

Adele Garrison My Marriage Problems

The Name Grace Draper Irritately Spoke Which Brought Hope to Madge.

The engine of the big black limousine under George's directing hand put on a terrific burst of speed, and when it next slowed to a stop, Grace Draper's voice held exasperation.

"The blithering fools!" she said. "The gates are shut."

"Why shouldn't they be?" the big man demanded. "We shouldn't be anxious for visitors."

"Is that any reason why we should advertise the fact?" she retorted. "The gates inside, nearer the house, are locked, and we're certainly guarded heavily enough."

George had descended from the car and had taken a massive key from the hand of the big man. He now paused uncertainly.

"Shall I lock them again?" he asked.

"Who ordered them locked?" Grace Draper countered.

"Next to the Throne—"

"His royal highness, himself," the big man returned, and while I thought I detected a note of derision in his voice at the title, I also recognized distinct respect.

"Better lock them again," she agreed. "No use bucking that kind."

He's next to the shrine itself, the only one of the crowd who ever talks to the inner presence.

"Where does the big tangerine come in, then?" the big man asked while George unlocked the gates.

"He doesn't come in with those two," Grace Draper replied, and I wondered at the irritated resentment in her tone.

"He hasn't any higher rating or any more authority than I have, even if he does pose as the boss of the works. You'd better lock those gates while George takes the car through and we'll save a few seconds."

I mentally noted the fact that whatever Grace Draper's rank in the evil organization, whose power and ramifications Lillian evidently had not exaggerated—she was distinctly the superior officer of the present expedition.

The big man obeyed her as a well-trained lackey might have done, and no more words were spoken while the car rolled over a smooth, but winding road which I guessed led

Burgess Bedtime Stories

By THORNTON W. BURGESS.
How Jumper the Hare Escaped.
Who sure of nothing is, is wise; 'Tis easier to lose the prize.

Reddy Fox grinned as he started after Jumper the Hare. Many times during the winter Reddy had hunted Jumper, but then it was difficult to keep his eyes on Jumper, for Jumper was an exactly like his white surroundings that it was an easy matter for him to disappear. Now, however, his white coat against the brown leaves that covered the ground could be seen a long distance. And no matter how he might twist and turn and dodge, he couldn't get out of sight.

"The big tangerine!" How well I remembered the bizarre phrase as it fell from Harry Underwood's lips. When I had driven him to Greenport after his masquerade as Don Alvaerz, in the home of the Southampton war profiteer. Even now against my flesh inside my blouse I could feel the scarab which he had twisted from his hand and pressed into my hand with the junction.

"If you ever get into a jam with a gang you don't know anything about, give this to the least offensive of them, preferably a woman, and tell her to give it to the big tangerine. I stand pretty well with him."

He had not explained his instructions further, and I had discounted it heavily because of his propensity for embellishing all his actions and words with a touch of theatricalism. But I had kept the scarab upon my person ever since, urged thereto by some subconscious instinct of precaution of which I was now very glad.

It was a slender reed upon which to lean, but it was the only sign of help for me in any direction. The help which had sprung into being with the noise of the motorcycle behind the car had died before we had finished the journey from the outer gates of the estate to which we had come. For there had been no further sound of the motorcycle engine, a fact upon which both Grace Draper and the big man had commented jubilantly. My fantastic conviction had meant nothing, after all. The men on the motorcycle had been travelers, nothing more, and had kept on the main road when we had turned to the less traveled road.

I doubted much, however, if I would have a chance to give the scarab to any messenger. Grace Draper's personal malevolence toward me was so deadly a thing that I was afraid she meant to mount guard over me herself, if indeed she did not intend to put me beyond the necessity of guarding.

as he could so as to gain a little, then sit down to rest a minute. Reddy soon discovered this, and always ran a little faster the moment Jumper sat down.

So Jumper grew more and more tired, and more and more worried. So far as he could see Reddy Fox didn't seem to be tired at all. Jumper tried to think of some way to fool Reddy, but he was too tired and too frightened to think. "I've got to do something," panted Jumper. "I've got to do something pretty quick. I can't keep running much longer. I'm getting all out of breath, and my legs ache. Oh dear, what shall I do?"

It was just then that Jumper came in sight of Farmer Brown's little sugar house. The door was standing open. Farmer Brown's Boy was at work inside, though Jumper didn't know this. Perhaps it wouldn't have made any difference if he had known. Anyway, no sooner did Jumper see that open door than he headed straight for it.

Reddy Fox saw that sugar house, and he saw Jumper heading for that open door. Then Reddy began to run his fastest. My how he did run! He meant to catch Jumper before he could reach that open door. Jumper, looking back over his shoulder, saw that Reddy was gaining on him. Fear gave him new strength. Straight for that open door he bounded. Reddy was only a few feet behind him when Jumper bounded inside.

If ever there was a surprised boy it was Farmer Brown's Boy as Jumper the hare suddenly appeared.

It was going to be a case of which could hold out the longest. At least that is the way Reddy thought of it, and Reddy was quite sure that he could keep running longer than Jumper could. "If I don't give him a chance to rest," thought Reddy, "I'll tire him out. I can run further than he can."

So Reddy didn't run his fastest. He didn't intend to tire himself out. He ran just fast enough to keep Jumper frightened. Jumper dodged around trees, and ran this way and that way as is his way. But Reddy never once lost sight of him, thanks to that white coat. Jumper began to grow tired. He would run as fast

Wash thoroughly in several waters two teaspoons of rice; put in a buttered pudding dish; pour over it four teaspoons of milk; add a spoon of butter, pepper, grated nutmeg and a little salt. Bake an hour and a half. Serve as a vegetable.

Beatrice Fairfax Problems That Perplex

Postponing a Wedding.
Dear Miss Fairfax: I am 21 and engaged to a man of 23. We were engaged two years ago, intending to marry the summer. But as he is learning a trade and will get his license next year, we have decided to wait another year, as we both want a nicely furnished home and money for a rainy day, and as he won't permit me to work after we're married, he thinks it best for us to wait until next June.

Now, it's quite embarrassing for me, for as the time draws near everyone is asking me questions. I have received many gifts for my hope chest and a few girl friends want to give me showers as soon as the wedding date is settled. Do you think to avoid embarrassing questions we should get married this year and economize, or wait till next year and have a nice wedding, honeymoon trip and bank account?

ELEANOR.
You aren't marrying to please your friends, but to establish your own happiness. But if you feel embarrassed at questions, why not tell the truth. It is an honorable truth. You want to wait until your marriage is established on a firm basis. You don't want to plunge into matrimony before you are prepared for it. There is no reason why you shouldn't tell the absolute truth. But there is no reason why anyone should pry into your affairs or embarrass you in any way if you merely say with quiet and assured dignity that you have decided to wait another year.

Don't Wed Without Love.
Dear Miss Fairfax: So many are benefited by your advice that I am asking you to help me, also. I am a girl of 20 and I am to be married soon to a man of 24. He is a wonderful fellow and I really ought to be happy, but my trouble is this: Two years ago I met and fell in love with a fellow who loved me, so he said. We went together for a long time and he went away. I went out with other fellows while he was away, as he didn't write. When he returned I told him, and right there we parted. I told him I was sorry, but he said that he didn't want his girl going with everyone. I love him yet with my whole heart and soul, but he has forgotten me, so I can never marry him. I know. I have the deepest respect for the man I am to marry, but should I marry him when I love this other man? I would probably be an old maid if I waited until I did love

someone as much as I did that other man. Please tell me what to do.
Thanking you in advance,
FENELOPE.

Foolish Fenelope, if your desire to marry is so negative that it is only "not to be an old maid," by all means give up your wedding plans. Apparently you are not able to think of anyone but yourself in the matter, but you're cheating some one of real love—the only key to happiness for him and yourself. Dissatisfied with yourself, you are trying to lay the blame on an affair that only plagued your interest and did not touch your heart.

Uncle Sam Says

Raising Capons.
This booklet which is issued by the United States Bureau of Animal Industry tells of the description and characteristics of the capon, the selection of the breed, time to caponize, necessary instruments and details the operation and care after the operation. If you keep poultry, it will pay you to caponize the cockerels on account of the larger size and finer quality of the meat.

Readers of The Omaha Bee may obtain a copy of this booklet as long as the free edition lasts by writing to the Division of Publications, Department of Agriculture, Washington, D. C., asking for "F. B. 349."

Parents' Problems

How can little children be taught the danger of lightning matches? Most small children learn by experience that fire burns. Tell them, as soon as this is learned, that matches are fire and burn. forbid them to touch matches. Until you are certain that they understand and will obey, keep the matches out of their reach.

Holt County Sheriff Wins on Vote Recount

Special Dispatch to The Omaha Bee.
O'Neill, Neb., March 27.—Contest of the election of Sheriff Peter W. Duffy, democrat, of Holt county by Robert Britzell, republican nominee, ended today in district court here with Duffy winning by a total of 23 votes.

On the official canvass immediately after election Duffy had a lead of

BARNEY GOOGLE---



THERE'S A KICK IN WHAT SPARKY THINKS



Drawn for The Omaha Bee by Billy De Beck



BRINGING UP FATHER---



SEE JIGGS AND MAGGIE IN FULL PAGE OF COLORS IN THE SUNDAY BEE



Drawn for The Omaha Bee by McManus



There's at Least One in Every Office



By Briggs ABIE THE AGENT--



seven votes and he gained 18 in the recount.
Only 13 of the 41 election precinct returns of the county could be counted.

Go After Rheumatism

Get ANTI-URIC at Sherman & McConnell Drug Stores.

LADIES! DARKEN YOUR GRAY HAIR

Use Grandma's Sage Tea and Sulphur Recipe and No-body Will Know.

The use of Sage and Sulphur for restoring faded, gray hair to its natural color dates back to grandmother's time. She used it to keep her hair beautifully dark, glossy and attractive. Whenever her hair took on that dull, faded or streaked appearance, this simple mixture was applied with wonderful effect.

But brewing at home, messy and out-of-date. Nowadays, by asking at any drug store for a bottle of "Weyth's Sage and Sulphur Compound," you will get this famous old preparation, improved by the addition of other ingredients, which can be depended upon to restore natural color and beauty to the hair.

A well-known downtown druggist says it darkens the hair so naturally and evenly that nobody can tell it has been applied. You simply dampen a sponge or soft brush with it and draw this through your hair, taking one strand at a time. By morning the gray hair disappears, and after another application or two, it becomes beautifully dark and glossy.

ATE TOO MUCH A FEW TABLETS EASE STOMACH

Instant Relief from Indigestion, Gas, Sourness, Flatulence.



Stomach full! Digestion stopped! The moment you chew a few tablets of Pape's Diapypsen your stomach feels fine. All the feeling of indigestion, heartburn, fullness, tightness, palpitation, stomach acidity, gases, or sourness vanishes.

Ease your stomach and correct your digestion for a few cents. Pleasant! Harmless! Any drug store.

SULPHUR CLEARS ROUGH, RED SKIN

Any breaking out of the skin, even the most severe, can be quickly overcome by a little Mentho-Sulphur, declares a noted skin specialist. Because of its germ destroying properties, this sulphur preparation begins at once to soothe irritated skin and heal eruptions such as rash, pimples and ring worm.

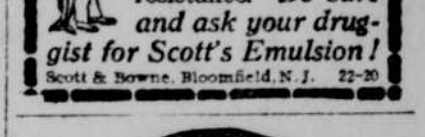
It seldom fails to remove the torment and disfigurement, and you do not have to wait for relief from embarrassment. Improvement quickly shows. Sufferers from skin trouble should obtain a small jar of Rowley Mentho-Sulphur from any good drugist and use it like cold cream.

Frequent Coughs

Many do not realize the significance of the all too frequent cold or cough. Care should be taken to build up the powers of resistance.

Scott's Emulsion

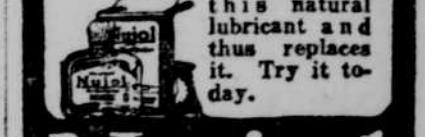
abundant in health-building vitamin factors, helps build up a reserve of strength and resistance. Be sure and ask your druggist for Scott's Emulsion!



Constipation

Relieved Without the Use of Laxatives. Nujol is a lubricant—not a medicine or laxative—so cannot gripe.

When you are constipated, not enough of Nature's lubricating liquid is produced in the bowel to keep the food waste soft and moving. Doctors prescribe Nujol because it acts like this natural lubricant and thus replaces it. Try it today.



Nujol

A LUBRICANT—NOT A LAXATIVE

Dr. KING'S NEW DISCOVERY

First aid—take Dr. KING'S NEW DISCOVERY—the family cough syrup.

NR TO-NIGHT

Tomorrow's Relief. To Give an overtaxed and tired system a night of refreshing rest and a bright tomorrow is the work of NR tablets. Nature's Remedy—easy to take, body function regular, improves appetite, relieves constipation. Used for over 30 years.



Chips off the Old Block

NR Little Men. Over 2000 prescriptions. Made of same ingredients, then a small dose and adults.

Sound Testimonial Evidence

showing the power of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound over the ills of women is constantly being published in this paper. The strongest recommendation any article can have is that borne by the persons who use it.

Once ill with ailments that caused suffering and despair, but now restored to the joys of health, from a grateful heart multitudes of women write letters of appreciation to the Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co. of Lynn, Mass. Such evidence of the power of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound over the ills of women should induce every suffering woman to try it.

WEAK WOMEN HEALTH IS MOST VITAL TO YOU

Council Bluffs, Iowa.—"A few years ago after motherhood I could not gain back my strength. I developed quite a severe case of woman's trouble, suffered with bearing pains which would be so severe I would have to lie down. I became so weak that all I wanted to do was lie and rest. It seemed that every spark of vitality had left me. I consulted a doctor and he said nothing but an operation would help me, but I would not consent. I had seen Dr. Pierce's medicines advertised, so at once began taking the Favorite Prescription and the Golden Medicated Discovery and it was not long until I noticed my appetite was returning, I could eat, so I knew the medicine was doing me good. I took about twelve bottles and it was well worth it for it completely restored me to health without the operation."—Mrs. W. H. Avis, 314 S. 13th Street.



WHEN IN NEED OF HELP, TRY OMAHA BEE WANT ADS.