

## My Marriage Problems

Adela Garrison's New Phase of "Revelations of a Wife" (Copyright 1922)

What the Removal of the Bandage Disclosed.

Allen Drake's proposal to unpin the bandage from Smith's head apparently was the proverbial last straw upon the man's already heavy burden of terror.

As my father, at Mr. Drake's request moved to the bound man's side and put out his hand to the bandage, Smith lunged his bound figure forward in an attempt to use it in histering fashion.

But the government agent was quicker than he, and though weakened by his long illness, he had the advantage of free hands and an upright position. Therefore it was but the work of an instant to press the frantic man back into his chair and hold him there while my father's long, slender hands worked deftly at the solid bandage which Smith had worn ever since he had arrived at the Briggs' farm disguised as a farm laborer.

"Now, Mrs. Underwood."

Lillian's hand upon my arm urged me forward to a vantage point where I could distinctly see every movement of my father's hands. And when the outer indecipherably solid bandage had been unpinned, and there appeared heavy folds of the finest and most immaculate linen imaginable, Lillian and I looked at each other significantly. We had anticipated cleanliness and daintiness underneath that apparently filthy bandage, and we were not disappointed.

My father began to unfold the inner bandages, and found them intricate, and frequently fastened. Smith made no movement to hinder him, evidently yielding passively and stoically to the pressure Allen Drake was exerting against his shoulders. But when the last bandage had been unfolded, revealing no injury what-so-ever to the head beneath, Smith suddenly ducked his head into his shoulders as far as he could in a last futile effort to hide his face.

"Nothing doing in the ostrich line, old dear," Allen Drake drawled, and with a single deft movement he tilted the other man's head upward until his face was fully illuminated by the light.

"Now, Mrs. Underwood," he said. Lillian drew me nearer, then bent over the man's face, examining it minutely, comparing it with a written paper which she held in her hand, and finally tracing with her finger the peculiar eyebrows of Smith which I had noticed when I had seen him in the restaurant near the reservoir. Then they had been plucked in the silly fashion which women affected at that time, and the traces of the treatment still remained. But either the man had relied upon his disguise as a disguise or was unable to treat them as he had, for in one place above his right eyebrow there was the beginning of a tiny tuft of snowy-white hair in bizarre contrast to the raven blackness of the rest of his brows.

"Ah!" Lillian drew a long breath as her finger rested upon it. "The tufted eyebrows of the—family." The name is one known to every student of European royal families, European royal families.

"You see, Madge? Allen? Mr. Spencer? This clinches the thing," she exclaimed. "You are right." She gave a name which startled me, prepared as I had been by her hints.

In the face of absolute defeat the man Smith seemed to regain the stoical pose which had been badly shattered while he had been frantically trying to avert discovery. And there was something absolutely royal in the manner he opposed to Lillian's cry of triumph.

"Yes, I am," he said slowly, "and if I were in my own place, a woman like you would be whipped through the marketplace at my bare word."

"But you do not happen to be in your own place, fortunate for us," Lillian replied lightly, and then she turned to Allen Drake.

"What shall we do with him, Allen?" she asked in exactly the indifferent, contemptuous tone which she would have employed in speaking of a chicken thief.

"The him up for the night in some kennel where he can ruminate over his former exalted position," he replied, and there was something about the colloquy which told me that it had been rehearsed beforehand, and that it was purposely calculated to enrage and humiliate the bound man.

"But after that?"

"What do you think?" he countered. Lillian's eyes were fixed upon Smith's stolid face.

"There is but one safe thing," she said, "and that is to send him back to his own exalted place. They are waiting fondly for him over there."

A young German engineering student experimenting with motorless airplanes powered by his own feet, remained in the air more than two hours and sailed six miles in a straight line.

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Just say  
**Blue-jay**  
to your druggist

The simplest way to end a corn is Blue-jay. A touch stops the pain instantly. Then the corn loosens and comes out. Made in a colorless clear liquid (one drop does it) and in extra thin plaster. The action is the same.

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GALLATON  
**CASTORIA**  
For Infants and Children  
IN USE FOR OVER 30 YEARS  
Always bears the  
Signature of *Dr. J. C. Hart*

## BRINGING UP FATHER—



## SOULS for SALE

By RUPERT HUGHES.

(Continued From Saturday.)

**SYNOPSIS.**—Remember Steadon and all the rest of the story of the little town of Calverly. Against her father's commands, she consents to a marriage with a young man, second son of the town's leading family. She is a beautiful girl, and her father is a powerful man. She is a beautiful girl, and her father is a powerful man. She is a beautiful girl, and her father is a powerful man.

A rough from which the girl had been suffering furnished the doctor an excuse to order a trip to the southwest. There he suggested she was to marry an imaginary man and let him die quietly. She was to go to the southwest, and there she was to marry an imaginary man and let him die quietly. She was to go to the southwest, and there she was to marry an imaginary man and let him die quietly.

She was alone in the wilderness and the train was already a long way from the town. She was alone in the wilderness and the train was already a long way from the town. She was alone in the wilderness and the train was already a long way from the town.

Then for the first time Mem understood what the desert meant to those who had seen the last burro drop and found the faintest full of dry air.

**CHAPTER XII.**—For a trance while Mem made a perfect ally of helplessness on a mountain. She heard a voice laughing with a kind of quivering exclamation.

"Hello!" The word was as unimportant as could be and it came from what she had just decreed the most useless thing on earth, a handsome moving picture actor.

His next word was no more brilliant. He touched his hat and said: "Well!"

Mem had not yet even found that much to say. And he went on garululously to the extent of:

"Here we are, eh?" There was no denying this, and it was the first thing Mem's paralyzed brain could understand, so she nodded briskly.

Tom Holby laughed at fate as he saw his pictures. He said:

"I've nearly died of thirst in the desert have a dozen times, and I've come mad twice, but there was always a camera or two a few yards off and a grub wagon just outside. And the heroine usually came galloping to the rescue and picked me up in time for the final climax. I see the heroine, but the grub wagon's late."

"What are we going to do?" "Well, I'm not going to act, anyway, as long as there's no camera on the job. Let's sit down and wait."

"For what?" "Oh, I guess the train will come back, or another one will come along and we can flag it in plenty of time. Sit down, won't you?"

Mem was almost disappointed at having her epic turned into a commonplace. She resented the denial of a noble experience, now that his coolness reassured her.

She hated him a little more than ever. He brushed off a ledge of rock with his hat in movie fashion and said:

"Sit down on this handsome red dean, won't you? I'm Mr. Holby, by the way."

"Yes, I know," she said, and, feeling that she ought to announce herself, she stammered, "My name is Steadon, Remember Steadon."

"I always will," he said. "Oh, that's my first name! Remember to my first name!"

"Oh! What a beautiful name! Especially for such a—such a—Mmm, yes."

He caught from her eyes that where she came from a compliment from a stranger was an insult.

Registered U. S. Patent Office

SEE JIGGS AND MAGGIE IN FULL PAGE OF COLORS IN THE SUNDAY BEE

Drawn for The Omaha Bee by McManus (Copyright 1922)



## SLEEPY-TIME TALES

FURTHER TALES OF JIMMY RABBIT BY ARTHUR SCOTT BAILEY

Peter Mink's Lesson. CHAPTER XXIX.

Jimmy Rabbit was a mild-mannered person. He was no fighter. In times of trouble he trusted his wits—or his speed—instead of his teeth or his claws. And if he had rather run than fight, you couldn't really call him a coward, because he hadn't the teeth for biting nor the claws for scratching. His teeth were not big and long enough, his claws were not curved and strong enough.

Now Peter Mink was a bully and a ruffian. He was a famous fighter, or you have me in your power—I don't know just how to act. It depends on you. Are you a heroine or an adventurer?

"I don't understand you." "Are you an onanist or a vamp?" "I don't speak French."

"Then you must be an onanist," he said. "In that case I suppose I really ought to play the villain and—but here comes the train. Do-or-it-just as we were working up a real little plot. I hope I haven't overdone it."

"You're afraid I have. I'll have to go back and hide till the next train comes along. Or you can for I imagine it's Robina that reversed the engine. She probably missed me and suspected that I was on here with a prettier girl than she is—pardon me: Shall I go hide?"

"Oh, no, no! I couldn't think of it. Nobody knows me. It can't make any difference what they say about me."

"Gosh! what an enviable position. Stick to your luck, Miss Steadon. May I help you down?"

**CHAPTER XXII.**—That was a chapter in Mem's life. Holby had guessed right. Robina had looked for him, not found him, and had set the whole train in an uproar. She bore down on the helpless conductor, and while he protested against the sacrifice of stopping and reversing the limited when it was already late, she pulled the rope herself.

She knew the signals, having played in a railroad restaurant, and she soon had the train backing at full speed.

She had half suspected that Tom Holby had a companion in the desert, and when she looked out and saw him with the pretty girl who was making him picked up, she was tempted to give the signal to go ahead again.

She preferred to give poor Holby her opinion of him. Mem crept back to her place, shivering with her first experience of stardom and its consequent uneasiness.

Viva made a great deal over her and had to hear all about it. She sighed over the tameness of the incident as Mem described it.

"But then that was what was to be expected, dearie. As movie people get so much excitement on the scene that we're all were out when anything happens with no director around to tell us what to do."

Mem escaped and took up in haste her daily bulletin for home consumption. Mr. Woodville grew more vivid in her letter and his resemblance to Tom Holby was amazing. She even put in a little bit of her adventure and told how Mr. Woodville with marvellous heroism saved her from a rattlesnake that charged at her with fangs bristling and rattles in full play.

She confessed that she had never met such a man and that she really owed her life to him.

She thought this would lead up excellently to the proposal he was to make in the next day or two. She gave this letter to the porter, who dropped it off at the next stop.

The train made up so much of its lost time that it was only two hours late when it drew into Tucson.

Mem was bewildered when she found that Tom Holby was getting off there, too. And so was Robina. But they were only stretching their legs. Holby paused to say goodbye to Mem just as she was tipping her porter a quarter for two days' inattention.

She did not see the porter's face. It was hardly as black as Robina's when she was compelled to wait while Tom made his adieu.

He left Mem in a whirl. But her faculties went round in the mad panic of a pinwheel when a strange, somber person spoke to her in a person's voice.

"Miss Steadon?" "Yes." "I am Dr. Galbreath, pastor of the First Church here. Your father telegraphed me to meet you at the train and look after you."

"Do you know papa?" "No, but he found my name in the Yearbook, and I shall be only too glad to serve a brother in the Lord. I have found a nice boarding house for you, and my wife and I will look after you as best we can."

Mem was struck violently with the thought, "But what becomes of Mr. Woodville now?"

She followed Dr. Galbreath as if she were the prisoner of his ultimately kindness, as indeed she was.

## Common Sense

Do You Ride a Hobby or Let It Ride You?

It is quite right to have a hobby, but do not be so engrossed in it that you cannot talk on any other subject. The members of your family would like to hear a change in the conversation occasionally.

Each member of the family likes to talk, remember, and they want to discuss different subjects, not the same old subject every evening.

And, parents, give your children a chance to talk.

Encourage the youngsters to think, correcting their speech carefully, but not too obstructively, as they express their thoughts to you and others.

Become interested in their school work. Ask them about their work in school—what they have done during the day.

In this way you can get an idea what they like, and find out what they have learned, and what they are supposed to have learned, each day.

If you make a practice of questioning your children on the subjects they carry, and what is brought out at each lesson, you will encourage them to pay strict attention to their lessons, so that they can tell you about them.

It is in this spirit of helpfulness and interest which makes school life easier for the kiddies and you might learn a few things yourself.

Jimmy thought of course Peter was going to add that he had been looking for Jimmy in order to punish him.

"Yes! I've been looking for you," Peter replied. "I want to ask you where you've been taking lessons."

"What lessons?" "Lessons in fighting."

Well, maybe Jimmy Rabbit wasn't surprised. He opened his mouth to deny that he had been taking lessons of any sort whatsoever. But suddenly he changed his mind.

"A—ahem!—I—I—Why do you want to know?" "I'd like to take a few lessons myself," said Peter Mink.

"I'll teach you myself!" cried Jimmy Rabbit.

Peter Mink was pleased. There was no doubt of that.

"Let's begin now," he suggested. "All right!" Jimmy agreed.

So Peter Mink crouched low, waiting for Jimmy Rabbit to hop at him. "Oh! You must turn your back," Jimmy told him.

Peter Mink didn't like that plan. He began to grumble. But when Jimmy Rabbit insisted that he must obey orders Peter Mink wheeled around.

"Stand perfectly still and don't look back!" Jimmy Rabbit directed.

Now, it wasn't hard for Peter not to look behind him, because his eyes were almost at the end of his nose. But it was very hard for him to keep still, because he was always on the move. However, he kept as still as he could, while he waited for something to happen.

But nothing happened. And at last Peter grew very impatient.

"Why don't you begin?" he snarled. There was no answer.

Like a red flash Peter Mink whisk-

ed about. He saw then that something had happened, after all. Jimmy Rabbit had run away.

(Copyright, 1922.)

## Common Sense

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## Uncle Sam Says

**Standard Malaria Treatment.**  
This leaflet which is issued by the United States Public Health Service contains instructions for the standard malaria treatment recommended by the national malaria committee and approved by the Public Health Service. The treatment described is very simple and persons who are affected by this disease should get a copy.  
Readers of The Omaha Bee may obtain a copy of this booklet free by addressing a postal card to the U. S. Public Health Service, Washington, D. C., asking for "Reprint No. 612 from Public Health Reports."

In many places, the bays on the coast of Norway especially, the sea freezes upward—the water freezes at the bottom before it does at the top.

## Film Advertising For Fall Business

Nearly 150,000 people per week are flocking into the World, Run, Moon and Music theaters to see the splendid films being shown there. Incidentally they cannot escape seeing your animated film advertisement if displayed before them. Action plus readers—let us tell you how Omaha advertisers are using them successfully.

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Some space available.

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**VERNE HALLGREN,**  
Local Manager

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American housewives are using Calumet Baking Powder today with the same success that their mothers experienced over a third of a century ago. This perpetual growth of favor has made



## CALUMET

The Economy BAKING POWDER

—sales over 150% greater than that of any other brand.

There isn't a baking powder of greater merit—there isn't a leavener obtainable that will produce more satisfactory or positive results. That's why the largest baking powder factories in the world are always busy turning out enough Calumet to supply the great demand.

A pound can of Calumet contains full 16 ounces. Some baking powders come in 12 ounce instead of 16 ounce cans. Be sure you get a pound when you want it.

## THE WORLD'S GREATEST BAKING POWDER

## Constipation

Relieved Without the Use of Laxatives

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

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 the natural lubricant and it replaces it. Try it today.



**Nujol**  
A LUBRICANT—NOT A LAXATIVE

ADVERTISING.

**A Talk To Mothers-- Not Frivolous, But Thoughtful Mothers.**

Each winter season brings coughs, colds, catarrh, pneumonia, "flu," and tuberculosis. Loving mothers dread the onslaught of these diseases.

Thoughtful mothers often provide against the onset of colds and coughs. Such mothers have a bottle of Nujol at the bedside of each child, and a bottle of Nujol in the bathroom.

Nujol is a natural lubricant and it replaces it. Try it today.

There is a common impression that Nujol is only for the elderly. But it is not so. Nujol is a natural lubricant and it replaces it. Try it today.

It was first found that Miss Flute had been looking for something to put in the bottle when she came to the bathroom, but it developed that she was only trying out some of her new face powder.

The English sportsman that appeared at the office of Mr. Stone a short time ago with a view of leaving, having been told that he was not wanted, he was not so much surprised.

## Buying Ice in the Winter Time—

and coal in the summer time invariably saves the purchaser money.

The principle involved is to buy when the other fellow is most anxious to sell, and to sell when the other fellow is most eager to buy.

Those who would take full advantage of conditions in the buying and selling of household necessities are constantly on the lookout for opportunities presented through the "Want" Ad columns of The Omaha Bee.

Are you alert to the opportunities which Omaha Bee "Want" Ads present?

And, if you want to sell something, call AT lantic 1000 and ask for a "Want" Ad taker.

**Omaha Bee "Want" Ads Bring Better Results at Lesser Cost**

## The Omaha Morning Bee-- THE EVENING BEE