The Married Life of Helen and Warren

A New and Radical "Keep-Young" Theory Lures Helen to a

It was a faded, old-fashioned photograph with the photographer's with the dege of the dressing table. name in gilt script. On the back "Jove, Kitten, are you hurt?"
was the now dim inscription: The pain was terrific. Both hands was the now dim inscription: "Taken on my first trip to St. Louis in my 18th year."

Sitting on the floor beside the old trunk, Helen studied wistfully this

early portrait of her mother. round young face uder the quaint hat, set high on the severely parted hair. The tight basque-buttoned in front, the hour-glass weist, and the poionaise overskirt

seged with fringe. Against a backgroud of draped "urtains, she was standing by a box," pushing through the pantry marble topped table, her hand placed rigidly on an open book. Yet the stiffness of the posture could not detract from the slender youth-

Yielding to a morbid impulse, Helen ran into the library for a photograph of her mother taken

only a few months ago. Holding them side by side, piti-lessly she compared them. The ghastly change the years had made! The slender beauty of 18 bore no resemblance to the withered old lady of 62. Every feature was changed

and distorted—only the eyes claimed kinship. The sagging muscles of chin and neck were but a hideous caricature of the once delicately rounded con-

With shuddery revulsion Helen helpless rage at the inevitable cruelty of it all consumed her.

Would her face too grow with-ered and distorted? Did the years the hold only a slow decay?

In her own room, she switched on all the lights and scrutinized herself in the mirror. The youthfulness that confronted her was momentarily reassuring.

Yet each year would bring some no escape? Could nothing be done to retard this hideous deterioration? Some time ago she had come

across a striking article on "Why Grow Old?" Secure in her own youth, she had read it with only an amused interest. But now, she flew to the hall closet to a pile of magazines waiting for the Salvation clock upside down."

At last she found it in the April "Welfare." WHY GROW OLD?

How Youth Can Be Indefinitely Retained

By Prof. W. G. Weinberg, B. S., Ph. D., M. D.

With feverish intensity Helen read through. The theory advanced was as startling as it was revolutionary. The writer claimed that the falling, dragging muscles of old age could be rejuvenated by the simple process of standing on one's head for 20 minutes each day. All muscles and organs would thus be inverted and rested from the continuity article.

April Welfare."

April Welfare."

April Welfare."

April Welfare."

April Welfare."

April Welfare."

Demanding the magazine, he has been their union with his arms and legs had broken their union with his suitable wife, was unhapply not fully to extinction through no fault of any man or woman in creation: with her; I had the utmost difficulty body and gasping for breath like arms and suitable wife, was unhapply not fully to extinction through no fault of any man or woman in creation: with her; I had the utmost difficulty body and gasping for breath like arms and suitable wife, was unhapply not fully to extinction through no fault of his, no fault of his his arms and the wife, was unhapply no fault of his his arms and his arms and the wife, was unhapply no fault of his his arms and the wife, was unhapply no fault of his his arms and the wife, was unhapply no fault of his his arms and the wife, was unhapply no fault of his his arms and the wife, was unhapply no fault of his his arms and the wife, was unhapply no fault of his his simple process of standing on one's inverted and rested from the contin- article. uous downward drag.

Were it possible to spend all one's sleeping hours in this posture, old age could be indefinitely deferred. But since the public was not yet prepared for so radical a corrective, 20 minutes a day was advocated. Even this short period of inversion would work wonders.

As prevention was always easier than cure, the writer strongly urged that no one was too young to begin this daily exercise.

again to the illustration of a man of superb physique standing serenely on his head.

It was simple, safe and cheap. It tion. Logically and economically it out if you'd stood around on your appealed to Helen.

In lieu of a gymnasium suit, she slipped into a pair of Warren's voltrousers, she girdled the ample coat work basket.

It was just a quarter after 5. She could take the full 20 minutes and "Well don't touch that still have time to dress before War-

Spreading a newspaper on the floor by the wall. Helen gingerly essayed the reversing process. Finding the floor unsympathetically hard, she padded it with a cushion from the couch.

It was easy enough to get up one leg-but the other obdurately reher hands, palm downward, she tried to take the weight from her head, which bored through the cushion to the adamant floor.

As she toppled over Pussy Purr-Mew, gravely viewing the performance from a nearby chair, scurried over to a safer perch on the window

At last Helen got both feet up against the wall—but, not straight up. Her heart beat fast and the blood rushed uncomfortably to her

What if she had a weak heart? The article cautioned those subject to heart trouble to consult a physician before attempting this treatment. Yet a reckless persistence

kept her at it. She should have taken off her Oxfords. She was scratching the wall other leg weakened by numerous fords. She was scratching the want bene-grafting operations, none of paper—but even that did not deter bene-grafting operations, none of which have been successful, Andrew

The blood pounding in her temples, she struggled to get both re- learning how to fashion beautiful bellious legs straight up against the things with his hands in order to wall. Again and again she toppled earn a livelihood. over, but at last, with a desperate

effort, she succeeded. Twenty minutes! Could she endure it for 20 minutes? From her D. C. inverted position she could not read the clock on her dressing bable. His sister, Mrs. Glenn Wright, at the above address, has beautiful Next time she would turn it upside lamp shades, carved jewelry boxes

and hand-woven rugs her brother She began to count out loud, has made, Sixty would be a minute. It seemed an eternity before she reached 120 tinually since October 18, 1918, the -each second position grew more day he was wounded, except for three months he spent at home reagonizingly unbearable.

The counts came in gasps. "138— cently, summoned here by the last 139-140-" She could not go on! illness of his mother, who died April 26.

"For the love of Lulu!" To her dizzy befuddled gaze War- listed in the war. He was attached said a sister. ren loomed in the doorway, an in- to an engineering corps building a Inquiries have already been made

her feet. Panic-stricken, she tried to steady herself, then swayed and fell dizzily forward.

clasped over her forehead, she tried to keep from screaming.

"Great guns!" forcing away her ands. "That's a nasty bruise. hands.

Where's that liniment?"
"No, in the pantry," she moaned. as he started for the bathroom, Knowing Warren could never find anything, she staggered out after

him, her clasped hands blinding one "On the second shelf-by the spice

But Warren was not there. From the kitchen came his brusque in

"Give me a knife, Annie. I want

piece of this raw." Groping her way to the kitchen door, she saw Warren cutting a slice from the porterhouse steak that was laid out ready for the broiler, while Annie stood by in speechless amaze-

"Best thing for a bruise," he came towards Helen, dangling the red "Oh, no-no!" shrinking from the

repulsive application.

"Now, none of your squeamishness." Then sharply to Annie, "Get something for a bandage." ness."

A flustrated search and Annie produced an old pillow-case which she viewed the ravages of time. A tore into strips.

beloless rage at the inevitable Forcing Helen into the kitchen

chair, Warren bound the meat over the purplish, swelling bruise, tying the bandage under her chin.
"Not a very pretty job—but it'll stay," grimly. "Now come and lie down. Want a little brandy?"

ren plied her with vigorous ques-

slight change—the insidious poison was slow but inevitable. Was there to do? Break your neck?" exercises."

"Oh, it is, is it? Where'd you get to be convinced by it. that brilliant idea?"

'April Welfare.'"

Helen winced under his jeering comments as he quoted several tiled floor he raised his head eagerly paragraphs and finally the eloquent and then let it fall with a groan. ine that closed the article:

"'As a free gift to mankind I have here embodied the principle of this simple, practical, yet basi-cally scientific method of indefinitely retaining the buoyancy

and beauty of youth.' "Of all the blooming rot! I begin to get it now-a new beautifying He flung down the mag-Deeply impressed by these convincing arguments, Helen turned vincing v stunt!" azine. "Well, you certainly got quick the studio, knocking from my hand bean for some time."

"It's because you startled me-I involved no injurious drugs not pensive treatments. Not even any pensive treatments. Not even any early."

"Mighty glad I did. What little "Mighty glad I did. What little minutes spent in this reversed posi-brains you've got would've leaked it was in stience.

head much longer. Why my pajamas? They part of the system?' "Oh, I-I forgot" Flushing, uminous pajamas. Pinning up the Helen wrapped the couch cover about her grotesque garb, of which with the tape measure from the she had been mercifully unconscious.

'I-I'm all right now. I'll go get "Well, don't touch that bandage," "That stays on all night," sternly. Then with a grin, "And you get no steak for dinner-remember that. You've got your portion plastered on

your map! Next Week-Helen's Economies Intrude on a Company Dinner. (Copyright, 1921, by Mabel Herbert Harper.)

Leg Shattered by Shrap-

nel in Argonne, 23-Year-

Old Ex-Soldier Learns

to Make Things

With His Hands.

young Omaha hero "carries on."

Making lamp shades is the way a

His leg shattered by shrapnel in

the fury of the Argonne and his

Peterson, 23, 4524 Marcy street, is

He acquired this knowledge in oc-

cupational therapy classes in Wal-

ter Reed hospital in Washington,

He has been in hospitals con-

The lad was only 18 when he en-

bridge over the Meuse river when a to Washington to learn whether he

The Party Who "Hopes He Doesn't Intrude."



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By CHARLES DANA GIBSON

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balanced her.

"But . . . but . . . Tell

As my footsteps rang out on the

"I've not seen her," I answered. "I must talk to her; she doesn't understand. . . . I won't let her go. . . . She must! . . ."

before I could finish it he had stumbled to his feet and staggered out of

bserved him making prodigious efforts to recover his old ironical manner; and in the course of dinner he informed me that he was return-

ing to England. part with so charming a guest," he swooped through the night air and at least not hungry and that her added, "but I must steel myself borne her away in his talons, but body was still sacred. against your most frantic efforts to I could tell him with confidence that

"I'm sorry to lose you," I said, change isn't the best thing in the world for you. In the autumn, per-

"Please God, I shan't be alive in the autumn," he interrupted. Though I told him not to talk non-

The government allows compensa-

"If he is ever released from the hospital he will want to work at something that he is able to do,

tion to the disabled soldier sufficient

to maintain him, but that is all.

"I've done my best," I told him couple of months in London. Though posterity my friend were dismissed that when one of his now recurrent a second-rate man, I felt that he had it?" "No, I—I was just taking some exercises."

"Exercises! Gone nutty? You were standing on your head mutter-were standing on your head mutter-were standing on your head mutter-were or indifferent to it. Gaunt was down to at least a slower method."

"I bought it—for one lira."

"I bought it—for one lira."

"I bought it—for one lira."

"In Rome?"

"Yes... I was thinking of pulling him up on the brink of sultide, and when I left he had settled he did conscious harm to none; Gaunt at the time. It was the night all inquiries, he was sitting in his ofum, I could not look at his twisted, enough of his old-time indifference able crime.

> her mind was unsettled, for a time from association with her tragedy,

refused even to meet. and I had no quarrel; and, though seen, unintending hand. Bianca . . at first he suspected me as Gaunt's the ugly little savage with the streak | Macebridge's sigh was less con-I attempted a remonstrance; but friend, I overcame his hostility with of sophistication had disappeared vincing than the laugh which folmost genuine sympathy. "In time, with no more trace than such images lowed it. my friend. . . . We know what as I might choose to make of a hu-

girls are. . . And then, with troubled eyes and and robbed of satisfaction. monial with a photo as you look ing him. Whether he found her or his face drawn into its perpetual now. That bump will decorate your not I never inquired; whether in a scowl, Antonio—if that was indeed where I at least knew its shadowy long hungry week of prowling he his name—would generalize about niche; and, whenever the afternoon ever caught another glimpse of her women and I would counsel patience light crept around the walls and could see." It was simple, said and the said and the said involved no injurious drugs nor exdidn't think you'd come home so I do not know; for most of the day and give him what encouragement shone on the canvas, I saw Bianca and night he was absent, and, I could. If I found this difficult at brought to life as a startled wild of my hand. As Macebridge crossed though we took our meals together, all times, it became impossible on the thing, struggling with me for pos- the room to fetch himself a match I The end came one night when I had disappeared; though neither proclaiming that her body was sacred. of her.

who replied to an invitation from with a mysterious little smile. "but I won't pretend that a complete me by saying, with less than his usual irony or polish, that he might said nothing of it," I answered. indeed come to stay with me in Campitello-life was so uncertain most amazing coincidence, when you that only a fool would prophesy or come to think of it. Have you ever bind himself by oaths-but that he seen that before?" would both prophesy and swear that Like a conjurer at the climax of Brown Hughlett, Howell county'

shadows and memories of my studio. boy's knife with a couple of blades hewed coffin. He was garbed in his I never saw Bianca again. Before and a small saw, a spike, a cork nightshirt as he entered the "long long, as Antonio discontinued his screw, tweezers, and a steel hook. sieep." Omaha Hero Livelihood | long, as Antonio discontinued his calls, I ceased even to hear of her; and, if Gaunt at his death had left and, if Gaunt at his death had left her anything, I should have been puzzled to trace her. He himself and all that chapter of my life were fading out of mind when I received a letter in which Sidney Macebridge. an English collector whom I had known by name for many years, asked whether he might come and see my pictures.

"We have a bond," he added, "in our poor friend Marshall Gaunt. He gave me a letter of introduction to you, but I have had no opportunity, of using it before, and hope that you will not feel that his death invalidates it."

I replied that I should always welcome any friend of Gaunt's; and, when Macebridge arrived, I was sufficiently charmed by his address to invite him to stay with me. He seemed a widely read, well found, and much traveled man, a little of a bohemian, very much of a bachelor.

. . I miss him."

Now that for the first time I had "What the hell you trying to do?" Hun bullet ended that. Since he en- will be permitted to take orders and some one else staying with me I Tumbling over she struggled to listed both parents and a sister died. make lampshades for private sale. realized the greatness of my loss and,

On the library couch Helen sipped a thimble-full of brandy while Warare noticed ber with vices was a sliver plate, and show, but never overto the summer and show with vices was a sliver plate, and for his health and sanity to come of Gaunt's broken life. If by the through the tarnish I could read "M. over in the summer and spend a merciless, misunderstaning canons of GAUNT." perhaps I flatter myself, I believe as a thrid-rate artist and, perhaps, "How in the world do you come by

hands and her one accessible tem- hurried out of earshot I wondered ened constitution and a broken dulgent but self-sacrificing, timid in Gaunt. . . . The name stuck in ple for any sign of feverish delifor a moment whether I did well rium.

In the latter of the latter "No-no!" The brandy giving her check this lava stream of primitive, ready suggested, before he had given from a romance in boyhood I knew ing at the 'M. Gaunt' . . courage, she pushed him away. "If you stand on your head for 20 minutes, it's—well, it's healthy," not wishing to admit to Warren's merciless scoffing her morbid dread of mood until he had overwhelmed the colless scoffing her morbid dread of mood until he had overwhelmed the colless scoffing her morbid dread of mood until he had overwhelmed the colless scoffing her morbid dread of mood until he had overwhelmed the colless scoffing her morbid dread of mood until he had overwhelmed the colless scoffing her morbid dread of mood until he had overwhelmed the colless scoffing her morbid dread of mood until he had overwhelmed the colless scoffing her morbid dread of mood until he had overwhelmed the colless scoffing her morbid dread of mood until he had overwhelmed the colless scoffing her morbid dread of mood until he had overwhelmed the colless scoffing her morbid dread of mood until he had overwhelmed the colless scoffing her morbid dread of morbid ciless scotting her morbid dread of mood until he had overwhelmed the I was glad to be spared questions could neither escape nor recover stub of my cigaret got jammed in girl's resistance or allowed himself which would only have elicited that when youth had lagged behind him. the holder, and I asked her if she my prophecy was being fulfilled. Her And so this harmless, average man could lend me a pin. She offered when I returned to the darkening passion for Gaunt, held in check and of middle age had been set alight, me this knife. I don't want to do "There's an article about it in the studio he was alone, sprawling on mastered by the shrewd knowledge maddened, driven to the verge of suither poor girl an injustice, but I'm the divan as though his arms and that she could never make him a cide, and finally allowed to cool painafraid she thought this was a trick

Blind, fumbling destiny was re- she expected-and she told me to at least she could think of no one sponsible, and the scorching touch keep the knife. Of course, I refused. "Something to drink! Water! else; and her obsession was most of its fingers had not scared only Anything!" he panted. "Where is rathetic in that her old sweetheart, Marshall Gaunt, a decent, trusting offered to buy it from her at her at one of the anarchist meetings he peasant boy, mild-eyed as he was own price. She suggested a lira, attended that the wanted man had was the man of all men whom she jough-tongued, placid, and bewild- and we clinched the bargain. . . ered as an ox on his way to slaugh- And you say you recognize this?" "In time . . ." I used to say. He ter, had been pole-axed by an un-

Her portrait hung in my collection, o'night. day when he told me that Bianca session of her murderous knife and slipped it out of sight from some dead nor spirited away, she was no From that I saw her as a barefoot, longer at home, and it was unsafe starving creature, wolfing sweetmeats established. to ask her mother what had become or tearing her bread in lumps and sopping it in her wine. Wherever her rightly?" I asked. My unhappy friend fancied for a she had hidden since strolling away "It must be painful for you to time that Gaunt had somehow from Gaunt, I trusted that she was meal. . . ." he conceded. "It was

> "Was Gaunt in Rome shortly be-"Not as far as I know. His sister

"O! . . . It's a curious thing; a Missouri Pioneer Buried

he would go sooner to the nether- his best trick, Macebridge whipped pioneer settler, has been buried with most pit of hell than return to the from his pocket a cumbrous, school- a feather mattress in his rude home-ADVERTISEMENT

"That was Marshall's," I said.

ing to yourself," real concern be- beginning to speak and to gesticu- down to at least a slower method there was nothing in his career, as I arrived there, and I'd been runbeginning to speak and to gesticulate in a way of which he would not
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late in a way of which he would "I—I was just counting. It said care afterward to be reminded; and, and somewhat excessive drinking, the gods by overweening pride or to picking out those I wanted for as he raved in this conscious delirithought I'd put the others in order, "See here, been out in the heat—
or taken anything?" feeling her ed and terror-stricken eyes. As I

"Perfectly. . . . Do you remem-

ber what the girl was like?"

The conventional type that you man animal stimulated to passion find wandering around the streets archist was going to France the folof every capital at 11 o'clock

"Pretty?" "Quite the reverse, so far as I

Bianca's portrait was within reach pusillanimous feeling that I did not want to hear the truth too securely "And you're sure you've diagnosed

"She may only have wanted a one thing or the other, though." "And not a very happy choice either way. . . . Now, if you'd he need fear no rivalry from a man fore his death?" asked Macebridge care to see my pictures before the light goes. . .

(Copyright, 1921, by the Chicago Tribune, With Mattress in Grave

Poplar Bluff, Mo., Aug. 13.

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bohemian, very much of a bachelor, a catholic connoisseur, and a fastidicus critic. It was inevitable that our conversation should begin with a discussion of Gaunt, but I soon found that Macebridge could tell me little that I did not already know; they had met at the dinner table of a friend, Macebridge had followed up the encouter by calling at the Malda Vale studio, and when Gaunt heard of a projected tour in Italy he had volunteered an introduction.

"He used to stay with you every year, I gather," Macebridge added.
"As a rule," I answered. "Last year he broke his rule, . . I think he was a little tired of the place.

If you are not willing to eat the peels frain so ast to get sufficient quantity of or farming and the willing to eat the peels frain so as to get sufficient quantity of or grains on as to get sufficient quantity of organic iron for your should do, then you should do, then you should eat plenty or iron-containing foods like apinach, carrots and baked apples and runder them from time to time with a pinach, carrots and baked apples and runder them from time to time with a little organic iron, which you can obtain rom your druggist under the name of Nuxated Iron.

Nuxated Iron will do, get your doctor to take a specimen of your blood, as nature intended you should do, then you should eat plenty or iron-containing foods like apinach, carrots and baked apples and runder to make a "blood count" made and see how your red blood count" made and see how your red blood count" made and see how your should rom ever increased in how much stronger and better you feel; also note have increased and how much stronger and better you feel; also note have increased and how much stronger and better you feel; also note have increased and how much stronger and better you feel; also note have increased and how much stronger and better you feel; also note have increased and how much stronger and better you feel; also note have increased and how much stronger and richer your places. The fill of the place is a plant of spi

NUXATED IRON ENRICHES THE BLOOD-GIVES.

The World's Greatest Detective Casès

hurried round to his rooms in Soho, trains. and, without any preliminary warning, burst open the door, fully expectbullets. Munier, however, evidently ordinary route to France, and he was alarmed by the arrest of Francois, right, and just before the boat exhad vanished.

On the Continent.

Months slipped by, and, despite every inquiry, the detectives only learnt one thing, and that was that the anarchist had managed to dodge the watching detectives at the ports. and had fled again to the continent. To Paris went Melville, and in a little Paris wine shop, the resort of some of the most desperate characters in France, he waited patiently for news of the man he was after. There, "comrades" of anarchist organizations, which were then spreading terror in most of the capitals of Europe by their bomb outrages. gathered, and discussed their future movements. Here is an incident which the detective related afterwards that took place in the cafe. He had apparently been overcome by the wine he had been drinking, and was lying half on the little table, with his head in his arms, asleep to all appearance.

"You see that man there?" said a French anarchist. "I don't know him, but I have been told that he is a German who speaks our language. t will not be safe to talk in French or German. Let us speak English." And Melville, who spoke all these languages fluently, so fluently, inleed, that on the continent his nationality was always confused with one of the three countries, listened

to every word! But nowhere could the detective get the slightest clue to the hiding place of the wanted During this time his life was more than once attempted by the desperate men he was hunting down one by one, and once his life was at-

pointing to a chair beside his desk. 'What is it you want?" "I've got some information to give

you about the bomb explosions," answered the visitor. It was a hot day. and as he spoke he pulled a large rec handkerchief out of his pocket with the obvious intention of wiping his He got the surprise of his life.

With one wild leap the detective flung himself on his visitor and the two rolled over and over on the floor. The visitor nearly had his wrist broken in the struggle, and the pain of Melville's grip made him drop his handkerchief, and the revolver it concealed! But for the detective's quick eye he would not have lived to arrest

Exciting Scene.

committed his crime at the Cafe Very . . Then I saw the name-and and disappeared, the detective learned been in hiding in America. But he had become homesick and had returned via London to his beloved Paris. At the time he obtained his information Munier was actually in London, though Melville was unable to find out where. He did learn the valuable news, however, that the an-

> lowing afternoon. That afternoon picked detectives were detailed to watch at every big London terminus from which the anarchist might try to get on the con-



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What a simple and inexpensive solving What a simple and inexpensive solving of the fat woman's problem the Marmola Prescription Tablets provide. She takes one of these harmless, pleasant little tablets after each meal and at bedtime and loses two, three or four pounds of fat each week, and yet suffers no harm even on the hottest days, creates no disturbances inwardly, and produces no wrinkles. This elegant preparation (made exactly in accordance with the famous Marmola Prescription) has rendered exercising and dieting as superfluous as a fifth wheel. A further recommendation is that it is the least expensive fat reducer on the marlursher recommendation is that it is the least expensive fat reducer on the market, a full sized package costing only one dollar from any druggist or by mail from the Marmola Co., 4612 Woodward Ave., Detroit, Mich., containing a quantity of tablets large enough to give very decided results in most every case.

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Liquid silmerine is not sticky or greasy and it won't stain or streak hair or scalp. Get a few ounces from the druggist, pour a little into a saucer and with a clean tooth brush apply evenly to the hair just

oth brush apply evenly to the hair just fore doing it up. The added glory to ur "crowning glory" will be quite re-

archist could not pick the train up tunity he hurried out of the club, and from any outlying London station arranged for it to be raided, but the every one was also watched. The anarchist had somehow got warning, famous detective himself went to Vicand fled. The detective immediately toria to watch the direct continental

He believed the anarchist at the ing to be faced with a fusillade of last moment would boldly take the

> press was due to leave the man Melville had hunted for two years came hurrying along and walked up to an empty compartment. "Munier, I believe," said Melville

> quietly. Quick as a flash the murderer turned, but before his hand could reach his pocket the detective's arms were round him, gripping him like a vise. The two men fell and rolled together on the platform, struggling desperately, while the crowd waiting for the train to start scattered in all directions. The anarchist made mad efforts to get at his pockets, but Melville's arms never lost their grip of him, though in the struggle he was battered and severely handled.

> In a minute porters and uniformed police came up, and Munier was everpowered and handcuffed.

In his pockets were two revolvers, fully loaded, and one of those fearful surgeon's knives, which he always carried about with him for just such an emergency! Only the fierce grip of the detective had prevented him using it, and there's no doubt if he had not been caught unawares he would have never been captured

All the way to the station he cursed the detective and told him what would have happened to him if he could have only got at his knife in time!

In the dock he said, "I shall have one consolation in my prison. shall spend the rest of my life in a cell, but he"-pointing with a contemptuous gesture to the detective-"he will be dead in his grave. He will be dead-sent to his reckoning by those who will avenge a com-

But Inspector Melville lived many a long day after that, and brought many more desperate criminals to their well deserved fate! (Another World's Greatest Detective

Case Next Sunday.)

Next Sunday The Cyclone

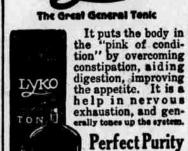
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How Lon Baxter, pioneer, confronted the fate of lovers who wait too long.



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