

Of Interest to Women

Confessions of Laura Jean Libbey, Famous Writer—Author of Seventy-eight Stories of the Tender Passion Tells How She Began Her Career at the Age of Fourteen

Upon one side of President street, Brooklyn, not far from the romantic purlieu of Prospect Park Circle, there stands a pale brown house. Outwardly it appears not different from the other houses that line this thoroughfare; and yet it is different, for it contains—except from three till five-thirty daily, upon fine afternoons—Laura Jean Libbey.

"Tell me how you began to write," I asked, seating myself in a capacious chair of blue stamped leather.

"You ask me the old story," Miss Libbey began, "a story old to me, and yet, I suppose, new to others. Well, I first began to be an authoress at the age of fourteen, while I was still at school. My teacher said to me, 'Laura, I think you'd make an authoress,' and she sent one of my essays to Mr. Robert Bonner, of the New York Ledger. He wouldn't believe it came from one of her pupils.

"Now, Laura, I'm going to send him another," she said. "I'm not going to ask you to write about flowers or trees—tell him your thoughts on writing." I wrote this essay and Mr. Bonner sent for me. When I got to his office I felt like running away. But he called out to me, "Come in, little girl, come in." I went in and said who I was, and he said "Come and sit down here, child. Suppose you write a little story and bring it to me?" I went home and wrote one of forty or fifty chapters. When I took it to him I found that he only required one of half a column. He told me to go back and write another story. I spent three months on this, and put my whole heart and soul into it, and it was so good that he agreed to publish it and paid me \$140 for it. At that time I was only fourteen years old.

"Now, understand, I'm not going to take your next story, Miss Libbey," he told me.

"Oh, why not, Mr. Bonner. If I make it good enough?" I pleaded. It was much wrought up and dreadfully cast down. The disappointment was terrible.

"Because it will do you good to go round among the publishers a bit," he answered.

"Don't you ever take a second book from any author?" I asked.

"Very seldom," he answered.

"That's how I began to write. My first great success came with the publication of Miss Middleton's Lover, and since then I have been writing constantly."

Looking at her, it seemed difficult to believe that this delightfully youthful lady in the capacious chair of blue stamped leather was the author of "Don't Tell Mama"; "Zeta, the Old King's Sweetheart"; and about eight-and-seventy other productions—Victor Rousseau, in Harper's Weekly.

A SEA SHORE BELLE



Beautiful indeed are the costumes worn at the seaside resorts this season, their simplicity being an engaging feature.

The picture shows a type of the head gear so popular at Atlantic City.

Economical Fudding.
Grind into a receptacle, from time to time, as they accumulate, all left-overs of cake, biscuits, doughnuts, etc., and enough stale bread to make a half-and-half proportion. When you require a plain pudding take three cupsful of the mixture, add one-half cup of molasses, one-half cup of milk and water, one egg, a dash of salt and a scant teaspoonful of soda. Steam in a double boiler for one and a half hours.

When a rich pudding is preferred add to the same ingredients a half package of seeded raisins, another egg, and one grated carrot, and two ounces of mixed peels, lemon and orange. Add flour enough to make it the right consistency, and steam for about two hours.

For either pudding a hard or a boiled sauce may be added. Keep the crumbs in a dry, fresh, cool place.

Notes and Comment

Of Interest to Women Readers

MARY GARDEN'S OPINIONS.

The New York Man is a Golden Calf Whom Women Adore.

The New York man is a golden calf; the New York woman—well, she does not fall down and worship him—she merely adores him," quoth Miss Mary Garden.

Miss Garden, prima donna, has dis-couraged many a time and oft on "Sallome" and others. But opera is over now. And so the other night it was just Miss Garden, woman of the world, who for one hour talked wisely, earnestly and with most exceeding frankness of New York and all they that dwell therein. "I can say what I want to now," she laughed, "for I'm going away so soon and everybody will have 'forgotten by the time I come back!' Forthwith she proceeded to hand out a swift succession of blows and bouquets—and the very first remark was both.

"What do you think of the New York man?" happened to be query number one.



Mary Garden.

"Why, you see, the New York man has impressed me so very much more," was the unflattering—or, more complimentary—er, take-it-as-you-please reply.

But they were truly flowers of enthusiasm that followed—at first.

Here are a few epigrammatic opinions dictated by the great opera singer: "The New York woman doesn't fall down and worship this golden calf—she merely adores him."

"There is less individual liberty here than in any place in civilized Europe."

"The best dressed man in the world is the English gentleman."

"The New York man is not a bore, but he has not the little grace—the lingerie of life."

"The Latin gentlemen make love perfectly—but they don't make money."

Thinks We Work Too Hard. Lady Headfort during her American tour, said in New York that she approved of international marriages.

"They correct us," she explained. "Our Englishmen work too little, your American men work too hard, and the international marriage tends to bring about a happy mean."

"I have an English friend who attended the funeral of one of your hardest workers, a multi-millionaire."

"My friend's wife said rather bitterly to him at the funeral:

"How you have missed your opportunities, my love. Place yourself beside Mr. Ritch there. You are both of the same age. You both began life together. Yet you are a poor man, while he died a multi-millionaire."

"Yes," said the English husband. "There Ritch lies, dead of nervous prostration, without one single penny in his pocket, and here I stand, hale and hearty, with a wallet in my coat containing quite a hundred dollars."

Woes of a Wife.



Wife—I wonder why the grass doesn't come up.
Hubby—I'm sure I can't tell. You don't suppose you planted the seeds upside down, do you?

Big Salaries for Women.
In six of the largest Boston department stores there are now thirty-seven women occupying responsible executive positions as buyers, floor managers, heads of workrooms, and heads of clerical departments, at salaries ranging from \$780 to \$6,500 a year. It is also pointed out that these successful women rose from the ranks and that an emulation of them implies a start behind the counter at perhaps six dollars a week.

The Other Side

George Mansfield found many things that puzzled him. He went one evening, as he often did, to his best friend, Lyman Burton. Burton was thirty years older than George. His hair was a little gray, but his clear blue eyes were full of youth and peace.

"I have always been told and often read that the heavenly Father takes care of His children," George always stated his difficulties frankly.

"Yes," Burton's eyes were turned to a spot of sun that lingered on the hill east of the valley.

"Well, it does not look like it."

"Why?" He still watched the sunlight.

"Well, it doesn't. I have seen too many cases where the wicked prospered and the righteous were poor, where the evil were happy and the good wretched. It does not look as if religion helps very much in this life, after all."

"Of course I know the arguments," he hurried on, as Burton turned his eyes to him, "about our not knowing what really is prosperity, and that health and money and comfort are not what they seem. But that kind of argument does not satisfy—at least, it does not satisfy me."

"Take the case of old man Monroe who lives down the creek here. If there was ever a good man, Monroe is one. He surely is a faithful Christian. He has always wanted to have money enough to educate his children, so never has. He has prayed every day for years that Charley might get well, but he has not; he gets worse all the time. Last year the lightning killed one of his horses—he had only two. This Spring the wind blew down his barn, and his cow was drowned in a freshet. The family has always lived on the ragged edge. I suppose they have enough to eat and wear, but that is all. How do you account for a case of that kind?"

"There was a time," said Burton, gravely, "when they did not have enough to eat and wear. They were very poor. The neighbors had to give them food."

"That was in the days of the Monroe before he became a Christian. He was a bad man then, and could not hold a job, and wasted what little he did make."

"It seems very good to them to have a dry roof, three rooms, and plenty of good food out here where the air is clean and the world at peace. I have heard them thank God for it many times. Have you talked with him since the lightning killed his horse and the wind blew down the barn?"

"Yes," answered George.

"Did he complain?"

"No."

"Was he out of heart?"

"No."

"Did he speak bitterly of his fellow men? Of luck? Of Providence?"

"No."

"Then you have your answer," Burton smiled thoughtfully.

"I don't quite understand," said the young man.

"You see, George," Burton explained, "you are looking in the wrong place. The spirit works inside instead of outside. When a man is born again, it is his spirit that is changed, and not the world outside."

"He has the same body and brain. It may be an inefficient body and an incapable brain; it may be a body cursed by heredity and weakened by habit, a brain undisciplined, untrained. The spirit will help him make the best of that body and brain, but it will not make them over for him. He will still be subject to disease and pain and failure as before."

"The world outside is not changed; there will still be storms and pestilence and famine. But his attitude toward it is changed."

"Instead of making his body and the world over so these difficulties may be removed, the spirit makes the real man—the inside man—over, so he can face them and conquer them by getting good out of them. When pain and misfortune come, they bring, instead of bitterness and despondency, sweetness of spirit and renewed faith."

"And to know this, that the spirit has been quickened into life that evil cannot quench nor disaster smother, is to possess that peace which passeth understanding."

The Tax of the Insects.

During the year 1908 the insects of the country cost the farmers more money than the nation expended on its army and navy, in paying all its claims on its mountainous pension roll, and in all expenditures on the Panama Canal. C. I. Bartlette, assistant-entomologist in charge of experimental field work, has worked out the above statement, and as the value of the crop of the past season approximated eight billion dollars, he estimates ravages of the myriad insects at about eight hundred dollars. That sum does not include the loss to cereals and forage crops in storage, nor to natural forests and forest products; the losses from those two sources, at \$100,000,000 each, bringing the annual rural insect tax to an even billion dollars.

In his statement Mr. Bartlette says: "This estimate is based on the farm price of the crop actually harvested, and does not take into account the possible reduction value which would follow the marketing of the larger crop. Prices of products must, therefore, be considered when estimating the losses by insects."—Van Nostrand Magazine.

Soda Cracker Logic

Any baker can make an ordinary soda cracker—but to produce Uneeda Biscuit requires the specially fitted bakeries of the

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American Stained Glass.
A connoisseur of stained glass, ancient and modern, says that the ancient art with all its celebrity and beauty did not compare with the modern American method, which now produces beautiful glass in infinite variety of tone and texture in which iridescent pictures may be said to be painted on the glass itself—pictures of the richest and most exquisite coloring. Over twenty-five thousand pieces of glass are often used in one memorial window.

Least Ravage Algeria.
Locusts are devastating Southern Algeria. The swarms are so great as almost to defy imagination. It is not easy to conceive of an almost solid phalanx of insects 120 miles long by six miles wide. Unfortunately the ravages which such myriads of voracious insects must create in vegetation is not so difficult to appreciate. Whatever the host has passed nothing green remains. Even the houses are becoming uninhabitable.

Jumped at Centenarian.
Two small boys had strayed in the sunny room of a certain museum. "Wot's that?" said one. "Them's guv's wot's bin dead a long time," answered the other. "And wot's them letters, B. C. it, over the guy in the corner?" "Guess that's the number of the automobile wot run over the poor bloke."

Grass Raincoats.
The summers in Mexico are too hot for the wearing of rubber garments. By mixed hair and closely woven coats of grass are a fair substitute. Some of these have a hood attached.

Pairing.
Of the 2,001 young women who dated last year fell into the arms of men, two fell on the floor and one a water butt.—Life.

Needed.
Edward prayed one night: "Dear God, take care of my mamma, way out in Europe and do not let her be in a smash-up. Send your angels to take care of her and send Jesus to take care of papa in Cleveland, but you stay here with me."—Dollinger.

Beautiful Lake Geneva.
Lake Geneva, in Switzerland, is quite insignificant as lakes go, being only 40 miles long and ten miles wide, but it is remarkable for its relation to a beautiful landscape of which it is a part.

Doing One's Best.
Human work must be done honestly and thoroughly, because we are now then; whether we are engaged in any business, or ever were engaged, being practically no matter.—Wells.

Minibirds Done by Gulls.
That many of the gulls have become far too numerous during the last 25 or 30 years, thanks to coddling and overmuch protection, has become a patent fact to those who observe and understand the habits of these birds. Here and there measures are being taken to lessen the plague, and by some town councilors the protection once accorded has been withdrawn.

Gulls are responsible for an enormous destruction of fish, as well as raids on the eggs and young of various birds. In many parts of Scotland the lesser black backed gulls have become the veriest pest, in this respect rivaling the hooded merganser and common rook the latter another recent development of unwise over-protection.—Country Life.

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