

### Adele Garrison My Marriage Problems

The Hope of Escape Made Cherished Only to Lose It.

There was no further word spoken by any of the limousine occupants until the machine stopped a second time.

That we had driven through another pair of gates I deduced from the fact that the speed of the machine had slackened to a crawl at one point and then had increased again. Grace Draper's reference to the guarded inner gates of the country estate to which I was being carried was fresh in my mind, and I did not doubt it was one of the guards who had opened the barriers for us and had shut them behind us.

"What's the program now?" the big man asked, when the machine had stopped again.

"Take this beauty to the third floor for me," Grace Draper replied. "George, you come along too."

I felt myself lifted by a powerful pair of arms which belonged, I guessed to the big man, and from the manner in which he bent himself and maneuvered my body at one place, I knew that I was being carried through a door.

The blanket over my face effectually prevented me from knowing exactly where I was. But I could tell when the big man climbed the steps to the door and when he turned to the right or left, and with a mighty effort I set my memory to work to count the stairs and the number of steps he took at each turn to the right or left.

It was the only effort of any kind I could make, although I had very little hope of being able to make use of the knowledge, and even that hope died when a few seconds after we entered the door, Grace Draper said:

"Here's the lift. We'll go up this way."

A vaguely familiar face.

No chance to count steps now or have any idea of the way out from my prison house. I mentally commented that the house in which we were must be both commodious and luxurious and wondered if it were the home of the mysterious man of whom Lillian had told be, the multi-millionaire "barbaric anarchist," whose identity as the secret power behind the gigantic conspiracy we were fighting.

Allen Drake and Lillian had begun to suspect.

We left the lift and after a few more steps of travel and maneuvering through another door, the big man stopped.

"What do you want done with her?" and his tone was that of a farm hand carrying a heavy sack of grain.

"Set her down on her feet," Grace Draper returned, and I felt the blanket snatched from me. I reeled slightly from the sudden change to an upright position, and the pain of the gag in my mouth, and my eyes caught the astonished look of another pair of eyes set in a face vaguely familiar.

"Shaking in Your Shoes?"

"Beat it now, and let his nubs know we're here," Grace Draper commanded the big man, and he left the room at once. "George, stay here a little while. I may need you," she directed next, then she stepped in front of me and her malevolent eyes behind her veil narrowed, and gleamed with pleasure.

"At last!" she said. "I'm to have the gentling of you, my dear. They've promised me that."

There was that in her voice and eyes which made me feel again as if I suddenly had been enveloped in ice. I tried to brace myself bravely to meet anything she might do. She held my eyes steadily with hers for a long minute, then gave a short, contemptuous laugh.

"Shaking in your shoes, aren't you, you white-livered baby?" she taunted. "Well, it's no fun handling a coward. I'll wait till you get your wandering senses back. Perhaps you'll be able to pump up a bit of spirit then."

Curiously enough, the taunting words were a relief to the terror which had seized me. For I knew the hatred which Grace Draper cherished for me, and knew that nothing but orders which she dared not disobey would keep her from venting that hatred upon me in some more effective form than words. At least, I argued from her restraint she could not harm me before permission was given her by some person higher than herself in authority.

She turned to a woman standing near, the woman whose face seemed familiar to me.

"Take care of her, Linda. Take the little moustache out and give her something to eat."

Linda? The door of a memory-cell flashed open, and I knew why the woman's face seemed familiar.

She was the woman Grace Draper

### Burgess Bedtime Stories

Farmer Brown's Boy and Jumper Get Acquainted.

'Tis sometimes well to find we must put faith in those we fear to trust.

—Jumper the Hare.

When Jumper the Hare darted in at the open door of Farmer Brown's sugar house he gave no thought to what might be inside. It looked dark in there, and he had a feeling that it might give him a hiding place from Reddy Fox, who was almost at his heels. He had no real reason for feeling that Reddy would hesitate to enter there, but he did feel so. In this he was right. Even had Farmer Brown's Boy not been there, Reddy would have hesitated to go into that house. You see, Reddy is always suspecting a trap.

So great was Jumper's fear of Reddy that he ran right over the feet of Farmer Brown's Boy without even knowing it. It wasn't until he had crouched in the darkest corner that he saw Farmer Brown's Boy at all. Then his heart jumped right up in his throat. Anyway, that is the way it seemed. He knew that he was safe from Reddy Fox, but it seemed to him that he had escaped from one even knowing it.

Then Farmer Brown's Boy began to talk in a low, soothing voice. Very slowly he put out a hand toward Jumper. He didn't touch him, but simply held his hand there. Jumper tried to draw back. He drew just as far back as the corner would let him. But after a while he couldn't resist the temptation to smell of that outstretched hand.

Little by little Jumper's heart stopped thumping. Presently he stopped shaking. He began to think that he hadn't been seen, and hope began to grow. He didn't move. No, indeed, he didn't move. He was too wise to do that. As his fright grew less, hope grew greater. Perhaps that door would be opened again and he would have a chance to slip out.

After a long time Farmer Brown's Boy kept going a little nearer and a little nearer to that corner in which Jumper was crouching. It was only a very little nearer each time, hardly enough to be noticed. At last he sat down, just a few feet from Jumper. Jumper's heart began to thump again. Still Farmer Brown's Boy took no notice of him, and gradually his heart stopped thumping.

In any case the whole thing was make-believe. You have some real and beautiful things in your life—your children and your husband, who is getting over his hurt pride, and is ready to give you real love if you meet his devotion like a real woman. Why should you see the man who seems to be at the bottom of your misery? He isn't a real factor in your life. You probably idealized him. But don't you see that was all a lie you made up to deceive yourself? The doctor didn't fool you—you fooled yourself. Now stop making a nervous wreck of yourself. You can if you will dig deep into your own consciousness and find out what things are lies and errors to poison you and what things are real and true and worth cultivating.

friend to be trusted. Slowly Jumper hopped out from his corner and began to examine the inside of that sugar house. He and Farmer Brown's Boy had become acquainted.

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The next story: "Jumper the Hare Changes."

### Beatrice Fairfax Problems That Perplex

A Foolish Infatuation.

Four years ago I was happy. Then I became ill and a doctor was called in consultation by my family physician. He saved me, but made me love him, though I never told him his success. I became ill again, and again his advice saved me. This time I became frightened and told my husband I thought I loved the man. Though I had done nothing wrong he was very unkind and said that he had enough for him to divorce me.

I have since been under the care of nerve specialists. Now my husband seems to want to be kind, and I am a little happier, but my doctor wants me to meet the man who caused this trouble. He says I would find it was only a forgotten incident in his life and that would help me put the affair out of my life.

But I am afraid. Surely the man who won my love without my will cannot be so callous. I am not very sure of myself, and for that reason moved away from where we lived about two years ago. I am in an institution and homesick for my children. What would you do?

HEARTBROKEN.

I would face facts. You are trying to live in a dream world and it is hard to adjust such a state of affairs with reality. This doctor who says "won your love without your will" may have been an experimentalist who could not resist using his power any woman who came in his way—or he may have been a casual flirt who never had a serious thought and who didn't dream you were going to take him seriously.

In any case the whole thing was make-believe. You have some real and beautiful things in your life—your children and your husband, who is getting over his hurt pride, and is ready to give you real love if you meet his devotion like a real woman. Why should you see the man who seems to be at the bottom of your misery? He isn't a real factor in your life. You probably idealized him. But don't you see that was all a lie you made up to deceive yourself? The doctor didn't fool you—you fooled yourself. Now stop making a nervous wreck of yourself. You can if you will dig deep into your own consciousness and find out what things are lies and errors to poison you and what things are real and true and worth cultivating.

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Quarrels and Lovers.

Dear Miss Fairfax: I am 20 and have been going about with a girl for three months.

Since this time we had three quarrels. The last her fault. I haven't seen her for over a month. I miss her very much and haven't been happy since.

She does not know where I live, but she knows where some of my friends live.

Do you think I ought to write to her or do you think that if she cared to see me, she would ask them for my address?

G. F.

Since you care for this girl and miss her so, who shouldn't you make an effort to reach her? It would be a strange and humiliating thing for her to tell your friends she does not know where you live and wants to communicate with you. It is unnatural for two people to be good friends without knowing anything of each other's homes. By all means make an effort to get in touch with the girl!

Save Those Fingers.

If you are not a very good carpenter and you must drive a tack in an awkward place, press the tack through a strip of paper and hold the paper instead of the tack.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

Best Home Treatment For All Hairy Growths

(The Modern Beauty)

Every woman should have a small package of delatone handy, for its timely use will keep the skin free from beauty-marring hairy growths. To remove hair or fuzz from arms or neck, make a thick paste with some of the powdered delatone and water. Apply to hairy surface and after two or three minutes rub off, wash the skin and it will be free from hair or bluish. To avoid disappointment, be sure you get real delatone and mix fresh.

Sloan's

For Rheumatism - Quick relief!

The quickness, the sureness with which Sloan's brings relief has made it the standard remedy for rheumatic pain. Apply Sloan's to that sore, stiff joint or aching muscle. The pain that has seemed so unbearable disappears with amazing rapidity. Sloan's breaks up the inflammation behind most rheumatic pain. It goes to the source of the trouble. It scatters the congestion that causes the pain.

All druggists carry Sloan's.

Sloan's Liniment - kills pain!

For rheumatism, bruises, strains, chest colds

Warner's Safe Pills

Have been the ideal Family Laxative for 40 years—a guarantee of reliability. Gentle in action, they are entirely free from injurious drugs, and are intended especially for constipation, biliousness, indigestion, torpid liver or inactivity of the bowels.

Sold by Sherman & McConnell, Warner's Safe Remedies Co., Rochester, N. Y.

### BARNEY GOOGLE---

### SUCH NEWS MAKES BARNEY NERVOUS

### Drawn for The Omaha Bee by Billy De Beck

SAY, BARNEY, I'LL BET YOU \$5,000 THAT 'LITTLE OPAL' BEATS THAT 'SPARK PLUG' TO A FRAZZLE. WE'LL PUT UP THE DOUGH IN THE FIRST NATIONAL BANK SO THERE'LL BE NO BACKING OUT. WHADDA YE SAY?

HO! HO! HO! HO! HO! HO!

I'M SCREAMING FOR YOU. LET'S GO BEFORE YOU HAVE A RELAPSE.

WOW! READ THIS EXTRA PAPER - IT SAYS "LITTLE OPAL" MADE A MILE IN ONE MINUTE, TEN SECONDS!

SAY, DOC, CAN YOU SMEAR ME WITH SOMETHING THAT WILL QUIET MY N-N-N-NERVES?

### BRINGING UP FATHER---

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

### Drawn for The Omaha Bee by McManus

I WILL NOW OBLIGE YOU WITH THE LOST CHORD.

GIVE HIM A CHANCE. BRAVO!

OH, THAT GUY IS IN BAD SHAPE!

FOR HEAVEN'S SAKE - WHAT ARE YOU DOING? WHY DID YOU RUN AWAY FROM YOUR GUESTS - HAVE YOU GONE MAD?

NO BUT I WILL BE -

6-U!

IF I DON'T FIND THAT CORD THAT GUY LOST.

### Ain't It a Grand and Glorious Feelin'?

### By Briggs ABIE THE AGENT--

### Nothing Friendly About This.

WHEN YOU ASK THE HOTEL CLERK FOR YOUR MAIL EXPECTING ONE FROM "HER" AND THERE ISN'T ANY

AND LATER IN THE DAY YOU ASK AGAIN -

- AND LATER YOU ASK AGAIN -

AND STILL THERE'S NO MAIL WHEN YOU INQUIRE AGAIN LATER AND YOU START WORRYING

AND WHEN YOU CHECK OUT YOU MAKE YOUR LAST INQUIRY FOR MAIL - BUT NOTHING DOING AND YOU DECIDE SHE'S THROWN YOU OVER

- AND WHEN YOU REACH YOUR NEXT TOWN YOU ARE HANDED FOUR FAT ONES, ALL FROM HER!!! OH-H-H-H BOY! AIN'T IT A GR-R-R-RAND AND GLOR-R-RIOUS FEELIN'?

GOSH ALL FISH-HOOKS WERE RE-LIEF!

AND WHY NOT? I'LL GO BY ATLANTIC CITY, IN A HOTEL, FOR A FEW DAYS - AFTER ALL, HOW MUCH COULD IT COST ME??

I'M VERY SORRY - BUT THOSE ARE OUR RATES!

ALL RIGHT - I'LL TAKE A ROOM HERE!

WELL, IF I'M STUCK, I'M STUCK - NOW I'LL GO IN THE WRITING ROOM AND SEND OUT 'A FEW LETTERS'!

ARE YOU A GUEST HERE?

GUEST MY EYE - I'M PAYING TWENTY DOLLARS A DAY HERE!!

### 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 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 on its label. Mother! You must say "California" or you may get an imitation fig sy.