

### Adele Garrison My Marriage Problems

What Grace Draper Threatened When She Discovers Katherine Was in the Next Room.

"If you weren't so cross," Linda whined childishly. "I could tell you a lot more about that nurse."

Grace Draper eyed her keenly. "I'm not cross, you little fool," she said indulgently. "Go ahead and spill all the gossip you've got in your system."

"Well, in the first place, she isn't a prisoner, like this one"—she jerked a contemptuous hand toward me. "She's here to take care of a sick man, and she's allowed to go through the halls most times, and down to the kitchen at certain hours. And the man is somebody's white-haired boy all right. The prince himself came to see him last night."

"The devil he did!" Grace Draper ejaculated. "Now, what does that mean?"

Madge Pleads for Katherine. She strode up and down the room for a few seconds, evidently pondering Linda's revelation.

"I don't like the idea of the nurse," she said at last. "The man is probably one of us. I wonder if she is. What does she look like?"

"She ain't a bad looking dame," Linda said judiciously. "A bit smaller than this one, with brown hair and brown eyes, and little bits of hands."

Without warning Grace Draper whirled and fixed her eyes upon my face. In my tense interest in Linda's description of Katherine Bickett I had forgotten Lillian's first commandment of a "poker face," and I saw, too late that Grace Draper, her memory challenged by Linda's description, had discovered my intense interest in Linda's description.

"So?" she said after a second's deliberation. "I think I'll get a lamp at this nurse."

She hurried out of the room while I sat sick with terror, and when she came back a few minutes later, her body was quivering with rage.

"I thought so," she said, towering above me. "She's your friend, and she's been planted in this job. Well, there's one comfort! Neither she nor you will ever get out of here to spill anything."

For Katherine I did what I would have scorned to do for myself. "She stood by you once," I reminded her, "for weeks—brought you back from death itself—"

"I'd start the third degree—"

A sneering little laugh interrupted me. "You'll probably admit yourself that she might have been in better business," she said, "and there was no hint of any softening in her tone, mockingly. 'Don't delude yourself, I haven't a hundredth cubic inch of soft feeling left in my system for anybody, let alone any friend of yours.'"

"I have no delusions concerning you," I answered with a steady voice, "nor would I have asked any favor for myself."

She laughed again, and there was something in her laughter far more sinister than imprecations.

"Which shows you have a lingering remnant of common sense," she commented, then turned to Linda.

"You'll probably have this baby on your hands till tomorrow, Linda," she said. "I'll relieve you some time in the night so you can get some sleep, and I'll look on you once in awhile. Elast her—she can sleep if she wants to, while I've got enough on hand to wear out a yoke of oxen. If I had my way I'd start the third degree with her today, but the orders are to treat her justly until her time comes. Sort of fattening the missionaries for the cannibal kettle stunt, I guess. Now, you remember what I told you, Linda. Lay off the hooch, even if you get a chance to steal some again, which you won't. I settled that chef's hash just now."

"Did you tell him I snatched some out of his bottle? Did you?" Linda cried in dismay.

But Grace Draper swept out of the room without deigning any other answer than a curt command to keep the door locked. Linda stood looking after her, futile anger shadowing her weak face, while I, alternating between stark terror of the sinister possibilities at which Grace Draper had hinted, and the belief that she was manufacturing most of her cryic threats in order to weaken my nerve, watched furtively, eagerly, for a chance to play upon Linda's irresolute, enfeebled mind.

Heavy Chairs. Rub floor wax on the rockers of unwieldy rocking chairs and they can be moved around the room with very little effort.

### Burgess Bedtime Stories

By THORNTON W. BURGESS.

What a Little Green Grass Did. Happiness is catching. Spread it wherever you go.

—Carol the Meadow Lark. Carol the Meadow Lark sat on a fence post near the home of Johnny Chuck and sang as only Carol can in the joy of spring. His yellow waistcoat was beautiful to see. It seemed all the brighter for the broad, black crescent on his breast. His clear, pleasing notes could be heard clear across the Green Meadows, and no one who heard them could doubt that Carol was nearly bursting with happiness.

Johnny drew a long breath. "It is the best this I've seen for a long, long time," declared Johnny as he looked hungrily at a little patch of green where the young grass had just begun to grow. When you stop to think of it, that wasn't a surprising statement, considering the fact that until that morning Johnny Chuck had seen nothing for many long weeks.

That grass was young and tender, and, of course, it was very short, for it had only just begun to grow. Johnny began to nibble it eagerly. There wasn't enough of it to be very filling, but there was enough to take the edge from his appetite. Besides, he wasn't so very hungry. You see he still had the fat he had stored under his skin before going to sleep in the fall. And he didn't really need food just yet.

It was the fact that there was food, and the knowledge that every day there would be more, which made such a difference to Johnny Chuck. As he nibbled the whole world changed for Johnny Chuck. Yes, sir, it did so. By the time he returned to his doorstep you would have known him for the same Chuck who had been so grouchy to Peter Rabbit and Winsome Bluebird and Jimmy Skunk. He was glad he was awake. He fairly tingled all over with the joy of spring. Yes, sir, he did just that. He actually wanted to sing, but, of course, he couldn't. He forgot that he had ever grumbled and growled and complained. And that is what a little green grass did for Johnny Chuck.

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The next story: "Polly Chuck Appears."

Household Discoveries. Pounded eggs are good served in a nest of spinach. Wash your hands in vinegar after washing dishes and they will not chap. When castor oil is beaten up in the white of an egg it is quite tasteless.

Now Carol the Meadow Lark rejoices in his own happiness, and dearly loves to make others happy. "Watch me, Johnny Chuck," said he, "I will fly straight over to the nearest patch of green grass."

So Johnny Chuck sat up very straight and watched. Carol spread his stout wings and flew out over the

Green Meadows. He didn't go far before he dropped to the ground. Johnny Chuck waited only long enough to make sure just where Carol had disappeared. He forgot that he had been complaining of feeling stiff. His black heels fairly twinkled as he left his doorstep and started straight for that place.

When he got there he found Carol waiting for him. "How does that look to you?" cried Carol as Johnny came up.

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### Beatrice Fairfax Problems That Perplex

A Social Success.

Dear Miss Fairfax: I want my daughter to be a social success. We are not rich people, but I have seen to it that she is well educated. She is now in her junior year at college. I have had her study music and languages at school and she is trained in dancing and athletics. Yet every time she comes home for a vacation I realize more and more that she isn't the sort of girl to be popular with men. She is shy and reserved. She won't make any effort to please people unless they interest her. She is too serious. She doesn't care for the young folks I take such pains to entertain in our home.

She wants to study law and to devote her life to working for the betterment of woman's position in the modern world. What can I do to make her see that after all I have done to make her socially charming she will be throwing herself away if she becomes one of those independent, masculine, self-sufficient women of whom there are too many already?

My daughter ought to make a position for herself in the world where I have worked so hard to gain a good social standing. I want her to marry well. Can you tell me any way to turn my "blue stocking" into a charming girl who will make the social success which is my ambition for her?

When a boy or girl has a worthy ambition, it is not fair for parents to impose their ambitions on the young mind which has been trained to make decisions. What is the use of education unless it actually "draws out" what is in the nature of youth?

When a girl is really educated in the full sense of all the word means, she ought to have a true sense of values. Naturally a girl who has devoted 20 years of her life to study and to preparation for facing life's problems, has had time to search her mind and soul and to work out some theory of what she wants to do with her future.

To make a "social success" is a pleasant enough thing—but it is not a career in itself. A shy, reserved girl might have a hard time meeting society in terms of the grace and savoir faire she does not possess—but she might make a great success in terms of the satisfying knowledge that she is doing work she enjoys and respects.

To contribute to the world—to be a producer instead of merely a consumer, is a worthy ambition for any man or woman. And no woman loses her femininity, her charm or her

true womanliness by being an earnest, worthwhile citizen of this world.

A Poor Loser. Dear Miss Fairfax: Will you kindly decide this question for me. My daughter and I had an argument as to whether a girl takes a chance in marrying a man who is a poor loser in sports and displays his temper and character by throwing his tennis racket to the ground when things do not go right. I say I would not take a chance in marrying a man like that. She says the temper only lasts a few minutes and then all is over. She is willing to take the chance. She is only 20. He is 24. MOTHER.

A thoroughbred ought to be a good loser in all things if lose he must—because his defeat is due to his own blundering. Why can't your daughter make this young man see that he isn't acting in a worthy manner when he permits himself to lose self-control in small things since this will mold his character amiss? If a fault like this runs through a man's whole nature it is likely to mar it. But it can be conquered and need not be a barrier to an understanding love which will strive to help him master himself.

Household Hints. Cuts the Grease. Try pouring kerosene down the stopped-up drain pipe before sending for the plumber. It may save you a bill.

Testing Silk. Artificial silk can be detected by burning a sample of the material. Silks burn slowly and gives an odor like that of burning feathers. Artificial silk burns rapidly, with an

Uncle Sam Says. Nutritive Value of Food. "Principles of Nutrition and the Nutritive Value of Food" is the title of an interesting booklet issued by the States Relations Service. It contains a table showing the average composition of common American food products, suggestions for balancing menus, preparation of food, and selecting foods especially needed by the body.

Readers of The Omaha Daily Bee may obtain a copy of this booklet free as long as the free edition lasts by asking for "F. B. 142," addressing their request to the Division of Publications, Department of Agriculture, Washington, D. C.

odor of burning paper. Artificial silk is not so soft, strong, nor elastic as true silk, and is weakened by washing.

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ADVERTISEMENTS. FEW FOLKS HAVE GRAY HAIR NOW! Druggist Says Ladies Are Using Recipe of Sage Tea and Sulphur.

Hair that loses its color and lustre, or when it fades, turns gray, dull and lifeless, is caused by a lack of sulphur in the hair. Our grandmother made up a mixture of Sage Tea and Sulphur to keep her locks dark and beautiful and thousands of women and men who value that even color, that beautiful dark shade of hair which is so attractive, use only this old-time recipe.

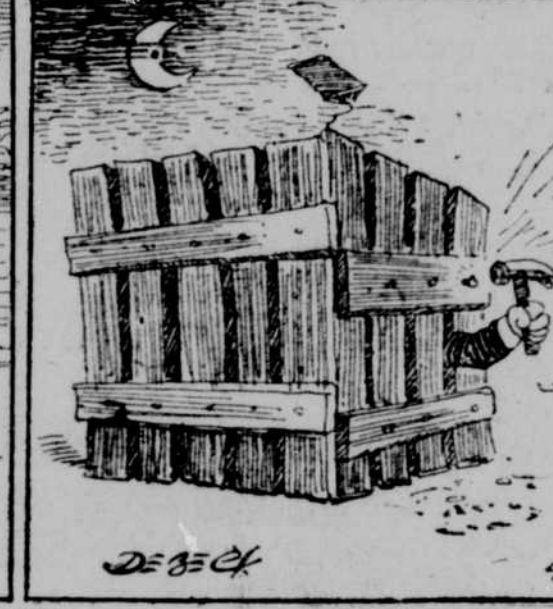
Nowadays we get this famous mixture improved by the addition of other ingredients by asking at any drug store for a bottle of "Wyeth's Sage and Sulphur Compound," which darkens the hair so naturally, so evenly, that nobody can possibly tell it has been applied. You just dampen a sponge or soft brush with it and draw this through your hair, taking one small strand at a time. By morning the gray hair disappears; but what delights the ladies with Wyeth's Sage and Sulphur Compound is that, besides beautifully darkening the hair after a few applications, it also brings back the gloss and luster and gives it an appearance of abundance.

ADVERTISEMENTS. A MULTITUDE OF WOMEN RECOMMEND IT. The strongest recommendation possible for any medicine to have is the sound testimony borne by the vast multitudes of women who have used it. It has been proved that 98 out of every 100 women once ill with ailments that caused suffering and despair have been restored to the joys of health by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. This marvelous record shows its power over the ills of women, and the letters of recommendation we are continually publishing in this paper should induce every ailing woman to try it.

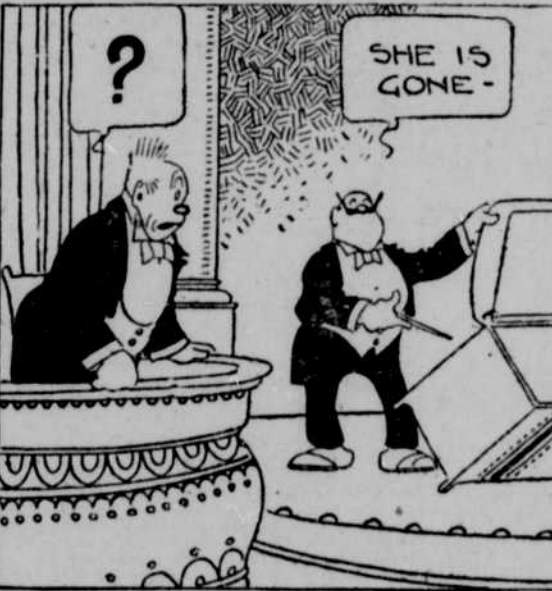
ADVERTISEMENTS. What This Buffalo Physician Has Done for Humanity. The picture which appears here of Dr. Pierce of Buffalo, N. Y., was taken in 1910. As a young man, Dr. Pierce practiced medicine in Pennsylvania and was known far and wide for his great success in alleviating disease. He early moved to Buffalo and put up in ready-to-use form, his Golden Medical Discovery, the well-known tonic for the blood. This strength-builder is made from a formula which Dr. Pierce found most effective in diseases of the blood. It contains no alcohol and is an extract of native roots with the ingredients plainly stated on the wrapper. Good red blood, vim, vigor and vitality are sure to follow if you take this Golden Medical Discovery. Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery clears away pimples and annoying eruptions and tends to keep the complexion fresh and clear. This Discovery corrects the disordered conditions in a sick stomach, aids digestion, acts as a tonic and purifies the blood. Write Dr. Pierce's Invalids Hotel in Buffalo, N. Y., and receive confidential medical advice without charge. All druggists sell Discovery, tablets or liquid. Send 10c for trial pkg.

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