

My Marriage Problems

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

Why Lillian and Dicky Agreed About Bess Dean.

"Well," Dicky's voice held an ironic upward inflection. "Where's the crippled Cinderella? Did she finally get into the house without any more sophisticated masculine eyes than the Cosgrove's gazing at her swollen tootsies?"

I gazed at him a bit blankly. But a minute before, under the pricking of my conscience, I had told Bess Dean that Dicky would get no explanation from me of her inability to walk into the house. But he had voiced his own explanation of her plight—and the correct one.

"Why, why! How did you know her feet were swollen?" I stammered.

Dicky drew himself up to his full height, stuck his thumbs into the armbolts of an imaginary waistcoat and glared at me loftily.

"Keep Away—" "My good woman," he began, "you woefully underestimate my powers of observation. If there was a stone or a bush, a chipmunk or a rabbit on that mountain that didn't know Bess Dean was suffering the tortures of the damned in those sneakers of yours, I'd like to see the article. Of course, she didn't say so—she's game as the devil—I'll give her that credit—but she couldn't get away with it. The kid's clever, too, and she staged a slip, with a consequent wrenched back that was a pipedoesn't know about blistered and pin and gave her a chance to lean on the last part of the way and ease her feet a bit. And then old Lil's spiel about making her comfortable and our not turning around—of course that meant shoes and stockings off. As a matter of fact, I heard the snip of the shears, and Lil's stage whispers when she doesn't care a hoot whether anyone hears or not are mighty carrying."

"So you see I know all about it except how bad her feet really are," Dicky grinned. "If it's just something that's temporary, I shan't care. I'll teach her a good lesson. She's altogether too cocky. But if it turns out to be serious, I'll be mighty sorry I didn't let you give her those larger shoes. Say, do you know you're a good scout, old dear?"

He threw an arm around me and gave me a careless kiss, but though I thrilled to it, as I almost always do to his caresses, I could not linger in his embrace, for what he had just said alarmed me.

"Oh, it couldn't be serious, could it? I must go at once and see."

"Keep away from the buzz saw, that's my advice," Dicky called after me, but I already was well on my way to the house.

Lillian's Advice.

Lillian came out of Bess Dean's room as I entered the hall. When she saw me, she laid her finger on her lips and came swiftly down the hall toward me.

"I've turned her over to Mary," she said, meaning Mrs. Cosgrove. "It's better all around. What Mary swollen feet up here in this mountain country isn't worth knowing. And I don't think Miss Dean particularly cares for my company just now. She knows I'm your most intimate friend, and you—you're sure in Dutch with the fair damsel. How dare you be able to wear a smaller size shoe than she does?"

"I shan't," I replied demurely, "until I can get to a shoe store."

Lillian stared, then laughed. I had known from her turning the care of the girl over to someone else that she feared no serious consequences, and her laugh confirmed my own optimism.

"That's so," she said. "Your shoes are cut to pieces. Well! I'll repeat my dictum of a few hours back. If you ask me, I think the whole performance has been distinctly worth while. That girl's colossal vanity needed a blow and it certainly received a Dempsey knock-out. There's only one unpleasant feature about it. She'll stage a comeback of some kind, mark my word. Oh, I don't mean anything melodramatic or vicious, such as the Draper or Rita Brown would engineer. But if she can humiliate you in any particularly aggravating way, Bess Dean's going to do it and make her own chance if none comes her way."

I went back to Dicky with her words filing themselves away for reference in a corner of my brain.

"I'm glad it won't be serious," Dicky said when I had told him what Lillian had said. "But aren't you getting pretty well fed up on little Bess-ee. Can't you manage to send her home with a flea in her ear, or make it so uncomfortable for her that she'll vamoose?"

"Dicky, you know I couldn't do that!" I expostulated, although there was a tiny thrill of joy in my heart at his query.

"All right, she's your guest and your funeral," Dicky retorted. "But you just listen to your Uncle Dudley! That lady isn't going to forget this stunt in a hurry—she's apt to make you remember it—unpleasantly."

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Jack and Jill

"Stand there and let me look at you!" said Jill, dramatically, when he came home from the office.

"Look at me!" he repeated in a bewildered way. "Why, what's wrong with me?"

But instead of answering Jill drew back, cocked her head on an angle, and stared. Then she burst into a merry, teasing laugh.

"Have you gone nutty?" demanded Jack, brusquely.

"No, honey—" and she blew him a phantom kiss—"I just found out today how handsome you are."

He eyed her suspiciously.

"Is dinner about ready?" he asked gruffly, hanging up his coat.

Dinner was about ready and a mighty good dinner it was, too, what with creamed potatoes (which the brute liked) and crisp fried eggplant (to which he was extremely partial) and grilled pork chops, rich custard pie for dessert. He ate two wedges and satisfied.

"Say, dear," he murmured, when he had lighted the usual cigaret, "what was the joke tonight?"

"You mean about your being so stumped?"

"Aw, that rot," he grunted. "What is the great idea?"

"Oh, someone who was here to tea today said you looked as if you were the twin brother of Bert Lytell."

"Bert Lytell?"

"I never heard of him," said Jack emphatically. "Who is he? The new butcher boy from Schmitz's or—"

"Heavens no!" Jill was plainly horrified. "Why, Bert Lytell is that stunning actor you see in the movies. That fine, manly fellow who—"

"That I saw in the movies? I never saw him in my life, and what more, I don't want to. Ye gods, to think that some friend of yours comes here right into my own home, and drinks up my tea, and then insults me by saying I look like one of those movie actors, with their patent-leather hair and their grins and simpers. Gosh, that's enough to make a man sick, that is."

"But Bert Lytell is a regular kind of a man, and—"

He stopped her with a savage frown.

"Say, Jill, I don't want to hear advertisements."

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Prepared Flour: Basko Pancake, small .11c; Basko Pancake, large .32c; Aunt Jemima Pancake, sm 12 1/2c; Aunt Jemima Pancake, large 40c; Basko Buckwheat, small .12 1/2c; Basko Buckwheat, large .38c; Aunt Jemima Buckwheat, small .17 1/2c; Aunt Jemima Buckwheat, large .48c.

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BANANAS Per pound 10c; ALUMINUM KETTLES 8-quart \$1.48.

Potatoes: WHITE Per Peck 33c; EARLY OHIO Per Peck 42c.

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any more about him. If you've gone crazy about him, too, and if you agree that I look like him, for the love of heaven—keep it to yourself."

"But he's stunning looking, just the same, and you do look like him," insisted Jill, exercising her prerogative of the last word.

Jack pretended not to hear.

Oh, wasn't a moving picture theater the very next afternoon, in the city, while he was out for luncheon. And fate willed it that a great glaring poster with the name of "Bert Lytell" stared him in the face.

"Bah," he muttered. But his foot dragged and he hesitated and glanced curiously at the pleasant, panned features of the actor. Then with a guilty glance over his shoulder, Jill's Jack paid his 30 cents and slipped inside the darkened auditorium.

Arrived home for dinner and he grumbled, he potatoes au gratin were a little burned. But her Jack didn't even notice that.

She observed his smile.

"Say, honey," he said, with gay animation, "who was it I looked like Bert Lytell?"

"Oh, only Annie Aldrich—you don't mind what she says, Jack. Annie has silly judgment, and she only said—"

"What do you mean, she has silly judgment?" he demanded, indignant.

"I think Annie Aldrich is a mighty fine little woman, and—"

Jill is still puzzled about that, and no wonder, eh?

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Then there is fringe, used on pink satin petticoats.

Music at Federated Club Convention Provided by Seward Talent

Representatives of 12,000 women of Nebraska, are in readiness for the pilgrimage to Seward for the opening of the state convention, Nebraska federation of women's clubs, Tuesday evening.

"Onward Nebraska," is the slogan for the meetings which will continue through Friday. "Onward Seward," might be the slogan so far as music is concerned, for with one exception, Louise Ormsby Thompson of Central City, the talent comes from the hostess city.

The Seward Treble Clef club will be presented under direction of J. A. Parks. Mr. Parks resides at York but carries on work in Seward, including directorship of the Seward Community chorus. Few composers are better known throughout the country than Mr. Parks. The Musical Blue Book of America gives Mr. Parks credit for being the composer of more than 2,000 four-part compositions. Today the catalog of the J. A. Parks company includes 66 book publications, beside 1,000 octavo numbers, closes numerous sheet music titles, which are sent to every English-speaking country in the world played on records, used by every standard professional quartet on the road, in this and other

countries, and in use by choruses and choirs in every large city in America as well as in thousands of villages and hamlets.

Prof. Karl Haase, organist and composer, is organist and choir director of the St. Johns Lutheran choir of Seward. He is a fellow of the American Guild of Organists.

Paul Reuter, head of the piano department of the Lutheran seminary at Seward, will play a group of his own compositions and several of his songs will be presented. Godowsky, who played in Omaha Thursday night, has pronounced Reuter's compositions "interesting and beautiful," Mr. Reuter is secretary-treasurer of the Nebraska Music Teachers' association.

William S. Larson is director of the musical activities of Seward High school, including band, chorus and orchestra. He is a violinist of ability and has appeared in concert for two summer seasons on chautauqua circuits. Prof. Reuter will accompany him at the piano.

Miss Margaret Link, a young mezzo-soprano, will sing Thursday evening. She is a graduate of the American Conservatory of Music in Chicago.

Carl Rosenlof, tenor soloist, true to the spirit of the convention, will sing J. A. Parks' composition.

Mrs. Vera G. Lube, daughter of the late J. F. Gerke, well-known in musical circles, accompanies the Community chorus and Treble Clef club. She will play an organ prelude Wednesday evening.

Miss Pansy Cooper.

Miss Pansy Cooper will play an organ prelude on Tuesday evening, the opening number of the general sessions of the convention. Miss Cooper is organist at the Methodist church and is also a violinist.

Butterscotch.

Two cupsfuls of brown sugar. Two teaspoonfuls of vinegar.

One cupful of butter or substitute. One cupful of water.

Mix all the ingredients in a saucepan and boil the mixture until it becomes brittle when it is tried in cold water. Pour into greased pan and allow to cool. When it is cool, mark it into squares.

WHY—

Are Savages Called "Barbarians?" To the Greeks and the Romans the speech of the foreign races with whom they came in contact appeared to be nothing but a confused and unintelligible jumble which the conquering nations translated, perhaps satirically, as "bar-bar." For this reason the Greek "barbaros" and the Latin "barbarus"—both synonymous with "barbarian," were applied as a generic term to all foreigners, such as the East Indians refer to "jerebab."

But the practice of calling foreigner barbarians was not confined to the Greeks and Romans. A similar pride of culture and assumption of superiority might have been found among the ancient Egyptians, while the Sanskrit for foreigner is "varvara," which bears a marked resemblance to the word which we use

at the present time. Another and more modern instance of a name being given to a race because its speech appears unintelligible is that of "Hottentot," bestowed upon the African natives by the Dutch in imitation of the characteristic "click" of the Hottentot language, wherein the sounds "hot" and "lot" frequently occur.

Monday—Why does the ocean have different colors at different times?

Wrist purses fastened on grain hands are being shown.

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