

A SWEETHEART AT THIRTY

The Story of a Woman's Transformation
BY MARION RUBINCAMChapter 45
THE SENSATION

The difference between Violet and myself as we left Henry Falls and as we returned, was borne in upon us more and more as we reached home. Driving through the short street that formed the heart of our village, and at the end of which our home stood, we created little short of a real sensation.

It was early Sunday afternoon, and everyone was out front—we could not have chosen a more public time to arrive, had we wanted to make our return dramatic. It was just at the time when the Sunday dinner has been cleared away, when the men were resting and perhaps reading in the shade of the porches, and when the women, having cleared away the dishes as quickly as might be, were coming out either to sit and rest, to enjoy the first real relaxation of the week—or to visit about sociably until time for the light supper and church.

"That's the third person that's said 'Hello, James,' 'Vi' remarked, as we drove along under the trees. "Doesn't Jim Henderson know me any more?"

Miss End, there's the Diggs family on the porch—they don't know us either—at least they're not sure, Hello there," she leaned out to wave a greeting.

"Well, my land—" were the words we caught faintly from the porch, and Mrs. Diggs came down the steps to follow us better with her eyes as we drove along.

Violet leaned back to giggle mischievously.

"Wait a little; we'll startle them," she said, turning to me. She gave her hat an expert little push, which tilted it to a yet more becoming angle.

Then she reached down into the very stunning handbag Helen had given her, found a little vanity case and deliberately powdered her nose with a miniature puff, so everyone around could see.

James looked at her with his slow grin. I felt that suddenly life was becoming more interesting to the boy. A great affection and a great sympathy always existed between Vi and her brother, and now she was adding to this a little of the sophistication and a little of the newness of a strange girl from the city.

But the climax of the whole afternoon was Esther. She came to the door as she heard the carriage wheels grate on the stones of the roadway, wiping her hands on a towel. She was getting dinner—we were to have it later than usual because of our arrival. So Esther had covered her Sunday dress with her weekday apron, and her face as usual was red and moist from cooking.

"My land!" she exclaimed. And again and again, "My land!"

Violet ran up to her and kissed her, then turned to watch her face as she greeted me.

"My land!" Esther said for the fifth time. "End Haines! I wouldn't have known you. What have you been doing to yourself?"

But I turned from her more or less cordial greeting to see Violet hugging her father and laughing up at him from the pleasure of seeing him again. I kissed me too, something he had not done for years, and then we both turned to the rather perfunctory embrace that Laura gave us.

"Well, I wouldn't know you," Jim said frankly, looking at me as we stood on the porch after dinner. "I swear you looked like a little old lady when you went away. And now—gosh, you don't look 30—not more'n 30 anyway. You look like the little sister I used to be so fond of."

"That is charming of you, Jim," I said.

Until time for Sunday "tea" as we called the meal of cold meat and odds-and-ends that we ate for Sunday supper, friends and neighbors kept arriving and we held a real reception. I was rather amused by it, and very much pleased. Their faces and comments were a reward for all my work and study of the winter. Again and again I heard that one remark, "I wouldn't have known you."

Of course our clothes helped a great deal. We had worn very nice things that we did not want to pack, and—perhaps, too, we had worn our prettiest because we knew the sensation we would create.

In every woman there exists a great actress. Unconsciously we all know when the dramatic situation occurs and how to play up to it; indeed, we all know unconsciously how to bring about the dramatic climax. Even I knew that, though all coquetry had been killed in me long ago.

We were a sensation, indeed. They told us about it; they told each other about it. Of course, Henry Falls was such a quiet, out-of-the-way little village that almost anything new was apt to be astounding.

As I look back now, I marvel that in this busy age, such a town can exist. Yet it was logical enough—the country around us for miles was sparsely farmland; the railroad was quite far away; our little river was not strong enough to furnish motive power for any factory; our falls, from which the village took its name, were very

GRANDMOTHER KNEW

There Was Nothing So Good for Congestion and Colds as Mustard

But the old-fashioned mustard-plaster burned and blistered while it acted. Get the relief and help that mustard plasters gave, without the plaster and without the blister.

Musteroles does it. It is a clean, white ointment, made with oil of mustard. It is specifically prepared, so that it works wonders, and yet does not blister the tender skin.

Gently massage Musteroles in with the finger-tips. See how quickly it brings relief—how speedily the pain disappears.

Use Musteroles for sore throat, bronchitis, tonsillitis, croup, stiff neck, asthma, neuralgia, headache, congestion, pleurisy, rheumatism, lumbago, pains and aches of the back or joints, sprains, sore muscles, bruises, chilblains, frostbitten feet, colds of the chest (it often prevents pneumonia).



charming but had no value but that of beauty.

So we lived a placid, out-of-the-world life. And Vi and I came as new and strange people with our city clothes and city manners—all the more curious because they had known us before as even plainer and quieter than they. Laura said the first ungracious thing that day:

"Of course if you dress anyone up in such looking clothes, they'd look funny. The idea of Aunt End acting like a girl! And wearing such a hat!"

A little chilled feeling went over me.

Heart Problems

Dear Mrs. Thompson: I have been married for twenty-four years and have one son able to take care of himself. I dearly love him.

My husband has a very quick temper. I have been a true wife to him ever since I have been married and I dearly love him, but for the last eight months I have turned against him when I think of the way he has treated me.

He tells me he loves me, but do you think he does when he strikes at me when I have done all in my power to make him happy. He has also tossed things at me just because of bad temper.

I have seen some one I dearly love. Don't you think it is wrong for a woman to live with some one she doesn't like? The other man told me he loved me and several others about me.

Please give me your advice.

BROKEN HEART.

You are faithless to your husband, which in my mind is worse than throwing things or striking. A woman should leave her husband and divorce him before she meets another to show to her love or talk of it.

My advice is to look for the good in your husband and to learn to love him all over again. If you have loved him until eight months ago I feel reasonably sure that your affair with the other man is infatuation and that before long you will care nothing for him.

Above all else be honorable. For your self-respect, for your son's respect, and for respect from the community in which you live, do not permit another man to talk to you of love as long as you have a husband and are living with him.

South Side Improvement Association Has Election

Membership night of the South Side Improvement association was featured by the election of officers and directors Tuesday night. Adolf Bickelweld was re-elected president of the organization; John Zwissler, first vice-president; W. H. Bartel, second vice-president; John H. Nieuwohner, third vice-president; Henry Bode, secretary; and Anton Stolle, treasurer. Mr. Stolle's re-election makes the 18th consecutive term.

Directors elected included John Koll, Fred Heckmann, Adolf Weishaupt, Matt Brinker, Walter Duning and Simon Beck. Conrad Heath, Albert Morsel and Arthur Brockmann were appointed members of the auditing committee. Installation of officers will take place Tuesday night, Jan. 4, 1921. A social time will be enjoyed at that time.

FIVE HURT IN WRECK
(By Associated Press)

TEXARKANA, Tex., Dec. 8.—Five persons were injured early today when the sunshine special of the Texas and Pacific northbound was wrecked near here.

The Victrola Store
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Every woman appreciates gifts that will add to her beauty and personal appearance. Especially so if those gifts are Perfumes, Face Powders, Toilet Waters and the like. For the approval of Christmas shoppers we offer the following:

Toilet Gift Sets

Hudnut's, Garden Court, Melba, Love Me and Cutex

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Complete showing of high-grade Toilet Waters, Perfumes and Face Powders

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EDNA KENT FORBES

FRENCH METHODS.

Paris, November 2nd. Today I have spent my time in French shops and beauty parlors, and I have been promised that if I stay here a few weeks longer, until a certain well-known specialist can be seen, I shall have an opportunity of investigating the inner beauty secrets of the French woman.

But today I began with simpler things. They are very ingenious in their treatments in this city, but their methods are highly artificial. Their effects are beautiful enough, but they are not lasting, and they do not try to build up a solid foundation of health and beauty as the English do, and as we in America are trying to do more and more.

With the French, the method is to get the most beautiful effects for the moment. The hair should have a wave—"ondulation," they call it—and this is done with marcelling irons that are often too hot for the hair. The hair, of course, should be glossy. But instead of going to the painstaking care of oil rubs and antiseptic shampoos, and a gradual treatment that will bring about the gloss of good health, the Frenchwoman uses something out of a bottle and achieves an immediate, if temporary, effect.

To take another simple example, the French maniurist will save herself the time and trouble of buffing the nails by painting them over with a certain varnish which produces a high gloss lasting a week. She will smile sweetly and tell you in French that "it is the very latest thing." She will not tell you, however, that the varnish is bad for the nails, that by its use you are really keeping your finger nails from breathing for days at a time, and the inevitable result of such artificiality must be old looking, dry and cracked nails.

Possibly, however, the little French maniurist does not know this, for she is much more frivolous minded than her little English sister. Or possibly, she does know, she does not care particularly. After all, there are many visitors in Paris, and her customers come and go so rapidly that she can take no personal interest in any of them.

Peggy—The soap you are using is rather drying for the complexion unless you have a very oily skin. The best general soap for the face is pure castile.

Josephine T.—You are about right in weight. Possibly you only imagine that the legs are too thin. If you feel you are undeveloped, try walking a great deal, since this is splendid for the lungs.

The New Edison HARRISON'S EDISON SHOP IN THE WESTCOTT PHARMACY

VAPOR AND SULPHUR BATHS

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STEELE'S HAIR DRESSING PARLORS
408 Second National Bank Bldg.
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Stores His "Home Brew" In Court House Room

MARTINSBURG, W. Va., Dec. 8.—A bold violator of the prohibition laws—one who stored his "home brew" in the county court house here—is being sought today by federal and state authorities.

The officers received a "tip" yesterday to the effect that an inspection of an unused room at the court house would afford them much interest, so the enforcement arm of the law started an investigation. The room in question was unlocked, and when the officers entered they found various containers brimful of an "amber fluid." A test showed that the fluid was beer of the home-brew variety.

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Christmas Waists and Blouses

New Arrivals—20 dozen dainty Voile Waists, fancy lace trimmed, also smart tailored models; new necks and collar effects; special at—	\$1.98
	\$2.50
	\$2.98

Christmas Silk Hose

In plain dropstitch and fancy clock designs, all wanted colors, fancy Xmas boxes; make most suitable Xmas gifts—	\$1.35
	\$1.65
	\$2.95

Wool Hose In heather mixtures, fancy weave, all sizes, special— \$1.95

Petticoats in Dresden Design

Most suitable for Xmas gifts are the new flower design Petticoats, made of genuine Heatherbloom and Sateen; new arrivals, specially priced at—	\$1.00
	\$1.98
	\$2.98

Corset Specials

Elastic-top pink brocaded Corsets, sizes from 20 to 25—	\$1.98
Medium bust, long hip, pink; sizes 24 to 30, exceptional value—	\$1.98

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