

Adele Garrison My Marriage Problems

The Thing to Which Madge Awoke From Unconsciousness and the Part Harry Underwood Played.

Out of the mists which had closed in on me when the shot that rang close to my ear had crumpled the yasmak-veiled woman who had held me, and other hands had drawn me backward—my head striking metal so hard I was rendered unconscious—came to with my first thought, strangely enough, a distinct sense of relief. It was as if all trouble had been brushed away, though I could not in that instant conceive of the reason for this wave of inexplicable relief and rest. And then—I knew. Weakly I struggled to sit upright, but even as I raised myself upon one hand there came from back of me the hand of a man, and I was gently, but nevertheless forcefully pulled back upon what I now realized was a chaise longue. Started, I turned my head and gazed into the eyes of Harry Underwood.

Still in his bizarre costume, looking every inch the Spanish grandee, with his curious but immaculate clothes and his exquisitely-cared-for beard, Harry Underwood stared at me with inscrutable eyes. Had I not known that he was indeed renegade to his country, even to his race, I had, as well as recanting to his wife, Lillian, I should have understood his cryptic silence.

For there were still sounds in the hall beyond the closed door of this silent and perfumed boudoir, which plainly told me that the fight which had raged in the big music room when the lights had been switched off as my father stood in jeopardy of his life, had been carried up the broad stairs and was even now dying out down the upper hall. A succession of rapid knocks—obviously a code—sounded on the door.

Harry Underwood leaped to his feet, slid back the heavy bolts which secured this sinister door, opened it wide enough to permit one person to slip in—who it was I could not see because of my position on the chaise longue—and then, after a whispered colloquy, admitted one other man—my father.

He strode across the room and swept me into his arms, which trembled in a convulsive clasp.

"Praise be that you are safe, my dear," he crooned. "I feared that all our care had failed and you had been wounded or worse. If it hadn't been for—"

He turned to clasp the hand of Harry Underwood, who was talking with the other person he had so carefully admitted a short man of powerful strength and keen roving eyes, which proclaimed the fact that he was one of the service men who had rushed the great house at the psychological instant. It was becoming clearer each moment that the service men had waited until the last possible second to make sure of catching every person involved in the conspiracy.

"Underwood, Well Done."

And with this realization came the flashing comprehension—patent the instant my father had entered the room—that not only had I misjudged Harry Underwood's loyalty to his country and its cause, but I had—there was now no time for thought, however, no second even to put my hand into Harry Underwood's hand in thanks for what he had done for me and mine. For the service man had again opened the door, and in walked Allen Drake, Dicky and Lillian Underwood.

"Hello, Harry," Lillian spoke with the nonchalance that had been hers in the years before he had fled with Grace Draper, before he had done the things against Dicky and to save Dicky which made even seeing him again so perplexing a problem to every one of us. "Congratulations, you turned that nicely."

"Underwood, well done," Allen Drake was eying him with the imperturbable twinkle which even the terrifying events of the last half hour could not chasten. "As you, yourself, would say—you done noble." But, his womanish lashes for an instant veiled his eyes, and then disclosed them keen and cold. "That was too close a margin. If you continue in this game for the government, old man—"

The rest of Allen Drake's words were lost to me in the embrace with which Lillian was assuring herself I had not been seriously injured. "You need not talk," she said with her wonderfully helpful understanding. "Although the doctor when he arrives undoubtedly will demand that you rest without even the strain of listening. I know that you could never rest without knowing—"

"To paraphrase," Dicky's voice came with forced jocularity from the

other side of the chaise longue—and now I leaned back in his arms, which until that instant I had thought were those of my father, who, seemingly, had stepped aside to give place to Dicky, "you were in the hands of the enemy until we came, we saw, we conquered."

"Where'd you get that 'we,' Dicky-bird?" Lillian's cool voice interrupted. "You will admit," Dicky was patiently nettled, "that it was I who brought you the news that Madge's wrecked car had been discovered in the Ticer garage—"

"Madge," Lillian spoke as imperceptibly as though Dicky had not been there. "Jerry Ticer went to the pit for gravel, found your car reposing in his favorite spot for digging, drove to the farmhouse, found Dicky raging up and down—you needn't send me high signs, Dicky-bird, I know all about your row with Madge. If I only had the gentling of you, my lad—"

Lillian's Story.

"Can it?" spluttered Dicky, but as gently as he always retorts to anything Lillian may say. "Katie overheard Jerry, and she let out a wall that shook the roof. She thought you dead. I tell you, Madge, it shook me to the marrow, but—"

"Yes, Katie gave me your note," Lillian interposed. "But without telephoning Mrs. Durkee. I knew you could never have arrived there. Then Harry telephoned, and—and you know the rest."

"Katherine—" I said through lips which for the first time I realized were swollen.

"Safe!" Lillian exclaimed. "So is everyone you love." And then swiftly she sketched, as only Lillian can compress, the incidents which had occurred after I swooned.

"You may be sure that when your father was lured here by a false message supposed to come from you, he and Allen Drake well knew what was doing. Harry was looking after you, and they would have raided this gang one minute after you entered the house or before had your father not been summoned, and if Allen's men inside here hadn't tipped them off to wait, hoping to catch the money head of the movement, but he got away. He's an enormously rich man, recently arrived from overseas, who has quadrupled his wealth by grace of the opportunities everyone may have in our too hospitable country. He is a mono-maniac, and his obsession is to overthrow the government for his own."

"But that can wait." Lillian interrupted herself. "The man you knew as Smith, the ex-royal personage who so charmingly tried to stab you in your own home with that poisoned point—yes, Tom Chester is still at the farmhouse as Dicky's special invitation—well, my dear, your friend, Smith, will trouble you no more. Brave when everything went his way, he was a coward at heart, for he passed out while his men were dying. But then I tried even harder than she to prove to you the truth that we never had any real thought of each other. Can you forgive—"

"Can You Forgive."

"My dear," I thought her eyes were tender with some strange pity. "I must tell you something that I learned a moment ago."

"The yasmak-veiled woman who held me as the lights went out was killed, but she—was not Grace Draper."

I could hardly believe my ears, which buzzed with shock and the weakness that I strove to overcome so I might speak. With understanding, Lillian put her arms closer around me as she said:

"Grace Draper has you downstairs. Harry is sure of that, but this other woman must have changed places with her. Can you remember? Just nod your head, yes or no. Was there a change of women?"

Through my mind swam the memory of that one free instant when Smith had shot the man, Joe, and I nodded in the affirmative.

"I thought so," Lillian exclaimed. "I must tell Allen to start the pursuit at once." Then she tenderly kissed me and released me into Dicky's arms, which closed about me convulsively, his voice whispering in my ear:

"Oh, my darling, my darling," though his lips were near his nose seemed from afar. "When I feared I should never again hold you in my arms, never again have the chance to beg your pardon for the miserable words with which I drove you so wild that you fled from your home—in that instant I vowed never again to make my son's mother, my own adorable and adored sweetheart jealous. For then I knew the pangs of jealousy. But sometimes you have, my own, been unjustly jealous of me."

The touch of his hands upon my hair, his lips upon my cheek, roused me to turn my head so that his eyes gazed into mine. The reproach which

still must have shadowed my tense look caused Dicky's eyes to soften with agonized pleading as he murmured:

"Hard as it may be for you to believe, I never had a thought but for you. Yes, I know you're thinking of Miss Deane, but then I deliberately tried to make you jealous. And do not think that I didn't see through Claire Foster's ruse. At first when Claire and I met in the mountains he— that unfortunate airplane accident caused such notoriety and brought you so much unhappiness—how proud I was of you when you put aside your own feelings and rushed to our aid—I will admit that Claire Foster interested me only as a model for these new illustrations. But then I tried even harder than she to prove to you the truth that we never had any real thought of each other. Can you forgive—"

What Dicky saw in my own eyes must have swept from his mind and heart all doubt, for his lips met mine in a pledge I pray may know no breaking.

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One pound of cheese equals two pounds of meat in food value.

Drawn for The Omaha Bee by Billy De Beck (Copyright 1923)

Beatrice Fairfax Problems That Perplex

Ambitions and Ideals.

Dear Miss Fairfax: What are the ambitions and ideals of the average girl of 20? And is a girl of 20 too young to be married? LEOLA.

Life isn't a matter of hard and fast rules. You don't lay down certain regulations for yourself and say: "This must be my ambition. I ought to want certain things. I must share established aims and ideals."

"Know then thyself" is something more than a popular quotation. It is the guide post to real living. The proper study of humanity is indeed humanity. And the thing for the individual to do is to find out what kind of an individual he is. At 20, however, you can begin to glimpse yourself. At 34 possibilities begin to manifest themselves clearly. And by the time you are 40 you should have done a great deal to develop your gifts.

Honesty, earnestness, joy in mere living, a faith in the power of work and true love of your fellows will give any girl of 20 a working basis for life.

To do your work in the place you are called to, to try to work toward a better place, to express the best in yourself with faith that the "best" will grow as you exercise it—this is a worthy ideal for any one—man or woman—20 or 40.

Ideals are mental pictures of the best of which you can conceive. Ambitions are aspirations to make these dreams realities. Each of us must have his own dreams and the courage and force to make them come true. They are not handed to us ready made. We must find our ambitions and work them out according to our best ideals of what is fine and true. To do some good—to make the world a better place because you are in it—to do the right as you see it and to try to see clearly and kindly—this is a worthy ideal.

Yours Truly: I wouldn't bother about the photograph at this late date. It isn't the photograph you are concerned about, but the young man's affections, my dear. I think he showed you very plainly that the friendship was at an end, so you had better put him out of your thoughts.

Troubled: Of course the child is too young to think of marriage. Accept her friendship and let things go on until she has finished school. You are both young and two years will soon pass.

Uncle Sam Says

Numerous inquiries are received at the United States Department of Agriculture every spring in regard to the treatment of fruit trees, especially apple trees, that have been girdled or otherwise injured during the winter by mice and rabbits. While there are various ways in which slight injuries of this character may be treated, if any attention seems advisable, wounds which girdle or nearly girdle the trunk require more specific measures if the tree is to be saved. In such cases, bridge grafting is the method of treatment commonly employed; in fact, it is about the only remedy that can be recommended.

In answer to these requests, the Department of Agriculture has prepared this booklet, which describes the process of bridge grafting.

Readers of The Omaha Bee may obtain a copy of this booklet free as long as the free edition lasts by writing to the Division of Publications,

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Department of Agriculture, Washington, D. C., asking for "F. B. 110."

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