

Adele Garrison "My Husband's Love"

Why Madge Felt She Must Hide Mrs. Marks From Dicky.
Mrs. Marks opened her bathroom door promptly and noiselessly and after drawing me inside, shut and looked at me as silently. I looked at her in astonishment and no little anger, for despite the pain I was suffering, I was beginning to realize the audacity of the woman in hiding in my kitchen and frightening me in the way she had done.

But one look at the strained, frightened expression in her china-blue eyes and the grayish color which showed wherever her mask of rouge and powder would permit it, banished my anger. There was a soul in sore straits of some kind and it did not behoove me to add to her burden.

"Say, you're white, dearie. I'll say that for you." Her voice was still hoarse and the low whisper she had used in the kitchen and I noticed that her eyes and ears were strained in that direction. "I never was so near passing out in my life as when I saw you headed for your kitchen, and knew you'd scream if you saw me. Say— with a sudden jerk of her head toward the bedroom in our apartment—'can your husband hear me? He ain't like you, dearie, he don't like yours truly—little-bit, and he'll raise the old Harry if he knows I'm in here.'"

"He won't hear you, if you keep your voice low." I whispered back steadily, "but—I am ill, and I must get back to bed as quickly as I can."

"You poor kid!" Her eyes took in for the first time my hot water bottle. "What's the trouble?" "Nervous indigestion," I replied shortly.

"You're awful good." "Ain't that fierce?" she responded. "You can't tell me nothing about that thing, I've had it. You ought to have a mustard poultice." "I have one and have taken all the remedies," I returned. "Well," she returned competently, "you don't want to listen to no spiel of mine now. But when your husband and mine are gone tomorrow I'll come in and explain everything. But, please, will you let me stay in your kitchen a while longer? I won't hurt nothing and you don't know what it means to me."

The mustard poultice was beginning to "draw," and the pain in my chest was not yet conquered. Between the two, I think I would have assented to almost any request of Mrs. Marks in order to get rid of her. "Yes, yes," I said. "Do whatever you like, but I must go at once." "You're awful good," she said humbly, "and I won't forget it. I'll turn out this light now, and the second you're inside your door and shut it, I'll beat it to the kitchen." She fitted the action to the word, but as I advanced toward my wide-open living-room door, with its light streaming out into the hall, Dicky's tall figure, bath-robed and slippered, advanced to meet me.

Dicky Is Solicitous.
"What the—?" he began angrily, but a thought of the woman trapped in our bathroom behind me compelled me to the confession I never would have

made for myself, with the remembrance of Dicky's anger vivid before me. "Oh, Dicky!" I said appealingly. "I am so ill." The anger left his eyes, and anxiety, affectionate but irritated, flashed into them.

"What?" The anger left his eyes, and anxiety, affectionate but irritated, flashed into them. His arm went round me, and he drew me through the living-room door, mechanically closing it after him, to my great relief. I could visualize Mrs. Marks slipping fearfully and noiselessly down the hall to hide herself in our little kitchen.

Dicky put his hand under my chin and turned my face up to the light. "I should say you are ill," he said. "What is it?" He wrinkled up his nose sniffing in disgust. "Oh! I see. Nervous indigestion. I can smell the mustard. Now, why in the name of Moses and all the patriarchs, didn't you call me?"

I suppose something involuntary came into my eyes, for a shame-faced expression flashed into those of my husband. "Oh! I know, I know," he said hurriedly. "You probably would have felt more like appealing even to the frisky Mrs. Marks than to me, and I don't blame you. I was an awful—"

I put up my hand and covered his lips with it. "Don't," I said, managing a smile despite my pain, "or I'll have to tell you what a mean little cat I was, and that would be terribly humiliating to one of my proud spirits!"

Beatrice Fairfax Problems That Perplex

The Homely Girl.
Dear Miss Fairfax: Sometimes I think I'm the homeliest girl in town. I have a muddled complexion, stringy hair, a shiny nose and a poor figure. Nothing looks well on me. I haven't a bit of vitality or charm. Truly, I'm a poor sinner. But if any sacrifice or effort, could make an ugly duckling over into a swan, I'd be ready for it.

I am 24 and earn \$60 a week as confidential secretary and assistant to a banker. I sometimes wonder how he stands me around when there are so many attractive girls in the world with just as much ability as I have. What chance has the homely girl of happiness—and love? What chance has she to get anything she really wants? BERTHA.

Isn't \$60 a week and the success for which it stands, something? Doesn't a fine position indicate ability and the reward it wins? No girl who has the mentality to make a success in her field should be so dull or unimaginative as to imagine that she can't make as much improvement in her own personality as she has in the position to which she has mounted from a probably \$8 or \$10 a week beginning and the mental beginnings for which that stands.

Good food, exercise and self-control are likely to improve a poor complexion and a bad figure. Stringy hair can be shampooed and encouraged by drawing like the deuce," he said, "to induce a desisted repentance like this. Now don't you want me to go down to the kitchen and make you a cup of tea?"

treatments, and made to look well by careful dressing. Diet and astringents can deal with shiny skin. No woman need look her worst if she will take thought and seek the proper advice in order to work improvements in her appearance.

The homely girl has the same chance in the world that any other sensible person has—to study herself and to make the most of her real gifts. Beauty is sometimes a free gift, an accident—but a lovely expression and a gracious manner can be acquired by the woman who refuses to be ugly even if she can't be beautiful.

Betty: There is an old saying which goes: "As much pity to see a woman weep as a goose go bare-foot." There is an ugly tang to the proverb which suggests that tears are so natural to woman that they are not worth considering. But, perhaps, we ourselves are to blame for the idea.

Women have for long ages fallen back on tears as their weapon when argument and effort failed. And now that women are out in the field of work doing their part in the world's business it is high time that they decided to stand squarely on the rights of situations and give up the idea of gaining their ends through whining and tears.

Anxious: I would advise you to remove the gloves entirely. However, if you prefer to keep them on during the dinner it is perfectly all right to do so.

Our Children

The Trustees.
Go slow with the "only-boys-in-the-room-can-trust" speech. When honore are to be distributed it is well to have the approval of the group. You won't always know what they know.

Tommy seated himself at the dinner table with an expression of grim joy. His mother was uneasy. "Tommy, what have you been doing?" "Doing? Nothing. Put, oh, Mom, you know Arthur and Ben Lowe and Dick Lowrie? Well, they got theirs today! Some fun! Some fun we had, I'll say! We crowned 'em and we beamed 'em!"

"You've been fighting again! How'll I ever face those people? You're always disgracing me." "Wait till I tell you! Today, when Miss Marie was out of the room Red's mother came and she was talking to her, we threw papers. Not much. Just a little. All of us did it and those three the worst. Dick Lowrie began it by hitting me with some lanky blotting paper right in the face. When he heard Miss Marie turning down the hall we began working and so did the other two and the rest of us got caught, and she says: 'You three are the only boys in the room I can trust. The only ones.' And they sat up like big stiffs, just as if they believed it."

Then the principal came to speak to her again and she stepped—just outside the door and Red he slips out of his seat and makes a halo over their heads with his hands. They don't see him—they're sitting up so

good and noble, but the rest of us burst right out laughing and she got back into the room just in time to catch Red getting back into his seat and says we all got to stay in and get five demerits—all except the three angels.

"There was a teachers' meeting this afternoon, so she couldn't keep us and we got those three and we took an old tin from the lot and we crowned 'em and we messed them some. Oh, boy! Some fun."

"You're a lot of perfect savages! What will those boys' mothers say? How do you think I feel when they tell me how rough you are?" "Who? Me? Rough? I suppose you think Arthur and Dick and Ben aren't rough? The three of them stood the whole of us up until we chased them into Lowrie's yard, and then we didn't get much the best of them 'cause Lowrie turned the hose on us and wet us some, but he broke his own mother's window, so he is fixed, and Arthur pulled a rail off our fence and kept tripping us with it. Talk about rough! Some fun we had! We crowned the teacher's good boys!"

Yes, yes. Go slow on the trustees unless you have the group opinion—and then go slow, too. Boys are boys, if they're healthy.

Constipation Vanishes Forever

Prompt—Permanent—Relief CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS never fail. Purely vegetable—act surely but gently on the liver.
Stop after-dinner distress—correct indigestion—improve the complexion—brighten the eyes. Small Pill—Small Dose—Small Price.

To Make Good You Must Keep Clean

You will be stronger mentally, you will have more vim, vigor and vitality, if you keep your head and body clean—if you keep every one of the approximately 8,500,000 pores of your body open and at work, throwing off poisons and waste matter from the body.

The FITCH SHAMPOO cleans the hair and the scalp and every pore in the human body, which is essential for good health, leaving the skin smooth and soft. It is antiseptic. Its cleansing properties, when demonstrated at a clinic before 25 public health nurses, were proved to be 100 per cent efficacious by removing all dandruff, dirt and vermin from the heads of school children, leaving their scalps and hair clean and healthy.

Every man and woman, and every child, whether at home or attending school, should be cleansed from head to foot at least once a week with this preparation.

The FITCH SHAMPOO is on sale at first class toilet goods counters. In two sizes, 75 cents, \$1.50 for family package. Complete directions in package. Applications at all leading barber shops.

FIERY, ITCHY SKIN QUICKLY SOOTHED WITH SULPHUR

Mentho-Sulphur, a pleasant cream, will soothe and heal skin that is irritated or broken out with eczema that is covered with ugly rash or pimples, or is rough or dry. Nothing soothes fiery skin eruptions so quickly, says a noted skin specialist.

The moment this sulphur preparation is applied the itching stops and after two or three applications the eczema is gone and the skin is delightfully clear and smooth. Sulphur is so precious as a skin remedy because it destroys the parasites that cause the burning, itching or disfigurement. Mentho-Sulphur always heals eczema right up.

A small jar of Rowles Mentho-Sulphur may be had at any good drug store.

Attractiveness Added to Every Room by Use of Table

Every room in the home is made more attractive by using some sort of a suitable table, the top, the gate-leg, the sewing, writing or any other which may be of service in that particular room. Scarcely every living room needs one or two and every bed chamber should be equipped with one.

A Good Thing—Don't Miss It.

Send your name and address plainly written together with 5 cents and this slip to Chamberlain Medicine Co., Des Moines, Iowa, and receive in return a trial package containing Chamberlain's Cough Remedy for coughs, colds, croup, bronchitis, whooping cough, and tickling throat; Chamberlain's Stomach and Liver Tablets for stomach troubles, indigestion, gassy pains that retch the heart, biliousness and constipation; Chamberlain's Salve, needed every family for burns, scalds, wounds, piles, and skin affections. These valued family medicines for only 5 cents. Don't miss it!

FOR ITCHING TORTURE

Use Antiseptic Liquid Zemo

There is one remedy that seldom fails to stop itching torture and relieve skin irritation, and that makes the skin soft, clear and healthy. Any druggist can supply you with Zemo, which generally overcomes skin diseases. Eczema, Itch, Pimples, Itches, Blackheads, in most cases give way to Zemo. Frequently, minor blemishes disappear overnight. Itching usually stops instantly. Zemo is a safe, antiseptic liquid, clean, easy to use and dependable. It costs only 30c; an extra large bottle, \$1.00. It is positively safe for tender, sensitive skins.

KEEP LOOKING YOUNG

It's Easy—If You Know Dr. Edwards' Olive Tablets.

The secret of keeping young is to feel young—to do this you must watch your liver and bowels—there's no need of having a sallow complexion—dark rings under your eyes—pimples—a bilious look in your face—dull eyes with no sparkle. Your doctor will tell you ninety per cent of all sickness comes from inactive bowels and liver.

Dr. Edwards, a well-known physician in Ohio, perfected a vegetable compound mixed with olive oil to act on the liver and bowels, which he gave to his patients for years.

Dr. Edwards' Olive Tablets, the substance he created, is their secret yet always effective. They bring about that natural buoyancy which all should enjoy by toning up the liver and clearing the system of impurities.

Dr. Edwards' Olive Tablets are known by their olive color. 10c and 50c.

TODAY I AM REAL WELL

So Writes Woman After Taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound

Jamestown, N.Y.—"I was nervous, easily excited and discouraged and had no ambition. Part of the time I was not able to sit up as I suffered with pains in my back and with weakness. I took Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, both the liquid and tablet forms, and used Lydia E. Pinkham's Sarsaparilla Wash for inflammation. Today I am real well and run a rooming house and do the work. I recommend your medicine to every woman who complains, and you may use my letter to help any one else. I am passing through the Change of Life now and I keep the Vegetable Compound in the house, ready to take when I feel the need of it."—Mrs. ALICE D. DAVIS, 203 W. Second St., Jamestown, N.Y.

Often some slight derangement may cause a general upset condition of the whole system, indicated by such symptoms as nervousness, backache, lack of ambition and general weakness.

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound will be found a splendid medicine for such troubles. In many cases it has removed the cause of the trouble.

USED TO BE THIN, WEAK AND PALE

South Carolina Lady Felt Miserable—Tells How She Regained Strength and a Good, Healthy Color.

Central, S.C.—"I was in a very weakened condition. . . . pale and thin, hardly able to go. . . . says Mrs. Bessie Bearden of this place. 'I would suffer, when I stood on my feet, with bearing-down pains in my sides and lower parts of my body.' 'I did not rest well and didn't want anything to eat.' 'My color was bad and I felt miserable.' 'A friend of mine told me of Cardui, and then I remembered my mother used to take it. . . . After the first bottle I was better. I began to flesh up, and I regained my strength and good healthy color. I am feeling fine. I took two bottles of Cardui and haven't had a bit of trouble since.' 'Thousands of other women have had similar experiences in the use of Cardui, which has brought relief where other medicines had failed. If you suffer from female ailments, take Cardui. It is a scientific remedy for women's ills and may be just what you need. Get it at the drug store.'

Take CARDUI THE WOMAN'S TONIC

BARNEY GOOGLE



BARNEY'S UP AGAINST A SKIN GAME.



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



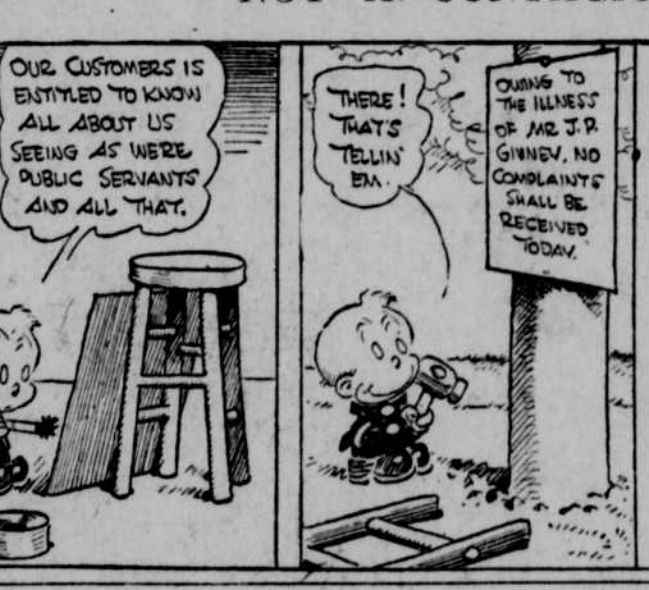
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JERRY ON THE JOB



NOT A CONTAGIOUS COMPLAINT.



Drawn for The Omaha Bee by Hoban



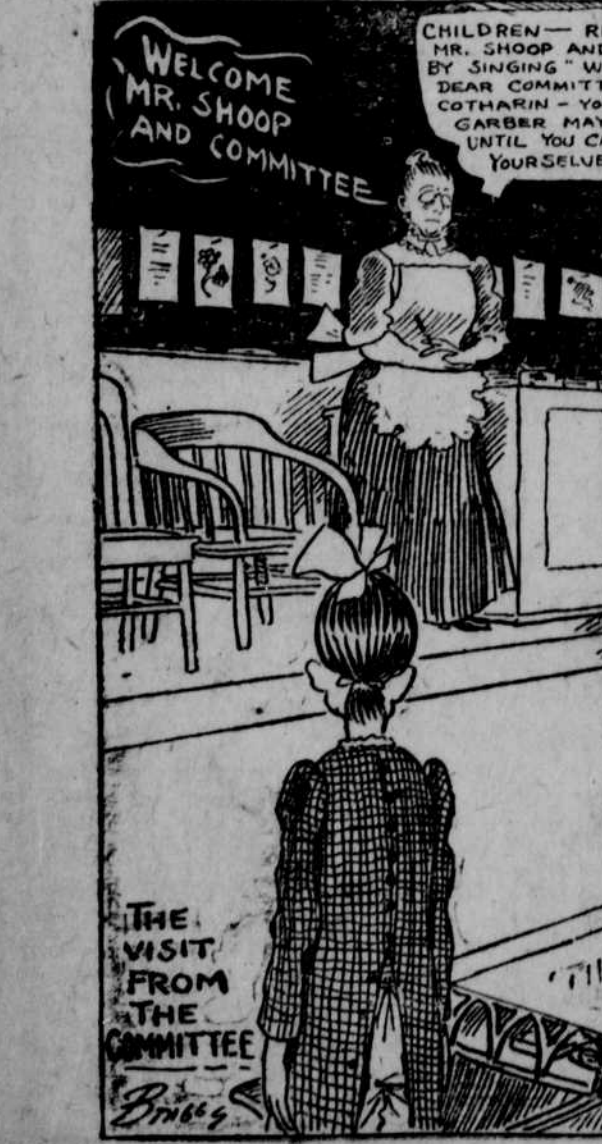
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Drawn for The Omaha Bee by Hoban



The Days of Real Sport



By Briggs



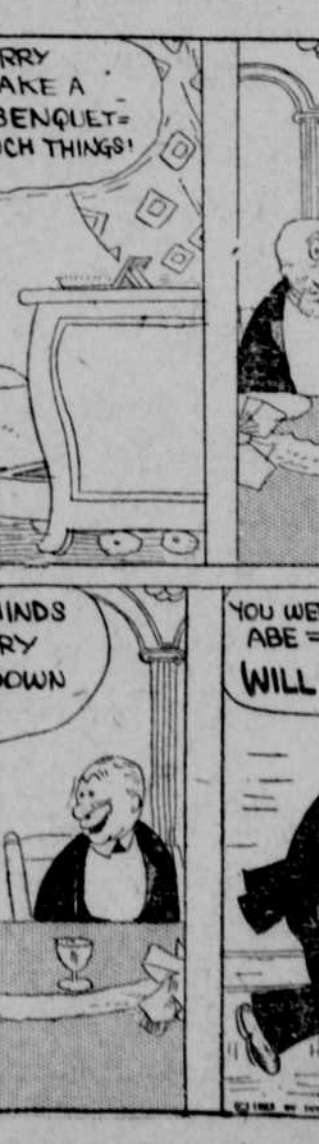
ABIE THE AGENT--



By Briggs



By Briggs



No Half Measures for Him.

