

Adele Garrison
My Marriage Problems

The Disclosure Linda Confidingly Made to Madge.

Linda's weak face, which once had been pretty, held the shaded grief and the mulish obstinacy of a child who has been humiliated. She looked moodily at the door through which Grace Draper had just passed, and her chin quivered with futile anger, while impotent tears rolled down her cheeks. "She hadn't ought to have told the chef I snatched that little bit of brooch," she said plaintively. "It wasn't any harm, but he'll be sore at me, and he's always treated me white. I don't know what made me do it, anyway. I didn't need to." She stopped abruptly and looked furtively, speculatively at me. "Say, you look like a good kid," she announced at last. "And you're sore at Grace, too. Lookit, you wouldn't snitch on me to her, would you, if I showed you something?" I snatched at the heaven-sent opportunity. "Of course, I wouldn't," I assured her warmly. She nodded her head eagerly. "I knew you were a good kid," she announced, and when she had locked the door she came back to me, standing at me with blinking, red-rimmed eyes. "You swear you won't tell Grace," she said. "I swear it solemnly," I returned. "Thats all right then," she said, and walking to the radiator, pulled aside the exquisite hooked rug which covered the jagged hole in the floor. "Come here," she said, with a peremptory jerk of her head. I obeyed her quickly. "Kneel down here," she whispered, and when I had done so, she took my hand in hers and thrust it into the jagged hole in the floor boards. "I'd Like to go to Sleep."

"low," she said nervously, "and that pipe's just like a telephone wire. You can hear just as plain. Nobody knows that but me, though, so don't you tell Grace." With one of the freakish impulses of partial intoxication, Linda patently had taken a fancy to me, and for the present I was in high favor with her. She uncorked the bottle, lifted it to her lips, drained her head back, and with closed eyes and rapacious face took a long draught. Then she held out the bottle with the generous glow of self-sacrifice on her face. "Have a little snifter," she invited cordially. "You look as if you need one."

"I'd love to, a little later," I prevaricated promptly. "I have a headache now, and even a taste would make it much worse." To my great relief, for I feared to offend her, she accepted my explanation. "I know," she said, wagging her head eagerly. "This stuff goes to your head something fierce. I'd like to go sleep right now." "Familial Voices." She stood looking vacantly at me for a minute, which seemed endless, then a cunning smile spread over her face. "I'll tell you," she said. "You're awful tired. Why don't you go to sleep, too? We'll both go to sleep." I seized the suggestion eagerly. "That will be splendid!" I said. "Only I don't want to go to bed. I'll just get into a medicine and slippers and lie down on the couch. But it's so near the fire, can't we move it over the other side of the room?" She considered judicially. "Why, yes, I guess so," she said. "Take hold."

Burgess Bedtime Stories
By THORNTON W. BURGESS.

Polly Chuck Appears. Who satisfies his appetite is apt to find the whole world right. —JOHNNY CHUCK.

The good news that already green grass was to be found so filled Johnny Chuck with happiness that he thought of nothing and no one else. He actually forgot Polly Chuck, who had not yet come out. In fact, Johnny had not once thought of her since going to sleep weeks and weeks before. When he had awakened and finally crept out to his doorstep he had had no thought of any one else but himself.



"I Don't Believe It," Snapped Polly Chuck Again.

So he actually was startled when he heard a noise just behind him. He had forgotten that there was any one else in that house of his. He turned quickly, suspecting an enemy. His lips were drawn back showing his teeth, for he was ready to fight. What he saw was a sleepy looking face just at the entrance of his home. It was the face of Polly Chuck. She kept blinking her eyes, for they were not yet used to the sunlight. "Welcome, my dear," said Johnny

Chuck. "It is high time you were up and out." Now Polly Chuck felt exactly as Johnny Chuck had felt when he first awakened. Her temper was quite as bad as his had been. She didn't say a word. She simply looked cross and out of sorts. Johnny understood. "Already there is green grass," cried Johnny. "But you will see this time!" cried Johnny. "I'll show you where it is. We must have slept longer than usual this year."

Polly Chuck didn't say anything. She crept out of that doorway and roughly pushed Johnny Chuck aside. Johnny didn't like it. He almost lost his temper. He even started toward her to push her. If he had done so there would have been a quarrel and a fight, which of course would have been very dreadful. But suddenly he remembered how he had felt when he first came out. So he kept his temper, and sat up and grinned. Polly Chuck didn't grin back. In fact, it made her crosser than ever to see Johnny Chuck grin. She began to mumble and grumble to herself just as he had done. Suddenly Johnny Chuck turned and waddled on. Straight back to that place where he had found the green grass Johnny Chuck waddled. He waddled because, you know, he was so fat.

Polly Chuck watched him. It was only a short distance away, and she could see him very plainly. He was eating something. There was no doubt about it, he was eating something. Polly Chuck watched a few minutes. Then slowly, for she was still stiff from her long sleep, she waddled over to join him. There was green grass there. Johnny stopped nibbling it and sat up. You see, he really wasn't hungry. Anyway, there was very little of that green grass, and he wanted Polly Chuck to have a taste of it. Polly nibbled a few short blades. She glanced sidewise at Johnny Chuck. She edged up beside him. "Isn't spring beautiful?" "Yes, spring is beautiful," said Polly. "Now, Isabelle, don't ask for such nonsense! You know I like you to be neat, but I do not like those flying things."

Beatrice Fairfax
Problems That Perplex

The Science of Living.

Dear Miss Fairfax: Everything I do goes wrong. Every plan I have falls. Everyone I trust plays me false. Don't think I'm a pessimist. No matter what goes wrong, I pick myself up and start again. I have no idea of quitting. But all the flavor and savor is going out of life because there is no one, nothing in which I can put any confidence.

"Try to be poised, good-tempered and to believe that you have not failed in any sense but in expressing yourself amiss. Don't lose faith in yourself on this account, but determine to find out how to express yourself right." There must be some principle back of everything. And the reason most of our failures, our setbacks and disappointments is because we are not in accord with that principle.

Our Children
By ANGELO PATRI.
Gram Remembered.

Isabelle came in radiant. She was so happy and so full of something that made her eyes dance and her cheeks flush with pink roses and she even ate bread pudding without complaint. "Mother, said she as she laid down her spoon, "when you make my new spring dresses I want one that has a long, floating sash, with flying ends. You know?" "Now, Isabelle, don't ask for such nonsense! You know I like you to be neat, but I do not like those flying things."

"But I want to have my dress like the other girls. Cora is going to have her blue voile made with floaters and so is Lottie." "Very well! If their mothers like them to look like windmills, that is their lookout. Not mine! I want you to look like a lady." "I could look like a lady and be stylish, too," pleaded Isabelle. "Isabelle, remember this: You are bigger than your dress. If you are a fine woman nobody will care what you wear. If you are a silly thing you needn't advertise it by your dress. People will know it before you do."

"Isabelle was silent such ponderous philosophy, but Gram, who had been listening silently all the time, spoke up with a chuckle in her voice. "You know, Gram, I can just see you as you stood beside me in the old kitchen at home where I was rolling the pie crust. You were just a little bit above the table top." "Mother," you coaxed, "when you make my new aprons, will you please, please put ruffles of embroidery around the arm holes and make the sashes wide and put embroidery on the ends and be sure to put two little pockets with embroidery on them. And, oh, mother, do you think I could have two little pins? Two little ones made out of gold and with Darling printed on them to fasten my apron to my shoulders?"

"Oh, mother," blushed the other mother, "how can you?" "Did you do them for her, Gram?" asked Isabelle gleefully. "I did! I put frills and frills on them and her father, your grandfather, brought those two little pins with Darling on them to fasten the shoulders. They're up in your mother's little red box this minute." "Gram, you're a dear," said Isabelle irreverently and raced off to school singing like a lark. "Mother, you did that purposely," chided mother, and Gram chuckled again and folded her napkin with an air of deep satisfaction.

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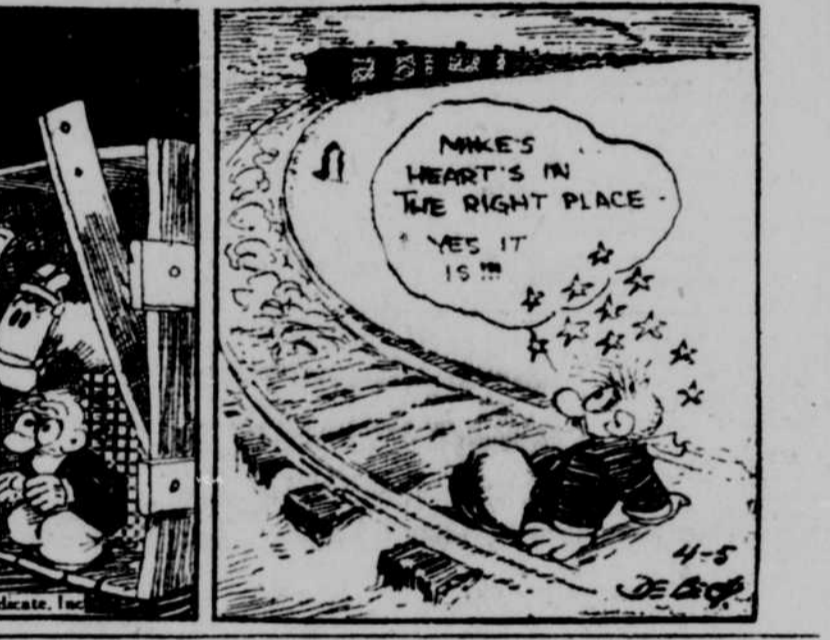
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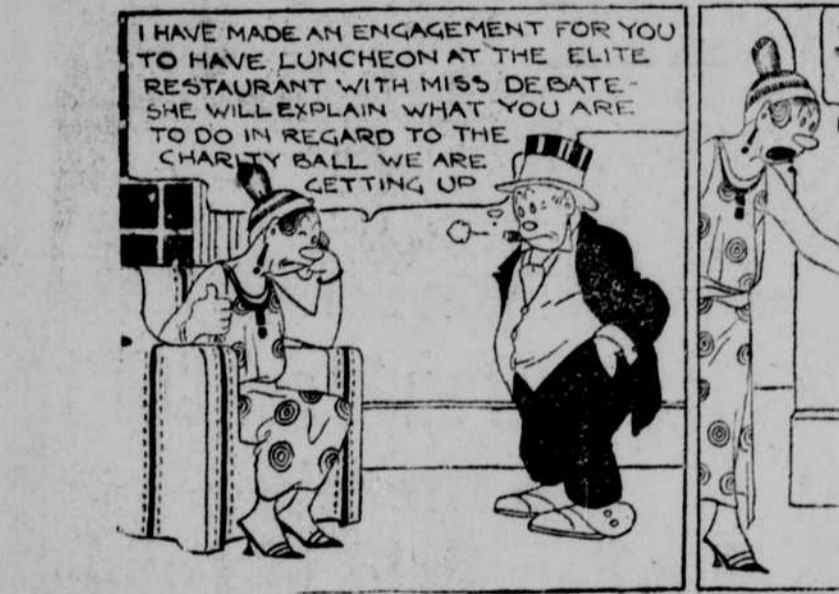
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How I Got Rid of Burring Feet

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SALTS FINE FOR AGING KIDNEYS

When Back Hurts Flush Your Kidneys as You Clean Your Bowels. Most folks forget that the kidneys, like the bowels, sometimes get sluggish and clogged and need a flushing occasionally. Also we have backache and dull misery in the kidney region, severe headaches, rheumatic twinges, torpid liver, acid stomach, sleeplessness and all sorts of bladder disorders. You simply must keep your kidneys active and clean, and the moment you feel an ache or pain in the kidney region begin drinking lots of water. Also get about four ounces of Jad Salts from any good drug store here, take a tablespoonful in a glass of water before breakfast for a few days and your kidneys will then act fine. This famous salts is made from the acid of grapes and lemon juice, combined with lithia, and is intended to flush clogged kidneys and help stimulate them to activity. It also helps neutralize the acids in the urine so they no longer irritate, thus helping to relieve bladder disorders. Jad Salts is inexpensive; makes a delightful effervescent, lithia water drink which everybody should take now and then to help keep their kidneys clean.

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