

Adele Garrison "My Husband's Love"

The Visitors the Knock on the Door Brought Dicky and Madge.

I whirled at the sound of the knock which had just sounded on the living room door of our tiny apartment, and stared at Dicky dumbly.

"What the old Harry! At this time of night?" he muttered, as he strode toward the door.

I caught at his arm as he passed.

"Don't open it," I pleaded in a frantic whisper. "You don't know who it may be or whether—"

He shook off my arm, not in unkindly fashion, but decidedly.

"Don't be silly," he commanded curtly, and as he turned the key of the lock and threw open the door I watched him with a trembling fear which was tempered with distinct resentment at his manner. Then he took a step backward, and I, who had been ready to fly to his defense, turned away in a mighty effort to keep from exploding into audible laughter.

For, advancing into the room, with exaggerated mincing steps, was the figure of the woman who occupied the stateroom of the housekeeping apartments down the hall, the queer neighbor whom I had mentally christened "The Woman of the Onion," because of the bizarre loan she had negotiated but a few hours before.

But what a transformed figure she presented! This was my first thought when, after conjecturing my mistake, I turned toward her. The voluptuous body which had appeared distinctly plump beneath the rippling folds of the blue kimono she had worn on her errand of the afternoon, was now so competently corseted and braced that she appeared almost slender in the extremely modish but rather simple dark blue taffeta gown with scarlet beadings which she wore.

"We're old pals."

A garish string of large beads of the same scarlet hue swung nearly to her knees, and the same tint was carried out smartly enough as the only touch of color in her big picture hat of black velvet with curled feather edging, which topped her elaborately marcelled coiffure.

With feminine intuition I glanced furtively at her stockings. No, I had not guessed wrong! They were of dark blue silk, with scarlet stockings.

and the fancy buckles which adorned her smart patent leather pumps had scarlet as the predominant tint of their intricate beadings.

Diamonds, or good imitations, glittered in her ears, while across the bodice of her gown stretched an immense bar brooch of the same stones. And upon the plump hand which she stretched out ingratiatingly toward Dicky were several elaborate and apparently costly rings.

"How do you do?" she said, with her baby blue eyes, at once so naive and so hard, roving over Dicky with patent childish approval.

Never before have I seen my delectable husband even momentarily nonplussed by any social emergency, but he actually retreated another step backward toward me, as he murmured mechanically:

"How do you do?"

"He ignored the proffered hand also, but she was adroit enough quickly to shift the outstretched hand to her dangling chain of beads and swung them as she talked.

"We haven't had the pleasure of meeting you yet, I think, Mr. Graham," she went on with an air which she evidently fondly cherished as "real society stuff."

"Now me and Mrs. Graham, we're quite old pals now. There's nothing makes neighbors so quick, I think, as borrowing often each other—that is," she cocked a contemplative eye at me, "if they pay back."

"Petey Marks, that's us."

She was quite out of breath by this time, but she took a deep inspiration and began again.

"I s'pose you're wondering how you know your names, but that's easy if you just think it out. We looked at the card over the letter-box in the front hall. Some classy monicker, I was telling Petey only just now. Now ours isn't a bit like that. Marks, Petey Marks, that's us, only on the card we got only P. Marks, Oh, I forgot! You haven't met my husband. Excuse me, Petey."

She stepped aside, and from behind her bouffant skirts there appeared a sleek little man, more than a head shorter than she and of extremely slender proportions, with the smallest hands and feet I have ever seen attached to a man's body.

That he was much younger than his buxom wife was plainly to be seen. Also plain was the fact that he was not nearly so prepossessing as she. His features, of a distinctly Oriental cast, were set in hard calculating lines, his small black eyes

darted from one face to another, while his sleekly glossed hair and carefully manicured hands, and a certain exotic touch to his perfectly groomed clothing, marked him as belonging to the "youngie beard" class.

"This is my husband," Mrs. Marks said proudly, and Dicky, as he muttered a curt "How-dye-do," stepped forward quickly in front of me as if he were shielding me from something evil.

(Copyright, 1923.)

Burgess Bedtime Stories

By THORNTON W. BURGESS.

Farmer Brown's Boy Plans for the Chucks.

There is no joy that's greater than in aid of other folks to plan.

—Farmer Brown's Boy.

If Johnny Chuck could have heard and understood what Farmer Brown said about drowning him out he would have been very uneasy. But Johnny Chuck didn't hear and he wouldn't have understood if he had heard, so Johnny didn't worry. But Farmer Brown's Boy worried. Yes,



That's what I'll do, I'll plant a garden for Johnny and Polly, Chuck.

Farmer Brown's Boy worried. You see he knew just how his father felt. He knew that if when the corn was up those Chucks ate much of it Farmer Brown would insist that something be done to those Chucks. He would insist that they be drowned out or shot or trapped. Farmer Brown's Boy couldn't blame his father much for feeling that way.

"Of course," said Farmer Brown's Boy to himself, "I can trap those

two Chucks and carry them off and let them go where they will do no harm. But they have worked hard to make this new home and it seems a pity to upset all their plans. Then, too, I like to see them around. I wish I could talk to them and tell them that they mustn't go in that cornfield. There is plenty of food for them on the other side of the Long Lane, and we will never miss the clover and grass there. I just can't bear to think of bothering them."

For several days Farmer Brown's Boy kept thinking about Johnny and Polly Chuck, and trying to think of some way of keeping them from being disturbed. But for the life of him he couldn't think of a thing he could do. He used to go down every day to visit them, and they soon came so used to him that they would allow him to come very near before they disappeared inside their home. The cornfield had been plowed and harrowed, but it was not yet time to put in the corn. It was while he was down near the Chuck home looking over the cornfield that a great idea came to him.

Farmer Brown's Boy began to visualize a way he has of doing when he is happy. "I have it!" said he to himself. "I have it! Chucks are very fond of beans. They love young bean plants. They are also very fond of squash plants. I'll plant some squashes and some beans just for them. These will grow very nicely between rows of young corn, and Johnny and Polly Chuck won't bother the corn when they can get those other things. That's what I'll do. I'll plant a garden for Johnny and Polly Chuck."

My wouldn't Johnny and Polly Chuck have been tickled and they know what Farmer Brown's Boy was planning to do! But of course they didn't know, and of course Farmer Brown's Boy couldn't tell them. In fact, Farmer Brown's Boy didn't tell anybody, not even Farmer Brown himself. You see he didn't want to be laughed at.

So he quietly got together some seeds and waited for planting time. And all the time he kept thinking how delighted Johnny and Polly Chuck would be.

"It will be the first garden they have ever had planted just for them," thought he. "It will be the first time they have ever had such things to eat without stealing them. They probably will think they are stealing them this time, but they won't be."

I guess I will add a few cabbage plants, though I don't suppose they'll let them get big enough to amount to anything. Anyway, they will give them a taste. I just know that those Chucks and I are going to be great friends before the summer is over."

(Copyright, 1923, by T. W. Burgess.)

The next Story: "The Chucks Have Neighbors."

Milan Hats Shown for Spring



Hat of brown milan straw, covered with hand-made flowers of wool chenille. Worn by Virginia Vall, Universal star.

Uncle Sam Says

Strawberry Culture.

This booklet discusses methods of strawberry culture. It tells about the choice of the site, preparation of the soil, care of the plants the first year, fertilizers, irrigation, mulching, frost protection, and also contains several pages of recipes for the use of strawberries.

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, Department of Agriculture, Washington, D. C., asking for "F. B. 1028."

Organized working women in New York city now number more than 100,000.

Beatrice Fairfax Problems That Perplex

Should She Write Again?

Dear Miss Fairfax: Some time ago I met a young man who intended staying in this city permanently. We became good friends and were together often. For a few weeks I heard nothing from him and then he called me on the phone one day to tell me he had been ill, but was feeling better again. I knew where he was employed, but as he was only boarding with strangers I never knew where he lived.

About four weeks after he called me I received a letter from his home town, saying that he had become ill again and thought it best to go home. At first I was inclined to be a bit angry at him for not calling me before he left town, but afterwards I regretted and answered his letter. Should I have written him? He hasn't answered, and I've given him more than a reasonable length of time to do so, too. At times I think of writing to inquire whether he is ill again—which may be the reason he has not answered my letter. Do you think that would be pushing myself? I certainly don't want to do that and would like your advice on the subject please.

A PAL.

It would certainly not be pushing yourself to write again. He may be ill and would be so glad to hear from you.

The Lost Suitor

Dear Miss Fairfax: I am 18 and considered beautiful. Although I have many admirers I am not satisfied, because I am very much in love with a young man of a different religion. He proposed and I refused him because of this, as I thought we could never be happy.

I am very sorry now. He is engaged to another girl. Do you think it would be wrong for me to take him away from this other girl, as I know he loves me more?

FRANCES.

Stop letting envy and malice spoil your life. You want the man now because you resent seeing him happy with another. Your reason for refusing him seemed sufficient to you once. You are young enough to wait for a big, honest, unselfish love. If the man loves the other girl—let her have him. And if he is weak enough to become engaged to another out of pique, you don't want him.

Edith: The trouble with "little flings" is that they sometimes lead us further into adventure than we ever meant to go. And appearances are so often against us that we get an

aura of wickedness which we wear unconsciously for a time and then begin almost without knowing it to live up to.

Most philanthropists start innocently enough. They have the utmost faith in themselves. They know where to stop. They wouldn't do anything

Constipation and Sluggish Liver

Don't take chances. Get Carter's Little Liver Pills right now. They never fail to make the liver do its duty. They relieve constipation, banish indigestion, drive out biliousness, stop dizziness, clear the complexion, put a healthy glow on the cheek and sparkle in the eye. Be sure and get the genuine.

Small Pill—Small Dose—Small Price

"TIZ" GLADDENS SORE, TIRED FEET

"TIZ" makes sore, burning, tired feet fairly dance with delight. Away go the aches and pains, the corns, callouses, blisters and bunions.

"TIZ" draws out the acids and poisons that puff up your feet. No matter how hard you work, how long you dance, how far you walk, or how long you remain on your feet, "TIZ" brings restful foot comfort. "TIZ" is wonderful for tired, aching, swollen, smarting feet. Your feet just tingle for joy; shoes never hurt or seem tight.

Get a box of "TIZ" now from any druggist or department store. End foot torture forever—wear smaller shoes, keep your feet fresh, sweet and happy.



Know the comfort of a healthy skin—Don't miss the joy of a brisk rub down because of eczema or some equally annoying eruption which makes your skin burn and sting whenever you touch it. Resinol Ointment has a cooling, healing action which brings prompt relief from these ills. No matter how severe or well established the case may be, Resinol rarely fails to produce the desired results.

Resinol Soap and Resinol Shaving stick complete the Resinol trio. Ask your druggist for them.

Resinol URIC ACID

TRY THE WILLIAMS TREATMENT

85 Cent Bottle (32 Doses) FREE

Just because you start the day worried and tired, stiff legs and arms and muscles, an aching head, burning and itching down your spine in the back—worn out before the day begins—do not think you have to stay in the condition.

Be strong, well, with no stiff joints, sore muscles, rheumatic pains, aching back or kidney trouble caused by body made acids.

If you suffer from bladder weakness, with burning, stinging pains or if you are in and out of bed half a dozen times a night, you will appreciate the comfort and strength this treatment should give.

To prove The Williams Treatment conquers kidney and bladder diseases, rheumatism and all other ailments when due to excessive uric acids, no matter how chronic or stubborn, if you have never tried The Williams Treatment we will give you one \$30 bottle (32 doses) free if you will cut out this notice and send it with your name and address. Please send 10 cents to help pay postage, packing, etc., to The Dr. J. C. Williams Company, Dept. A-12, 1000 Locust Street, St. Louis, Mo. Send at once and you will receive the parcel post a regular bottle without charge and without incurring any obligation. Only one bottle to the same address or family.

really wrong for the world. But the line between little foolishness and great folly isn't so clearly defined that it is always easy to watch your step and hold back in time. After all, the simplest pleasures are the best—and one big devotion is worth half a dozen little motions.

STOP ITCHING SKIN

Zemo, the Clean, Antiseptic Liquid, Gives Prompt Relief

There is one safe, dependable treatment that relieves itching torture and that cleanses and soothes the skin.

Ask any druggist for a 50c or \$1 bottle of Zemo and apply it as directed. Soon you will find that Irritations, Pimples, Blackheads, Eczema, Blisters, Ringworm and similar skin troubles will disappear.

Zemo, the penetrating, satisfying liquid, is all that is needed, for it banishes most skin eruptions, makes the skin soft, smooth and healthy.

Loosen Up That Cold With Musterole

Have Musterole handy when a cold starts. It has all the advantages of grandmother's mustard plaster WITH-OUT the blister. You just apply it with the fingers. First you feel a warm tingle as the healing ointment penetrates the pores, then comes a soothing, cooling sensation and quick relief.

Made of pure oil of mustard and other simple ingredients, Musterole is recommended by many nurses and doctors. Try Musterole for bronchitis, sore throat, stiff neck, pleurisy, rheumatism, lumbago, croup, asthma, neuritis, congestion, pains and aches of the back or joints, sore muscles, sprains, bruises, chilblains, frost-bite, colds of the chest. It may prevent pneumonia and "flu." 35c and 65c. Jars and tubes.



"Mother Why Not Try The Newer Form Of Iron"

And Be Strong and Well and Have Nice Rosy Cheeks Instead of Being Nervous and Irritable all the Time and Looking So Haggard and Old!

The doctor gave some to Susie Smith's mother and she was worse off than you are and now she looks just fine.

There can be no healthy, beautiful rosy-cheeked women without iron. Good physicians have strongly emphasized the fact that doctors should prescribe more of the newer form of iron—Nuxated Iron—for their nervous, run-down, weak, haggard-looking patients. When the iron goes from the blood of women the roses go from their cheeks, and strength and vitality from their bodies. This newer form of iron, like the iron in your blood and like the iron in certain green vegetables, is highly recommended to thousands of hows-should-it-increase their strength, power and endurance. It is surprising how many people suffer from iron deficiency and do not know it. Iron is absolutely necessary to enable your blood to change food into living tissue. Without it, no matter how much or what you eat, your food merely passes through you without doing you the proper amount of good. You don't get the strength out of it and a consequence you become weak, pale and sickly-looking, just like a plant trying to grow in soil deficient in iron.

You can tell the women with plenty of iron in their blood—beautiful, healthy, rosy-cheeked women, full of life, vim and vitality. You can get Nuxated Iron from any druggist under an absolute guarantee that it will do the same for you or your mother's best.

SEVERE PAINS AND SO WEAK

Florida Lady Says She Suffered Greatly, but Found That Cardui Helped Her, and She Got "Stout and Well."

Dady, Fla.—"For a long time I had trouble each month, and suffered a great deal, evidently some womanly weakness," says Mrs. E. E. Pagett, who resides here on Route 1. "I would have very severe pains across my back, and feel so weak I would have to lie down, and then have a bad headache."

"I knew there was trouble somewhere, and with all the doctoring I had done, I didn't get relief. Teas and such didn't reach my trouble, so I decided to take Cardui."

"I found as the time came around, the pain was less, but I kept on till I took six bottles. I am stout and well . . . and give Cardui all the praise."

Thousands of other women praise Cardui, for beneficial results.

Cardui is a mild, harmless, vegetable tonic medicine, found valuable in the treatment of many common womanly ailments. If you suffer as many women do, don't let your troubles run on without doing anything for yourself. Take Cardui! Since it has helped so many, Cardui may be of valuable assistance to you, in regaining your health.

Take CARDUI The Woman's Tonic

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SPARKY "HITS THE HAY."



Drawn for The Omaha Bee by Billy DeBeck



Drawn for The Omaha Bee by McManus



BRINGING UP FATHER---



Registered U. S. Patent Office



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Drawn for The Omaha Bee by McManus



Wonder What Two Men in a Street Car Think About?



ABIE THE AGENT--



A Cheap Lesson at Any Price.

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