

Holding a Husband

Adelle Garrison's New Phase of "Revelations of a Wife"

What Grace Draper Told Madge and What Madge Guessed.

Over my baby's pitiful little playing, clasped close to my lips, I stared wildly at Mrs. Ticer, trying dumbly to comprehend what she was saying to me.

"You found this in the hands of the baby of the man across the road?" I shrieked. "Then he must have carried off Junior. Oh, hit me! I could not repress the shriek which tore through the house and brought a swift staccato of feminine feet down the stairs.

"What is it?" she exclaimed simultaneously. I gestured feebly to Mrs. Ticer. "Tell them," I choked, then strangely out of my subconscious self I came the admonition to watch Grace Draper's face, and for a fleeting instant, as Mrs. Ticer repeated her statement, I fancied I saw a look of panic leap into her eyes.

But the next instant she had spoken calmly, with a note of actual derision in her voice. "What nonsense! Junior lost that two days before he strayed away. I remember, because he was asking for it. He had walked down this road with his father. No doubt the other child found it, and, of course, picked it up."

"You—?" I began, and if my voice could have expressed my conviction she would have dropped dead at its sound. The conviction had swept over me that at last I was on the track of Junior's fate, and that the girl before me was involved in it. For only too distinctly I remembered that when my father, after bringing me his drawing, had started back to the corner studio for his "Danzie's picture," there had peeped, as always, above the pocket of his little romper, the familiar outlines of his beloved celluloid "bumble fish."

"You Are Sure?" "No matter what developments, stick outwardly to your theory that the child wandered away and is lost."

As clearly as if Hugh Grantland had spoken the words close by, this fragment of the note he had sent me sounded in my ears. I saw clearly that a premature explosion of the awful wrath which was consuming me might spoil all his plans for finding out the truth, so I nerved myself to play the part of unsuspecting acquiescence in the accepted theory of Junior's disappearance until Hugh Grantland gave me permission to do otherwise.

"You—you are sure?" I stammered, as if pleading for her assurance. "Of course," she returned. "But, Madge, you're fearfully upset. Don't you think you'd better lie down?" "Just come right in my room, Miss Graham," Mrs. Ticer promptly interposed, "and I'll make you a cup of tea."

I followed her passively, furtively watching Grace Draper and Edith Fairfax as I did so. There was a knock in the door I shut behind me, and I unblushingly looked through it, as soon as I closed the door.

I saw Edith Fairfax shrug her shoulders, touch her forehead significantly, and heard her say contemptuously: "Don't mind her, Gracie. Come back upstairs and lie down, and I'll rub your head. Her screeching like that hasn't done it any good, you know."

The utter heartlessness of her words as applied to me brought no resentment to my mind, only a wild, fantastic surmise. Could it be possible that Edith Fairfax was also involved in this horrible tangle of which I was beginning to clutch only the most slender thread? Mrs. Ticer stopped all speculation by seizing my wrist and drawing me forward. "Those girls know something, Miss Graham," she whispered. "At least, the Draper one does. I can't tell you how I know, but I just do, somehow. Oh, I'd like to tear her eyes out! But I haven't time even to talk about it now. Don't you see that we've got to get this man across the road put away now, before he runs off? He isn't home just now, but when I snatched that little celluloid mud turtle from that baby, an older child looked at me so frightened, and then ran to its mother. And she's hitching up the horse this minute so as to get word to him to run, I'll bet a cookie. Don't you see, if he's arrested, maybe he'll talk."

"Please Wait Here." "He won't get away," I said grimly, galvanized into action. "But please remember not even to hint to a living being that we want to arrest him until I give you permission. And pretend to those women in there that you believe Miss Draper's assertion about the toy."

"Leave it to me," she replied fervently and I dashed out of doors and jumped into my car beside Tom Chester—who had waited there—turned the car into the road, and out of sight of Grace Draper's upper windows before I spoke.

Then rapidly I narrated Mrs. Ticer's discovery and Grace Draper's falsehood. He got out of the car as I finished speaking.

"Please wait here," he said. "And if the woman comes past pretend to be fixing your car, and pay no attention to her. I'll be back in a few minutes. And let me tell you, I think at last we're on the right trail."

One Officer Is Guarding Two Wounded Prisoners

For the first time in the history of the Omaha police department one officer is guarding two wounded prisoners in a hospital, according to Captain Russell. The pair under guard are Gunman Joe Manning, shot by Detective Killian, and Joe Daly, 1335 South Thirty-second street, shot by J. S. Miller, 808 South Twentieth street, early Tuesday morning when the latter saw two men in the act of breaking into the Smith Grocery store at Twentieth and Leavenworth streets. Daly's alleged partner escaped.

The two prisoners are being kept under guard in one room at St. Joseph hospital.

Dog Hill Paragrafs

By George Bingham

The team of Washington Hocks ran away with the wagon yesterday.



Wash was driving at the time, and accompanied them until the wagon turned over.

A crow has been noticed sitting on the dead limb of the tree near the blacksmith shop nearly all day. Sid Hocks says the crow may be aiming to locate in our midst.

Fletcher Henstep is today rebuilding the pig pen he accidentally tore down yesterday when a lizard got on him.

For street wear mole, otter and sable squirrel are employed to make short jackets or paletots, with the gathered back extremely jaunty, forming a blouse mounted on a straight band molding the hips.

Romance in Origin Of Superstitions

By H. IRVING KING, Eyebright.

That lowly plant, the eyebright, which learned people call the euphrasia, was formerly very popular in this country as a cure for weak eyes, styes, etc., and in the rural districts it will be found still to occupy a place of consideration in folk-medicine. In Europe it is a popular remedy for all diseases of the eye, even as it is here.

Its reputation is an inheritance from past ages and originated in the "doctrine of signatures"—that form of primitive, sympathetic magic which, as man advanced in civilization, became a medical theory—the theory that every plant had a "signature" which indicated for what medical purpose it was intended to be used.

The eyebright has in its corolla a black, pupil-like spot suggesting the pupil of the eye. Therefore it is good for diseases of the eye. In golden times the eyebright was supposed not only to be "good for sore eyes" but to confer, also, upon both the mental and the physical eye greatly increased powers of perception. Milton represents the eyes of Adam as being "purged with euphrasy" for he had much to see, and Spencer speaks of the plant as giving dim eyes power to "wander leagues around," while Thompson asks Urania to purge away with eyebright the mists which dim the mirror of the mind.

The slump in the demand for diamonds has caused practically all the mines in Africa to shut down and all the natives are idle and on the verge of starvation.

WHY—

Is Sing Sing So Named?

Like many other penal institutions throughout America and Europe, the famous prison of Sing Sing owes its name, through a peculiar modification, to the name of the town in which it is situated. The original name of this town was "Ossining," a title of Indian derivation which the white settlers appropriated and corrupted into "Sing Sing," which eventually became the official name of the town itself.

When the prison was erected it, too, was christened Sing Sing, but as the grim structure became more and more widely known, the inhabitants of the town, which was by no means so famous, did not relish the odious association. Some years ago, therefore, it was decreed that the name be changed back to the original

Parents' Problems

How can a girl of 14 who is inclined to be distrustful of the sincerity of persons about her best be helped to have more faith in human nature?

A suspicious girl is probably self-conscious and introspective; perhaps through being over-conscientiously watched, or talked about, or "nagged." If so, nothing could be more wholesome than for her to be let alone, in the companionship of younger, simpler children, or of some artless grown-up who would supply her with an objective interest or an absorbing hobby. Forgetting herself, she should forget to be suspicious.

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