

BEAUTY CHATS

RELAX WHEN YOU CAN

Paris, November 8, 1920
One of the things that has been most impressed upon me over here is the great importance which the French woman attaches to her proper rest. Except in a few places which are run mostly for American tourists, there is a very little of the late night life which a great many of our own countrywomen indulge in.

As a rule, the French woman goes to the theatre, occasionally to a restaurant afterwards, and home and to bed at a comparatively early hour. The fashionable French woman is able to stay in bed late and to have her breakfast served to her there. This "petit dejeuner" as they call it, consists of nothing but most delicious buttered rolls and chocolate, or perhaps coffee. The real breakfast does not come until about 12 o'clock.

This method has a great many things to recommend it. One is that the length of time between the dinner and the next meal gives the stomach a complete rest; the French women say that this improves the complexion.

It is not so much the length of time between meals, which the French count on to keep them beautiful, as it is the amount of rest they take. If they can lie in bed late in the morning, so much the better. If they cannot, they usually manage to slip in a little half-hour nap during the latter part of the afternoon. The English have that sacred hour between 4 and 5 o'clock when they relax at tea, and

then go back to their work, rested and refreshed.

But few people in Paris have afternoon tea. It is a function at the Ritz, but that is because the Ritz is the great meeting place for fashionable foreigners. But the French women I have met, tell me that even when they work hardest they manage to get some little time between luncheon and dinner for relaxation.

As a matter of fact, I think that the effervescent temperament is such that the workmen can relax even when they are working hardest. They do not worry uselessly, then can stop in the middle of the hardest work for a little laughter and talk, which is in itself relaxation.

I have, of course, often preached this before. It is no new idea—Don't be completely worn out when you are through work.

snatch a moment's rest during the strain of hard work, but it has been particularly impressed upon me when I see how hard many French women do work, and how long they keep their youth and attraction. I am sure that the ability to relax is more than half the secret of it.

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

A SWEETHEART AT THIRTY

The Story of a Woman's Transformation
BY MARION RUBINCAM

PREPARATION

Synopsis of Preceding Chapters.

Enid Haines at 35 looks 50. She is considered a hopeless old maid by her family and the people in her village. Her brother Jim, with whom she lives, his wife Esther, the daughter Laura and son Jim, all think of her as nothing but an aunt-of-all-work. Only the youngest, Violet, believes in her. Mark Upjohn, an old beau of her youth, now hunting a second wife, comes back to Henly Falls and calls on her. Violet wants to go to college in the city, and Aunt Enid gives her her own legacy. She goes to the city to take care of her and here the hope to take care of her and here the hopeless old maid and the awkward little girl suddenly awake to the possibilities of life. Both blossom out like flowers in sunlight. Violet is in love with Bud Pearson, and the affair is not a happy one. Enid meets Francis Meade, who embodies all her ideals of a man.

They return to the farm for the summer vacation. Enid looks barely 30 now, Vi is growing into a charming young woman. She has reason to

feel, however, that Bud in the city is deceiving her.

Chapter 49

As the July days came on, our activity increased.

"I feel as though I had lost an hour some time a few weeks ago, and that I haven't been able to make it up since," I said to Violet one morning while we were doing the room work together.

"I know it," Vi answered, shaking out a clean sheet and throwing it over the bed. "I promised my psychology professor faithfully that I would put in seven hours a week of study. So far I've averaged four—and I haven't looked at any other of my books."

"You know, the thing I miss most is the newspapers," I answered.

They were my favorite recreation in the city, and they were a form of recreation I could have continued here at home. But somehow I never wrote to have them sent me, and if I had done so, I doubt whether I would have had a moment to look over them.

The wonderful panorama of life, its tragedies, sorrows, expectations, its disappointments and achievements, had been spread before me once every day by the news columns. Except for the small agricultural paper

which I never read, I had not even seen a printed sheet since we came back.

"It's a narrowing sort of life, isn't it?" Vi said, stripping an old case from a pillow and making ready to put on a clean one. She held the pillow up in her teeth too, as Esther did when we changed the beds in this very room some little time ago and discussed Mark. But there was such a difference! This golden haired girl was so slim and so graceful, every action was pleasant to see, as she shook out the pillows, bent over the bed, and smoothed the cover with her slender hands.

"Yes, it is narrowing," I answered. "I suppose it's narrowing though because we let it be so. There's Mrs. Potts; she doesn't live a narrow existence, and she lives on a bigger farm than ours."

"It's only over the summer," Vi said, with a little sigh, beginning to dust the room. "I simply existing until we can get back to our little flat again, and college—and Bud. You know, Aunt Enid, I'm awfully afraid to have him there alone in the city. Bud is the dearest boy in the world—but he does need me to look after him. At least, he needs some woman with lots of common sense."

"You mean that George is a little weak, a little inclined to yield to temptation," I answered.

"Yes," Vi said, absent-mindedly, beginning to dust all over again. "Sometimes I think I've meant to live in the city because it does me so much good, but that Bud should live in the country out of the way of temptation."

"Perhaps, after all, it would be a good thing for Bud to come back and take over his father's farm, as Mr. Pearson wants," I suggested.

"Perhaps," Violet said, pausing to look out the window—and seeing not a thing but her own inward image of the boy she loved. "I think if he did, I—I would be happy—even though I hate hard work, and not much fun—and living a narrow life. At least we would be—we would have—" her voice trailed off into nothingness. She had a habit of thinking out loud when she was with me, and then gradually talking lower and lower until I could not hear her voice.

I was silent out of sympathy. Violet was glimpsing a problem many a woman has to face.

Which is better, to keep the man you love where he is safe, though all the other circumstances of life may be out of key—or to choose the pleasant surroundings and trust that everything will come out all right? Sometimes I think suburban dwellers are only those who are afraid to trust each other to the temptations of the city, and who make a compromise with Fate.

But my reflections were not entirely serious. I wondered how Vi would stand up to her problems. She could not drag Bud away from the city, though she herself would be willing enough to do without its stimulation for his sake. I thought, whimsically, that she would probably join the ranks of the suburban dwellers, too. Then Bud, could have almost enough of the town's excitement—but with the knowledge that the 12:01 was the last train home.

Our silence was broken by a sharp exclamation from the hall. Violet jumped, she was so startled, and I stooped hastily to gather up the soiled sheets for the laundry.

"Heavens, haven't you finished the

bedrooms yet!" Esther's voice was fretful. "I may as well do all the work myself. I should think Enid would have sense enough to get through her work, even if Vi has got to go about day dreaming. But since you've been to the city, you've come back with more romantic notions than a 17-year-old girl yourself, Enid! A body'd think you'd fallen in love too, the way you act."

"We're nearly through," I apologized. "Nearly through—three more rooms, and with Laura getting married next week, and all the work for the ceremony, and the dressmaker not sent home her wedding dress yet! Vi you've got to drive over and get that today. And when she's married there's a pair of hands less too, and the only person around the house I can depend on gone!"

"It won't be so much work when the wedding's over," Vi said consolingly.

"Not that it makes any difference to you how much work there is," Esther grumbled. Vi and I, resentful of the scolding, went hastily about our work.

Heart Problems

Dear Mrs. Thompson: I am engaged to a fellow who is very much opposed to dancing. Sometimes he works right and I tell him I am going to a dance, which displeases him. He says I should not go to them and so we usually get into an argument.

I do not like to quarrel with him because I always feel sorry later. I never go any place unless I am with him or one of our family.

Don't you think I should have the right to go once in a while? I am a respectable girl and always in good company.

It seems to me that you would make a mistake to marry a man whose views are so different from your own. Of course you must decide definitely which means more to you, the man or dancing. Personally I do not think it advisable for a girl to attend dances when her fiancé or husband will not go.

The triangle of love should be considered before a person ties himself or herself in marriage. "I love you because you love the things I love."

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