

# My Marriage Problems

Adelle Garrison's New Phase of "Revelations of a Wife"

The Seemingly Simple Advice Lillian Gave Madge.

I tried to conceal the shiver which Lillian's words sent over me. But the minister possibilities for my father and the rest of us at which she had hinted were too much for me, and it was almost half a minute before I was able to answer her.

"You mean—'torment'?" I whispered.

She nodded grimly.

"I mean just exactly that. No, I'm not crazy, although 10 years ago if I had hinted at anything so melodramatic you would have been justified in calling me so. But remember civilization has slipped back a thousand years in some respects in the last 10, and there's nothing too outrageous or fantastic to be possible to a certain type of criminal mind—which isn't always confined to the ranks of the criminals," she finished, with a cynical little laugh.

"Don't look so white," she went on.

"Remember, this isn't the probability, it's only the remote possibility. It's what will happen if they get hold of any of us, but they have to catch us before they cook us, and we're fully forewarned, very respectfully forewarned—and I'm concealed enough to think that brain for brain we out-point them. The chances are 100 to 1 against their getting their hands on any one of us, but the one chance is what we must guard against. So take no risks, remember, after I am gone, I'll keep an eye on you while I'm here."

"I will do whatever you wish—you know that," I faltered.

"I know it." She put her hand on my shoulder, with a comforting comradely touch. "Have you seen Tom Chester yet?"

"A Case of Puppy Love."

The query was an abrupt one, and I guessed that she had put it more to divert my mind from the sinister picture she had just been drawing than because she cared for any answer to it.

"No, I haven't," I replied. "I asked father about him, and he said Mr. Chester had been very restless today. I thought it would be best to wait."

Lillian looked thoughtful.

"It's too late now, of course," she said. "But you'd better plan to go in to see him the first thing tomorrow morning. The poor lad's just sick enough to have worried a lot about you. Your father, with the early vic-

torian attitude which you invariably find in a former man of the world, appears to take the ground that nobody of the male persuasion save himself and Dicky has any right to express any concern over you. But I have a sneaking pity for the poor lad. He has as bad a case of puppy love as I ever saw in a youth of his years and discretion.

Madge Is Ill.

"While, of course, he'll never annoy you—that is the worship-of-a-star attitude," she went on. "Yet you'll have to squelch him eventually. But just now he's sick and so upset and restless that his convalescence is being seriously delayed. He needs a glimpse of his divinity, and a few kind yet judicious words. So let me know when you're ready, and I'll call on him with you."

"Whenever you think best," I found myself saying, mechanically, although my mental reaction to her astonishing words was anything but stereotyped.

I had seen—being a woman with average perceptions—that young Tom Chester was more than ordinarily interested in me, but to have Lillian put it so baldly into words startled me. I had sense enough to perceive, however, that she regarded his emotions in much the same light as she would an attack of measles or chicken-pox for Marion. She would humor the child while she was ill and reserve all necessary discipline until she was well again.

"All right, I'll be in after breakfast," she said cheerily. "Now, get to bed. You need a good night's sleep about as badly as any one I know. Good night."

"Good night. I'll be all right in the morning," I called after her, but I boasted without result.

The next morning I could not lift my head from my pillow, because of an attack of my old enemy, neuritic headache. Lillian and Katie cared for me assiduously all day, but it was an unusually severe attack and I could scarcely bid my father good-bye when he left for Washington—I knew as the result of Lillian's talk with him.

I was not myself again until the morning of the very day upon which Dicky was to arrive, and it was with the feeling getting through with a duty expected of me that I went with Lillian to my father's room, where Tom Chester was convalescing.

ble and rushed at him. There was no stick anywhere in sight which Farmer Green could snatch up. Turkey Proudfoot had made sure of that.

"Go 'way, you old gobbler!" Farmer Green shouted.

But Turkey Proudfoot came on and on.

Farmer Green was carrying something in his pail. It was sour milk for the pigs. And when Turkey Proudfoot was almost upon him, Farmer Green showered the sour milk all over him.

The proud ruler of the farmyard turned tail and ran. He looked like a white ghost as he scuttled, dripping, around the corner of the barn where nobody could see him.

"I reckon that ole Turkey done brag his last brag to me," he chuckled.

Mistah Mule had watched everything as he stood with his head over the fence. And again he burst into his familiar laughter.

"I reckon that Ole Turkey done brag his last brag to me," he chuckled.

Later, Turkey Proudfoot warned all the flock to have nothing to do with Mistah Mule.

"He's a trouble maker," declared Turkey Proudfoot.

(Copyright, 1923.)

Tomorrow—How Mistah Mule woke old Dog Spot in the middle of the night.

"I reckon that ole Turkey done brag his last brag to me," he chuckled.

Mistah Mule had watched everything as he stood with his head over the fence. And again he burst into his familiar laughter.

"I reckon that Ole Turkey done brag his last brag to me," he chuckled.

Later, Turkey Proudfoot warned all the flock to have nothing to do with Mistah Mule.

"He's a trouble maker," declared Turkey Proudfoot.

(Copyright, 1923.)

Tomorrow—How Mistah Mule woke old Dog Spot in the middle of the night.

"I reckon that ole Turkey done brag his last brag to me," he chuckled.

Mistah Mule had watched everything as he stood with his head over the fence. And again he burst into his familiar laughter.

"I reckon that Ole Turkey done brag his last brag to me," he chuckled.

Later, Turkey Proudfoot warned all the flock to have nothing to do with Mistah Mule.

"He's a trouble maker," declared Turkey Proudfoot.

(Copyright, 1923.)

Tomorrow—How Mistah Mule woke old Dog Spot in the middle of the night.

"I reckon that ole Turkey done brag his last brag to me," he chuckled.

Mistah Mule had watched everything as he stood with his head over the fence. And again he burst into his familiar laughter.

"I reckon that Ole Turkey done brag his last brag to me," he chuckled.

Later, Turkey Proudfoot warned all the flock to have nothing to do with Mistah Mule.

"He's a trouble maker," declared Turkey Proudfoot.

(Copyright, 1923.)

Tomorrow—How Mistah Mule woke old Dog Spot in the middle of the night.

"I reckon that ole Turkey done brag his last brag to me," he chuckled.

Mistah Mule had watched everything as he stood with his head over the fence. And again he burst into his familiar laughter.

"I reckon that Ole Turkey done brag his last brag to me," he chuckled.

Later, Turkey Proudfoot warned all the flock to have nothing to do with Mistah Mule.

"He's a trouble maker," declared Turkey Proudfoot.

(Copyright, 1923.)

Tomorrow—How Mistah Mule woke old Dog Spot in the middle of the night.

"I reckon that ole Turkey done brag his last brag to me," he chuckled.

Mistah Mule had watched everything as he stood with his head over the fence. And again he burst into his familiar laughter.

"I reckon that Ole Turkey done brag his last brag to me," he chuckled.

Later, Turkey Proudfoot warned all the flock to have nothing to do with Mistah Mule.

"He's a trouble maker," declared Turkey Proudfoot.

(Copyright, 1923.)

Tomorrow—How Mistah Mule woke old Dog Spot in the middle of the night.

"I reckon that ole Turkey done brag his last brag to me," he chuckled.

Mistah Mule had watched everything as he stood with his head over the fence. And again he burst into his familiar laughter.

"I reckon that Ole Turkey done brag his last brag to me," he chuckled.

Later, Turkey Proudfoot warned all the flock to have nothing to do with Mistah Mule.

"He's a trouble maker," declared Turkey Proudfoot.

(Copyright, 1923.)

Tomorrow—How Mistah Mule woke old Dog Spot in the middle of the night.

# BARNEY GOOGLE---

If the Gas Holds Out Sparky'll Do His in 2:00 Flat.

Drawn for The Omaha Bee by Billy De Beck (Copyright 1923)



# 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)



# ABIE THE AGENT--

No Cause for Worry.

© 1923 BY INT'L FEATURE SERVICE, INC.



# SLEEPY-TIME TALES THE TALE OF MISTAH MULE BY ARTHUR SCOTT BAILEY

CHAPTER XXIII. A Plan Goes Wrong.

Turkey Proudfoot was terribly angry when Mistah Mule laughed at him.

"Why did you do that," he demanded.

"Cause you thinks you's the boss 'round here," said Mistah Mule. "But you has to do just as Farmer Green tells you."

"I don't believe you've ever seen me fight," Turkey Proudfoot retorted. "I can whip all the other gobbler on the farm."

"Maybe, maybe," Mistah Mule replied. "But kin you whip Farmer Green?"

"Can you?" Turkey Proudfoot asked.

"I kin kick him plumb across the barn floor," Mistah Mule chuckled. "Kin you do that?"

Turkey Proudfoot knew that he couldn't. But he wouldn't actually say so.

"I could make Farmer Green run," he remarked, "if only he would fight fairly. But he won't. He fights with a stick."

"Sho!" Mistah Mule exclaimed. "Do he?" And then Mistah Mule hung his head in thought. Soon he raised it again, however. And to Turkey Proudfoot he began to say something in a low voice. Whatever it was, Turkey Proudfoot did not seem to think well of it. He kept gobbling protests and crying, "No! No! No!"

But in the end Mistah Mule won him over. For Turkey Proudfoot agreed to do what Mistah Mule suggested.

"Good!" Mistah Mule beamed. "Do just as I tells you and you'll make him run sure."

Then Turkey Proudfoot gave him a run and a leap and a flap of his wings, all of which carried him to the top of the fence and thence into the farmyard. He began to strut back and forth between the house and the barn, keeping a sharp eye upon the woodshed door.

In a little while Farmer Green appeared in the doorway, carrying a pail, and started to walk to the pigs.

Turkey Proudfoot gave a loud gob-



"I reckon that ole Turkey done brag his last brag to me," he chuckled.

Mistah Mule had watched everything as he stood with his head over the fence. And again he burst into his familiar laughter.

"I reckon that Ole Turkey done brag his last brag to me," he chuckled.

Later, Turkey Proudfoot warned all the flock to have nothing to do with Mistah Mule.

"He's a trouble maker," declared Turkey Proudfoot.

(Copyright, 1923.)

Tomorrow—How Mistah Mule woke old Dog Spot in the middle of the night.

"I reckon that ole Turkey done brag his last brag to me," he chuckled.

Mistah Mule had watched everything as he stood with his head over the fence. And again he burst into his familiar laughter.

"I reckon that Ole Turkey done brag his last brag to me," he chuckled.

Later, Turkey Proudfoot warned all the flock to have nothing to do with Mistah Mule.

"He's a trouble maker," declared Turkey Proudfoot.

(Copyright, 1923.)

Tomorrow—How Mistah Mule woke old Dog Spot in the middle of the night.

"I reckon that ole Turkey done brag his last brag to me," he chuckled.

Mistah Mule had watched everything as he stood with his head over the fence. And again he burst into his familiar laughter.

"I reckon that Ole Turkey done brag his last brag to me," he chuckled.

Later, Turkey Proudfoot warned all the flock to have nothing to do with Mistah Mule.

"He's a trouble maker," declared Turkey Proudfoot.

(Copyright, 1923.)

Tomorrow—How Mistah Mule woke old Dog Spot in the middle of the night.

"I reckon that ole Turkey done brag his last brag to me," he chuckled.

Mistah Mule had watched everything as he stood with his head over the fence. And again he burst into his familiar laughter.

"I reckon that Ole Turkey done brag his last brag to me," he chuckled.

Later, Turkey Proudfoot warned all the flock to have nothing to do with Mistah Mule.

"He's a trouble maker," declared Turkey Proudfoot.

(Copyright, 1923.)

Tomorrow—How Mistah Mule woke old Dog Spot in the middle of the night.

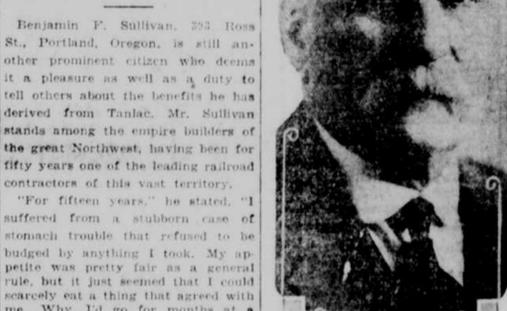
"I reckon that ole Turkey done brag his last brag to me," he chuckled.

Mistah Mule had watched everything as he stood with his head over the fence. And again he burst into his familiar laughter.

"I reckon that Ole Turkey done brag his last brag to me," he chuckled.

# EMPIRE BUILDER GIVES AMAZING EXPERIENCE

Famous Contractor Declares He Suffered 15 Years From Stomach Trouble, Then Gained 32 Pounds Taking Tanlac, and Robust Health Restored.



Benjamin F. Sullivan, 233 Ross St., Portland, Oregon, is still another prominent citizen who deems it a pleasure as well as a duty to tell others about the benefits he has derived from Tanlac. Mr. Sullivan stands among the empire builders of the great Northwest, having been for fifty years one of the leading railroad contractors of this vast territory.

"For fifteen years," he stated, "I suffered from a stubborn case of stomach trouble that refused to be budged by anything I took. My appetite was pretty fair as a general rule, but it just seemed that I could scarcely eat a thing that agreed with me. Why, I'd go for months at a stretch without being able to retain a bit of solid food on my stomach. Sometimes my stomach was sour as vinegar and 'gas' ligated me until I was in misery for hours."

# Loosen Up That Cold With Musterole

Have Musterole handy when a cold starts. It has all the advantages of grandmother's mustard plaster WITHOUT the blister. You just apply it with the fingers. First you feel a warm tingle as the healing ointment penetrates the pores, then comes a soothing, cooling sensation and quick relief.

Made of pure oil of mustard and other simple ingredients, Musterole is recommended by many nurses and doctors. Try Musterole for bronchitis, sore throat, stiff neck, pleurisy, rheumatism, lumbago, croup, asthma, neuralgia, congestion, pains and aches of the back or joints, sore muscles, sprains, bruises, chilblains, frosted feet, colds of the chest. It may prevent pneumonia and "flu." 25c and 60c, jars and tins.



# BETTER THAN CALOMEL

Thousands Have Discovered Dr. Edwards' Olive Tablets are a Harmless Substitute

Dr. Edwards' Olive Tablets—the substitute for calomel—are a mild but sure laxative, and their effect on the liver is almost instantaneous. These little olive-colored tablets are the result of Dr. Edwards' determination not to treat liver and bowel complaints with calomel.

Headaches, "dullness" and that lax feeling come from constipation and a disordered liver. Take Dr. Edwards' Olive Tablets when you feel "loggy" and "heavy." They "clear" clouded brain and "perk up" the spirits. 15c and 50c.

# Telegrams of the "Want" Ad World

A telegram isn't long—but it's important.

Its job is to get a message from one person to another—in jig time.

You may not read a letter the minute you get it, but a telegram—right on the dot!

These are the reasons why we say that Omaha Bee "Want" Ads are the telegrams of the ad world.

These little three and four-line ads find readers—immediately. There's no part of the paper that's more closely watched by interested people. The Omaha Bee "Want" Ad messages are important news to thousands of daily readers.

If you have buying or selling or renting, or any of the everyday needs of life to be satisfied, you won't want to miss these latest dispatches that tell you of opportunities to save you time and money.

Get this "telegraphic" service regularly. The Omaha Morning Bee—THE EVENING BEE

# Problems That Perplex

Answered by BEATRICE FAIRFAX

Doesn't Know.

Dear Miss Fairfax: Do you think that a young lady should take money from a young man?

I have been going with a young man. He is about 18 and I am 18. I will soon be 19. Do you think that I should go with an older man than I, or the same age? I quit him a few days ago. He seems to love me very much and I love him. Do you think that I should beg his pardon and tell him that I still love him? After I told him that I had quit he called me up again and asked if I really had quit. He asked me if I didn't love him any more.

There is another young man that wants to go with me. The two boys are good friends. Is it right for a girl to kiss her fellow? Do you think that a girl should call her fellow up or any other boy up? Is it right for a girl to meet boys any place when he says that he wants to see her and cannot see her at her home?

Please send me an answer soon, I am, VI.

There is much you do not know. A "lady" in the fine old sense of the word, would not accept money from a man. People are trained to the idea of paying for what they get. A girl who accepts money from a man puts herself under unpleasant obligation to him.

Common sense usually is more important than age in choosing

friends. Why did you quit your boy friend if he loves you and you love him? Your letter indicates very poor reasoning power on your part. I would say it is not right for a girl to kiss her fellow if she changes fellows as frequently as I suspect you do.

It is better to let the man call you up. I think it is all right for a girl to meet a man at some specified place provided the place is a respectable one and there is a reason why it is more convenient for him to meet her than to call for her. If there is no good reason, he should call for her at her home.

Mother of Five in Need.

A mother of five needs shoes, size 5, for her little girl, and size 7 for her boy. And I need dresses awful bad," she writes, "every day sleeve aprons and a good dress. I wear size 33 or 34."

Miss Fairfax has this address, which she will forward, or which she will use to forward anything received.

Bubbles: Write the attorney general of the state of Nebraska at Lincoln. He will answer your question without charge. It is a legal matter and I do not wish to pass upon it.

Mabel: I don't understand you. You say you are in love with a married woman. I think you are a little mixed up somewhere.

The Buyers' Market: The For Sale Ads of The Bee