

The Married Life of Helen and Warren

Tragic Moments—Your Daughter's Education Completed, Your Wife Asks You to Meet Them

They Dine at an Old London Tavern Where Warren Buys a Huge Stilton Cheese.

"Well, Kitten, it's our last night. You don't want to dine?" as they came out of the hotel into the soft haze of a London twilight. "Let's explore!" glowed Helen. "Let's go somewhere we've never seen."

"That's easy in London," Warren paused to buy an evening paper. "I'd love to go down in the City below St. Paul's—to one of those old chop-houses you read about in Dickens," tucking her hand through his arm.

"They don't keep open at night any more—not way down there." "Oh, some of them must be open! I feel just in the mood to explore."

"All right, if you're so keen about it. Here comes the bus we want." Helen always revealed in a bus-top ride through London, and the deepening dusk was the most enchanting hour of all.

The consciousness that their trip was over lay heavy upon her. Tomorrow they sailed for home. Into this last evening she wanted to crowd much of the old-world atmosphere.

Through the glittering lights of Piccadilly, into the darker and more sedate Trafalgar Square, past Charing Cross, and down the Strand. "Dear, London's so wonderful at night! I could ride around all evening and not want any dinner."

"Well, I couldn't! I want a good square meal and I want it soon." "Now we're in Fleet Street," eagerly pressing his arm. "Oh, there's 'The Cock' where we dined last time! Remember that old waiter and the cat?"

Fleet street had quieted down for the night. The upper windows, lettered with the names of English and Scottish papers, were mostly dark. Only an occasional light revealed some late news writer still at his desk.

Under the bridge at Ludgate Circus, and St. Paul's loomed majestically before them. On through Cheapside, with its drapers, haberdashers and silversmiths, now all closed and dark, and they approached the stately Bank of England.

evidently detained in the city. "I wonder if there are any menus—I don't see any."

"That lay-out over there beats all your menus. Jove, I didn't notice that," eyeing a huge round cheese. "Looks like Stilton. Haven't had any good Stilton this trip. What we had at the hotel wasn't ripe enough."

"What will you have to drink, sir?" asked the waiter when he served the grilled chop and kidney, smoking hot. "We've some very old musty ale."

"Just the stuff. Hold on, is that Stilton over there? Haven't you?" "Very fine, sir. Just ripe enough. Yes, sir, with some brown biscuits."

"Dear, aren't you glad we found this? It is a good place, isn't it?" as his silent and speedy consumption proclaimed his appreciation of the food.

"Said it was the real thing, didn't I? Best chop I've had in London." When later he tasted the Stilton cheese, he fairly beamed.

"That's just right! Has the real nutty flavor." "Yes, sir, we get them straight from Lancashire," volunteered the genial, elderly waiter. "We buy them green and age them ourselves."

"By George, I'd like to take one to America! Couldn't sell one, could you?" "We have sold them, sir, to some of our old customers. But they run pretty big—over 11 pounds."

"All right, I can manage that. Got anything to put it in?" "I can give you a hamper, sir. A gentleman took one to South Africa that way. It's 4 shillings a pound, sir, the market price."

"Fine! Now you fix me up one. No, you can't send it—we're sailing in the morning. We'll have to take it with us in a cab." "Warren, we CAN'T take an 11-pound cheese to New York!"

"Why can't we? If it was a piece of antique junk you wouldn't set up a howl. Not if it weighed a ton! What about that bookcase we took over?"



Published by Arrangement With Life

Heart Secrets of a Fortune Teller

By RACHEL MACK.
Too Much Luxury.

As soon as she walked into the office I knew there'd be a sentimental tale of woe forthcoming. It was easy to see she used to be a good-looking before she took on the extra pounds and the languid habits!

"I've come for a palm reading," she opens. "I want you to look into the future and tell me how to win back the love of my husband. Tell me why he has grown so cold and critical."

"I take her hand and apply myself to the case with much interest. 'You haven't done much manual labor recently,' I comments, noticing the flabby flesh while appearing to study the lines. 'No,' she answers, 'not for several years. It's not necessary any more. My husband's salary is growing larger all the time, and of course I have a maid, as well as all the modern conveniences in my home.'"

"And you've put on quite a bit of weight in the last few years, I judge?" She shudders sadly. "Thirty-two pounds since my 25th birthday," she laments with tears in her voice. "And I used to have such a slender, graceful figure."

"I find in your hand, madam, an exaggerated mount which points to self-indulgence. You're good to yourself—there's no mistakin' the signs." "Well," she argues, "why shouldn't I? I can afford the best of everything. I'll admit I have a decided craving for sweets, but I rarely eat over a pound of candy a day!"

"And of course you've got your own car," I venture, "which saves you quite a bit of foot work! And you never dress before 10:30, because a kimono's so comfortable for mornin' wear! In fact, takin' it all in all, your most strenuous exercise is eating four meals a day and attending the matinee, am I right?"

Rub Backache Away

Back hurt you? Can't straighten up without feeling sudden pains, sharp aches and twinges? Now listen! That's lumbago, sciatica or maybe from a strain, and you'll get blessed relief the moment you rub your back with soothing, penetrating "St. Jacobs Oil." Nothing else takes so quickly. You simply rub it on and out comes the pain. It is perfectly harmless and doesn't burn or discolor the skin.

New Hair Growth After BALDNESS

On legal affidavit, John Hart Brittain, business man, certified to this: "My head at the top and back was absolutely bald. An expert said that he thought the hair roots were extinct, and there was no hope of my ever having a new hair growth."

True Hair Grower at Last

That I was astonished and happy in expressing my state of mind when I saw my hair grow again. Obviously, the hair roots had not been dead, but were dormant in the scalp, awaiting the fertilizing potency of the hair pomade. I negotiated for and came into possession of the principle for preparing this, now called KOTALKO, and later had the recipe put into practical form by a chemist. That my own hair growth was permanent has been amply proved."

Aspirin

"Bayer" on Genuine

Warning! Unless you see the name "Bayer" on tablets, you are not getting genuine Aspirin prescribed by physicians for 21 years and proved safe by millions.

You must say BAYER

KOTALKO

For Falling Hair, Baldness, Dandruff

PROOF BOX KOTALKO FREE

OMAHA PRINTING COMPANY

COMMERCIAL PRINTERS-LITHOGRAPHERS-STEEL DIE EMBOSSEERS

FURNITURE

We Positively Sell For Less

Overstuffed Furniture Only \$149.50

We Are Headquarters for the Famous

Brunswick

Phonographs and Records

Beautiful Bed Room Furniture \$131.50

This Beautiful Phonograph \$107.50

STATE FURNITURE CO.

Complete Home Furnishers

Piles, Fistula—Pay When Cured