BARNEY GOOGLE---

Barney's Trying to Win a Bigger Stake

Drawn for The Omaha Bee by Billy De Beck
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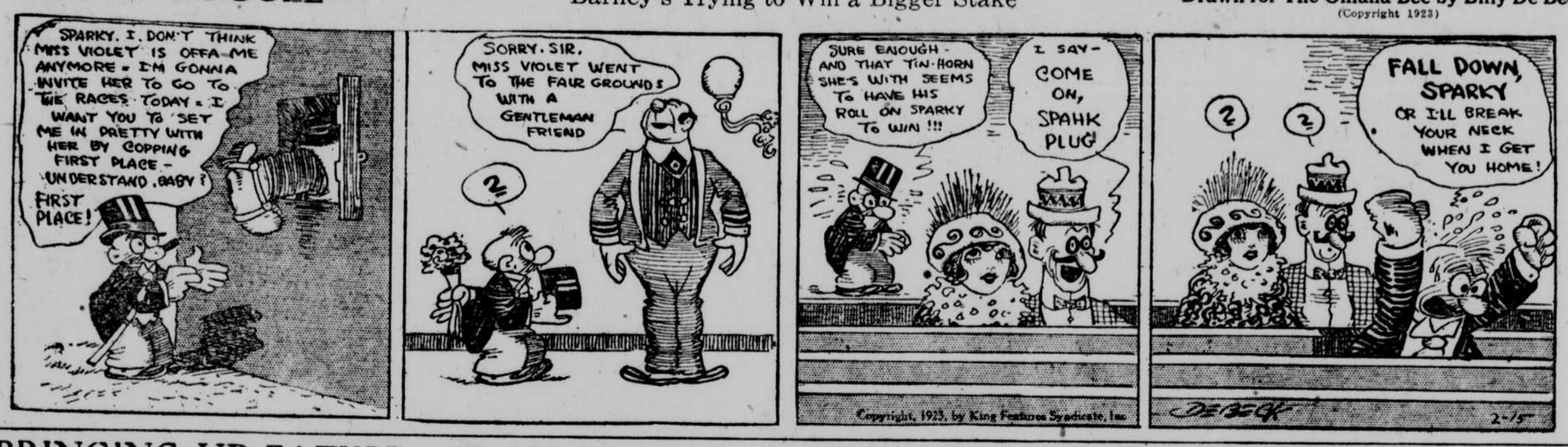

BRINGING UP FATHER---Ten Years Ago---

Registered U. S. Patent Office

Drawn for The Omaha Bee by McManus
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ABIE THE AGENT--

That Goes for a Lot of Them.

EDDIE'S FRIENDS

The Consistent Opener.

My Marriage Problems

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

The Perplexing Costume Problem Claire Foster Contrived.

Dicky's appeal to me to "think of something," was a familiar one. I cannot count the times I have heard it since I was married. But his reaction to the suggestions I make is highly uncertain. Sometimes he laughs derisively, but often he accepts them, always, however, with a burlesqued air of astonishment, which secretly annoys me.

I was tempted to reply that I had no idea what to do in the emergency of the telegram, but the answer to his question had come into my mind—indeed, I wondered that he himself had not thought of it, and for the sake of the absent Mr. Bliss, I gave it voice.

"Will not the station from which this was sent have a return address?" I queried. "I know it's blurred on this, but——"

"Will somebody please take me out and perform an operation on my bean?" Dicky asked theatrically. "Of all the dumbbells now on exhibition in our gracious city, I'm the extreme limit. It's a mercy your alleged think tank was working. Gangway for the telephone!"

But his attempts to get any information over the telephone had their usual result, and flushed with futile anger, he finally hung up the receiver.

"I'll have to go down there myself," he said. "But neither for old Bob nor the Angel Gabriel will I stir a step until after dinner. For the love of Mike, how long are you going to sit around that way? I'm starving to death."

"Pipe the Queen of Sheba!"

"I won't be five minutes," I returned, and I was as good as my word, for I scurried through my dressing and returned to the living room at the time I had named.

"It's about time," Dicky growled "Where's Claire?"

"I don't think she'll be long now." I said mendaciously, for Claire was making a maddeningly deliberate toilet, and I was sure that it would be at least a quarter of an hour longer before she would be ready.

"What's the matter? She went in there to dress before you did."

My vanity gave a little gratified thrill at the comparison, but I let no hint of it appear in my face.

"Her gown is more complicated," I said demurely.

Dicky gave a grunting "Humph," and from that minute until Claire's entrance—a full 20 minutes later—he fussed and paced the floor with his temper patently rising at every turn.

When Claire entered, however, he wiped the frown from his face, as quickly as a woman brushes off superfluous powder, and bent low in a grandilouquent bow.

"Pipe the queen of Sheba, Madge," he said as he straightened himself. "I don't know whether you and I will dare trail along or not. You surely are the cat's cream, old dear, even if you do run a chance of getting pinched before the night is over."

Dicky Disapproves.

His eyes and words expressed only the most extravagant approbation, but used as I am to his every inflection, I caught an intonation which I knew spelled irritated disapproval of the girl before him. And I only had to glance at the costume she wore to know the reason for his displeasure.

Dicky is no Puritan, but he is intensely fastidious, and while he has designed evening gowns for me which have shocked my old-fashioned mother-in-law by their modern cut, yet I know that the extreme gowns affected by some women disgust his aesthetic sense.

And Claire Foster's dress was almost the last word in exposure. I could not help staring at her in amazement, and as I did so I recognized the gown as one which I had helped her pack. Surely there had been more of it then! With furtive glances I gave her what Dicky terms the "once-over," and with the prescience born of many "making over" experiments of my own, realized the truth. She had cut off or had turned in the bodice of her gown to produce the daring, or rather shameless, effect which it now gave.

But why? The question sprang to my mind, but I had no time to consider it, for Claire, rouged and powdered and eyelash-blackened, was answering Dicky's last remark.

"I have my great-grandmother's Paisley shawl with me, Dicky, dear," she cooed. "And you can carry it so as to wrap me up if a policeman objects. But until then, I'll try to wriggle along with this."

She flung a gauzy transparent embroidered scarf over her shoulders and held an evening coat up to Dicky with an ingratiating smile.

Problems That Perplex

By BEATRICE FAIRFAX

The Test of Love.

Dear Miss Fairfax: I am 20 and truly in love with a man of 22, who returns my love. In the course of a few months his business will take him away to New York. I don't want him to go away without me and he does not wish to, but money matters seem to come between. We both work and don't you think we could marry a short time before he goes away?

PEGGY.

If your love won't stand the test of a short separation, how can you trust it to stand the wear and tear of a lifetime? The most practical thing to do, is to let the young man go ahead, make a home for you, find his place in the new community and send for you when you have both saved a bit. These are only suggestions—coming from an outsider who knows nothing of your temperament, environment, education and character—nor of the man's. Isn't it the wisest thing to discuss all this with the other person most concerned—your sweetheart?

Late Hours.

Dear Miss Fairfax: I'm also coming to you for advice. I'm 20, going with a young man of 26. He comes to see me often. Now the question is this: When he comes to see me he keeps such awful late hours, sometimes as late as 1:30 o'clock. My parents, nor do I, approve of such late hours. How can I make him understand that I do not want him to stay so late without hurting his feelings, for I want to keep his friendship. Thanking you in advance,

BOB.

Your mother might kindly tell the young man not to keep you up late. If she doesn't care to do this for you, you should tell him yourself. You can put it in a way that will be kind and will not hurt his feelings.

Worried: I woud be worried, too, if I lived in such a home atmosphere. I can't tell just from your letter if your mother is really to blame or not. But, regardless of that, are you doing your part to make home a happy place. Perhaps your mother is tired and her nerves worn out. Are you doing your best to ease the strain? I think not. No matter what your mother says, I know she loves you. You could be a tower of strength to her. Overlook the unkind things she says and see how much you can smooth out the rough way. You will not be of age until you are 21, and until that time your mother's authority controls you legally. However, I feel quite certain she could not have you put in an industrial school if you did nothing worse than support yourself in a respectable way away from home. Don't desert the ship, though. Make it your ambition to see how much sunshine just one person who really tries, can spread.

Parents' Problems

How can a "tattle-tale" be cured of this habit?

One of the best methods is to deprive a "tattle-tale" of the company of other children for, perhaps, a day at a time. This will leave no opportunity of telling tales and will teach the child to be careful when in the company of others.

SLEEPY-TIME TALES

THE TALE OF MISTAH MULE

BY ARTHUR SCOTT BAILEY

CHAPTER III.

Farmer Green's Trick.

Mistah Mule had told the old horse, Ebenezer, to watch out, if Farmer Green came near him. And Ebenezer knew what his new neighbor meant by that. He intended to kick Farmer Green again.

Ebenezer soon saw that Farmer Green had a plan in his head. He called to the hired man. And then they both came up with a long, stout pole, one end of which they thrust into a front corner of Mistah Mule's stall. Holding the other end of the pole, which stuck out a safe distance behind Mistah Mule's heels, the hired man pushed the pole far over, crowding Mistah Mule against a side of his stall.

"There!" said Farmer Green. "He can't kick now." And then Farmer Green walked boldly in beside Mistah Mule and untied his halter strap. He backed that black rascal out of the stall, turned him around on the barn floor, and then backed him in again.

Mistah Mule now stood facing to the rear. He looked somewhat puzzled when Farmer Green fastened the halter strap around the upright post on his left. He looked more puzzled when Farmer Green snapped another strap to his halter, wrapping the end of this one securely about a post on his right.

"Now," Farmer Green remarked with a chuckle, "we can walk past this fellow's stall without having to dodge his heels."

Meanwhile Farmer Green's son, Johnnie, had come in to watch what happened to Mistah Mule.

"Won't he bite?" he asked his father.

"No!" said Farmer Green. "He's too wise to wear out his teeth on anything except food."

Johnnie Green then slipped in beside Ebenezer and gave him an apple. Out of the corner of his eye, Mistah Mule saw Ebenezer take the gift. And when Ebenezer began to munch the apple, Mistah Mule spoke.

"I is waitin' for a apple too," he remarked.

But Johnnie Green went away without giving him any.

"I wouldn't 'a bit him," Mistah Mule answered

"You see!" said Ebenezer to his new neighbor, "If you had behaved yourself, Johnnie would have treated you too."

"I wouldn't 'a bit him," Mistah Mule answered.

"He doesn't trust you," Ebenezer retorted. "And I must say that I don't blame him."

"It ain't right," Mistah Mule complained, "to give a no-account ole hoss like you a apple and not give one to a valuable young critter like my ownself."

"Valuable!" Ebenezer exclaimed with a slight smile. "I hear that your former owners gave you away to Farmer Green because they couldn't do anything with you."

Mistah Mule hung his head. For once he was silent.

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Tomorrow—Mistah Mule Can Be Almost a Gentleman—When He Chooses."

Uncle Sam Says

Salmon Receipts.

These salmon receipts have all been tested by the United States Bureau of Fisheries. They include salads, steamed dishes, baked and boiled dishes, chafing dish receipts and creamed salmon receipts. If you enjoy salmon, get a copy of these receipts.

Considering the nutrition it supplies, salmon is one of the cheapest foods.

Readers of The Omaha Bee may obtain a copy of these receipts by sending an addressed envelope and four loose one-cent stamps to The Omaha Bee Information Bureau, 4035 New Hampshire Ave., Washington, D. C., asking for "Salmon Receipts." When you write, tell us how you like this service.

Dog fights are now prohibited in Mexico City.

ADVERTISEMENT.

Makes a Family Supply of Cough Remedy

Really better than ready-made cough syrups, and saves about $2. Easily and quickly prepared.

If you combined the curative properties of every known "ready-made" cough remedy, you probably could not get as much real curative power as there is in this simple home-made cough syrup, which is easily prepared in a few minutes.

Get from any druggist 2½ ounces of Pinex, pour it into a pint bottle and fill the bottle with syrup, using either plain granulated sugar syrup, clarified molasses, honey, or corn syrup, as desired. The result is a full pint of really better cough syrup than you could buy ready-made for three times the money. Tastes pleasant and never spoils.

This Pinex and Syrup preparation gets right at the cause of a cough and gives almost immediate relief. It loosens the phlegm, stops the nasty throat tickle and heals the sore, irritated membranes so gently and easily that it is really astonishing.

A day's use will usually overcome the ordinary cough and for bronchitis, croup, hoarseness and bronchial asthma, there is nothing better.

Pinex is a most valuable concentrated compound of genuine Norway pine extract, and has been used for generations to break severe coughs.

To avoid disappointment, ask your druggist for "2½ ounces of Pinex" with full directions, and don't accept anything else. Guaranteed to give absolute satisfaction or money promptly refunded. The Pinex Co., Ft. Wayne, Ind.

Farmers in France, numbering 287, have been recently decorated by the minister of agriculture as "good farmers." These men have descended from families which have tilled the soil for more than 100 years.

Chest cold?-break it!
Apply Sloan's. It starts fresh warm blood coursing freely through the congested spot. Congestion breaks up —cold vanishes!

Sloan's Liniment —kills pain!

For rheumatism, bruises, strains, chest colds

ADVERTISEMENT. ADVERTISEMENT.

COLDS

"Pape's Cold Compound" Breaks a Cold in Few Hours

Instant Relief! Don't stay stuffed-up! Quit blowing and snuffling! Take "Pape's Cold Compound" every two hours until three doses are taken. The first dose opens clogged-up nostrils and air passages of head; stops nose running; relieves headache, dullness; feverishness, sneezing. The second and third doses usually break up the cold completely and end all grippe misery.

"Pape's Cold Compound" is the quickest, surest relief known and costs only a few cents at drug stores. Tastes nice. Contains no quinine. Insist upon Pape's.

ADVERTISEMENT. ADVERTISEMENT.

Women say La-may stays on better than any other face powder.

Up to the time of La-may it was almost impossible to get a face powder to stay on the face longer than it took to put it on. Now, you can use a powder that really stays on, that stays on perfectly. A specialist has perfected a pure powder that does not contain white lead or starchy rich powder to make it stay on. This improved formula contains medical powders doctors prescribe to improve the complexion. In fact, this powder helps to prevent and reduce enlarged pores and irritations. It is also astringent, discouraging flabbiness, crow's feet and wrinkles. This unusual powder is called La-may (French, Poudre L'Amel). Because La-may is pure and because it stays on so well it is used by millions of American women. All dealers carry the large box and many carry the generous thirty-five cent size. Remember, when you are offered a substitute for La-may it is sure to be a demonstrator or some one trying to make a larger profit at your expense. When you use this harmless powder and see how wonderfully it improves your complexion you will understand why so many beautiful New York women say they cannot buy a better powder than La-may anywhere at any price. You can also get a La-may Face Powder Compact with puff to refill your empty Vanity Box. These compacts cannot crumble and spill.

Four Out of Five Pay the Penalty

Bleeding gums herald Pyorrhea

Take heed of bleeding gums. They're Nature's warning of Pyorrhea. Only one person out of every five past forty escapes. Thousands younger contract it, too.

Forhan's For the Gums, if used consistently and used in time, will prevent Pyorrhea or check its progress. Brush your teeth with it. It will keep them white and clean, and your gums firm and healthy. Pleasant to the taste.

The formula of R. J. Forhan, D.D.S. At all druggists, 35c and 60c in tubes.

Forhan's FOR THE GUMS
More than a tooth paste —it checks Pyorrhea

Formula of R. J. Forhan, D. D. S.
Forhan Company, New York
Forhan's, Limited, Montreal

Piles
are usually due to straining when constipated.

Nujol being a lubricant keeps the food waste soft and therefore prevents straining. Doctors prescribe Nujol because it not only soothes the suffering of piles but relieves the irritation, brings comfort and helps to remove them.

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

Nujol
A LUBRICANT—NOT A LAXATIVE

ADVERTISEMENT.

KEEP LOOKING YOUNG

It's Easy—If You Know Dr. Edwards' Olive Tablets.

The secret of keeping young is to feel young—to do this you must watch your liver and bowels—there's no need of having a sallow complexion—dark rings under your eyes—pimples—a bilious look in your face—dull eyes with no sparkle. Your doctor will tell you ninety per cent of all sickness comes from inactive bowels and liver.

Dr Edwards, a well-known physician in Ohio, perfected a vegetable compound mixed with olive oil to act on the liver and bowels, which he gave to his patients for years.

This Dr. Edwards' Olive Tablets, the substitute for calomel, are gentle in their action yet always effective. They bring about that natural buoyancy which all should enjoy by toning up the liver and clearing the system of impurities.

Dr. Edwards' Olive Tablets are known by their olive color. 15c and 30c.

BEE WANT ADS BRING RESULTS

Piles Fistula—Pay When Cured

A mild system of treatment that cures Piles, Fistula and other Rectal Diseases in a short time, without a severe surgical operation. No Chloroform, Ether or other general anesthetic used. A cure guaranteed in every case accepted for treatment, and no money is to be paid until cured. Write for book on Rectal Diseases, with names and testimonials of more than 1,000 prominent people who have been permanently cured.

DR. E. R. TARRY Sanatorium, Peters Trust Bldg. (Bee Bldg.), Omaha, Neb.