

A SWEETHEART AT THIRTY

The Story of a Woman's Transformation
BY MARION RUBINCAMChapter 99.
OUR TALK.

"And when," Esther asked, "are you going to be married?"

"I don't know," I answered truthfully. "Francis wants it to be February. He says we will go to Paris first, and then straight down to Italy. It will be warm there, and when we go north again we will meet the spring, and have the fine weather all the time."

"And this is January!" Esther exclaimed. "My land, Enid, how about your tressus?"

"Why bother about one?" I answered. "I can't afford the sort of clothes I will have to wear as his wife, so I will wait and get what I need abroad."

"My land!" Esther breathed entirely overcome by all this.

"And then I went on dreamily, thinking of the plans Francis had made at tea the day before, "then we will go into Holland, which is most lovely in the spring, and over to England. We will be in London early in May, when Francis says he likes it best."

"He has been there before?"

"Oh, often!" I answered casually. "Next summer Francis' mother is to lend us her house in Connecticut, and over the hot weather we will have our real home decorated and furnished ready for next fall."

"Have you picked one out already?"

Esther's little eyes were growing almost large with excitement. I had never talked like this to her before.

"Oh, no, but Francis owns several, you know." It was hard to keep a certain little world pride from my voice, and a certain amusement from my eyes as I spoke, watching the effect each statement had on my sister-in-law. I remembered how she had urged me to marry Mark Upjohn—who owned a house in a village and an interest in a small business. There was more than vanity in my mind now, however, as I gave Esther this succession of imposing facts. I had a purpose.

"The one he likes best," I continued, "is in the East Sixties—I mean the streets that run from 60th street to 69th street." I explained, seeing that she did not understand. It is near the park, and though it looks small, it will do quite well. We shall do it in old Colonial furniture."

Esther was hanging on every word. I gave a rapid sketch of the place as Francis had described it.

"Violet is to have a little suite of her own on the third floor," I finished. "A sitting room, bedroom and bath. I think I shall cover the walls with yellow damask, and have blue hangings, and as much blue worked in as possible. I always think of Vi as being blue and gold."

"You always had sentimental ideas about the girl," Esther spoke a little impersonally. I was selfishly elated—already she had given her up, though in the tiniest measure, to me.

"Well," she summed it up after a while, "all I got to say is you are awfully lucky, running off with a rich man. Who's have thought it?" She looked me over curiously. Strange what a difference clothes make in a woman," she went on with a sigh.

"Clothes," I answered. "Do you think they make so much difference?" It's not that—I mean, it is not the richness of clothes that counts. Look at Mrs. Baxter at home—she has money, and you know what she looks like! It is the sort of clothes you choose, and the way you hold your self when you wear them. It is more than that, it is whether your skin is clear and your hair nice, and whether your voice is soft and your words well chosen, whether your manner shows thoughtfulness."

I broke off. I hadn't meant going into a lecture. "It is whether you love other people and respect yourself," I ended.

"I never had a chance," Esther complained, using the excuse of the week. "I guess maybe if I had spent Jim's money for fine clothes, instead of making over old house dresses from 6-cent calico, I might—he mightn't—" she hesitated.

"Found some other woman more attractive," I finished brutally.

But there was no use going into details. Esther was what she was because she had chosen the carefree way. It was something that at least

Heart Problems

Dear Mrs. Thompson: I am moving from town and would like to have a party before I go. Would it be all right to serve ice cream and cake; if not, what would you suggest? There are several boys and girls with whom I have been friendly for three years. My boy friend and I have not been going together for some time. There have been a couple of parties at his home to which one of the other girls and myself were not invited. Should I invite him to my party? We did not quarrel. We just grew tired of each other. He still treats me nice. VIOLET.

The refreshments you should be acceptable. If you do not care for your boy friend, why invite him? If he has not invited you to social affairs at his home, why should you invite him to a little farewell party which you are giving? Evidently he does not care much for you, or he would not have ignored you. On the other hand, if you want to be very courteous and kind to him, invite him; perhaps he will realize that he made a mistake in not treating you nicely.

I wish I could discover "Perpetual Motion" when I'm eating.

Post Toasties
—says Bobby
Superior
Corn Flakes

she had recognized the difference between what I had made of myself and what she had let circumstances make of her.

"Oh, he'll do it, too, sometimes," Esther said suddenly. "You are in love now, and so is he, and you think Mende will be faithful to you all the time. But men never are. You are 36 or 37 now, though I admit you don't look more than 30—not that, sometimes. But you will be 40 and begin to lose your figure, and get wrinkles—and there will be some young chit come along—"

"What do you mean?" she asked, turning round on me in surprise.

Tomorrow—I Go Back.

BEAUTY CHATS

by EDNA KENT FORBES



Here's a treatment for a red nose.

RHEUMA FOR URIC ACID

Rheuma, a physician's prescription about the girl." Esther spoke a little impersonally. I was selfishly elated—already she had given her up, though in the tiniest measure, to me.

JOSEPHINE—"If your hair is thin,

the best thing you can do is to keep it bobbed as your mother likes.

Meantime use a good hair tonic on it.

If you wish one, send me a letter with a self-addressed, stamped envelope enclosed and I will send you the formula for an excellent one.

IRENE—See my answer to Jose-

phine above.

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, so if a personal or quicker reply is desired, a stamped and self-addressed envelope must be enclosed with the question—

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