

My Marriage Problems

Adela Garrison's New Phase of
"REVELATIONS OF A WIFE"
(Copyright 1922)

The Way the Man Smith Found the Code Intact.

The sound of a key turning in the lock of the antique desk told me that Katie was obeying Smith's injunction to open the desk where Lillian had put the eyeglass case which had deceived the man back into the trap set for him. A slight shuffling noise meant that the girl was fumbling for the absurd secret drawer which puzzled nobody, and then Katie's voice sounded again.

"Here ees ting dey hid. Ees eet vot you vant?"

"Don't ask questions—" he added a slight epithet, and I, used to Katie's excitable temperament, wondered if she would be able to remain perfectly calm under the insult.

But either from a remembrance of her duty as an "actress" or from genuine fear of the man Smith, Katie uttered no sound, and then there was the quick, impatient tearing of paper as Smith fumbled with the clumsy brown wrappings in which Lillian purposely had tied the case.

Katie Plays Her Part.

"Ah!" A sibilant intake of the breath and the single exclamation told me that Smith had reached the case, and I guessed from the tiny beam of light which came underneath the draperies that Katie was holding the flashlight for him.

"Here you!" His voice was brutal, all the more so because he kept it at so low a pitch. "I do not choose that you see any more for awhile. Come here. Hold the light in front of you till I bind your eyes."

"Vot?" The exclamation broke from Katie, but was quickly changed to a little cry of pain. Smith must have struck or kicked or pinched her, and I exercised every bit of self-control I possessed to keep from rushing into the room to Katie's aid. But my common sense told me that if the girl obeyed him implicitly he would not hurt her while she was still of use to him in showing him the way about the house. So I remained at my post, filled with a primitive longing to reach the sinister figure in the next room and mete out to him a brutality equal to his own.

Smith Is Jubilant.

"You will get worse than that if you speak or move again without my permission," Smith said menacingly, and I heard a little strangled sob in Katie's throat which meant terrified obedience.

"There!" The single word came after a few seconds' silence, evidently devoted to binding the girl's eyes. "Now give me that flash, and lie down on the floor, full length, arms crossed, face in arms. Quick. That's better. I could soon teach you obedience. Your mistress has spoiled you. Now, if you lift your head or make any other movement until I give you permission you will get another little caress like this."

"This" must have been a kick. I heard a smothered moan from Katie, and took an involuntary step toward the draperies which separated me from my faithful little maid, then remembered that one of the vital points in Lillian's plan was to have Smith discover that the queer thin papers behind the secret lining of

the eyeglass case apparently had not been disturbed. If Katie lay motionless—as I was sure she would—she was safe from further injury until he had finished his investigation, and any movement of mine would upset Lillian's whole plan.

Smith seated himself deliberately in a chair—I heard the springs creak as his weight settled into it. Then there came to my ears the rustling of paper, and I knew that by the aid of the flashlight he was examining the papers.

I held my breath, and strained my ears to hear his first word. He believed himself to be alone except for Katie, who was, in his opinion, patently a negligible quantity. That he would express joy or chagrin, I believed, and was justified when I heard a low chuckle.

"Stupid swine!" he said. "Under their eyes, and they could not see it! Ah! My little beauty!" I judged that he was apostrophizing the freak code which he fondly believed was still a secret—"You are not yet a dead one. You will still do work for your good father. Get up—"

His tone changed unbelievably as he spoke to Katie, but I do not think he kicked the girl again. At any rate, I heard no outcry, only the sound of her clumsy stumbling to her feet.

Dog Hill Paragraphs

By George Bingham



Tobe Moseley's wife was hoping and praying yesterday that she would not have to be bothered with company this week, and then up drove Jefferson Potocks and his entire family and three dogs, to spend the night.

The Tickville town marshal is taking his annual vacation and all law violators are requested to behave until he gets back.

The train came near running into the Tickville depot last Tuesday and would have, according to Raz Barlow, had not the track curved just before it got to it.

Common Sense

By J. J. MUNDY.
Are You Enthusiastic in Your Business?

When you look about you and see men of your own age who have accumulated sufficient to put them on sunny-side of easy street, you wonder what part of your brain is deficient, that you are not on the retired list.

Do you ever have it bourne in that you have not put enough enthusiasm and interest into your work to be the big success? Certain degrees of enthusiasm you have worked up occasionally, but not the kind of interest, from the inside out, which accumulates enthusiasm as it grows in years and knowledge of the business, eh?

In fact, other things really cause you to bubble over with an enthusiasm you have never found possible in your business affiliations.

Do you feel a personal interest in any one thing you have made?

Is it a delight to you to see the product of your brain and labor develop to a greater degree of perfection and usefulness?

If you do not delight in the merest constructive effort you have put forth and thereby watch for the fine points of perfection which you can put into it by your effort, you do not deserve success.

The successful maker of a hairpin, even, is enthusiastic.

(Copyright, 1922.)

Clerk Hangs Up New Record for Marriages

New York, Sept. 3.—Eighty-five couples married in 2 hours and 45 minutes was the record hung up by Deputy City Clerk McCormick in the chapel of the New York marriage license bureau today. Beginning at five minutes after 10 the clerk united a couple every two minutes and 10 seconds. In the first hour he married 26 couples.

Many couples were turned away and told to come back next Tuesday. The weekend holiday prompted the rush, which is the largest on record for any one day.

Bilious Attacks Are Usually Due to Constipation

When you are constipated, not enough of Nature's lubricating liquid is produced in the bowel to keep the food waste soft and moving. Doctors prescribe Nujol because it acts like this natural lubricant and thus replaces it.

Nujol is a lubricant—not a medicine or laxative—so cannot gripe. Try it today.



A LUBRICANT—NOT A LAXATIVE

Telling Its Own Advertising Story—August

IN July, just past, and now again in August, The Omaha Bee gains in advertising exceed all other papers by wide margins and in August both in total inches and percentage of gain.

The Omaha Bee believes that the real basis of a newspaper's value is its circulation and rate, plus the buying power of that circulation. However, much emphasis has for years in Omaha been placed on advertising volume. Therefore, The Omaha Bee submits the figures of gains in advertising of all classes. These figures tell a story so plain that "he who runs may read."

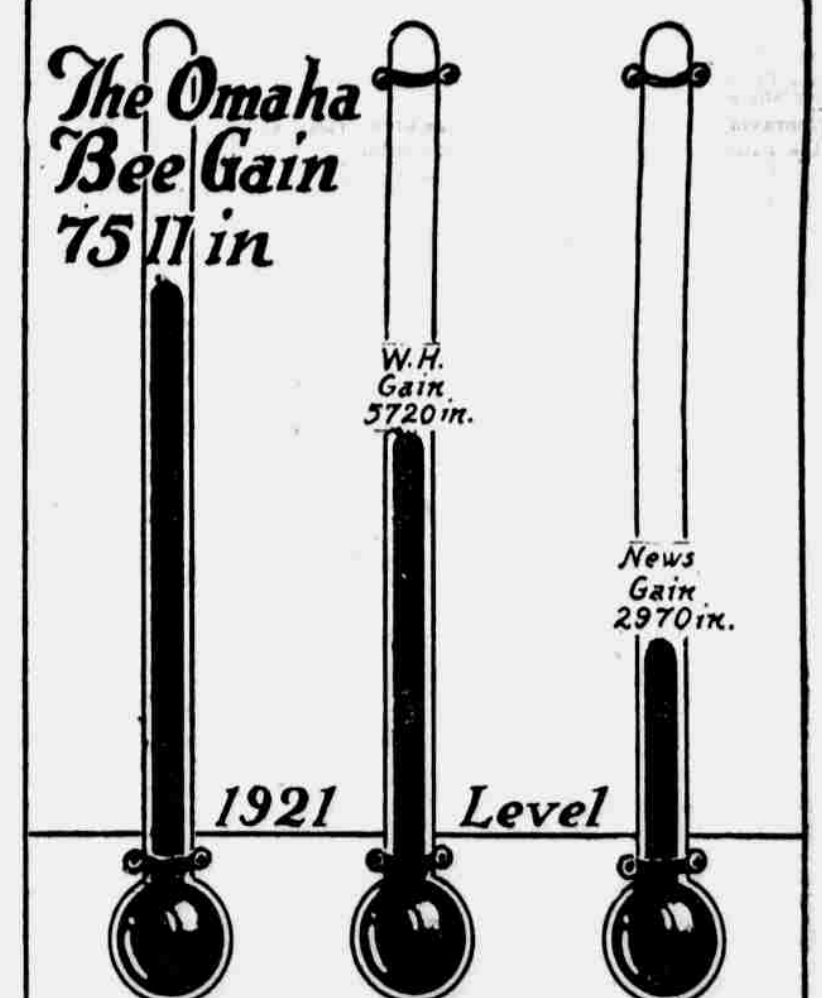
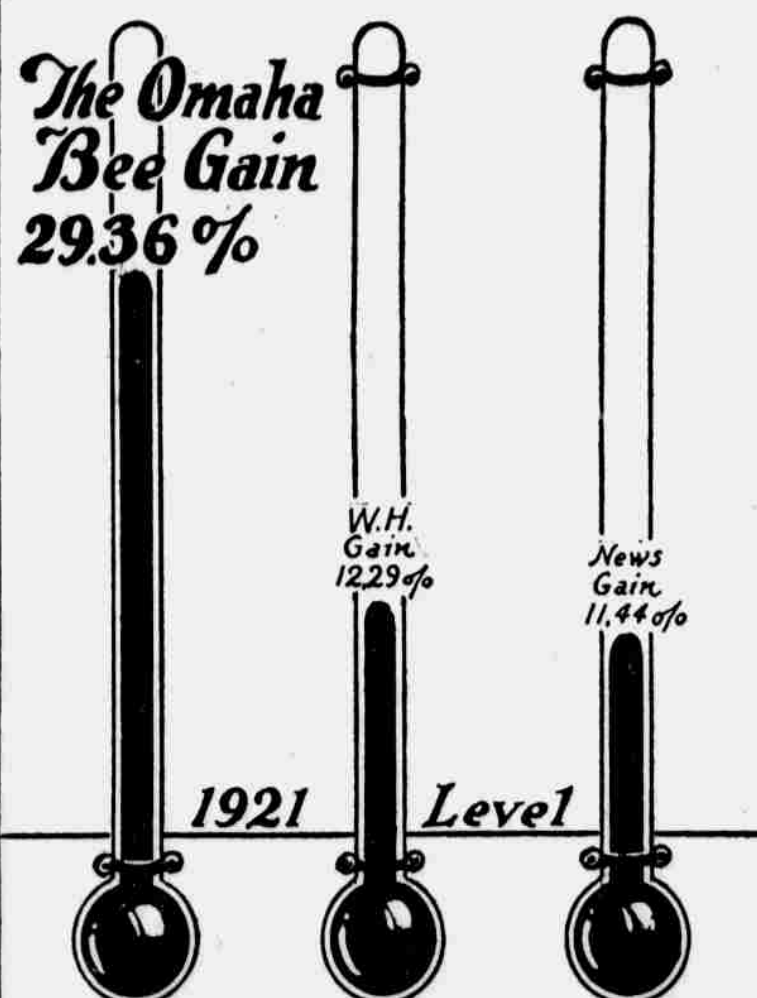
August Advertising "Temperatures"

PERCENTAGE

of Gain in Total Paid Advertising (Less Legal)

INCHES

Gain in Total Paid Advertising (Less Legal)



Of course, such an advertising growth as this means that The Omaha Bee advertisers are getting the benefit of a rapidly increasing circulation. Daily average circulation for July was 71,625, an increase of 11,712 over the July 1921, figures. The Sunday average circulation for July was 76,332, an increase of 19,860 over the July, 1921, figures.

Pollyanna Not Needed This Fall

In a month of customary warm weather and of news events more or less detracting, the buying public of this territory showed calmness, even eagerness, to buy. This responded to the intelligent and collective effort of Omaha Stores to make the buying worth while. A note of confidence and even optimism in buyer and merchant is noticeable in the attitude of both toward the fall business.

**The Omaha Morning Bee—
THE EVENING BEE**



Here's how!

The vital interests of the people of Omaha are interwoven through the "Want" Ad section of The Omaha Bee—a little reading between the lines and the story is complete.

These ads reflect the ambitions and hopes of men in business—of the occupants of the thousands of homes in the city—of men and women in all walks of life.

When a man needs a clerk—or his wife needs a cook—when another person wants to sell his car or buy a home—when someone else wants to recover a lost article or sell a piece of furniture—Omaha Bee "Want" Ads bear daily witness to the changing needs in the lives of these people.

In addition to this human interest there is the keenest sort of business interest for the person who knows the saving of time and money that results from the regular reading of Omaha Bee "Want" Ads.

Look through the classification headings today. It won't take a minute to find the ads that interest you.

And, when you want to use an ad telephone AT lantic 1000 and ask for a "Want" Ad taker.

**THE OMAHA MORNING BEE--
THE EVENING BEE**