

The Married Life of Helen and Warren

Warren Coolly Squelches the Stage Heroics of Their Hysterical Hostess.

"Well, they ought to do their squabbling in private," yawned Warren, struggling with a knotted shoelace. "That blow-out at dinner was pretty raw."

"I think she really enjoys it," Helen was taking his pajamas from the suitcase. "She told me once that marriage would be deadly if one didn't have an occasional quarrel. She loves the excitement and the making up."

"Huh, so she keeps poor Trevor in hot water to satisfy her craving for heroics." Then, roughly tumblering the clothes she had neatly unpacked, "Didn't you bring my bathrobe?"

"Dear, it takes up so much room—and we're staying only two nights."

"Notice you brought enough of your own duds," as he slammed into the bath adjoining the guest room.

Brushing her hair before the French grey dressing table, Helen reviewed the clash between her hostess and her husband at dinner.

It started with a discussion of the drive they had planned for tomorrow. Mr. Trevor suggested that they stop for lunch at the Dew Drop Inn. Mrs. Trevor said she loathed that place, insisting on the Bayview House even though it was 10 miles out of their way.

From this trivial difference grew a heated argument. Mrs. Trevor, almost hysterical, declared that her husband never considered her—that he took a fiendish delight in humiliating her before her guests.

Having worked herself up to a paroxysm of tears, she rushed from the room. After an awkward interval Mr. Trevor, flushed and mortified, left the table to coax her back.

She returned with reddened eyes and a tragic, injured air, but Helen knew that she had enjoyed every moment of her "dramatics." Her love of the theater had prompted the scene.

"Plenty of hot water," Warren emerged from the bathroom. "That's more than you get at most of these country houses."

"Oh, yes, everything's kept up beautifully," Helen was in the closet hanging her best gown in one of the ribbon-covered hangers. "She's a good housekeeper. That was a wonderful dinner. Wasn't that mushroom soup delicious? And that strawberry mousse!"

"Well, I could have done with plainer grub and less wrangling."

"And it was so embarrassing for him. Did you notice how he flushed up?"

"Why the Sam Hill did he drag her back to the table? I'd have let her stay upstairs and sulk," kicking off his slippers.

"Dear, open the windows before you get in," she was turning down the twin beds. "All of them. We want all of this country air we can get. Oh, these are real linen sheets!"

"Love, she's at it again," grunted Warren as Mrs. Trevor's raised voice came through the window he had just opened.

"You did say that! You know you did. You said it deliberately—just to hurt me."

An indistinct mumbling from Mr. Trevor, then again his wife's shrill, "I don't care if they do! You've made my life so wretched—I'm past all caring!"

"Oh, how can she?" murmured Helen. "Their room opens right on this balcony—she must know we can hear every word."

"Helluva lot she cares," Warren climbed into bed. "May be playing up for our benefit—wouldn't put her all in it."

"You'll be sorry for this when it's too late! Well, what of it? I want the whole world to hear," almost a shriek "I want everybody to know just what I've endured since I married."

"Poor old Trevor," muttered Warren. "And he's the best ever. If I were tied up to that spitfire, I'd beat some of the devilry out of her—if I had to use a club."

"Your sister's back of it all," shrilling on at high speed. "She's always putting you against me. And you're—your mother's against me, too. She even—"

"Leave my family out of this!" his voice now wrathfully distinct.

"That's more like it," approved Warren. "Now if he'll only go for her hard—rip her with a few maledictive words. These crazy, neurotic women ought to be—"

But Helen nudged him to silence as Mrs. Trevor raged on.

"Your family! That's all you ever think about. You don't care how much I suffer—but they must be shielded. Why did you ever marry? Why didn't you stay with your family?"

"It's unfortunate that I didn't," "So you say that, do you?" she screamed. "You're sorry you married me! Well, you won't be sorry long! You can go back to your family—you'll not be burdened with me. I'm through! This is the end!"

The sound of a slamming door.

"Harriet! Harriet!" came Mr. Trevor's voice in genuine alarm. "Open the door! I didn't mean to say that. You know I didn't. Open the door!"

Then through the stillness tore a piercing shriek.

"Quick!" Helen was out of bed, fumbling for her slippers.

Muttering something about "damed play-acting," Warren followed as she dashed on across the hall to the opposite room.

Mr. Trevor, his shoulders against the bathroom door, was straining to force it open.

"Get that chair!" he called to Warren. "We'll break it down."

"Hold on. We can force that," Warren contributing his greater strength, the lock gave way.

The door flew open, revealing Mrs. Trevor crouched against the wall—a bottle held to her lips!

Even in that panicky moment, Helen realized that Mrs. Trevor had carefully set her stage. Her hair showered over her shoulders in wild and becoming disorder, and she held the bottle so the skull and crossbones label was in plain view.

"Harriet! Harriet!" her husband sprang toward her.

"Don't come near me! If you touch me—I'll drink every drop, tingling the open bottle."

"You know I didn't mean what I said," huskily. "I'll take it all back. I know I love you—"

"Love? You don't know what love

The Destroyer of Dreams

means! You only love to torture me," clutching at her throat with her free hand.

"Here, Trevor, you'd better let me manage this." Pushing him aside, Warren started into the bathroom.

"Don't you dare touch me!" melodramatically. "Another step and I'll lie dead at your feet."

"Go ahead!" Folding his arms, Warren leaned against the open door.

"Drink it if you want to. I'll see that nobody interferes. Carbolic's a little painful—but it's sure. Take it in one gulp—it'll be over quicker."

Cowering against the wall, she stared at him with lidating eyes.

"You can put that fifth-reef stuff over on your husband—but it won't work on me," grimly.

"How dare you!"

"Now just cut out the movie dope. I'm going to see this, through for Trevor's sake—and incidentally yours. You've led him a dog's life with your tantrums."

"How dare you talk to me like that! You're here as my guest. What right have you to—"

"Wouldn't have butted in if you hadn't raised the roof. I'll apologize later—but here's where I must call your bluff."

"Bluff! You think it's a bluff!" She raised the bottle threateningly. "I'll show you!"

"Wait, Trevor!" Warren's arm barred the doorway. "If you want to end these scenes once for all, let me handle this." Then sternly: "Now, Mrs. Trevor, either drink that stuff or put it back on the shelf."

Thoroughly cowed, she stared at him in amazed terror. Accustomed to her husband's conciliatory overtures, she was paralyzed by Warren's salutary lashing.

"Let me talk to her," Helen laid a tremulous hand on his arm. "You take Mr. Trevor into the next room—I'll get the bottle from her."

"No, we'll see it through right now." Then to Mrs. Trevor: "How much longer do you want to keep this up? Don't you think we've had about enough? Ready to call it off?"

The next second the bottle fell crashing from her hand. Regardless of the broken glass and the dark fluid spreading over the white tiles, she threw herself shrieking on the floor.

"Harriet!" Mr. Trevor started to lift her.

"No, that's not the way," Warren held him back. "Now's the time to let her alone." Then to Helen, "You get her to bed. I'm going to take Trevor downstairs."

"I can't leave her now!" He was still pale and agitated. "She needs me."

"She'll play up to you as long as you're here. Now, come on down and get a good stiff drink," drawing him into the hall. "That's what you need."

"No, I'm afraid to leave her," turning back. "She may do something desperate yet."

"Rot! She'd no more idea of drinking that stuff than I had. Just a lot of damed theories that she knew you'd fall for. Come on now. When they get away—you've got to treat 'em rough."

Then as he steered Mr. Trevor from the room.

"You won't have to go through this again. I've called her bluff and she knows it. Be a mighty long time before she tries to pull another stunt like that!"

Copyright, 1921, by the Bell Syndicate, Inc.



Published by arrangement with Life.

Child Prodigy Improves Music At Age of 3 Years

Tot Discovers Beauty That Lies in Weaving of Chords And Begins to Play.

New York, June 11.—A 10-year-old musical prodigy lives in a Wood-Ridge, N. J., just across the Hudson.

The child is Grace Sharp Castagnetta, a daughter of American parents. Despite her extraordinary talent for music, Grace is a very human girl with every normal characteristic of hundreds of other American children.

At the age of 15 months Grace found her way to the piano. At first she just liked the sound of the separate notes that her baby fingers touched as they trailed over the pretty keyboard. Very soon she discovered the beauty that lies in the weaving of chords. And at that tender age, without knowledge of music, for her parents could not play the piano, the child worked out for herself her own idea of music. Her ear delicately attuned to harmony, the baby was able to harmonize in one octave.

At the age of 3 little Grace was playing in concert. She had but to hear a song once and she could reproduce it on the piano and often improvise upon it, making the rendition doubly beautiful and twice as intricate. More than that, she could transcribe the piece into any key requested, though she knew nothing of keys.

When she was 7 years old Grace attracted the attention of Dr. N. J. Eisenheimer, who gave her her first lesson. The lessons have continued now for three years, in which time she has given three recitals of her own. At each recital the little artist rendered works of the masters, such as selections from Liszt, Greig, Paradiisi, Debussy, MacDowell and Schumann; sonatas from Beethoven, Scarlatti and Mozart, as well as Bach's English Suites.

Grace attends public school every day and stands as high in her studies as she does in the pursuit of music. She attends Sunday school, in fact she has not missed Sunday school in years.

Those who have heard the youthful artist believe her inordinate powers of improvisation, coupled with her natural inclinations for music, will place her yet among the American master virtuosos.

The Three Dead Men

(Continued from Page Three.)

Slanning has fallen backward, away from the stroke that slew him, his hat is off and, in the moonlight, he lies revealed. All that the dead man had so cunningly provided for and planned, Solly sees happen just as Slanning had designed; but the advent of young Lawson is fatal to himself and Diggle.

"He has seen his master murdered before his eyes, and the horrible sight provokes him to instant revenge. A moment's reflection would have saved Diggle and himself, but he cannot reflect. He sees Diggle run towards the dead man, and, fired to frenzy by the destruction of one he dearly loved, he acts on impulse, stays not a second, but seizes Diggle's gun, probably screams out some fierce words of hate, and fires at short range into the watchman's kneeling body. Then he drops the gun and flies to sound the alarm and proclaim what has been done, while Diggle lies dead upon his master and their blood flows together."

"But Solly's feet grow slower and his passion abates. His fiery brain begins to work and presently he understands the thing that he has done. Is it an evil dream from which he will emerge, or can it be true that his master and John Diggle lie dead in the plantation and that he is a murderer? He begins to appreciate his own position. What living soul will believe that John Diggle murdered Henry Slanning? Such an event would demand proofs beyond possibility. How shall Solly's worthless word convince any man?"

"Another and abler man, or a criminal, had doubtless kept his mouth shut and gone his way, pre-

servicing his action a secret and defying his fellow creatures ever to associate him with it; but this man was stupid, impulsive, and no criminal. I conceive that his intelligence was not equal to the strain put upon it and that, by what train of error we can only guess, he reached at last a conviction that he would be found guilty, sooner or later, of a double murder. His record would be against him and there was none to speak a word for him. He had left Bridgetown on the previous night and walked home through the small hours; and all he could say was that he had seen John Diggle shoot Henry Slanning and taken the law into his own hands. To utter such nonsense would be to stand self-condemned.

"To me the result of these reflections on the temperament of Solly Lawson can be predicted with logical certainty. He feels, at the morning hour of lowest vitality, that it is far better to die than live for what must lie before him. By this time he has drifted back to the cliffs, for he has been walking subconsciously homeward. The sea lies beneath him and a few moments of suffering will end all. Better to perish thus than on the gallows with the execration of all humanity in his ears."

"Again impulse decides him. He sees not a ray of hope, but hungers to end his mental torture as swiftly as may be. Feeble now and worn out in body and mind, he dashes at his doom, designing to vanish off the earth forever and leave no link by which he can be connected with the dead men in the plantation. He will leap down into the sea and so disappear where one can find him. But a common instinct in suicide, to pile one death upon another, manifests itself in Solly Lawson at this supreme moment. Men often destroy themselves so; and there is undoubtedly some subtle psychological instinct that tends to make these double deaths less fearful to the self-de-

stroyer. A man will drink poison and then blow his brains out; or, as in the case of this ill-starred youth, he will cut his throat and leap over a precipice with his remaining strength.

"Thus did Solly act, and had he fallen, as he designed, into the depths below, no explanation of these incidents would ever have won to mortal mind; but he fell on a proposed of the cliff; his body was thus recovered and his secret, as I believe, revealed, to play its intrinsic part in the larger mystery with which we are concerned.

"That, then, is what happened in my opinion; and if it be argued that not a shadow of actual and tangible proof exists for such a theory, I admit it. It is granted that I present nothing but a theory of events and the situation makes it impossible to do more; but I repeat that the view I submit is based on character, than which no surer foundation of action can be discovered; and since these three men all do exactly what may be predicted of them given the circumstances, it is hard, and for me impossible, to see how any other rational explanation of their death can be advanced."

"M. DUVEEN."

It remains only to add that while many accepted Duveen's conclusions others did not, and among the latter, as he prophesied, was Amos Slanning. The West Indian held this explanation of his brother's death to be merest moonshine; though, as I explicitly learned from various Barbadian sources, the majority of Henry Slanning's friends and acquaintances in the West Indies believed the matter must have so happened. At first they also protested; but when the novelty of the idea grew worn, they came to believe it. The probability, in fact, increased rather than diminished.

As for Michael Duveen, he felt no shadow of doubt concerning his conclusions, and while declining the large honorarium offered to him, since it came from a client uncon-

of his past conduct, but accept as among his own purest analytical achievements.

"It is an example," he used to say, "of how motive may sometimes be unearthed through the track of character, when every other possible channel is blocked by death and can not be explored. For my part, I often have doubted the most luminous circumstantial evidence, if opposed by equally luminous facts of character; and though in many cases crime suddenly appears in soil of character where one would have suspected no such seed could spring, for temptation will break through the bars like a strong man armed; yet, as a general rule, if we know what an individual has been, and what forces always have guided and controlled his acts, we may safely judge as suspect any charges which openly contradict the massive proofs

Next Sunday!
Just Like Any Married Man
By LUCIAN CARY
The sprightly adventures of a suburban siren and a solid citizen.

Citizens Probe Effect of Booze

Evanston Men Try Out Moonshine and Here Is The Result.

Evanston, Ill., June 11.—Evanston now knows what liquor will do to you.

The scientific effect of illicit imbibing of alcoholic stimulants has been officially recorded through diagnosis of six Evanston citizens who went under the test.

Their reports follow:

No. 1.—Beat his wife.

No. 2.—Walked through a plate glass window in mistake for a door.

No. 3.—Insisted on sleeping in an alley.

No. 4.—Tried to water his automobile at a horse trough.

No. 5.—Sung funeral hymns.

No. 6.—Held the head of No. 5 while keeping time to the hymns.

The six were arraigned before Police Magistrate Boyer. Three were fined \$10 each, while two were sent back to their cells to recover speech and locomotion. The sixth was released.

Women to Take Active Part in Ruling Palestine

Worcester, June 11.—Women will take an active part in governing Palestine, according to Mrs. Chaim Weissman, wife of the Jewish leader, in an interview here.

"The declaration of the return to Palestine has not only been given to the Jewish men, but also to the women and they will not allow the men to dominate in Palestine," she declares.

"The American woman is more brilliant than the English woman, but not as reserved," Mrs. Weissman said.

Millions Use 'Gets-It' For Corns

Stops Pain Instantly—Removes Corns Completely.

Everybody, everywhere needs to know what millions of folks have already learned about "Gets-It," the guaranteed pain-

End Your Corns With "Gets-It." less corn and callus remover. Any corn, no matter how deep rooted, departs quickly when "Gets-It" arrives. Wonderfully simple, yet simply wonderful, because all soreness stops with the first application. Get rid of your corns and wear shoes that fit. Big shoes simply make corns grow bigger. Your money back if "Gets-It" fails. Insist on the genuine. Costs but a trifle everywhere. Mfd. by E. Lawrence & Co., Chicago.

No Corns Today
unless folks let them stay

Millions of people nowadays keep completely free from corns.

At the first sign of a corn they use Blue-jay—the liquid or the plaster. The pain then stops. In a little while the whole corn loosens and comes out.

People who pare corns keep them. People who use old treatments—harsh, unscientific—do themselves injustice.

There is now a scientific cornender. A famous chemist perfected it. This world-famed laboratory supplies it through druggists everywhere.

It is at your call. A touch will apply it. Its use seals the fate of a corn.

At least 20 million corns yearly are now ended in this easy, gentle way. Apply it to one corn tonight. Watch what it does.

Plaster or Liquid
Blue-jay
The Scientific Corn Ender

BAUER & BLACK Chicago New York Toronto
Makers of B & B Sterile Surgical Dressings and Allied Products

FURNITURE
At exceptionally New Low Prices to make buying attractive for June Brides.

Home Outfits
June Prices

5-Room Outfits Complete (1920 Price Was \$585) **\$289**

4-Room Outfits Complete (1920 Price Was \$330) **\$237**

3-Room Outfits Complete (1920 Price Was \$312) **\$178**

Reed and Fibre Porch Furniture at Exactly 1/2 Regular Price

3-Piece Fiber Set **\$24.75**

Duo-Fold Refrigerators as Low as **\$11.75**

Oil Stoves **\$14.75**

Special **\$36.75**

For One Week Only **\$44.50**
Cabinet Phonograph

State Furniture Co.
CORNER 14TH & DODGE.

Rich American, Who is 69

Boston, June 11.—An overseas courtship between an elderly and wealthy Louisiana oil broker and the granddaughter of his former chum had its culmination here in marriage an hour after 25-year-old Maria Kramer, a Croatan, disembarked from the steamer. The groom is John Bersche, 69 years of age. He came here 40 years ago and amassed a fortune. His courtship and proposal and his bride's acceptance were entirely by mail.

Mexico Holds Solution To World's Oil Worries

London, June 11.—A 42-gallon barrel of oil, equivalent to a ton of coal, for \$1.96 is an easy proposition, says Maxim Ford of the Geological Society of Mexico, now in London on business.

Mexico, he declares, could supply the whole world with oil for 50 years and banish coal worries from the face of the earth. The trouble is not to get the oil, but to get rid of it.

Hen Lays Egg 6 by 7 Inches; She's a Buff Orpington

San Jose, Cal., June 11.—Mrs. A. S. Hoop believes that one of her Buff Orpington hens has a streak of ostrich blood in its veins. The hen laid an egg measuring six inches in circumference and seven inches in length.

Gets-It
For Corns

Stops Pain Instantly—Removes Corns Completely.

Everybody, everywhere needs to know what millions of folks have already learned about "Gets-It," the guaranteed pain-

End Your Corns With "Gets-It." less corn and callus remover. Any corn, no matter how deep rooted, departs quickly when "Gets-It" arrives. Wonderfully simple, yet simply wonderful, because all soreness stops with the first application. Get rid of your corns and wear shoes that fit. Big shoes simply make corns grow bigger. Your money back if "Gets-It" fails. Insist on the genuine. Costs but a trifle everywhere. Mfd. by E. Lawrence & Co., Chicago.