

Adele Garrison "My Husband's Love"

Copyright, 1922.
The Command of Peety Marks That Madge Overheard.

I felt my pulses constrict with pity and fear as I saw the slow tears sliding down Mrs. Durkee's face.

Never but once or twice in my long friendship with her have I seen tears in her eyes. Her short, plump body surmounted by her still pretty child-like face, holds one of the most gallant uncomplaining souls I know. What could have happened to daunt her sweet, cheery spirit?

I went swiftly to her, pushed the tray to one side, and kneeling down by her chair, drew her head to my shoulder.

"Whenever you're ready, tell me all about it," I said, petting her as I would a sorrowful child.

With a dreary little gesture, she turned her head to my shoulder and burst into a storm of sobs that would speak to her. I simply held her close and stroked her hair until the paroxysm was past.

"I don't know what you'll think of me, Madge, acting the baby like this," she said at last, raising her head and dabbing at her eyes with an absurd little handkerchief. "But I don't dare frighten Alfred and Leila with it, and I've kept it to myself until I'm so scared I don't know what to do. So I just had to come to you."

"I'm so glad you did," I said heartily. "But don't you think you'd better

rest a bit before you tell me anything? Here—I'll just throw some pillows on this couch, and put you down on it while I get some lunch-oon."

Madge comforts Mrs. Durkee.

"I couldn't eat a morsel," she quavered, but I put the pillows in place without answering, glad of the short stature of my little friend which ably on the masquerading bed-couch as would a child.

Then I drew her to her feet, noting uneasily that she again winced as I touched her, and helped her to the couch where I nestled her among the pillows, covered her warmly and then stooped and kissed her wan face.

"Now stop worrying about everything," I commanded. "Just remember I'm distinctly 'on the job,' as Lillian would say, and I'm going to see you through, no matter what the trouble is. Doze off if you can until I come in again."

I opened the window furthest from her, and lowered the shades on both of the windows. Then I hastened to my kitchen, shutting the living-room door after me, and took stock of my refrigerator.

Last night we had dined out, but the night before I had cooked a chicken on Dicky's favorite style, "smooth-ered" with cream gravy. There was enough of it left to make a dainty dish minced over toast, and I cocked a speculative eye at my pot of chives on the window-sill. I would add a soupcon of the savory green shreds to my chicken dish both for garnishing and flavor.

"I Believe I've Been Asleep."

Three cold potatoes—with the aid

of some bread crumbs and grated cheese, I could serve a favorite dish of my little friend's, and I pounced upon a few crisp leaves of lettuce and a tiny stalk of celery wrapped in a napkin with the anticipation of the fruit salad I could contrive from the basket of assorted fruit which Dicky always insists upon having in the house.

I did not hurry the preparation of the meal, for I was sure from the exhausted, drawn look of Mrs. Durkee's face that she would drop off to sleep. And when, everything in readiness but the brewing of the tea, I tipped into the living room, I found that she had, indeed, forgotten in slumber whatever trouble was menacing her.

Hating to awaken her, I stood above her, irresolute for a minute, and then I saw her eyes open slowly.

"I believe I've been asleep," she said in a dozing tone, and I smiled down at her indulgently.

"I believe you have," I said. "Now just lie still and I'll be your maid. Don't stir, mind, or I'll take you over my knee."

I hurried to the bathroom, brought back a basin of warm water, with soap, wash-cloth and towel.

"Put out your hands," I commanded, and when she had obeyed me, I carefully laved and wiped her small, dainty palms and fingers.

I knew better than to touch her face with water, for little Mrs. Durkee's facial make-up is the wonder of all her acquaintances, so exquisitely natural a thing does it appear. But when I had finished drying her hands, I brought her a clean towel, a hand-mirror and a powder-puff.

"I'll leave you to do the rest of the

drinking," I said. "But you'll have to hurry, for I'm going to serve luncheon for two here in about 67 seconds."

I hurried out before she had a chance to reply, and went back to my tiny kitchen. But my oxfords were rubberheeled, and I made no noise going down the hall. That my queer neighbors, Mr. and Mrs. Marks, thought me still in the front part of the house, I realized, as I stepped noiselessly into my kitchen, for I heard on the other side of the wall the raucous voice of Peety Marks.

"Now you remember to keep your trap shut till I find out where those birds in the front come from."

Our Children

"Scat, You!"

"I've been wondering why the children don't mind me," said the very young teacher, "and now I think I know. I think it must be because I haven't spoken to them the right way. I've had the hardest time making them mind me. They're very disorderly and of course I can't teach them."

"Every morning when I come to school I see a big black cat. I like cats, so I've tried to make friends with him. I called, 'Puss, puss,' in my nicest voice and purred at him and coaxed him, but he just stiffened his tail and passed by."

"Today I saw him and called 'Puss, puss!' but he gave me a green stare and ruffled his tail, and I lost all patience with him and stamped my foot and yelled, 'Scat, you black rascal!' and over the fence he went. At least, he paid some attention to me!"

"I'm going to try that on the class. Maybe they'll pay attention to me, too. I've been too gentle with them, too coaxing and patient. If I stamp my foot they'll obey me."

"And fly over the fence?"

"No! I'll stamp my foot and they'll sit up like lambs and before they know it, I'll hurry up and teach them the lesson. They won't catch me at all!"

"But when you stamped your foot, and when you purred and coaxed, and when you yurped and coaxed, you stop your cat. Lost him both times!"

"Well, what am I to do? They won't mind me! They squirm about

and turn their heads and won't learn."

"That's because they aren't interested in whether you say 'scat,' or 'puss, puss.' They would like it if you taught them. When you teach children they are really lovely. That's all they want—teaching. They're not concerned about you, only about what you are to give them."

"If you can forget about making them obey and remember that, you won't have the least bit of trouble with them. Just start in teaching them something they ought to know to make them happier and wiser and better, and they'll forget all about you."

"Little children love to work. They like to add up columns of figures under a time limit. They like to say tables and recite poems and tell stories. They like to read a familiar story and they are rejoiced to discover that they have the tools to help them read a hard one by themselves."

"They like to watch themselves grow just as much as older people do. They will take great interest in a 'progressive curve.' They want to feel that they are on their way and getting to some place. Once they feel that you are leading them they will follow you. More—they will want your steps for very love of you."

"But if you think 'scat,' 'scat' it will be."

(Copyright, 1922.)

Many Americans Are Visiting in England

London, May 6.—The American invasion of London is in full swing. Each transatlantic liner brings hundreds of tourists to England. The hotels and boarding houses are crowded to capacity, while thousands have dispersed to various parts of the country to visit historical spots, to see the golf, polo and tennis contests.

The beautiful countryside along the Thames is attracting many. The ball rooms of the great hotels present animated scenes, with dancing every evening. The Strand resembles Broadway.

Steamship companies announce record bookings for Europe.

112 Alien Undesirables Held for Deportation

New York, May 6.—Caught in a nationwide roundup of undesirable aliens, 112 deportees arrived from the west and were taken to Ellis Island. Among those scheduled for deportation were 14 women and 19 children. There were also 20 insane persons and 20 criminals. Most of the undesirable were from Portland, Ore., Seattle and Spokane.

As the special train moved eastward others seized in the roundup were taken on from Kansas City, St. Louis, Minneapolis, Chicago, Cleveland and Pittsburgh.

Cuticura Talcum
—Fascinatingly Fragrant—
Always Healthful
Sample free of Cuticura Laboratories, Dept. 2, Malden, Mass. Everywhere.

Piles
are usually due to straining when constipated. Nujol being a lubricant keeps the food waste soft and therefore prevents straining. Doctors prescribe Nujol because it not only soothes the suffering of piles but relieves the irritation, brings comfort and helps to remove them.

Nujol is a lubricant—not a medicine or laxative—so cannot gripe. Try it today.

Nujol
A LUBRICANT—NOT A LAXATIVE

Richest in Vitamins

FATHER JOHN'S MEDICINE

All Pure Food

you and 3 others may pay the price

Nature sends a warning of Porrhoea—bleeding gums. Only one person out of five past forty escapes. Thousands younger are subject to it as well. Be on your guard.

Brush your teeth with

Forhan's FOR THE GUMS
More than a tooth paste—it checks Porrhoea
35c and 60c in tubes

BARNEY GOOGLE

IT WAS TOO MUCH OF A SHOCK TO BARNEY.

Drawn for The Omaha Bee by Billy DeBeck



BRINGING UP FATHER

Registered U. S. Patent Office

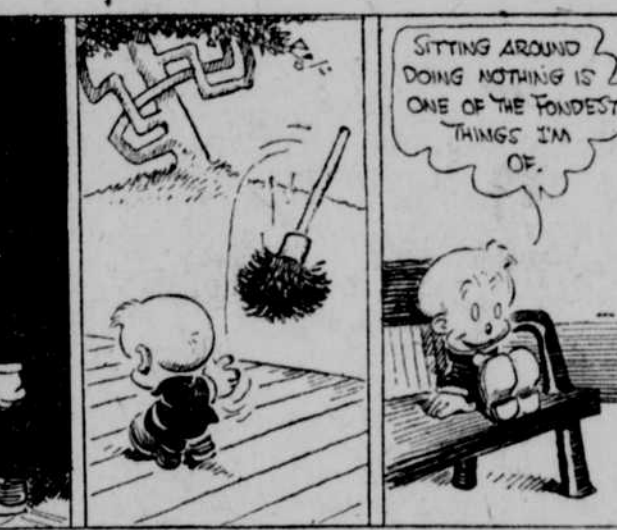
Drawn for The Omaha Bee by McManus



JERRY ON THE JOB

A FAIR EXPLANATION.

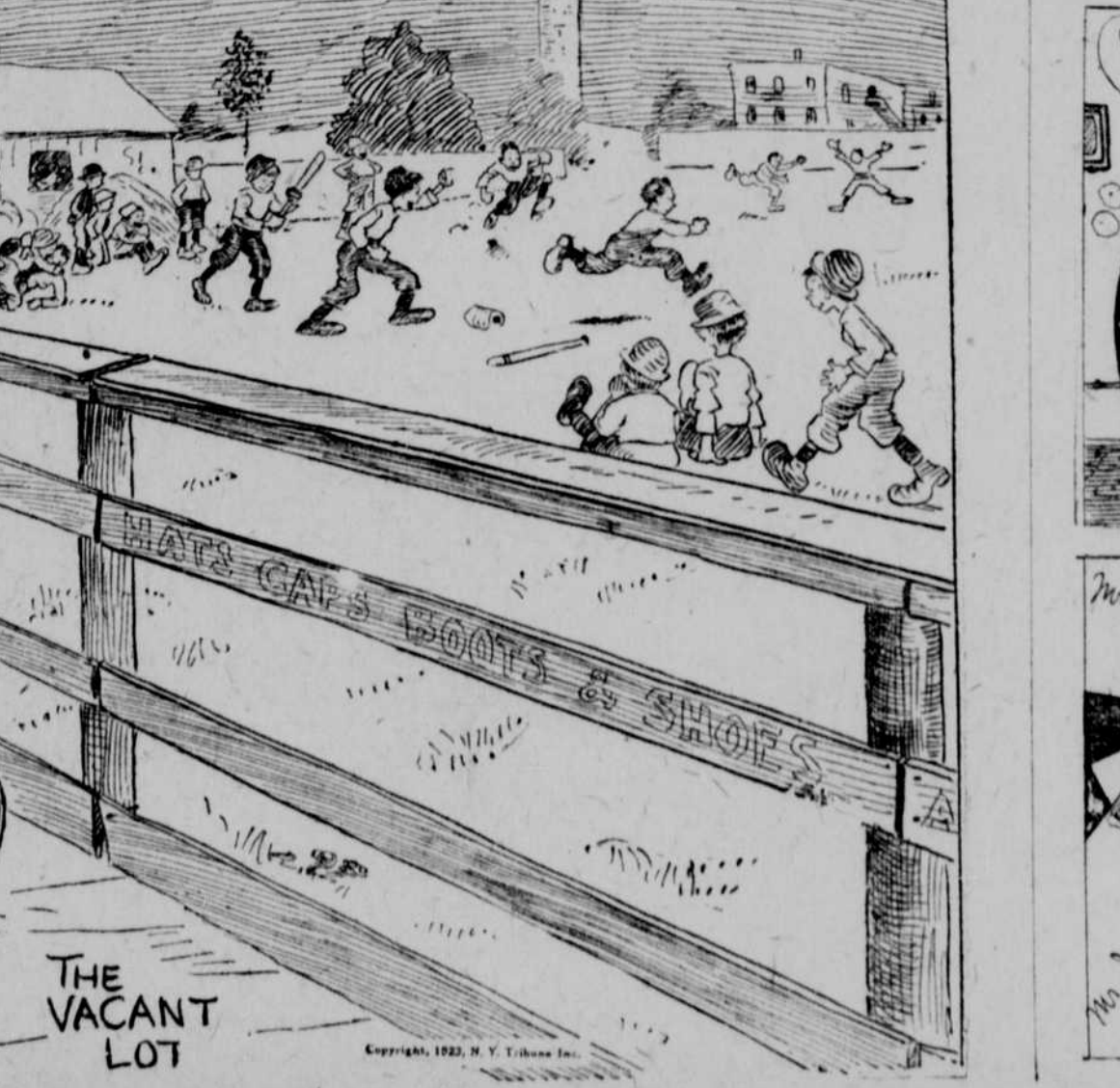
Drawn for The Omaha Bee by Hoban



The Days of Real Sport

By Briggs

ABIE THE AGENT--



NO APPETITE
—impoverished blood,
poor digestion

Improves digestion makes you eat and sleep better

In the spring, particularly, pure, healthy blood is needed for the proper functioning of the digestive system.

Imperfect digestion results from weak, thick, sluggish blood. For such a condition, there is nothing so beneficial as Hood's Sarsaparilla. This reliable old medicine purifies the blood, gives it vigor and tone, relieves dyspepsia, restores appetite and normalizes the entire system.

Hood's aids digestion and builds up resistance against the attacks of disease. Get a bottle today. At your druggist's.

The tonic for that tired feeling

HOOD'S SARSAPARILLA

ADVERTISEMENT.

ASPIRIN

Say "Bayer" and Insist!

Genuine BAYER

Unless you see the name "Bayer" on package or on tablets you are not getting the genuine Bayer product prescribed by physicians over twenty-two years and proved safe by millions for

Colds
Toothache
Earsache
Neuralgia

Headache
Lumbago
Rheumatism
Pain, Pain

Accept "Bayer Tablets of Aspirin" only. Each unbroken package contains proper directions. Handy boxes of twelve tablets cost few cents. Druggists also sell bottles of 24 and 300. Aspirin is the trade mark of Bayer Manufacture of Monoacetic-acidester of Salicylicacid.

Ingenuity Is His Middle Name.

CORNS

Lift Off with Fingers

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. Truly!

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.