

Adele Garrison "My Husband's Love"

What Madge Forced Herself to Believe She Had Imagined.

With the philosophic determination to push aside all further thought of the controversy between Dicky and me until the morrow, I picked up from the floor the articles of my clothing which Dicky had thrown through the door. Then, hurriedly undressing, I carefully arranged my pretty evening gown over the back of an armchair, and when my preparations for the night were completed, snapped out the light, opened the window wide and crept into my divan bed.

But not to sleep. I had thought that anger against Dicky was the only emotion swaying me. But the touch of the beautiful filmy gown he had bought for me had brought the remembrance of his patent pride in me and his tenderness toward me during our evening with Alfred and Lella Durkee.

Why was it that such exquisite experiences were almost so inevitably followed by some sordid clash of temper such as we had just exhibited? My conscience acquitted me of the blame. Dicky distinctly had not only been the aggressor in the quarrel, but had been entirely wrong in his attitude. And yet—

Might I not have been more oscillatory in my own manner? Shouldn't I have soothed his very natural irritation against the flamboyant Mrs. Marks and her saturnine husband for their intrusion and sidetracked the question of moving until he was in a mood to be coaxed out of it?

Madge Is Troubled.
"Coaxed." The word so distasteful to me, rose and stared me in the face challengingly.

I always have despised the parasitic wives who rule their husbands by tears and wheedling far more tyrannically than could the most automatic militant of the new type of woman. Not more than once or twice in my life with Dicky have I ever approached him with a coaxing manner, and then only because of some sudden emergency which demanded quick action from him that I secure in no other way than by wheedling.

Had this episode tonight been such an emergency, which would have justified wheedling my husband, a performance which violates my self-re-

spect? I found I was too tired and miserable for consideration of that question, and I counted sheep, recited poems backward, did imaginary algebra problems—exhausted all the devices I knew in the effort to woo the lumber that danced so elusively just out of my reach.

It was perhaps an hour after I had gone to bed that I heard the hall door of the apartment open, and the high-pitched voice of Mrs. Marks in what she evidently believed to be a whisper:

"Don't speak, any of youse. No use waking up the 400."
To my surprise, there was no sarcastic intonation to the epithet. Evidently something about us had impressed Mrs. Marks' weak imagination, and that she distinctly approved of us was clear.

"Shut up, yourself," the saturnine Petey replied conjugally, and the little procession—my strained eyes caught the muffled footfalls of at least four people—went down the hall, and I heard the careful closing of a door.

I lifted my wristwatch to my eyes and saw by its illuminated dial that it was almost 3 o'clock in the morning. I knew from the description of the old landlady from whom I had rented our apartment, that the one at the rear of the floor, occupied by the Marks family, had no more rooms than ours. Surely four people could not be housed in that tiny rear apartment. And yet, bringing up visitors at this hour in the morning in such stealthy fashion—

I rebuked my curiosity sharply. It was no business of mine, I told myself wittingly, whether Petey Marks and his spouse brought one guest or a dozen at noon, midnight or dawn. And again I began counting my mythical sheep, until the sound of high heels, unmistakably those of my flamboyant neighbor, tap-tapping down the corridor toward my door, brought me bolt upright in bed, breathing heavily. Surely she did not mean to knock at my door!

No. With a little gasp of relief, I heard her undoing the outer door of the apartment, and then it closed with a resonant slam. And then I lay, tense, breathless, wondering if my imagination were playing tricks upon me.
For I seemed to hear just outside my door the sound of heavy, hurried breathing and then the soft tip-toeing of feet away from my door down the long corridor leading to the Marks apartment.

Burgess Bedtime Stories

By THORNTON W. BURGESS

Disappointment is our lot far more frequently than not. —Mr. Blacksnake.
Mr. Blacksnake Is Disappointed
When Mr. Blacksnake started to climb that tree near the home of Johnny Chuck he didn't know that Drummer the Woodpecker and Mrs. Drummer had a home up there, but he felt pretty sure they had. You see, he had seen the chips at the bottom of the tree. He climbed slowly, for he was in no hurry. And



Both sat still and listened. as he climbed he looked carefully on all sides for a new hole in the trunk of the tree. At last he discovered what he was looking for. He saw the small round entrance to the Woodpecker home.

Mr. Blacksnake's eyes glistened. He climbed to a branch a little way above that entrance, and then he looked around it. Slowly he let himself down until his head was at the entrance. His eyes glistened more than ever. Would he find eggs in there? Perhaps he would find Mrs. Drummer in there. Perhaps he would get both Mrs. Drummer and eggs.

His eyes glistened more than ever. Then he put his head in at that opening, and his neck followed.
A moment later he drew his neck and head out, and there were both disappointment and anger in his bright unwinking eyes. He had found neither Mrs. Drummer nor the eggs in there. He knew that house was just finished. He had had his

climb for nothing. He hissed angrily. Then a look of cunning came into his eyes.
"Those Woodpeckers probably have gone off to get something to eat. It is plain to see that they have just finished this home. They won't stay away from it long. No sir, they won't stay from it long. I'll wait here until they come," said Mr. Blacksnake to himself.

So Mr. Blacksnake coiled himself as comfortably as he could just above the entrance to the new home of the Woodpeckers, and settled down to wait. He had an idea he wouldn't have to wait long, but he was willing to wait a long time if necessary. You see, he had considerable patience when the matter of a dinner is concerned.

Meanwhile Drummer the Woodpecker and Mrs. Drummer were busily hunting a dinner. They had gone over to the Old Orchard. That the work of building that new home was done they were quite willing to rest. They were very happy. There were no happier people in all the Old Orchard. They didn't say much, for that is not their way. But each knew just how happy the other was. And not once did it enter either head that it was possible for anything to be wrong at their home.

It took them some time to satisfy their appetites, for while they had been working they had not eaten as much as they would have liked. You see, they hadn't wanted to take the time to hunt for food. But at last their stomachs were full, and they were just making ready to start back home when their heads Sammy Jay screaming at the top of his lungs.

"Listen!" exclaimed Drummer. "That sounds as if Sammy is very near our new home, and he is very much excited about something."
Both sat still and listened. There was no doubt that Sammy Jay was much excited. Also there was no doubt that he was very, very angry. What could it mean, Drummer looked at Mrs. Drummer. Mrs. Drummer looked at Drummer. Sammy Jay certainly was over in that tree where their new home was.

(Copyright, 1923.)
The next story: "Mr. Blacksnake Decides to Give Up."
Pie Baking.
After putting the bottom crust in the pan let it stand 15 minutes before filling. This will prevent shrinking and make a larger pie. It is also to prevent toughness of a lower crust.

Nature Must Be in Harmony With Life

By BEATRICE FAIRFAX.

Gordon has an ungovernable temper. It discourages him so that he is just about ready to give up. It costs him friends, positions, peace of mind and faith in himself. He doesn't know when he is going to fly into a rage. He says he is the most miserable man in the world and doesn't know how he is going to bear his cross.

"I can't trust myself," he says. "I don't know when I'm going to fly off the handle. I can't be sure at what moment I'm going to see red. Why, suppose in one of those blind rages of mine I did something irrevocable. I tell you I just about can't live with this thing hanging over my head. My temper is ungovernable—that is the only word for it."
Every man has the right to command himself. Every man has the ability to enforce obedience in his own nature. A temper is a rebel in the camp of self. And it is that rebel that permitted a reign of misrule.

When a man says he has a bad temper—he means that he is permitting a lawlessness to possess him. Anyone who wants to be happy must have his nature in harmony with the laws of life. Temper is discord. You wouldn't be in deliberate discord with an orchestra in which you played an instrument, would you? You wouldn't say you couldn't play in tune—that you couldn't govern your trombone or your flute, would you? You wouldn't confess that you were playing an instrument you couldn't control. You would feel that you had a right to authority over the violin or the cello you were making it your life work to play.

But the first instrument you have to learn to play is yourself. And you can do that just as surely as you can pick up something entirely outside yourself and learn to control it. The minute you say your temper is "ungovernable" you give it authority it cannot get anywhere in the world except from you. You put your head under the heel of a tyrant. You give in to the misrule of something that is only a phantom of your imagination. All you have to do is start out to believe that you can control any thing you don't let get the upper

hand. Then you have to see the unreasonableness of letting anything excite you to the point where you don't reason. And pretty soon you'll know that your temper is subject to law and government and that it is your right to exercise them.

A Question of Etiquet.

Dear Miss Fairfax: Please answer a few questions for me. Should a lady remove her gloves before shaking hands? When a friend sends you something and you are expecting it, should you write a note of thanks, although you expect to see the person inside of 10 days? How does a bride and groom, with attendants, stand in a home wedding?
A lady should not remove her glove before shaking hands. Yes, write a note of thanks immediately. The groomsmen at the right of the groom, the bridesmaids at the left of the bride.

A Very Troubled Young Man: If she loves you sincerely you should be able to leave for a year without her. Candy is a very suitable gift for any girl, and remember it never means anything serious, nor do flowers, no matter how large or expensive they may be. I see no objections to the motor rides.
Reis: I cannot answer your questions about the Suez canal. I note you live in Omaha. I am very sure the Omaha Public Library would have material which would answer your inquiries. Why not go there?

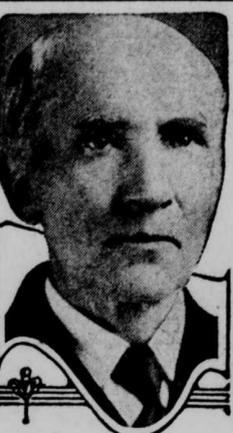
Uncle Sam Says

Corn and Its Uses as Food.

The ordinary diet in this country includes some vegetables and fruits, some flesh foods, dairy products and eggs, some fats, some sugars or other sweets, and some of the starchy cereals. Foods such as corn, wheat, rice or oats. As far as food values are concerned, it makes little difference which cereal is used and one kind may be substituted for another more or less as convenience, price and personal preference suggest.

This booklet tells about the value of corn as human food and gives practical suggestions and receipts for using corn preparations in a variety of ways.
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. 1235."

FRANK BERG, at 72, says he feels like a youngster. He gives Tanlac credit for restoring his health.



"I am seventy-two years old, but Tanlac has fixed me up so fine I believe I could get busy with my trowel and lay brick as well as I ever did," recently stated Frank Berg, well-known resident of Parnell, Mo.
"Before taking Tanlac, stomach trouble, constipation, headaches, dizziness, nervousness and sleeplessness was making life miserable for me and I was all run down."
"But the Tanlac treatment just tore down the old wall between me and good health and I'm mighty glad my wife is a good cook, for I have a rousing appetite now. My nerves have steadied down, too, and I'm sleeping and feeling fine. It's a pleasure to tell folks how good Tanlac is."
Tanlac is for sale by all good druggists. Accept no substitute. Over 27,000,000 bottles sold.—Advertisement

How You Can Remove Every Trace of Hair

(Toilet Talks.)
A stiff paste made with some powdered talcum and water and spread on a hairy surface about 2 minutes will, when removed, take every trace of hair with it. The skin should then be washed to free it from the remaining talcum. No harm can result from this treatment, but be sure it is delatone you get and you will not be disappointed. Mix fresh as wanted.

HAVE COLOR IN CHEEKS

Be Better Looking—Take Olive Tablets
If your skin is yellow—complexion pallid—tongue coated—appetite poor—you have a bad taste in your mouth—a lazy, no-good feeling—you should take Olive Tablets.
Dr. Edwards' Olive Tablets—a substitute for salams—were prepared by Dr. Edwards after 17 years of study.
Dr. Edwards' Olive Tablets are a purely vegetable compound mixed with olive oil. You will know them by their green color.
To have a clear, pink skin, bright eyes, no pimples, a feeling of buoyancy like childhood days you must get at the cause. Dr. Edwards' Olive Tablets act on the liver and bowels like calomel—yet have no dangerous after-effects.
They start the bile and overcome constipation. Take one or two nightly and note the pleasing results. Millions of boxes are sold annually at 15c and 30c.

Newer Form of Iron is Red Blood Food

If your blood is thin, pale and watery, leaving you weak, nervous and run-down, you need rich, red blood with plenty of iron in it to give you strength, energy and endurance. It would surely astonish you to see how in two short weeks a little more iron in your blood would give you the elasticity, the strength and energy of childhood days. It is the iron in your blood that enables you to get the good out of your food. Without iron, nothing you eat does you any good. Your food simply passes through you and your body is literally starving on three big meals a day.
This newer form of iron known as Nuxated Iron is like the iron in fresh vegetables and like the iron in your blood in concentrated form. It may be had from all druggists with a guarantee of entirely satisfactory results or your money back.
NUXATED IRON BUILDS RICH, RED BLOOD

BARNEY GOOGLE---



SPARKY'S LUCKY TO BE LEAN.



Drawn for The Omaha Bee by Billy DeBeck



Drawn for The Omaha Bee by Billy DeBeck



BRINGING UP FATHER---



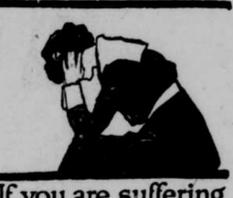
SEE, JIGGS AND MAGGIE IN FULL PAGE OF COLORS IN THE SUNDAY BEE.



Drawn for The Omaha Bee by McManus



Drawn for The Omaha Bee by McManus



If you are suffering from skin trouble and have tried various treatments without success don't be discouraged.

Resinol

Ointment and Resinol Soap bring speedy relief from eczema and other itching or embarrassing eruptions, and usually succeed in making the skin clear and healthy again.
Your druggist carries Resinol Ointment and Resinol Soap. Try them!

BACK ACHED TERRIBLY

Mrs. Robinson Tells How She Found Relief by Taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound
Amarillo, Tex.—"My back was my greatest trouble. It would ache so that it would almost kill me and I would have cramps and suffer in this way about three years; then a lady friend suggested that I try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. I have had better health since, keep house and am able to do my work. I recommend the Vegetable Compound to my friends as it has done me so much good." —Mrs. C. B. ROBINSON, 608 N. Lincoln St., Amarillo, Texas.
The Vegetable Compound is a splendid medicine for women. It relieves the troubles which cause such symptoms as backache, painful times, irregularity and worn-out feelings and nervousness. This is shown again and again by such letters as Mrs. Robinson writes as well as by one woman telling another. These women know what it did for them. It is surely worth your trial.
Housewives make a great mistake in allowing themselves to become so ill that it is well-nigh impossible for them to attend to their necessary household duties.

COUGHING

"Flu," Bronchitis LA GRIPPE
Eases hard coughs—loosens and raises the phlegm easily, heals the sore spots. More bottles used each year than of any other cough medicine. No Narcotics Sold everywhere.
WHEN IN NEED OF HELP TRY OMAHA BEE WANT ADS.

Movie of a Man With a Terrible Slice



By Briggs



ABIE THE AGENT--



By Briggs



A Neat Slam.



PAIN IN BACK, SIDES AND HEAD

Arkansas Lady Says Mother Gave Her Cardui and She Had No More Trouble of This Kind.
Lamar, Ark.—Mrs. Edith Seeman here recently made the following statement describing her experience in the use of Cardui:
"I had pain in my back and sides; had sick headaches and my nose would bleed. I couldn't sit up at all."
"My mother gave me Cardui. I took about a half bottle and at this I was able to get up and help with the work. Next time I took it again, and now, after taking two bottles, I do not have any trouble at all at this time. I gained, my skin cleared up, I am healthy and strong."
"My mother took Cardui for a weak, run-down condition. It did her more good for weakness and nervousness than any medicine she has ever taken. She took six bottles in all. We recommend it and certainly know its worth."
The foregoing is one out of thousands of statements which have been received from users of Cardui, the woman's tonic. If you are a sufferer from womanly ailments, try Cardui. It may be just what you need. Get it at the drug store.
Take CARDUI The Woman's Tonic