducted by the agricultural colleges in the different states in coöperation with the department of agriculture, Washington, D. C., are competing in this big contest.

After the elimination contests have been held in the local communities, counties, and states all over the country, the winners will come together in five interstate or sectional contests. The winners of the sectional contests will compete for final national honors here at Chicago this fall during the International Live Stock exposition week, Nov. 26 to Dec. 3.

How Winners Will Be Chosen.

In the final Chicago contest the ones who get to make the trip to Europe will be selected on the basis of efficiency in demonstrating canning methods, in judging canned products, and by home canning records.

There is an international as well as a national educational feature held up as the keynote to the contest. The prize trips for the four champion farm girls is being provided for by the American Committee for Devastated France and for the three women leaders who train the winning teams.

The trip will last for three months. The party of seven women and girls will leave the United States about the first of June next year. Two months of the time will be spent in France in canning demonstration work in the battlefield region in coöperation with the French department of agriculture. The rest of the time will be spent in other European countries.

Encouraging Thrift.

The purpose of the contest, according to G. L. Noble, secretary of the national committee on boys and girls' club work, is to encourage thrift in the conservation of all available farm products during the season of abundance; to emphasize, through canning, the importance of a well rounded diet that will make for farm and rural home efficiency; to stimulate a greater interest in canning clubs, and to determine prize winners worthy of a trip to Europe and capable of demonstrating canning to French people.

It is estimated that canning club girls will prepare and preserve $675,000 worth of vegetables and fruit this home practices.

DOWN ON THE FARM

BUMPER CROP OF DOGS—P. G. Peterson said in his letter which came along with this picture that in Piatt county, Ill., everything grows in large quantities, including hogs, corn, and cattle—dogs, too. He sent the above picture along to prove it. This is a picture of a part of Mrs. Collie's family.

Peterson added, "She became peeved and took her other two away when we took this picture."

If you have a crop bigger than this, send a picture of it to the Farm and Garden editor, The Tribune.

Auto Fails to Replace Horse on Short Haul.

Faced with a shortage of horses and a general depression in business at the opening of the year, many no doubt predicted that fewer sales would be made in the horse markets of the country this year. In spite of these conditions, seven leading markets on or west of the Mississippi river have forged ahead on their horse and mule sales during the first five months of the year, according to the Horse Association of America.

From the first of the year to June 1 76,098 horses and mules were sold at Kansas City, Omaha, St. Louis, Wichita, Oklahoma City, and Denver, while 62,451 were sold on these markets in the same period last year. Other markets show only a slight decrease.

Buyers everywhere have difficulty in finding enough of the right type of work animals, for horses are being reinstated on many lines of short haul and delivery work in cities, says Wayne Dinsmore, secretary of the association. He tells of the experience of S. L. Hallenbeck, buyer for a baking concern at Minneapolis, who scours the country for 300 miles out to keep their horse stock up to standard. Mr. Hallenbeck buys high class green horses, black, averaging 1,500 pounds, uses them for several years, and sells them. These horses, the secretary explains, are sound and city broke, not worn out on the job, but are disposed of before depreciation begins at a price well in advance of the first cost.

Thus their 157 horses used singly and their two four horse draft teams handle all hauling and delivering for the cost of labor and feed," he said.

Fourteen city markets handled more than 200,000 of the 27,000,000 horses and mules in the United States last year. The East St. Louis market handled the greatest number, 67,756 horses and mules, in 1921, and 38,461 have already passed through during the first five months, almost 5,000 more than last year in the same period.

That First Love Affair

THE LADY AND THE GLOVE.

THE lady was my little golden haired, pug nosed sweetheart of thirty years ago, and the glove a wee torn red mitten with a black cord sewed carefully to one end. Her name was Joyce, the most beautiful sounding name in the world, I thought, while I, her humble suitor, was in all an ugly duckling, with flaming red hair and more than his share of freckles.

But in spite of my many drawbacks Joyce remained my sweetheart, loftily entrusting her first grade reader into my care alone and walking to the little red schoolhouse, day by day, at my side.

Then the tragedy happened. Percy Durnam came to school. How well I remember that much envied green suit and his bold dark eyes as they smiled into the blue ones of my lady love! From then on I was merely tolerated, but the day of reckoning soon came.

An evil, vicious bulldog was kept in the pasture leading to the creek. I had shared Joyce with Percy that day, and the feeling between us rose high.

Joyce seated herself on an old stump,

and both of us were boasting of what we would do for her. Suddenly she took off one of her little red mittens and flung it over the fence and into the pasture.

"Go get it," she lisped softly, and without hesitating I swung myself over the fence and into the yard that housed the bulldog. I secured it and was half way over the fence when I heard a short growl and felt a portion of my overalls part company with the rest. In this sad predicament I returned to my queen, only to have her laugh merrily and tell me that she could never walk home with any one in such a condition.

This was the blasting of all my youthful dreams, and though Joyce today has probably forgotten that incident I shall always remember the little red mitten that so brought me down to earth from the midst of childhood's love clouds. E. D.

MY MOST EMBARRASSING MOMENT

The Finishing Touch.

I was recently invited to attend a formal banquet. I was placed beside a decidedly cold and sedate middle aged woman who is noted for her sarcastic remarks.

During the last course my elbow accidentally came in contact with her cup of coffee and the contents immediately descended into her lap. She wore a beautiful gown of shimmering green taffeta on which, as you may readily imagine, the scalding coffee had no pleasing effect.

I managed to stammer an apology and she replied icily, "Please do not be disturbed; as I did not care for the coffee anyway." E. A.

* *

Weren't Hard to Carry.

As I was going to school one day a girl friend of mine said they had so many peaches my sister and I should come over after school and get them. So we took several large baskets and went over to get them.

When we got there her mother stood in the door and said: "Tillie, I guess there is enough for each to have one." C. H.

* *

Found in the Dictionary.

On the first day of classes in my freshman year at college I was confronted by a professor who had just entered one of the largest classrooms in the mathematics building.

"Is this calculus?" he asked.

I, in a rather bewildered voice answered, "No, this is Mary," and to my sudden surprise a broad grin appeared on his face and many giggles were heard from the students around me. L. C.

* *

Being Properly Impressed.

Being the oldest clerk in our department, and occasionally left in charge, I rather felt the dignity of my position and was careful that the newer clerks did likewise.

During a big sale of men's shirts, many were unfolded by customers. As the stock was quite new to all of us none knew how to fold them again, with the result that the hundreds of boxes began to look untidy.

Examining a shirt which had not been unfolded, I finally mastered the problem sufficiently to enable me to straighten up the stock in my care. The boss called the clerks together around the desk after working hours, and told them to watch carefully while I folded and pinned a shirt back in shape.

Imagine my chagrin when a clerk broke the silence with: "Keep it up and you'll be able to git a job in a lawndry any old day." E. G. W.

* *

She Drew a Blank.

The most embarrassing moment of my life happened recently when I went into a butcher shop to purchase a package of butter. Seeing the store very crowded, and being in a hurry, I attempted to help myself to one of the boxes that were piled up on the counter. You can imagine my embarrassment when the boxes which I had picked up were only display boxes and were all held together on the opposite side with a wire. L. L.

Unexpected Candor.

My most embarrassing moment occurred one day last winter. I was attending a church bazaar with a friend of whom I was very fond. All went well until we came to the pillow booth, where I made my horrible break. Quite confidentially I told her: "Now, some of those pillows aren't so bad looking, and some of them are really quite good looking, but did you ever in your life see one in as poor taste as that?"

My friend looked at me queerly for a moment and then said: "I'll admit it is in poor taste, but, then, you see, I am rather noted for my lack of taste, and I made that."

I made a hasty exit, and have not since had the courage to face her, though she insists on considering it a joke. C. W.

* *

Perhaps That Cured Her.

A friend and I were making some purchases in a grocery store. She always samples things before buying. Seeing something new to her in a barrel, she asked the clerk about it. Before he had time to answer, she put some of the contents into her mouth.

It was soap flakes. L. M.

Doris Blake's Answers to the Love Lorn

He Says He Loves Her.

"Dear Miss Blake: A young man with whom I work has been making love to me for quite a time. He never asks me to go out with him. Do you think he really loves me (he says he does), or just makes love to pass the time away? The other day I told him it was all over between us; that I didn't want him to love me any more. He has not been in the office since, but asked me to think it over. Please advise me at once, as he will be in the office in a day or two. Yours,

"PEP."

He may love you, yet may have a practical turn of mind and wishes to be sure his money is not going to be spent upon one on whom it might turn out to be a total loss. As the palmist would say, his head line may be much more predominant than his heart line. On the other hand, he may be economical to the point of miserliness. I think I would think it over from these angles. Or else come right plump out and tell him why you hesitate. He may not realize how serious is his remission on entertainment.

* *

She Wouldn't Listen.

"Dear Miss Blake: I went out with a young woman to the theater. I wanted to introduce her to one of my friends who went along. At the close of the evening after the show we met the girl I honestly care for. Now naturally I conversed constantly with her. Through an error on my part I said something previously to the other girl in the theater and that caused a fight between the two girls. The girl I cared for got sore when the other girl told her what I said in the theater. I tried to explain and apologize but she refused to listen. What do you advise me to do? "I. R."

The best laid plans of mice and men often go astray, is it not true, I. R? Jealousy will disrupt any cause, no matter how worthy, if it is allowed to run rampant. But I think a little more explaining and perhaps a little time for the girls to think it over will set you all again on the paths which you started out to tread.

* *

He's Probably Bashful.

"Dear Miss Blake: I am going to ask you to solve my problem, as you have solved many others. I was introduced to my girl friend's brother quite a while ago. We see each other very often at parties. He always takes me home and tells me how much he cares for me. When I see him with others he acts as though I was a stranger. Do you think he really cares for me or that he is fooling me? He is 17 and I am 16. "PUZZLED."

I just think he gets bashful spells when others are around, don't you? I wouldn't be a bit surprised but what that explains it.

REAL LOVE STORIES

THAT KIND OF GIRL.

I HAD more to learn than how to draw when I left the little green and white village, and encountered New York for the first time. Everybody has heard so much about starve-in-the garret art students that the tale of my existence wouldn't be a new one.

I lived in a little room in a basement and paid for it by tending the furnace and doing odd jobs for the landlady, who had been an actress and who had all the famous and near-famous people in New York card indexed—and spoke of each as though she knew him well.

She was good to me; in fact, everybody in the house was good to the artist kid in the basement.

I was a queer girl, a thin, tall creature with slim white hands and wide eyes, and a shock of black hair. Love had never come to me. I was the sort of girl who loved a man rather than men—and I met him in a sketch class.

The haunting lucid eyes of my in-

structor burned into my soul, and his graveness disarmed me. I knew the moment I beheld him that he knew everything, I had ever thought—and everything I should ever dream. We recognized each other before we had ever exchanged a word. I knew he felt it, too—the atmosphere vibrated with his consciousness of it, and when he took the charcoal from my moist fingers to build up some weak lines in my sketch—his hand trembled.

His name was Jerome. I saw him daily for weeks, until I took a job and was obliged to leave school for a while, as I was in a chronic state of insolvency. My father, bless him, was still preaching at his people from the pulpit of the shabby church in the little green and white village, and he couldn't send me money. He hadn't any. I could only help him by not letting him know I was hungry.

Then I attended a night school, and Jerome found me again. He came to night classes too—just in time to take me home. He brought heaps of fruit and wonderful books—and a queer jade ring that he said somebody carved for me centuries ago. And then he gave me a portrait of himself, by himself. Dear Jerome, I loved him for his silence when other people would have spoiled things by saying words.

One gorgeous April night he came in out of the rain with a beautiful black bowl for me. He had brought enough lilacs to fill it—and he arranged them on my little wash stand and worshiped them with his eyes. He left early—but that night before he went we stood for a moment in the doorway.

The night was dark and fragrant and holy—and sweet, sweet with the scent of lilacs. Jerome kissed me—and vanished swiftly into the dark and rain. I sat alone over my drawing board, sketching little boys, girls, men, and women—all with sapphire eyes and the full under lip of my Jerome.

The landlady dropped in to chat, and beheld for the first time the portrait of my beloved. She uttered a little cry of excitement and incredulity. She knew all about him—he had married an actress many years ago, who was hopelessly addicted to drugs; there was a child, something wrong with it, too—they lived in a sanitarium in California.

I think that's all of my love story—there isn't any more to tell. Of course, I had to walk down the path of disillusion and broken dreams—but the way was line scented with love and memory. They can't take that away, and my little jade ring, they can't take either. I never saw him again. I couldn't, so I went back to the little green and white village for awhile. My stay there lingered for weeks—and now two years have gone.

The lilacs have come back twice with their poignant hurt. I have written here my only love story, the only one I shall ever have to tell—because, alas, I am that kind of a girl. M. G. M.