

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 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 dependable. 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 letting 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

seems to want to evade me. Then there is a chance that something may have happened to him. Are women over seventy always quarrelous and apt to be unreasonable? If you can advise me I will be greatly obliged to you.

A woman of seventy is apt to be querulous and unreasonable, although some at that age are just as sweet and agreeable as the others are hard to get along with. You are doing exactly the right thing in being tolerant and considerate of your grandmother. She will not live many years longer and you will always be thankful that you cared for her when she became dependent, with the same faithfulness and consideration that she showed you when you were left in her charge.

Of course you should be able to enjoy yourself in the evening. To go away from home every evening as some boys do would be a bad practice. Be independent in this matter and when you know you are doing nothing unworthy of yourself, take your pleasure fearlessly of your grandmother's scolding. She will have to learn that you are old enough to decide some matters yourself.

Have you a taste for shop work? If you would enjoy it and take interest in it I think you should give up your position in the shipping room and get shop experience. With your intelligence there is no reason why you should not advance rapidly in a shop. Your letter was written and expressed beautifully, and in spite of the few years of schooling you have had, you write better than many college graduates.

I believe you will hear from your father again. His love for you and your grandmother will bring him back to you. Perhaps he has had financial reverses and his pride keeps him from writing now. Never lose faith in your father no matter what your grandmother thinks. Perhaps his life would have been brighter and better if he had had the faith of his wife and mother to encourage him.

"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.'

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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 neckpiece and muff that Bernie had bought her in the palm 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 uptown 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 (rather 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, tin-can 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 they 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 take 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 living up and again urged the meagre athletic resources of the neighborhood that she had gleaned from Rose Gubb.

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

"Yeah. Swell chance to get in there

in the hot weather with the crowd I saw waiting outside the other night!"

"Well, how about the school in Twentieth street? They say there's a real nice gym fitted up over there, and I know they did need an instructor or two. You could try that."

That was better. Bernie did try and as luck would have it they had been unable to get anyone to run things for the boys, and Bernard undertook the job. It was a volunteer job of course, without pay. But it gave him an interest outside his work and Annie felt more thankful than as if something good had happened to her.

About the same time Aunt Moggie got a temporary position to go out of town as secretary to a woman writer. It did not pay very much, but Annie urged her to take it, for her health's sake. So Annie was alone much of the time, long hot summer.

(To be continued.)

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LOW SALARIES DRIVING TEACHERS FROM WORK

(By Associated Press)
WABASH, Ind., Aug. 25.—Because of the new laws regarding 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 Bud 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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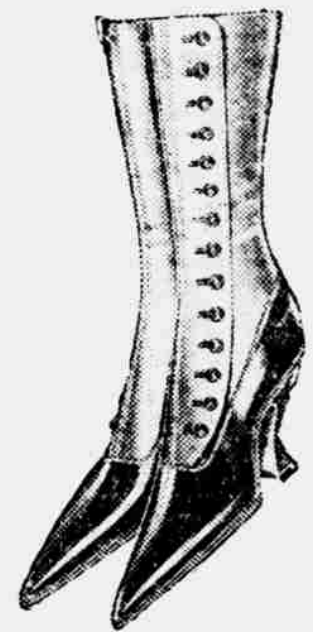
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