

My Marriage Problems

Adela Garrison's New Phase of "Revelations of a Wife."

The Music to Which Dicky Came Home to Madge and Claire. "What's the matter?" Claire Foster asked, as I stood staring at the open kitchen cupboard in the Bliss apartment. "You look as if you'd just remembered an appointment at the dentist's."

I wanted to retort that I felt as if I had just completed the appointment. Instead, I waved my hand toward the fragile, exquisite glass and china upon the upper shelves of the cupboard.

"There's reason enough for any housewife's dismay," I said. "There isn't a common dish in the place I can't use these. Suppose I should break them?"

She reached up a negligent hand, took down one of the cups and held it out to me gingerly.

"I suppose that's some more beloved old stuff," she said, a note of good-humored contempt in her voice. I took it from her carefully, and looked it over, a charming thing of ancient vintage, incongruous enough in this prosaic New York apartment house. It belonged with lofty paneled rooms in stately old houses such as that of Aunt Dora Paige, where I had witnessed Lella Fairfax's marriage to Alfred Durker-Philosophy.

Somewhere in my mental reference file was a item to the effect that Dicky once had spoken of little Mrs. Bliss as belonging to an old New Orleans family, and the piece of china confirmed the memory.

"It is indeed," I said putting it reverently back into the closet. "Do you mean to tell me that any sane woman uses those dishes every day, and takes care of them herself?" Claire demanded incredulously.

"There are such women left in the world," I said dryly. "They belong on the shelves with the china, then," she retorted. "Is everything old up there?"

"No, but it's all unusually good—and rare," I answered. "Tomorrow I shall go to the nearest five and ten and buy some dishes to use while we are here."

"And until then, don't eat your heart out if something should be broken," she said flippantly. "There's nothing in the world which can't be paid for."

"Making Yourself at Home." "Is that your philosophy?" The

query sprang involuntarily from my lips, and the next second I was ashamed of having said it. To cover it, I muttered something nervously about making out the grocery list, and began looking through the cans of supplies left by the mistress of the little apartment.

I paid tribute to her thriftiness and management as I did so. Except for staple groceries which would not deteriorate in her absence of a month, her cans were practically empty.

There was enough coffee for one making, the same amount of tea, small amounts of sugar, salt, pepper, spices and small amounts of cleaning powders.

With the certain knowledge that Dicky would be sulky in proportion to the amount of shopping he had to do, I resolved to use the supplies I found, all of which were of standard brands, to be found in any good store, and to replace them with good measure when I left.

I put down on the list for Dicky only the things for the morning's breakfast, fruit, cereal, butter, bacon, eggs and an order for morning cream, rolls and lace. While I thus busied myself, Claire, who had pretended not to hear my query as to her philosophy, prowled around the apartment, handling the books and small articles of bric-a-brac with a freedom and carelessness that made me exceedingly nervous.

She finished her peregrinations at the phonograph, where she put on a record which I recognized as one of the highest priced ones. Dicky came in as the strains of a really wonderful solo sounded through the room.

"Making yourself at home, I see," he asked as he shrugged out of his topcoat.

"I always do," she retorted. "Police! But that thing's slow! I'm going to quicken it."

Without lifting the needle, she swiftly drew back the lever regulating the speed. There was a grating sound, and Dicky and I gave a simultaneous gasp of dismay. He sprang forward, lifted the needle and stopped the machine.

I waited tensely to hear what he would say, for I knew that she had run counter to two of his most pronounced prejudices—against interfering with the mechanism of a phonograph and against making free with possessions not one's own.

BRINGING UP FATHER

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

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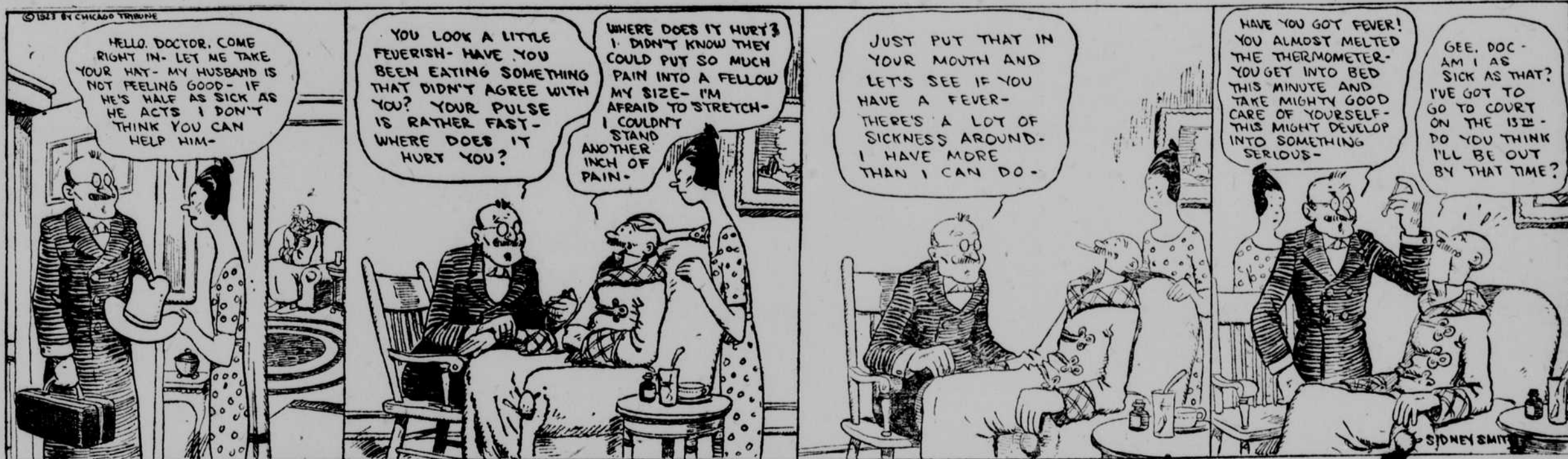
THE GUMPS

SEE IT IN COLORS IN THE SUNDAY BEE

TELL ME, DOCTOR; TELL ME, TRULY

Drawn for The Omaha Bee by Sidney Smith

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ABIE THE AGENT

AND MANY MILES TO GO

Drawn for The Omaha Bee by Herchfield



EDDIE'S FRIENDS

Three o'Clock in the Morning.



SLEEPY-TIME TALES

JIMMY RABBIT ONCE MORE

BY ARTHUR SCOTT BAILEY

CHAPTER XXXII. A Midwinter Move.

Mr. and Mrs. Rabbit and their son, Jimmy, were ready to set out on their search for a new house. Because a family of fierce Weasels had come to live opposite them, they no longer dared stay in the hollow tree, where they had intended to pass the winter.

Everything in the house was packed in three bundles. And now Mr. Rabbit shouldered the biggest one, Mrs. Rabbit picked up the medium sized one and little Jimmy seized the smallest bundle. While his father and mother were taking one last look all around, to make sure they weren't leaving anything behind, Jimmy Rabbit crept to the door and peeped out.

"Oh, Pa!" he exclaimed in a whisper. "Come here, quick!"

"What is it?" asked his father. "What's the matter?"

"There's a Weasel watching our doorway!" Jimmy told him breathlessly.

"My! My!" said Mr. Rabbit in a tone of disappointment. "We can't leave now. It would be safe. We'll have to wait until he's gone."

So they sat down upon their bundles and looked at one another glumly. Now and then Jimmy stole to the door and peeped out. And each time he looked he said that the Weasel was still there.

"We'll have to spend another night right here," Mr. Rabbit announced at last.

"Oh, dear! Then we must unpack everything," Mrs. Rabbit wailed. "It can't be helped," her husband told her. "We'll pack again early tomorrow morning and start out while the Weasels are asleep."

And that was exactly what they did. Mr. Rabbit said they were lucky to get away.

"It's a wonder," he remarked, "that one of those Weasels didn't crawl into our house."

"I'm glad we couldn't leave last night," Jimmy Rabbit's mother exclaimed. "It's beginning to snow now. If I'm not mistaken, there'll be a heavy snowfall; and those terrible Weasels won't be able to track us. They won't know where we've gone."

"The Rabbit family were in high spirits as they hurried through the woods. But all at once little Jimmy gave a squeak of dismay and stopped short.

"My red sled!" he cried. "I've left it behind! I'm going back for it."

"You mustn't," his father told him. "It's a pity to lose it, but perhaps it will teach you not to be forgetful."

"Land sakes," she shrieked. "I came away and left my best bonnet. I certainly can't lose that."

"You certainly can't," her husband retorted. "It's a shame to lose your best bonnet, especially when we're moving into a new neighborhood, where folks will stare at us. I trust," he added, "I trust, Mrs. Rabbit, this will teach you to look around our next home, before we move away from it."

Again they started on. Jimmy and his mother looked quite downcast. But Mr. Rabbit walked with a very manly air, as if he felt quite proud that he hadn't forgotten anything.

And then—he came to a halt. "My dressing gown," he bellowed. "I left it hanging behind the front door. And I wouldn't lose it for worlds. I've had it for years and years. Wait here, you two, and I'll run back and get it."

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Problems That Perplex

Answered by BEATRICE FAIRFAX

You Need Backbone.

Dear Miss Fairfax: I am a school teacher, and I have a companion teacher in the same school, a country school. In about the middle of September she told me that her brother was coming from New York to visit her. When he came she introduced us and he took a liking to me at first sight.

Now he is working in another town, but for a while he was here and walked out to our schoolhouse every day for a week straight.

He used to hug me and want to kiss me and expressed his deep love for me, but I'd just refuse. To tell the truth, I don't like him one bit, but because he is my companion's brother I pretend and give way to

him sometimes. He writes, and in every letter expresses his love and that he wishes he had me there, that his arms are hungry for me. I don't like to read such letters. He also sends me a box of candy every week. For Christmas he gave me a leather handbag, which I know was expensive. Before, he sent me an ivory frame and a gold jewel box. I don't like to accept anything, but he said if I refused to take it he would smash it up and send me the remains.

I don't like to be two-faced. Will you please tell me what to do so as not to hurt my companion's feelings (also his), for she is counting me as a future sister-in-law.

Should I return all he has given me?

No one thinks less of another for honest, straightforward conduct. Your companion teacher would not condemn you if you didn't happen to love her brother and would say so. But she would have every right to criticize and lose faith in you if you deceived him. I would certainly return his gifts and put an end to the duplicity you are practicing. What you need is a little backbone and courage.

Brown Eyes: Do not worry about things which people say of you if they are not so. The world will eventually find out the truth. Your great concern should be to so conduct yourself that no unkind things about you would be believed.

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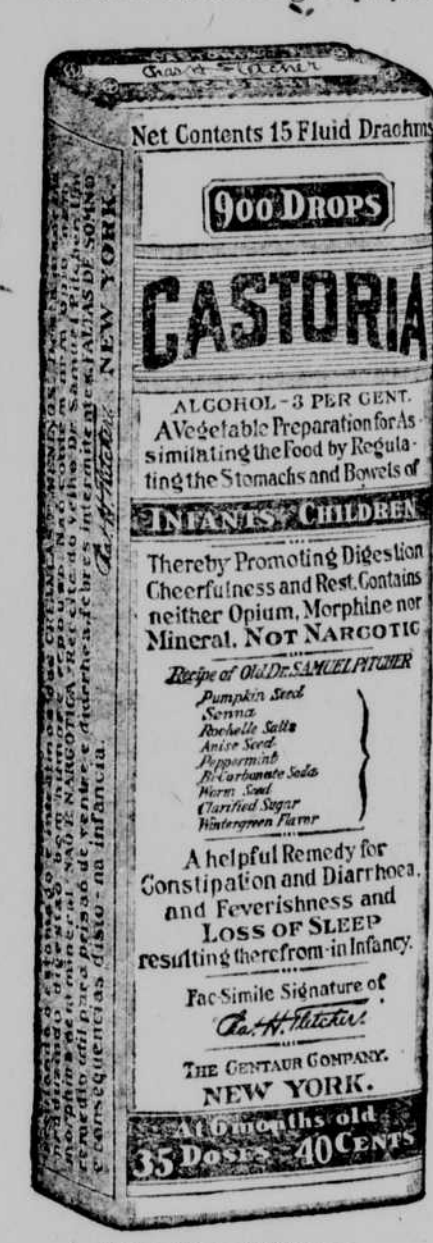
The nicest cathartic laxative to morning and you will feel splendid. They work while you sleep. Cascarets never stir you up or gripe like salts, pills, calomel, or Oil and they cost only 10 cents a box. Children love Cascarets, too.

Why Castoria?

YEARS ago Castor Oil, Paregoric, Drops and Soothing Syrups were the remedies in common use for Infants and Children; Castor Oil so nauseating as to be almost impossible and the others all containing Opium in one form or another, but so disguised as to make them pleasant to the taste, yet really to stupefy the child and give the appearance of relief from pain.

It required years of research to find a purely vegetable combination that would take the place of these disagreeable, unpleasant and vicious remedies that from habit had become almost universal. This was the inception of, and the reason for, the introduction of Fletcher's Castoria, and for over 30 years it has proven its worth, received the praise of Physicians everywhere and become a household word among mothers.

A remedy ESPECIALLY prepared for Infants and Children and no mother would think of giving to her baby a remedy that she would use for herself, without consulting a physician.



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