My Marriage Problems

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

What Madge Swiftly Planned and Executed.

It was but a few minutes that I permitted myself the emotional outlet of rage and tears after Dicky had left me so abruptly, for the remembrance of one sentence which he had uttered clung to me and steadied me in the insane resolution into which his taunts had stung me—the resolution to get away as far as possible from the very air he was breathing.

"I will get out of here in an hour," he had shouted, when I had answered his tirade of invective with icy, bitter words, of which I had but the haziest memory, so blindly furious was I when I uttered them. Later they would fall into orderly pattern in my mind, and I would be ready to remember every word of them. Just now but one thing was clear to me.

I must not permit Dicky to get away from the house before I did.

I fought myself back—not to sanity, for sanity was far from me, but to composure—and forced myself to action. I stood in the middle of the floor for a motionless minute, while I considered ways and means.

Money—I had enough in my purse for the immediate necessities of two or three days, and in the city bank of my father's choosing for me there was a sum, depleted it was true by the purchase of the farmhouse, but still sufficient to take care of me until I could decide my further course. I had no desire to play beyond the present hour. To get away, swiftly, secretly, this was my one obsession.

Madge Confides in Katie.

With a mental paean of thankfulness I remembered that the car my father had given me stood in the driveway near the kitchen door. I had used it in the morning for an errand down the road, and had not returned it to the garage. And, according to my usual methodical provision, it was freshly supplied with the motorist's three commandments, gas, water and oil, and had been recently oiled and looked over by a competent garage man. It would carry me across the continent if I wished. I was certain of that.

I pride myself upon being a quick packer, and also upon keeping my wardrobe in order both as regards its condition and its place. Blindfolded, I am sure I could have found every article I needed, and with my eyes in use, I had my suitcase and a bag packed in record time, and my morning gown changed to by best trotteur suit.

I left my hat, suit coat and motoring coat on the bed, and with a furtive glance down the hall, seized my suitcase, bag and umbrella and stole down the back stairs to the kitchen. I listened carefully, and before I entered made sure there was no one save Katie in the room.

"Bring Junior."

My little maid's eyes and mouth opened simultaneously, but I forestalled any exclamation with a peremptory, whispered "Hush!"

"I'll tell you all about it in a minute," I said. "Is there anybody downstairs or outdoors?"

"Jeem, he got babee vay out by barn, show heem peegs," Katie rejoined. "Eferybody else oopstairs."

I hurried out at this encouraging information, and stowed my luggage underneath the robe in the tonneau of the car. Returning, I made a noiseless, hurried ascent to my room again, and feeling as I fancied an escaping burglar might, went down again with my purse, hat, heavy top coat and some hastily snatched notepaper in my hand.

I purposely had put on a sweater I often used when going in the car on one of the frequent errands to the next farm. I was successful in getting all these things into the car without observation, and then I returned to Katie, who had stopped all pretence of work and was gazing worriedly at me.

"Katie, I have to go away for a little while," I said when I came back into the kitchen, "and I do not want anybody except you to know where I have gone. Will you keep it a secret for me?"

Her eyes sparkled.

"Not Meesis Underwood, not old womans, husband, anybody but shoost me?" she asked.

"Nobody but just you," I answered softly. "And now I want you to run out to Jim and bring Junior back with you."

The sparkle died out of my little maid's eyes. She looked at me sorrowfully.

"You goin' take dot leetle boy along?" she demanded.

Problems That Perplex

By BEATRICE FAIRFAX

The Fickle Girl.

Dear Miss Fairfax: I have been going with a young lady for two years. I am 38; she is 25. Everything was fine until last August, when she wrote me to the effect that she had some unusual news for me, which she would rather tell me than write same. So when I made my call upon her, she told me that she had other company calling on her and that she wanted me to meet him and see what I thought of him. I met the gentleman the next day, but only for a short period, because of the fact that they both left me at the house and went out. I have been very kind and good to this lady, as if nothing had happened, but a week ago she told me that she loved him, but that she did not mean she would marry him. I have asked her for her hand, and she replied that she could not think of marriage for a long time. She told me he also had asked her to marry, and that she told him the same as she told me. RALPH.

Evidently the girl is one of those girls who delight in the feeling of power and who want to enjoy the utmost freedom and independence and who will take all they can get without making any return. Such a woman will take advantage of your loyalty and devotion, but it will never call out any deep feeling in her. Your only chance to win her is to absent yourself. Stay away from her. If she misses you and finds that your devotion really meant anything she will send for you. If you have not made a deep or lasting impression upon her you might as well conquer your feelings, and your only chance to do this is to keep away from her and find other interests. You can erase her from your mind if you want to. The only thing is for you to—want to!

The Basis of Friendship.

Dear Miss Fairfax: I am 23 and was convicted of a crime of which I was later found innocent and pardoned. I have met a decent girl. I grew very fond of her and she is fond of me. I wanted to offer her a friendship, but I'm afraid to do so because of my past record, of which she does not know. L. P.

Many a man who has served a term in prison for a crime he actually committed has come out stronger and wiser and ready to be a worthy citizen of the world—if not of the country. But surely you, who were freed from even the charge of crime have learned a lesson which is bound to make you a good, honest man unless you choose to blind yourself to the fact that the evil path is a hard and cruel one. Tell the girl the facts. A woman who does not admire and respect you for what you have gone through and conquered isn't worth having as a friend. Any girl who would refuse you her friendship because you have gone through a bitter test—isn't capable of giving friendship. But whatever happens, remember that nothing is any real and lasting use to you unless it is honestly come by. And this applies to friendship and love as well as to worldly goods.

Uncle Sam Says

Smoked and Salt Fish Recipes.

According to the United States bureau of fisheries, Americans are notoriously deficient as fish eaters and especially are they neglectful of salt and smoked fish.

To better acquaint American housewives with the uses of these fish, the United States bureau of fisheries has issued this eight-page booklet containing 60 recipes. Get a copy and try some of these fish dishes.

Readers of The Omaha Bee may obtain a copy of this booklet free as long as the free edition lasts by writing to the United states bureau of fisheries, Washington, D. C., asking for "Economic Circular No. 29."

Parents' Problems

Is the effect on younger children of wearing the outgrown clothes of their older brothers and sisters bad?

We think not. They often are proud to have such things. If a particular child appears to dislike "handed-down" clothes, find out why, and explain why economy makes it necessary.

Will Last a While.

Earthenware mugs can be bought in attractive designs and are sensible for the children's milk. They are not only durable, but are easily washed.

CHAPTER XXVII.

Bright and Broad.

Mistah Mule was in the back pasture. The only other farm folk there were Farmer Green's oxen, Bright and Broad. They were a slow going pair. They always took plenty of time for anything they did. They walked slowly, they thought slowly, they talked slowly. And when they spoke, usually they both said the same thing at the same time, in a sort of deep-toned chant.

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"What for you scoffin' at me?" Mistah Mule demanded.

Mistah Mule was not pleased with his companions. He thought that Bright and Broad were dull company. However, he had to talk with somebody, for he dearly loved to wrangle. So he stayed near Bright and Broad a good deal of the time.

Now, Bright and Broad were far from ashamed of being slow. On the contrary, they prided themselves on their slowness.

"'Slow but sure' is our motto," they remarked to Mistah Mule, speaking together and wagging their heads in exactly the same, slow fashion.

"Huh!" grunted Mistah Mule, who—when he wasn't ill—was always ready to disagree with anybody, about anything. "You ain't so slow as what I is."

Bright and Broad looked at each other, and shook their heads. Then they burst into a rumbling laugh: "Ho! Ho! Ho!"

"What for you scoffin' at me?" Mistah Mule demanded.

"We've seen you run," they told him. "You're fast."

"Perhaps! Perhaps!" Mistah Mule admitted. "But I kin be so slow, when I wants to be, that I doesn't move a-tall."

"Ho! Ho! Ho!" Again the great sides of Bright and Broad heaved with laughter. "We know you're sometimes balky. But it's easy to balk. A rock or a tree can do that. The question is, how slowly can you walk and not come to a halt?"

"Slower'n what you-all kin!" Mistah Mule retorted.

"Ho! Ho! Ho! Pardon us! But we don't think so," Bright and Broad replied. Bright winked very slowly at Broad; and Broad winked very slowly at Bright. Mistah Mule's claim amused them.

That stubborn fellow was all for settling the dispute by talk. But Bright and Broad told him that all the talking in the world couldn't convince them that they were wrong.

"There's just one way to end the argument," they told Mistah Mule. "And that is to have a slow race."

Although Mistah Mule didn't know what they meant, he exclaimed that he was ready for anything.

"I doesn't keer," he said, "what kind o' race it is. I knows I kin win it."

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Tomorrow—When He Starts to Race Bright and Broad, Mistah Mule Makes a Mistake.

A handbag of batik printed silk has painted wood clasp and knobs to match colors in the batik.

Where One Is Safe, Four Others Pay

Bleeding gums—the telltale sign

Tender, bleeding gums should not be neglected. They mean that Pyorrhea is on its way. Surely, you can't afford to take chances when four persons out of every five past forty, and thousands younger, contract it.

The best preventive is Forhan's For the Gums. If used consistently and used in time, it will check Pyorrhea's progress, keep the teeth white and clean, and the gums firm and healthy.

The formula of R. J. Forhan, D.D.S. Pleasant to the taste. 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

BARNEY GOOGLE---

BARNEY BELIEVES IN PREPAREDNESS

Drawn for The Omaha Bee by Billy De Beck

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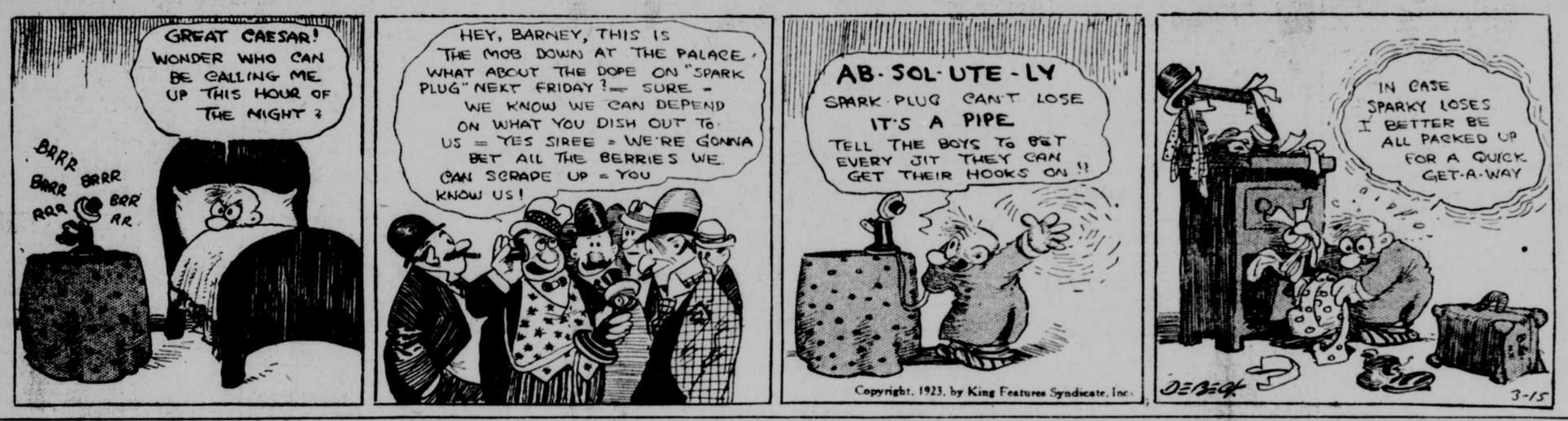

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BRINGING UP FATHER---

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

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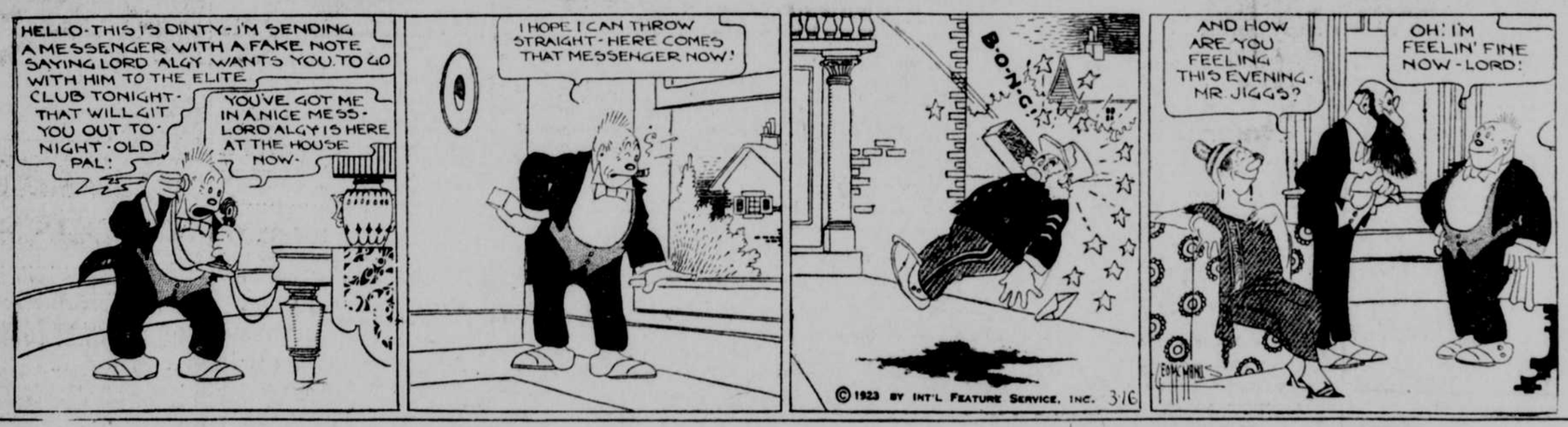

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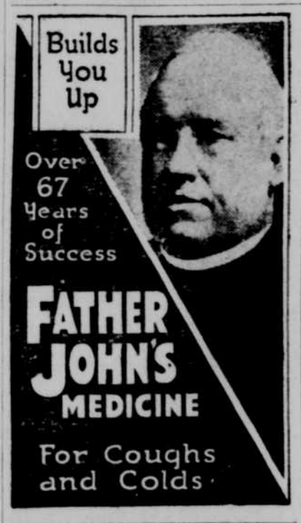

BEE WANT ADS BRING RESULTS

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 takes to put it on. You powder your nose nicely, and the first gust of mind or the first puff of your handkerchief and away goes the powder, leaving your nose shiny and conspicuous, probably just when you would give anything to appear at your best. A specialist has perfected a pure powder that really stays on; that stays on until you wash it off. It does not contain white lead or starchy rice powder to make it stay on. This improved formula contains medicinal 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, cow's feet and wrinkles. This unusual powder is called La-may (French, Poudre L'Ame). 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. When you use this harmless powder and see how beautifully it improves your complexion you will understand why so many beautiful New York women say they cannot buy a better powder than La-may any where at any price.

ADVERTISEMENT.

DON'T FUSS WITH MUSTARD PLASTERS!

Musterole Works Without the Blister—Easier, Quicker

There's no sense in mixing a mess of mustard, flour and water when you can easily relieve pain, soreness or stiffness with a little clean, white Musterole.

Musterole is made of pure oil of mustard and other helpful ingredients, combined in the form of the present white ointment. It takes the place of mustard plasters, and will not blister.

Musterole usually gives prompt relief from sore throat, bronchitis, tonsilitis, croup, stiff neck, asthma, neuralgia, headache, congestion, pleurisy, rheumatism, lumbago, pains and aches of the back or joints, sprains, sore muscles, bruises, chilblains, frosted feet, colds of the chest (it may prevent pneumonia), 35c and 65c, jars and tubes.

Better than a mustard plaster

MUSTEROLE
WILL NOT BLISTER

Ain't It a Grand and Glorious Feelin'?

By Briggs

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ABIE THE AGENT--

As Far Back as He Can Remember

ADVERTISEMENT.

ASK YOUR NEIGHBOR

Women Tell Each Other How They Have Been Helped by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound

Perrysburg, O.—"I took Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound because I suffered with pains in my sides all the time. I can't remember just how long I suffered, but it was for some time. One day I was talking with a lady I met on a car, and I told her how I was feeling and she said she had been just like I was with pains and nervous troubles, and she took the Vegetable Compound, and it cured her. So then I went and got some, and I certainly recommend it for it is good. Whenever I see any woman who is sick I try to get her to take Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound."—Mrs. Ada Frick, Route 3, Perrysburg, Ohio.

In nearly every neighborhood in every town and city in this country there are women who have been helped by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound in the treatment of ailments peculiar to their sex, and they take pleasure in passing the good word along to other women. Therefore, if you are troubled in this way, why not give Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound a fair trial.