

Adele Garrison "My Husband's Love"

The News Dicky, Diplomatically Broke to Midge.

"Oh! What was that?" I raised my head from Dicky's arm, purposely simulating startled waking from sleep at the sound of the slamming door, and Mrs. Marks' noisy humming progress down the hall.

"Only that female chimpanzee next door rolling in from her 'marketing expedition.'" Dicky's voice initiated that of Mrs. Marks a few hours before with ludicrous fidelity. "I'll bet she's acquired an extra package besides her groceries."

"It sounds that way," I acquiesced promptly with a little twinge of conscience, for I knew that my flamboyant neighbor's slum of the door and noisy humming were not signs of intoxication, but signals to me that at last her frightened vigil in my darkened kitchen was ended, and the coast was clear. But I guessed that she infinitely would prefer Dicky's surprise to his knowledge of the truth, and I elaborated a bit on my answer.

"Poor thing," I commiserated, with a demure note in my voice. "I think I'd require a 'package,' too, if I possessed a husband like hers."

was the snicker's shins in the neighbor hood, and that your sociological mind intended to make—"

"Do shut up," I retorted, laughing sulkily up at him, "and let me go to sleep. I was almost off when Mrs. Marks began her solo."

"You Know You've Won."

"I know it, darn her hide," Dicky said resentfully. "But she didn't do any real harm, for I am really sleepy now," I argued. "And I feel so much better, the pain is all gone. So if you'll just fix this pillow and open the window and turn off the light, you can go back to your own room with a clear conscience for I shall be asleep inside of two minutes. Thank you so much, dear. Good night. And in the morning I'll start hunting another apartment. Truly, I will."

Dicky looked down at me, a queer dancing light in his eyes. "What a consummate little fraud you are!" he said with a distinct note of admiration in his tone. "You know you've won this argument, hands down, yet you pass me a piece of unadmitted bunk like that. Nay, nay, Little One, I hope I know when I'm licked, and the timekeeper counted 10 quite a spell ago, before you got this indignation thing, even. You see, every word of your lecture tonight was gospel truth, only I was too foolish to admit it. We'll stay right here, only lay off the Marks family as much as you decently can. I know you can't ignore 'em entirely, but—"

"I'll try not to have them to dinner more than once a week," I returned demurely.

An Amusing Missive.

"Well, I suppose I'll have to be content with that," he countered. "Good night, sweetheart."

"Good night," I murmured sleepily, and indeed I was sound asleep by the time Dicky had reached his own room.

It was broad daylight when I awoke the next morning. Indeed, so bright were the rays of the sun streaming in through the windows fronting the street that I looked at my wrist watch and found that it was almost 11 o'clock. There was no sound from Dicky's room and I was just about to call him when I espied a large piece of heavy drawing paper folded into a cocked hat perched on the telephone receiver.

I jumped out of bed with an anticipatory little smile, for my artist husband delights in sending me whimsical messages. Finding it, after I had snuggled down in my pillows again, I found a gorgeous colored cartoon of Dicky and me. I, with hand under my cheek, was lying on a couch, apparently sound asleep. From my open mouth there issued a succession of ZZZZZ's, while above me Dicky was ringing a huge bell, and holding an alarm clock close to my ear. Beneath it, in Dicky's characteristic chirography, were the words:

"You were so absorbed in the lumber business when I awoke this morning that it seemed a pity to wake you. Therefore, I went out to break fast and on to the studio. Give me

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a ring when you wake up, and we'll discuss the best place for dinner tonight. Always yours, D.

I laughed tenderly over the missive, looked it over again, then jumped out of bed, slipped on my slippers and nightgown, and hurried to the telephone. But even before I reached it, its bell rang shrilly, and taking down the receiver I heard Dicky's voice sobbing with the operator over the slowness in getting our number.

Uncle Sam Says

Septic Tank Operation.

In view of the frequent requests for a detailed description of practicable and economical methods of sewage disposal for the isolated home or a group of homes supplied with running water and provided with toilet, sink and bath fixtures, the United States Public Health Service investigated and has prepared a pamphlet on the installation and operation of septic tanks.

The system recommended is patented after the system devised by the New Hampshire State board of health and has been in successful operation in hundreds of locations in that state during the last 10 years.

Beatrice Fairfax Problems That Perplex

Mother Is Right.

Dear Miss Fairfax: I am coming to you to obtain some of your advice so as to help me over the hard spots of my young girl's life. I am a fairly good looking girl of 15. I am a sophomore at Central High. Now, my mother let me go with boys of about 17 or 18 for a while. Then she decided that they were too old for me to be running around with. She hollered and said it would be all right if they took me to a show that was a short distance from the house and not down town. So, as these boys never suggested faltering I explained, anything but down town shows, I dropped them, as I could not accept these dates.

Now I have found a boy of my own age who is a sophomore at Tech High. Every once in a while I am asked to accept a date with this boy. Mother always refuses. She will not let me out of her sight after supper, nor will she let the boys come here. I am just wondering if you could tell me some reason for this? I have done no wrong nor have I been going away lately. As ever yours, "BLUE."

There is only one reason that I can see, dear child. You have a sensible mother, who undoubtedly thinks you are too young to go out with the boys.

more story—they go to dances, meet men, have a happy evening of attention and adulation—and that is the end of the matter. Some of the girls fancy they lose out because they will not permit a stray carter or two. Some of them imagine that on escorting them home and seeing the cheap neighborhood in which they live, the men lose interest. Some insist that they were too shy to encourage the friendship properly. And they—I think—come nearest the truth.

Friendship doesn't leap into being through a few dances and the exchange of a bit of baggage. It is possible to lay the foundations for friendship in the mutual attraction of one enjoyable meeting, but unless the attraction of a first meeting is very strong, or a bond of mutual interest is discovered, that first meeting may easily be the last if chance doesn't take a hand.

The girl who holds a worthwhile man's interest must make him feel that she is worth while, that knowing her will enrich his life, that she is a friend worth cultivating.

The laughter and chaff in which girls indulge to make themselves charming at dances and dinners, serves to pass a delightful evening and sometimes stimulates a man to seek further acquaintance. But the busy man, the man with responsibilities, won't try to build up anything lasting on a casual flirtation of an evening's duration. And the butterfly man knows that there are plenty of other stimulating meetings ahead.

Most of us are lonely and looking for real friends. The girl who is as much interested in the man as in herself, is the girl who makes a lasting appeal.

"Summer Furniture" Can Be Used All Year Round

"Summer furniture" does not go out of service when the chilly days of fall arrive or the colder days of winter come. Such furniture, roof and fibre, is the kind that adapts itself to the interior rooms quite as pleasantly as it does to the outdoor porches.

Bright coverings and solid construction add much to desirability, as we have found out in bringing the home atmosphere into tune with our lives.

Add just a pinch of baking powder to the flour when making pie crust. It will make it light and flaky.

Cuticura Soap AND OINTMENT Clear the Skin

Advertisement for Cuticura Soap and Ointment, highlighting its benefits for clearing the skin.

Beautiful Hair Fascinates All

The hair fetishist, technically, is a criminal who cannot resist the temptation to steal hair; who cannot see a beautiful woman without being uncontrollably seized with a desire to snip a lock of her hair and carry it away.

Yet the hair fetishist, criminologists say, is only abnormally afflicted with the same fascination for beautiful hair which all of us possess in milder form.

Features are unchangeable. Size and figure are more or less unalterable. But beautiful hair is within the power of every woman.

Regular and thorough cleansing with FITCH SHAMPOO is the first requisite of a clean, dandruff-free scalp, and beautiful, healthy, glossy, lustrous hair.

Without proper care and attention your hair is bound to be dull, thin and scraggly. Use FITCH SHAMPOO and your hair will be clean, colorful, and altogether charming.

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 leading barber shops.

Advertisement for Ben-Gay, featuring the text: "Use Ben-Gay for SORE MUSCLES. Get the Original French Baume Bengue. First Aid. Thea. Leeming & Co. Amer. Agents, N.Y."

'TIZ' FOR TENDER, SORE, TIRED FEET

Ah! what relief. No more tired feet; no more burning feet, swollen, bad smelling, sweaty feet. No more pain in corns, callouses or bunions. No matter what ails your feet or what under the sun you've tried without getting relief, just use "TIZ."

"TIZ" draws out all the poisonous exudations which puff up the feet; "TIZ" is magical; "TIZ" is grand; "TIZ" will cure your foot troubles so you'll never limp or draw up your face in pain. Your shoes won't seem tight and your feet will never, never hurt or get sore, swollen or tired.

Get a box at any drug or department store, and get relief for a few cents.

Advertisement for Facts About Child-Birth, mentioning Mrs. Wm. Washington, 187 Leedes Ave., Nashville, Tenn.

CORNS

Lift Off with Fingers. Advertisement for a corn treatment product.



Advertisement for a corn treatment product, stating: "Doesn't hurt a bit! Drop a little 'Freezone' on an aching corn, instantly that corn stops hurting, then shortly you lift it right off with fingers."

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

BARNEY GOOGLE



SPARKY SEES HIS OATS, BUT THAT'S ALL.

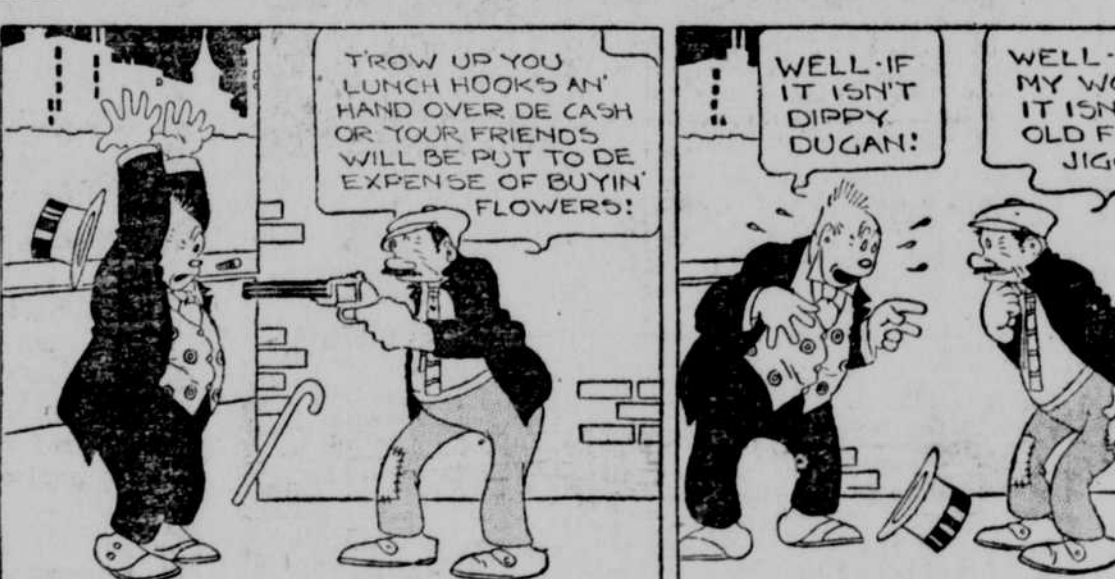


Drawn for The Omaha Bee by Billy DeBeck

BRINGING UP FATHER



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



Drawn for The Omaha Bee by McManus

JERRY ON THE JOB



HOW TO BE HAPPY THOUGH MARRIED.



Drawn for The Omaha Bee by Hoban

Movie of a Man in the Front Row



By Briggs ABIE THE AGENT--



A Thing of Beauty But Not a Joy Forever.



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