

### Adele Garrison "My Husband's Love"

The News Dicky Telephoned Madge and Why Madge Hesitated to Question Him.

Back from the glint of blue in the sky still visible to my searching eyes. I turned to the letter I had interrupted when my "thinking hour" had arrived and my diary called me. It was my daily letter to Mother Graham in answer to her daily report of Junior.

What a wrench it had been to leave him even for the brief time it seems necessary we must now be parted—to leave him in the tender care of his adoring grandmother. But there had come to me in those days of convalescence after the tragic hours in that sinister country house where Allen Drake, Lillian and their operatives had captured the men who promised to be such a menace to our country, a thought which obsessed my every waking hour.

"Have I been too thoughtful of my son at the expense of his father? Does part of the fault of our unhappiness lie in the fact that I have made Dicky pay the penalty of his necessary work in the city, alone?" Although I did not talk this over with any one, I thought of it almost every hour of my brief convalescence. For it was not many days before I was up again—a bit weak and sometimes woefully dizzy—from the shocking blow which had come to my head when Harry Underwood had seized me and had swept me into the elevator behind the darpieries in that music room.

### A Quiet Home.

That Harry Underwood had seized my life that instant when the bullets began to fly in the music room was expectedly plunged into darkness, there was no denying. But that I had nearly lost my life by the accidental striking of my head against the iron grillwork of the elevator, my poor head for days proclaimed whenever I even turned over on the couch the doctor insisted I should not leave for nearly a week after we returned to the farmhouse and I was given into the tender care of Mother Graham. Lillian had gone with Mario for a brief sojourn in the Catskill Mountains some of Robert Savarin's sister, Tom Chester had also departed against the solicitous insistence of

Dicky. Royally repentant as Dicky is whenever he has once convinced himself he is wrong. Dicky had made Tom Chester's going almost as embarrassing as he had made his presence in our home, when he discovered that Tom Chester was there. So our little family had been alone—Mother Graham, Dicky, Junior and I—and had been made ideally comfortable by grateful Jim and Katie, for days before I made the decision which brought me to the city with Dicky.

### "How Is Leila Looking?"

It was somewhat of a relief, however, to be free from the seemingly never-ending words of thanks with which Katie showered me, after she had survived the first terrifying shock of my being brought home on a stretcher. Even her relief that Joe was gone—the man she had known in her old home in Poland and who had such a superstition hold upon her imagination that she believed she could never again be happy even with her beloved "Jeem"—seemed engulfed by her terror lest I should not survive what "Dot man Joe" he put on my dear Meesias Graham.

The shrilling of the telephone in the little hallway of the apartment brought me to my feet and scurrying to answer its call. But as I went, I asked myself irritably: "Why are the telephones of many small apartments so close to an egg-shell door on a dividing wall that any one passing on the stairway or with an ear to the thin partitioning wall of the next apartment can hear everything that is said, if she wants to listen?"

But all captious thoughts were banished by the lilt in Dicky's voice which came to my ears when I had taken the receiver from the hook with a perhaps-irritated "Hello—yes?" "Why the peevish, oh, princess of the palpitating breath?" he chuckled, and I knew that Dicky was in one of his outrageous teasing moods. "I am breathless at the thought of at last hearing the voice of my legs lord for which I have hungered all day long—" "Fiddlesticks!" he chortled. "If the fun across that tiny apartment which you wished yourself into takes all your breath, I'll begin to suspect that you need to bant a bit, my darling! Now—now—" he did not give me time to gasp what he well knew was something on my lips. "—Oh, lovely lady of the sylph-like form, let me live but to speak these words that tremble

on my lips this instant and you will solve your own riddle—" "Speak!" I laughed at his arrant nonsense. "Alf and Leila are in town," he was bubbling now, "and they've booked us for this evening—dinner, show and supper, if it pleases thee. What say?"

### "Sweetheart mine,"

"Sweetheart mine," Dicky's voice was quizzical, but still without edge at what I feared was an unfortunate reference—for good as is the food served at this particular eating place, the waiter had the last time Dicky and I dined there almost ruined Dicky's pride, his really delicious salad dressing, by substituting a bit of an onion cut like a garlic bud, for the veritable article. "Suppose I hurry home—gee, it seems great to have a home and you in town—and dress, and then we'll join Alf and Leila."

"How is Leila looking?" I asked with what, of course, seemed startlingly irrelevant to Dicky, who instantly exclaimed: "Of all the fool questions! What's the matter with the old bean this afternoon, dear heart? Leila wouldn't be in town and planning jazzamania jaunt with Alf and you and me, if she weren't—" Madge Is Perturbed.

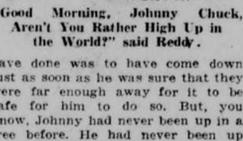
"I mean does Leila look—" but I stopped myself in time, because not for worlds would I have let Dicky at that minute know I had meant to ask if Leila looked happy. Certainly he would then have been justified for the explosion which even now I sensed was not far off. "What I should say, Dicky dear, is how soon can you get here? I've just had a letter from Mother and she—" "Junior all right?" he interrupted with breath-taking swiftness. "Perfectly." I hastened to reassure him. "But there is something I wish you to read as soon as—" "Another row with Katie?" his voice disclosed even better than his face might have shown, that he was little interested. But as Dicky hung up his receiver

### Burgess Bedtime Stories

By THORNTON W. BURGESS.

You'll find that oftener than not Disappointment is our lot. —Johnny Chuck.

Johnny Chuck stayed right where he was perched up in a tree until he saw Farmer Brown's Boy and Bowser the Hound disappear up the Long Lane. Of course, the thing he should



where Farmer Brown's Boy was going. When at last he decided to come down he received a bitter disappointment. My, my, my, I should say so! There was some one waiting for him at the foot of that tree. It was some one he had no desire at all to see. It was some one with a sharp face; some one who showed long, wharop teeth when he grinned, and he was grinning now as he looked up at Johnny Chuck. It was Reddy Fox. So Johnny Chuck remained right where he was up in that tree.

How did Reddy happen to be there? Well, you see, it was this way: Looking across from the Old Pasture at the edge of the Green Meadows, he had seen Farmer Brown's Boy coming down the Long Lane. He knew that Farmer Brown's Boy was going to see what was causing Bowser the Hound so much excitement. He knew that Farmer Brown's Boy wouldn't have eyes for anything else. Neither would others who might happen to be near. Every one would be watching Johnny Chuck up in the tree, and Farmer Brown's Boy drawing near. He felt sure that no one would notice him running across the Green Meadows. Every one would be looking the other way. So away he had gone, as fast as he could run, and this is very fast indeed. Straight across to that old stone wall at a point some distance from where Johnny Chuck was in the bushes and he waited. Just as soon as Farmer Brown's Boy had taken Bowser away, Reddy had stolen forward. And so it was that he was sitting at the foot of the tree when at last Johnny Chuck made up his mind to climb down.

Good Morning, Johnny Chuck, Aren't You Rather High Up in the World? said Reddy.

Have done so to have come down just as soon as he was sure that they were far enough away for it to be safe for him to do so. But, you know, Johnny had never been up in a tree before. He had never been up where he could look off and see such a distance. He began to enjoy the experience. Yes, sir, he did so. Now that Farmer Brown's Boy had taken Bowser the Hound away, there was no other danger that Johnny could think of. And so he sat there longer than was wise. He wanted to see just

with the assurance that he would be with me as swiftly as a taxi could carry him, and as I slowly turned back to the little desk on which the light was now fast falling, I wondered what he would say when he saw the postcard Mother Graham had enclosed in her letter to me. It bore but seven words, and yet those words caused me to forget everything but the question which loomed as large as life itself before my eyes.

### Beatrice Fairfax Problems That Perplex

Rushing Into Marriage.

Dear Miss Fairfax: I am 22. I love a girl of 25 whom I met in Denver. Due to my dad's serious illness I was called to Omaha (my home). Ever since I've returned my girl has sent me telegrams and letters and even called me on the long-distance phone and wants me to return at once and marry her. I am greatly in debt to my people financially and otherwise, and on the salary I received in Denver I can't see my way clear to marry. I've written her everything, and in spite of this, she insists we marry and make the best of matters. My dad is against me leaving Omaha. What shall I do? The girl is willing to come here. —PERPLEXED.

You are not in a position to do anything but wait. You cannot fall in your duty to your parents. You are not in a position to marry. If the girl cares for you in the right way she will wait for matters to adjust themselves. If she is only bound on having her own way and isn't enough of a pal to consider your position, she won't make the sort of a partner a wife should be. Discouraged: Don't worry about working too hard. As thy day is—so thy strength is. Most of us could carry twice the burden, double the responsibility and the work of which we complain—and still find ourselves renewed and refreshed by the joy of accomplishment. Work is the most refreshing thing in the world. Activity is the most stimulating thing there is. Only the lazy people have time to think how tired they are. For tiredness and boredom are more closely related than most of us realize or acknowledge. Try this. Suppose you wake up some morning with a sense of exhaustion: Maybe you danced too much

the night before. Maybe you were up too late. Maybe you wore yourself out with social activity. Anyway, your head aches. You feel as if you couldn't lift a finger. You want to take a day off—to lie in bed—to do nothing. And if you indulge yourself, you spend the day thinking how worn out you are. So you get weary just keeping your mind on your weariness.

Instead, plunge heartily into the job. Find out all the enjoyment you can in what you are doing. Refuse to entertain a thought of tiredness. You can't feel exhausted if you refuse to think of such a thing as exhaustion. Don't waste time or energy denying your weariness. Just put all the force and vim and vigor and mental energy you have into doing your work and enjoying it. And you'll find that you are actually creating energy and force as you work.

Will Brighten It.—A lemon dipped in salt and then rubbed on red tiles will give them a new look. —ADVERTISMENT. "MY DEAR, USE POSLAM FOR THOSE PIMPLES" This really happened—I couldn't help overhearing it. A motherly old woman dropped into the street beside a well-dressed girl. "My dear," she said, "forgive my intruding, but you have a clear healthy skin. Why don't you use Poslam? It did such wonderful things for my daughter's skin that I can't help recommending it to young folks like you who need it. I wish I could help you." Her advice was so good that I passed it on to you. You can get Poslam—80 Poslam Soap—at any drugstore. Why not begin using them tonight? They will often clear away pimples in 24 hours. For trial sample, send 10c to POSLAM 243 W. 47th St. New York.

### COLDS

Weakens vitality before you know it. "Flu" or pneumonia gets you. The best thing to do when you feel a cold coming on is to get a 25c box of Zerbst's Grip Capsules at any drug store. They have stood the test for 15 years. For that count use Zerbst's Chloro-Pine.



Chips off the Old Block —ADVERTISMENT. "MY DEAR, USE POSLAM FOR THOSE PIMPLES" One-third the regular dose. Made of the finest ingredients. Then candy coated. For children and adults.

### Coated Tongue

Nature's Warning of 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.



### Beauty and Health Go Hand in Hand

If You Have a Daughter Read This Advice. Cedar Rapids, Iowa—"I have taken Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription and found it very helpful in troubles peculiar to women. It is very strengthening to the internal organs and especially does it eliminate suffering at special times and regulates in the proper way. My daughters have also taken the Favorite Prescription with the best of results; they would suffer so at times that they would be compelled to stay home from work, but after taking this medicine they have not suffered since. Favorite Prescription is the best medicine a young woman can take if soiling in this way."—Mrs. W. L. Edmonds, 705 Second Ave., W. The use of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription has made many women happy by making them healthy. Get it at once from your nearest druggist, in either liquid or tablet form. Write Dr. Pierce, Invalids' Hotel in Buffalo, N. Y., for free advice.

### BARNEY GOOGLE---



### IT'S BARNEY'S TURN TO EAT.



### Drawn for The Omaha Bee by Billy DeBeck



### Drawn for The Omaha Bee by McManus



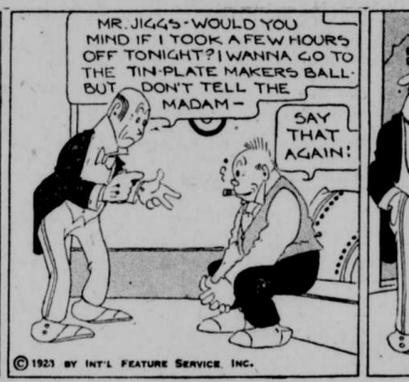
### BRINGING UP FATHER---



### Registered U. S. Patent Office



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



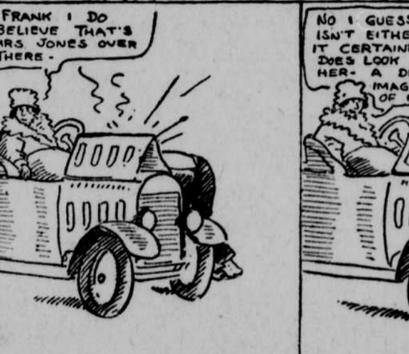
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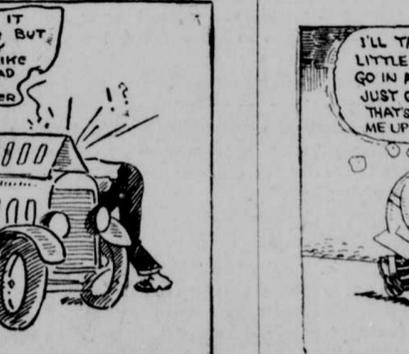
### Oh, Man



### By Briggs



### ABIE THE AGENT--



### On Second Thought.



### Blisters Covered Face and Hands Cuticura Healed

"Blisters and a rash broke out and covered my face and hands. They itched and burned so badly that I scratched and irritated the affected parts. My face was disfigured and I was ashamed to go out in company. It hurt to wet my face and hands, and for about three months I was unable to do my regular work. I lost lots of sleep on account of the itching and burning. I read an advertisement for Cuticura Soap and Ointment and sent for a free sample. It helped me so I purchased more, which completely healed me in two weeks." (Signed) Miss Roxie McDonell, Blue Lick, Mo., July 20, 1922. Improve your skin by daily use of Cuticura Soap, Ointment and Talcum.



### TELLTAL SYMPTOMS OF WOMAN'S ILLS

Every woman who suffers from backache, headache, dragging-down pains, nervousness, irregularities, displacements, irritability, or despondency should recognize in such symptoms some derangement of her system which should have attention before some more serious ailment develops. These conditions are often evidenced by a sallow complexion, dark circles under the eyes, lassitude and sleeplessness. For nearly fifty years Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has been pre-eminently successful in overcoming such conditions, and it is now recognized everywhere as the standard remedy for woman's ills.

### ITCHING ECZEMA DRIED RIGHT UP WITH SULPHUR

Any breaking out of the skin, even fiery, itching eczema, can be quickly overcome by applying a little Mentho Sulphur, says a noted skin specialist. Because of its germ destroying properties, this sulphur preparation instantly brings ease from skin irritation, soothes and heals the eczema right up and leaves the skin clear and smooth. It seldom fails to relieve the torment and disfigurement. Sufferers from skin trouble should get a little jar of Rowles Mentho-Sulphur from any good druggist and use it like a cold cream.