

Real Love Stories

A LITTLE SPARK STILL BURNING
The love story which I am sending you seems very strange and out of the ordinary to me; exceptionally so since I am acquainted with the parties referred to in the story, and know it to be true.

YEARS ago in a small and thriving Ohio community there lived a fair young maiden, Mary. She was not only fair in face and figure but was also the possessor of an amiable, girlish personality.

Today I present to you the second group of four; next Sunday the final four will be disclosed. As they are guaranteed to keep you young until you are 60, at least, they are "worth the effort, aren't they?"

And you know, too, that a muscle should be in shape at all times and every day to answer the call to work without aches and groans.

Today I give exercises No. 5, 6, 7, and 8—designed to take care of the waist, back, thighs, and upper part of the body, too, and all the muscles thereof.

Another six months passed and Henry came back for a visit, married Anna. The years rolled past. Henry and Anna seldom returned to the home town and after a few years seemed to have forgotten it altogether.

Embarrassing Moments

Getting the Once Over

My young man took me to call on his sister, who was married. I wanted to make a good impression, so dressed in my best dress and was on my best behavior.

Two brothers dropped in, and I overheard them say they "wanted to give Fred's girl the once over."

I managed to say yes, and two years later we were and she was. H. N.

Not Being a Pin Cushion
My most embarrassing moment occurred while attending a theater with my friend.

It was a pathetic scene which was being shown as we came in, and the audience was so attentive that the slightest noise could be heard throughout the theater.

While taking off my hat, I had absent mindedly stuck my hat pin in my friend's leg. Do you wonder he screamed? M. T. G.

The Truth Will Out
I was to have a date with a man from out of town and the day before the date I received an invitation to a dinner dance for the same night.

I accepted after being carefully forced myself to go, and I called upon the out of town man and explained carefully that I had accepted my date.

Then, late in the evening, less than six weeks ago, this is most interesting...

MY YOUTH PRESERVERS

NEW YORK.—(Special Correspondence.)—How you all come in on my good pupils! Have you learned your first week's lesson, as I gave it to you last Sunday? Can you do with ease and facility now those first four exercises I gave you then?

Today I present to you the second group of four; next Sunday the final four will be disclosed. As they are guaranteed to keep you young until you are 60, at least, they are "worth the effort, aren't they?"

And mine has been no idle life. I'll tell you! If I had not adopted these youth preservers and worked faithfully at them, I doubt if I should be able to accomplish all I have to do.

Today I give exercises No. 5, 6, 7, and 8—designed to take care of the waist, back, thighs, and upper part of the body, too, and all the muscles thereof.

But begin today with the fresh air and the water treatment, and you will immediately proceed to give your youth preserving energy and at the same time add a better note to your color, a gloss to your hair, an improvement in your figure—a general beauty improvement.

Work Must Be Consistent
I found this way of taking a few minutes and learning them well better than trying to accomplish them all at one time.

Another six months passed and Henry came back for a visit, married Anna. The years rolled past. Henry and Anna seldom returned to the home town and after a few years seemed to have forgotten it altogether.

After thirty-two years of married life, John became ill and died. The two oldest sons were now working and with their aid Mary could get along fairly well.

Henry then turned his face toward the old home town. He was given a royal reception by his many boyhood friends. He hurried to the home of his old sweetheart Mary.

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FARM AND GARDEN

WHAT'S WRONG WITH FARMING TOLD BY FARMERS

By Frank Ridgway.
This is the third of a series of letters written by farmers and printed in the "Farm and Garden" department of this paper, pointing out "what's wrong with farming?"

The idea seems to be growing among farmers that their troubles are closely related to the epidemic that has struck industry, that prosperity of the one depends more or less upon the prosperity of the other, and the best thing to do is to work hard and make the best of it.

Farmers have learned that much of their trouble can be overcome by organizing and working out their problems co-operatively, but they have also found out that if they are to succeed they must continue to grow grain and hay and hogs and cattle as they did before organizations were ever thought of.

In his letter printed below Ralph Heim of Three Rivers, Mich., says it is foolish for farmers to imagine that the work of an agricultural bloc in congress, a "dirt farmer" on the federal reserve board or juggling of tariff will bring about a magical elimination of agricultural ills.

I have farmed more than fifty years, and I can truthfully say that farm problems are many—there are many uncertainties. The no price problem cuts the deepest and is the greatest stumbling block the producers have to contend with all over the country.

Nothing, of course, need be said about the price problem, but in every other line of business.

Beauty Answers.
Loretta: Massage the elbow with the palm of the opposite hand, and thus get the grime loosened and ready to be completely removed by a camel's hair brush and soap and hot water.

Jennie G.: The muscles of the waist and sides are by all odds the laziest ones. The arms have to do a certain amount of reaching and swinging and lifting and the leg muscles are kept going by the ordinary demands of the day.

G. D.: Bleaching the hairs on the arms with equal parts peroxide and ammonia is about the best thing I can recommend. Having them removed by electrolysis would be expensive.

Jennie: Veils are not supposed to be worn after 6 p. m. I like the simpler patterns better myself. There is a veil with a pinkish cast over a white fine mesh, sometimes dotted, called a complexion veil, which is flattering. The large figured ones are apt to be distorting in their effect.

Dear Miss Blake: I have been going with a girl for three years and I have grown to love her, but she is only 16 and I 18. I know it would not be right for me to ask her to keep company with me.

Dear Miss Blake: I am 20 years of age and just came to this country a few months ago. I am in love with a young man a few years my senior who gave me a beautiful present before coming here so that I would never forget him. He never said he loved me, although he took a great interest in me. Do you think I may keep on hoping?

Dear Miss Blake: I am a girl of 21 and have been going around with a young man three years my senior. He has never mentioned love to me. A few days ago I met an old sweetheart of mine with whom I kept steady company for over six months. He wants to come back. Can you advise me what to do? "Frankie."

Dear Miss Blake: I have been going with a young man for the last five years. I love him a great deal. He seems to care for me, but not much like to care for me. Since he kissed me he is more interested in the club than he is in me. Please advise me what to do. "R. C. E."

Dear Miss Blake: I have been going with a young man for the last five years. I love him a great deal. He seems to care for me, but not much like to care for me. Since he kissed me he is more interested in the club than he is in me. Please advise me what to do. "R. C. E."

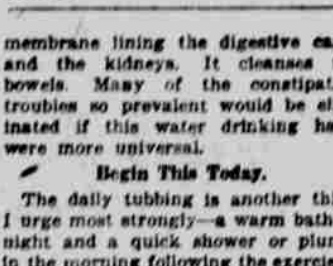
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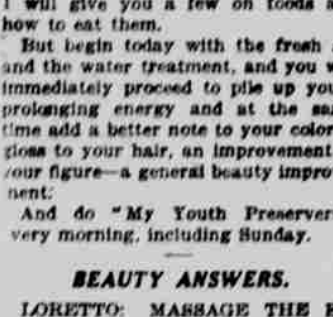
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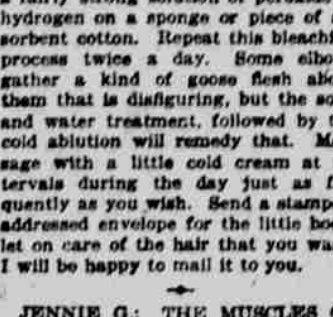
Arms overhead, fingers clasped, bend to right five times, then to left five times. Keep arms close to head; knees straight and feet firmly on ground.



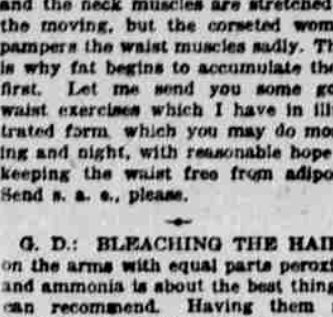
Assume good standing position; bend trunk forward until it is at right angles to legs; exhale on downward move; back to position, inhaling; exhale slowly, keep knees straight, and do not duck head on downward move.



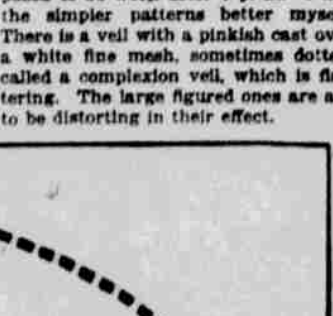
Bend trunk back slowly, inhaling on backward movement, exhaling as you recover "position." Do five times each.



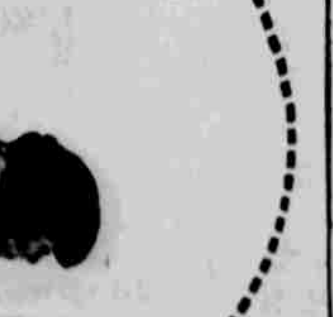
How many, many people confine their water drinking to the water element in the foods they eat. To this habit of water drinking I attribute my freedom from many ills to which flesh is heir. I drink water on arising, before meals, and before retiring. Six times a day is my rule. I drink it often at meals, but never to wash down food. At the beginning or end of the meal I drink water. I find that, in moderate amounts, it is of as much value to digestion, for a certain amount of fluid is necessary to mix with the foods and further movement of the stomach upon which digestion depends largely.



Water keeps the blood pressure and the heart in normal condition. As a lavage, it is necessary to keep clean and free from impurities the mucous membranes lining the digestive canal and the kidneys. It cleanses the bowels. Many of the constipation troubles so prevalent would be eliminated if this water drinking habit were more universal.



Begin This Today.
The daily tubbing is another thing I urge most strongly—a warm bath at night and a quick shower or plunge in the morning following the exercises. A couple of minutes' good, vigorous rubbing, and there you are, ready for whatever troubles or joys the day unfolds.



Memorandum: Assume good standing position; bend trunk forward until it is at right angles to legs; exhale on downward move; back to position, inhaling; exhale slowly, keep knees straight, and do not duck head on downward move.



Repeat five times and moderately fast. You may modify this by flexing of waist and swinging both arms down on side of either leg.

FARM AND GARDEN

WHAT'S WRONG WITH FARMING TOLD BY FARMERS
Expansion of business at inflated prices in order to grab the lion's share of increased trade is a quite frequent and highly probable road to bankruptcy. In the same manner the purchase of land at \$200 and \$400 per acre on borrowed money because what happened to be \$3 a bushel is just as certain a road to ruin when the inevitable depression comes before the return of normal conditions.

The lamentable feature accompanying these "silk shirt orgies" is that all men who have learned this lesson and are content to sit tight and continue business at the old stand, although not so completely swamped, must suffer along with those who have wrought the havoc.

To be sure, there are some farm problems which surely need attention, such as efficient and economical marketing, but to imagine the work of an agricultural bloc in congress, a "dirt farmer" on the federal reserve board, or juggling the tariff will bring about a magical elimination of our ills is just as foolish as to imagine that such procedure will change human nature, which is the real cause of an economic condition of such magnitude as this which confronts us at present.

I have farmed more than fifty years, and I can truthfully say that farm problems are many—there are many uncertainties. The no price problem cuts the deepest and is the greatest stumbling block the producers have to contend with all over the country.

On the other hand, the manufacturer and all other industries mark the price on their goods before they are put on the market. Now, then, if it is fair for these people to put a fixed price on their products it ought to be just as fair for the farmer to put or have a fixed price on all his products; this price to be a price that shall be just as fair to the consumer as to the producer.

Why do so many marriages go wrong? Because it takes two to make a quarrel, and there are two partners in the business of marriage. The underlying cause of happy marriages is the much exploited mutual understanding and forbearance and the desire for harmony on the part of both the husband and the wife.

Marriage, like many another time worn institution, is fundamentally right, but in many of its practices is basically wrong. The old adage, "Marriages are made in heaven," has given way to the truth, "Marriages are made in haste."

Two persons meet. He likes the color of her hair. She likes the color of his bank roll. After a few fast and furious arrangements they enter into the state of matrimony, and not long after he, looking at his rocks, learns the truth of that adage when applied to the marital state. He also learns that the shade of her frowns, which he so admired, is a costly thing.

Her best friend is a much admired divorcee, and she begins to wonder if alimony and admiration are not synonymous. He dare not ask the bunch to the house quite informally as of yore. He dare not remark about another woman's beauty, nor her clothes, nor anything pertaining to her. He begins to wonder just what this talk of the wonders of love is all about.

How I Met My Better Half
A Queen Kind of Steed.
One Saturday I was told by the boss I was to have an afternoon off, so I lost no time in jumping into my car and heading for the country. I was thinking what a beautiful place the country was, especially at harvest time, when an object in a field attracted my attention. A young woman was sitting on a cow's back and coming toward an open gate directly opposite from where I stopped the car. She was wearing all sport suits and was making for that gate as though her life depended on getting through it.

I met my better half when I ran away one day in summer to investigate my new neighbor's proceedings. I was five years old at the time and spent a delightful hour playing house with the neighbor's two daughters of my own age. After making believe at her own age I proposed and she accepted me. My mother soon returned me, married her home and held me while she had a good time from which she sent me a card from her husband. This did not cost my mother more than the former switch-hits, for I have married my own sweetheart and really sat her place now.

Playing Make Believe.
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