

A SWEETHEART AT THIRTY

The Story of a Woman's Transformation

BY MARION RUBINCAM

Chapter 63
HELEN COMES

If we created a sensation when we arrived with our new clothes and what Jim called our "city manners," certainly Helen threw us all into shadow.

Violet drove over to the railroad station to meet her, and when they came to the house, it was at the slack time of the day—when the men were coming in from the fields for supper, when the children were assembled in their own yards waiting the announcement of the meal, and when a member or so of each family was out on the porch.

I went out to meet them when I heard the horse coming. Like all country folks, we knew the peculiar characteristics of our own horses, and could distinguish their way of trotting from the sound made by all the other horses.

Vi had the buggy with the top down and there was Helen, hatless and costless, in a green flannel smock over a white flannel skirt, the smock trimmed with colored embroidered wool roses, and her short hair blowing in the wind. I was used to seeing her in bizarre costume, and of course, short hair was no novelty to me after my winter in the art students' quarter of the city.

"Hello! It's heavenly to see you both again," she cried, jumping over the wheel before the carriage had stopped entirely and putting her strong arms as tight around me as she could. "This is a darling place and I'm crazy over it already. That view from the hilltop a mile back on the road is the most wonderful thing! Do those hills always develop that misty purple on the horizon? I shall write a poem about it. Oh!"

This last was because I turned to Esther, who came out to greet the guest.

I introduced them, and then Jim, who came around on the porch, and finally James who, I knew, was eager to meet this girl that we talked of so much.

The greetings were lacking in enthusiasm. A sudden chill ran over all of us. I forgot entirely that Esther might find this woman "queer," and that Jim, conservative to the last degree, would undoubtedly not approve.

And we had asked her for two weeks—then we were all to go back together.

The chill lasted through supper, a meal made very elaborate by the addition of strawberry jam made that summer, a lot of vegetables and an elaborate layer cake. Esther stared frankly and not very pleasantly, and Jim retired into that curious shell he could draw about himself.

Only James seemed to approve—of course the hired men stared their eyes out, but that was to be expected. But James seemed to like Helen at once. He lost his lullen look, he even talked a little to her, and his rather sleepy eyes lit up several times. Since the day of the quarrel when Jim had

Heart Problems

Dear Mrs. Thompson: I am a widow with one child and a mother to care for. I have made my own living for seven or eight years. Now I am going with a young man whom I love very dearly. We have been keeping company for ten months and every night he comes to see me. He takes me everywhere I want to go. He is very fond of my little girl and of him. He isn't making very much money and mother and sister seem to thin I ought not to go with him so much or marry him. They want me to marry some one with money.

We are enraged. If we marry I intend to keep working for awhile at least, to help him get a start in life. Do you think I ought to give him up and marry some one I don't care for just because he has money? I can't do that. Not that mother doesn't want me to be happy, but she hates to see me work.

Do you think a man loves a girl when he comes every night for ten months? He is devoted to me. I don't enjoy going out anywhere without him. Kindly advise me.

BROWN EYES.

You should not marry a man just because he has money. Neither should you marry a man who doesn't and would advise you to keep on with your work and to remain single until your fiance has made his own start. If he works conscientiously at a job and tries to improve his methods in every way he can, he is bound to advance. It seems to me both of you are making a mistake in seeing each other so often. Neither gets enough rest or solitude. You would be better off and get along more rapidly in business if you only say each other three times a week. It looks as if your fiance really loves you since he is so devoted and has been for ten months.

Dear Mrs. Thompson: I am a young man, 21 years old, and in love with two beautiful young ladies, one 16 and the other 17. I gave them a very nice Christmas present, and the one that I loved the dearest did not even thank me. I feel very much hurt over it. Do you think it would be best for me to continue going with her or go with the other? E. M. D.

I cannot see how you can be in love with two girls at the same time. Perhaps the one who did not acknowledge receipt of the gift, realized that a man cannot be in love with two girls, and for that reason refused to answer.

AT ITS BEST

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smashed the boy's workshop. James had not uttered a word at any meal.

"Do you think the neighbors will see her?" Esther whispered to me fearfully as we gathered up the dishes.

"I suppose so, why not?" I answered, on the defensive at once.

"Well, she says she's going upstairs to get into something cool," Esther said. "Let's hope it isn't full of whatever she called those things on the funny waist she wore."

"They wear a lot of wool embroidery on clothes in the city," I said crossly.

But if Esther objected to the very smart flannel smock and skirt that Helen wore on the trip, she gaped at the cool frock she came down to the porch in. Like many girls in that part of New York, Helen had "gone in" for Batik silks, in the leisure left over from running her tea room.

She came down now in a long, shapeless gown of silk batiked in a cobweb design that covered it, the silk itself shading from deep purple at her feet, through lavender into rose, and almost shell pink around her face. A strange design that suggested gazelles and

trees and birds was done over the front in blues and greens. The whole had taken a great deal of work and, as I knew, was worth many hundreds of dollars.

"I shall do a scarf like that view of the fields in front," Helen said. "Green trees around the top, and a setting sun, animals—symbolic ones worked into the design, and the whole on orange silk to suggest the golden haze over the fields."

This was a language new to her hearers. Esther made a supreme effort at polite conversation.

"What a pity you had an accident to your hair," she said. "Did you burn it, or did you have a fever, that you had to cut it off?"

Helen stared in a puzzled manner, then laughed.

"Oh, I bobbed it because I like it so. Gives me more time to do things I prefer. Really, combing hair is a waste of energy—unless long hair suits one's type. Enid looks best with her hair high, as she has it now, and Vi with her in a debutante knot."

There was a silence. Helen broke it by asking.

"Do you mind if I smoke? I get so restless in the evenings when I don't. Besides, that sunset should be viewed through a haze of smoke."

Jim got up deliberately and left us. Esther had not the power to move.

BEAUTY CHATS
by EDNA KENT FORBES
SALT AS A BEAUTIFIER

On Board Steamer.

As I write these articles I am, of course on shipboard, but by the time they appear in print I will be at home again and settled down into the routine of work. I am so strongly impressed with one thing, however, that I feel I must talk about it today.

That is the great value of salt as a beautifier. It is quite amazing to see how salt air and salt water improve the complexions of my fellow passengers. We have been out several days, and were just a little tagged out and a little apprehensive as to what the weather would be, and whether or not we would get seasick, when we passed Land's End and struck the open ocean. I saw faces drawn into weary lines, mouths that drooped, sallow skins, wrinkles that came only from lax muscles, yet now you would scarcely recognize the people, so different have they become!

Of course, the rest and fresh air have a great deal to do with it, but of that I am going to speak again. Today I am most interested in talking about the value of salt—salt so strong that it fairly stings the skin. In the mornings when the steward calls us, we tumble out sleepy and go down the corridors to the bathrooms where a bath of sea water that is delightfully clear and as hot as could be wished, is ready. I have never yet met anyone who could get any lather out of the so-called salt water soap, but the strong, hot seawater is so cleansing and so stimulating that soap is not necessary. I have found that if the complexion is a little too sensitive to stand a washing in hot seawater, the only necessary thing to do is to rub it first with cleansing cream, then wash off as much of the cream as the hot seawater will take.

After such a bath and brick rub-down with one of the stiff turkish towels the steamship companies delight in, the skin is a cream and pink tint, which is the essence of good health.

There were two or three women who came on board looking a bit fatigued from the attempt to see all of Europe in about three weeks. I thought possibly they were about 35 years old, for they had drooping lines around eyes and mouth. They liked to stand on the boat deck in rough weather with rain coats and overshoes and their hair tied up in silk handkerchiefs and (since we have been having

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This home-made remedy is a wonder for quick results. Easily and cheaply made.

Here is a home-made syrup which millions of people have found to be the most dependable means of breaking up stubborn coughs. It is cheap and under its healing, soothing influence, chest soreness goes, phlegm loosens, breathing becomes easier, tickling in throat stops and you get a good night's restful sleep. The usual throat and chest colds are conquered by it in a short time. Nothing is more tonic, bronchitis, rheumatism, croup, throat tickle, bronchial asthma or winter coughs.

To make this splendid cough syrup, pour 2½ ounces of Pinex into a pint bottle and fill the bottle with plain granulated sugar syrup and shake thoroughly. If you prefer, use clarified marmalade, honey, orange syrup, and similar syrups. Either way, you get a full pint—a family supply—of much better cough syrup than you could buy ready-made for three times the money. Keeps perfectly and children love its pleasant taste.

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cloth coated with fine table sale. It will do wonders for your complexion.

All inquiries addressed to Miss Foyles 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 person is in a hurry, a stamped and self-addressed envelope must be enclosed with the question.—The Editor.

CUT THIS OUT IT'S WORTH MONEY
Cut out this slip, enclose with 5¢ and mail it to Foley & Co., 2825 Sheffield Ave., Chicago, Ill., writing your name and address clearly. You will receive in return a special package containing Foley's Honey and Tar Compound for coughs, colds and croup; Foley Kidney Pills for pains in sides and back; rhinamycin, a new kind of antibiotic; a whalebone and thoroughly cleansing cathartic for constipation, biliousness, headaches, and sluggish bowels. A. G. Luken & Co., 626-628 Main.—Advertisement.

BIG NEW YEAR'S MARKET

A big market event will be held Friday. Every goodie that you will want for New Years will be on sale at the

Starr Piano Store, Friday, Dec. 31

Home-cooked chicken, salads, jellies, candies, cakes, pies, bread, etc., n'everything, so don't miss it. There will be plenty of good things for everybody. Remember the date, and come.

Market by Ladies of St. Mary's

The New January Gennett Records are Especially Appropriate for the Holiday Season

You will enjoy your phonograph more if you will play some of these splendid selections:

No. 4647	Feather Your Nest (Fox Trot)—Waldorf-Astoria Dance Orchestra.
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No. 4658	Margie (Instrumental) Nightingale (Instrumental)—Vernon Trio.
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No. 4656	Margie (Vocal) All She'd Say Was Umh, Hum (Vocal), sung by Ernest Hare.
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No. 4655	Broadway Rose Medley (Instrumental) Caresses (Instrumental)
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No. 9092	What Will You Do With Jesus?—Ethel Toms and Robert Carr (Duet) Hold Thou My Hand—Robert Carr, Baritone
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No. 2509	Grand Overture "1812," Part I Grand Overture "1812," Part II—His Majesty's Scots Guards Band.
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Come in and we will be glad to demonstrate any records you may desire to hear.

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For Indiana, by U. S. Weather Bureau—Fair tonight; warmer in extreme south portion; Friday cloudy.

It's a Big Public Opinion Sale
—at THE HOOSIER STORE

The people who attended this big sale yesterday had but one disappointment, that of having to stand in line to be waited upon. We knew this sale would be big, but it passed our expectations. Well, why shouldn't it, when we are giving such reductions as you have not seen in years. You can supply every cold weather need at this sale. We are closed Saturday, so shop now.

Who Can Now Say that Shoes are too High?

Ladies' black or brown Kid Lace Shoes, "Ladies' Vici Kid Lace Shoe, short vamps, stitched tips, military heels, our former \$6.85 shoes; sale price.....	\$3.50
Child's black or brown Kid Button Shoes, turn soles; our former \$2.65 grade; sizes 1 to 6; sale.....	\$1.69
Men's 1-buckle Cloth Arrow Arctics, guaranteed; were \$3.75; sale.....	\$2.85
Men's highest grade Beacon Shoes, four styles, black and brown, that sold for \$11.85; your choice at.....	\$7.35
CUT THIS OUT IT'S WORTH MONEY	
Cut out this slip, enclose with 5¢ and mail it to Foley & Co., 2825 Sheffield Ave., Chicago, Ill., writing your name and address clearly. You will receive in return a special package containing Foley's Honey and Tar Compound for coughs, colds and croup; Foley Kidney Pills for pains in sides and back; rhinamycin, a new kind of antibiotic; whalebone and thoroughly cleansing cathartic for constipation, biliousness, headaches, and sluggish bowels. A. G. Luken & Co., 626-628 Main.—Advertisement.	
Men's 4-buckle all-rubber Arrow Arctic or Lace Pac; sale price.....	\$4.35
Boys'.....	\$3.50
Men's Michigan Sox for Pacs, were \$1.50; sale price.....	.85¢
Ladies' Vici Kid low rubber-heel Lace Comfort Shoe; these were \$4.95; sale price.....	\$2.69

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