

My Marriage Problems

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

Why Does Lillian Need to Warn Madge Cryptically?
It was with a feeling of escape from something distinctly unpleasant that after breakfast I dressed for the street, and, leaving Claire Foster curled up on the couch in the living room, departed on my shopping expedition.

"I'll try to be back in time to get luncheon," I said as I left.
"As my lunch always consists of one cup of tea, one piece of dry toast and an orange or an apple, I believe I might manage to get it myself," she drawled. "I'll tell you a deadly secret. There's a tendency in our family to F.A.T.—spelled with capitals, and I'm laying a preliminary barrage. So don't hurry back."

"I'll take the day off, then," I replied lightly, as I went out of the door. I was indeed like a kitchen maid temporarily released from servitude. I told myself bitterly as I made my way first of all to the nearest drug store where I found a long distance telephone booth.

There is no telephone at the farmhouse, but I knew that general Farmington Briggs would be only too glad to deliver a message to Lillian. I looked at my wrist watch, noted the hour as 10 o'clock, asked Mr. Briggs to have Lillian at his home at 11, spent the interval in rambling through quaint historic Jefferson Market, with its rows of stalls from which one can select almost any kind of food in the world. I made a few necessary purchases, carried them back to the building, hunted up the janitor, tipped him and gave them to him for delivery. I did not care for either the three-flight climb or the prospect of another colloquy with Claire Foster.

At 11, exactly, I heard Lillian's welcome voice. Characteristically, she betrayed no emotion whatever in her words, but I, who know her every intonation, caught the intense relief which was hers at hearing from me.

"I'll Remember—Goodby."
"Couldn't stand it another minute without being sure that Junior had stubbed his toe," she sibilated, patently for the benefit of Mr. Briggs. "Well, I am happy to assure you that he has all his members intact, as had the rest of the family five minutes ago. Is everything jake with you? When are you coming home?"

"Yes, to the first question," I replied. "The second depends upon my physician friend. But, first let me give you the address and telephone number where we are. I am not phoning from there, but you could get us there in an emergency."
"Go ahead," she said, and I knew that she had pencil and paper ready for just such information. I crossed

that she would not wish to speak Dr. Pettit's name over the telephone, so when I had given her our mail and telephone address, I spoke swiftly, succinctly and to the point.

"I'll write you today a full account of our adventures with our friend. They were hectic, I can assure you. And he is still on the war path. I am not coming home until he has quieted down. Is he there yet?"

"Not yet," Lillian replied laconically. "I'll find out for you and wire or phone you."

"When you're sure it's safe?"
"Yes."
"All right. Kiss Junior and Marion for me, won't you?"

"I'll do that little thing," she said blithely. "Don't take any bad money while you're in the city. Good-by."

I started at the time-worn jest, for I recognized it distinctly as one of the code expressions used between us. So bromidical an expression would never have been used by Lillian ordinarily, but she recognized its value in clearing a message such as she was now giving to me. For interpreting the words in our secret code, I heard in it the distinct warning, "Look out for danger. Don't forget for a single second."

"I'll remember," I promised hastily.

A Chance Meeting.
The warning coming upon the heels of that uttered by Harry Underwood, upset me for a few minutes. I seemed to see a menace in every unfamiliar face, every grouping of people at all sorts of the ordinary.

Then my common sense asserted itself, and I told myself that no one knew my present whereabouts in New York, and that, anyway, a crowded city street was the safest possible place for me. Accordingly I went about my quest for the etched glass to replace the one belonging to the Bliss with an interest that banished all fears from my mind.

It was a long search, but by sheer good luck I came across three of the glasses in the window of a second-hand shop and promptly bought them all in order to insure my absolute loss against further possible loss. Then I went to a department store, attracted by an advertisement of adorable suits for small boys.

The suits proved as attractive as the advertisement, and I revelled in purchasing a number for my small boy, visualizing him in a blue and white check suit. A chance comment upon the time from a customer next to me brought me to the realization that I had had no lunch, and I made my way to the pretty grill room of the store.

A courteous waitress piloted me to a seat, and then I heard a little gasp of amazement and little Mrs. Durick fluttered over to my table.

BRINGING UP FATHER

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THE GUMPS

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BLAH!

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ABIE THE AGENT

And They'll Give Protection.

EDDIE'S FRIENDS

Dividing Up the Spoils.



SLEEPY-TIME TALES

JIMMY RABBIT ONCE MORE

BY ARTHUR SCOTT BAILEY

Jimmy Rabbit Remembers Too Much.
Having got rid of their unwelcome guest, Uncle Isaac Bunny, the Rabbit family began to enjoy their new home in the old hollow tree, on the side of the ridge that reached down towards Cedar Swamp.

They found the neighbors all very pleasant. And everybody was especially friendly to little Jimmy Rabbit. Whenever they saw him playing in the woods the neighbors stopped and asked him a great many questions. "Where did you live before you came here? Why did you move right in the middle of winter? Does your mother make her own clothes? How old is she? What time did your father come home last night?" They were all questions like those.

Jimmy Rabbit answered as well as he could. His mother had told him to be very polite, because they were new in in the neighborhood. But she never dreamed that Jimmy would tell all the private affairs of the household.

the house, just in time to see that Mrs. Rabbit was very much upset over something. When he learned what was wrong he didn't exactly laugh. But he couldn't help smiling. He appeared to think it a joke that Jimmy had told one of the neighbors his mother was a big eater.

"You'd better not smile," Mrs. Rabbit told her husband, coldly. "until you find out what your son has said to the neighbors about you."
"I haven't said a word about Pa," Jimmy cried, "except that he keeps very late hours and is always too tired to do any work around the house and--"

"It takes very little," he observed, "to amuse some people."
Mrs. Rabbit didn't answer him. She couldn't speak just then.

"Now, young man!" Mr. Rabbit said to Jimmy, "Don't talk with the neighbors, except to say good morning or good evening, or how do you do. If they ask you questions, send them to your mother or me. We'll tell them all they need to know."
"We're not likely to be bothered by the neighbors," Mrs. Rabbit remarked with a short laugh. "It appears that they know about everything already."
"I can't understand their asking this child questions," said Mr. Rabbit, shaking his head. "Uncle Isaac Bunny told me this was a good neighborhood."
"Well, the neighbors certainly take a great interest in us," Mrs. Rabbit observed.
"I dare say they'd be very helpful if we were in trouble," Mr. Rabbit replied.
"Oh, very!" Mrs. Rabbit agreed. "They know all our ways."
(Copyright, 1922.)
Tomorrow: All the Neighbors Call-- and Borrow Everything the Rabbit Family Owns.



"Answer me!" his mother ordered sternly.
She happened one day to be standing near her front door when she overheard her nearest neighbor talking with Jimmy.

"Is your mother a big eater?" asked the neighbor, a somewhat scrawny lady with an unusually long nose.
"Yes, she is!" Jimmy Rabbit answered.
"I thought as much," the neighbor remarked with a titter.
"James Rabbit! Come in the house this instant!" Mrs. Rabbit called to her son.
He hurried across the dooryard and popped through the doorway. He could tell, by his mother's severe tone, that something had displeased her.
"What's the trouble, Ma?" Jimmy inquired. "Have I forgotten something?"
"The trouble--" said Mrs. Rabbit-- "the trouble is not that you have forgotten. You have remembered too much. In fact it seems to me you have remembered something that isn't so, and never was."
Jimmy Rabbit was puzzled. He couldn't guess what his mother was talking about. But he soon learned. "Since when--" she demanded-- "since when have I been a big eater?" Jimmy looked fidgetily uncomfortable. He didn't know what to say.
"Answer me!" his mother ordered sternly.
"Ever since I've known you!" he blurted.
At that moment Mr. Rabbit entered

do, or a thing of which you will not be ashamed.

As for a father, I fear you have given me too large an order. I would like to find you just the right person, but those relationships have to be developed and cannot be enforced.

get any clothes for one your size. I am sorry.

Jack B.: Write to the attorney general of the state at Lincoln for the information you wish regarding marriage laws.

Just a Girl: I cannot undertake to find lovers for you through these columns. I could not even find a friend for you without careful investigation.

Anxious: We have been unable to

What I Have Learned in 47 Years Practice

I HAVE been watching the results of constipation for 47 years, since I began the practice of medicine back in 1875. I am now 83 years old, and though from time to time the medical profession makes some wonderfully interesting experiments and tests the fundamentals of causes and relief in this particular ailment are unchanged.

But the people take greater interest today in their health, in diet, exercise and the drinking of water. Constipation, however, will occur from time to time no matter how one tries to avoid it. Of next importance, then, is how to treat it when it comes. I believe in getting as close to nature as possible, hence my remedy for constipation, known as Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin, is a mild vegetable compound. It is made of Egyptian senna and pepsin with agreeable aromatics. Children will not willingly take latter things. Syrup Pepsin is pleasant-tasting, and youngsters love it. It does not grip. Thousands of mothers have written me to that effect.

Over 10 million bottles of Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin are now sold every year, and it is the most widely bought family laxative in the world. I say family laxative because all in the family can use it with safety. It is mild enough for the infant in arms, effective in the most chronic constipation of an adult. The formula is on every package.

Recently there has been a new wave of drastic physics. Calomel, a mercurial that softens and loosens teeth, has been revived; salt waters and powders that draw needed constituents from the blood; coal tar disguised in candy form that causes skin eruptions. In a practice of 47 years I have never seen any reason for their use when a medicine like Syrup Pepsin will empty the bowels just as promptly, more cleanly and gently, without griping, and without shock to the system.

Keep free from constipation! It lowers your strength 25 per cent, hardens the arteries and brings on premature old age. Do not let a day go by without a bowel movement. Do not sit and hope but go to a druggist and get a bottle of Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin. It is a generous-size bottle. Take a teaspoonful that night and by morning you will be well. The cost is only about a cent a dose. Use Syrup Pepsin for yourself and members of the family in constipation, biliousness, sour and crampy stomach, piles, indigestion, loss of appetite or sleep, and to break up fevers and colds. Always have a bottle in the house, and observe these three rules of health: Keep the head cool, the feet warm, the bowels open.

I REPEAT MY FREE OFFER
\$10,000 worth of trial bottles of Syrup Pepsin free

Last year I agreed to spend \$10,000 cash for free samples of my Syrup Pepsin, and send them free and postage paid to all who asked. A tremendous mail was the result, but there must be many who did not write. I would like to get their address this time. So I now renew my offer, in remembrance of my approaching 84th birthday, and will again send \$10,000 in free samples. I am anxious to see one in every American home. Write for yours today. Simply give me your address. Send it to Dr. W. B. Caldwell, 515 Washington St., Monticello, Illinois. Mine is truly a free gift; it costs the public nothing.

From a recent portrait of DR. W. B. CALDWELL, Born Shelbyville, Mo., 1839

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The family laxative

N. B. Caldwell M.D.

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We handle a great many accounts each day and a little time saved here and there enables us to do more work and serve our customers better.

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