

The Married Life of Helen and Warren

Warren's Sunday Night Orgy of Soft Clams Is Followed by Acute Indigestion.

"But, dear, there's all that cold lamb and salad," persisted Helen. "I'll open a can of peaches for that sponge cake she made yesterday."

"Nothing doing!" grumped Warren, with a yawning stretch after his Sunday afternoon nap. "I feel like a real meal. Let's go to that chop house Mumford told us about."

"We can go Thursday—it's her afternoon off. Dear, we had such a late dinner. We won't want much tonight—and it's so disagreeable out."

"Stopped raining, hasn't it?" He strode over to the library window. "Got to dress? Well, get busy—ignoring her arguments for a home supper."

"And there's a can of those spiced sardines," as a last appeal. "Now we're going out, I tell you. Stop your stalling and get ready. Don't dawdle—it's after six now."

In her own room, Helen dressed with reluctant haste. It seemed such a waste to spend five or six dollars for a Sunday evening supper—when Cora had left everything all ready to put on the table from last night—

"Oh, yes, I'll feed you before we go," impatiently as Pussy Purp Mew, anticipating being left alone, set up an insistent mew for her supper. "You never think of anything but food—either of you," glancing at Warren's photograph that stood back of her silver brushes.

Dressed, she followed Pussy Purp Mew's lead to the kitchen. Having cut a sliver from the cold lamb, she replaced the joint in the ice box. There were those carrots and peas—the cold creamed those. And that rice pudding from last night—

"What're you up to out here?" demanded Warren from the doorway. "Thought I told you we were going out."

"I was feeding Pussy Purp Mew," resentfully. "Just look in this ice box. There's enough for two suppers—get you insist on going to some expensive—"

She had learned that any attempt to restrain Warren's gastronomic dissipation only exasperated him to further expenditures.

"A dollar and a quarter a portion for soft lamb? Dear, that's exorbitant. I thought restaurants were coming down?"

"That is pretty stiff—but it doesn't seem to phase this bunch." "Oh, it's so noisy and glary—why don't they shade these lights?"

"Now, you get in there and shut up!" thrusting her into the car. As the taxi chugged on, Warren sank back into the corner, stubbornly maintaining his morose silence until they drew up before their doorway.

"Five seventy for the dinner and a dollar eighty for the taxi," mentally computed Helen as they went up in the elevator. Seven fifty for the privilege of over-eating in a stuffy, glaring, noisy restaurant!

She was turning on the lights in the library, when there came a crash of glass from the bathroom. "Just one of those confounded bottles," growled Warren, when she rushed to the door. "You've got this so chuck full of rubbish—you can't find anything. Where in blazes are those pepsin tablets?"

"Right here," finding the small vial in the crowded medicine chest. "Now, Warren, you'd better drink some hot water and go right to bed." As she brushed up the broken glass and wiped up the fragrant hair tangle, she found a new bottle of pepsin tablets.

And it was all the result of Warren's gastronomic greed. Their simple, wholesome, home supper would have saved him eight seventy-five—and an attack of choleric indigestion. (Copyright, 1921, by Mabel Herbert Harper.)

Norwegian women have a daily newspaper of their own and which no man can have anything to do with issuing of the sheet. The money to start the paper was left for that purpose by a wealthy woman.

"TIZ" GLADDENS SORE, TIRED FEET No puffed-up, burning, tender, aching feet—no corns or callouses.

"Tiz" makes sore, burning, tired feet fairly dance with delight. Away go the aches and pains, the corns, callouses, blisters, bunions and chilblains.

"Tiz" draws out the acids and poisons that puff up your feet. No matter how hard you work, how long you dance, how far you walk, or how long you remain on your feet, "Tiz" brings restful foot comfort.

"Any drug stores open around here?" he demanded suddenly. "I hardly think so," peering down the black, wholly deserted street. "But we've some pepsin tablets at home."

"Who said anything about pepsin tablets?" explosively. Then as a rattling taxi whirled the corner, he raised his cane with a brusque, "Hi, there!"

"Oh, we don't want a taxi—the subway's right here." "Now, you get in there and shut up!" thrusting her into the car.

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Everyone Gossips; Here Are Some Rules

To try and carry on any sort of light conversation or small talk with our friends and never indulge in discussion or comments on mutual friends is something almost impossible to do.

Never recount anything that you have learned from a servant or from any one employed in the home of another person.

Seamstresses and women who go about doing various sorts of hairdressing and massage often become neighborhood plagues because of the fund of gossip that they have derived in the houses of the persons they work for.

It is always possible to refuse to hear personalities. But if you have listened don't show yourself doubly ill bred by recounting it to another.

There are certain legitimate channels for learning interesting things about your friends and neighbors, and such bits of information are usually of the pleasantest sort and only add to friendliness in repeating.

What we learn through the channels of usual social intercourse, what we observe in club and society is usually quite harmless.

But when it comes to noting your neighbor's washing hung out on Monday, when we sit behind drawn curtains watching to see how often certain callers step up to their front porch or how often the doctor comes when there is illness in the family, then we are taking unfair means.

Mrs. Sally James Farnham, sculptress of the Bolivar statue, recently unveiled in New York City, never went to an art school, having taught herself after discovering her gift for modeling.

For most eye trouble there is nothing better than simple camphor, hydrastis, witchhazel, etc., as mixed in Lavoptik eye wash. One business man says it relieves aching eyes and improves sight.

Eye Trouble? Try Camphor & Hydrastis

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While you are mapping out the plans for your future course, don't overlook the importance of a savings account.

4% Interest Paid on Savings Accounts. Funds subject to withdrawal without notice.

Open an Account with This Bank Today—A Dollar Begins It. Your connection with this bank will prove not only pleasant and helpful, but profitable as well.

This Is Not Advice—but a Good Suggestion. You are among those ambitious young Americans, anxious to make their mark in the world.

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Read This!

Omaha World-Herald. WEDNESDAY, MAY 1, 1921. SNAP UP THIS CHANCE.

The newspaper that is the organ of the so-called "allied" slate is conspicuously failing to support one of the candidates on that slate, Roy N. Towl of the South Side.

There is a horrid rumor about town that Mr. Towl, who is a civil engineer and a very good one, once did some work in the practice of his profession, for one of the public service corporations.

However that may be, men who know the candidates are aware that there is not, on either slate, a cleaner, more capable or more deserving aspirant than Roy N. Towl.

Mr. Towl isn't a politician. He doesn't know anything about politics, except that, as an intelligent man and a good citizen, he takes a lively interest in public affairs and votes for the principles and candidates of his choice on election day.

By his own unaided efforts Mr. Towl has worked his way well toward the top of his profession. He has experienced the hard life and hard knocks of the railroad construction camps.

Mr. Towl is still a young man, and is not so well known to the people of Omaha as are a number of other candidates. It is to be regretted that he labors under this handicap, for if all Omaha knew Mr. Towl as his friends and acquaintances know him, his election by a large majority would be a foregone conclusion.

One has only to see Mr. Towl to become prepossessed in his favor. He is clean-cut and clean looking. Talk to him for a few minutes and you will become aware that he is as clean in mind and heart as in external appearance.

And it is usually private businesses that absorb and monopolize the services of men of the Towl type. They don't know how to appeal for public favor.

Re-Elect Roy Towl City Commissioner

The World-Herald sincerely hopes that the people of Omaha will not pass by this chance. It is an exceptional chance. If you doubt it, take the pains to inquire.

Don't Miss This. CHARLES HENRY MACKINTOSH, the Speaker. Founder and past president of the Advertising Club of Duluth.

What Others Say of the Speaker—H. J. Kircher, Assistant Secretary of the Kalamazoo Stove Company. "I have heard all kinds, from Railroad Jack up to William Jennings Bryan, but never one better than Charles Henry Mackintosh."

These and fifteen pages more along the same line are the comments of those who have had the privilege of hearing Mr. Mackintosh, who will speak in Omaha during the coming week as follows: Monday night, May 2—Advertising and Selling League.

OMAHA LA SALLE STUDENTS CLUB. No, It's Not Too Late to Plant Trees and Shrubs as Long as You Plant Dormant Stock.

Are YOU too worn out to succeed? Nothing will turn ambition into ill-tempered laziness quicker than constipation.

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RICH-LAX. This preparation not only overcomes constipation, but it does away with all the causes, cramping and deranged digestion caused by ordinary laxatives.

Are YOU too worn out to succeed? Nothing will turn ambition into ill-tempered laziness quicker than constipation.

New Phone Number ATLANTIC 0345. New South Side Number MARKET 0050. Dresher Bros. CLEANERS-DYERS. 2211-17 FARNAM STREET.

"77" FOR COLDS Grip, Influenza, Sore Throat.

Hair Free Arm Pits. There are many things that will move superfluous hairs from the skin as to remove every hair and do it so to look upon it. It is no longer necessary to get it in such a savage manner.

ECZEMA. Mentol is the most effective SKIN DISEASE REMEDY.

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