

# SOCIETY AND WOMAN'S PAGE

## Adele Garrison "My Husband's Love"

How Lillian Cleared Up the Fur Mystery, Made Mollie Fawcett Happy, and Dicky and Madge Faced Death Together.

It lacked but five minutes of 3 o'clock, the hour Lillian had named, when I reached the apartment house.

If I possessed any conscientious scruples as to the trick I had played upon Bess Dean, they had been completely obliterated by Lillian's gratitude, pathetic in its revelation of how much she had suffered. I was anxious to tell Lillian of the incident, but my first glance at her showed me she was too absorbed in the affair of the furs to have a second for anything but them.

She welcomed me warmly but abstractly.

"Put your things in the bedroom," she said. "Don't leave anything in here. And you'd better stow your things out of sight as much as you can. We're going to use that room for a conference after a while."

Her lips twisted into a smile as she made this astounding statement, and she moved toward the door saying:

"I'll be back presently."

She whirled around. It was well after 4 o'clock when she returned, accompanied by a brisk, gray-haired little man whom she introduced as Mr. Lowell, and who, was extremely excited, but trying to hide it.

The sight of the furs in the trunk had made me believe that nothing could surprise me, but Dicky's appearance with a wild-eyed young chap, who looked like my early conception of a Greek god, accomplished that feat with dispatch.

I managed to return my husband's perfunctory nod with composure equal to his, however, and to acknowledge the introduction to the wild-eyed youth, who answered, "It is all right, Hal, lad," he said, his voice tremulous.

Lillian threw open the door leading to the bedroom.

"Sorry to interrupt," she said crisply, "but the reunion stuff will have to wait awhile. Please come in here, and after you hear us out, do not speak until we come back. Please open and shut that door leading into the hall, Dicky. Is it properly closed?"

"Absolutely noiseless," Dicky answered, demonstrating his words.

"So far, so good," Lillian commented. "Now, Madge—"

As fast as our feet could carry us, Lillian and I sped out of the apartment into the street and back again into the apartment house, up the rear stairs and then cautiously to the floor on which is our apartment. There holding the door ajar, stood Mrs. Marks patiently waiting for us.

"I'll do nothing."

"It's all right, dearie," Mrs. Marks said in a hoarse whisper. "The man you're after is in the front room already with the door closed on him and Mollie."

"Hurry!" Lillian whispered peremptorily, leading the way into the hall, and if I had had room for a scintilla of surprise I should have felt it at the sight of "Petey," pallid and perceptibly terrified following with Mrs. Marks.

We stole softly to the door leading into the bedroom, which opened noiselessly to Lillian's touch, and then we filed into the room where there was only space for us to stand.

I noticed that Dicky and the two strangers were straining their ears toward the front room, and that Dicky had his hand restrainingly on the arm of the Pangborn youth.

From the front room came Mollie Fawcett's voice, pleading with poignant anguish:

"Oh, Sam, I can't help but ask you once more! Won't you have pity? You know I don't love you, and you don't want an unloved wife. I'll promise never to see Hal again if you only won't make—"

I saw Dicky clap a hand over young Pangborn's mouth and push him back from the door.

"That isn't the question," the savage voice from the other side of the door went on. "What you're going to decide before another five minutes is whether your precious Hal is going to get out of the country scot free, or whether he's going to do a nice long stretch in prison. I told you before. Marry me today and hand over those furs you've hidden away from me so long, or take the consequences. I know where to find him, and he'll have the handcuffs on him before 24 hours, unless he does the sensible thing and puts a bullet into his brain. How about it? What's your answer now? Quick now!"

The girl gave a stifled little moan, then her voice rose despairingly.

"Oh! I'll do it, everything, anything, but—what a beast you are! You know Hal never stole those furs. He bought them from you, every one of them!"

"Of course, he did!" The man's voice was mockingly triumphant, and I saw the elderly man start, and look meaningly at Lillian.

"Shall I tell you how I turned the trick? No, not till the sky pilot has said the 'I pronounce you' thing. A wife can't testify against her husband, you know. Come here, you pretty thing, and give papa a kiss. I'll teach you how to forget that booby, Hal—"

I saw Lillian nod at Dicky, and as a despairing little scream broke from Mollie's lips, he slid back the door, and sprang through the opening, closely followed by Lillian and young Pangborn, with the rest of us crowding after. Then as Sam whirled to face us, I heard Dicky shout:

"Look out! Madge!"

I saw Dicky bend and rush toward the man named Sam as he had done in his football days.

But I had seen something else the moment before, something that lent the swiftness of desperation to my feet and enabled me to leap between Dicky and the other man, and face

pointblank the vicious-looking pistol which he had whipped from his belt and leveled at my husband.

"You Double-Crosser!"

I fully expected death, and then miraculously the revolver snapped harmlessly in my face, and the next instant Dicky, sweeping me aside, hurled himself upon the man and bore him to the ground, while young Pangborn and his elderly cousin literally fell upon them.

I fell against the couch, half stunned for the second. Then from the struggling heap on the floor I heard Dicky's voice, with an agonized inflection in it which made my heart leap with a feeling I had not thought to experience again:

"Madge! Madge! Are you all right?"

"Yes! Yes!" I called, reassuringly, and then from out the heaving bodies on the rug there was hoisted into a chair the disheveled figure of the man named Sam, and Mr. Lowell was gazing at him with a saddened face.

"Sam! Sam!" he said. "And I trusted you!"

Lillian put her hand on his arm.

"He isn't worth a sigh, Mrs. Lowell," she said. "You have heard him admit the plot he concocted against these two young people as well as you. There only remains the identification of the furs, which we have safe in the next room."

"But," Lillian continued, "it will interest you, Mr. Lowell, to know that Mollie, attired in boy's clothing, shadowed the gang, trying to get evidence against them. On one of these occasions she almost fell into their hands. One of the gang had just caught her, thinking she was a boy, and Mr. Graham here, who happened to be passing, rescued her just in time to prevent a murder. I fancy, receiving a nasty wound as a result."

"Mr. Graham, naturally interested himself in the girl, and then I happened to be drawn into the matter and discovered that you, Mr. Lowell, were an old acquaintance of mine."

"Mr. Graham and I have been working on this case of yours ever since, determined to coil the fellow up in his own rope, despite his gestures with private detectives"—she permitted herself a sardonic, reminiscent little grin.

"But," she went on with a compassionate little glance at the pallid Petey Marks, who shorn of his usual bombast, was eying Mr. Lowell fearfully, "we never should have been able to complete the case without the aid of Mr. Marks here. I am afraid he has taken too of your stock in a small way occasionally, enough to give your foreman a hold on him, but I finally persuaded him to see the light, and—"

"You—double-crosser!" Sam bellowed, furiously struggling against the grasp of Dicky and young Pangborn.

"I Misjudged You So!"

Lillian stepped to the door, opened it and admitted a policeman who evidently had been waiting in the hall.

"Here's your man, officer," she said quietly, and after a dreadful half minute of struggle Sam, handcuffed and cursing horribly, was dragged from the room and out of the lives of Mollie Fawcett and her young lover, who was holding her in his arms as if he meant never to let her go again.

Mrs. Marks' high-pitched voice broke in ludicrously, yet with a note of fear in its tones.

"Say, folks! What you goin' to do

to my little Petey here? The little rat! I've been afraid he was up to something shady, but he had me baffled. Nothin' doin' with mamma any more, though. If you'll only let him off I'll see that he walks the chalk line if I have to wear out a rolling pin a day."

Mr. Lowell smiled a trifle grimly. "Go with your wife, Marks," he said. "I'll not prosecute you as long as you obey her. Report for work as usual."

"You're one white old guy!" the irrepressible Mrs. Marks declaimed fervently. "Come along, Petey."

She sailed out of the room, with Petey in her wake, no longer the dominant male, but henceforth a benedicted husband.

The instant Lillian shepherded the others out of the room to identify the furs Dicky seized my arm in a fierce grip.

"Will you tell me," he said, tensely, "why under the canopy you jumped in between me and that beast? Do you know you escaped death only by a miracle?"

His voice was rough, uneven, and, with his hands gripping my shoulders, his eyes searched my face. And then, like the sudden gliding way of an ice jam in a mountain stream, he swept me up close to him and was showering hot kisses upon my face while I—with police utterly gone—was clinging to him and sobbing convulsively.

"Oh! Dicky!" I murmured contrite. "I misjudged you so! All the time along she almost fell into their hands. You were helping Lillian un—"

"You generally do think things about me that are odd," he said whimsically, "and I've been a creaked pup to you in more ways than one. But—those things are less than nothing. I died a thousand deaths five minutes ago when you, my darling, faced that pistol. And I guess you, fearing for me, went so far behind me in suffering, judging by your face. What does anything in the world matter except that we're alive and together?"

My heart echoed his words as his lips met mine.

## Miss Information

**HEY SIS! WO'DS TH' CHEAPEST WAY TO SEE THE CITY?**

**YOU CAN GO ALL OVER TOWN IN THE SUBWAY IF Y'GOTTA NICKEL TO SPEND RECKLESSLY.**

9-23-24

## Personal

Mrs. Arthur Remington, who has been seriously ill, is able to be out.

Mrs. O. M. Smith left last week to spend six weeks in Los Angeles and LaJolla, Cal.

John Gamble is expected home in a few days from a two weeks' trip to New York and other eastern points.

Mr. and Mrs. J. T. Walsh of Lincoln, N. Y., are the guest of their son, Thomas A. Walsh, and Mrs. Walsh.

Mr. and Mrs. William A. Schall have bought the former home of Mr. and Mrs. Barton Millard of Chicago, at 23 North Thirty-ninth street.

Mrs. Lee Huff, Jr., and baby daughter, Sarah, have gone to visit in Denison, Ia., for two weeks, during Mr. Huff's absence in Kansas City.

## Your Problems

*Martha Allen*

Full of Good Wishes.

Dear Miss Martha Allen: What is the matter with Miss Nelly? There are lots of men of her age looking for a good home-lying wife. I did not come from Missouri, but I am looking that way. Now if I could console Nelly by getting her idea and address, I sure would come to her rescue. Best wishes to all in trouble.

S. A. F.

Sorry. We don't give out addresses of people who write to us. Perhaps your good wishes will help.

Elise: As long as you fancy yourself in love with two men you are not in love with any man—be sure of that, Elise.

Keep both men as friends if they are worthy of your friendship. Take your time. Use common sense and good judgment to supplement your impulsive heart in making up your mind which man to choose for your life partner.

Marriage is perhaps a woman's most important step for "weal or woe." You can well afford to wait and be sure before you answer yes. Count out the man among your admirers who shows a tendency to sacrifice you for his selfish pleasure—whose instinct is not to always honor and protect you from unappiness and harm. He does not love you.

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**SCHOOL OF DANCING**  
Opens October 1st  
Blackstone Hotel  
Phone WA 6302

For Miss Mayo.

Miss Irene Cole will entertain at luncheon at the Omaha club on Thursday for Miss Alice Mayo of Detroit, guest of Miss Josephine Platner.

George Crook Corps.

George Crook Woman's Relief corps will meet at a regular meeting in Memorial hall, September 26, at 1:30.

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New Phase of  
**REVELATIONS OF A WIFE**

**Mrs. Bonney and Mrs. Butts Honored.**

Members of the Emerson club entertained at a luncheon at the Burgess-Nash tea room Monday in honor of Mrs. W. H. Butts, who leaves the latter part of this week for Los Angeles to reside permanently, and for Mrs. O. M. Bonney, who leaves soon for the east to reside. Hostesses were Mesdames Herbert Rogers, D. G. Craighead, Joseph Polcar and Miss Grace Thomas.

**For Miss Loomis.**

Among the prenuptial events planned for Miss Margaret Loomis are a bridge party which Mrs. Gilbert Loomis will give on Tuesday afternoon, October 7, and a buffet supper and bridge which Mr. and Mrs. Maurice Loomis will give on Monday evening, October 13. Miss Loomis' marriage to Harold Gilmore Paul will be solemnized October 14.

## BUY-RITE STORES

### Wednesday, Thursday Buy-Rite Specials

Fresh Daily— Niaha Valley Butter, per lb. 40c	<b>FANCY JONATHAN APPLES</b> —One carload—highly colored and full of juice, 10 lbs. for . . . . . <b>67c</b> Per bushel basket, . . . . . <b>\$2.75</b> <b>COLORADO ELBERTA PEACHES</b> —One carload— Medium size, per crate . . . . . <b>\$1.45</b> Large size, per crate . . . . . <b>\$1.65</b> <b>JELLY CRAB APPLES</b> —500 market baskets of Canadian Transcendent, . . . . . <b>85c</b>	<b>COLORADO KIEFFER PEARS</b> —500 market baskets, for canning, basket, . . . . . <b>98c</b> <b>FLAME TOKAY GRAPES</b> —1,000 large square baskets, the finest of the season, per large square basket, . . . . . <b>53c</b> New Rutabagas, 5,000 lbs., 5 lbs. . . . . <b>20c</b> Colorado Red Heart Carrots, fancy, 4 lbs. . . . . <b>23c</b> Minnesota Red or White Onions, 5 lbs. . . . . <b>27c</b> Southern Sweet Potatoes, fancy, 3 lbs. . . . . <b>23c</b>	<b>PILLSBURY'S PRODUCTS—Try 'Em</b> <b>PILLSBURY'S BEST FLOUR</b> , 48 lb. bag for . . . . . <b>\$2.10</b> 24 lb. bag . . . . . <b>\$1.10</b> Pillsbury's Health Bran, large pkg. . . . . <b>16c</b> Pillsbury's Wheat Cereal, per pkg. . . . . <b>21c</b> Pillsbury's Pancake Flour, 20c pkg., 2 pkg. . . . . <b>33c</b> Pillsbury's Pancake Flour, 50c pkg., per pkg. . . . . <b>43c</b> Pillsbury's Self-Rising Buckwheat Flour, 2 pkg., for . . . . . <b>35c</b>	<b>ITEN'S QUALITY LINE PRODUCTS—</b> 500 2½ lb. caddies of Graham Crackers . . . . . <b>33c</b> 500 3½ lb. caddies of Iten's Fine Fig Bars, a tasty and healthful "sweet" for any meal, per caddy . . . . . <b>69c</b> A New Fig Bar With Genuine Smyrna Fig Jam Inside a Butter and Egg Cake.
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<b>AMERICAN BEAUTY MACARONI, SPAGHETTI AND NOODLES</b> , 5,000 8-oz. pkgs., 3 pkgs. for . . . . . <b>23c</b> American Beauty Romano Imported Grated Cheese, per pkg. . . . . <b>25c</b>	<b>LOOK!—A SOAP SPECIAL—of Merit—</b> 10 bars of Electric Spark Soap, 1 high grade scrub brush, 1 shopping basket, all for . . . . . <b>63c</b>
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**A REAL CANNED GOODS BUY—**  
2 No. 3 cans of Dew-Kist Beans, and  
2 No. 3 cans of Kentucky Pumpkin,  
the 4 cans for . . . . . **59c**

**MISCELLANEOUS ITEMS YOU NEED—**  
Advo Jell (the kind that whips) all flavors,  
3 pkgs. for . . . . . **25c**  
Split Sweet Pickles, quart jars . . . . . **39c**  
Queen Olives, quart jars . . . . . **49c**  
Grape Nuts, 2 packages for . . . . . **85c**  
Certo (jells anything) 3 bottles . . . . . **21c**  
Baker's Chocolate, ¼-lb. cake . . . . . **21c**  
Hershey's Cocoa, ¼-lb. can . . . . . **18c**  
Comb Honey, per rack . . . . . **27c**

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