

## Chapters From a Woman's Life

By Jane Phelps

Chapter 3

We had been married but a few weeks when I discovered that Walter was terribly quick-tempered. He would fly up at the slightest thing, but was over it just as quickly. He could not bear the slightest criticism, or to be disagreed with. He was quickly sorry when he said anything to hurt me, but often was unreasonable in his rages.

I had thought to spend many hours with him in the studio, but soon found that my going there annoyed him. One day—he had a particularly pretty model—he flared up at me before he sent me home practically, said he couldn't work with me looking on.

Jealousy gripped me as I went out. Did he wish to get rid of me because of the model? What did they talk about shut up in the studio for hours? I was miserably unhappy all the afternoon, but when he came home he took me in his arms, called himself a brute for speaking to me as he had, and explained that he always had been that way—never could work if an outsider was in the studio.

"But I'm not an outsider," I pouted. "Yes you are—the same as anyone else when it comes to the studio."

I felt terribly hurt but said no more. Someway, though, it was hard for me to dismiss my suspicions, my jealousy. Then one day Grace Harter increased them both. Could she have done it purposely, I wondered.

"I'll bet you don't go to the studio often," she said. "Walter used to be horribly put out of anyone came in when I was posing."

She always called him "Walt" and invariably her tone and manner took on a degree of intimacy I resented. "I have no wish to interfere with his work unless I have some particular reason for visiting him," I replied coldly. "I don't think wives of business men visit their offices—why should artist's wives make a habit of running to studios?"

"Oh, you are right, of course. Do-reen! But I couldn't be so practical. Then I'd be terribly jealous—painting pretty women with or without clothes."

"Walter seldom paints a nude," I returned, determined to keep my jealousy from her.

"Once in a life-time would be enough for me if I were his wife!" she replied adding to my discomfort.

I felt I almost hated her, that what ever liking I might ever have had was gone. Had she been jealous of Walter? Was she still fond of him?

"Why does Grace Harter call you Walt?" I asked him that night at dinner. "It doesn't seem in good taste to me when I never shorten your name."

"It's a wonder she doesn't call me Waltie! She used to." He laughed at the recollection.

"How horrid!" I replied. "Made me feel like a fool!" Walter said, then changed the subject.

His reply had comforted me a little, yet increased my feeling toward Grace. Waltie! A great six-footer like Walter! It was insulting. No wonder he felt like a fool.

When Walter was annoyed with anything that had happened he would be impatient with me. And this before we had been married but few months. He was sorry afterward, always, but it left a sting.

I found out very soon after we were married that had no patience with tears; that a woman who cried was an abomination to him. I had wept over something he said to hurt me, and my eyes were still red when he came in.

"You can't expect me to eat my dinner sitting opposite such a sight as you have made yourself," he declared. "If you are going to cry and have red eyes, a swollen nose and puffed cheeks you can have the place to yourself!" And he went out slamming the door while I went to my room and cried bit-

terly, hating myself for doing it but unable to control myself.

I had cried myself to sleep when he came in. He wouldn't let Jennie wake me, and had left for the studio before I woke up. A sheet of paper was on the pillow beside me. On it was written:

"I'm awfully sorry, dear. I didn't mean to be cross. Forgive your naughtiness, impatient boy. I'll come home early and we will take a ride in the park."

Happily I hurried out of bed, and all that morning did nothing but work over myself to destroy the traces of my grief. He was sorry and trying to make up to me for his temper.

To Be Continued

## Beauty Chats

By Edna Kent Forbes



The arms need this treatment.

An extraordinary number of women write to me and complain of large pores, blackheads and a curiously rough condition of the skin on the arms and legs which some of them aptly describe as "gooseflesh."

It doesn't seem at all polite to write them and say that this is simply due to careless washing, yet that's the plain truth of the matter. The arms and the legs, not being as heavily protected from the flying dirt of the atmosphere as the rest of the body, need a rather more vigorous cleansing and seldom get it. The lower part of the leg is particularly apt to show coarse black pores because the fine down that covers the skin turns into quite noticeable hairs at this point, around which small blackheads develop.

The arms and the legs should be scrubbed with hot water, soap and a moderately stiff brush, either the small hand scrubbing brush or the large bath kind. If the large pores and the hardened matter under the skin that looks like gooseflesh is at all developed, then this hot water and scrubbing treatment should be performed every day; if not, once a week. You will be amazed to see how soon

the pores of the skin become fine after a few weeks of this treatment.

If you have had this "gooseflesh" for a long time the best thing to do is to soak the arms or legs in hot water for about 10 minutes, then rub them vigorously all over with olive oil, white mineral oil, or any inexpensive oil. The idea is simply to get something oily into the pores while they are open from the heat so as to soften all this collected matter. After this vigorous rub scrub the skin with soap, water and a brush as just described. End this, and any other treatment, by dashing cold water over the skin.

Kitty—A school girl who is overweight is often so from eating too much candy or rich pastries. A cessation in these indulgences would result in the return to her normal weight and good health.

Mrs. J. A.—No one could determine how long it would take to build you up so the development would be affected. I hardly think that one bottle of the tonic would do this but you may be able to determine whether or not you should continue with the treatment. Many people have quick response because they recuperate easily but more time may be needed with others.

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.

## Heart Problems

Dear Mrs. Thompson: I get fever blisters in my mouth. What can I do for this? GRATEFUL.

Three times a day—drink a cup of hot water with one-third of a teaspoon of bicarbonate of soda in it. If this does not relieve your disorder, consult a physician. Probably you have too much acidity and the soda is all you need.

Dear Mrs. Thompson: We are two girls of 19 and 20 years of age and love each other dearly. The same young man seems to care for both of us and we are both in love with him. We are such good friends, however, that one is willing to give him up for the other. How should we decide which of us should give him up?

BLUE-EYED TWINS.

It would be foolish for either of you to give up the young man. Be patient and let time settle your problem. The young man himself and no one else can make a choice. Each should go on as she has been doing and regard him as a friend.

The archaopteryx, the oldest known bird, was about the size of a crow, had teeth in both jaws, a lizard-like tail and claws on its wings.

## New Arrivals

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## FEW WOMEN BECOME MASTER CROOKS, SAY NEW YORK DETECTIVES

From the New York Times.

The girl belonged to the "flapper" type. Smartly dressed and with her brown hair bobbed, she regarded the world with an untroubled expression. She said she was 20 years old, but she didn't look it, nor did she look at all like the thief the detectives said she was. Yet the evidence against her was convincing, because stolen wearing apparel had been found in her possession and she held pawn tickets, calling for other articles.

It was explained that she was a furnished-room thief, that there were several complaints against her, and that from the various houses in New York in which she had made her home from time to time, many articles were missing. She accepted her arrest calmly.

## Not Fitted for Crime.

Women, as a veteran New York detective explained, were not fitted by nature for an active life of crime. A flat burglar must be endowed with considerable physical strength in order to be able to climb up and down fire escapes and over roof tops, or to swing from a rope to a window. Even a woman with the necessary physical strength would be greatly handicapped by her mode of dress.

Many criminals employ pretty girls in their operations. Criminals often use girls as scouts. It is comparatively easy for a girl to gather information without arousing suspicion. The girl confederate sometimes picks up valuable information for her associates. More than one unsuspecting

youth has confided to such a girl valuable secrets of his employer.

It is a familiar trick for a girl to obtain employment in a house so that her associates may plunder it later. In a recent arrest of a burglar it developed that he had a girl to dispose of his loot. He made a specialty of stealing furs, gowns and silk underwear. After his thievings the girl took the booty to pawn shops and other places.

## Births

BOSTON, Ind.—Dr. and Mrs. McCreary are the parents of a son.

NEW PARIS, Ohio.—Mr. and Mrs. W. K. Martin are the parents of a daughter, Harriett Virginia.

JACKSONBURG, Ind.—Mr. and Mrs. Harvey Whitton are the parents of a son, Robert Lee.

It would take 1,340,000 barrels of powder to give a bullet the speed with which an electro travels.

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## Charm of Motherhood

THERE are many homes once childless that now are blessed with healthy, happy children, because Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound restored the mother to a healthy, normal physical condition.

The following letters give the experience of two young women and prove the value of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound in such cases.

Park Rapids, Minn.—"I have taken your medicine—Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound—when I was a girl for pains, and before and after my marriage. I now have a sweet little baby boy, and will send you his picture. My sisters also take your medicine and find it a great help, and I recommend it to those who suffer before their babies are born."—Mrs. Wm. Johnson, Box 155, Park Rapids, Minn.

Kutztown, Pa.—"I wish every woman who wants children would try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. It has done so much for me. My baby is almost a year old now and is the picture of health. She walked at eleven months and is trying to use her little tongue. She can say some words real nice. I am sending you her picture. I shall be thankful as long as I live that I found such a wonderful medicine for my troubles."—Mrs. CHARLES A. MERTZ, Kutztown, Pa.

These letters should induce others to try

## Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound

LYDIA E. PINKHAM MEDICINE CO. LYNN, MASS.

PUBLISHER SUES TO SEE COUNTY AUDITOR'S BOOKS

COLUMBUS, Ind., Nov. 22.—Michael A. Locke, publisher of a local newspaper, has filed suit in Bartholomew circuit court demanding a mandate ordering Ray Henderson, county auditor, to open the records of the auditor's office to him and his agents. Locke,

whose paper recently made several attacks on Henderson, declares that Henderson refuses to permit him or his reporters to see the records of the auditor's office.

A clock ticking seconds takes one week, four days and fourteen hours to tick a million times.

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## Cement a Quality Product

Last year thirty million tons of raw materials were fed into the portland cement mills of this country, and the finished product came out in approximately 400 million sacks. To handle all this material through the long process of pulverizing, burning, and pulverizing again, with such care that a handful taken at random from any sack would meet the exacting specifications of leading engineering societies and the Government—that was the manufacturers' task.

Materials must be handled in great quantities in a cement plant, otherwise the cost (less now per pound than that of any comparable manufactured product) would be prohibitive. The product must be uniform and of high quality, for the permanence of great structures, and even life itself, depends on it.

This great task is simplified by fifty years of study and experimentation in quality control. But it still calls for constant routine testing by highly skilled artisans and chemists.

Take the cement plant chemist, for instance. Workmen guided by his instructions proportion the various raw materials a ton or more at a time. The tests which he makes to determine these proportions must be so precise that the glass enclosed balance used for weighing is accurate to the nearest ten thousandth of a gram. There are 454 grams to the pound. Such a balance will quickly detect the difference in weight of a piece of paper before and after you have written your name on it.

Few industrial products require as great care in their manufacture as portland cement and few get it so uniformly.

The guiding hand of the chemist and his assistants is seen and felt at every point in the process of manufacture—in the quarry or pit where the raw materials are obtained—in the grinding department where the raw materials are proportioned, mixed and ground—in the burning department where under intense heat the chemical transposition takes place—in the finished grinding department where the raw materials now transformed into clinker become the fine powder we call portland cement.

Some tests are made every 15 minutes—some hourly. Some samples are being taken continuously with automatic samplers—others are snatched at random from the conveyors. Whatever experience dictates is necessary to insure uniformity and high quality—that is done.

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