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His Keeper. He—Marriage is a great institution! She—Yes, I know there are a lot of amates.—Judge.

Uplift. "He claims to be a great booster." "Yes; but his only idea of elevating something is to blow it up."

It remains for a man on a sea voyage to prove that hay fever is not derived from pollen.

SEELs—Alfalfa \$8; sweet clover \$3. Farms for sale & rent on crop payments. J. Mulhall, Soo City, Ia.—Advertisement.

Honesty may not be the best policy for the get-rich-quick promoter.

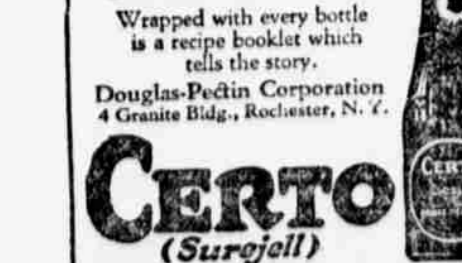
A close friend is all right until he declines to lend you money.

Chances are against the man who refuses to take chances.

Jam & Jelly Making now an exact science

Fresh Fruits are Plentiful! Use the short CERTO-Process for making jam and jelly with Berries, Cherries, Peaches and other fruits in season.

1 MINUTE'S BOILING OF 2 POUNDS OF FRUIT with 3 POUNDS OF SUGAR plus 4 OUNCES OF CERTO makes 5 POUNDS OF JAM



No reason now her tongue to tell That sad old story "It did not jell" Her jam's now perfect—jelly, too She uses CERTO—so should you!

Matrimonial Adventures

The Perfect Husband

BY Charles G. Norris

Author of "Salt," "Brass," etc.

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There was sullen silence across the breakfast table. Lucy Valentine bent her head, and unsympathetically poked at her food.

Lucy sat on, thinking. A look of hopelessness, almost of despair settled upon her face. That was Tom—that was the way Tom acted; they were in for another dreary spell of his surlyness!

Lucy could not resist. She was not small enough to refuse to share this friend's pleasure even though she felt the injustice of Alice Gray's having so much and herself so little.

Lucy rocked her head in her hands, and moaned. Tom was so egregiously stupid, so self-satisfied, so blind. She could have forgiven his obtuseness, but she could not forgive his rudeness.

She had rebelled this morning. The incident that had precipitated the whole trouble had been of trivial inconsequence; it always was. Tom had said the cream was sour, and she had casually remarked that she didn't see how that could be since it was the morning's delivery, and then he had shouted at her that he guessed he knew what he was talking about, and that when he said the cream was sour, it was sour.

For Tom hated the Grays, hated everything about them. The suite of rooms these neighbors occupied was on the same floor as the Valentines; an air-well separated the two establishments, and upon this source of light and ventilation a bedroom window of each apartment gave vent.

Lucy loved the way in which the Grays spoke to each other. It was so different from that to which she was accustomed. The man had extraordinary nuances in his voice; it was beautifully modulated, and when he happened to address his wife as "my dear," it was like a caress.

Lucy had had her misgivings as to the decency of listening to her friend's confidential murmurings with her husband, but she assured herself that her motive was not unworthy curiosity. It was merely that she enjoyed with a hungry soul the manner in which this particular husband and wife spoke to one another. It was beautiful, it soothed her, it was like exquisite distant music.

She had come to be more or less intimately acquainted with Mrs. Gray since that lady had moved next door. The two women visited one another, made frequent shopping trips to-

gether, and sometimes lunched in each other's kitchens.

Mr. Gray was an interior decorator; he was often away for several days at a time when he went to supervise the work on some rich man's country home. He returned home, always, with a trifling present for his wife: a bangle, a pair of silver buckles, a lacquered box, or perhaps only a handful of jonquills.

That had seemed to Lucy the apotheosis of conjugal devotion. Her own husband had never brought her home unexpectedly a present in all his life. Once in a great while, she induced him to go with her to the theater or the movies. He had never commented on anything she wore, or took the smallest notice of hat or gown.

Lucy, considering her own lot and the happy circumstances that were Mrs. Gray's on this particular morning, said to herself with considerable bitterness that while she was in no danger of coveting her neighbor's husband, she did long with all her soul for some degree of contentment with her own. And upon these reflections, came Alice Gray, her sweet, composed face free of worry, her serene beauty glowing today with unexpected interest.

Alonzo had telephoned, she explained, that he was obliged to go to Boston; he would have to be away for several days, and he wanted his wife to accompany him. Could she arrange her affairs to be ready to leave with him on the late afternoon train?

Could she? Alice Gray's eyes danced with excitement as she caught Lucy's hand. There was nothing to detain her; she had never visited Boston, she thought it perfectly sweet of Alonzo to want her to go. There was the whole day before her in which to get ready; she needed a new hat, a veil and a bag, and she urged Lucy to come with her and help her pick them out.

Lucy could not resist. She was not small enough to refuse to share this friend's pleasure even though she felt the injustice of Alice Gray's having so much and herself so little. And the bitter feelings of the early morning were forgotten, as she hastily piled the unwashed dishes in the sink to soak, gave an indifferent glance at the unmade beds, thrust head and arms into her trim tailor skirt, and reached for the smart little yellow straw hat which she had only been able to wear once since she bought it, a month before.

Later, seated beside her radiant friend on the top of a Fifth avenue bus, the spring sunshine flooding the city, the street gay with fashionably dressed women, she caught something of Alice Gray's exhilaration.

The two women threaded the aisles of department stores, priced fabrics and exclaimed over the novelties. Alice Gray bought a charming hat, the veil, and a neat little handbag with nickel clasps, and Lucy indulged herself in a much-needed electric iron. In buoyant spirits they made a leisurely progress at a late luncheon hour to one of the smart, new French restaurants on Park avenue.

And almost in the entrance way, about to pass through the revolving glass doors to the street, absorbed and gaily chatting together, they encountered Alonzo Gray and a handsomely dressed woman. A happy exclamation burst from Lucy and she started forward with a delighted greeting.

"Why, it's your husband—it's Mr. Gray."

But her words died on her lips. Alice Gray's fingers closed like a vise upon her arm, and the hand dragged her aside. Something ugly and unpleasant flashed into Lucy's mind. There was a whirling silence, a dizzying moment while her pulses raced, and her breath was still. Then, unconscious and still chatting amiably, Alonzo Gray and his companion passed into the street.

"Two, please—and in the corner. I like those upholstered seats." Alice Gray composedly addressed herself to the head waiter, and serenely followed him into the cool and flower-scented restaurant.

"Come, Lucy—"

Lucy, shaken, bewildered, the significance of what had occurred still half guessed, mechanically obeyed. Mechanically she unglued her hands, mechanically she pushed stray locks of hair up under her hat, mechanically she ordered. But when the obsequious head waiter had murmured: "Bien, madame," and had departed, she could only keep her eyes on her plate, and sit tongue-tied, fearful of any comment she might hazard, miserably conscious of what must be her friend's humiliation and discomfiture. That unquestionably had been Alonzo Gray, and the woman with him had been—Lucy knew with unmistakable intuition, that the woman was not of her world, or of the world of decent women. Alice had seen it all; she had understood, and had saved Lucy from precipitating a frightfully embarrassing encounter!

"My dear—my dear—" Alice Gray laid her hand on Lucy's arm. "You mustn't feel so badly. I understand what's passing in your mind—but, my dear, you mustn't concern yourself on my account! . . . I know; I know all about it."

Lucy met her friend's unfringed gaze with widening eyes and parted lips. Mrs. Gray smiled at her, a wry, twisted little smile.

"Oh, yes. I know all about it, and—and I don't care! Alonzo is all that I need in a husband; he is considerate, attentive, deferential; he likes to be

with me, and to have me with him and he loves me. Oh, yes, he does; he loves me truly. . . There have always been women in Alonzo's life! This one happens to be a clever artist. Alonzo employs her as a decorator. I even know her name. She's Flora Balzanni. You know Balzanni, the opera singer? She's his divorced wife, and is quite promiscuous. Alonzo has been—well, attentive to her for more than a year. Of course, he has no idea I know anything about it, and I wouldn't have him suspect I've learned for anything in the world. You see, he wouldn't want to hurt me, and he would think that if I knew, I would be offended. But I have no more feeling of jealousy for this passing fancy of his than I would have for a good cigar he enjoys after dinner. . . Oh, I know my views are anything but conventional. I am shocking you"; Alice interrupted herself, smiling a rather hard, cold little smile. "I would shock most women. But I believe I placed upon too much emphasis is placed upon fidelity in marriage. As long as my husband in no way jeopardizes my rights as his lawful wife, why should I concern myself with what he does outside his home? Frankly, I would rather have him unfaithful to me in an occasional way, as he is, than have him drink himself into besottedness, as many a man does, and bring home to me a throbbing head, a nasty temper, and a rancid breath. Alonzo satisfies me; he more than adequately fulfills his part of life's companion with me. I am thoroughly content; what else matters?"

Her own apartment smelled close to Lucy, when, later the same day, she closed the door behind her. It seemed cheerless, empty, desolate. The mood with which Alice Gray had infected her all day, dropped from her like a cloak suddenly falling to the floor.

She put away her things and set about getting dinner, washing the dishes, whipping the unmade beds together, setting the table. After all, her husband was probably no worse than any other woman's. She made him a pan of hot biscuits, of which she knew he was particularly fond.

At six o'clock, she heard him come in. She heard his creaking steps to the closet where he always hung his hat and coat; she heard him creak his way back to the front room where she knew he had thrown himself down on the sofa, and was reading the evening paper with feet cocked over one hard, upholstered arm. He had no word of greeting for her; he would have none; a dark and sullen silence would envelop him for days to come.

She put the food on the table at the half-hour, and called him to dinner. He did not stop to wash his face or hands or comb his hair; he came just as he was, sullenly, silently, and hunched his chair up to his place.

Suddenly something snapped in her. She screamed; she screamed piercingly; one wild, sharp shriek. She buried her face in her hands, forcing the fingers deep into her eyeballs. Then she began to sob, brokenly, passionately, all the grief pent up in her bursting into in an agony of weeping.

In 13 years, Tom Valentine had never seen his wife cry. He was startled now—alarmed and shocked. He watched her in pained uneasiness for some minutes, groping about in his mind for some way to check the flood of sobbing that beat upon his ears. It had been a long, long time since he had laid a hand upon her in affection, yet now he was moved by the violence of her grief, and the unfamiliar impulse came to him. He laid down his knife and fork and stared at her stolidly, frowning deeply. He thought of getting up and patting her shoulder; he tried to think of something to say, and in his perplexity began to talk at random. He did not know how to be gentle; he had forgotten how to be tender. The iron bonds of habit were too well forged about him. He had always treated his wife with contumely, and now when he strove to reach her troubled spirit with gentle words, he found himself only mouthing a justification of his actions that morning. Lucy could not suspect that behind the harsh voice, and slow, clumsy words, there stirred within him the first concern for her he had known in years. Only the dogged reiteration of the facts about the cream reached her consciousness. Her sobbing fell silent, but she still pressed her palms to her cheeks, her fingers to her eyes. Presently she was aware he had forsaken the topic of the cream; now it was of his virtues he discoursed.

" . . . I let you live your own life; you go and come as you please; you have your own friends. I never ask you how or why you spend the money every month, and I never let the first go by without depositing your check in the bank! I never question what you do with yourself all day; all I ask of you is to run the house and keep things nice. . . I don't see how you've got much fault to find with me. I don't drink or gamble or smoke; I don't go out nights, and I've never looked at another woman in all my life! Now, some men . . ."

Lucy listened until she could stand no more. With wet tears staining her cheeks, her face convulsed, she suddenly straightened herself and faced him, her lip trembling, her hands half outstretched to him across the table.

"Oh, Tom, Tom," she cried, "I don't care how moral you are. I don't care anything about other women. I don't care whether you go after them or not. Seek them, kiss them, have them—do anything you like! Gamble, smoke and drink! Deny yourself nothing on my account. I don't care how wicked you are. All I want you to do is to be kind to me, Tom—be kind, be kind! Don't be so ugly and mean to me. And sometimes—just now and then—try to love me a little!"

Aspirin

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Unless you see the name "Bayer" on package or on tablets you are not getting the genuine Bayer product prescribed by physicians over twenty-two years and proved safe by millions for

- Colds, Toothache, Earache, Neuralgia, Headache, Lumbago, Rheumatism, Pain, Pain

Accept "Bayer Tablets of Aspirin" only. Each unbroken package contains proper directions. Handy boxes of twelve tablets cost few cents. Drug-gists also sell bottles of 24 and 100. Aspirin is the trade mark of Bayer Manufacture of Monacetic Acidester of Salicylic Acid.—Advertisement.

ONE CROP THAT NEVER FAILS

Drought or Locusts, Fire, or Flood, the Tax Collector is Sure to Arrive on Time.

Roberts was having to wait over in a small village for a train connection and was trying to pass the time by visiting with some of the natives.

"Nice little town you have here," he remarked to an elderly man.

"Well, I suppose so," the native admitted.

"Looks like it might be a good country around about, too," Roberts continued.

"Well, yes, I guess so."

"What does good farm land sell for around here?"

"More 'an it's worth!" the old man answered, a twinkle in his eye, and yet, without serious.

Roberts laughed.

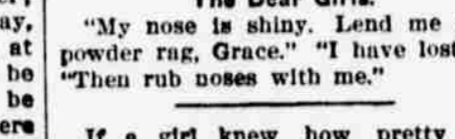
"Is the land very fertile?"

"Oh, yes—tol'able!" the old man assured him. "It will grow a crop night on to every year and the taxes never fail."—Kansas City Star.

BABIES CRY FOR "CASTORIA"

Prepared Especially for Infants and Children of All Ages

Mother! Fletcher's Castoria has been in use for over 30 years as a pleasant, harmless substitute for Castor Oil, Paregoric, Teething Drops and Soothing Syrups. Contains no narcotics. Proven directions are on each package. Physicians recommend it. The genuine bears signature of



The Dear Girls. "My nose is shiny. Lend me your powder rag, Grace." "I have lost it." "Then rub noses with me."

If a girl knew how pretty she doesn't look when she cries she wouldn't do it.

The use of soft coal will make laundry work heavier this winter. Red Cross Ball Blue will help to remove that grimy look. At all grocers.—Advertisement.

Give a little girl three or four names so that she can choose the one she likes best.

You can scarcely blame a yacht for jumping up and down when it is put on another tack.

Even if a man's good deeds live after him he isn't in a position to care.

Yeast Foam

The girl who knows how to make good bread can do most other cooking well

Send for free booklet "The Art of Baking Bread"



Northwestern Yeast Co. 1730 N. Ashland Ave., Chicago

Important to All Women Readers of This Paper

Thousands upon thousands of women have kidney or bladder trouble and never suspect it. Women's complaints often prove to be nothing else but kidney trouble, or the result of kidney or bladder disease.

If the kidneys are not in a healthy condition, they may cause the other organs to become diseased. You may suffer pain in the back, headache and loss of ambition. Poor health makes you nervous, irritable and maybe despondent; it makes any one so.

But hundreds of women claim that Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root, by restoring health to the kidneys, proved to be just the remedy needed to overcome such conditions.

Many send for a sample bottle to see what Swamp-Root, the great kidney, liver and bladder medicine, will do for them. By enclosing ten cents to Dr. Kilmer & Co., P.O. Box 589, Rensselaer, N. Y., you may receive sample size bottle by parcel post. You can purchase medium and large size bottles at all drug stores.—Advertisement.

RUBBED HIM THE WRONG WAY

Old Codger Quite Unable to See Sense or Humor in Remark Made by Dud Donner.

"I belong to an unorganized club of paralytics," said the Old Codger of Kentleuckle. "Every member has at some time had a stroke. We meet whenever and wherever we happen to, and enjoy ourselves by sizing each other up while talking about nothing in particular. Then we go our several ways, each satisfied in his own mind that every one of the others shows more signs of his afflictions than he himself does. And, confound it, just yesterday, old Dud Dodder sympathized with me for looking so much worse than he does. As a matter of fact I look just about as healthy and stalwart as I ever did, while everybody says old Dud is almost ready to totter into the grave."—Kansas City Star.

Sometimes there is more in the adjective than you suspect when you speak of a criminal lawyer.

It's easy for a rich man to die poor. All he has to do is to acquire the lawsuit habit.

Sure Relief FOR INDIGESTION



6 BELLANS Hot water Sure Relief BELLANS 25¢ AND 75¢ PACKAGES EVERYWHERE

Stearns' Electric Paste

is recognized as the guaranteed exterminator for Rats, Mice, Ants, Cockroaches and Waterbugs. Don't waste time trying to kill these pests with poisons. Use or any experimental preparations. Ready for Use—Better than Traps. 50¢ box, 35¢ 15-oz. box, \$1.50

Kill All Flies! THEY SPREAD DISEASE

Place anywhere, DAIRY FLY KILLER attracts and kills all flies. Neat, clean, ornamental, convenient and safe. Kills all house flies, stable flies, and all other flies. No odor, no spill or overflow. Will not soil or injure anything. Guaranteed.

Cuticura Soap —Is Ideal for— The Complexion

Soap 25c, Ointment 25 and 50c, Tablets 25c.

PARKER'S HAIR BALSAM

Removes Dandruff, Itchiness, Falling Hair, restores Color and Beauty to Gray and Faded Hair. Use on all parts of the scalp. Cleanses, Softens, and Promotes Growth. Wins First Prize, N. Y. World's Fair, 1893.

HINDERCORNS

Removes Corns, Calluses, and sore all pain, restores comfort to the feet, makes walking easy. Use by mail or at drug stores. Hindercorn Chemical Works, Philadelphia, Pa.

W. N. U., LINCOLN, NO. 31-1923.