



LAURA JEAN KIBBEY'S ADVICE

Dear Miss Kibbey:—

I am keeping company with a girl of 16. Her father objects merely because I am a student. Students, he says, make poor husbands. He will not give reasons for this, but has made threats as to what he will do to me if I do not keep away. Now I love the girl and will not give her up. What would you advise me to do.

H. A. L.

H. A. L.

If I were you, Hal, I would beat up her old man and elope with the girl. If the former is impossible, elope with her mother or her little sister.

L. J. K.

Dear Miss Kibbey:—

I want to ask your advice. By mistake I asked two girls to go to the Glee Club concert. I like them both equally well and both are all ready to go, but it would be fatal for me to turn down one, as they live in the same apartment building and the other would be sure to find it out. What would you do in my case?

F. G. G.

F. G. G.—If I were you—I would either shut all the windows on retiring and then blow out the gas, or borrow money enough to take both the girls. Perhaps they will enjoy the latter way better as they will then have someone to converse with during the entertainment.

Dear Miss Kibbey:—

I have been receiving a letter each week day and a registered letter on Sunday from my fiance in Missouri. Last Sunday I received no letter. Do you think she still loves me and what would you advise me to do?

W. L. G.

W. L. G.—If I were you, W. L., I would either prosecute the civil service commission or take the first train back to Missouri and see what is the cause of this neglect. Perhaps—all sorts of calamities might have befallen her.

L. J. K.

A MONOTYPE OR TWO.

To B. L. T.

"Immortals," "Quirks and Queries,"
Our husbands, wives and dearies,
And "Signs of the Times"
Struggling with rhimes,
"Identified," "Celebrities Unknown,"
Are only mild diversions,
Pleasant by-paths for excursions,
Compared with reading something of your
own. —S. S.

One of our own contemporaries (not mentioning any names) boasts of the distinction it has become to "Make the Line." Pooh-pooh, Two pooh poohs. From Portland, Ore., to Tampa, Fla., every young man is straining to be able to answer "yes" when the idol of his heart asks him, "Have you made the Mon?"

Discovered. Mr. Crain is the man who put the bean in beanery.

STRANGE, IF TRUE.

Seen on the second floor of an Indiana Avenue apartment house, Sonnenschein and Fairweather are living in perfect harmony.

L. S.

The Gans Klein Co. do a small clothing business in Helena, Mont.

The popular mind should be disabused of the impression that tennis is a lady's game. We'll admit that it is played by a few ladies and that it is played at by a host of others, but we'll not stand by and hear it called a mollycoddle game without raising our voice in protest.