

Heart Secrets of a Fortune Teller

"Madam," says the worried gentleman caller, that happened to be honored by her confidence, "I have come to see you in regard to my wife."

"About to elope with the chauffeur, or run for congress, or something?" I enquire, suspecting the worst.

"Oh, no," she objects. "Nothing like that. My wife is the best, most sensible woman in the world, with the exception of one weakness."

"Well," I remark, "congratulate yourself there's just one weakness. The thorns with the roses, you know!"

"But I can't overlook this fault of my wife's any longer," he argues. "I must find some way to cure her, and I believe you are the person to help me. The fault I am referring to is the way she dresses!"

"Aha!" I ejaculate. "Proceed with the story. I settle down to enjoy myself, knowing I'm in line for a diverting ear full of the exact details of her wardrobe."

"Well," she hesitates, blushing very pathetically, but determined to see the thing through as planned, "I'd like to speak of the underwear first."

"By all means!" I urge, quite sympathetic. "That's the logical start. I don't suppose she's exactly addicted to red flannel, is she?"

"Red flannel!" he snorts. "Not hardly! She wears pink silk summer and winter. If she fails to die of pneumonia or tuberculosis, she's doomed for a chronic case of rheumatism. I've warned her repeatedly."

"I'll wager you have," I interposed sweetly.

"She pays no serious attention to me," he goes on. "In fact, she treats my advice as a joke. Furthermore, I am not able to persuade her that buying such garments is needless extravagance."

"Sort of on the order of \$4 ties for men, eh?" I enquire.

"He grabs his nifty four-in-hand somewhat nervously, but pretends not to notice the interruption. "This pink silk lingerie," he goes on, "is very expensive and frail in texture. It's not worth the price! Now I would suggest something durable and heavy for women's undergarments."

"Something on the order of boat-sail canvas?" I suggests, very innocent like.

"He gives me a suspicious look, and raves right on.

"And to clap the climax in the way of nonsense," he says, "she wears furs around her neck, and silk stockings on her feet. That's nothing short of feeble-minded, according to my ideas!"

"Does she suffer from colds?" I asks brightly.

"Well—no," he hesitates. "Not yet, but she will, sooner or later—that's sure. Then there'll be the doctors' bills to add to the luxury list."

"Is the lady a general spend-thrift?" I asks.

"No," he answers, giving the matter his serious attention. "I don't suppose you could call her a spend-thrift. She does her own work and never runs bills. She seems to keep within her allowance, alright. In fact, she's generally spoken of as a good manager, I believe."

"I allow myself a few minutes of serious thought. Finally I venture to change the subject rather unexpectedly."

"You seem to have a bothersome cough," I remark with sympathy.

"Rather unusual, too, for a person who dresses as sensible as you, I'd say! It may be due to too much smoking. I notice a few cigars in your vest pocket. They say those heavy, expensive brands are hard on the lungs."

"Say, madam," he sputters, getting wise at last, "are you going to advise me on this case, or are you not?"

"I am not, brother," I astonishes him by saying very emphatic. "If you want helpful advice on conducting a woman's dress reform campaign, don't go to a woman for advice—go to a man! They've got all the ideas."

"Well," he answers, quite stiff, "I thought you were considered such a sensible woman."

"There's no such animal as a sensible woman," I says. "When it's a question of adorning the person, Gaze on me," I invites him. "I'm an expert at applyin' practical cures to hopeless cases. I pay a large and handsome income tax just because I've got ideas worth selling. Do you follow me?"

"He nods his head, lookin' rather blankly."

"Very good!" I says. "But while you're gazin', lend an eye to my feet. I'm wearin' wool stockings in a steam-heated house, because they look well with a blue serge dress! And tonight when I'm headed for 4-C in the dress circle, my trilbys will be encased in a pair of silk mesh nines that couldn't stop the winter breeze on a bet."

"Yes, brother," I says in farewell, "it's a grand old cause you're sponsorin', but I can't be of any service, under the circumstances. So long. Hope I haven't discouraged you!"

Next Week—The Way They Propose.

Indoor Pests—The Hair-Trigger Parlor Statesman



The Married Life of Helen and Warren

A Painful Situation Follows Helen's Invasion of an Exclusive Parisian Home.

In the cab, as she whirled through the Champs Elysees, Helen read again the note she had crumpled into her glove.

"Can't get back to dress. Will have to meet you there—132 Rue Marceau. They dine at 7 so be on time. If I'm late, explain that I've been delayed."

It was an awkward situation. They were dining at the Durets', neither of whom she had met—and now she must arrive alone. Warren might not be there! She would have to make apologies for his delay.

Something serious had kept him, for his main business in Paris was with Monsieur Duret. He had told her to "doff up" for this dinner and now he could not even dress. His gray business suit would be conspicuously out of place.

Their first dinner in Paris at a private house, Helen was keenly curious as to what it would be like. Though dreading the awkwardness of arriving alone, she was aglow with the expectancy of a new experience.

The cab drew up before a pretentious white stone mansion. Paying the driver, with shrinking reluctance she approached the ornate iron doorway as in most French houses, on a level with the street.

Several moments before her ring was answered. Then the heavy door swung back and she was confronted by a butler.

"I am Mrs. Curtis," in response to his questioning stare.

He said something in French, as grudgingly he opened the door, but still with the scrutinizing gaze that Helen found most offensive.

"Take this to Madame Duret," giving him a card which fortunately she had with her.

The small reception room where she waited was like an over-crowded jewel box—bristling with gilt furniture, paintings and bric-a-brac.

Nervously she rehearsed her apologies for Warren's delay, as evidently he had not arrived.

A step outside and through the satin draperies entered a middle-aged woman. She was youthfully gowned and her gray hair elaborately coiffured.

She was not in her hand, she regarded her through a tortoise with a cold inquiring glance.

"Madame Duret?" rising from the gilt settee.

"She appeared not to see Helen's outstretched hand, and the hauteur of her French held no note of cordiality.

"What did it mean? Helen drew back in flushed resentment. Why was she received in this manner?"

"Mr. Duret! Monsieur Duret! I should like to see him," for Warren had said he could speak English.

"Tapping the card with her long-fingered hand, she shrugged her bare shoulders.

"I am Mrs. Curtis!" shrilly indignant. "We were invited here to dinner. I am alone because Mr. Curtis was delayed and—"

"She paused, realizing the hopelessness of her raised voice carrying comprehension.

Stepping back, the woman touched a bell on the paneled wall. Instantly the butler reappeared.

Helen's face grew crimson as they conversed together with searching glances in her direction. Was this the French method of receiving dinner guests? Her confusion reflected in a puerile further inflamed her indignation.

"She was not in the wrong house, for while waiting she had noticed on

lit up night—there is nothing like it in Europe. Am I going too fast? I fear your hair will be blown."

"Not at all," hoping the chill wind would cool her flushed face.

"What absurdly small feet you American women have," was his next abrupt and rather personal comment.

"Oh!" Helen tried to draw her silver-cloth slippers under her short skirt.

"This is the house," He shot up before another imposing residence. "I'm sorry it is so near. I would have enjoyed driving you further."

"Oh, thank you," flushing deeper. "But I'm unparadoxically late now."

"I will wait until you are safely in," as he helped her from the car.

Again thanking him, she ran up to the door which opened before she could touch the bell.

For the second time that evening she was confronted by a French butler. But now she hardly saw him, for from the rear of the reception hall came Warren's voice, loudly emphatic.

"What's that? Hello, there, don't cut me off! I want to know what time Mrs. Curtis left the hotel. Curtis, C-U-R-T-I-S!"

The next moment Helen stood breathlessly beside him, her hand on his arm.

"Plunging up the telephone receiver, he turned upon her with a savage: "Where in blazes have you been?"

"Warren, I couldn't help it! It wasn't my fault!"

"Wasn't eh? You've kept them waiting an hour, I told you—"

"H-s-h-h, dear, not so loud! Some one's coming."

"Madame Curtis!" A tall man in evening dress appeared from the rear of the drawing room. "I am glad you have arrived safely. We were all rather worried."

"I'm so very sorry to be late," faltered Helen. "I went to the wrong house. Mr. Curtis gave me the wrong address."

"I gave you 132 Avenue Marceau!" "No, dear, you wrote Rue Marceau—not Avenue. I have it right here."

"Fumbling for the note, she saw their host glance sharply at Warren, and there flashed through her mind a remark he had made last night: "Duret's a stickler for accuracy. Just fired his secretary for a mistake in her notes."

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Life of Policeman Too Wild; He Quits

First He Was Nearly Kidnaped, Then Fined for Smiling at Girl.

Atlanta, Ga., Feb. 12.—When Sam Brown, negro, attempted to kidnap Policeman W. A. Malone he was shot and killed by City Detective J. C. Mosley, who happened along just in the nick of time and purely by accident.

Since then things have been happening thick and fast for Policeman Malone, who is an ex-news butcher and the lightweight officer of the force. He weighs only 130 pounds and is barely five feet in height.

Recently he was stripped of his badge because a young lady accused him of smiling at her. He was fined \$6 in Magistrate Johnson's police court and paid the fine uncomplainingly.

"Dear, you're right," she lied glibly glancing at the note. "It is Avenue—it was my mistake. Oh, I don't know how I could have been so stupid! And I've kept you all waiting for almost an hour."

"Do not give that a thought, madame. We were concerned only for your safety."

As she passed in to meet Madame Duret, Helen took the note into her hands. Her swift feminine impulse to shield Warren had surmounted the natural instinct to defend herself by proving him in the wrong.

And now, as they entered the grey-paneled drawing-room, she was swept to exalted emotional heights by the glowing consciousness of her self-sacrifice.

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Chicago Policemen Find "Baron" Lang's Clothing

Chicago, Feb. 12.—According to Lang, formerly of Hagendorf, Bavaria, needed only a shirt, collar, stockings, shoes and underwear and a hat to be fully dressed when he appeared before Judge Stuart recently.

"He was naked when we found him," a policeman told the court, "but, as you see, we dug up a pair of trousers for him, so he could make some sort of an appearance here."

The baron was not quite certain where he had left his clothing, but had a hazy recollection of being "somewhere in Wabash avenue" when he lost his garments.

When the court continued the case against the baron for further investigation the police, hinting that the former nobleman was "some handy guy" with a broom, took him in tow, promising to see that he was sheltered and led.

Baron Lang is indefinite as to his title of baron, but insists that he came by it honestly in his former home in Bavaria.

Doctors Tell How to Strengthen Eyesight 50 Per Cent in One Week's Time in Many Instances

A Free Prescription You Can Have Filled and Use at Home

Philadelphia, Pa. Do you wear glasses? Are you a victim of eye strain or other eye weaknesses? If so, you will be glad to know that according to Dr. Lewis there is real hope for you. Many whose eyes were failing say they have had their eyes restored through the principle of this wonderful free prescription. One man says, after trying it: "I was almost blind; could not see to read at all. Now I can read everything without any glasses and my eyes do not water any more. At night they would pain dreadfully; now they feel fine all the time. It was like a miracle to me." A lady who used it says: "The atmosphere seemed hazy with or without glasses, but after using this prescription for fifteen days everything seems clear. I can even read fine print without glasses." It is believed that thousands who wear glasses can now discard them in a reasonable time and multitudes more will be able to strengthen their eyes so as to be spared the trouble and expense of ever getting glasses. Eye troubles of many descriptions may be wonderfully benefited by following the simple rules. Here is the prescription: Go to any active drug store and get a bottle of Bon-Opto tablets. Drop one Bon-Opto tablet in a fourth of a glass of water and allow to dissolve. With this liquid bathe the eyes two to four times daily. You should notice your eyes clear up perceptibly right from the start and inflammation will quickly disappear. If your eyes are bothering you, even a little, take steps to save them now before it is too late. Many hopelessly blind might have been saved if they had cared for their eyes in time.

NOTE: Another prominent physician to whom the above article was submitted, said: "Bon-Opto is a very reliable remedy. Its constituents are well known to eminent eye specialists and widely prescribed by them. The manufacturers guarantee it to strengthen weak eyes 50 per cent in one week's time in many instances, or refund the money. It can be obtained from any good druggist and is one of the very best preparations of the kind on hand for regular use in almost every family." It is sold in this city by all good druggists, including Sherman & McConnell and the Mother Store.

Look at Mother! Child's Tongue

Give "California Syrup of Figs" only—Say "California"

If four little ones out-of-sorts, half sick, isn't resting, eating, and acting naturally—look Mother! see if tongue is coated. This is a sure sign that its little stomach, liver and bowels are clogged with waste. Give a teaspoonful of "California Syrup of Figs" and in a few hours all the constipated poison, undigested food, and sour bile gently pass and you have a well, playful child again. Mothers can rest easy after giving this harmless laxative, because it never fails. Children dearly love its delicious, "fruity" taste. Full directions for babies and for children of all ages printed on each bottle. Beware of counterfeits! Mother, you must say "California." If you don't say "California" you may get an imitation fig syrup.

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