

Adele Garrison "My Husband's Love"

The Reason Dicky Delighted Madge, Then Astonished Her.
Who's the nifty lady that lives on our stairs? Perhaps I should say on this floor. But I guess stairs will do for there I see her every time I climb the weary flight," said Dicky when he had safely closed the door behind him not half an hour after he had telephoned. "I mean the dame with the abundant figure and the baby stare?"

"I had gazed at Dicky bewildered until his last sentence; then light dawned upon me."
"Oh!" I exclaimed, none too pleased, as Dicky was swift to see and I to realize he saw, for I caught the glint of impish glee in his eyes as he swiftly countered:

"Spill the story, old dear."
"There's nothing to spill." I tried hard to match his mood with a twinkle of my own. "Except—Oh, Dicky, you should have seen her when she came in to borrow an onion—actually an onion—not an hour ago. Why, I never saw such a getup, or heard such impudent—no, I don't mean quite that," I admitted. "But—"

"Simply must be seen and heard to be appreciated," Dicky paraphrased, as he put his arm about me and drew me down beside him on the sofa.
"Why, she had the effrontery to comment on your appearance!—I said she had seen you on the stairs!"
"She's honest, sweetheart, give her credit for that," Dicky tweaked my ear and I made a saucy moue at him before he pulled my head down on his shoulder. "But, seriously, dear, his voice was more like my Peter Pan than I had heard it in months. 'I'm not altogether crazy—except about this place you picked out for our town house. Can't you better our humble condition?' I'll help—"

"A Friendly 'Till.'" I said mischievously, though with perfect truth, then hastily added, for I felt Dicky's arm relax and I feared to spoil these hours so like our honeymoon. "I know you meant to help me but how could I—with nothing to do but to house hunt—expect you, my doughty knight of the pencil and brush, to lay aside your labors for me bread and butter and that of his highness, our—"

"Can the chatter, old thing!"
Dicky's arm was tight about me again and I knew the danger was past, knew also that he was enjoying our titling as much—indeed, far more than I. "What was it you said about mother's letter? I didn't get you."
"Oh!" my heart constricted as there flashed before my eyes the post card with its cryptic seven words in the handwriting of a man which mother Graham had sent in her daily letter about Junior. "Mother enclosed a post card which I want you to read. It—"

"Tear Up That Post Card."
"But I thought you told me over the telephone," I began, but he cut me short with an impatient exclamation as he disengaged his arm from around me, rose and went to the telephone.
I heard him give the telephone number of Alfred Durkee's office to Central, the while I wondered whether Dicky ever would grow up, and then in a flash there came the thought that I would not have him other than he is.

"Guess they're closed for the day," he turned from the telephone to me, then, after he had juggled the hook up and down several times and had asked central to cancel the number, he said with a cheery smile: "But I guess it will be all right. They'll be there with their hair in two braids, never fear." He pulled off his coat, yawning the while. "Pardon me," he made a low obeisance with mockery in every movement. "If it pleases thee, I shall rest my weary body for—forty—"

"But it doesn't please me, Dicky. I tried for an excuse for a lark, but failed dimly." "That post card—" "Who's it from?" There was a furrow between his dancing eyes that belied his palpable attempt to appear to be concentrating upon the subject which obviously did not interest him one whit.
"I don't know," I looked straight into his eyes, hoping to catch the first gleam of interest.
"What I saw there was not what I had hoped or expected. A sudden flame of cool, calculating, concentrated anger, unlike anything I had ever before seen in Dicky's eyes— accustomed as I am to his flares of

Burgess Bedtime Stories

By THORNTON W. BURGESS.
Discomfort you are bound to face wherever you are out of place.
—Johnny Chuck.

Johnny Chuck Becomes Very Uncomfortable.
Now sitting up on a tree may be all right for people like Happy Jack Squirrel and Chatterer the Red Squirrel, who are accustomed to sitting in



At last everyone went away except Reddy Fox.

trees, but for one who is not used to anything of the kind sitting in a tree very long at a time becomes uncomfortable. Johnny Chuck was finding it so. Yes, sir, Johnny Chuck was finding it so.
At first he hadn't minded it at all. But after a while the crotch in which he was sitting began to grow more and more uncomfortable, until it seemed to him that it was the most

rage-swept away the quizzical expression they had held.
"Forget it," he exclaimed. "I don't want any more of this melodramatic business in my life. Don't forget that I almost lost you through your stubborn determination to have your own way. No, I don't intend—I wouldn't think of trying to boss you, but you take my advice, tear up that post card and forget about it."
He swung on his heel and walked into the bedroom, leaving me so astounded that there was no room in my heart or mind for resentment.

Beatrice Fairfax Problems That Perplex

Can Love Be Won.
Dear Miss Fairfax: I'm in love with a man who doesn't care for me at all. We meet seldom and I have no natural opportunity to get to be a habit with him or to attract him through propinquity. I am shy and reserved and none of my friends took to me easily. But now I have good friends and some admirers as well. But the one man I care for doesn't seem to know that I exist. Life isn't worth much to me without him, as I have proved to myself by almost a year of absolute devotion to him and all he means to me.
My pride won't let me do anything which might humiliate me in case there is no basis for mutual attraction. I can't take a step toward him—and he doesn't take a step toward me. I am to see him at a dinner in a month. I suppose the hostess would give him to me for a partner, but I'm ashamed to ask her. What would you do in my place? MILDRED.

Suppose, Mildred, you wanted to secure a good position. Would you hesitate to work for it? Suppose you wanted to get an advance in your firm, would you refuse to make some honest effort to call attention to what you had to recommend you? And now that you want what seems to you the biggest thing life can offer you—why not set out to win it?
The normal human instinct is to go after your mate. Whether it be by unconscious allurements, or by honest mental effort, your heritage from prehistoric man is to make some struggle to attract the man you love. And the only thing that comes between a woman and her striving to make the man for whom she cares care for her in turn is pride.

Pride is self-love exaggerated to a dangerous degree. Dignity and a he might have fallen out of that tree. At last Johnny became so uncomfortable that he had just about made up his mind that he couldn't stand it any longer. He had just about made up his mind that he would go down and fight Reddy Fox. It would be better to be killed fighting than to remain a prisoner up in that tree until he had so little strength that he couldn't fight. It was just then that he once more saw Farmer Brown's Boy headed that way.

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Sisters Praise Tanlac for Return of Health



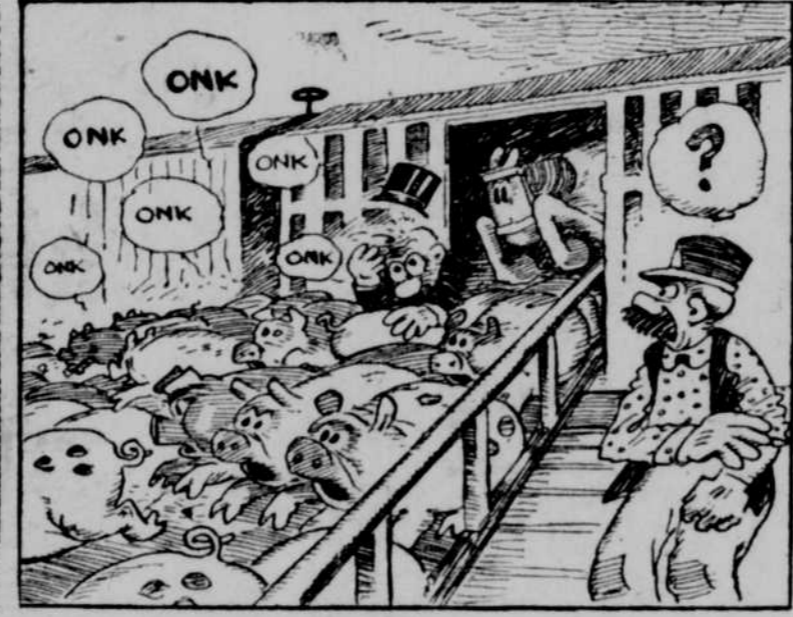
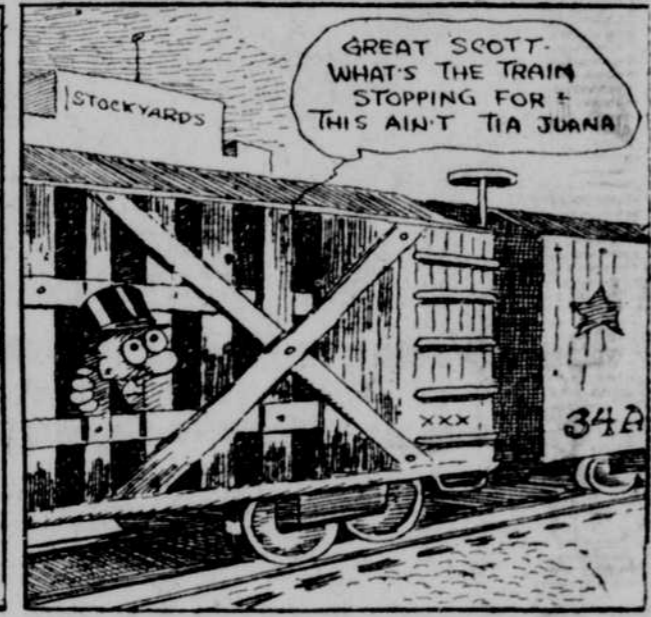
MRS. OTHA HELM and MRS. WILLIAM HELM

soon swept away my troubles and I am now feeling perfectly splendid."
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BARNEY GOOGLE---

BARNEY CAN'T BE BLAMED FOR SQUEALING.

Drawn for The Omaha Bee by Billy DeBeck



BRINGING UP FATHER---

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

Drawn for The Omaha Bee by McManus



I Hear You Calling Me

By Briggs

ABIE THE AGENT---

Abie Guesseed It.



STOMACH UPSET?

Get at the Real Cause—Take Dr. Edwards' Olive Tablets

Just One Application and the Hairs Vanish

That's what thousands of stomach sufferers are doing now. Instead of taking tonics, or trying to patch up a poor digestion, they are attacking the real cause of the ailment—clogged liver and disordered bowels.
Dr. Edwards' Olive Tablets arouse the liver in a soothing, healing way. When the liver and bowels are performing their natural functions, away goes indigestion and stomach troubles.
Have you a bad taste, coated tongue, poor appetite, a lazy, don't-care feeling, no ambition or energy, trouble with undigested foods? Take Olive Tablets, the substitute for cologne.
Dr. Edwards' Olive Tablets are a purely vegetable compound mixed with olive oil. You will know them by their olive color. They do the work without griping, cramping or pain.
Take one or two at bedtime for quick relief. Eat what you like. 10c and 25c.



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Your druggist sells the Resinol products.

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WHEN IN NEED OF HELP TRY OMAHA BEE WANT ADS.

NO OPERATION FOR HER

She Took Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and Escaped the Operation Doctor Advised

Louisville, Ky.—"I wish to thank you for what your medicine has done for me. I was in bed for eight or nine days every month and had a great deal of pain. The doctor said my only relief was an operation. I read of Lydia E. Pinkham's medicine and tried the Vegetable Compound and the Sanative Wash and they surely did wonders for me. I feel fine all the time now, am picking up in weight. I will tell any one that your medicines are wonderful, and you may publish my letter if you wish."—Mrs. E. B. ROYHNLEIN, 1130 Ash St., Louisville, Ky.



Backache, nervousness, painful times, irregularity, tired and rundown feelings, are symptoms of female troubles. Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound should be taken whenever there is reason to fear such troubles. It contains nothing that can injure, and tends to tone up and strengthen the organs concerned, so that they may work in a healthy, normal manner. Let it help you as it has thousands of others. It is now selling almost all over the world.



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If your scalp is irritated, itching and burning and your hair dry and falling out in combings try the following treatment. Touch spots of dandruff and itching with Cuticura Ointment, and follow with hot shampoo of Cuticura Soap.
Sample Each Free by Mail Address: Cuticura Laboratories, Dept. 137, Malden St., Mass., U.S.A. Send 3c. in postage. **Cuticura Soap** shaves without soap.