



Conducted by "ISOBEL"

Our First Sweethearts

By Laura Jean Libbey

"When all the world is young, lad,
When all the trees are green,
And every goose a swan, lad,
And every lass a queen,
Then hey for boot and horse lad,
And around the world away,
Young blood must have its course, lad,
And every dog his day."

Every life has its romance, soon or late. Each takes the path leading through the vale of sorrow and climbs the hill of pleasure to the pinnacle love has reared on its topmost height.

No life is so lonely but it has hopes of being gladdened some day by love, and this sweet dream floods the future with gladness and sunshine.

Some one has asked: "At what age does romance begin—and at what age does it end?" And I make answer: Romance begins with the first flush of early youth and lasts as long as life lasts.

No man or woman is too old for romance to knock at their heart's door, and if denied admittance force its way into the heart and settle there, changing with its magic wand the gray clouds to rosy, golden sunshine.

Romance begins when the lad leaves his enchanting game of marbles to carry the books of some pretty maid to school for her. It takes deeper root when he comes home from college and finds her grown to a taller, prettier girl who blushes when her eye meets his. Time, the relentless foe to youth, does not linger with the present, but thrusts them onward and into different paths. He is a traveller to foreign shores, but there is something wanting in every woman he meets, when he secretly compares her to the playmate of his boyhood; the girl who was fairer than all others in his eyes in early manhood. There is always a dewy freshness clinging to the memory of an early romance which never quite dies out of the heart.

In lonely moments a man's heart is wont to revert to these early loves, and the romance cannot have died out of his nature when he finds himself sighing over "what might have been."

When a thought of that kind finds lodgment in a man's heart the longing comes to him to know if the sweetheart of those other days ever gives a thought to him. He has seen no one that appeals to his heart as she did. No one who can awaken such tender emotions.

It is the romance in him that causes him to pick up a pen and dash off a letter to her while the spell is full upon him, asking her if she remembers him and if she has ever wished they might meet again.

Romance has a struggle with doubt. What reason has he to allow himself to suppose that she is single yet? He tosses up a coin to see whether he shall send it or not. Heads it goes, tails he tears it up. Romance is always pretty sure to win out—the coin comes up heads, and with a warmth in his heart that he had not felt for years, he sends the letter on its romantic mission.

Women are usually more apt to be romantic than men—their lives are narrowed down to such a small groove by comparison. They differ from men in being able to daydream over their work or play. All men are usually gauged by a first love in a girl's heart. If he smiles, laughs, pays her attentions and compliments without uttering one word of love ere he rides away, although her heart may sigh for him, she bravely puts her little romance out

of her thoughts, and hard though it may be, resolutely fills her life up with duties.

Many may come a-wooing, but her heart, somehow, does not respond to the one or the other as it did to the early sweetheart who rode away. There are times when she wonders what part of the world he is in; what manner of woman he has loved and wedded, and a tear moistens her eye as she silently



I'm not hungry now

wishes him a happy life of it. She is thinking of him, somehow, when the postman hands her a letter as she stands at her gate.

The chirography puzzles her; she knows she has seen it before, but where! With all a woman's curiosity she cannot wait until she reaches the house, but opens the letter then and there, looking, woman-like, at the name signed to it ere she begins its perusal.

The old familiar name of her early sweet heart! How her heart leaps and throbs! Romance, which was slumbering in her heart, awakens suddenly and seems to draw her back over the path of the past to early youth when both looked into each other's eyes and loved, but made no sign. It is strange what a romantic spell letters can weave about the heart. One can say so much more on paper than one would dare to confess by the lip. At length the marriage proposal comes and the romance of early youth ends at last in wedding bells.

GREETINGS

Saint Peter was sleeping—the hour was late,
When I stole with some wax to the lock
of his gate

And took an impression (don't mention my sin),
And I've filed out a key that'll let us
all in.

Peter's Key is the Master Key, this duplicate
Opens other strong locks besides
Heaven's pearl gate.

This Key is named Love, use it always
and then
You'll find it will open the hearts of all
men.

If you'll use throughout the year nine-
teen eleven
And the rest of your life, it will let you
in Heaven.

WOMAN'S SUFFRAGE

Dear Isobel,—I am an interested reader of your page in The Guide, and see therein a great deal of talk upon the question of "Women Suffrage." Now I for one do not know what woman suffrage really means and would be glad if you would explain it to me through your page of the paper. What

do they demand besides being able to vote, etc.?

Here is a recipe for a cake without eggs which may enlighten the cares of "Baeh," whose letter appeared in the January 4 number:

Effless Layer Cake—1 cup of sugar, 1/4 cup of butter, 1 cup of sweet milk, a pinch of salt, flavor to suit. Then sift 1/2 cup of flour with 2 heaping teaspoonsful of baking powder. Then add sufficient flour to make quite stiff and bake in a moderate oven.

C.L.N.

Craig, January 16, 1911.

Note—In an early issue I will be glad to take up the meaning of woman's suffrage.

Thanks for the cake recipe. It will help us all as well as "Baeh."

ISOBEL.

A LOVE POLICY

A while ago in merriment
Young Cupid first began
To urge me to experiment
With his insurance plan;
"Insure your life! 'Tis folly, see—
You have to die to win!
Insure your life, the policy
Pays right when you begin,
The premiums are candy things
And roses sweet and red.

The dividends are handy things
Like kisses," Cupid said.
Politely he upbraided me
For leaving it so long.
Then finally persuaded me
To purchase with a song.
Of course Myrtilla heard of it
All in the course of time;
I read her every word of it
That policy in rhyme.
And when I reached the vivid end
She whispered "Don't forget
About that little dividend,"
And then our lips first met.

FELIX CARMEN.

GREETINGS

By wireless I'm sending you
A greeting every day—
A "hello pal," or "howdy gail!"
To cheer you on your way;
And all I ask of you, my dear,
Is pass the cheer along;
Just keep it moving all the year—
It can't do any wrong.
It may wake some poor fellow up
Who's sleeping at the switch,
And spill the bitter from his cup,
And lift him from the ditch.
Just you and I can do a lot
To circulate good cheer
If we'll pass out what we have got
Throughout the coming year.

NATURAL HISTORY

A certain father who is fond of putting his boys through natural history examinations is often surprised at their mental agility. He recently asked them



A Future Farmer

to tell him "what animal is satisfied with the least nourishment?" "The moth," one of them shouted confidently; "it eats nothing but holes."

MICROBES IN MEDICINES

The presence of the germs of disease has been demonstrated in medicaments of various kinds, especially in pills, by Dr. G. Altara, according to Cosmos (Paris, October 10). Says this paper: "He found in the little spherules all possible kinds of microbes, notably that of diphtheria. The substances forming the basis of pills are rarely of a nature to destroy this dangerous element, which is introduced either in the constituents, or more often by manipulation in manufacture. In fact, the skin and the nasal and buccal cavities, even of a healthy

man, abound in microbes, and they are still more abundant in laboratory attendants—too often people who are not very careful of their persons. Thus pills, which require much handling, may not only contribute to the cure of one disease, but at the same time introduce the germs of several others!"—Translation made for The Literary Digest.

THE TWINS

(A Tale of Temperament)

When Goo-goo and Boo-hoo arrived here as twins—

For thus this astonishing story begins—
Their verisimilitude reached such a pitch
That really you couldn't tell t'other
from which.

So round Goo-goo's ankle they tied a red bow,
While Boo-hoo was decked with a blue one; and so

Was opened an ominous oyster, which you
Will swallow, perhaps, when you've heard my tale through.

While one looked at life through a roseate haze,
The other was dogged by the "blues" all his days;
And minute analytical here will detect
A promising problem in cause and effect.

For instance, when fed, Goo-goo chortled with glee—
Right bound companions, his bottle and he!

And Boo-hoo his rations took, too,
Nothing loth;
Then, weeping, regretted he couldn't have both.

So, during their childhood, its jars and its joys,
'Twas ever the same with their games or their toys;

For Goo-goo was tickled, but Boo-hoo quite pained
On learning that dolls only saw-dust contained.

Or Goo-goo, mayhap, when came bed-time would say:
"My! haven't we had just a great time today!"

And Boo-hoo, assenting, with visage of pain,
Would wail: "But we'll ne'er be as happy again!"

School, time-honored fusion of boy, book and birch,
Absorbed the lads next, when of knowledge in search,

Our Goo-goo worked both at book and at ball,
While Boo-hoo groaned: "What is the use of it all!"

Well, as they grew up came Dan Cupid (with darts),
Who quickly laid siege to our two heroes' hearts;

When Goo-goo wed early his brother cried "Nay!"
So very few marriages turn out O.K."

And so it went on till my yarn's almost spun,
The days of the brothers are now nearly done,

For Goo-goo's a grandfather, grey as a grig,
But Bachelor Boo-hoo's a peevish old prig.

Here then is the problem these chroniclers raise—
Without—no tales up-to-date in these days—

Were these two men molded by red bow and blue?
Or was it just temperament? What say you?

GEORGE ALBION.

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