

## Heart and Beauty Problems

By Mrs. Elizabeth Thompson

Dear Mrs. Thompson: I am in my twentieth year and have worked since I was thirteen because I could not see then that more schooling would be of any benefit. My grandmother brought me up, for my father and mother separated when I was only a little boy. They went their ways and I never saw my mother again for she since died. My father has always been good about sending us money regularly. But now for the last three years or more that I have been working he has sent very little and that irregularly.

I do not know him very well, have not seen him since I was twelve, but my grandmother said he was unpredictable. She is very old and frets a good deal when I go out an evening for a good time, seeming to fear I may turn out like my father.

I want to be fair with her for she has been like a good mother to me, but it seems after working hard all day I ought to be entitled to some fun at least a few evenings a week. I work in the shipping department and do not make as much as some boys my age make in the shop. So the money I earn all has to go for living expenses, leaving me almost nothing for spending money. It seems only right to me that my father should help support my grandmother since he is her son, but we have not heard from him for over eight months. He is constantly moving around and letters I send him usually come back uncalled for.

My grandmother owns the place we live in. It is a large house and most of it could easily be rented out, but she will not have tenants, although that would ease money matters greatly. She seems to be getting more bitter and fault-finding every day. She has had a hard time and is old, so I try to overlook that.

Do you know of any way I could do to make things better? Perhaps you will suggest my going into the shop where I could learn to make more money and perhaps that would be best. I don't suppose there is any way I can locate my father since he

*"Didn't Know It Was Spoiled," No Defense for Retailer, Is Ruling*

(By Associated Press)

INDIANAPOLIS, Aug. 25.—In response to an inquiry received from Logansport, Dr. Harry E. Barnard, state food and drug commissioner, informed Prosecuting Attorney John B. Smith, of Cass county, that the plea of a retailer that he did not know that a chicken sold by him, was unfit for human consumption, would not be accepted as relieving the retailer from liability for violation of the pure food laws of the state.

Dr. Barnard pointed out to Prosecutor Smith that the Indiana Supreme

Court held that the consumer has a right to assume that the food purchased is fit to eat and responsibility for its unwholesomeness rests with the retailer.

"It is not enough for the retailer to plead that he did not know the chicken was spoiled," said Dr. Barnard.

"The purchaser paid for wholesome food and was entitled to receive it. The question of the retailer 'knowingly' selling unfit food has been interpreted by our courts and in no case has there been any other construction placed upon the law."

About 21,404,000 tons, or one-fourth the world's shipping, now lie on the bottom of the ocean.

## A Chance to Live---By Zoe Beckley

## TAKING UP THE BURDEN

The thin lonely days wore on. The weather turned suddenly warmer and on a certain mild spring morning Annie was told at the hospital that her husband was almost in condition to go home.

"Of course, he will need care and good food," admonished the young interne with the usual disregard of all probable resources at the command of those so glibly advised. "A relapse is dangerous in pneumonia. Watch him carefully—no draughts, no exertion, he mustn't go back to work too soon. Plenty of milk and eggs to build him up. Then he'll be all right."

Annie said nothing. She was thinking over rapidly in her mind what she could get the most money on by pawning. That afternoon she chose a clock that the girls at the office had given her for a wedding present, a fur necklace and muff that Bernie had bought her in the palmy days of their first year, an umbrella, a skirt and jacket of hers that would no longer be serviceable, and a linen tablecloth, also a relic of the up-to-date flat. Bernard would miss none of these things and they ought to bring quite a sum.

She made up a newspaper bundle, took the umbrella and went with the lot to a dirty little shop on First avenue kept by "J. I. Cohn, Money Lent on Personal Property. Best Value Given."

For the clock Mr. Cohn gave \$2. After minute examination and the complaint that the fur season was over and he would be put to the expense of storing the things, he offered \$7 for the scarf and muff. The umbrella brought fifty cents, the tailored suit (after worn it looked as he held it up to the light) fetched a grudging dollar fifty, it being too small a size for his "trade." The tablecloth, ninety cents.

With \$11.90 in pocket Annie felt almost rich. With rigid skimping she could get along two weeks on that, providing nourishing food for Bernie. And two weeks hence Bernie would probably be well again.

So Bernie came home from the hospital and sat in the spring sunshine that flooded in across the blessed, tiny-canyon vacant lot, and played with Robbie, and swallowed the milk and eggs Annie fixed for him—and slowly gained.

Then, by and by, Annie told him the news about the baby-to-be. Bernie looked startled. He said nothing. But he put his arm around her and then stood together looking out over the lot whose ugliness was softened in the dusk.

The next day Bernie went down to his old employer, asked for his fourteen dollar job back and got it. He had intended looking around a little to see if he could get a better place. But now it seemed necessary to see what he could and quickly. He had been out six weeks in all. He went back to work feeling weak and listless. His strength returned but slowly. Annie saw he needed livening up and again urged the vigorous athletic resources of the neighborhood that she had gleaned from Rose Gublin.

"There are the public baths, Bern, with a swimming pool and everything," she submitted hopefully.

"Yeah. Swell chance to get in there."

## LOW SALARIES DRIVING TEACHERS FROM WORK

(By Associated Press) WABASH, Ind., Aug. 25.—Because of the new law requiring teaching and the low wages paid, it is estimated that at least a fourth of the schools in this county will open without the full list of teachers, this fall.

According to A. B. Oswalt, county superintendent, a number of teachers who have already signed contracts, have resigned, saying that they can make more money in almost any other line of business.

## THOMAS DEAD IN MUNCIE

Word was received here today by relatives of the death of Dad Thomas of Muncie. He has been a frequent visitor in this city of Mr. and Mrs. George Reed. Death occurred Monday morning. Funeral service and burial will be in Muncie.

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