The Married Life of Helen and Warren

"It's too crowded!" protested Helen. "Let's wait for the next." 'Come on, it's after 11 now." Warren wedged his way into the overcrowded car, making a passage for

from the subway crush. "Quickest way to get home," he booked a distant strap with his cane. him," approved Mr. Holden as they left the car. "If everybody had rubber. Kennedy never knows when

"They played better than usual tonight," holding close to his arm.
"No wonder. They held everything. I had rotten cards all eve-

At the next station, as more passengers forced their way in, Helen faced man, his breath strongly alcoholic. With every lurch of the car she felt the pressure of his repugnant

to protect her hat. "Yes, it's pretty thick in here," ad-

mitted Warren, drawing her close. With closed eyes, she leaned against him, almost faint from the airless, sickening congestion.

It was not their station, but cutting short her amazed protest, he

elbowed his way out and she was forced to follow. On the platform he paused to whisper a tense. "That man's got my watch! Fol-

low me-keep your trap shut!"
The next moment he was bounding up the steps after a tall man whom Helen recognized as having been jammed against him. She remembered the sleeve of that light gray coat as he held to the strap. At the top of the steps, he turned down the side street, Warren several

followed, their footsteps awesomely ous paws. reckless of Warren to accost this thief alone! Why had he not declared his loss in the car?

Warren's chiffonier—she stopped pertified.

A dazed moment. She was staring distinct in the silent street. How

Suddenly the man glanced over his shoulder—then quickened his pace. He had sensed he was being followed. He might be armed! What if he should turn and fire?

Now thoroughly terrified, she was

running to keep up, her high-heeled satin slippers impeding her progress.

It was in the loneliest, darkest part of the block that Warren caught up with the fugitive and gripped his "Hand over that watch!"

The man spluttered, struggling to "Not a word now!" savagely.

"Hand over that watch or there'll be trouble!" Helen's heart stood still as she saw the man's hand slip into his watch!"
pocket. Would he draw out a re- "He-

volver-or a black-jack? glint of gold as he relinquished the watch. Jerking away from Warren's relaxed grip, he dashed down the street and around the first cor-

ner without a backward glance. "Oh—oh, I was so frightened!" some didn't you get a policeman?" "Got my watch," thrusting it into his pocket. "That's what I was often!" "Case.

"But you might have been killed? He might have had-"Huh, these pickpockets are too cowardly to put up a fight. You saw how he wilted when I nabbed He knew I meant businessthat I wouldn't stand for any

monkey work." "You were wonderful! That was the bravest thing—for you to con-front a criminal like that alone!" "Yes, I pulled that off all right," with a chuckle. "That was a neat

"How could you be sure he had Did you see him take it?" "I was on to him three stations back. He kept pushing against me a darned sight more than was necessary. He was after my wallet, but he couldn't get at that-so he lifted the watch instead."

'When did you miss it" 'At the last station-when that mob crowded on. I was trying to protect you from that fat slob—and enough this shark jammed against me on the other side. I could feel his arm move. Then I felt for my watch— it was gone. I knew he'd get. off at the next stop, so I was ready

"Most men would have made an outcry right there—but you fol-lowed him and got it back alone," pressing his arm in thrilled admira-

"If I'd set up a howl in the car, he'd have passed it on to some confederate. These dips always work in pairs. I thought I'd nail him on my own.

All the way back to the subway. Helen effused over his daring bravery. His egotism always susceptible to any tribute to his masculine prowess, he grew more inflated under

this fulsome praise, Half an hour later they were home. In the elevator they met

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Comedy Complications Follow Warren's Heroic Holdup of a Subway Crook.

"It's too growded!" protested

Mr. Holden who had the apartment over theirs. Fairly bubbling over with pride, Helen had to relate Warren's courageous feat.

"Well, that was great—but it was pretty risky," declared Mr. Holden. "I wouldn't want to tackle one of

n wedged his way into the over-owded car, making a passage for it to follow. "Huh, no fight in him," shrugged Warren. "He came across without a whimper. You should have seen him run-like a scared rabbit!"
"I'm glad you threw a scare into

many holdups."

"Jove, it's after 12," when Warren switched on the lights in the library.
"Hustle now, let's get to bed. Here, no time for that!"

"Oh, you're so wonderful!" drawing down his head for an adoring "You heard what Mr. caress. was crushed against a stout red- Holden said-that it was awfully But you never even thought

holic. With every lurch of the car she felt the pressure of his repugnant corpulence.

"Oh, dear, this is awful!" trying to protect her hat. the surprise of his life when I nabbed him."

"Dear, he didn't look like a sneakthief," slipping off her evening

"You can't go by looks. Had a Two stations further on, she was roughly aroused by Warren's curt—
"We get out here!"

"You can't go by looks. Had a big diamond scarf-pin he'd swiped from somebody." Then with a yawn, "Did you put on another blanket? I almost froze last night." "No, dear, I forgot it-I'll do it right away."

Taking an extra blanket from the hall closet, Helen started to remake the bed. She was still reliv-ing the exciting chase as she tucked in the covers. Warren had been too fearless. He

should not have confronted a desperate criminal single-handed. Better to have lost the watch, even though it was the one his Uncle Henry had given him, than to have taken such a risk.

yards behind.

It was a dim, deserted neighborhood of closed shops. There was no one in sight—no one to call to for help.

Her heart in her throat, Helen followed their formular than formular formular t

Placing it in the leather box or

A dazed moment. She was staring at his watch! There it lay beside his brushes! In changing to his evening the watch was brushes! In changing to his evening the watch was a she clothes, he had forgotten it. And the other watch! What did it

Words failing her, she pointed to Shouted, 'Hand over that watch!'
And he—he did! Oh—oh!" conhis watch on the chiffonier.

"Holy smoke!" An excruciating silence as he jerked from his pocket the alien watch. heavily engraved.

mered Helen. "He-he didn't take yours at all?" pers!"

stupidly.
"Evidently not," sarcastically, "since it's there on the dresser." "Warren!" grasping the enormity of his blundering offense.

Holding it close to the bedside light, he examined the watch for some identification. "Not a mark," opening the inner

"Oh, you must find out who he

"How can I? The blamed thing's going to find out who it belongs o? An expensive watch, too." "And he-he thought you were

holding him up!" gasped Helen. "Has that just dawned on you? What else could be think?" Then grimly, "And be thought about Roston Put in Mass B

grimly, right." "Oh, "Oh, Warren, that's the most dreadful thing! What can you do?" "Advertise-that's all I can think of. If he turns up, I'll have a peach

of a time explaining." "You should have been sure! You shouldn't have rushed off after him unless you knew he had it. Warren, it's the most awful thing I ever heard of!"

"Huh, you've changed your tune. Just now you thought it was heroic every Wednesday and Saturday when -you couldn't gush over me the Nova Scotia ships come in.

"But I didn't know-

If Your Hair Is Thinning



Have You Met Him? The Enthusiastic Hand Shaker Who Was on the Foot Ball Team at College With Brother Charlie

By CHARLES DANA GIBSON By CHARLES DANA GIBSON (Copyright, Life Pub. Co.)



like a fool when I turn in the watch, "Oh, it-it just struck me as being

And the other watch! What did it mean?

"Warren—Warren!"

"Eh, what's wrong?" he appeared at the door, startled by the tense note in her voice.

"To think of you running after that man and making him give you his own watch! The way you his own watch! The way you vulsed, she dropped on the bed.
"Damned funny!" he snorted.
"Well, I can't see it—it's devilish It was the same size but awkward. I've got to get this watch "What have you done?" stam-"What have you done? stain-nered. Helen. ing fool. Now can your giggles and get ready for bed. It won't be so all-fired funny if it gets into the pa-

(Copyright, 1921, by Mabel Herbert Harper.)

Schoolboys in Chicago

To Become Traffic Cops Chicago, May 7.—Chicago school boys will soon make up one of the a mark," opening the inner best trained traffic squads in the "That puts me in a hell of a world if the plans of Chief of Police Fitzmorris are carried out.

He has conferred with the presiexcitedly. "You must return dent of the school board and will station a traffic cop at each school house to teach the boys how to not even initialed. How the devil am | handle traffic in the crowded streets. As soon as they become proficient the older boys will be detailed to signal for the crossing of their younger school mates at street inersections.

Boston Put in Mass. Bay

Boston, May 7.—More than 2,000 short lobsters shipped here illegally from Nova Scotia are being seized every week by the state division of fisheries and games and are being distributed along the shores of Massachusetts bay, to be caught by lobstermen when they attain the legal length of nine inches.

Chief Warden Orrin C. Bourne directs the activities of eight wardens Cloudland Romance Pulsates in Omaha

ment for night flying.

They speak with fervor of the good or bad works of the air mail department; they wonder if some things they look upon as shortcomings in the air service are the result of indifference on the part of department heads, or whether additional appropriations by congress will aid them.

If better planes, better motors, a ship for each pilot-anything that will make a dangerous job more safe-depends on congress, then these wives emphatically demand that congress get busy and

do everything possible. They're against night flying, until planes, fields and everything are equipped for it.

"Night flying can be done, and done successfully," said Mrs. Knight. "Jack demonstrated that when he made the night flight from North Platte to Chicago. If they have the kind of lighting system the pilots want, if motors can be kept in prime condition, but I don't like the thought of it over the mountains or without every necessary preparation and bit of equipment.

She's Practical.

Nearly every one of the wives has become a keen weather observer. Mrs. Yager and Mrs. Smith, bride of Harry Smith, the latest additions to the "air wives colony" at Cheyenne are learning rapidly.

Mrs. Knight can distinguish wind clouds, storm clouds, various kinds of weather conditions

(Continued from Page One.) them little. They are of the air, talk air and think it. Two of together, apparently conversing about the latest things in gowns or hats, nine times out of 10 are talking over the new equip-

Checking Up Congress.

Ah-the Bachelors.

the air forces of General Wrangel's anti-bolshevik army last September, resigning from the air mail service to make the trip. He did not arrive at his desti-

nation before Wrangel's forces were routed, but undaunted, he joined Capt. C. C. Clark of Oklahoma, former Wrangel flier, in organizing an all-American fighting squadron for service in the Roumanian army in case of bolshevik invasion this spring. He is even now subject to call

and ready to rush to Bucharest

part of Lenin's hordes. While in Europe Clarence kept up the air mail pilots' reputation for doing things by flying across the English channel; winning 76,-000 francs at Monte Carlo, and

and England. Back to Paree. lairs, the boulevards and the

cafes of Paris, familiar to him be-

New Hair Growth

On loral 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.

"Yet new, at an age over 66, I have a luxuriant growth of soft, atrong, lustrous hair! No trace of baldness. The pictures shows here are from my photographs."

INDIANS' SECRET OF HAIR GROWTH

bear on the flier's welcause of his former service in fare. Unconsciously, she says, she watches each trailing smoke France with the American army.
Then there is Howard C.
Brown, whose home is in Charleswreath from any chimney to learn whether the wind is favoring or fighting her man.

Speaking of radio Mrs. Yager, in a burst of enthusiasm recently remarked: "Wouldn't it be great if they installed a wireless ma-chine in every ship, and then let us each have a receiver? Then Frank could tell me when to begin setting the table for dinner." The other wives echoed her sentiments, but fear this convenience is many months away.

Yes, there are a few bachelors flying into Omaha. There's Clarence Lange, the adventuresome youth, who recently returned from

Clarence went to Europe to join

at the first warlike move on the studying aviation in France, Italy

Clarence also visited the tango

ton, W. Va., a rather recent addition to the Chicago-Omaha division. Howard succeeded J. P. Christensen of Blair, Neb., who was killed a few days ago on the Cleveland-Chicago run, where he had been transferred. He had

been flying with mail since last August on the Chicago-St. Louis Romance?-Ah-h-h! But though there are still bachelors in the service the romance

of the air is doing its work well. According to rumors there may be additions to the colony of airmen's wives in Cheyenne, and possibly in Omaha and Chicago as well.

And can you blame 'em, boys? Listen again to Mrs. Knight. "There is romance without end in being Jack's wife," says this devoted little woman.

"He comes to me on wings, and sometimes I actually cannot believe it, it seems so wonderful. "When he comes home to mewhy, I just think Jack is a sort of a super-man out of a book, and not just Jack at all.

"Tennyson wrote about 'argosies of the sky dropping down at twilight.' His words were wonderful, but he couldn't have known the romance of having a husband who sailed home on the very wings about which he wrote.

Like Homing Pigeons.

That is the spirit with which these young wives speed their airmen out and welcome them home. Every so often the world reads. of a sensational non-stop record, or a speed record being broken. Those who watch such things may have noticed that in many cases

After BALDNESS

Mr. Brittain certified further: "At a time when I had become discouraged at trying to grow my hair again, I came across, in my travels, a Cherokee Indian medicine man who had an elixir that he asseverated would grow my hair. Although I had but little faith I gave it a trial. To my amazement a light fuzz soon appeared. It developed, day by day, into a healthy growth, and ere long my hair was as prolific as in my resthful days."

True Hair Grower at Last

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

It has been proved in very many cases that hair roots did not die even when the hair fell out through dandruff, fever, alopecia creata, or certain other hair or scalp disorders.

PROOF BOX KOTALKO

FREE GENUINE

"They're flying hard and fast to get home to us." Legion May Inscribe Flag dled down to one. He is Addison T. Smith, of Twin Falls, Ida., and is a With Emblems of Battles lone survivor of five from the last

Boston, May 7.-American flags session, and several others of preowned and displayed by American vious sessions. Representative Smith Legion posts may be suitably in-scribed with the names of battles and sentative Smithwick, of Florida. In other inscriptions emblematic of the spite of that slight moral support the

the records are broken by pilots

The air-wise may nod their heads and make sage remarks

about the easterly or westerly currents and such things, but ask

"They're all wrong," say the

little women who wait for the

pilots, pull for them in trouble and

plan with them in their ambitions.

"Those boys are like homing

the wives.

homeward and wifeward bound.

aw adds the American Legion to the two exempted groups. It's Too Bad There's Only One "Smith" in Congress Washington, May 7 .- For the first time in many years the representation of the national Smith family in the house of representatives has dwin-

ernor Cox. The state anti-abuse-of-the-flag laws prohibit the marking or use of Old Glory for advertising pur-

poses. Only the flags of the Grand

Army and Spanish war units were permitted to be inscribed. The new

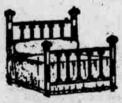
soldiers' valorous deeds in France Idaho member still feels somewhat as the result of a bill signed by Gov- alone.

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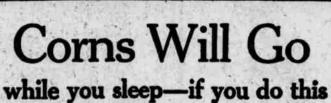
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