

A Counterfeit Husband

By H. LOUIS RAYBOLD

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Bob Anderson, owner of the Anderson Studio apartments, gazed at the caller in his office in consternation. Her information had been wholly unexpected.

"So, Miss Anthony," he said at length. "You are really going away. Isn't there any chance at all that you may reconsider?"

Helen Anthony threw him a fleeting glance. She had lived in the apartments for nearly two years and had grown to like the gray-eyed man with the lazy drawl who now sat looking at her with such evident dismay. And he had shown every sign of enjoying the friendship she had given him, her occasional companionship at the theater, an infrequent invitation to tea in her studio. She wondered if he had said the right word in time he might have kept her in the city. Well, it was too late now.

"No," she said. "I am really going home. I haven't exactly failed; but, on the other hand, my success hasn't amounted to enough to justify my remaining here. My mother is not well and has considerable to worry her. My place for the present is back home."

"I say Hel—Miss Anthony," said Anderson earnestly. "I can't begin to tell you how I hate to have you go. Won't you give fortune one more chance?"

He was surprised at the vehemence of his feelings. A confirmed bachelor, so he imagined himself, at the age of thirty-five, he had lively appreciation of the easy-going freedom he would be giving up if he asked this girl to marry him and she said yes. And yet—

His thoughts were interrupted. "No," she replied quite definitely. "I am going."

That night Bob could not get to sleep. His inclinations were drawing him in two opposite directions. He



"A Burglar!"

got up, lighted a cigarette and stood by the window, meditating. His glance wandered idly across the court to the sill of the building which was the studio of the girl he did—and didn't—want to marry.

And, startled violently out of his musings, he saw a man who had climbed the fire escape disappearing into Helen's window.

"A burglar!" He threw his dressing gown about him, took his revolver from the drawer and hastened to her aid. As he reached her door he caught voices raised in altercation within.

"No, no, girl! Don't do it. I tell you. It would mean sure death to—"

Bob seized the handle of the door. "Helen!" he cried. "If you can, open the door!"

Came from within a man's angry curse. Then followed swift steps and a pale-faced woman flung the door wide. "What do you mean by trying to enter my room at this time of night, Mr. Anderson?" she cried.

Bob was altogether taken aback. "Why, I—I—" he stammered. "I saw a man—"

"Exactly," she said, cuttingly. "My—"

"Don't say it, Nell," came the man's voice from within.

"My husband," she concluded, weakly.

Bob reeled as if he had been struck. Then, "I beg your pardon," he said, and turned on his heel.

For hours he paced his room, trying to reorganize his shattered outlook on life. For now that Helen Anthony was irrevocably another's it had come to

him how deeply he loved her. Why had she deceived him?

Three days later, Helen, white and weary-eyed, stopped him in the hall. "I am staying a week longer than I expected," she informed him, coldly. "Here is the difference in rent."

Bob took the crisp, new bills she held out to him without comment, making no effort to detain her as she walked quickly away. But when he came to deposit the money in the bank he met with a surprise. "Counterfeit," declared the teller with calm certainty, and stamped it full of triangular holes.

At the words a man stepped quickly forward to Bob's side. "Counterfeit?" he said.

"Yes," said the teller. "It is, but I can vouch for Mr. Anderson."

"There's a gang working the city, but we're after them and sooner or later will put them where they belong. From whom did you get this?" The man seemed very certain of himself and Bob concluded he was a treasury agent.

Bob hesitated. Then, "No," he said shortly. "I've had a lot of money coming in from various sources in the last few days and I cannot place this."

"Well, it's your loss," said the other cheerfully.

"My loss it is," said Bob and went out. The loss of a couple of five dollar bills meant nothing, but when it came to losing faith in the one woman he would have said was pure gold—that hurt.

The setting sun was turning to points of fire the myriad windows of the city's buildings as Bob reached the apartments. In the gathering twilight of the room he at first scarcely saw the slender figure leaning back in his deep-cushioned chair. Then, "Helen!" he cried, and, fearful that he thoroughly believed in "hands off" other people's property, he dropped on his knees beside her and took her in his arms. Counterfeit or simple pure metal, married or unmarried, he loved this woman.

But Helen was trying to withdraw from his embrace even as she explained her presence in his rooms. "That money I gave you," she said, "was bad. I tried to spend some and found out. But, oh, I didn't know it when I gave it to you," she besought him imploringly.

"Of course you didn't," he assured her. "It's nothing to worry about." At the tenderness of his tone tears gathered in Helen's eyes. "Bob," she whispered. "Would you be glad to know that that was my brother—not my husband? Wait—until I have told you the rest. He was just telling me, when you came, that the police were looking for him, and that if I could only let him stay there that night he could manage to slip through to Canada next day. Before he left he insisted on my taking those bills. I am sure he didn't know they weren't good. Billy was weak, but he wasn't a criminal—although this time he had got mixed up with a bad crowd. He made me promise to tell no one who he was—he was nervous and afraid. And for mother's sake—he has brought her great unhappiness and worry, but he was always her favorite—I let you think he was my husband."

"And nearly broke my heart," said Bob reproachfully.

"Well, I don't think I would have had the courage," confessed Helen, "if you hadn't nearly broken my heart by being so perfectly willing to let me go!"

"And I was an idiot," said Bob. "Heaven knows I wanted you, but I didn't know how much until I thought I had lost you."

"So, by passing off a counterfeit husband, I was able to win a real one," said Helen whimsically. "I suppose Billy is safe in Canada by now; as for mother—"

"As for mother," whispered Bob, "she must come here. And we will go after her together."

MUTE'S SHOUT SAVES LIVES

Incident That Can Only Be Regarded as a Miracle Is Related by English Bishop.

An extraordinary story of how a dumb man, a peer of the realm, was given the power to utter one word, thereby saving many lives, was told by Dr. Kennion, bishop of Bath and Wells, at the dedication of a new home for deaf mutes in Bath, England.

The peer was a former Lord Carbery and a friend of Dr. Kennion.

"Lord Carbery," said the bishop, "was aboard a steamer sailing from Cork to Bristol. A dense fog came on and passengers could see nothing. Even the lookout man was unaware of danger, when Lord Carbery, who was sitting in the bow, shouted loudly, 'Land!' It often happens when God has deprived a man of one sense he increases the power of another. Lord Carbery was able to see what others could not, and realizing the ship was making straight for the black mass, his excitement forced that one word from his lips.

"The captain put the helm round and the vessel just skimmed past the southernmost rock of Lundy Island. We all had a most narrow escape, and many lives were saved by Lord Carbery's warning."

That word "land" was the only one Lord Carbery ever uttered.

Tuff!
"The toughest thing to have to pay is the balance on the engagement ring after the girl has thrown you over for some other wuit," sighed the young man.

"You're wrong," replied the elderly man. "The toughest thing to have to pay is an old bar bill with prohibition in effect."—*Milwaukee Sentinel.*

PARIS SPONSORS THESE FROCKS



Whether we admire and approve or not, the efforts of French creators of styles never fail to interest us. Sometimes a single glance reveals so much of beauty and ingenuity that we are willing to concede French superiority in the realm of clothes, and sometimes more than a glance fails to rouse any enthusiasm for the import that has been thrust upon us. Here are two afternoon frocks which Harriet Gustin wears, in company with a hat and shoes also natives of Paris, by way of adding to the brilliance of "Honey Girl." They do their part—and what do you think of them?

At the left of the picture the frock of brown satin bespeaks the work of a master in its simplicity and its lovely lines and clever adjustment to the figure. It is worn over an accordion plaited petticoat of indistinguishable violet in Belgian blue and is marvelously embroidered in silk of the same blue. The skirt is shorter than Americans will accept or consider graceful and neither are they enthusiastic over short sleeves. But even so, there is nothing to do but concede that this is a beautiful gown with suggestions that are valuable in draping, in embroidery and in color combination.

The second gown is less simple, equally graceful and is made of black satin with an overdress of blue and gray plaid brocade. A photograph fails to do it justice but it is really a pure delight to the eye, so elegant in its long lines and color effect that the very short skirt seems an eccentricity easily overlooked. The brocade at the front and back is merely a square of the silk with points falling below the bottom of the skirt and joined at the sides with a long, splendid tassel. The long sleeves have pointed cuffs of brocade and the short jacket and wide turn-over collar reveal again the hand of a genius.

Hats That Match Smocks



A hat and smock destined to spend most of their time together are among the rich and charming matched sets that the coming of autumn has inspired. The destiny of hats appears to be settled in the beginning by their creators, who either provide them with a bag, a scarf or a smock as life companions or send them out well equipped to conquer the world alone. The gorgeous piece of headwear shown in the picture might hold its own unattended anywhere but it calls for a companion piece equally splendid. It could not tolerate a rival below its level, and so the safe course was to provide a garment to match.

It does not need a pretty Russian face to point out that this set is a Russian inspiration, but the two go well together. Black satin provides the background for embroidery that almost covers the hat and goes far on the smock. It proves to be an intricate piece of imagery in which birds

come unexpectedly to light amid flowers, leaves, blossoms and tendrils. Hat and smock to match offer something new in sets but what promises to be far more popular is to be found in hat and bag to match. The vogue for elaborate and rich embroideries in millinery paves the way for companion pieces of equally handsome bags. Ribbons, velvet, duvetyne, are all fabrics that are as well suited to bags as to hats, and nearly all the new bags are made of fabrics. Chinese and Japanese embroideries entice the designer to convert them into these lovely accessories of dress. Above all things, ribbons wide and narrow tempt feminine fancy and fingers to convert them into ingenuous bags, and milliners look at ribbons and think hats.

Julia Bottomley

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A fool may have brain enough, but lack the sense required to make use of it.

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No Laughing Matter.
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TO MEET THE EMERGENCY HAD GOT HIS ROUTES MIXED

Youngster Had Little Difficulty Making Up His Mind as to What He Would Do.

As the old lady strolled on the cliffs near a seaside town she came across a lad dressed in the well-known scout's rig. "What do they teach you in the Scouts?" she asked him, with a beaming smile. "To be manly citizens, and true to king and country," replied the lad promptly. "And what are you going to be when you grow up, my little man?" went on his self-appointed examiner. "A soldier, to fight for the king," was the patriotic reply. "Very brave," applauded the old dame. "Now, suppose you saw the king's coach dashing along, with runaway horses, straight toward the edge of this cliff, what would you do?" The youngster eyed her in disgust. Evidently she was one of those people who never imagine a boy has any sense. He determined to settle her once and for all, so he replied: "I'd shut my eyes, and sing, 'God save the King.'"—*London Answers.*

Among the Reds.
"Vote for my candidate. He's in jail."
"Vote for mine. He's out on bail."
—*Louisville Courier-Journal.*

Negro Soldier's Amusing Explanation as to How It Was He Got His Wound.

A medical corps officer chanced upon a negro acquaintance of civil life one day in France. "How do you like the army, Mose?" he asked. "S'all right so far, cap'n," replied the negro, "but Ah don' know how I'm going to like it when dem Gernans shoots at me." "Don't worry about that," replied the officer. "All you have to do is zig-zag." And he demonstrated. The next time the two met, the negro was in a hospital. "What's the matter with you, Mose?" asked the officer. "I ain't sure, cap'n, but Ah think I must have been ziggin' 'bout de time Ah oughta been zaggin'."—*American Legion Weekly.*

Cross is Right.
"The original cross-examination," remarked the mournful philosopher, "must have been the third degree procedure Eve used on Adam when her husband remained away a large part of the night sitting up with a sick friend."

If some men were as big as they think they are their tailor bills would bankrupt them.

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