

# The Married Life of Helen and Warren

An Alcohol Bath Has a Demoralizing Effect on Helen's Antique Amber.

A crudely-lettered sign tacked on the doorway of a dilapidated building. Beads. Imported Novelties. Selling Out Below Cost. Third Floor, Room 310.

Hesitatingly Helen entered the dark musty hall. The third floor! And no elevator.

Yet they might have those tiny opalescent beads which she could not find at any of the shops.

The building tenanted by small, cheap jobbers, curious signs embellished the doors along the dirty halls. "Goldman Brothers, Fringe and Tassels." "Shapiro & Koch, Importers of Jewelry Novelties." "Parisian Braid Company."

Two more flights of unswept stairs, decorated with cigar stubs, and she turned down the hall to 310.

"Back in a few minutes," read the pencilled card on the door.

Helen was ruefully turning away

## Ford Runs 57 Miles on Gallon of Gasoline

A new automatic and self-regulating device has been invented by John A. Stransky, 118 Fourth St., Pukwana, S. D., with which automobiles have made from 40 to 57 miles on a gallon of gasoline. It removes all carbon and prevents spark plug trouble and overheating. It can be installed by anyone in five minutes. Mr. Stransky wants agents and is willing to send a sample at his own risk. Write him today.

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## Punctured 603 Times, Tire Leaks No Air

Mr. D. H. Harrison of Hammond, Ind., announces a new puncture-proof inner tube. Actual tests disclose that on puncturing the tube with 603 nails there is absolutely no loss of air. This puncture-proof tube costs no more than the ordinary tube—increases your mileage from 8,000 to 12,000 miles without removing tube from the tire. Mr. D. H. Harrison, 144 Indiana St., Hammond, Ind., wants every auto owner to benefit by his wonderful invention and makes an unusual offer to anyone who wishes to act as his agent in this territory. Write him at once.

when an old man came shuffling down the hall. "Want something?" gruffly, as he unlocked the door.

"Have you any beads—as fine as these?" showing him her bag. "I want to mend this—and it needs new fringe."

"Got plenty of beads. Don't know if they're as small as these."

The room she entered was long, narrow, lit by a dust-grimed window. Box-stacked shelves lined the wall and a glass case held trays of colored beads.

"See anything there?" nodding to the display of sample bunches.

"No, I'm afraid they're all too large."

"That's all I got," bluntly, sitting down at a cluttered desk.

Indignant at this curt dismissal, Helen turned to the door.

"Wanta buy a string of amber?" glowering over his specs. "Cheep."

Real amber! Helen paused. Always she had wanted some real amber beads.

Unlocking a drawer under the case, he took out a foreign-stamped envelope.

"Fifteen dollars," drawing out a glittering string. "Worth \$50."

Eagerly, Helen examined the large, unevenly cut beads. Instinctively she knew these were real. The very brusqueness of this crabbed old man carried conviction.

"That's dirt," he grunted, as she scrutinized one of the beads. "Just scrub 'em—soap and water. Know how old those are?"

"I don't know much about amber," holding them so they reflected the light.

"Look how they're cut," taking a magnifying glass from his pocket.

"Those beads are older'n I am. Don't get that color in rosin under 100 years."

"Rosin?" wondering.

"Don't y'know what amber is? Gum out of a tree—rosin! Needn't take 'em if you don't want 'em. Buy some of them glass beads they call 'amber' in the shops—do you just as well."

"Oh, I do appreciate these," flushing. "But I—it's such a short string."

"Well, that's all there is. Take 'em or leave 'em."

"Very well, I'll take them," impulsively, opening her purse.

"Show 'em to anybody that knows amber," as he thrust his bills in a drawer. "They'll tell you what a bargain you got."

With thrilled elation Helen wrapped the beads in a bit of crumpled paper that lay on the counter and slipped them into her bag.

Hurrying home, she exulted over her find.

She had always envied Mrs. Lawler her amber beads from Italy. Even there they had cost \$40, besides duty. So these were absurdly cheap.

A rumpling search through her em-

broidery box yielded a skein of heavy old gold floss. Ideal to string them on—with lengthening knots between.

It was 4:30. Would she have time to restring them before Warren came? And first they must be washed.

In the bathroom she scrubbed them with soap and a stiff nail brush. Yes, the old man was right. Those dark stains were only dirt.

Somewhere she had read that real amber should be washed in—what? Something that gave it a luster. Was it vinegar?

Darting out to the kitchen, she half filled a cup with vinegar.

"You wanta fix that mayonnaise now, ma'am?" Nora always tried to get out of making the salad dressings.

"No, I haven't time," recording the vinegar jug. "You make it."

Back in the bathroom, she dipped the amber beads into the cup. Rinsed and dried on a soft bath towel, they gleamed and glittered. But there were still a few obdurate specks.

"Alco massage," shouted the label of a tall bottle on top of the medicine chest.

Alcohol! That was what had been recommended—not vinegar.

"This was not pure alcohol—but just as good for cleaning. The label read, 'An alcohol for all external uses.'"

Emptying out the vinegar, Helen filled the cup from the bottle, and again immersed the beads, poking them around with the handle of a tooth brush.

When she took them out they seemed curiously dulled. A hasty drying, and she gazed with panicky dismay at the chalky film that covered each bead. The lustrous amber was now a dull, ghastly white!

Frankly she tried to rub off what seemed only a coating—but it was fixed! That malignant denatured alcohol had ruined them!

She was still trying to scrub off the invidious film when the hall door slammed.

Warren's greeting whistle! But she was too wretched to run to meet him. His trumpeting exploration of the library and her room.

"Hello, what's the trouble now?" he was at the bathroom door.

"I've ruined them," tremulously, holding up the beads. "And I just bought them—real amber! I washed them in alcohol—and look what it did."

"Alcohol?" Warren glared at the bottle. "That's not alcohol! It's that villainous denatured stuff. No more sense than to put 'em in that!"

"Why, it says 'for all external uses,'" she faltered.

"Well, we'll not have this dastardly stuff around!" Jerking out the cork, he emptied it down the basin. "A spoonful of that'll plant you in Greenwood!"

"Dear, what will take it off?" still

angushing over the beads. "Ammonia?"

"Won't faze it! Why didn't you try one bead before you flopped 'em all in that devilish alcohol?"

The ammonia bath, as Warren predicted, had no effect. But with her usual persistence, Helen tried bicarbonate, washing soda and gasoline.

"There must be something that'll dissolve that chalky film," as she reluctantly came to the table. "I'm going to keep on trying."

"Better leave 'em alone," discouraged Warren. "Take 'em to a jeweler. Don't try any more fool stunts or you won't have beads left!"

But all through dinner she was worriedly abstracted trying to think of some cleansing agency that might restore her antique amber.

Nora had just brought in the prune whip, when Helen started up. "Cleanzit!" eagerly. "That stuff we use for the kitchen sink!"

Leaving Warren to finish his dessert alone, she flew out to the pantry.

"Try just one bead," he called. "See what it does to that."

But recklessly impatient, Helen dropped in the whole string.

A moment later taking them out she gasped at the magic transformation. The white coating gone, each bead shone with a rare pinkish lustre.

"They're different," darting back to the dining-room. "It's taken off that coating—and changed the color!"

"Mrs. Lawler's at the door," interrupted Nora. "She wants some recipe."

"Oh, come right in, Mrs. Lawler. No, we're just finishing. That mocha tart? Not a bit of trouble. Nora, it's in my recipe file under desserts."

"Oh, how lovely!" Mrs. Lawler was admiring the beads in Helen's hand. "I've never seen anything like them! What are they?"

"They were amber—real amber. But I washed them in denatured alcohol and almost ruined them. I finally tried 'Cleanzit'—and they came out like that."

With increasing enthusiasm Mrs. Lawler examined them under the hall lamp.

"I've that real amber I bought in Italy—but these are much more distinctive! They're iridescent! Just what did you do?"

"Almost everything," laughed Helen. "I washed them in vinegar, then denatured alcohol, ammonia, bicarbonate, washing soda, gasoline, and Cleanzit!"

"They're fascinating! I've never seen anything like them. They look priceless!"

"But it seems a shame to have done anything to change real amber."

"Anybody that can afford it can have real amber—but these are unique!" Then eagerly, "If you'd rather have the amber—I'll exchange gladly!"

Helen hesitated, the value of her metamorphosed beads was rising rapidly.

"If you won't, I'm going to try just

what you did. You'll write it down for me, won't you? I want to get just that effect."

Mrs. Lawler finally departing with the mocha tart recipe, Helen returned to the dining room where Warren still lingered over his after dinner coffee.

"Did you hear what she said? She's never seen anything like them!"

"Guess not, after the miscellaneous dowdings you gave 'em!"

"They're iridescent—that's what's so wonderful!" rapturously. "The amber showing through that ginkish mauve."

"Let's see 'em again," pushing back his cup. "By George, they are curious! You hold on to 'em. You stumbled on to some sort of chemical concoction!"

"To think they'd come out like that!" joyously, trying them on Pussay Purr-Mew for the effect against her gray fur. "And I thought I'd ruined them!"

"What'd you soak 'em in last? Stuff you scour the sink with? How the Sam Hill'd you happen to think of that?"

"I was determined to try everything," gloated Helen, hugging Pussay Purr-Mew, who blinked proudly at her adornment. "I do get things right—if I keep at them. You said not to! You always discourage me—you never have any faith in my experiments."

"Hub, your experiments usually ball things up. Your bright ideas are always getting you in Dutch! Just dumb luck you pulled it off this time. Here, more coffee," shoving over his cup. "And stop pelting yourself with bouquets!"

annual picnic during the month of August. A comedy sketch by "Red" and Poucher were features of the meet. Charlie Dolan and an address by J. J. Ling.

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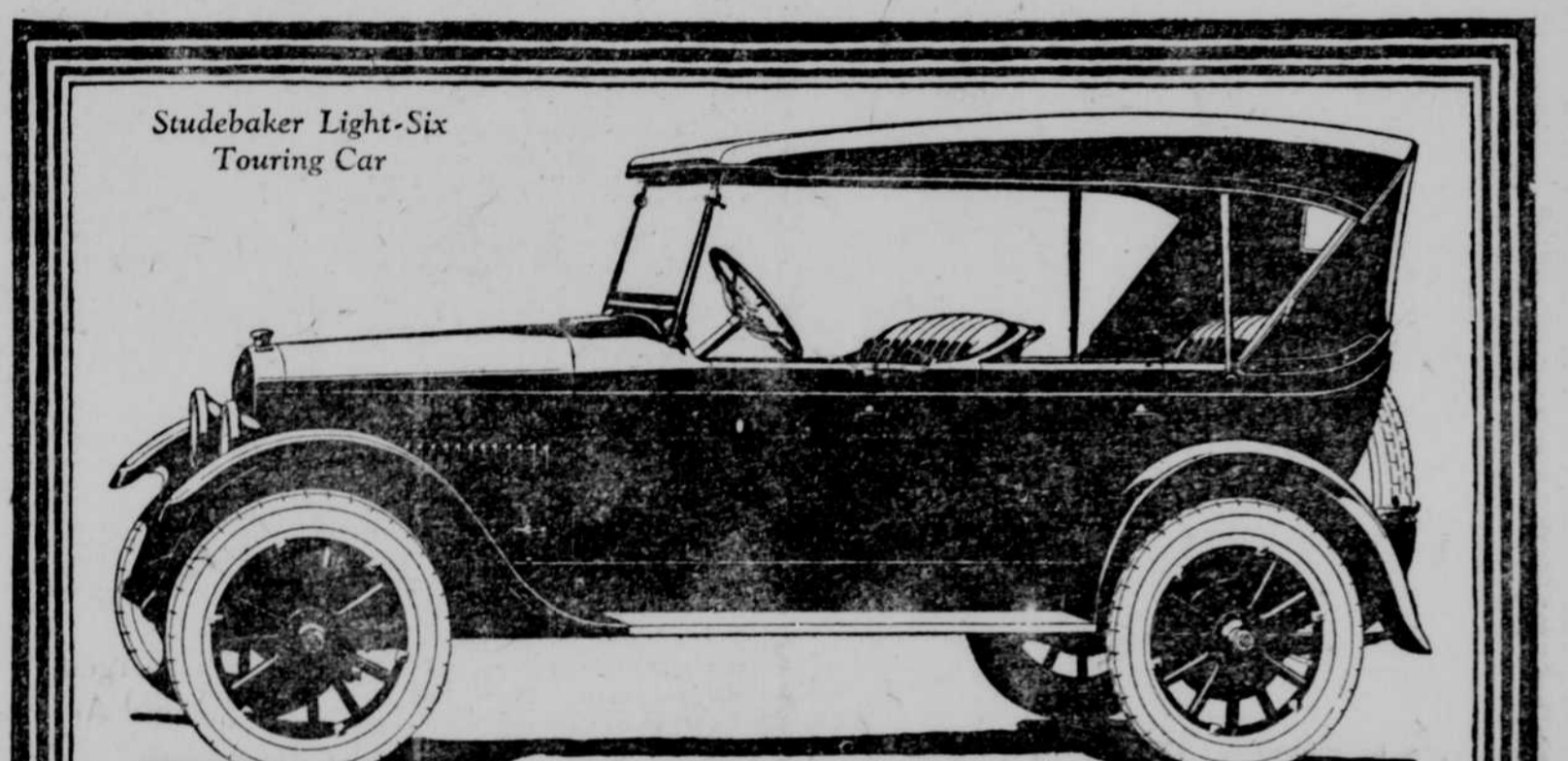
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annual picnic during the month of August.



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