

A SWEETHEART AT THIRTY

The Story of a Woman's Transformation
BY MARION RUBINCAMChapter 64
POOR JAMES

The atmosphere of hostility lasted as long as Helen stayed. If she felt it—and she must have felt it, for she was really very sensitive—she never let on. And though when we left, the air of disapproval was still like a thick cloud around us, in some measure it had lightened.

But at first, Jim refused to allow Violet to go back to the city at all.

"I won't have my daughter living near such a woman," he stormed. "I think Enid had some sense, but I guess Esther was right, she hasn't. Not only lets her know such people, but knows 'em herself. A woman cutting off her hair like a man, and smoking! It ain't moral."

Opposition suddenly flared up into Esther's eyes. She swung about on Jim.

"There's some that can talk about morals and some that can't," she said. And Jim subsided.

After that, nothing was said against our departure for the city. We were even allowed to go in August without question, though the college did not open until September. But Violet did have one examination to take, to work off a condition.

So we laundered our clothes, and ransacked the attic for more treasures—things discarded by Esther, but which we might take with us to make our flat still more old-fashioned and quaint in appearance.

"A perfect treasure house," Helen said, following us through the dim attic. Smell those lovely things from the ceiling! I know, they have an awful odor—but it's all so quaint.

"Look at this," she called out a few minutes later, holding a large box. "Isn't this hideous, but isn't it lovely? Vi, do you think your mother would give it to me—you say everything up here is junk."

"What is it?" Vi asked, peering through the gloom.

"It seems to be an ocean of blue velvet breaking on a shore of pearly shells," Helen explained, bringing the object over to us.

"Oh yes, it's a handkerchief box given mother when she was a girl," Vi said. "I remember she told me I

Heart Problems

Dear Mrs. Thompson: I am a girl seventeen years of age and engaged to a boy nineteen years old. My parents object to my going with him.

I have a step-father and he isn't the least bit good to me, and I cannot see anything else to do but marry.

The boy has proved that he loves me, and he is awfully nice to me. He gave up his best sweetheart for me, when I came home from college.

Please tell me what to do.

A. J. V. F.

Do not marry now. The times are too hard and you would get a wrong start. It would be better to put up with the unkindness from your step-father than to marry when you could not get along from want of money. There are very few young men of nineteen who could possibly support a wife with prices so high.

Dear Mrs. Thompson: I am a fellow who most girls consider radical, but I do abhor rouge, lipsticks and eyebrow pencils, and not a few girls nowadays use them.

I admire a quiet girl, one who goes out but once or twice a week, and one who considers herself too good for a few common persons. Also, I generally pick the blonds, although I have no particular reason why.

Another thing I dislike to see is a young girl running to every dance that comes along; nothing seems to lower a girl so quickly.

I know one girl in particular whom I admire greatly, but who is too young to receive my attentions. I don't mind waiting, however, and when it comes time I hope to have a clean record to show her.

Please criticize me as much as you see necessary, and I will be more than thankful. JUST PLAIN BILL.

You certainly have a critical nature. I would advise you to look for the qualities you do like and spend less time thinking about imperfections and failings. It is a fine thing to be an idealist, but you are apt to be disappointed as you go through life. It is a very fine thing to look for the soul back of the painted face.

APPETITE HAD GONE
SHE FELT TIRED
ALL THE TIME

Had Become Weak and Nervous; Could Not Sleep Well—Took Hypo-Cod.

MUCH IMPROVED NOW

I suffered from a weakened condition and nervousness. I would be hungry until I got to the table and then I couldn't eat. I was unable to work and had to hire it done. I felt tired all the time and couldn't sleep well, just twist and turn during the night. I had been a year this way and had taken medicine given by five different doctors," declared Mrs. Alexander, whose address is given below.

"After I had taken only one bottle of Earle's Hypo-Cod I sleep all night long now. My appetite is fairly good. I do all my work now including my laundry, something I haven't been able to do for a long time. This new tonic has helped me more than all the other medicines I have taken," continued Mrs. Mayme Alexander, 91 Sprague St., Dayton, O.

When your system has become rundown and you don't feel like doing anything, are weak and nervous, you should go at once to the drug store and secure a bottle of this new and modern tonic, Earle's Hypo-Cod, that thousands of users have found so good according to their statements. It does the work so much quicker, is so pleasant to take that even children like it, they say. Druggists, chemists and experts assert it is the most powerful reconstructive tonic of its kind made. Get a bottle today and give it a trial.

Earle's Hypo-Cod is sold here by all good druggists and the leading druggists in all nearby towns.—Advertisement.

Mrs. Christiana Boyd

Dies at Hagerstown

HAGERSTOWN, Dec. 31.—Mrs. Christiana Boyd, age 84, died from paralysis at her home on North Washington street early Thursday morning. She was stricken Tuesday morning about 1:30 a. m.

Mrs. Boyd's children were all at home on Christmas day and she assisted in entertaining them. She had been in her usual health.

She was member of the Disciple church.

Funeral services will be held from the home Saturday at 2 p. m. Burial will be made at West Lawn cemetery.

Surviving are three daughters—Mrs. Emma Boyd, at home; Mrs. Frank McCown, of Kalamazoo, Mich.; Mrs. Alice Meeker, of Dayton, O., and Ulysses Boyd, at home.

Her husband was killed by a limb of a tree falling on him in the woods, 30 years ago on Christmas day.

But it was James who was captured by our interesting guest. He worked hard and fast all day, to get off early. He washed and changed to a clean shirt for supper, and stole off to the porch afterwards to talk to Helen before the family assembled out there.

Think of seeing this all the time, I heard her say, one evening when twilight was deepening. Look at the billowing ocean of mist, where the meadow is, and the moonlight and the space over it. It reminds me of a bit from Keats.

Do you like poetry?" she turned to him, her intelligent brown eyes all alight behind her dark-rimmed glasses.

"Not much. That is, I do, when you quote it. But I like machines, and wheels, and engines that turn things. There's—sort of poetry in them, isn't there?" He asked it shily. I never heard James talk this way.

"Indeed, yes. There would have to be poetry, for there's rhythm in the purr of well oiled engine, and in the hum of flying wheels," she answered.

"That's it—that's what I feel. Don't you?" he turned eagerly to his sister.

Vi nodded, bobbing her golden head up and down in her eagerness to agree.

"Tell me some more about it," Helen said. She sat down quietly, instinctively feeling she must not break the thread of the boy's thoughts.

"I had a little workshop where I had a peach of an engine," he said hurriedly.

"I made it run by using a strap and pulley, but I was going to get it perfect, as I thought it out, then take it over to a garage where I work sometimes and start it going with gas.

"It was a gasoline engine," he explained.

"And what happened?" Helen asked.

"It—it got broken," the boy's head turned away. And I knew Helen knew, in spite of his brave attempt to hide the truth. "I was going to run away," he turned to her again, and spoke almost fiercely. "But every time I was ready to go—I just couldn't, that's all. It's easier to stay. Do you think I ought to run away, when I said so?"

"That's for you to decide," Helen said. "Whatever is in your own soul will always lead you."

"It's easier to stay," James repeated, all the fire gone from his voice.

Tomorrow—We See Bud

BY ASSOCIATED PRESS

NEW YORK, Dec. 31.—Wireless distress signals were picked up here today from the freight steamer Dauphina which left Antwerp on Dec. 8 for Galveston. Her position was given as about 670 miles east of Norfolk, Va., and 290 miles east of Bermuda.

The message said she was in need of fuel oil and water and made a request to be towed to Norfolk. She belongs to the barter steamship line.

WHITEWATER M. E. CHURCH—L. F. Ulmer, Pastor. Sunday school at 9:30 a. m., Edward Green, Superintendent. Preaching at 10:30 a. m.

NEW GARDEN FRIENDS CHURCH—Three-quarters mile south of Fountain City, Pastor, Miss Esther Cook. Sunday school at 9:30 a. m., Mrs. Ella Bond, Superintendent. Special Missionary Sunday. Preaching, 10:45 a. m. Christian Endeavor at 6:00 p. m.

MIDDLEBORO M. E. CHURCH—L. F. Ulmer, Pastor. Sunday school at 9:30 a. m.; preaching at 10:30 a. m.

CHESTER M. E. CHURCH—L. F. Ulmer, Pastor. Sunday school, 9:45 a. m. Union services at 7:30 at Whitewater.

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