

TOO MUCH OF THE SAME THING

A Man and Wife Decide to Try Effects of One Evening Separation.

By F. A. MITCHEL

While Donald and Rosamond Burke were courting the hours they could spend together were interminable. Donald would go home, after sitting sometimes till 2 o'clock in the morning, wondering what in the world they had found to talk about. Rosamond would go up to her room regretting that the next evening she must pass without her lover, for her father would not consent to his calling oftener than twice a week.

But there came a time after their marriage when this was changed. To their surprise the evenings began to seem long. Then Donald about 9 o'clock would stretch himself on a lounge and go to sleep. If any friend dropped in there was instant relief. Both husband and wife would brighten up, the hours would fly, and bed time would come too soon.

But they lived in a city where distances were great, and not being especially intimate with their neighbors, there were few to drop in on them socially. They had both been in society before marriage, but as soon as they became engaged they were sure they would never care to keep up the work attending a membership of a large social circle or enjoy the society of any one except each other. They had therefore dropped out entirely.

Donald was a thinker. When anything went wrong he was accustomed to think out the cause. "Cause and effect rule the world" was a favorite phrase of his. When he found that instead of spending six hours on a stretch with Rosamond and wishing they were eight, he could now scarce spend one without being bored he set himself about looking for the cause. Not long after he had found it he said to his wife one day at dinner:

"My dear, I wish to call your attention to a matter concerning your providing our food. Don't continue to place on the table any one article continuously. No matter how much one likes tomatoes, if we have them every day we will grow tired of them."

"Just so," said madam.

"And the same cause pertains to another matter of much greater importance. For the same reason that a person can't eat tomatoes every day continuously he or she can't associate with any one person exclusively. There is no truer adage than 'Variety's the spice of life.'"

"I see what you mean. I have noticed it for some time—you have become tired of me."

Some time was occupied in getting over this obstacle to a plan Mr. Burke had formed, and, forcing his wife to admit that they would be better off if they were not so closely tied together, then he continued:

"I propose that one night in the week—say Saturday—we each go out somewhere separately and see other persons besides ourselves. We need not say where we are going, though that shall be optional."

"I know very well where you will go. You will be behind the scenes at the theater. That was your favorite way of spending an evening before we became engaged."

"I don't think," replied the husband, "that I would care to return to that. I shall probably go where I can meet intellectual persons. Where do you expect to go?"

"I can't go anywhere without an escort."

"Humph! I did not think of that. Whom do you propose to call in for the purpose? Your brother Tom, I suppose."

"I shall call on any one I choose. Tom wouldn't do at all. He has too much on hand to give his time to me."

Donald was not so infatuated with his plan after this. There was a great disadvantage in it on his part. He could go alone, but his wife must have an attendant. This attendant might be an attractive man. It would be necessary that the escort should know that the reason he was called upon to take the lady out was because she was tired of her husband. Donald didn't like the scheme so well as he had thought he did. But he had gone too far to recede.

When the first Saturday came round on which the couple were to see others besides themselves before Donald went to business his wife said to him:

"I think, dearie, that you had better dine at your club or somewhere else, and I will dine at Mary Edwards'. She says she will be delighted to have me. So goodbye till we meet tonight. Don't be out after 11."

"Why can't we dine at home?"

"Why, I've thought that a dinner at the club with some of our old friends would do you good."

Donald made no reply to this. He kissed his wife goodbye, or, rather, suffered her to kiss him. He was thinking that this dining apart would prevent his knowing who would be his wife's escort, and in that he was very much interested.

After business he repaired to his club and looked about for some of his old friends with whom to dine. It was astonishing how the men about the club had changed since he had

been married. In all the years of his membership he had not noticed so great a dropping away of old and a coming of new faces as had taken place in the brief period of his marriage. It did not occur to him that he had been standing still as a club member while the club had been marching on. Only two or three members whom he knew well were there, and they were either going home for dinner or had engagements to dine elsewhere. One old friend touched a sore spot in Burke's breast by saying:

"Hello, old man, got back to the club, have you? They all do in time, but it generally takes longer than in your case."

"I've not come back to the club permanently," replied Burke with offended dignity. "I've come because—because—there is no dinner served at home today."

"I see, cook got on a rampage and lit out. That's one of the troubles of married life, you know."

Burke dined alone in a room big enough to seat 200 persons, and there were just twenty men in it. Nothing tasted good to him, and he only half finished the bottle of wine he ordered. Having finished his meal, he went into the lounging room to smoke. There was no news in the evening papers to speak of, and, as for the Parisian illustrated journals with their vivid pictures that used to be so attractive to him, they disgusted him.

He received a pleasurable sensation in being called to the telephone. Rosamond's voice made his heart throb quicker.

"Is that you, dearie?" she asked.

"Yes, sweetheart."

"Having a good time?"

"Pretty good. How about you?"

"Oh, I'm having a splendid time! Mary invited my escort to dine with us. He and I are just going out together."

Mr. Burke made no reply to this. He was thinking about the escort.

"Give my love to the chorus girls," came from Mrs. Burke.

"Eh?"

"Ta-ta! My escort is waiting for me. I hope you'll have a jolly evening. Don't stay out all night."

A click, and Mr. Burke knew that there was nothing further to be said. It was just as well, for he had nothing to say outwardly, though he had a lot to say inwardly.

Several ways of passing the evening suggested themselves to him. He would go to a theater where he had been once well known behind the scenes. In the morning, if his wife did not give a good account of herself, he would fling chorus girls at her. Another plan was to go to the club library and read till midnight. A third was to go home and hide in a room on the top story and let his wife worry till 2 or 3 o'clock in the morning. He hoped by that time she would be hysterical.

He tried the library; but, finding that he had read one page over several times and still did not know what was in it, he went to the theater, sat a while looking at a play he had formerly thought very funny, but which now tired him; then went around to the stage door and was admitted by the same official he had known when a bachelor.

How tawdry the scant costumes of the ballet girls! How frightful the paint and powder! Burke left the theater and when outside among the glaring electric signs debated how he would get through the rest of the evening. Looking at his watch, he saw that it was only 9 o'clock. What would he do with the rest of the evening?

He returned to the club, knocked the balls about on the billiard table, looked at his watch three times in half an hour and at 10 o'clock went home. It was the stillest house he ever entered. He walked the floor till 11. If his wife had gone to the theater she would likely be home within a few minutes. Between 11 and a quarter past seemed two hours. Going to the front door, he opened it and looked out. No wife in sight. Slamming the door behind him, he strode away to Mary Edwards'. Pulling the bell violently, he was admitted by the lady herself.

"Where's my wife?" he asked sharply.

"Upstairs getting on her wraps to go home. The carriage will be here in a few minutes."

"Where's her escort?"

"What escort?"

"Is that you, dearie?" came a lugubrious voice from a landing above.

Down came Mrs. Burke.

"I'm so glad you've come," she said. "Mary has been very good to me, but I've been worrying about you so that—"

"Worrying about me? Why, haven't you been anywhere?"

"Nowhere but here."

"There's the carriage," remarked Miss Edwards, hearing a sound of wheels without.

"I've had a horrid evening," said Mrs. Burke as they drove home locked in each other's arms.

"So have I," replied the husband.

"I don't like your plan at all."

"Nor I. We won't do it again, will we?"

"No, indeed."

"I bored Mary dreadfully. She tried hard to amuse me, but failed."

"I dined alone at the club and had a miserable time of it."

"What did you do after dinner?"

"I went to the theater."

"Behind the scenes?"

"Yes, but the girls were not as attractive as before I met you, dearest."

Burke gave the cabman a five dollar bill without calling for change.

"Reckon them's just married," remarked the cabman to himself as he drove away chuckling.

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Jap Sees That Large Bed Is Made Smoothly, That He Gets His Bath and Medicine and Awakes Him For a Tramp in the Woods.

Madrid.—The king and queen of Spain and their family have spent the past few months here, although the king has been on various shooting excursions, making visits to his friends in the country. Among his hosts have been the Duke of Tarifa, who has a great estate near Cadiz, and Count Gavea, who entertained his majesty at Santa Cruz de Mudela. Returning to Madrid from one of these excursions to open a workmen's club, the king was saved from running over one of his subjects by the quick wit of the chauffeur. As the royal car was entering the Puerta Del Sol a man attempting suicide threw himself before the car. The same person, who had been declared a maniac, tried to enter the royal palace last November, telling the attendants that the king owed him a small sum of money, and he wanted to get it.

Boston.—Few persons in Greater Boston know that Cohasset is the abode of royalty.

Yet down in Cohasset, off beautiful Jerusalem road, high up on a great estate, in a fifteen room house, with a splendid big bed for himself, with an allowance of \$1.50 a day for meals and with a Japanese valet to attend him night and day, lives his imperial highness Prince, a monster Great Dane dog.

The palace of Prince is situated on an eminence. Far above it towers the residence of Ernest G. Howes, who lives in winter on Commonwealth avenue and who is a wealthy Boston man. He is gracefully permitted by H. I. M. to occupy one of the finest homes in Cohasset, just above Prince's palace.

The queen has been entertaining her brother, Prince Leopold of Battenburg, now returned to London after a visit to

This is in return for a favor done Prince by Mr. Howes. Mr. Howes, while still in his early days of youth, purchased him. Though the base mercantile transaction must have hurt Prince's dog heart, he never winced and swallowed the humiliation with royal fortitude and regal philosophy. Mr. Howes installed him in the palace just below, and Prince, out of gratitude, has permitted Mr. Howes' residence near him ever since. This was about a year and a half ago.

Should you desire an audience with his majesty an interview first with one Toki Koba, valet, is desirable. In fact, the prince's valet is quite talkative in regard to his majesty's tastes and customs.



KING ALFONSO.

Paris. He has been recuperating his health and was allowed to leave the army through the influence of his mother, Princess Beatrice, who has been inconsolable over the loss of her youngest son, Prince Maurice, who was killed on the battlefield in October, 1914. Prince Leopold is now staying with his mother at Kensington palace, London.

"It is pleasant to know that Prince likes one," said the reporter. "What does he usually desire for a repast?" he asked, with some apprehension.

"Ah, the expense is great, sometimes \$10 in the month for meat alone and only the best."

"You provide?"

"Yes; each day I travel to the town to purchase provisions. I buy the best of meat. Cost it 22 cents or 25 cents, it does not matter if it is only good. He eats sometimes more, sometimes less, than two and one-half pounds each day."

"And besides?"

"He is very fond of bone—just bone. Few people care for bone, but he likes it. I expend, it may be, 10 cents, 15 cents, 20 cents, daily for bone. But that is not all. Speaking of the table, he requires some fifty to sixty pounds of dog biscuit each month, for he is also very fond of dog biscuit. That is most expensive. I have paid 10 cents, even more, for each pound of dog biscuit that goes upon the table."

"He will now go to the supper. Following that he goes to the bath, for he is most carefully groomed," said the Hon. Koba, while the reporter thought of what they say about some folks' aversion to bathing.

"After the bath," continued the Hon. Koba, leading H. I. M. into the ante-chamber, then into the interior of the palace, "he wanders about the house—there are actually more than fifteen apartments in it—and then when he desires he retires. It is my duty to see that the bath water is not too hot nor too cold; that he receives the medicines prescribed by the physician; that the bed is made properly and smoothly, the linen changed and the lights extinguished. I awake him in the morning, bathe him and give breakfast, after which he goes for a tramp in the woods, usually attended by me. Thus the day passes and keeps me very pre-occupied. As Mr. Howes had no other place at Prince's disposal, he has kept this house open through the winter season especially for Prince."

Queen Victoria has not taken an active interest in social affairs during the winter and spring, having had some weeks of ill health and preferring to spend most of her time with her children. The youngest, Prince Gonzalo, eighteen months old, is a splendid big baby and the pet of the family. It is amusing to see the solicitude manifested for him by his eldest brother, Alfonso, Prince of the Asturias, who will succeed his father upon the throne. Prince Alfonso is nearing his ninth year, and while he formerly resembled his mother, there is now a striking likeness to King Alfonso. The prince spends about half of the day out of doors. He has been trained in various sports and is divided in his love for his pony and for his little motorcar, which he is sometimes allowed to run by himself around the avenues of the palace park.

King Alfonso and his private secretary, Don Emilio Torres, have been instrumental in bringing about communication between 120,000 families in France and their relatives among the soldiers who are prisoners of war. The king receives from 800 to 1,000 letters every day in connection with this work, which he has voluntarily assumed, of getting news back and forth between the prisoners of war and their families. His offices are at the service of the humblest servant girl as well as the princess.

Penn Yan (N. Y.) Woman Catches Big Whitefish After Struggle.

Penn Yan, N. Y.—Mrs. Jennie Pratt is probably the champion hand fisherman. Mrs. Pratt, who lives at the foot of Keuka lake, caught a big palatable whitefish with her hands after a considerable struggle during which she struck her face on a cake of ice.

She saw what looked like a piece of ice floating on the water. Investigation showed it was a whitefish swimming on the water surface. She caught it with her hands, but he wriggled away. Mrs. Pratt dropped to her knees, thrust her arm to her shoulder in the water, struck her cheek on a cake of ice, but caught that fish.

Roba Prisoner in Jail.

Chester, Pa.—Posing as a "janitor," a stranger walked into the lockup the other night and flimflammed C. L. Bennett, a prisoner, out of \$15 and made a safe getaway. He told the prisoner that the chief wanted the money for safe keeping.

Trolling, Caught Baby Seal.

Portland, Ore.—A baby white seal, said to be a rare specimen, was presented to the city park zoo here recently, the gift of United States Deputy Marshal Frank T. Berry. The seal was caught with a spoon hook in the Siuslaw river, near Florence, Ore., while Berry was trolling for trout.

Dog Swallows Hatpin.

Pittsburgh.—A hatpin seven inches long has been removed from the stomach of Kink, a Boston terrier belonging to Miss Alice Stewart of Williamsburg, by a surgeon. The dog had been ill for several days, and an operation was decided upon. The pin lay lengthwise in the dog's stomach.

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