

Adele Garrison "My Husband's Love"

The Decision Made Swiftly Made to Meet Dicky's Ultimatum.

Dicky's sneering reference to me as "Joan-of-Arc-with-the-fagots - just-lighting" was the last match needed to set the powder magazine of my temper ablaze.

One of my husband's most effective ways of infuriating me is to refer to me as "martyr-like"—I sometimes wonder if my wrathful reaction to the accusation is not because of my subconscious recognition of a soupçon of truth in it—and the words in which he had couched his ultimatum concerning our finding another place had been especially blistering.

The one advantage I have in any tilt with Dicky has its roots in the essential difference of our temperaments. When he is angry he unconsciously works himself into a rage which becomes more temperamental as it advances. But as a general thing, the more angry I am, the more quiet becomes my voice, and the more controlled becomes my demeanor. Before I let myself go, I am like a seething volcano, but the mere act of loosening the reins on my wrath changes me to an iceberg, with a frigidity of voice and mien which generally stands me in good stead in any controversy.

"I—Will—Not!" So, with every nerve taut but controlled, I threw back my head and faced my irate husband steadily.

"You mean then, I infer, to break our budget agreement to pay only so much for rent because we wish to save for Junior?" I put the query lightly.

"I mean to get out of this blasted hole, no matter what I pay or what happens," Dicky stormed.

"Very well, then," I acquiesced. "You are at perfect liberty to select as expensive an apartment as you please—but it will be a bachelor one. I will not live in any apartment for which we pay more than the rent we so solemnly agreed upon when we arranged our budget."

Dicky promptly assigned the budget to a place which would inevitably consume its leaves, but I went on unheeding.

"Neither will I again undergo the back-breaking, nerve-shattering drudgery which preceded my finding of this place," I said steadily. "You hunted spectacularly for a day or two,

and then tossed the whole thing upon my shoulders, and off your own mind. You know nothing whatever of housing conditions nor of the infinite trouble I had before fortunately stumbling upon this apartment. If you can find another at the same price in which you will consent to live, I'll gladly share it, or I will stay here with you. But look farther for an apartment, myself, or live in one more expensive than this, as things I—will—not—do."

Dicky Settles One Question. I purposely made each word emphatic, and stressed the pauses between them. Then I turned away, as if Dicky's reaction to my ultimatum was a matter of no interest to me.

In reality, however, my nerves were tensely fused into one burning interrogation-point. I did not have to wait long for an answer, however. With a muttered imprecation, Dicky hurried through the frosted-glass doors which separated the living-room from the only bedroom and closed them so violently behind him that I feared the glass would be shattered.

It was a satisfactory punctuation of the controversy, I acknowledged to myself philosophically, although I well knew that it was by no means ended. But with nerves somewhat eased of their tension, I let down the big davenport, which was a really good-looking couch by day, and a comfortable bed at night, and adjusted my coverlets and pillows.

The couch had been one of the things which decided me upon the apartment—this chance for Dicky and me to have the separate rooms that have been ours since our marriage, and because of his propensity for throwing his things upon the bed or floor, whichever happened to be handiest. I had given him the bedroom, and taken the living-room with its disguised davenport as my own sleeping chamber. My comb and brush and other toilet articles I kept in a drawer of the writing desk, but my bathrobe, kimono and night dresses were hung up in the big wardrobe which served as our only closet in Dicky's room.

I was just wondering how I was to get them, when the glass door opened a crack, and through it hurtled a bundle, falling apart as it struck the floor, sent all my night and early morning requirements—including my slippers, my socks and a morning house-gown—sprawling in a dozen directions. Dicky had forgotten nothing, and my anger

Burgess Bedtime Stories

By THORNTON W. BURGESS.

Mr. Blacksnake Makes a Shrewd Guess.

"The well we do not know our fate. Nor guess the trouble that await."

Had Drummer the Woodpecker known who was listening when he drummed his joy because the new house he and Mrs. Drummer had been building was finished, he wouldn't have flown away with Mrs. Drummer in search of a dinner as happily as he did. No, he wouldn't. Probably both he and Mrs. Drummer would have forgotten all about dinner, and I am quite sure that both of them would have lost all their joy in the new home.

You see, it happened that Mr. Blacksnake, who had awakened from his



He Saw Mr. Blacksnake and Instantly He Grated His Teeth and Growled.

Winter sleep some little time before, was lazily making his way down the Long Lane. He was traveling along close to the fence, and wondering where he would get the next meal.

When he heard that rat-a-tat coming from a tree just ahead of him, Mr. Blacksnake lifted his head and his eyes brightened. He stopped to listen. At least I suppose that is what

against him was distinctly mitigated with amusement as I surveyed the heterogeneous collection upon the floor of the living-room. But that there was no diminution of Dicky's anger, I realized as I heard the door close again with an angry click.

you would say. A Snake, you know, has no ears. But he has a way of feeling sound.

"There's a Woodpecker up in that tree," thought Mr. Blacksnake. "And if I know anything about it, he has a nest up there. If he hasn't he ought to have. It is just about nesting time for Woodpeckers. I suppose it is too early yet for any young birds, but there may be eggs. I certainly would like some eggs. I sure would. I don't feel much like climbing that tree, but I would do it in a minute if I was sure I would find eggs up there."

Mr. Blacksnake slowly glided along until he reached the foot of the tree in which Drummer and Mrs. Drummer had made their new home. He looked that tree all over. It was a tree he could climb without a great deal of difficulty. Mr. Blacksnake coiled up at the foot of it to think things over. He was hungry. Perhaps if he kept on he could get a dinner on the other hand, he might have to travel a long distance without a chance to get anything to eat.

"It's worth trying," hissed Mr. Blacksnake at last, and slowly uncoiling he prepared to climb that tree.

Just as he started up that tree Johnny Chuck happened along. He saw Mr. Blacksnake, and instantly he grated his teeth and growled. Johnny Chuck didn't like Mr. Blacksnake. He wasn't afraid of him, for Johnny was too big for Mr. Blacksnake to hurt. But he didn't like Mr. Blacksnake to be around. You know nobody likes Mr. Blacksnake.

Just then Johnny saw for the first time a lot of very tiny chips of white wood scattered about the foot of that tree. He knew what they meant. He guessed right away that Drummer the Woodpecker and Mrs. Drummer had made a new home up in that tree. He knew then what Mr. Blacksnake was climbing that tree for. He knew that somehow Mr. Blacksnake had guessed that there was a home up in that tree and was going up to find out.

The hair along Johnny's back stood up, and he showed all his teeth as he grated them. But there wasn't a thing he could do. Mr. Blacksnake paid no attention to him at all. He kept right on without hurrying at all. He seemed to know that he could take his time.

"Oh, dear. I do hope that neither Drummer or Mrs. Drummer are in their home!" thought Johnny. The next story: "Mr. Blacksnake is Disappointed."

Beatrice Fairfax Problems That Perplex

Comments on Ambitious Mother.

Dear Miss Fairfax: In reading The Evening Bee of Thursday I see where a woman writes to you about "Ambitious Mother's" letter. Well, she may know something of a high-tempered husband, and I agree with her one can handle those high-tempered husbands if they will. I have been married 12 years and I don't think there could be a higher tempered husband than I have, and when he gets one of those fits, as I call them, I don't let on as though he was talking to me. I go about the house and sing, and I just let him alone until he gets through with his mad spell; then he is good as he can be. I find out by experience it is the best not to talk to a person when he is mad. One word brings on another. Maybe everybody isn't just like myself. I know of some people who would love to quarrel rather than sleep—not me. Well, I hope my letter don't reach the waste paper basket, and here is the very best wishes and good luck to you and your work, Miss Fairfax.

P. S.—When you do September 7, 1924, come on please?

JUST A READER OF YOUR COLUMN—GOOD LUCK. September 7, 1924, fell on Friday.

Toasts: Decorate with crepe paper in the colors of your classes. Write to Miss Mary Williams, Nebraska State Library Commission, at Lincoln, for books on "Games for All Occasions."

Give Him Up. Dear Miss Fairfax: I am a girl of 22 and for about six or seven months have been keeping company with a young man.

Now, my trouble is: That this young man claims to care a great deal for me and has spoken indirectly of marriage several times, but he has never been inside the house or met my folks. He has only taken me some place once or twice all this time and never calls me up. He just takes me home from parties and dances, once a week, or sometimes once in two weeks, where we both happen to be. Otherwise I never see him or hear anything from him. But still, when he is with me, he acts like he cares a great deal for me. Now, Miss Fairfax, do you think he really does care for me? It seems to me that he would not treat me this way if he did. I think quite a lot of him, but am in doubt as to whether he means what he has told me. Other girls' sweethearts do not treat them that way. Would you ask him the reason for this or give him up? I

promise to follow whatever advice you give me. Sometimes this young man treats me indifferently and has caused me to feel badly more than once.

Please answer in The Evening Bee and I want to thank you in advance for your advice. "CAROLINE C."

He cannot possibly care much for you and act as he does. You are young, why not try to charm some one else who is capable of some affection. I should think your future would be very gray with this man.

Tempest: Consult a lawyer. I. G. H.: Consult a hair dresser. You probably need scalp treatment.

Mrs. P. E.: Write to the Woman's Exchange, 1517 Douglas street. It is run by the Omaha Woman's club. Before sending the bedspread write them for particulars.

Worried: You should weigh about 170. But why worry about it if you are in good health? If not, consult a doctor.

Jimmie and Billie: The legal age is now 21. Parents sometimes do have marriages of minors annulled. You would have to consult a lawyer for more exact information. Mabel: As you are both young, I think it would be advisable to wait a year or two. Your parents have the right idea—why not take their advice?

Babe: When some one says, "I am glad to have met you," you say simply, "Thank you," or "And I am glad to know you." The best rule to follow in any situation is the natural simple one.

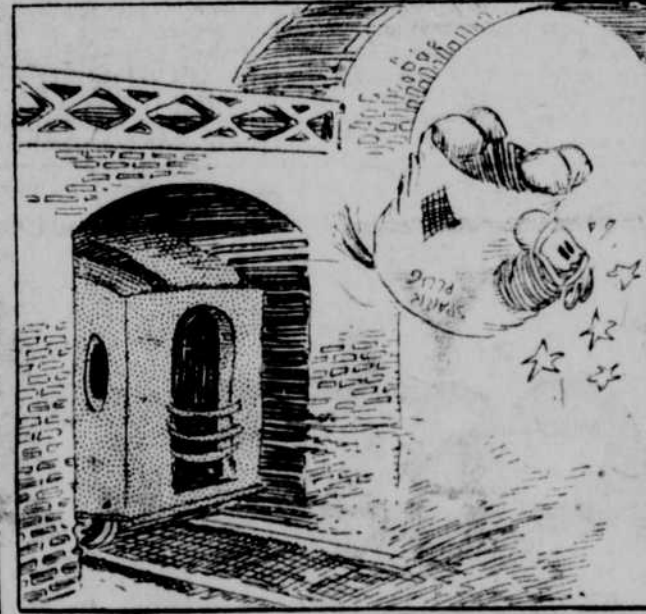
Uncle Sam Says Whooping Cough. Whooping cough is as serious as scarlet fever and is often followed by such illness as tuberculosis, bronchial disorders, and defective eyesight. Yearly, it is the cause of over 10,000 deaths among children, and yet some parents intentionally expose their children to the disease.

This booklet on whooping cough which is issued by the United States Public Health Service tells of the symptoms of whooping cough, and in the absence of complications, gives suggestions for its treatment. Readers of the Omaha Bee may obtain a copy of this booklet free as long as the free edition lasts by writing to the United States Public Health Service, Washington, D. C., asking for "Reprint 100."

BARNEY GOOGLE---

Barney Arrives in Baltimore, but Sparky Is Missing.

Drawn for The Omaha Bee by Billy DeBeck



BRINGING UP FATHER---

Registered U. S. Patent Office SEE JIGGS AND MAGGIE IN FULL PAGE OF COLORS IN THE SUNDAY BEE

Drawn for The Omaha Bee by McManus



Oh, Man

By Briggs

ABIE THE AGENT--

Beat That If You Can.



Advertisement for NUXATED IRON, featuring a woman's portrait and text about iron's benefits for health and vitality.

Advertisement for MENTHOL SULPHUR, describing it as a skin treatment for various conditions like eczema and itching.

Advertisement for LYKO, a general tonic, highlighting its effectiveness for improving health, strength, and attraction.

Advertisement for TO-NIGHT Tomorrow Alright, promoting a tablet for digestive and stomach issues.

Advertisement for NUXATED IRON, emphasizing its role as a blood purifier and general tonic.

Advertisement for LYKO, featuring a testimonial from a man who regained his health and vitality through the tonic.

Advertisement for Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription, a medicine for women's health.

Advertisement for Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription, detailing its benefits for various ailments.

Advertisement for Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription, including a testimonial from a woman.

Advertisement for Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription, describing it as a 'miraculous' cure.

Advertisement for Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription, featuring a testimonial from a woman and a list of ailments it treats.