

My Marriage Problems

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

The Words of Advice Katie's Loyalty to Madge Wrung From Her.

Katie's query as to whether or not I meant to take Junior with me, was like a knife thrust. But there are times when one's emotional depths are so stirred that nothing matters save the particular obsessing reaction which has seized one.

If there had been a question of my little lad's physical welfare I know that I would have turned back from my purpose of going away from my home. But with his grandmother and Katie and Jim on the job, I knew that he would lack no care which even I could give him, and he was too young to grieve at my absence when all his other surroundings were his accustomed ones.

Not Dicky's this time, flashed itself into my remembrance. "If only it were feasible for you to go away for a while, we wouldn't have to worry about the place here." Lillian had said upon the night of my arrival home, "for with you and your father gone there would be no interest here for either their private schemes of vengeance or their big plot. The farmhouse would be as safe as a church for Junior and the rest."

The words were both comfort to me and justification for my action. My father already gone, the only scruple I could have had against my flight was removed by the remembrance of my friend's words. My small son for a little while would be safer without me than with me, and I would have leisure to think out my future plans.

Katie obeys Madge. But I summoned all my resolution for the parting with him, and employed the time while waiting for him in scribbling a hasty note for Lillian, and the writing of a single line on a paper which I enclosed in a sealed envelope with Katie's name written upon it. When my little maid came back, a reluctant Junior trailing behind her, I spoke calmly, quickly, "Throw on your old coat, quickly, Katie, and you and Junior get in the car. I'll let you out at the corner of the pasture, and you can walk back. Quickly now."

The habit of implicit obedience to me strong upon her, Katie wasted no time in questioning, but snatched Junior up in her arms, and with a quick, subconscious housewifely removal of the kettle to the back of the stove, went out of the door and climbed into the car.

I followed her, and mounting to the seat behind the wheel, turned my switch key and sent the car down the drive to the road. Purposely I drove at my usual pace, knowing that Dicky or anyone else would suspect nothing seeing me driving the car bareheaded, with Junior and Katie in the tonneau, and they frequently accompanied me on errands.

At the pasture bars I stopped, and turned to Katie. "Eat—Eat Don't Pay." "Please give this note to Mrs. Underwood," I said, "when she asks you where I have gone, not before. And in this envelope" showed her the one on which I had written her name, "is the address of the place where you can reach me if Junior should be sick or anything should happen that you needed me badly. But," I said clearly, "remember, that you are not to open this unless you need me, for then when anybody asks you if you know where I have gone you can truthfully say that you do not know. Say nothing of this note to anyone. Promise me."

"You want me to swear?" Katie asked. "No, no," I said hastily, for I had had experience of the awful emphasis Katie put on her sworn word. "Just promise me, that's all. And if you do think the time has come to show it, don't give it to anybody except Mrs. Underwood."

"All right, I promise," Katie said fervently, then she put her hand on my arm, and her eyes were troubled. "Please excuse my darling Meesie Graham, but you going away cause you fight so bad my Meester Graham dis morning?" I was so astonished that I forgot my dignity.

"How did you?" She evidently sensed my alarm, for she promptly alleviated it. "Oh, nobody else know," she said. "But I goin' troo hall von Meester Graham he jump out shoot like vun eagle, und I heard hem say somethin' bad by you, shoot vat Jeem say dot time ven he get so mad by me ofer dat Joe. Und, oh, my darling Meesie Graham, I don't vant you to feel so bad like me! Eet—eet don't pay."

I was destined to hear Katie's words echoing in my ears many times, but just now I could think of nothing save the humiliating similarity between her own experience and mine. "I'll remember what you say, Katie," I said the first thing which came into my mind. "And I'll be back Goodby."

I swept my little lad into my arms, kissing him tenderly. "Mother's going after something nice for you sweetheart," I said. "Be a good boy and mind Katie."

The government has prepared this booklet of particular interest to girls and young women who wish to learn to sew. The booklet is in reality the course in sewing as given in government Indian and other schools. It explains each step, giving in each instance illustrations.

It shows the basting stitch, hemming, patching, seam stitches, common embroidery, button holing and darning on both stockings and on cloth. Hemstitching and several kinds of fancy seam stitches are also given.

Readers of The Omaha Bee may obtain a copy of this booklet for the cost of printing by sending 10 cents in coin to the superintendent of documents, Washington, D. C., asking for "Synopsis of a Course in Sewing—Indian Office." Do not send stamps—they will not be accepted.

Parents' Problems. Is it wise to let children know that people think them pretty? There is no reason why children should not know that people think them pretty if care is taken to let them know that other children are pretty, too. Perhaps the best thing to do is to let the children understand that a pleasant, cheerful, friendly expression makes anyone look pretty. Teach them to regard good looks as something that any person may have by the cultivation of amiability.

Mary Jane: The bride and her attendants do not remove their hats if they are attired in suits, no matter who marries them, a judge or a minister. If the bride wears a white bridal gown, and the bridesmaid a light dress, of course they do not wear hats. The judge asks the bride and groom only the regulation questions, such as "Do you take this woman for your wife?" etc. Yes, the bride and her maid wear gloves. The bride slips off the fingers of the left glove to receive the wedding ring.

Keeping Late Hours. Dear Miss Fairfax: I am just 18 and have called a couple of times a week, staying until 12:30 or 1 a. m. My father objects to anyone staying after 11, as my mother and I have to go to work quite early mornings. Kindly tell me if it is right for him to do so; also what time company should leave.

Your father is right. It is in very poor taste for visitors to remain after 11 or 12:30 at the latest. If you sit up until the early morning hours can you get up early and do your work? You will be old before your time if you keep this up. Occasionally when there is a large group and it is some special festivity, it is all right for guests to remain later, but your home must not be turned into a club or a cabaret.

Problems That Perplex. By BEATRICE FAIRFAX. A Potential Homebreaker. Dear Miss Fairfax: I am a man, aged 30. My business is real estate, from which I derive a very good income. Several months ago I met a young lady with whom I am deeply in love. Recently I found out that she is married and has a child. Nevertheless, I still love her and she reciprocates and desires to leave her husband. What would be your advice to me in a situation of this kind. C. F.

Do you want to break up a home and deprive a child of its mother? Do you want to steal another man's happiness? Do you want to marry a woman you could never bring yourself fully to trust and who will in turn recognize you as a man of very little honesty? If you don't—make it your business in life to cut yourself off from an infatuation which promises unhappiness for every one concerned. If you go away, you'll probably forget what isn't worth remembering.

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SLEEPY-TIME TALES THE TALE OF MISTAH MULE

By ARTHUR SCOTT BAILEY

CHAPTER XXVIII. A Queer Kind of Race.

Bright and Broad, the oxen, were going to race against Mistah Mule in the back pasture. It was going to be a slow race. And since Mistah Mule had the slightest idea what a slow race was, Bright and Broad started to explain. As usual, they both began to speak the same words, at the same time.

"The race," they told Mistah Mule, "will be from the fence here to the big pine tree on the other side of the pasture. We two will keep to around and looked at each other again. "What do you suggest?" Broad inquired of Bright and Bright inquired of Broad.

"Why not let him walk behind us?" each replied to the other. "Cause why?" Mistah Mule broke in. "Don't you see? It will be more than fair to you," they explained. "So long as you keep behind us, you'll know that you aren't going to reach the pine tree until after we get there. Only, of course, you mustn't stop walking. If you find you can't walk slowly enough, just swerve aside and pass us."

Mistah Mule quickly agreed to this plan. He couldn't see, now, how he could possibly lose the race. "I hopes," he remarked, as he took his place behind the oxen—"I hopes you doesn't kick."

"Never," they assured him. And each whispered to the other, "That's more than he can say about himself." "Are you ready?" Bright and Broad then boomed in their deep tones. "Yes, sah, yes sah," Mistah Mule replied. He answered twice, because he was talking to the two, and he wanted to be polite.

"Go!" they bellowed. And each began very slowly to lift a foot off the ground. Mistah Mule suddenly forgot that this was to be a slow race. When he heard the word "Go!" he gave a great leap, which carried him between Bright and Broad and thrust those heavy fellows rudely apart.

"Whoa," there!" they both cried. "Get back! If you must pass, go around us." "Whoa," there!" they both cried. "Get back! If you must pass, go around us." Tomorrow—a stranger visits the back pasture and spoils a fine plan. (Copyright, 1923.)

Adds Pep to the Flavor. Add one teaspoonful of celery salt to the cracker crumbs to be used for frying oysters. It improves them immensely.

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

Drawn for The Omaha Bee by McManus (Copyright 1923)

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In Use For Over Thirty Years
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ALCOHOL—3 PER CENT.
A Vegetable Preparation for Assimilating the Food by Regulating the Stomach and Bowels of INFANTS & CHILDREN
Thereby Promoting Digestion, Cheerfulness and Rest. Contains neither Opium, Morphine nor other Narcotic.
A helpful Remedy for Constipation and Diarrhoea and Feverishness and LOSS OF SLEEP resulting therefrom in infancy.
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Apply It to Any Rupture, Old or Recent, Large or Small and You Are on the Road That Has Convinced Thousands.
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Anyone ruptured, man, woman or child, should write at once to W. S. Rice, 668-B, Main St., Adams, N. Y., for a free trial of his wonderful stimulating application. Just put it on the rupture and the muscles begin to tighten; they begin to bind together so that the opening closes naturally and the need of a support or truss or appliance is then done away with. Don't neglect to send for this free trial. Even if your rupture doesn't bother you what is the use of wearing supports all your life? Why suffer this nuisance. Why run the risk of gangrene and such dangers from a small and innocent little rupture, the kind that has thrown thousands on the operating table? A host of men and women are daily running such risk just because their ruptures do not hurt nor prevent them from getting around. Write at once for a wonderful thing and has aided in the cure of ruptures that were as big as a man's two fists; try and write at once, using the coupon below.

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You may send me entirely free a Sample Treatment of your stimulating application for Rupture.
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WHEN IN NEED OF HELP TRY OMAHA BEE WANT ADS

MOTHER! MOVE CHILD'S BOWELS
"California Fig Syrup" is Child's Best Laxative
Even a sick child loves the "fruity" taste of "California Fig Syrup." If the little stomach is upset, tongue coated, or if your child is cross, feverish, full of cold, or has colic, a teaspoonful will never fail to open the bowels. In a few hours you can see for yourself how thoroughly it works all the constipation poison, sour bile and waste from the tender, little bowels and gives you a well-playful child again.
Millions of mothers keep "California Fig Syrup" handy. They know a teaspoonful today saves a sick child tomorrow. Ask your druggist for genuine "California Fig Syrup," which has directions for babies and children of all ages printed on bottle. Mother! You must say "California" or you may get an imitation fig syrup.

BEE WANT ADS BRING RESULTS

BARNEY GOOGLE--- If Barney Never Gets Over It He'll Have Happy Death

MARCH 16 1923
PRIVATE MATCH RACE
12 O'CLOCK MIDNIGHT
SPARK PLUG VS SASSY SUSIE
ONE MILE DOWN THE MAIN DRAG
PURSE \$20,000
EVERYBODY WELCOME
ADMISSION FREE

GO!
GIDDY-UP SPARKY
WHEE MY BABY WINS
QUEER CASE ISN'T IT?
YES, HE'S BEEN LAUGHING FOR 24 HOURS
HO! HO! HO!
HO! HO! HO!
HO! HO! HO!
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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

I'M GOING TO GET A TEACHER OF LITERATURE FOR YOU. YOU ALWAYS READ THOSE LOW-BROW DETECTIVE STORIES.
GIVE ME SOME CHEWING-TOBACCO WHILE YOU'RE OUT—WILL YOU?
NOW—JUST PUT YOUR THINGS HERE WHILE I TELL MY HUSBAND HIS TEACHER IS HERE.
EITHER MAGGIE IS LOONEY OR MY LUCK HAS CHANGED.
I'M READY.
I SHALL LISTEN TOO—IT WILL IMPROVE MY MIND.
I KNEW THERE'D BE A CATCH IN IT SOMEWHERE.

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Theres at Least One in Every Office By Briggs ABIE THE AGENT-- High and Quick Finance.

MONDAY
MORNIN' HARRY--WELL OLD BLUE MONDAY IS HERE AGAIN--UH--SAY--COULD YOU LOAN ME A TWO SPOT TILL PAY DAY?
WHY SURE--HERE YOU ARE

TUESDAY
WELL AL--HOW'S A BOY TODAY EH?--UH--NOW ABOUT A BEAN TILL PAY DAY?
O.K. BILL--DON'T MENTION IT OLD BOY

WEDNESDAY
HELLO CUTIE--MY! YOU'RE LOOKING SWELL TODAY!! AIN'T GOT A STRAY BUCK TILL PAY-DAY HAVE YOU?
THANKS
WHY CERTNLY.

THURSDAY--
LO GEORGE YOU OLD BOOY--WORM! SOME BUSY GUY YOU ARE--UH--WHAT SAY TO A BONE TILL SATURDAY?
SURE! IS THIS ENOUGH?

FRIDAY
WELL--WELL--HOW'S THE GENERAL TODAY? SAY--TOM GOT A LOOSE FROG SKIN TILL TOMORROW--ATTA BOY!
I GUESS WE CAN DIG ONE UP FOR YOU--MR. GREEN

SATURDAY (PAY DAY)
MEMORY GONE BAD. WALKS OUT OF SIDE DOOR WITH HIS PAY ENVELOPE INTACT. ANYWAY IF HE DOES PAY UP ON MONDAY, HE STARTS THE SAME OLD GRIND OVER AGAIN--FOLKS--HE'S A MENACE!

TOM--THE DOORKEEPER WHO EARNS ABOUT 15 PER WEEK

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