

Miss Flo's Corner

A Question Box for the Ladies
By MISS FLO

PLEASE PASS THE WEDDING CAKE

Dear Miss Flo:
I am engaged to be married to a very nice young man. He is very clever, and has all the fine qualities that are considered most essential in matrimony. But here is my trouble. When I am with him for any length of time he begins to bore me. I don't know whether it is my fault or his, but the fact remains that there are times when I am frightened to death when I think of marrying him and spending the rest of my life with him. Then, if he is away from me any length of time I get so lonely for him I can't wait until he returns. Do you think I love him? Can you tell me of some method by which I might determine my real sentiments for him? I don't know whether to give him up or not. What do you think?—Isabel.

I doubt very much that you love the man—although the statement that he possesses all the fine qualities so essential in matrimony would lead me to think that you do. Only people in love believe that of their chosen mate. I can't see how you can love a man who bores you. Possibly you admire all the splendid qualities he possesses, but there is a world of difference between admiration and love—although admiration and liking are fine substitutes for love.

If he bores you, my advice to you is not to marry him, regardless of his fine qualities. Boredom is the curse of matrimony. It is why husbands and wives stray from their fireside—to somebody else's. It is impossible to picture a happy fireside with a man and woman who are so tired of each other that they yawn in each other's faces.

The ideal home is the one in which a husband and wife never talk out—or if they do, they find a congeniality of spirit which enables them to sit quietly without saying a word—content to be in each other's company.

The first thing a girl should ascertain about a prospective husband is just how she reacts to an unlimited amount of his society, and just what sort of a line of conversation they are able to carry. He may be able to hold a wonderful line of conversation—with somebody else—and so might she, but if they have nothing of interest to say to each other, the natural outcome is boredom. If you find yourself bored with his company before marriage, you should be warned in time.

There are many tests you might apply to ascertain whether or not you really love him. To begin with, if you think more tenderly of him when he is away than you do when he is with you, you do not find him really sympathetic and congenial when he is with you.

If, on the other hand, you believe yourself in love with him when he is with you, and doubt your love when you are away from him, he has a mystical fascination only. You do not love him with a love that will last.

What are your reactions to his conversation? Can you listen forever while he tells you how much he loves you, and how wonderful you are? You aren't bored then, are you? But when he switches the conversation to himself, and tells you how wonderful he is, are you bored then? If you are, you merely like him. It takes love—and lots of it, for a woman to want to hear everything a man thinks about himself.

Do you worry about him when it rains—and wonder if he will keep his feet dry? Do you wonder if he is working too hard? Then, you love him. In your heart you regard him as your property—and there need be no doubt in your mind about your sentiment for him.

But the acid test—the test that proves beyond doubt that you have picked him for a fireside companion for life—is when you prefer spending an evening at home with the man to have him take you out somewhere.

Perhaps these pointers may be of value to you in reading your own heart. I'd like to have a piece of the wedding cake.

EVANGELIST JIM GREEN QUILTS M. E. CHURCH

Asheville, Nov. 3—One of the sensations of the annual meeting of the Western North Carolina Methodist conference here today was the withdrawal from the church of Rev. Jim Greene, who has been active in evangelistic work since 1905. In a statement to the press tonight he explained that he holds Methodism in very high regard and is staunch in his belief of its power for good, but suggested that he withdraw because of opinion as to the administrative policies.

Announcement was made of the transfer to the conference of Dr. J. W. Smith from the Baltimore conference and Dr. R. S. Truesdale from the South Carolina conference.

Ye Modera Fable
"Isn't there some fable about the ass disguising himself with a lion skin?"
"Yes, but now the colleges do the trick with a sheepskin."

THIS WEEK

By ARTHUR BRISBANE

OKEAH SAYS COOLIDGE AN EGG FOR BABE RUTH AN OLD ENGINEER CHILDREN AND SUNSHINE

President Coolidge, surveying national conditions, finds them excellent. As regards business and prosperity, Secretary Mellon says there is capital, in abundance, for all new ventures worth while, crops are good and automobiles are expected to set new sales records.

Secretary Hoover reports that our exports are increasing. This year is ahead of the same period last year and our imports have one pleasant feature. We are not paying England the high prices for rubber that we paid last year. You may reply to questions about the business outlook as follows: Nothing the matter, if business does not become afraid of its own prosperity.

Perry Thomas, one of the oldest, most trustworthy engineers on the New York Central, was soon to retire—as soon as he had saved a little more money. Before the lay came a head-on collision ended his life, and as he lay dying in the hospital the old engineer, desiring to free everybody else from blame, told witnesses the accident was his fault. He had run by a block signal in the fog.

This reminds the public how much depends on the railroad engineers. They should be better paid than they are now. And they might well be required on full pay, without waiting until age dims their sight and dulls their nerves. The public would be willing to pay for it.

At Omaha, Babe Ruth received, as token of his greatness, an egg laid by Lady Norfolk, champion hen of the world.

It was the 170th egg laid or hatched out by that hen in 170 days. Ruth remarked: "A hen's egg by the river's brim, a simple hen's egg was to him, and nothing more," and went on with his batting. It would surprise the idol of America to know that such a hen as Lady Norfolk is more important to the country than all its baseball players.

Reports from Maine, reserved out here on the Mojave Desert, indicate that voters mean to keep the direct primary system for awhile, at least. Professional politicians will not be able to "deliver" nominations in pre-arranged conventions. And poor millionaires, determined to be somebody, will have to buy the direct primary first, and the election afterward. Hard on politicians, who have less to sell, and on office buyers that must pay high prices for an uncertainty.

The American Public Health Association, gathered at Cleveland, is told that today's greatest cause of death is heart disease. And repeated infections, such as "common colds," to which so little attention is paid, cause heart disease. The trouble starts often in childhood, with childhood's diseases, all of which might be avoided. This should interest parents of the dark ages type who think "the children might as well have measles and such little things first as last and get them over with."

Toronto University proves that sunshine will cure rickets, of which many children die. A German wrote more than 100 years ago, "God may forgive you for not giving to children bread that costs money. But He will not forgive you for depriving them of fresh air and sunlight that cost nothing." To prove that sunshine cures rickets does not mean much, when millions of city children cannot have the sunshine.

Power companies worth twenty-three billion dollars don't want the government to harness the Colorado river. That might mean competition in the power business.

Twenty-three billions is less than \$230 per inhabitant of the United States, less than the price of a small automobile. "Twenty-three billions" sounds big, but 115,000,000 human beings, all interested in the Colorado river development, possess power also. The Colorado will be developed and power gentlemen will be glad when it happens. Learned bankers fought the Federal Reserve law, dreading interference with profits. It has saved them from black panic half a dozen times.

BEAVER DAM DOTS

Sugar Grove R. F. D., Nov. 9.—Mrs. S. A. Moody, who has been ill for some time, has improved sufficiently so that she can walk about in her room.

Mack Johnson has bought a tract of land from his father-in-law and is now erecting a residence thereon.

Corn husking is the order of the day now in this section.

Boss Henson is ill with influenza at Erwin, Tenn.

Clay Eggers has moved into the home which he recently purchased from Luther South. Mr. South has moved to Boone.

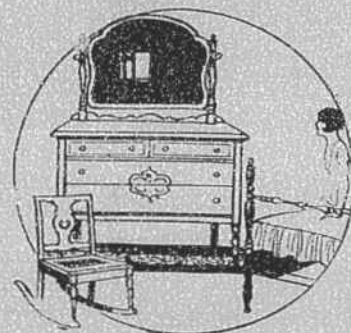
Robt. Vines, who has been sick for some time, is back at his school on the head of Beaver Dam.

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