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## TERRIFIED BY HER MANY "MOODS"

### How Miss Langford Lost Her Sweetheart When He Saw a Room Full of Photographs of Her

By Ruth Helen Langford

YES, I am single, because I am a "weather" woman. A man jilted me for the senseless reason that I am a creature of moods. I am likely to die a spinster because men do not recognize the charm of variability. Yet these men adapt themselves to a change of weather, wear a rain coat when it storms, a linen one on a Summer day, and moods are only mental weather.

Men are inconsistent creatures. They admire many women for different qualities—Maud for her pretty airs and graces, Jane for her staidness, Alice for her domestic traits, Millicent for her chic, Margaret for her spiritual qualities. Yet when one woman combines in herself all these attributes and many more, they say she is "moody" and run away from her. Theoretically they admire woman as a "creature of infinite variety." Actually they are such cowards that they are terrified by her elastic temperament.

My story is brief but to the point, a very sharp and painful point. I was in love. The man, too, was in love. A literary man, he was nervous and sensitive, imaginative and full of idealism. He did not merely love me as ordinary mortals do. He adored me, worshipped me as a deity, a saint enshrined. He asked me repeatedly to marry him. I asked time to reflect.

One evening a dull November rain was falling. It beat against the window panes. It beat upon my heart. I drew my crimson wrap about me and gazed into the fire. The pattering of the rain got upon my nerves. I sighed. Suddenly I felt a tear upon my cheek.

"I am lonely," I thought. "For the first time in my life I know the awful sense of aloneness. If it is like this at twenty, fancy what it must be at eighty!"

I ran to the telephone and called. "Bob, dear, is that you? Please come over here and marry me right away."

I heard a strange sound at the other end of the wire. I thought it was an exclamation of joy at receiving a favorable answer at last. I hung up the receiver, rang for my maid and put on his favorite of all my gowns, a rose colored velvet trimmed with silver.

When he came in I saw at once that something was wrong. "What's the matter, Robert, dearest?" I asked. "Aren't you delighted that we are to be one?"

But his glance never sought my anxious face. Instead it roved around the room.

"What are you looking at, dear?" I inquired, fearful at the thought that he might be losing his brilliant, lauded mind.

"At your pictures, Helen," he said ruefully. "When I look at these I am afraid to marry you. I might be arrested for bigamy. I

should feel that I were married not to one woman, but to forty."

I had been photographed many times and each picture looked a different girl than the others. It was a quite harmless little fad of mine—to study myself in my own moods as revealed to me by these photographs.

"Moods! Moods!" My reluctant suitor flung up his hands in despair. "I want to marry a woman, not a bundle of moods. Look!"

There were forty photographs in the room. I had arranged them there to please him. And the ungrateful man had turned.

"Look at that," said he, pointing to a Niobe-like photograph. "Suppose I wedded her and she should vanish and this other one should appear." He nodded toward a frowning, scornful creature. "I should feel that I must move my traps into another room. It wouldn't seem quite right nor legal to share her, don't you know?"

"And that," he pointed to a girl in the sulks, who seemed to be no relation to the others. "How would I know how often she might appear." His glance roamed on till it reached my most smiling picture. "Exit Mme. That and enter Mme. This. Why, my dear Helen, I should feel positively immoral."

Then he started on a new line of argument. "A woman of that sort is a mental vampire," he said. "She would sap all a man's energies by keeping him wondering and worrying about which of the forty girls you have here he would find when he returned home in the evening. No, my dear Helen, I must bid you adieu."

He kissed my hand and was gone. I wept, raged, laughed, exhausted all my moods, and gave the rose and silver gown to my maid, bidding her to keep it out of my sight.

That is the reason I am telling the story of how I was jilted. Instead of addressing my wedding cards.

Men are puzzling creatures, who don't know what they like. They admire the woman of moods, but are afraid of her. They like changes of thought and attitude as they like changes of season, and like the changes of season they are good for them. Various views and ideas are as tonic as the change from winter to spring and summer to autumn. Men who fear them are as timid as the poor, cowering male creatures who welcome spring but are afraid to lay aside their overcoats.

"At least," said a friend of mine, brilliant beautiful and as changeable as a will-o'-the-wisp, and with whom her husband is much in love, "I never bore that dear man I married."

Moods are like travel. They widen our horizon and give us mental stimulus. As we range the world we tire of the frozen regions of the north and of that which some one has aptly



Resenting His Moods.

Inviting Him to Spar.



In a Sullen Moment.



In Haughty Mood.



A Pensive Mood

Ruth Helen Langford, the Girl of Many Moods.

termed "the eternal grin of the South." To satisfy all our needs we require the temperate zone which has all these extremes in rapid succession. I admit that I have many moods. One of my most common ones is that of devilish playfulness. Another, a lately awakened one, is love of admiration. A mood of extreme self-reliance, which some are unkind enough to term stubbornness, is a frequent one, but I contend that this is most desirable, for if we do not follow the light within we are lost in a great darkness. We should listen to and weigh advice, but we should be our own judges of whether it is good or bad and follow that de-

## Science Discovers That Sponges Are Really Glass

THE popular idea of a sponge is of a tough, fibrous, porous substance with a remarkable capacity for absorbing liquids. Many understand it to be the subaqueous home which a colony of small animals build for their home. Others are acquainted with the discovery of science that the sponge is itself a split water animal with pores in its body wall, which, when dried in the sun and thoroughly cleansed, loses its softer parts and becomes the sponge of commerce.

The recently discovered fact that on the bottom of the deep sea in certain localities the body wall of living sponges is actually composed of glass seems incredible. Yet this is perfectly true. At those great depths, where the pressure of the surrounding water amounts to many hundreds of pounds to the square inch, the soft and pliable animal of shallow waters is transformed into glass—and yet it lives and multiplies as ordinary sponges do. This is a most remarkable and interesting example of the real relationship in nature of animal, vegetable and mineral substances.

Specimens of these glass sponges brought up from the depths as great as five thousand feet below the surface of the ocean are of glass

as pure as any manufactured by man, in forms of great beauty, with ornamentation in tracery more delicate and graceful than could be achieved by the most practiced human hands. Nothing was known of them earlier than the middle of the Nineteenth Century, and it is only quite recently that science has determined them to be true sponges, with a wall structure of silica, the principal mineral substance of which glass is made.

This discovery is due to the great German traveler, Siebold, who studied specimens obtained in deep waters off the coast of Japan, returned with several of them to his native country, where he demonstrated to fellow scientists the truth of his claim.

Japanese fishermen had grappled with these examples on the bottom of some of their deep bays where the absence of currents and other disturbances made possible the development of their delicate filaments. In honor of the discoverer of their true character the scientific name given to this extraordinary creature, both animal and mineral in substance, was *Hyalenema Sieboldii Spongiae Mirabilis*.

These Japanese fishermen had mounted their specimens on wood, and Siebold at first supposed them

to be the product of remarkably capable glass spinners. It was only when he realized the mechanical impossibility of creating forms of such delicacy artificially that he found the conclusion afterward corroborated by his examination of freshly caught glass sponges.

These he discerned to be true sponges with body walls of glass instead of fiber. When the strange creatures were dried in the sun and cleansed of all the softer parts—as is the process with the sponges of commerce—Siebold held in his hands variations of the same delicately beautiful forms which had so excited his curiosity. These forms of actual glass were the skeletons of the sponge animals, just as the familiar sponge is the skeleton of the same species of animal making its home in shallow waters.

Later investigations revealed how these glass sponges were born and developed into maturity. The beginning is an egg having the form of a fine glass needle.

These needles take on all kinds of shapes, possibly due to accidental currents, or the position in which they happen to fix themselves, so that there is an infinite variety of forms assumed by the glass

Science has now divided these glass sponges into a number of different species, some growing to enormous size. One was drawn up from a depth of 5,000 feet, near the coast of Somaliland. They assume shapes like cornucopias, probably the better to catch the food in the water, or spread out in needle-form for a similar purpose. The cornucopia is found to have a web, like a sieve, across its interior, to prevent any very large particles from entering, which would give the sponge indigestion, if it did not break it to pieces. If a large bit of decaying matter fell

into one of these sponges, it would kill it, so the animal protects itself by the fine sieve spread over the stomach entrance. The sponge is a living, breathing animal, even though of such low organization as to be lacking in nerves and sense organs.

The tragedy of the ocean depths is shown in the appearance of the coral animals upon these sponges, where the corals first began to build a little at a time and at last broke down the sponge, until it was destroyed, and only the skeleton remained—as appears from the remains brought to the surface.



Would Chill a Polar Bear.



When Melted to Tears.



While She Is Sarcastic.