

BARNEY GOOGLE---

Barney Ought to Buy an Airplane for Sparkey

My Marriage Problems

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

The Reason Dicky's Strained Patience Broke at Last.

That Dicky had a grievance against Claire Foster other than his annoyance at the almost grotesque darning of her gown, I guessed as I caught his furtive glance first at her costume, then at mine, and last at himself.

All his clothing except the business suit he had on, and the articles which could be put in a small bag, were in trunks somewhere on the road between Caldwell and New York. I had but a tattered suit in which I had traveled to the mountain resort when Dicky sent for me, and a little afternoon gown, which it was impossible for me to wear to a restaurant dinner without a wrap. For both Dicky and me the tailored suits were our only sartorial resource. Claire Foster knew this, and she must also have known that under the circumstances her own elaborate evening costume was the come of bad taste and ill-breeding.

There is nothing fastidious Dicky hates so much as to be conspicuous in any way, and I could see him visualizing the amused and curious glances which in any restaurant would follow the entrance of our party—he and I in sober street attire, and Claire Foster in her shimmering costume. But he allowed no hint of his irritation to escape him, and wrapped Claire in her handsome evening coat with so much impudent that again the torturing question returned to me:

Was he so deeply infatuated with her that nothing she did mattered? The inevitable companion question followed close on its heels. Was Claire's knowledge of his feeling the reason for her outrageous actions since she had come to the Bliss apartment? One thing I knew. A woman must either be very sure of a man's abiding affection for her, or totally indifferent to his opinion, to stage the performances Claire Foster had put on in the last 36 hours.

Dicky's Spirited Drop. I had no time for further speculation, however, as a ring at the bell heralded the arrival of the taxi for which impatient Dicky had telephoned before Claire appeared. And from that moment until we had finished our dinner at a restaurant which I knew Dicky must have selected for its easy-mannered, careless clientele. I was kept busy parrying the nonsensical gibes of both Claire and Dicky.

They both were in the wildest spirits and insisted upon sweeping me along with them. But when we were safely in the Bliss apartment again the thermometer of Dicky's

spirits dropped to far below the freezing point as he walked to the mantel of the living room and let his eyes run searchingly over it from one end to the other. Wondering at the frown on his face, my eyes followed his, and saw that the important telegram addressed to Robert Bliss, whose sender Dicky wished to trace without delay, was no longer in view.

"Where's that telegram?" Dicky demanded truculently, turning to me. "The telegram," I stammered, trying to think when I last had seen it. The amazement on my face seemed to infuriate him.

"Don't pull any injured-innocence stunts on me. That telegram was there before we went to dinner, nobody has been here. Claire wasn't near the mantel, so you must have done something with it. I remember you were fussing around there while we were waiting for Claire, dusting, or some fool stunt like that."

It was true. When Dicky had read the telegram, he had searched in his pocket for his address book. Man-like, he first had brought out a bunch of letters and cards which he had left on the mantel while he consulted the address book, and had not returned to his pockets—at least as far as I had seen. With my dislike, amounting almost to an obsession, for dust or disorder, I had noted dust on the mantelpiece, and while wiping it off had arranged the scattered envelopes in a neat pile. But I distinctly remembered that I had left the telegram upright against the wall in its original position.

"Are you sure?" "Are you sure you didn't take the telegram down when you put your letters back in your pocket?" I asked. "Yes, I'm very sure I didn't take the telegram down when I put the letters back in my pocket," Dicky mocked. "The thing's gone, that's what it is—probably you threw it into the fire—I wouldn't put it past you. When you're on a cleaning rampage you're likely to do anything. And I'm in a pretty pickle, all on account of your blamed carelessness."



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

Registered U. S. Patent Office

Drawn for The Omaha Bee by McManus (Copyright 1923)



ABIE THE AGENT---

HE'LL LOSE HIS OWN CASE, TOO

Drawn for The Omaha Bee by Herschfeld (Copyright 1925)



SLEEPY-TIME TALES

THE TALE OF MISTAH MULE

BY ARTHUR SCOTT BAILEY

CHAPTER IV. On the next day after Mistah Mule's arrival at Farmer Green's place there followed that the old horse Ebenezer had been dreading. Farmer Green harnessed Mistah Mule and Ebenezer to a strong wagon. "I suppose I ought not to complain if this helps Farmer Green," Ebenezer thought. "But I can't help feeling that he might have spared me this disgrace. To be harnessed with a good natured mule would be bad enough. But to be harnessed with a kicking, balky fellow like this Mistah Mule is a thousand times worse."



After Farmer Green had led Ebenezer into his stall, and backed Mistah Mule into his, he called to the boy Johnnie: "Bring me an old piece of leather, some long tacks and a hammer." When he heard that, Ebenezer pricked up his ears. "What's this Farmer Green aimin' to do now?" Mistah Mule asked him. "You'll find out the next time he drives us," Ebenezer told him. And he would say nothing more.

Tomorrow—Mistah Mule is Stubborn, Even About His Food. He Wants What He Wants.

Problems That Perplex

Answered by BEATRICE FAIRFAX

Should She Ask Him to Call? Dear Miss Fairfax: Am coming to you with a little problem of mine. Have been going with a young man since last June, but have gone steady since August. We are both 23. He has proposed to me, but I have not given my answer. Now this young man thinks it is my place to ask him to come over and make dates, while I, on the other hand, think it is still his place to do so. Which one is correct, Miss Fairfax? I told him I would find out and let him know. Please answer in The Omaha Bee as soon as possible. Thank you very much, I am, "YOURS TRULY."

Parents' Problems

What can be done to help cure a young child of shyness, even when with children of his own age? A good way to do this is to invite two or three children to your home and interest them in games. Gradually the shy child will be drawn into the good time by the interest and the pleasure the others seem to have, and soon overcome his shyness.

Dear Miss Fairfax: I went out with a nice young fellow the other night. We went to a show and had supper after we came out. He treated me nicely until we came home, and then he kissed me several times. I did not refuse. He then told me he would see me Sunday, and he never came. Could you tell me what the trouble could have been? LONESOME. I cannot you imagine it, Lonesome? I can. Too free with your kisses, that's what it was. The same old

EDDIE'S FRIENDS

Ladies' Night.



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666

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Uncle Sam Says

Under this title, the Savings Division of the Treasury Department has issued a booklet which will be of interest

to persons who are interested in making a budget or in trying to save some of their earnings. It offers a suggested standard for monthly savings, and contains a suggested distribution for both the family and the individual's income. Readers of The Omaha Bee may obtain a copy of this booklet free as long as the free edition lasts by asking for "How Others Get Ahead," addressing their request to the Savings Division, Treasury Department, Washington, D. C.



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