The Married Life of Helen and Warren

Helen Is the Gullible Dupe of a Glib Promoter and the Lure of Easy Money.

In fluttering wonderment Helen turned from the telephone and flew out to the kitchen.

"Cora, there's a gentleman coming up. Show him into the library—say I'll be right in."

"Mr. Drexel! What was Mr. Drexel? Why was he calling on her? He had phoned up that it was something "personal."

Pleasantly excited at this break in the monotony of a long hot afternoon, Helen dressed with eager expectancy.

A final fluff of powder, a final glance into the mirror at her blue-organdied slenderness, and she hurried into the library.

From a chair by the window, a tall man rose to greet her. In spite of the heat he looked cool and faultlessly groomed. His light gray suit was of a distinctive cut and on the desk beside him lay an expensive Panama hat.

"Mrs. Curtis?" bowing with elaborate courtesy. "I hope I'm not intruding. I have just come from Mrs. Holden on the ninth floor."

"Oh, yes, Mrs. Holden," murmured Helen inanely, still bewildered.

"I have an exceptional proposition here of which Mrs. Holden took advantage—and she thought you also would be interested," drawing a leaflet from his pocket. "I represent the Marvin Oil company which just now offers a most extraordinary opportunity for a gilt-edged investment."

"Oh, I—I'm afraid you'd have to see Mr. Curtis," faltered Helen.

"Ah, but it's Mrs. Curtis I want to interest. It's the woman investor, we have something so absolutely safe."

Helen listened politely to the many forceful arguments that followed, but she was mainly intent upon how she could word a firm but gracious refusal.

Impressed by Mr. Drexel's deep, rich voice and ponderous importance, it was going to be hard to say "No."

He spread before her an imposing array of circulars from which he glibly quoted facts and figures. He emphasized the 30 per cent annual dividend and guaranteed that within six months the stock, now a dollar a share, would be worth three. Mrs. Holden had taken five hundred shares and would probably take more.

"But Mr. Curtis would never consent to my investing in any oil stock. He's very skeptical about most stocks and particularly about—"

"Ah, Mrs. Curris, I admit there have been many false oil securities on the market—but because of that would you condemn them all? Think of Standard Oil! The people who invested in that thirty years ago are millionaires today. That is the opportunity I offer you now!"

He paused to emphasize this point, and to touch his moist forehead with an exquisite gray silk handkerchief.

"Oil is the world's most essential commodity. All the great ocean liners are being turned into oil burners. It saves the labor of coaling and one fireman can do the work of 10. Now we have a property here that we guarantee will yield 500,000 barrels a year, to say nothing of the acreage still undeveloped. New wells are being opened up every week."

Another half hour of trip-hammer arguments in his resonant voice and Helen began to waver. There was that $50 she was saving for a linen suit.

"Oh, no, not 500 shares," as taking the sale for granted, he started to fill out a certificate. "Fifty is all I could possibly invest."

"You are missing a very rare opportunity Mrs. Curtis. But of course," with a note of condescension, "if that is all you feel you can spare—"

His disappointment was evident. His attitude conveyed that her surroundings would have indicated larger resources.

She felt almost apologetic, as though she had taken much of his valuable time with but little return.

It was not until after his departure that the doubts and misgivings, which all along had clouded the background of her thoughts, loomed largely.

She had invested $50 in oil stock. And she had given him the money! She knew nothing of this man or his company! She had weakly yielded to his persuasive arguments because she had not had the courage to say "No."

Now she thought of a dozen excures—a dozen ways of saying "No" with dignity and firmness. But he had made her feel that it was almost an obligation for her to invest. He had been positively patronizing in accepting her $50, implying that his time was worth more than that.

The more she thought of it the more indignant she grew. How could she have been so foolish? Mrs. Holden! She would ask her about it, at once.

A moment later she had the Holden apartment on the phone, but the maid informed her that Mrs. Holden was out and would not be home before dinner.

The rest of the afternoon Helen spent in poring over the Marvin oil circulars, trying to reassure herself that her $50 was safe. Certainly the arguments seemed convincing. The one that gave her the most comfort she read again and again.

"With the progressive and sound policy of its management, plus the enormous potential value of the vast areas of its holdings that have not as yet been touched, and the high efficiency of its producing, transporting, refining and marketing organization—the Marvin company is rapidly reaching that point where it will rival even the Standard oil."

It was after 6 when Warren came home—hot, tired and irritable. Grumbling at the heat, he did not notice Helen's worried abstraction until they were almost through dinner.

"What's the matter with you?" gulping down his third glass of ice water. "You're not very chipper."

"Oh, it's just the heat," not looking up from the radish she was peeling.

"Want to go to a roof tonight? Good show at the Rotterdam"

Helen had never felt so poor. After her outlay of $50, she shrank from the thought of Warren squandering more at an expensive roof.

"No, dear, it's too hot. We'll be much cooler here. Oh, don't drink any more ice water—you'll be sick."

If she could only tell him about it! But she dared not. He would be rabid if he found she had invested in any oil stock.

"You can't beat this for heat," grouched Warren, when he turned on the fan in the library. "Not a breath from those windows. Hello, where'd this come from?" stooping to pick up a circular the fan had blown to the floor.

MARVIN OIL COMPANY EXTRAORDINARY OPPORTUNITY FOR THE CONSERVATIVE INVESTOR. 30% ANNUAL DIVIDENDS GUARANTEED.

"Hump, same old bunk. Didn't know you were on a sucker list."

"That's a company Mrs. Holden's in—she bought 500 shares."

"Don't you believe it! Holden wouldn't let her touch any oil stock with a 40-foot pole."

"But, dear, it must be all right," excitedly. "I know she took $500 dollars worth—and he said she might take more."

"Who said that?"

"Why, the representative—the man that sold the stock," reddening.

"Huh, one of those oil sharks been gunning around? Got a nerve to horn in here. What in blazes made you see him?" flinging the circulars into the waste basket.

"Oh, dear, I want to look those over," she started to rescue them.

"See here," sternly. "What're you holding out on me?" His keen gaze riveted on her flushed face.

"Why, nothing, dear," tremulously. "I just wanted to—"

"You weren't fool enough to fall for any fake stock promoter's hot air?"

"It isn't a fake! Mrs. Holden took $500 worth and I—" desperately, "I thought I could take $50."

"What's that?" explosively. "You didn't give him the money?"

She nodded, gulping back the tightening lump in her throat.

"You hand out $50 to any smooth-talking promoter who happens to blow in?"

"Call up Mrs. Holden," hysterically. "She'll tell you it's all right. She wouldn't have taken 500 shares if—"

"Don't believe she did!" he snorted, turning to the telephone. That's only part of the con to rope you in. Hello, give me the Holdens' apartment."

With shrinking dread, Helen waited, her hands clasped tight.

"Mrs. Holden? This is Mr. Curtis. A man was here this afternoon trying to sell some oil stock to Mrs. Curtis. He said you'd bought 500 shares. Is that right, . . . Not a penny's worth. I thought so. . . . Yes, most of 'em are crooks."

Slamming up the receiver, he confronted Helen savagely.

"Well, he's trimmed you for 50 bucks, all right! You don't deserve to have it back—but I'm not going to let that bird get away with it."

Jerking out the desk drawer that held his business stationery, he selected one of his letterheads. His mouth grimly set, for the next 10 minutes hew rote with rapid, wrathful strokes. Then he whirled about with a vigorous, "Now listen to this:

"I find that my wife, Mrs. Warren E. Curtis, through false representation made by your agent, subscribed today for $50 worth of stock in the Marvin Oil company.

"Am returning the stock certificate by bearer and demand the return of the $50.

"I might add that in my practice I have co-operated with both federal and state authorities in investigating questionable flotation schemes, and you will find it more to your advantage to return the $50 than to have any publicity given this matter."

"Guess that'll bring 'em to time," he reached for an envelope.

"Oh, dear, how could I have been so—so gullible?"

"Next time one of these de luxe holdup artists tries to hypnotize you—just switch 'em down to my office. I'll tell 'em where they get off."

"If I only had!" tearfully contrite.

"Well, cheer up, Kitten! Smarter folks than you have fallen for a line of smooth talk and the prospect of easy coin.

Next week: An Embarrassing Encounter at a Cheap Italian Restaurant.

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IS THIN WATERY BLOOD RUINING YOUR HEALTH?

'AND SAPPING YOUR BODILY AND MENTAL VIGOR, LEAVING YOU WEAK, NERVOUS AND IRRITABLE AN' MAKING A FAILURE OUT O' YOU? HOW TO TELL

If you suspect you may be suffering from iron starvation, do not wait until you go all to pieces and collapse in a state of nervous prostration or until in your weakened condition you contract some serious disease, but consult your family physician and have him take a specimen of your blood and make a "blood count" or your red blood corpuscles or test the iron-power of your blood yourself by adding plenty of spinach, carrots, or other iron-containing vegetables to your daily food and take organic iron like Nuxated Iron with them for a while and see how much your condition improves.

Thousands of people have surprisingly increased their strength, energy and endurance in two weeks' time by this simple experiment. But in making this test, be sure the iron you take is organic iron—Nuxated Iron—and not metallic or mineral iron which people usually take. Organic Nuxated Iron is like the iron in your blood and like the iron in spinach, lentils and apples, while metallic iron is iron just as it comes from the action of strong acids on small pieces of iron. Nuxated Iron represents organic iron in such a highly concentrated form that one dose is estimated to be approximately equivalent (in organic iron content) to eating half a quart of spinach, or one quart of green vegetables. It is like taking extract of beef instead of eating pounds of meat. Beware of substitutes. Look for the word "Nuxated" on every package and for the letters N. I. on every tablet. Your money will be refunded by the manufacturers if you do not obtain perfectly satisfactory results. For sale by all druggist

Back From Your Honeymoon. How Nice to Have the Neighbors Drop in and Help You Get Settled.

By CHARLES DANA GIBSON
Copyright, Life Publishing Co.

Published by Arrangement with Life.

Letters From a Home-Made Father To His Son

Dear Son:—

Pooch Frisbee's goin' round town these days lookin' as happy as if he'd just evicted a couple o' tenants. Seems he's finally managed to get two seats to th' Dempsey-Carpenter fight. He could 'a bought a nice quiet gran'stan' all to hisself for th' same price. 'Twas a s'prise t' me 'cause Pooch is th' kind o' man that knocks a quarter again' th' bottom o' th' plate when it passes him in church an' then puts it back in his pocket when nobody's lookin'. There's no accountin' fer human nater.

It appears that the only piece o' merchandise what ain't showed a loss on inventory since th' war is biceps. As far's makin' money's concerned you're wastin' time developin' your brains. You can exercise 'em till they're so hard an' knotty you could put Einstein to th' mat in 15 minutes conversation, but th' only folks who'll come to see th' show is a couple o' bums who wandered in because th' steam heat was on, a deaf ol' lady who was on her way to a revival meetin', an' mistook the address, an' th' janitor, who has to be there to see the contestants don't remove nothin' belongin' to the house.

The next day there'll be a piece about it on the real estate page pervidin' you don't ferget to send it in.

"Last night, at Pianola Hall, Prof. Muggins gave the fust, an' last, of a series of illuminatin' talks on th' Muggins' theory which makes the Einstein theory look like a simplified version o' Mother Goose. The Muggins' theory revolutionizes human thought fer th' third time this season. As soon's we find out what it's all about we'll devote half a colyum or less to it in our Sunday Maggzine."

In recognition of his tremenjous cerrybellum Prof. Muggins is offered the Chair o' Philology in South Bend University. It's a fine old piece o' furniture though it has one short leg an' the arm has been busted by the former owner who had a habit o' throwin' his foot over it an' goin' to sleep. In addition to this he gets $1,275.78 per annum, whenever possible, an' no charge is made fer the use o' the chair outside o' office hours.

"He tutored a little boy in long Division."

Other Income Sources.

Then, o' course, like every other champeen, he's got his side lines. His book, "The Phundamentals o' Philology" is supposed, an' hoped, to be th' last word on th' subjeck.

In addition to his royalties he gives lectures. Durin' the winter he delivered a series o' stirrin' talks before the Girls Friendly Society on "The Higher Life." Fer this he received $25 and' the girls' pardon. They gave him this price only pervidin' he agreed to donate it all to the church fer patchin' the roof.

The most he ever made was when he tutored a little boy in long division one summer fer which he received $34.50 an' was allowed to eat with th' family.

If I wanted a boy to make money I'd train him different. In th' fust place I'd take him out o' school before he had a chance to get his mind cluttered up with th' multiplication table an' other useless furniture. I'd start him with an elementary course in a boiler shop doin' light work with a sledge hammer. From this I'd work him up to more advanced subjecks like runnin' up an' down stairs with a pianno on his back or actin' as a jack in a tire repair shop. Fer his graduatin' exercises I'd send him out to administer th' last rights an' a couple o' lefts to a policeman just t' get th' feel o' th' thing. Then I'd hand him a degree o' B.A. (Bruiser o' Athletics) an' start him in business fer hissel'.

An by th' time he might 'a been occupyin' th' chair o' Philology fer his afternoon nap he'll be signin' papers guaranteein' fer th' small sum o' half a milyun dollers to black anybody's eye that's offered him.

Havin' signed th' papers an' got his wages in advance he can now start makin' money. As Professor Muggins he'd 'a spent his life dodderin' around libraries lookin' up other folks' opinions. As Fightin' Jack Muggins he's paid fer havin' opinions of his own. You can read 'em in th' street cars.

"I use Hokus Massage Cream every night an' allow no other in my trainin' quarters.—Muggins."

"Fightin' Jack Muggins says 'Neverust Union Wear is a knock-out. I specify 'em in all my fight contracts.'"

Gettin' walloped in th' head seems t' loosen up a man's idears. Pretty soon you'll begin to find articles by him in th' Sunday papers:

"Is Marriage A Failure? Who knows? At Any Rate I'm Not. By Fightin' Muggins."

"My Views on World Disarmament An' Three Reasons Why I'm So Great. By J. M."

Thrives on Publicity.

In order to allow th' great American people to spend a few hours every day realizin' what worms they are, he builds a grain' stan' behind th' trainin' quarters where, fer th' small sum of a doller, you can watch him skippin' th' rope, fancy dancin', rollin' th' hoop an' generally poundin' hissel' into shape fer th' big fight.

Every mornin' you can read about him while you eat your eggs:—

"When asked if he expected to win th' comin' battle Muggins smiled. 'I ain't sayin' nothin' fer publication,' he said modestly. 'May th' best man win. I hope in the interests o' sports an' th' movin' picture rights, though, that O'Toole is in good condition. An' if I don't knock th' big stiff fer a goal in th' second it's because I'm only usin' one hand.'

"In the opposin' camp the Challenger was found goin' through some wand exercises.

"'I'm feelin' fine,' says he, 'an' ready fer th' fight o' my life. I hope Muggins is in good shape 'cause otherwise it's rough on th' guys what come away over to Jersey to watch me slaughter him. I hope th' best man wins. I ain's sayin' who it'll be, but if somebody in the audience don't get hit with that guy's dome in the first round it's because the ivery is rooted deeper than I thought.'

"Both contestants are avoidin' publicity. Muggins went fer a short 10-mile run immediately after supper, escorted only by 16 trainers, a brass band an' several thousand cutside an' watch him though police was kep' busy durin' th' afternoon drivin' the crowds offen the verandah, where O'Toole was readin' the newspaper. He's very sensitive an' demands privacy. When he's eatin' th' public is forced to stand outside and watch him through th' window while only his personal friends an' a couple o' dozen newspaper men is allowed to go inside an' stan' around his chair."

If you ever have a son learn him to be self-supportin'. Fasten his milk bottle to the end of a chest weight an' let him cut his teeth on a dumbell.

Yours fer bigger biceps
Amos H Amesby,
Fath.

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Getting Too Fat? Try This—Reduce

The day of the slim woman's triumph has arrived. "The thinner one is the more stylish," say the dressmakers, "and the more comfortable," say those whose fat makes summer intolerable. This would have been sad news for the fat woman a year ago. She would have had to try dieting or exercise. Nowadays, however, the woman who is too fat for the style goes to a druggist and gets a box of Marmola Prescription Tablets, one of which she takes after each meal and at bedtime and so reduces her superfluous flesh quickly. These tablets, being made in accordance with the famous prescription, are perfectly harmless, even on the hottest days, and they are also the most economical preparation a person can buy, for they cost only one dollar for a full sized box, one of which is frequently enough to start a person to losing fat at the rate of two, three or four pounds a week. Pretty nearly every druggist keeps this tablet in stock, but should yours be sold out, you can easily obtain a box by sending to the makers, the Marmola Co., 4612 Woodward avenue, Detroit, Mich.

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To Keep Skin in Fine Condition All Summer

It would be much better for the skin if little cream, powder or rouge were used during the heated term. Mixed with perspiration, dust and grime, these things are anything but beautifying. Ordinary mercolized wax will do more for the complexion, and without giving an oily, streaked, spotted or pasty appearance. It is the ideal application for the season, as it not only keeps the pores clean, but daily removes particles of scarf skin which have been soiled by dirt or weather. By constantly keeping the complexion clear, white, satiny, it does more toward perpetuating a youthful countenance than any of the arts or artifices commonly employed. One ounce of mercolized wax, obtainable at any drug store, will completely renovate the worst complexion. It is applied at night like cold cream and washed off in the morning.

To keep the skin from sagging or wrinkling, or to overcome such condition, there's nothing better than a face bath made by dissolving an ounce of powdered saxolite in a half pint witch hazel.

Shave, Bathe and Shampoo with one Soap.—Cuticura

Cuticura Soap is the favorite for comfort in shaving.

ITCH!

Money back without question if HUNT'S GUARANTEED SKIN DISEASE REMEDIES (Hunt's Salve and Soap), fail in the treatment of Itch, Eczema, Ringworm, Tetter or other itching skin diseases. Try this treatment at our risk.

Sherman & McConnell 5 Drug Stores.

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The women who keep their health are the women who hold their youthful looks, robust health, clear skin, firm muscles and clear complexion, which with the aid of Lyko, give a woman victory over the years.

LYKO
The Great General Tonic

makes a woman the picture of health by keeping the bodily functions in normal working condition.

It regulates the bowels, safeguards one against constipation, aids digestion, stimulates the appetite and puts the body, in general, in good working order. When one is well he or she is bound to feel and look young no matter what their years.

Absolutely Pure

Lyko contains only pure beneficial drugs, combined in just the right proportions to give the most satisfactory results. When one's condition requires the use of a laxative tonic it is surprising how rapid the system responds to this tried remedy.

Ask Your Druggist

Lyko is sold only in the original package. Each bottle is tested as to its therapeutic value before leaving the laboratory and bottled under the most hygienic conditions. Get a bottle today and see how soon your condition improves and how soon you will look more like the picture of health.

Sole Manufacturers
LYKO MEDICINE COMPANY
New York Kansas City

For sale by Beaton Drug company, 18th and Farnam streets, and all retail druggists.

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.

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

'After hair growth'

INDIANS' SECRET OF HAIR GROWTH

Photo when bald.

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 youthful days."

True Hair Grower at Last

"That I was astonished and happy is expressing my state of mind 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 recipe put into practical form by a chemist. That my own hair growth was permanent has been amply proved."

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For Sale at All Busy Drug Stores

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PROOF BOX FREE KOTALKO contains GENUINE BEAR OIL and other potent ingredients. No alcohol, no shampoo; but a compound of wonderful efficacy. Safe and harmless, even for a child's scalp and hair. Positively KOTALKO is one delightfully reliable hair preparation that succeeds upon genuine merit. Buy a box of KOTALKO at the drug store. Or ask for Kotalko at the toilet goods or drug counter of any large department store. Remember the name. Accept nothing else as "just as good." Money back GUARANTEE. Or if you send 10 cents (silver or stamps) to pay part of mailing and advg. cost only, you will receive a PROOF BOX of Kotalko with BROCHURE, postpaid. We shall also be pleased to send you a big array of voluntary testimonials from men and women. Determine NOW to eliminate DANDRUFF, to treat BALDNESS, to STOP HAIR FROM FALLING. Get a box of KOTALKO, apply once or twice daily: watch in your mirror. For PROOF BOX send to KOTALKO OFFICES. BR-46. Station X, NEW YORK.

Kotalko is wonderful for women's hair

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To keep the feet in proper condition, bathe them with Blue-jay Foot Soap. It checks excessive perspiration. It stops smarting and burning.

Then use Blue-jay Foot Relief, a soothing, cooling massage for aching muscles and tendons.

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These new Blue-jay treatments—Each, 35c; combination pkg., $1.00.

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A mild system of treatment that cures Piles, Fistula and other Rectal Diseases in a short time, without a severe surgical operation. No Chloroform, Ether or other general anesthetic used. A cure guaranteed in every case accepted for treatment, and no money is to be paid until cured. Write for book on Rectal Diseases, with names and testimonials of more than 1,000 prominent people who have been permanently cured.

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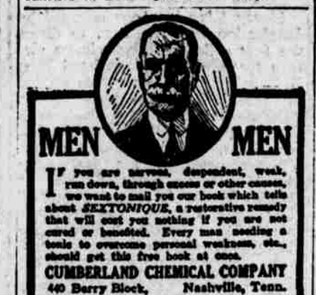

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