

Heart and Beauty Problems

By Mrs. Elizabeth Thompson

Dear Mrs. Thompson: First I want to tell you what a comfort it is to write you, for I feel that I have to tell my troubles to some one.

I am of an affectionate nature. I long for love from my husband, that is for him to put his arms around me and make a kiss over me once in a while. I think he loves me in his own way, but what a way—just to talk to me on the things that interest him. If he touches me it is in a rough way, just as a man would start a wrestling match with another man.

Even my child takes after him—just a rowdy, cold little bunch of touch-me-not, and I long to take her on my lap and love her.

When I was a girl at home my parents were good common-sensed people, but no love nor pet names of any kind were thought of, and so you see all my life I have been deprived of love. I crave it so that I feel I could do most anything if some one would only give me attention and make just a little fuss over me. Don't think I am mushy—just human, that's all.

My husband knows how I feel, for I have told him time and again. I make myself as attractive as possible. Any suggestion you offer I will sure-

ly try and I will appreciate your interest in the affair.

JUST NEGLECTED.

Every human soul seems to crave something which is denied it. Your yearning reminds me of another woman. She was never caressed in her childhood. She has no recollection of her mother or father taking her upon their laps. She and her husband lived peacefully, but with no bond of affection; not once did he call her an endearing name. This little woman brought love to herself from other sources by her sympathetic service to those in need. She was thoughtful of elderly people, noticed and cared for suffering animals, read to the sick and insane, served when the call came. Now she is reaping her reward. Her husband is dead and her children are married. The children were not affectionate babies, but her gentleness and love brought them closer to her. She has earned what she craved so much.

(To be continued.)

Indiana News Briefies

GOSHEN—The largest sum ever paid for an Elkhart county farm was recorded here when the Elkhart Farm company transferred 3,446 acres of Jefferson township land to William Schleman, a real estate dealer, for \$367,000.

KOKOMO—Holding that moving picture shows as disseminators of news and current events were entitled to exemption under the state blue law the city court found in favor of the moving picture men of this city, arrested for operating movies on Sunday.

UNIONVILLE—The Rev. Allan W. Grissom, 80 years old, a minister here for many years and well known to state ministry, is dead at his home here.

Europe thinks we should bear our share of the burden, but not interfere in such little matters as the trimming of the Jugoslavs.

"But you're in New York, Ath. I can't."

"No, I'm not in New York; I'm here, Goosefoot."

"You don't mean—you don't mean you're going to stay with me a bit!"

"Why not? Can't you put me up? John's writing a book and wants to be rid of me for a while."

I rushed after her, capable, cheery figure, and as I did I felt strength and confidence, courage, and enthusiasm flow through me. I suddenly saw the whole project clearly. I got Athena's "mental attitude." My mind was made up. I would say yes to Jim's scheme and do my full share toward sweeping the undertaking to success.

"The only thing that troubles me now, Ath," I hesitated, "is the ordeal of—"

Athena interrupted me in her characteristic brisk I-have-seen-to-all-that manner. "Now, Ann," she held up her hand in warning, "didn't I tell you I had been investigating something? Well, I have. Now that you've met

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want but capital and hard work? I tell you it will turn out well: Now it's up to you to do your part. Keep your chin high, take care of yourself and stick to me."

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