

My Marriage Problems

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

The Strange Way Claire Foster Went About Her Toilet.

The anxiety in Dicky's voice as he asked me what was the matter with Claire Foster was like a match applied to a heap of oil-soaked shavings. But with the Machiavellian tactics which I think are Dicky's subconscious accompaniment of jealousy, I covered my real feelings under a stinging retort, which held no note of rancor against the girl.

"I do not know why she shouldn't be 'sore at you,' as you so exquisitely term it," I said lily. "An exhibition such as you gave just now is not particularly calculated to allure any woman a generation beyond savagery."

Wisely, I gave him no chance to reply, but hastened into the room Claire Foster had just entered.

As I closed the door behind me I heard a sound from Dicky, which might have been an exclamation of anger, but which sounded suspiciously like a chuckle. Was it possible?

Speculations as to Dicky's mental processes fled at the sight of Claire's bedtime beauty rites. In the minute or two which had intervened between her entrance and mine into the room I had planned we should share, she had taken off her gown, and—enveloped in a negligee—was seated at the only dressing table, which she had strewn with an array of rather disarray of toilet articles. It looked exactly as if she had turned her bag upside down upon the surface of the table.

The face she turned toward me was pained with daubs of cold cream and she was rapidly twisting the front and side locks of her hair about kid curlers. I stood frankly staring at her for a second, then, snatching at the remnant of my breeding, turned my eyes away from her and began to busy myself with my own undressing. But an amused little laugh, and the sound of her voice in an indolent drawl, turned my face toward her again.

"Thanks for the compliment," she glibbed. "I'll admit I wouldn't take any prizes at the artists' ball, but it's only dainties with complexions and naturally way looks like yours who can do without these little artificial aids." The wondering comment that she had gone through no such perform-

ance upon the preceding night in the mountain hotel was upon my lips, but I forced it back, although I filed away for reference the undeniable fact that her hair had been wavy and her complexion good in the morning of the day just closing.

"Nary a shock," I answered lightly. "But truly I never dreamed that you needed any aids to comeliness. In fact, I think you are cheating yourself into thinking you do."

"Thanks for the compliment," she retorted. "But I know my own limitations. I'm not long, though, I'll be through here and cleared away by the time you're ready for the table."

She was as good as her word, and my furtive glances as she worked made me puzzle over her actions more than ever. For she was taking no pains whatever with her hair, simply twisting it up rapidly in varying sizes of curls, with no attempt at regularity. And when she had finished and swept her things into a disorderly pile at one side of the dressing table, she turned to me a face so changed that I wondered so pretty a girl should be willing to look so ugly even in the privacy of her room, let alone before the eyes of another woman.

Headless of Dicky. She tied the girdle of her negligee more closely about her waist, fastened it at the neck with a brooch, then caught up her toothbrush and tooth paste and walked toward the door. "I do hope there's warm water in the bathroom faucets," she said, with her hand on the doorknob, and I caught my breath in the realization that Dicky was still in the room facing the door, and that he would have a full view of her grotesque appearance. Had she forgotten that he was there?

For the fraction of a second I struggled with the temptation to let her go without warning her of Dicky's proximity. I felt meanly that he would see in such unattractive guise. Then my conscience triumphed and I breathlessly said: "Dicky's out there." She waved a debonaire hand toward me as she passed through the door. "I should worry," she said blithely, and the next instant I heard her voice accosting Dicky.

"You are absolutely the laziest looking thing I ever saw," she said.

SLEEPY-TIME TALES

JIMMY RABBIT ONCE MORE

BY ARTHUR SCOTT BAILEY

A Warm Welcome.

Jimmy Rabbit and his mother were glad to see Mr. Rabbit when he came skipping back to the place where they were waiting for him in the woods. "I've found a fine house," he told them in great glee. "Some cousins of Uncle Isaac Bunny once lived there. He says this is a good neighborhood. We'll move right in and be all settled before we know it."

So they caught up their bundles of household goods. And Mr. Rabbit led the way to the old hollow tree which Uncle Isaac Bunny had pointed out to him.

Reaching it quickly, Mr. Rabbit stood beside the door, while he motioned to Mrs. Rabbit to enter first. "Our new home!" said Mr. Rabbit with a smile. "It's a better than the one we've just left. It's bigger; and

"that I forgot to bring my best bonnet."

And then she jumped back, bumping into Mr. Rabbit and bowling him over in the snow.

"What's the matter?" he spluttered, for he had a mouthful of snow.

"Matter?" cried Mrs. Rabbit. "There's somebody living here already. I can see a pair of eyes inside this house."

Mr. Rabbit turned pale. "Is it possible," he gasped, "that Uncle Isaac Bunny played a trick on me? He said the house was empty. But I didn't think, on a stormy day like this, when a family was homeless, as we are—"

"Well, Mr. Rabbit never finished that speech. For a voice from inside the house piped up, calling out, 'Welcome home, good people! I thought I'd come in first and surprise you. I knew it wouldn't seem so cheerless if you found an old friend to greet you when you moved into your new home.'"

It was Uncle Isaac Bunny's voice. Mr. and Mrs. Rabbit gave each other a queer look. Somehow they were not as pleased as they might have been. And Mr. Rabbit couldn't help feeling uncomfortable. He had just called Uncle Isaac a hard name.

"Well, well!" he said hastily. "Aahem! Very kind of you, I'm sure, Uncle Isaac! We'll bring our bundles inside—if you don't mind stepping out, first."

"Oh! There's no need of my going out of doors," said Uncle Isaac Bunny. "This is a big house. There's plenty of room for me and you and a dozen bundles, if you had that many. Come right in!"

"He means to stay," said Mrs. Rabbit to her husband, under her breath. "Don't worry!" Mr. Rabbit whispered. "I'll find a way to get rid of him."

Tomorrow: The Rabbit Family Enjoy Their First Meal in Their New Home. (Copyright, 1923.)



"What's the matter?" he spluttered, for he had a mouthful of snow.

I do believe the neighborhood is more fashionable."

Mrs. Rabbit was delighted. She giggled with pleasure as she poked her head through the doorway. She had only one regret. "It's a great pity," she murmured.

Problems That Perplex

Answered by BEATRICE FAIRFAX

Doesn't Care to Diet.

Dear Miss Fairfax: I am 19, 5 feet 3 inches tall, and weigh 141 pounds. Can you tell me how to reduce without dieting and how much should I weigh? I have been told by some that I am pretty and others say good looking. I've went to college almost three months now and not one boy has asked me for a date, while other girls have more dates than they care for. I am feeling bad about it. Please couldn't you tell me why it is and what I can do or say to attract the boys' attention? One girl I know isn't as good looking as I am and she is real popular. I am not self-conscious or always looking for looks, and, thirdly, I have been writing to a young man I went with a few times before I left home, and he has not answered my last letter, which is about a month ago. Shall I write to him again, for I do like him real well? I think of him almost all the time when I am not studying. I have never told him I cared for him and he has never told me, but has acted as if he cared. I hope you can answer these questions. With many thanks, HAZEL EYES.

with yourself as buyer, and pay with diet and exercise, will power and perseverance. The correct weight for a girl of your height is about 118 pounds. Poor Hazel Eyes, don't blame your lack of dates on your weight. Perhaps you haven't had the right opportunity to meet a congenial soul. However, if you have an unselfish interest in people and a ready amiability and sympathy, boy friends will drift to you as naturally as girl friends do now. About the letter to the boy at home. Most boys are laggards at letter writing, but since there isn't anything to do about it but bid your time. Just wait, and when it does come make your answer so interesting he'll have to come back for more. The old adages are best, for time has proved them, and it's true in almost all cases that the man likes to be the pursuer. When he does write let him wait and wonder just as you are doing now, but if he doesn't let his friendship go, it isn't worth it.

Dora: The man should be the one to say he is glad to have met the girl. There are circumstances under which it would be proper for the girl to make the remark, but they would not apply to one as young as you. The way a thing is said is as much as the thing which is said.

Jessie: I do not believe in friendly kisses between boys and girls. You should have more friends if you are an agreeable young woman, but should reserve your kisses for deeper feelings.

Exercise will harden flabby flesh and make it into muscle, but if you keep on eating exercise will not do the wonders you hope for. My dear, to get anything in this world, you must sacrifice for it. Perhaps interlarding dieting and exercising with Coue's system of saying day by day I am getting thinner and thinner, will give you the slenderness you seek. Make getting thin a bargain

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 (Copyright 1923)



MAGGIE - I'M GOIN' TO TAKE SOME BOXIN' LESSON WITH THE DUKE OF BANKSHIRE - I'M SORRY I CAN'T TAKE YOU ALONG BUT IT'S A CLUB FOR MEN -

I HAVE TO GO OUT WITH MRS. JONES ANYWAY.



HAVE YOU ANY BAR MAIDS IN AMERICA?

WE HAVEN'T ANY BARS -



THERE GOES THE DUKE OF BANKSHIRE - HE'S VERY OLD AND FEEDLE -

ARE YOU SURE THAT IS HIM?



THESE ARE ALL I COULD GET - MUM!

ALL RIGHT - JUST PUT THEM DOWN -

THE GUMPS

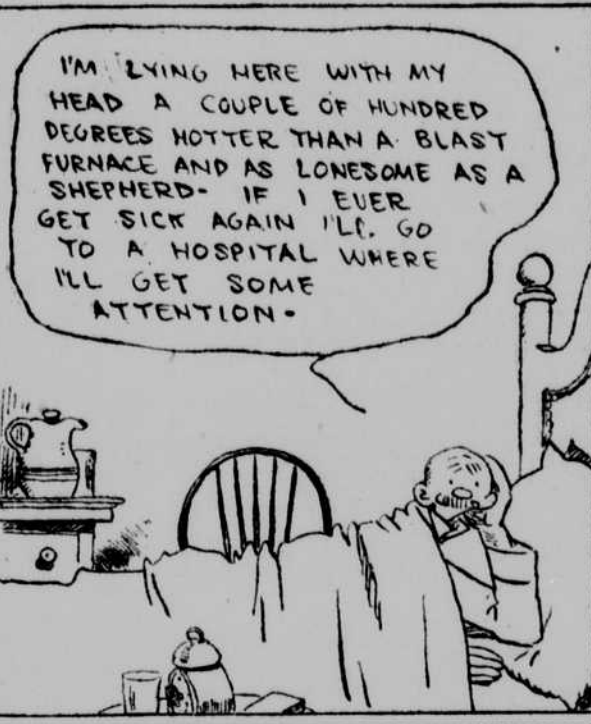
SEE IT IN COLORS IN THE SUNDAY BEE

PAGE MINERVA

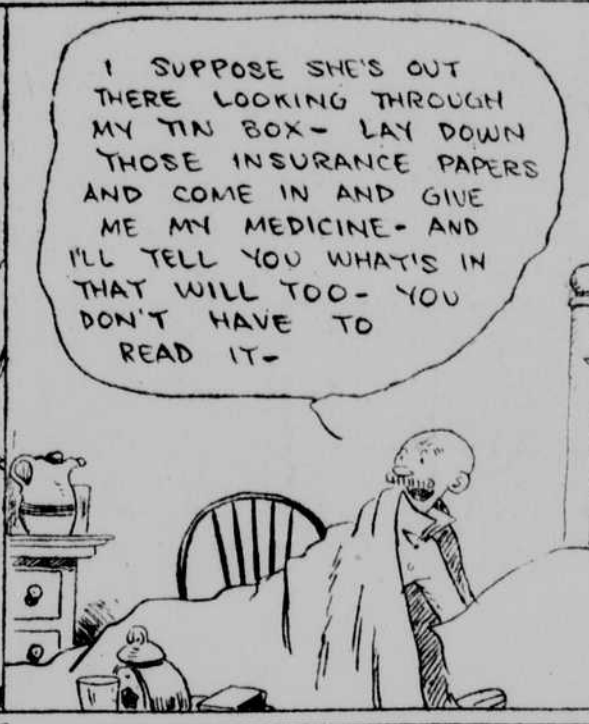
Drawn for The Omaha Bee by Sidney Smith (Copyright 1923)



I'M SUPPOSED TO GET MY MEDICINE EVERY HOUR - IT'S ONE HOUR AND TEN MINUTES SINCE SHE GAVE ME THE LAST DOSE - I GUESS SHE'S AFRAID IF SHE GIVES IT TO ME REGULARLY I'LL GET WELL -



I'M LYING HERE WITH MY HEAD A COUPLE OF HUNDRED DEGREES HOTTER THAN A BLAST FURNACE AND AS LONESOME AS A SHEPHERD - IF I EVER GET SICK AGAIN I'LL GO TO A HOSPITAL WHERE I'LL GET SOME ATTENTION -



I SUPPOSE SHE'S OUT THERE LOOKING THROUGH MY TIN BOX - LAY DOWN THOSE INSURANCE PAPERS AND COME IN AND GIVE ME MY MEDICINE - AND I'LL TELL YOU WHAT'S IN THAT WILL TOO - YOU DON'T HAVE TO READ IT -



OH MIN!

ABIE THE AGENT

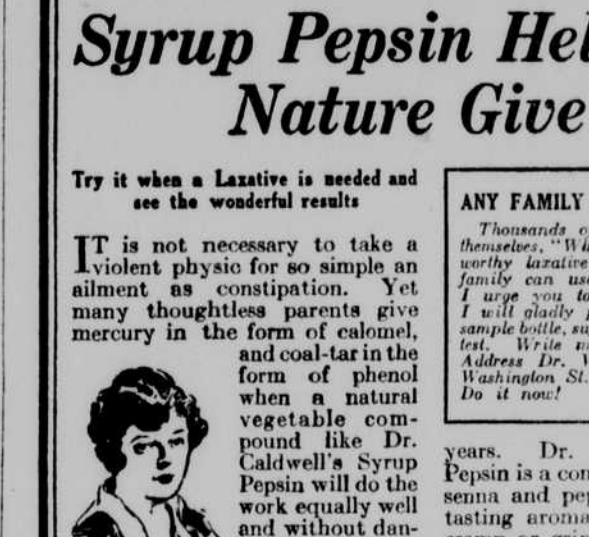
Nothing Like Making an Impression. Drawn for The Omaha Bee by Hershfeld



JUST AS THE SHOW STARTS, THE BOX OFFICE GET A FEW SEATS RETURNED! THAT'S THE TIME TO BUY THEM CHEAP FROM THEM!



I'LL TRY IT TONIGHT - LENA WANTS TO GO TO A SHOW ANYHOW!



LET'S BUY SEATS RIGHT AWAY, ABE AND PAY THE PRICE INSTEAD OF STANDING IN THIS COLD LOBBY WAITING FOR BARGAINS!



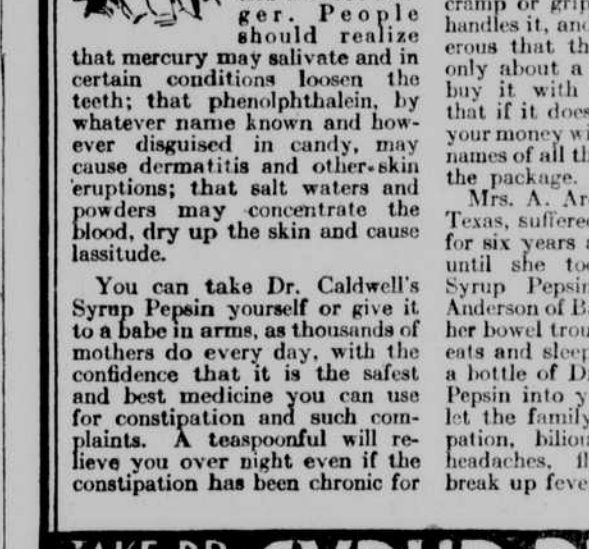
NO, LENA, LET'S WAIT - SOON AS THE SHOW STARTS YOU CAN ALWAYS GET THE BEST SEATS CHEAP!



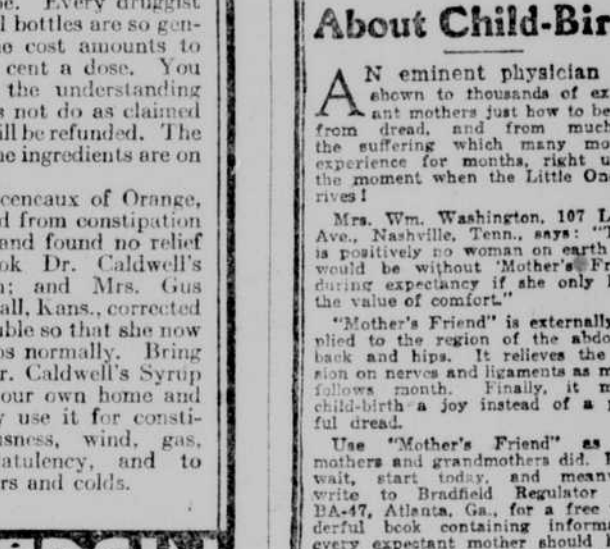
HAVE YOU GOT A COUPLE OF GOOD SEATS NOW, FOR A DOLLAR APiece?



YES - HERE'S TWO GOOD ONES DOWN IN FRONT, IN THE ORCHESTRA!



THESE SOCIETY PEOPLE MAKE ME SICK, ALWAYS COMING IN LATE!!!



THEY'RE PERCENTAGE IN THE WAY THAT GUY MAKES A TOUCH!

EDDIE'S FRIENDS

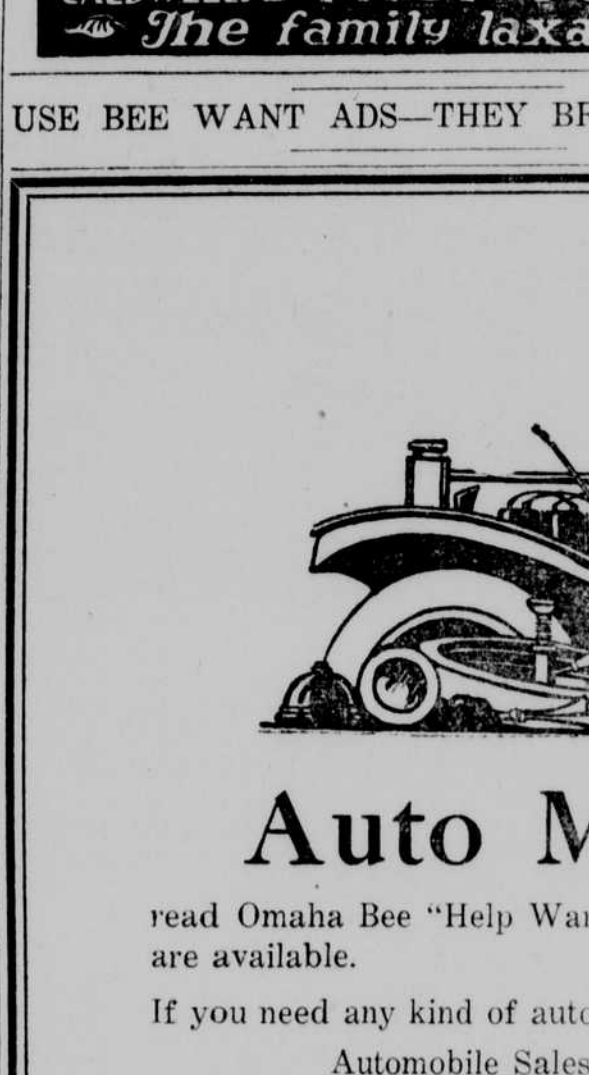
The Forgetful Borrower.



HEY EDDIE, COUNT ME IN ON THE NEXT ONE!



HEY, HOW D'YOU GET THAT WAY? YOU PAID ME BACK ONE STACK, YES! BUT YA BORROWED THREE! WHAT D'YA THINK I GOT MY CUFFS ALL MARKED UP FOR - TO MAKE IT HARD FOR THE LAUNDRY?



BUT MY DEAR FELLOW, - I PAID YOU BACK THE STACK I BORROWED!



HE MEANS TO STAY.

Parents' Problems

Are mechanical toys likely to make children uninterested in making things for themselves? Not if they do not have too many of them. Children like to make things for themselves; nothing can make them utterly uninterested in doing it. But give them a chance. An occasional mechanical toy is desirable, but chiefly, give the children materials for toy-making. A threshing machine has been designed in Holland to preserve, as far as possible the lengths of the straw which is used in the making of straw-board.

CASCARETS 10¢

For Constipated Bowels, Sick Headache, Sour Stomach, Bilious Liver. The nicest cathartic-laxative in the world to physic your liver and bowels when you have Dizzy Headache, Colds, Biliousness, Indigestion or Upset, Acid Stomach is candy-like "Cascarets." One or two tonight will empty your bowels completely by 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 ten cents a box. Children love Cascarets, too.

Syrup Pepsin Helps Nature Give Relief

Try it when a Laxative is needed and see the wonderful results

ANY FAMILY MAY TRY IT FREE

Thousands of parents are asking themselves, "Where can I find a trustworthy laxative that anyone in the family can use when constipated?" I urge you to try Syrup Pepsin. I will gladly provide a liberal free sample bottle, sufficient for an adequate test. Write me where to send it. Address Dr. W. B. Caldwell, 515 Washington St., Monticello, Illinois. Do it now!

Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin is a compound of Egyptian senna and pepsin with pleasant-tasting aromatics, and does not contain any of the harmful ingredients of other laxatives. It is a natural vegetable compound like Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin will do the work equally well and without danger. People should realize that mercury may salivate and in certain conditions loosen the teeth; that phenolphthalein, by whatever name known and however disguised in candy, may cause dermatitis and other skin eruptions; that salt waters and powders may concentrate the blood, dry up the skin and cause lassitude.

You can take Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin yourself or give it to a babe in arms, as thousands of mothers do every day, with the confidence that it is the safest and best medicine you can use for constipation and such complaints. A teaspoonful will relieve you over night even if the constipation has been chronic for years.

Mrs. A. Arceneaux of Orange, Texas, suffered from constipation for six years and found no relief until she took Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin; and Mrs. Gus Anderson of Ball, Kans., corrected her bowel trouble so that she now eats and sleeps normally. Bring a bottle of Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin into your own home and let the family use it for constipation, biliousness, wind, gas, headaches, flatulency, and to break up fevers and colds.

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TAKE DR. SYRUP PEP SIN
CALDWELL'S
The family laxative

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Auto Mechanics

read Omaha Bee "Help Wanted" ads to learn of positions that are available.

If you need any kind of automobile help—

- Automobile Salesmen
- Battery Men
- Ignition Men
- Garage Men
- Top Builders
- Car Washers

—hire them through Omaha Bee "Want" Ads.

Read and Use Omaha Bee "Want" Ads—the Bee-line to Results.

The Omaha Morning Bee—THE EVENING BEE