

Adele Garrison My Marriage Problems

The Disclosure Linda Unwittingly Made to Madge.

"Whass eatin' you?" Linda demanded thickly. "Slight of your own face frighten you? You'll be scared worse than that before Gracie gets through with you."

"My lips are so swollen," I said slowly.

Indeed, I was speaking but the truth for the gag Grace Draper had put upon my mouth was no child's top. But I was glad, indeed, that I had the excuse for Linda's ears, thankful also that she had not been in a position to see in the mirror what I had behind.

For if I had not been the victim of an hallucination, I had seen in the mirror the reflection of some one passing outside the transomed door, some one near and dear to me. Under the pretense of examining my swollen lips I looked intently into the mirror, noting the position and details of the door opposite the mirror, whose partly opened transom above had given me the glimpse of the fitting figure outside.

It was clearly a door into another room. I could see the outlines of a fireplace like that in the room assigned to me, and through a similar door with a transom above I had just entered. The room to which I had been brought and this other, no doubt, once had been designed as a suite with bath between.

I dared not prolong my scrutiny, and turning as if in search of a towel, I went to the sink, just across the room. A window was the only other opening, a window which led to the outdoors, but which I saw was securely barred.

Madge's Courage Is Fired.

"Say, how long 're you going to be?" Linda demanded, not ill-naturedly, however. "Think I've got nothing to do but wait around for you? I've got important business on hand, I have."

She had the touch of arrogance which the first stage of intoxication often gives. I hastened to appease her. I did not know how I could make use of her weakness, but I meant to play upon it if possible.

"Coming this minute," I said meekly. "I'm sorry to have kept you waiting."

"Oh, thass all right," she replied with an evident attempt at magnanimity,

ity, and I followed her back into the room I had left with the fragments of a dozen mad plans revolving in my brain.

The glimpse I had received of the figure in the mirror had fired my courage, and I meant to let no slightest chance of getting out of the room slip past me because of my own weakness or indecision.

With every nerve tense, every sense alert, I drank the hot tea Linda had brought and ate the food which accompanied it. While I did so, I minutely surveyed every square foot of walls, ceiling and floor of the room which was my prison.

A Charming Prison.

It was a most charming and comfortable prison. I had to admit that—a cozy, low-ceilinged room with wide casement windows, curtained in hand-blocked chintz, with the same costly and exquisite fabric reproduced in draperies and cushion on every hand. A desk, a bookcase, a reading table of old mahogany, harmonized with the bedroom furnishings of the same beautiful wood, while the hooked rug on the floor and the old prints on the walls were things to make a collector emerald with envy. Linda noticed my admiring glances and good-naturedly played clement.

"T'his is old wing of house," she said, patiently trying her best to speak slowly. "It's awful old, pretty nearly 200, I guess. See what a mess the heating is."

She walked to the radiator installed in a recess between the broad windows, and pushed one of the exquisite old hooked rugs aside with her feet.

"Look here," she said, and I saw a depression in the floor with a large jagged hole in it through which passed the pipe connecting the radiator with some other below.

"Old man owns this place is a nut," Linda declared with emphasis. "This hole in floor was here in his great-grandfather's time—rat hole, I expect, and he wouldn't let any other be cut for the radiator pipe. So they ran it through here to the room below. Makes it fine for one thing though, and I'm the only one who knows it."

She clapped her hand over her mouth as might a child who had unwittingly betrayed a secret, and looked at me in wide-eyed ludicrous dismay. As I gave no sign of interest, however, she breathed more freely, and hastily pulled the rug to its former place again.

"I'm not going to talk to you any more," she said crossly, with a sudden air of authority. "You're too fresh. Give me that tray and sit

down there quiet until I tell you you can get up."

I was barely seated in the chair to which she pointed when a key grated in the lock and Grace Draper came in.

First Aid Work Added to Numerous Duties of U. S. Letter Carriers

Washington, April 1.—The gray-coated letter carrier, already a collector for mail order houses, a keeper for queen bees, angle worms and infant alligators, a means of transport for a large part of the country's commerce and, in some localities, a vendor of stamps, now is asked by the Postoffice department to become also a traveling first aid station.

"In case of emergency, call a doctor. If you can't get a doctor, call a postman," says a circular issued by the department today. Then it proceeds with a list of instructions to the postman himself, beginning thus: "Be calm and give orders. Find location of the injury.

Apply blankets and wrapped hot water bottles."

And so on through the category of accepted methods for application of the bandages, compresses, probing for "foreign objects" in a wound, and all the other things that first aid experts recommend.

School Boys Shangaied for Lake Steamer Crews

Toledo, O., April 1.—Charges that numerous high school and college boys from central states cities have been shangaied and lured away from their homes during the last month by men organizing crews for certain Great Lakes steamships, are being investigated by Prosecutor Skeel of Cleveland and Chief of Police Jennings of Toledo.

The investigation was started after Neal F. Maloney, 15, student at East High school, Cleveland, was found working under guard in the engine room of a ship in the Toledo harbor.

The boy's father, a Cleveland lawyer, effected the rescue with the assistance of a squad of Toledo police.

Battle Fleet of U. S. Navy Sails for San Pedro, Cal.

By Associated Press.

Balboa, Canal Zone, March 31.—Battle fleet of the United States navy, which has been here for maneuvers, sailed today for San Pedro, Cal. It is expected to arrive April 11.

Burgess Bedtime Stories

By THORNTON W. BURGESS.

Johnny Chuck Had a Grouch.

Don't be a grouch; it doesn't pay. It's sure to drive your friends away.

—PETER RABBIT.

Johnny Chuck had a grouch. Yes, Peter Rabbit said so. So did every one else who met Johnny that spring morning when he came out of his house for the first time after his long winter's sleep. A grouch, you know, is a feeling that everything is wrong and nothing right. A person with a grouch is a most unpleasant person to have around.

Now ordinarily Johnny Chuck isn't at all grouchy. He usually takes things as they come and makes the best of them. But this particular morning he couldn't see any good in anything, and it was all because he had had to get up when he didn't want to. It works that way with some people.

After Peter Rabbit left him sitting on his door step Johnny Chuck sat there for some time without moving. The sunshine was very warm out there, and Johnny felt that he needed all the warmth that he could get. He had slept curled up in his underground bedroom without once moving for so many weeks that it seemed to him he never would be able to run around again. He felt cold and stiff, and very, very much out of sorts.

Winsome Bluebird flew over to a fence post close by where Johnny



"Welcome, old sleepy head," cried Winsome Bluebird. "Isn't this a lovely spring day?"

"I found some fat beetles this morning," said Jimmy Skunk. He smacked his lips as he thought of them.

"I don't eat beetles," grumbled Johnny Chuck.

"You ought to learn to, then," said Jimmy Skunk. "Then you would find something worth waking up for in the spring."

Johnny Chuck simply turned his back on Jimmy Skunk. Then he began to mutter to himself. "There's no sense, there's no sense at all, in waking a fellow so early. Ouch, how stiff I am! I don't believe I'll ever be able to run. No, sir, I don't believe I'll ever be able to run a step. I wish that sun was twice as warm as it is. I don't feel as if I ever would get warm through. I don't see what everybody is making such a fuss about the spring for. I don't like it. I suppose for the next two or three weeks I'll have to run my legs off to find enough food to keep me alive. Ouch! I've got a cramp in that left hind leg of mine! Oh! That other hind leg is just as bad! Spring may be all right for those who like it, but I'm not one of them."

And there Winsome Bluebird and Jimmy Skunk left him muttering and grumbling and growling to himself. Yes, sir, Johnny Chuck certainly did have a grouch.

(Copyright, 1922.)

The next story: "Johnny Chuck Hears Good News."

One-sidedness in sleeves, collars and the drapery and trimming of the skirt continues.

was sitting. "Welcome, old sleepy head," cried Winsome Bluebird. "Isn't this a lovely spring day?"

"A lovely day doesn't put food in an empty stomach," grumbled Johnny Chuck.

"Pooh!" exclaimed Winsome Bluebird. "No one so fat as you should be worrying about food."

"Fat under the skin doesn't fill an empty stomach, nor satisfy an appetite," grumbled Johnny Chuck. "I don't see any green things yet, so how is a fellow going to eat?"

"Have you been to look for anything yet?" asked Winsome Bluebird. "No, and I don't intend to look. It would be a waste of time," retorted Johnny Chuck.

Just then Jimmy Skunk came ambling along. Jimmy, who never allows anything to worry him, was in the best of spirits. "Hello, Johnny!" he cried. "I'm glad to see you awake."

"I'm not glad to be awake," snapped Johnny. "I don't see any sense in waking a fellow up until there's something to wake up for."

"I found some fat beetles this morning," said Jimmy Skunk. He smacked his lips as he thought of them.

"I don't eat beetles," grumbled Johnny Chuck.

"You ought to learn to, then," said Jimmy Skunk. "Then you would find something worth waking up for in the spring."

Johnny Chuck simply turned his back on Jimmy Skunk. Then he began to mutter to himself. "There's no sense, there's no sense at all, in waking a fellow so early. Ouch, how stiff I am! I don't believe I'll ever be able to run. No, sir, I don't believe I'll ever be able to run a step. I wish that sun was twice as warm as it is. I don't feel as if I ever would get warm through. I don't see what everybody is making such a fuss about the spring for. I don't like it. I suppose for the next two or three weeks I'll have to run my legs off to find enough food to keep me alive. Ouch! I've got a cramp in that left hind leg of mine! Oh! That other hind leg is just as bad! Spring may be all right for those who like it, but I'm not one of them."

And there Winsome Bluebird and Jimmy Skunk left him muttering and grumbling and growling to himself. Yes, sir, Johnny Chuck certainly did have a grouch.

(Copyright, 1922.)

The next story: "Johnny Chuck Hears Good News."

One-sidedness in sleeves, collars and the drapery and trimming of the skirt continues.

Beatrice Fairfax Problems That Perplex

A. R. N.: The old saying, "Paddle your own canoe," always suggests more than its evident advice to make your own way in the world and not expect other folks to solve your problems and carry your burdens. It implies another thought of almost equal importance, and that is the need of letting other folks paddle their canoes.

No one save only you can paddle your boat up the stream of life. You have to balance your own cargo—to chart your channel among the rocks and pitfalls—to put your own energy and skill into balancing the paddle. Then why not leave other people free to chart their cargoes and handle their own propellers—be it car, paddle or a magnificent mechanical contrivance?

There is far too much meddling going on in the world.

No One to Count On.

Dear Miss Fairfax: People are so unreliable. Every friend fails me sooner or later—and I suppose my experience is the common lot. I'm trying hard not to be cynical, but in a world where people are so cruel and thoughtless how can I help feeling miserable and skeptical and cynical too?

DISCOURAGED.

Why should we go about through the world expecting others to stand by us, and solve our problems, and smooth our paths?

No one has a very easy time fighting the forces of evil and depression and discouragement in his own nature. Everyone is so busy managing his own affairs that it isn't quite fair to expect anyone to stop and adjust the mental attitude of some one else.

Of course we all ought to give a helping hand to those who need us. But why not strive to be one of those who holds out the helping hand rather than one of the weaker brood who cry for aid?

Most of us are too lazy to develop our own resources. We feel that if some one would just give us sympathy and understanding or provide us with an opportunity, we would make good. But suppose some one does give us a great opportunity, we still have to do our own making good, don't we?

Then why not also provide ourselves with the opportunity?

In our minds we have every factor for success. In our power to think we have all the equipment we need for progress.

But we are too blind or too stubborn or too lazy for the most part to do anything with our equipment. Any one can think straight—but thinking isn't easy. Sitting back and waiting

for some one else to do your thinking is much simpler. But it doesn't accomplish a thing unless that thought inspires you to besty yourself and do a little constructive work of your own.

Each of us has some one to count on. But that "some one" we have a way of passing by and neglecting. It is self, with self's equipment of mind and self's share of the great power to think which is the heritage of each of us.

If some one left you a fortune with no strings to it and no demand other than that you should work eight hours a day in order to have possession of \$100,000 you'd probably work with a right good will. But we have each of us a thing greater than money at our disposal.

It is the power to think, to create, to advance, to make ourselves of account and the world better for our being in it. And the only "string" to this heritage is the need of working in order to come into full possession of it.

So why not exert ourselves and think? Why not think sanely and well? Why not prove to our own satisfaction that we have something great to count on—something undefeatable—the power of thought?

Ruth: Opposites attract. This is one of the oldest love theories of the world. But it is a tragic half-truth. Opposites do attract, but then seldom hold together.

No one can get on for long with anyone who does not speak his language—and who will make no effort to learn yours. In our friendships we all seek those who understand us, who find enjoyment in the things which please us and whose standards and beliefs are at least intelligible to us.

The men or women who have nothing in common but their physical attraction for each other are taking a grave chance when they try to build a life's happiness on the appeal which is dangerously likely to be physical and perhaps passing.

The mere lure of the senses cannot be counted upon to hold two people together in an existence that is well-rounded and satisfying. Kissing and holding hands won't do to fill a lifetime. And the men and women who try to build a life together on physical attraction with no mental community of spirit are likely to end up by feeling a sort of physical repulsion which is hideous to endure.

To come home from the day's work to someone who is agreeable to your nature and in harmony with your ambitions, longings, tastes and desires means peace and the sort of joy which is far more enduring than the emotional excitement some mistake for happiness.

The love that is based on congeniality has a real foundation. It has a fine chance of enduring. Two who have tastes and ambitions as well as a desire in common are bound to grow together instead of drifting apart.

writing to the Bureau of Education, Department of the Interior, Washington, D. C., asking for "Reading Course No. 7."

A cheap varnish for oilcloth can be made at home by dissolving two ounces of glue in a quart of water.

NO APPETITE - impoverished blood, poor digestion

Improves digestion makes you eat and sleep better

In the spring, particularly, pure, healthy blood is needed for the proper functioning of the digestive system.

Imperfect digestion results from weak, thick, sluggish blood. For such a condition, there is nothing so beneficial as Hood's Sarsaparilla. This reliable old medicine purifies the blood, gives it vigor and tone; relieves dyspepsia, restores appetite and normalizes the entire system.

Hood's aids digestion and builds up resistance against the attacks of disease. Get a bottle today. At your druggist's.

The tonic for that tired feeling

HOOD'S SARSAPARILLA

Cuticura Talcum is Fragrant and Very Healthful

Simple use of Cuticura Laboratories, Dept. X, Malden, Mass., 25c everywhere.

COUGH?

Try PISO'S - automatically quick relief. Assures you all others - pleasant - does not upset stomach - 25c bottles, 50c and 60c everywhere.

PISO'S

Uncle Sam Says

Thirty World Heroes.

The United States Bureau of Education has prepared a leaflet listing recommended reading on the lives of 30 of the world's heroes.

There is no more inspiring reading than good biography. It gives us strength, power and courage to do and dare.

The biographies selected are those which stand out among the leaders of men through the ages. The stories are interesting, inspiring, and illustrate distinct steps in the progress of man in his struggle for freedom.

Readers of The Omaha Daily Bee may obtain a copy of this leaflet free as long as the free edition lasts by

ADVERTISEMENTS.

You, Too, Can Have Beautiful Hair

The novelist says:—"Her hair, soft as silk—"

The movie screen recites:—"Her hair, rich, brown and lustrous—"

The poet sings:—"Her hair, like spun gold—"

Everyone recognizes the charm of beautiful, soft glossy hair. Yet few realize that beautiful hair is mainly a matter of care and cleanliness.

A FITCH SHAMPOO twice a month will keep your scalp clean and free from dandruff and the pores open. It will remove dirt and unnatural oils from the hair, leaving it healthy silky and lustrous.

Don't sit by a watch your hair grow thin and lifeless. No amount of curling, patting or tucking away of stray locks can compare with a natural wealth of hair in clean, healthy condition.

The FITCH SHAMPOO is on sale at first class toilet goods counters. In two sizes, 75 cents, \$1.50 for family package. Complete directions in the package. Applications at leading barber shops.—Adv.

Uncle Sam Says

Thirty World Heroes.

The United States Bureau of Education has prepared a leaflet listing recommended reading on the lives of 30 of the world's heroes.

There is no more inspiring reading than good biography. It gives us strength, power and courage to do and dare.

The biographies selected are those which stand out among the leaders of men through the ages. The stories are interesting, inspiring, and illustrate distinct steps in the progress of man in his struggle for freedom.

Readers of The Omaha Daily Bee may obtain a copy of this leaflet free as long as the free edition lasts by

ADVERTISEMENTS.

You, Too, Can Have Beautiful Hair

The novelist says:—"Her hair, soft as silk—"

The movie screen recites:—"Her hair, rich, brown and lustrous—"

The poet sings:—"Her hair, like spun gold—"

Everyone recognizes the charm of beautiful, soft glossy hair. Yet few realize that beautiful hair is mainly a matter of care and cleanliness.

A FITCH SHAMPOO twice a month will keep your scalp clean and free from dandruff and the pores open. It will remove dirt and unnatural oils from the hair, leaving it healthy silky and lustrous.

Don't sit by a watch your hair grow thin and lifeless. No amount of curling, patting or tucking away of stray locks can compare with a natural wealth of hair in clean, healthy condition.

The FITCH SHAMPOO is on sale at first class toilet goods counters. In two sizes, 75 cents, \$1.50 for family package. Complete directions in the package. Applications at leading barber shops.—Adv.

Sloan's

Breaks Chest Colds - by breaking up the congestion - Try it!

Sloan's Liniment - kills pain!

For rheumatism, bruises, strains, chest colds.

Skin Eruptions

Are Usually Due to Constipation

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 secures regular bowel movements by Nature's own method—lubrication.

Nujol is a lubricant—not a medicine or laxative—so cannot gripe. Try it today.

Nujol

A LUBRICANT—NOT A LAXATIVE

ADVERTISEMENTS.

CORNS

Lift Off with Fingers

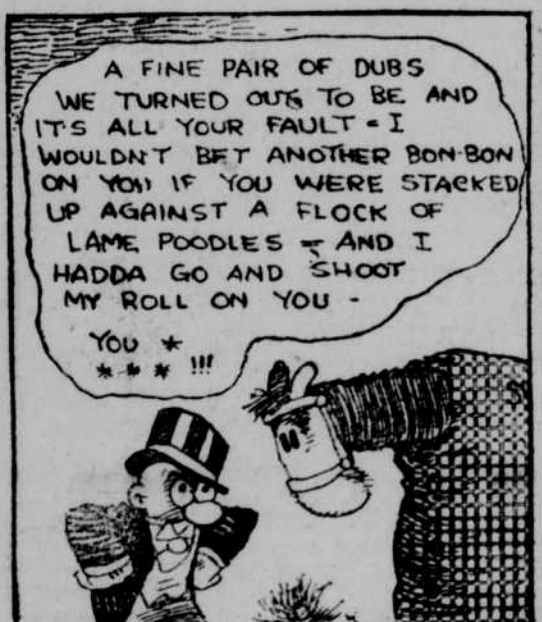
Doesn't hurt a bit! Drop a little "Freezone" on an aching corn, instantly that corn stops hurting, then shortly you lift it right off with fingers. Truly!

Your druggist sells a tiny bottle of "Freezone" for a few cents, sufficient to remove every hard corn, and the calluses, without scorching or irritation.

BARNEY GOOGLE---

Barney Forgives Sparky, But Takes It Back—Almost.

Drawn for The Omaha Bee by Billy De Beck



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



The Days of Real Sport

By Briggs ABIE THE AGENT--

Does It Pay to Advertise?

