

Adele Garrison "My Husband's Love"

Why Madge Wondered What Was Troubling Leila.

When Dicky had disclosed his determination not to have "any more of this melodramatic business" in his life, and had ended our chat—which had begun with such charming possibilities—I sat stunned for several minutes after he had gone into the bedroom and I heard him lie down for the 40 winks he had promised himself.

I recalled the fact that hardly one minute before he had made his statement so emphatically to me, I had wondered when my Peter Pan would grow up. The answer had come more swiftly than I had thought possible, and with an amazing directness and definiteness which left me breathless. With the spell of Dicky's command strong upon me, I walked to the desk; picked up the postcard, tore it once across, and then stopped.

What it was that held my hand I do not know. Indeed, so immersed was I in my own thoughts—striving to solve the perplexing emphasis of Dicky's command, for I regarded it as nothing less than with the desire to keep my hands busy, I set about dressing. And it was not until I was robed in the evening frock which Dicky had extravagantly insisted on buying for me one afternoon we had seen in the salon of an ultra-smart couturiere together, that I again began to take a clear interest in my surroundings.

"Avast There, Young Man!"

Somehow the burnt orange charmes seemed to soothe me the instant I took it out to the closet—tip toeing the white not to wake Dicky, who patently was deep in dreamland—and when I had donned my flesh-colored stockings and had drawn upon my feet my new black and silver brocade slippers and had slipped into that Cinderella dress, I felt indeed as though Dicky's sweetness of the day he had bought the costume for me was acting the part of the Fairy Godmother to checkmate the Wicked Stepmother his latest mood had played.

Yet my hesitation at walking Dicky and helping him to dress—made necessary by my last-minute calling of him out of sympathy for his evident exhaustion being exercised by sleep—kept us both rather quiet until I slipped on my wrap. A

lovely example of the costumer's art, my wrap harmonized and yet ideally contrasted with my Cinderella dress. It was a petalled cape of black and white chiffon with a deep fold of chinchilla wrapping close about my throat, which by its luxurious daintiness served to keep me far warmer than its fragile appearance promised.

Silently, Dicky locked the door of our little apartment while I waited for him at the head of the old-fashioned stairs. And as I silently walked down to the taxi whose presence at the curb had been heralded by a special signal ring at our bell. But as we stepped out into the street another taxi whirled up and out leaped Alfred Durkee, who almost collided with Dicky as we crossed to our waiting car.

"Hello, old skeekees!" Alf exclaimed. "Lo, Madge! Wow, you knock me for the count with that—"

"Avast, there, young man!" Dicky sternly interposed. "Lay off my lady friend—where's yours?"

An Interrupted Confidence.

"In that gorgeous chariot panting forminst you, there," Alf twinkled at Dicky. "Behold her now—though you can't hear for the resounding clatter of the taxi-meter counting on the dreaded toll—signalling with her knuckles on the glass to Madge to hurry there."

"Wait till I fee and dismiss my own coach and four," said Dicky. "Behold her now—though you can't hear for the resounding clatter of the taxi-meter counting on the dreaded toll—signalling with her knuckles on the glass to Madge to hurry there."

"And as I left them chaffing each other and heard the chauffeur of our unused car volubly thank Dicky for what I well knew was an inordinate tip, I caught Leila's greeting, though it was carefully modulated for my ears alone:

"Oh, Madge, dear," she said, "please sit right here beside me and as quickly as you can, there's something I want to ask you before Alfred and—"

"You poor dear," I made my voice as soothing as that of a nurse quieting a nervous child, for the lips she gave me to kiss were chattering with cold. "What's the matter, dear?"

"It's this—"

"What do you think of this burgling of plans, Madge?" Dicky pre-

Burgess Bedtime Stories

The Perfect Understanding of Farmer Brown's Boy

By THORNTON W. BURGESS.

That be the understanding heart, that seeks to take another's part, Johnny Chuck.

For once in his life Johnny Chuck was thoroughly glad to see Farmer Brown's Boy approaching. Yes, sir, he was glad. He hadn't the least bit of fear. You see, Farmer Brown's Boy had led Bowser, the Hound away from the foot of that tree in which Johnny had been a prisoner, and so Johnny knew that Farmer Brown's Boy was a friend he could count on. The only thing that worried Johnny was the thought that perhaps Farmer Brown's Boy might not come away over to that tree again.

So Johnny watched anxiously as Farmer Brown's Boy came down the Long Lane. His heart leaped with joy as Farmer Brown's Boy turned and headed straight toward him. Johnny looked down at Reddy Fox curled up in the bushes and almost grinned as he thought of the surprise that was awaiting Reddy Fox. You see, from where he was Reddy couldn't see Farmer Brown's Boy.

Now, Farmer Brown's Boy hadn't intended to go over to that tree. He had planned to go somewhere else. But when he reached the end of the Long Lane he looked over to that tree in which he had found Johnny Chuck that morning. Of course he hadn't the slightest idea that Johnny was still in the tree. At first he merely glanced over there rather carelessly. Then he stopped and looked long and

tended to be distraught as he and Alfred climbed into the taxi. "Did you ever know Alf and Leila to run true to form on—say?" he suddenly chuckled; "I'll bet it was our little flower-faced Leila—who—"

"Not on your life, mate," Alf chuckled as he slammed the door and the car rolled away from the curb. "Twas I who doped out the place. Great idea, eh, Madge?"

"Wonderful," I smiled, conscious of Leila's eyes upon my face.

And then I switched the subject, so neither Dicky nor Alfred should realize that I had no idea as to where we were bound on this jazziest manly jaunt Dicky had arranged so eagerly.

hard. It was quite a distance and he couldn't see clearly, but it looked very much as if there was a brown mass in the very same croch in which he had left Johnny Chuck.

"It can't be that Johnny Chuck is still up in that tree," muttered Farmer Brown's Boy. "It must be that someone else is up there. I believe I'll go that way and have a look." The nearer he drew the more puzzled he became. "It certainly looks like Johnny Chuck," he kept saying to himself. "It certainly looks like Johnny Chuck. But what under the sun would he stay up in that tree for?"

Now, Farmer Brown's Boy had learned to walk so as to make very little noise. He was almost up to that tree before Reddy Fox suspected that he was near. Then a tiny twig snapped under one of his feet and instantly Reddy Fox pricked up his ears and jumped to his feet. Reddy was so surprised that for a second or



"It certainly looks like Johnny Chuck," he kept saying to himself.

two he stood motionless, staring at Farmer Brown's Boy. Then he whirled and was off like a red streak. The instant he moved Farmer Brown's Boy saw him.

"So that's it!" exclaimed Farmer Brown's Boy as he looked up at Johnny Chuck. "So that's it! That red rascal came along before you had a chance to get down this morning and has kept you up there ever since. My, you must be tired! I guess it is a good thing I have come along this way. Reddy might have kept you there until you tumbled out of the tree. I know just how you feel. Now, I'm going over to sit down on that stone wall a little way off, and if there is any wisdom at all in that

funny little head of yours you will take this chance to get down."

So Farmer Brown's Boy went over to the stone wall some little distance away and sat down. He took pains to go far enough to make Johnny Chuck feel that he was free to come down. He watched Johnny look anxiously this way and that way and he smiled, for he understood just what Johnny was thinking.

The next story: "Johnny and Polly Are United Again."

Our Children
By ANGELO PATRI.
In The Zoo.

I've found a new use for the zoo. I used to go there because I liked to talk to the animals. When I felt that I had forgotten how to play and laugh and chatter and make merry I went to visit the monkeys. They have their bad moments, too. The depths in their eyes speak of sadness, but they can frisk and dance and smile and make their visitor carefree and lighthearted as good hosts ought to do.

When I felt that time was flashing by me and I could not stay him by as much as a giraffe, I went to the calendars and time tables and clocks and bells in my world became intolerable threats. I betook me to the house of the tortoises. They are over 200 years old and they move as though they were counting over each minute of it before moving the next leg. They have all the time there is. The thought of them kills worry.

The lions gave me a sense of majesty and power. When I knew I had to appear before authority and impress it with the importance of my message and felt rather dubious about my ability to do it with any great amount of success, I went over and talked to the lion, the biggest one.

I noted the poise of his head, the lift of his brow, the commanding light in his tawny eye. I told him I had come searching after the secret of his spirit and he rose in his dignity and roared me a welcome in tones of thunder that went crashing through the corridor with a music that thrilled me through and through. "I am the king. I am the king." After that I could face the haughtiest dignitary that ever closed his throat.

But I've found a new use for the zoo. It isn't just for grownups at all. It serves the children equally well. Coming around the wind-swept corner that is blanketed by a screen of evergreens you come upon the

camel. His face is inscrutable and infinitely sad. His soul is lashed in a calm that lies deeper than any human eye can penetrate. He is the epitome of rest and peace. One senses that he has traveled far to achieve them, but one is sure that he has them in full measure, pressed down and running over.

A lady with a little boy beside her sat watching the aloof creature as I rounded the screen and made my bow to him. "He's mine," piped the youngster, squirming off the bench and hastening over to my side, all eager childish possession. "I'm so glad," said I. "I always wondered whose he really was, so I might thank him for letting me know him, too."

"Yes," said he solemnly, "he's mine." "He's been very ill," explained his mother. "Very disturbed. We come here every day and watch the camel. He is so still, so calm, so easy in his carriage. Nothing troubles him, nothing excites. He's having a wonderful influence on the restless child."

So the zoo is a school for the children. They share the lessons with the grownups. I like the zoo even better now.

Care and Cleaning of Gloves.

The Omaha Bee Information Bureau has compiled from government sources information on the care and cleaning of kid chamois gloves. The instructions tell how to dry-clean leather gloves, how to clean and color wash-leather gloves, how to renovate gloves and how to remove stains from them. With these instructions, it is possible to get much additional wear from your gloves and still keep them in good condition.

Readers of The Omaha Bee may obtain a copy of these instructions by enclosing an addressed envelope and four loose 1-cent stamps, asking for "Care and Cleaning of Gloves" addressing The Omaha Bee Information Bureau, 4035 New Hampshire avenue, Washington, D. C.

Beatrice Fairfax Problems That Perplex

Temperamental: Why should women sit around and preen themselves on their nerves? They are things to be ashamed of, not boasted about. Nerves show a lack of harmony. They aren't the poor sick things their victims like to suppose, but instead they are a sign of lack of adjustment. The minute a woman starts thinking about how sensitive she is and how strongly she feels, she's bound to make her feelings stronger by the very attention she pays to them. No tooth ever aches quite so much as when you sit concentrating on the pain.

Temperament means generally a lack of self-control, a feeling of superiority to the laws which govern ordinary folks, a selfish insistence on personal rights, and a lack of consideration for others. The love which folds in on self and doesn't reach out to make others happy is likely to result in temperamental. But no one who strives for serenity and for adjustment to life has to give in to every morbid desire or to three generations of the air on the slightest provocation.

C. K. B.: There probably never was a question that didn't have at least two sides to it.

Most of us spend a great deal of our time struggling with two viewpoints on most subjects. We find ourselves with at least two sets of motives in full working order. It isn't always easy to tell which is the right and which is the wrong turning in a given situation.

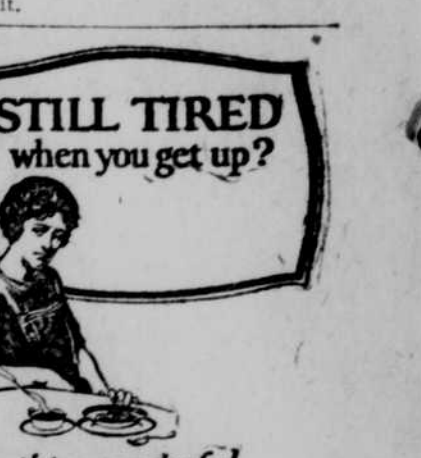
Surely at some stage of experience you have come face to face with the complicated fabric of your own nature. Sometimes you intend precisely the opposite effect from the result you get. And when you have discovered that you can't be cock-sure about yourself—why not be tolerant about other folks and their intentions.

Most folks can realize the best in themselves without much help from others. But they can't do it against a tide of cruel and vindictive and stupid prejudices.

You waste a lot of good material in the world by not studying its possibilities. But there is no waste sadder than that of trying and condemning humanity unheard and not striving to give it a chance.

Maul, made a sensational recovery of the body of a drowned Korean fisherman who fell from a high cliff at Kahului.

Crowell, swimming for the body, saw an enormous shark dashing in to devour the corpse. He reached the body just a second ahead of the shark and, swimming for his life, towed the body ashore with the shark in close pursuit.



STILL TIRED when you get up?

Try this wonderful Spring blood tonic!

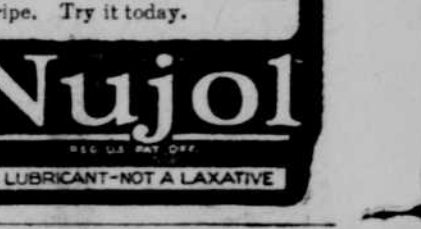
Take Hood's Sarsaparilla as a spring medicine for that tired feeling, caused by thick, impure blood. Hood's makes you feel better, eat and sleep better, and "makes food taste good." After the inactivity and close indoor confinement of winter it is especially hard for the sluggish system to combat disease germs.

Hood's Sarsaparilla restores to the blood those properties which help to repel germs of grippe, influenza, fevers and other ailments. It gently stimulates and refreshes weary people who feel run-down. It has given satisfaction to three generations. Get a bottle today.

HOOD'S SARSAPARILLA

Bad Breath
Is Usually Due to 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
A LUBRICANT—NOT A LAXATIVE

THE ODDS? 4 to 1 AGAINST YOU

Pyorrhea imperils the teeth and health of four persons out of every five past forty and thousands younger. Nature warns you of its coming with bleeding gums. Take no chances: Act!

Brush your teeth with **Forhan's FOR THE GUMS**

More than a tooth paste—it checks Pyorrhea

CORNS
Lift Off with Fingers



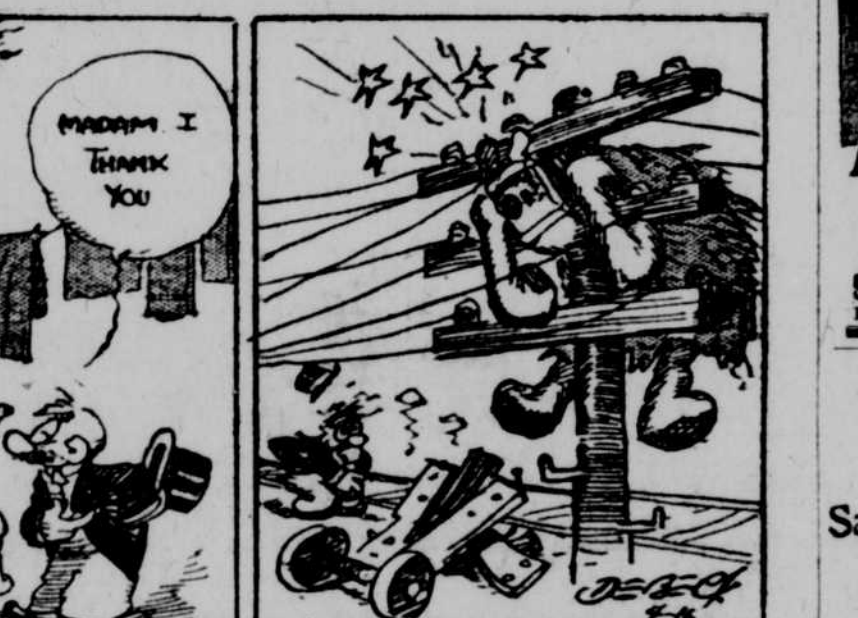
Doesn't hurt a bit! Drop a little "Freeone" on an aching corn, instantly that corn stops hurting, then shortly you lift it right off with fingers. Truly!

Your druggist sells a tiny bottle of "Freeone" for a few cents, sufficient to remove every last corn, soft corn or corn between the toes, and the calluses, without soreness or irritation.

BARNEY GOOGLE

Barney Soon Finds Out What He Wants to Know.

Drawn for The Omaha Bee by Billy DeBeck



BRINGING UP FATHER

Registered U. S. Patent Office

Drawn for The Omaha Bee by McManus



The Days of Real Sport

By Briggs

ABIE THE AGENT--

Abie Knows His Man.



THE DAY AFTER THE CIRCUS

THE DAY AFTER THE CIRCUS

