

A SWEETHEART AT THIRTY

The Story of a Woman's Transformation
BY MARION RUBINCAMChapter 38
THE PARTY

That was the first of a series of parties that Violet went to, and that sometimes also included me. Pete was always one member and usually the girl we met—she called her "Toots." When there were other girls, they were apt to be the same type—over-painted, over-dressed as to style, under-dressed as to material.

Whenever Vi went alone, I stayed away until her return—usually 1 and 2 o'clock in the morning.

"I can't understand it," she would say. "What does Bud see in that Pete? I can't stand him, I don't trust him. He's clever enough, he knows a lot, he knows so much that he makes me feel horribly ignorant. But somehow I feel that he's really the ignorant one, not I."

Another time she came in, looking paler and more tired than usual.

"You look ill," I said in alarm.

"I feel a little—little upset," she said, beginning to take down her hair. "I smoked a cigarette, and it didn't agree with me. Pete had been teasing me to do it for weeks and I did not want to. He kept laughing and calling me his little country cousin, but I didn't mind him. Toots smiles a mean little smile, when I refuse. But tonight there was an older woman along, a Mrs. Brandt. And she said, 'Don't tease the dear child into doing it—it's such a charming pose.' A pose, mind you, Aunt Enid! So I did smoke, and it made me a little ill."

Again and again she went out with George on these parties, and always came home exhausted. Her lessons naturally suffered, for she would lie awake hours after an evening of this kind, and next day start up for college sleepy and depressed. Often she would neglect her lessons to go with him, and that meant extra hours of reading to make up for it.

"Don't go to-night," I begged her, when Bud sent around a note saying he would come for her for the theatre and dance.

"But I have to," she said, and in her tone was the tragedy that only a girl deeply in love can feel. "If I don't go, it will be some other girl. And none of those other girls are good for him. They keep him up and make him take them around in taxis and spend money on them. I don't know where he gets it. He says he's been buying stock and selling it at a profit. Pete is clever at that, you know, and he's put Bud on to several good things."

"Have you finished my new dress?" she went on, her tone flat and discouraged. "Bud says this is to be a big party, and he's tired of taking me around in that blue silk all the time. He wants me to wear something new."

"No, it's not done, but I can baste it up on you, and to-morrow fix it," I said.

We finished our supper—Violet insisted that we call it "dinner" now. She bought little after-dinner coffee cups, and even when Bud did not come to see us, we served ourselves demitasses and lingered over the meal, talking and reading the paper. It was

a delightful custom; I was glad Bud suggested it.

Then Vi slipped into the new frock, a filmy affair of maline in a blue as soft as the light that lingers after sunset. I made it up over an old white dress dyed pink, and the pink showed faintly through the blue. I taught myself how to make French roses from scraps of silk, and I put wreaths of these on the waist with a belt of them and a few falling over the skirt.

She was exquisite in it. It brought out all the fairy-like lightness and grace of her figure, it set off the shining mass of her hair. Yes, we had come a long distance from our old life. I looked smilingly at the girl as she stood before the mirror, so slim and modish, so much improved in manner and appearance—yet as sweet and wholesome at heart as ever she was in our quiet life before.

Bud came running up the stairs and into our apartment, highly excited at the prospect of the party.

"Gee, but you're pretty!" he exclaimed as she went out to greet him.

And impulsively he put his arms around her and kissed her.

The color left her face for a second, then came flooding back. It was always a barometer of her feelings. She looked up at him, a return of that same sweet shyness in her eyes, a look that promised so much and yet withheld so much.

But the kiss was an impulse with Bud, nothing more.

"Are you ready?" he asked. "I've a taxi outside."

"But that costs so much!" Vi protested.

"Oh, they're so darned uncomfortable. Besides, we're all fussed up."

And it's party, so let's celebrate."

"But the money—"

"Now don't start to talk about that!"

There was a new note in his tone, something I did not like. "Anyway, the money part is all right, I made \$50 on the Curb today, in a gold mine stock."

Violet opened her mouth to answer. Then the good judgment she showed that sometimes made her seem much older than she was, came to her rescue. She said nothing, but slipped into her coat. And they went out together, leaving me alone.

Tomorrow—The Turning.

Heart Problems

Dear Mrs. Thompson: Recently I was at a dinner party with some friends. It was a mixed crowd and as we were all on very friendly terms, we had a very happy time. But nothing absolutely wrong happened at the affair.

The other day I was in a downtown motion picture house and met a young man friend of mine who was not at the party. He told me of things that happened there and suggested them to me in a very unfavorable light. Of course I denied them, but he only laughed as if he took my denial as a sort of proper manner of carrying out the joke.

I asked him where he got his information, and he told me that several of the young men who had been at the party were in a "stag" party which he attended a few nights later, and one of them told him all about our affair. He said that they all laughed and joked about the girls at our dinner and how we carried on.

Oh, Mrs. Thompson, are there men like that who go out and lie and tell falsehoods about girls just to make out the girls are bad? I can't believe any of the young men at our party said these things, but someone must have said something, for this man was quite in earnest that he was telling the truth, and I know that one or two of the things that he misconstrued were based on fact.

MISS DEBUTANTE.

Yes, Miss Debuteante, there are men "just like that, who go out and lie and tell falsehoods about girls." There is not such a great percentage of them among men, but they circulate widely and cause many needless heartaches and worries. You will soon learn to

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BEAUTY CHATS

by EDNA KENT FORBES

London, October 26th.

The number and variety of the special shampoos given in English beauty parlors is quite amazing. I am sorry my stay here is so short that I cannot try more of them. But after all one can only have one's hair washed a certain number of times a month and I have already nearly ruined mine by having it done three times in two weeks, in order to experiment with these new methods. The hair should only be done, of course, once in every three weeks.

"There is a little dandruff on your scalp," one man said to me. "Shall I give you a sulphur shampoo?"

So I tried that first. The attendant brought in what looked to me like a toy chafing dish, lighted a miniature flame under it and poured in a couple of tablespoonsful of olive oil. When this was very hot he parted my hair in various places and rubbed the oil thoroughly into the scalp—working over it until my scalp glowed from the friction.

Then he took some yellow powder, which was nothing more nor less than plain flower of sulphur, and rubbed that over and over the well-oiled skin. He left me there for a few minutes to let the sulphur and oil do its good work, and when he washed the hair he used a strong antiseptic soap. At the end of the treatment he rubbed a very tiny bit of hot oil into the scalp. This made the hair glossy, and was to prevent a return of the dandruff.

The second shampoo was a tar treatment. This was not given on account of dandruff, for the sulphur had cured that. It was because a tar shampoo is best for very dark hair, though it is also an effective remedy for dandruff. A mixture of tar and several antiseptics is used in this treatment, but no oil.

The egg shampoo is very much used for blonde hair. This is made by beating up the yolks of four eggs with a little olive oil, if the blonde hair is dry, and with a little bit of white wine, if the hair is oily. The mixture is thoroughly rubbed into the scalp and sometimes allowed to stay on for half

an hour if the customer is not in a hurry. It is then rinsed off with warm water. In some cases this mixture is sufficiently cleansing so that no soap is necessary.

When a soap is used it is invariably a liquid mixture of pure castile and an antiseptic. The best scalp specialists would not dream of washing the hair without also killing, or preventing, any germ formations which might lead to scalp trouble.

This great care is one of the reasons why the English women have such lovely hair and also why it does not turn gray early.

All inquiries addressed to Miss Forbes in care of "Beauty Chats" department will be answered in these columns in their turn. This requires considerable time, however, owing to the great number of readers. So, if a personal or quicker reply is desired, stamped and self-addressed envelope must be enclosed with the question. The Editor.

BEST "CLOSE-UP" OF THE MOON

The best "close-up" photograph of the moon brings our nightly visitor to a point where a map may be made on the scale of 50 miles of the inch.

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Masonic Calendar

Tuesday, Nov. 30—Richmond Lodge No. 196, F and A. M. Called meeting. The Past Masters of Richmond Lodge will confer the Master Mason degree, beginning at 7 o'clock, followed by a special smoker in the club rooms.

Wednesday, Dec. 1—Webb Lodge No. 22, F and A. M. Called meeting. Work in the Master Mason's degree, beginning at 6 o'clock.

Thursday, Dec. 2—Wayne Council No. 10, R and S. M. Stated assembly.

Friday, Dec. 3—King Solomon's Chapter No. 4, R. A. M. Work in Royal Arch degree, 7 o'clock. Refreshments.

Saturday, Dec. 4—Loyal Chapter No. 49, O. E. S. Stated meeting; annual election of officers. A donation of canned fruit for the Masonic Home is requested from the members.

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