

Marriage of Barry Wicklow

By RUBY M. AYRES

Copyright, 1922.

(Continued From Yesterday.)
The smart maid came to the door. "The taxi is here, miss."
Delia blew a kiss to Hazel. "Make yourself at home, and for heaven's sake cheer up," she said.
She went off down the stairs and out into the street.
The taxi driver stood waiting at the door of his cab. Delia gave him Barry Wicklow's address. "And look sharp," she added.
Barry had just reached his rooms when Delia drove up. He turned and glanced casually over his shoulder; then he saw Delia and stopped.
She called to him from the window of the taxi.
"Come and help me out, you rude man!"
Barry obeyed sulkily. "Have you come to see me?" he asked, ungraciously. "I've just left Hazel at your flat."
"I know. That's why I'm here. Can I come in? I want to talk to you."
Barry hesitated. "I'll drive along with you if I may," he said finally. He got into the taxi beside her.
Delia looked at him with a twinkle. "Well, you've made a nice hash-up of everything," she said, cheerily.
He did not answer. "Hazel wants to stay with me," Delia went on. "She's mad to go on the stage. Between you and me, my dear boy, she rather welcomes her freedom for that reason. However—"
Barry flushed furiously. "I won't allow my wife on the stage. I hate everything to do with the stage."
"Well, you won't be able to stop her," Delia told him, easily. "The day is past when she was willing to do as you told her. Oh, I'm not preaching! Don't look so angry! As a matter of fact, I'm going to try and befriend you both—for a consideration!"
She looked at Barry from beneath her long lashes. She laid a hand on the sleeve of his coat. "Come, you know I'm as poor as a church mouse," she said coaxingly. "And you're not! What's it worth, Barry, if I look after this little country girl for you?"
Barry sat staring at the floor, and there was a hard line between his eyes.
"What are you proposing—actually," he asked, dryly.
Delia laughed. "Well! I thought perhaps you'd think it worth while to keep in with me," she said, lightly. "I know you don't like me. I know you won't like the idea of Hazel living in my flat, so if you care to pay for it I'll try to send her home, or at least I'll see that she doesn't get on the stage, since you are so against it."
She made an impatient gesture. "Goodness!" she said with a touch of exasperation. "What are you scowling like that for! If you're so mighty keen about the girl you shouldn't have let her quarrel with you in the first place. I'm only offering to help you. She is going to be a nice handful, I can see."
Barry had never cared for this girl, but he felt now that he hated her. He could not trust himself to speak. Delia went on, irritably:
"It's all very well, but I've got myself to think about. It's no use putting on that saintly air with me."
Barry—
"I object to being called by my Christian name," Barry said with temper. But she only laughed.
"I shall call you what I like, and if you're not very careful I shall tell that wife of yours a few interesting little details that occurred in your life before she knew you. Ah! I thought that would rouse you."
She opened her handbag and drew out a powder puff, with which she dabbed her nose viciously. "Well," she said presently, "what offers?"
Barry set his teeth. He loathed the position. He did not want Hazel to have anything to do with this girl; but for the present at least he supposed he had better be diplomatic.
"If you look after her," he said with an effort, "really look after her, mind you, I'll see you're not the loser. I'm not going to let her stay with you more than a few days, though," he added, darkly.
She looked at him with good-natured scorn.
"It isn't question of who dear boy's going to let her do, my dear boy," she told him, bluntly. "Hazel's made up her mind to wash you out once and for all, take it from me."
Barry let down the window with a slam. "You can drop me here," he said, shortly.
She changed her manner at once. She laughed. "I'm only teasing. Don't take any notice. It's my way. I'll look after her for you, and let you know every day how the darling gets on. You don't like me, I know, but I'm not half a bad sort, really."
Barry smiled in spite of himself.
Delia saw her advantage and pressed on.
"You give me a tinner a week and Hazel shan't go on the stage; but if you don't—"
His temper rose again. He answered almost rudely. "I'm not going to be bullied like this. Anything I may do will be for my wife, and not for you. Besides, it's only for the next few days. Hazel will soon want to go home."
"I hope she will," Delia said energetically. "She's too weepy for me. The first thing she did when she got there was to cry all over my cushions."
Barry looked away. He hated to think of Hazel in distress, with only this girl's doubtful sympathy to help her through.
"Well, you can drop me here, anyway," he said. "And I'll see you again tomorrow. And look here! If Hazel leaves you, you let me know that minute. You can ring up."
"Very well," she nodded and

smiled. "So long!"
Barry left her and walked away. He did not trust her in the least, but he knew Hazel had no money, and he supposed he had done the best thing possible in the circumstances. Delia would look after her all right as long as she was paid to do it. There was some small grain of comfort in the thought.
He walked round to the hotel where his uncle stayed when he was in town, but Mr. Wicklow was out. He had heard from his son of the scene with Barry and had discreetly betaken himself off. He had seen Barry in a rage before and had no wish to repeat the experience.
Barry walked aimlessly away, wondering what the deuce he should do with himself. He was still wearing his wedding clothes. His eye fell on the dead flower on his button-hole and he tore it out with an angry hand and flung it away.
He was really very miserable. He went back to his rooms and stood looking round him wretchedly.
It was all Narmo's fault—confound him! Some day he would give Norman the biggest thrashing!
What a wedding day for a man to have! He looked down at the fragments of smashed glass which still lay on the floor. He stooped and picked Agnes Dudley's portrait from the debris. He scowled down at the smiling face.
It was her fault, too! If she hadn't written him that infernally silly letter three weeks ago none of all this would ever have happened. He would never have seen Hazel. He

would never have got himself into this unholy mess.
He tore the photograph in halves and threw it into the coal box. Women were all the same. You couldn't rely on any of them for more than two minutes at a time.
Jilted by one and deserted by another on his wedding day!
Life was a rotten concern; he was fully persuaded that he did not care how soon it ended. Of course, Norman would take good care that the news of his marriage and its result should be heard at the clubs; he gritted his teeth; he hated being laughed at, and he knew how people would laugh.
He poured himself out a strong drink and felt better; after all, moping never cured anything; he changed his clothes and brushed his hair; he would go round to the club and see how much Norman had told already; one might as well know the worst at once; he was getting into an overcoat when the doorbell rang; he opened the door without waiting for the housekeeper to come.
Joe Daniels stood there in the dim light.
He looked very tall and overpowering, and for a second Barry felt slightly apprehensive; then he pulled himself together.
"Er—how'd'ye do," he said, "er—won't you come in?"
The farmer obeyed and Barry shut the door. "Er—I suppose you got my wire?" he said, awkwardly.
"Yes. We got your wire." The slider's voice sounded heavy. He kept his eyes on Barry's face. "Yes, we got your wire," he said again.
Barry shuffled his feet. "Well—er—that's all right, then," he said with an effort to speak cheerfully.
"He had an uncomfortable feeling that something was wrong. He indicated a chair. "Won't you sit down?" he asked.
"No, sir, I will not," the farmer answered. "I have come to fetch my

niece, and when I have found her I will go away and trouble you no more."
His face flamed suddenly. He clenched his fist. "I knew what you were from the first!" he said, with an outbreak of rage. "I saw through you before you'd been in our house 24 hours. I told her mother—" He broke off.
Barry shrugged his shoulders. "It's useless arguing I know," he said, coolly. "And your niece is not here. She's with her cousin, Miss Bentley; I can give you the address. If you care to go there you will see for yourself that I am telling the truth."
He met the farmer's eyes steadily. He wished the old beggar wouldn't glare at him like that.
"I will take you to her this minute, if you like," he said again, impatiently. "Come, Mr. Daniels, it's no use adopting this attitude; it's my fault that Hazel ran away from home; I knew nothing about it till I went down to the farm and saw Mrs. Bentley; she will have told you, I dare say. We'll go along and see Hazel—I'll send for a taxi."
The farmer stood motionless by the table as Barry walked out of the room; he made a stiff, forbidding figure; he never moved till Barry returned.
"There's a taxi waiting," Barry said shortly. "If you'll come along."
They went down the stairs and drove the short distance to Delia's flat without speaking.
On the landing, Barry stopped. "You'd better let me go and tell her first. She's rather afraid to meet you," Daniels made no answer, and Barry went on, with a shrug of his shoulders.
"Obstinate old brute!" he muttered under his breath.
The smart maid admitted them. Miss Bentley was not yet in, she told them, but the other young lady—
Barry brushed past her and went on to the sitting room door. Hazel

was there, listlessly turning the pages of a magazine. When she saw him she rose to her feet.
Barry broke into incoherent explanations.
"It's your uncle—Mr. Daniels. I had to bring him."
The farmer had followed him into the sitting room. For a moment he looked at Hazel without speaking; then he said: "So he has spoken the truth for once, and you are here with your cousin!" His voice was bitter.
Hazel did not answer. She looked very pale, but her eyes were defiant.
"I'm going to stay here," she broke out, excitedly. "I'm not going back to Cleve Farm. Delia is willing for me to stay here, and you can't make me go back. Mother wouldn't wish it if she knew everything."
She stopped, struck by something in the farmer's expression. "Oh, what is it?" she asked in a whisper.
The elder man's hard face quivered for an instant, then he said, almost brutally: "Your mother will never wish anything for you again as long as you live, my girl. You've killed her between you—you and this man here. Your mother is dead!"
(Continued in The Bee Tomorrow.)

Parents' Problems

What can be done to correct a tendency to wakefulness in a child of 4, a perfectly healthy little boy, who "plays" instead of going to sleep even when left alone in a darkened room?

There is no harm in wakefulness such as this in a perfectly healthy child of 4. But it might be advisable to shorten his rest periods—that is to say, have him take two short naps, instead of one long nap a day, and retire at 6, instead of 5:30 at night.

When Baby Complains.

THERE ARE MANY WAYS a baby has of expressing any pain or irregularity or digression from its normal condition of health and happiness. A short sharp cry, a prolonged irritated cry. Restlessness, a constant turning of the head or of the whole body, fretful. In these and other ways a baby tells you there is something wrong. Most mothers know that a disordered stomach, or bowels that do not act naturally are the cause of most of baby's sufferings. A call for the doctor is the first thought, but in the event of any delay there should be ready at hand a safe remedy such as Fletcher's Castoria.

Castoria has been used for baby's ailments for over 30 years and has merited the good will of the family physician in a measure not equaled by any other baby's medicine because of its harmlessness and the good results achieved.

And remember this: Castoria is essentially a baby's remedy and not a cure-all for every member of the family. What might help you is too often dangerous when given to a babe.

Children Cry For Fletcher's CASTORIA

Let's Think It Over.

There is such a thing as saying too much on any subject, and the "grand-stand" talker sooner or later becomes a bore. The truth is always welcomed, and the truth reiterated and confirmed is more than welcome—it reaches your innermost soul.

Fletcher's Castoria is all its advertising has claimed for it. Scrutinized by the microscope of public opinion and used for over thirty years it stands without a peer in the hearts of thoughtful, cautious, discerning Mothers. And once used, mother love—there is no substitute for mother love—will scorn to try a "substitute" or a "just-as-good".

Masking under many names drugs that are injurious to the tender babe have found their way into some households, but the light of experience soon casts them out. Are they cast out before it is too late?

MOTHERS SHOULD READ BOOKLET THAT IS AROUND EVERY BOTTLE OF FLETCHER'S CASTORIA

GENUINE CASTORIA ALWAYS

Bears the Signature of
Chas. H. Fletcher

THE CENTAUR COMPANY, NEW YORK CITY.

The beverage for every age—mellow, yet full of pep and ginger.

15¢

Anheuser-Busch Ginger Ale

ANHEUSER-BUSCH, INC., ST. LOUIS

Paxton & Gallagher
Wholesale Distributors
Omaha, Nebraska

Bowen's August FURNITURE SALE

10% to 50% Discounts
Furniture, Rugs and Draperies
Stoves and Refrigerators

Sale on
\$65.00 Brass Beds
\$24.50

Sale on Electric Washers
\$44.75 to \$115.00

Used Hand Power Washers
\$3.00 to \$8.00

Your Terms Are Our Terms.
Howard St., Between 14th and 15th.

Let's disarm the thermometer

MEATS and starches for the body are like fuel for the furnace.

Why not adopt for breakfast or lunch, Grape-Nuts with cream or milk and a little fresh fruit—and turn off the internal heat? Here's complete nourishment, with cool comfort.

Grape-Nuts contains all the nourishment of whole-wheat flour and malted barley, including the vital mineral elements and bran "roughage," and it is partially pre-digested in the long baking process by which it is made.

There's a wonderful charm for the appetite in the crisp, sweet goodness of this ready-to-eat food, and fitness and lightness afterward, which meet summer's heat with a smile.

Your grocer will supply you with Grape-Nuts!

"There's a Reason" for Grape-Nuts

Made by Postum Cereal Co., Inc., Battle Creek, Michigan.

AT LAST---Just What You've Been Looking For!

A REAL TIRE SALE

A Full Carload of DIAMOND Tires and Tubes

WE KNOW "DIAMOND" QUALITY!
Never before in the nine years that we have been selling Diamond tires and tubes have we been able to offer them at anything like the prices quoted below. A standard make—every one fully guaranteed by the manufacturers' standard warranty and by ourselves. Ask any one of a thousand satisfied users right here in Omaha.

| Diamond Casings | | Diamond Tubes | |
|-------------------------|---------|---------------------|--------|
| 30x3 smooth | \$ 7.35 | 30x3 inner tube | \$1.30 |
| 30x3 non-skid | 7.75 | 30x3 1/2 inner tube | 1.45 |
| 30x3 1/2 non-skid | 8.50 | 32x3 1/2 inner tube | 1.70 |
| 32x3 1/2 non-skid | 13.80 | 32x4 inner tube | 2.20 |
| 30x3 1/2 non-skid, cord | 10.80 | 33x4 inner tube | 2.30 |
| 32x4 non-skid, cord | 23.30 | 34x4 inner tube | 2.40 |
| 33x4 non-skid, cord | 24.05 | 32x4 1/2 inner tube | 2.80 |
| 34x4 non-skid, cord | 24.70 | 33x4 1/2 inner tube | 2.90 |
| 33x4 1/2 non-skid, cord | 30.85 | 34x4 1/2 inner tube | 2.95 |
| 34x4 1/2 non-skid, cord | 31.60 | 33x5 inner tube | 3.50 |
| 33x5 non-skid, cord | 37.55 | 35x5 inner tube | 3.55 |
| 35x5 non-skid, cord | 39.45 | | |

Other Sizes in Proportion

OMAHA TIRE & REPAIR CO.

HENRY NYGAARD, Owner

2201 Farnam Street AT-lantic1552
"The Oldest TIRE HOUSE in Omaha"

BUY TODAY
32x4 Non-Skid Cord—
\$23.40

At the Sprague Factory,
18th and Cuming