

A SWEETHEART AT THIRTY

The Story of a Woman's Transformation
BY MARION RUBINCAMChapter 92.
MORE HAPPENINGS.

I followed Francis into the building without saying a word. It was one of the downtown police headquarters, the first I had ever been in. We went through long corridors, with vaulted ceilings of reddish brick that made our footsteps echo oddly. We went up an elevator and through more corridors, and saw no one but occasional men in the regulation police blue.

And finally we entered an enormous room, brightly lighted at one end where there were desks on a platform. A number of policemen were standing about, and a nice looking young man with a stenographer's note book and an array of pointed pencils. Below the desks were rows of empty benches, which ran back into the shadows of the unlighted part of the room. The whole effect was curious and unreal, especially when I realized that this was Christmas night.

"Sit here," Francis said, indicating one of the front benches. I sat down and stared about me. Where was Bud? And who were all these other men out of uniform? There were perhaps 30 of us in the room.

Francis had walked over to one of the men, a tall, rather handsome man in a fur coat. He had a huge nose and a chin that stood far out, and the coldest gray eyes I had ever seen in anyone's face. The two came towards me.

Mr. Mills, my lawyer," Francis said. "George, my fiancee, Miss Haines," I held out my hand. A little wave of warmth and pleasure went through me. I was Francis' fiance! He did love me, turned to smile at him a little, and the sense of depression which had come over me when I entered the place, began to wear off.

But Francis had again forgotten me. He did not even see my smile. After the conventionally polite greeting, Mr. Mills turned away and the two men began going over some notes together, gradually walking away from me. So I sat, quite alone, in front of the vast array of empty, desolate benches, and watched the little drama work itself out.

It was quite as though a play were being staged for me alone, since everybody else in the room seemed to play some part of it. Even the ununiformed men that I thought did nothing but guard doors, were kept busy running errands.

A door behind the platform opened, and an elderly man entered. Everyone stood at attention, so to speak, and turned to him as he took his seat at the desk, so I judged the curtain was up and the first act had begun.

I examined him closely. He, too, wore the police uniform, but a very well tailored one, with much more impressive gold braid on it. He had a great pompadour of gray white hair, and a clear, curt voice that was usually pleasant.

"The circumstances are unusual, gentlemen," he began. "But in view of some new evidence, I felt justified in calling the hearing this evening." He went through what seemed to be some routine court business, then someone got up and summarized the case. All this was familiar with, but I listened eagerly and tried to understand every word.

Presently another door opened, and—with a policeman on each side of him—Bud came in!

I shall never forget the shock I felt at the sight of the lad under such conditions—practically a prisoner, really a criminal in the eyes of the law until Francis and the man with the hard gray eyes could prove him innocent.

Drawn by my gaze, Bud turned and saw me. I tried to smile in a reassuring manner at him, but of the two, I think I was more frightened. Bud turned to look eagerly at Francis, but Francis' back was turned and he did not see Bud until the boy was sent to the witness chair.

But first a police officer was put on the stand.

"I saw a commotion and a lot of people," he said, after answering a few preliminary questions. "So I went up, and there in the middle of the crowd, looking sort of dazed, was this lad," he swung around and regarded Bud with a friendly eye.

"Was he hurt?" a lawyer asked.

"His eyes were shut, and he had a mark on his forehead, but he opened his eyes about as soon as I got there, and then he clapped his hand to his side, and says something about a wallet and money."

"Did you notice any cabs or autos hurrying away from the place?" the lawyer asked.

"As soon as I saw it was a robbery

Heart Problems

Dear Mrs. Thompson: We are two girls considered pretty; we dress becoming, and can dance good; but the dances we go to, we can never have a good time. There are plenty of young men here who haven't any girls, but they seem always to pick on two other girls from our own town. These girls are not pretty and they never have any girl friends. When we go to the dances we do not seem to "fit in" some way. These other girls "cut up" and have a good time. Won't you please tell us what is the matter and what we can do to have a good time?

R. E. M. and H. E. P., Cambridge City.

P. S. It is always public dances that we never have a good time. At private ones we have a fine time but there are so few of the latter that we have to go to public ones.

R. H. I.

The fault may lie with yourselves. Perhaps you are arrogant or consider yourselves better than others. And on the other hand, the others may not be as refined as you are, and for that reason you are avoided. If the latter is true, you should be glad to know self-respect and are respected by those who won't dance with you.

CUT THIS OUT, IT'S WORTH MONEY Cut out this slip, enclose with 5¢ and mail it to Foley & Co., 2824 Sherman Avenue, Chicago, Ill., writing your name and address clearly. You will receive in return a trial package containing Foley's Honey and Tar Compound for coughs, colds and croup; Foley Kidney Pill for kidney and back, rheumatism, bronchitis, kidney and bladder, Foley's Olive Tablets for the liver and bowels like calomel—yet have no dangerous after effects.

15¢ and 30¢

Advertisement

AUDIENCE CHARMED BY FINE TECHNIQUE OF FIRST CONCERT

A finished performance which was one of the best examples ever displayed of the community's exceptional musical assets was given by the new Richmond Symphony orchestra in the first of the season's concerts at the Coliseum Monday evening.

Under the guidance of an able conductor and experienced musician, Prof. J. E. Maddy, the orchestra presented an ensemble that was never once jumbled but which played together with an ease and harmony that asserted itself even through the most difficult passages.

Strides Forward.

Strides forward have been made since the complimentary concert last fall, and even greater accomplishments may be expected of the orchestra.

A usually undemonstrative audience showed no little amount of evident enjoyment and enthusiasm over the performance. The execution of the symphony "Unfinished" was well done, the dramatic climaxes being executed in the most polished style. The singing melodies carried through by the string instruments have made this one of the most popular of Schubert's compositions.

Probably the pieces that delighted the audience most were the two short numbers, "Woodland Whispers," and "Czardas-Danse Styrienne." The first was an evasive, imaginative bit full of rhythm and appealing melody while the second was an irresistible and lively Hungarian dance.

Charm Audience.

The finest technique, feeling, and interpretation were achieved in the rendition of the beautifully tragic "March Slav" by Tchaikowsky. From the moment the violas and bassons took up the weird introductory measures to the climax the orchestra carried the audience with it.

Madame Zendt, the concert soloist, a singer possessing the highest powers of artistry, deserved the enthusiasm and persistent applause which her numbers won from the audience.

The aria "One Fine Day" from "Madam Butterfly" which she sang with accompaniment by the symphony orchestra was sung with fine feeling by the artist. "Lo, Hear the Gentle Lark," a number in which the voice soaring in trills and roulades imitates the notes of the flute which plays along with it, was the only selection which gave Madame Zendt an opportunity to display to the fullest her brilliant voice. Her tones are exceptionally sweet and her presence is one of endearing graces combined with much charm and beauty.

At the close of her second song the soloist was given two encores to which she responded with "Love's in My Heart" and "The Icicle."

COMMUNITY SERVICE COMMITTEE ENLARGED

Enlargement of the Richmond community service committee from 15 members to a committee of about 50 is the goal to be reached before anything further is done. With this in view, Miss S. Ethel Clark, social service secretary, was appointed chairman of a committee to select persons interested in the work, at a meeting held in the Chamber of Commerce rooms late Monday afternoon. Dr. L. F. Ross and the Rev. J. J. Rae comprise the remainder of the committee.

When names of persons interested in the community spirit being fostered has been secured by the membership committee, they will be turned over to C. B. Root, local representative of the national community service organization.

Mr. Root then plans to interview the persons and secure them for the permanent committee of 50, which will be the executive body of community service here.

Protect the Children Healthy Blood and a Healthy System is a Child's best protection against Colds, Grip and Influenza. Give them GROVE'S IRON TONIC SYRUP. 75c.—Advertisement.

Indiana Brevities

EVANSVILLE—Paul A. Mueller, 51 years old, well known photographer of this city, died at a local hospital Monday of blood poisoning as the result of cutting himself on the neck a week ago while shaving. He underwent an operation in hopes of saving his life. Mueller was a 32nd degree Mason, a Knight Templar and a Shriner.

LOGANSPORT—Police raiding the Pekin club, maintained by a colored organization, early Monday morning, arrested 19 men, 15 negroes and four white men. In one room a group was engaged in throwing dice, while in an adjoining room a poker game was in full swing, police asserted.

LAFAYETTE—Robert H. Strong, 67 years old, one of the oldest passenger conductors on the Monon railroad, died suddenly Monday morning of edema of the throat. He had been in service on the Monon for 29 years.

—Advertisement.

Ohio News Flashes

CLEVELAND—Miss Gretchen Brandt, 37 years old, was found to have been beaten and stabbed to death Monday morning at the home of her brothers-in-law, Lester Sieman, with whom she lived. The head was crushed by blows of a blunt instrument and there were numerous knife wounds on the body.

MIDDLETOWN—Three armed negroes, after purchasing a package of cigarettes at Steve Ellis' grocery on Grove avenue early Monday morning, robbed Ellis of \$450. The negroes fled with a \$20 bill in payment for the cigarettes, and when Ellis was counted the change drew their guns.

MIDDLETOWN—When struck by an automobile as he turned in to Main street from Zink avenue Monday morning, George Fainancy, 50 years old, living at a railway camp on Perry street, suffered injuries from which he died later at the Miami Valley hospital.

HAMILTON—Due to a full in freight business on the Baltimore and Ohio railroad in Hamilton, Saturday and Sunday, a number of switchmen, the switching crew, roundhouse and repairmen were laid off until Tuesday morning.

—Advertisement.

HAVE COLOR IN CHEEKS

Be Better Looking—Take Olive Tablets

If your skin is yellow—complexion pallid—tongue coated—appetite poor—you have a bad taste in your mouth—a less than good feeling—you should take Olive Tablets.

Dr. Edwards' Olive Tablets—a substitute for calomel—were prepared by Dr. Edwards after 17 years of study.

Dr. Edwards' Olive Tablets are a pure vegetable compound mixed with olive oil. You will know them by their olive color.

To have a clear, pink skin, bright eyes, no pimples, a feeling of buoyancy like childhood days you must get at the cause.

Dr. Edwards' Olive Tablets act on the liver and bowels like calomel—yet have no dangerous after effects.

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News of the Counties

CAMPBELLSTOWN, O.—Mrs. Hannah Frame, 91 years old, whose home was destroyed by fire last Thursday morning, is living at the home of her granddaughter, Mrs. Leland Campbell. Frame escaped injury and is not suffering any bad effects from the exposure. All the contents of her home were destroyed by the blaze which leveled the structure to the ground. Mrs. Frame had lived in the house since she was 22 years old.

FAIRFIELD, Ind.—Dinnit Butcher had his face badly lacerated when the crank of a gasoline engine came off the handle, hitting him in the face.

FAIRFIELD, Ind.—Miss Blanche Cromwell entertained a crowd of young folks at her home last Friday evening from 8 to 10 o'clock. The evening was spent with contests, games and music. Those present were: Misses Edith Steinard of Brookville, Edith Naylor, Freda Personette, Hilda Personette, Edna and Gertrude Walter, Dorothy Youns, Vivian Osborne, Mildred Johnston, Pearl Cromwell, Hazel Ward, Messrs. Roy Walter, Albert Gant, Raymond Apsley, Charles Linegar, Alva Curry, Dinnit Butcher, Virgil Bounds, Orrin Linegar, Roscoe Brooks, Blanche Davis, Herbert Sherwood. The hostess served dainty cookies and shrub. The guests presented Miss Cromwell with a number of phonograph records.

CAMBRIDGE CITY, Ind.—Mrs. Robert Kepner, 33 years old, Jasper county's oldest resident, died here today at the home of her daughter, Mrs. John Schanlaub. She was born in Pennsylvania, but had lived in this county forty-seven years. She is the grandmother of William Schanlaub, superintendent of the Newton county schools.

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