

Adele Garrison "My Husband's Love"

The Double Disclosure Mrs. Marks Candidly Made to Mads.

At the sound of Pety Marks' voice arrogantly bidding his wife not to talk to us until he found out who we were—or so I interpreted his peculiar argot—I instinctively swung my kitchen door almost shut, but so slowly and noiselessly that I was sure the couple in the next room could not hear any movement of mine.

Then I stood breathless behind it waiting for the exit from his home of my truculent neighbor. There had been something about his voice which had indicated imminent departure to me, although how I knew it I could not tell, and something warned me that he must not know I had overheard him.

I barely had accomplished the closing of the kitchen door, though not its latching, when the door of the Marks' apartment opened and shut and I felt rather than heard, the quiet progress of some one down the hall. Then the Marks' door opened again, and the voice of Mrs. Marks called cautiously:

"Pety! Wait! You forgot something."

She ran past my door and I heard a muttered exclamation from her husband, then an insistent, laughing demand:

"Kiss me, Pety, or I'll knock your block off."

Then the noisy closing of the hall door came to my ears and I heard

the quick patter of her feet back, but, to my surprise, she stopped just outside my door, and I heard not only her quick breathing, but a fainter sound, the click of a latch which, if I had been 10 feet further away, would have been inaudible.

Mrs. Marks Is Confidential.

What could she be doing? The answer came almost before I had asked the question of myself. I remembered the sensation of being watched by unseen eyes, which I had experienced the night before, and my discovery a few seconds later of the tiny aperture in the frosted-glass windows which formed the rear of the great staircase upon every story of the apartment house. I had had no time to hunt for the location of that aperture, but I was sure that Mrs. Marks was standing behind it now, watching.

The sound of the closing street door came to my ears, and the next instant there came a light tap upon my kitchen door.

"I know you're there, dearie, but it's only me, so don't get frightened."

I swung the door wide open and found that she was not standing outside it, but three or four feet away, with her eyes peering through a tiny opening in the big windows overlooking the staircase.

"Come here," she whispered, "and I'll put you to something."

I had meant to tell her frigidly that I saw no reason why I should be frightened, but something insistent in her manner pushed the words back from my lips, and brought me to her side. She moved slightly to the left, and I saw that her hand held the tiny knob of a sliding bolt.

It was an absurdly simple thing. On

each side of the stairway the great windows held two narrow panels with inside bolts. They could be opened with practically no noise, and from them one commanded a view of the staircase directly in front of the window, the landing by the apartment door and the big lower street doors.

"You Know How Men Are."

With her eyes still fixed on the lower street door, Mrs. Marks spoke rapidly beneath her breath.

"Any time you want to lamp anybody coming in, here's the place to do it," she said, then added significantly: "It comes in mighty handy sometimes."

I drew back instinctively, upon my lips a frigid comment that I should not need the device. But I pressed the words back, and murmured in a steady perfunctory:

"Thank you, it is very interesting."

She glanced obliquely at me.

"Yes, but I guess you won't never need it, the way I will," she said.

"But let me tell you, if you hear a ring on that door down the hall, and we ain't in, you'd better look through here before you answer it, especially if your husband ain't home. You know, there's a lot of fellows as gas inspectors and booze cops and things like that, that's only looking for a chance to swipe your mazzama and your lumps of coal, and they'd just as soon crank you as look at you."

I glanced involuntarily at the dazzling brooch which fastened her blue kimono, and remembered the rings and ear pendants of the night before. She caught the look and laughed lightly.

"All imitations, dearie," she said candidly, "although I've got two or

three good ones put away for an emergency where nobody but Little M. knows where they are. But most everybody thinks these are the real thing. I don't care for them myself, but Pety likes me to put up a front. You know how the men are."

Uncle Sam Says

Fishroe and Buckroe Receipts.

In an effort to have the housewives of the country use more fishroe and buckroe, the United States bureau of fisheries has prepared a receipt book which every housekeeper should have. The book contains 85 tested receipts for using these fish foods and should be an aid in helping add variety to the fish part of the menu during the season when fish roes are plentiful.

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 bureau of fisheries, Washington, D. C., asking for "Economic Circular No. 36."

Oil Used on Wood of Sewing Machine Keeps Parts Clean

Use sewing machine oil on soft cloth to clean the wood parts of a sewing machine. It appears as if polished, also keeps the finish from cracking and makes it look like new. Or any good furniture polish will do.

Destroys Odors.

A handful of salt thrown into the fire along with potato skins and other table refuse will destroy all unpleasant odors.

Beatrice Fairfax
Problems That Perplex

Not a Good Companion.

Dear Miss Fairfax: I have been going with a young man who is really quite nice. Oh, he does drink some times, and smokes, and swears. He also attends the pool hall. He is a good athlete. But mother, who is sort of narrow, objects to him, but I think he is only sowing his wild oats.

Now, Miss Fairfax, what shall I do? Had I ought to give him up to please my mother? Or should I go with him to please myself? He shows me such wonderfully good times.

MAGGIE ZINE.

Wouldn't Call Your Mother Narrow.

She has good reason for objecting to the young man. A boy who frequents pool halls and drinks and swears is certainly not the right kind of a companion for any young girl.

G. H. If you are a brunette, with clear skin and plenty of color in your cheeks, you should wear reds, dark greens and olives, and any tone of yellow from deep orange to ivory.

Blonde with clear skins and bright eyes will do well to dress in blues, greens and mauves. A fresh complexioned blond looks especially well in green. Blondes with pale skins look well in purple, particularly the wis-terias and blue-violet tones. If you are a brunette, you should wear black, particularly transparent black. Rich, deep, dark brown is all right, but avoid tans and yellow browns. Blues are good; darkest navy excellent. Avoid light green unless complexion is very clear and color good. Grays are good, especially grays with a pinkish cast.

Black is permitted for the pale

brunette only when relieved with a cream white vestee or collar next to the throat. All shades of gray are good, especially pearl, dove and blue grays. Purple must be used with caution. Only dark reds, such as garnet and burgundy, are allowed; all shades of blue are good, all pinks, and most shades of brown.

Many women of the "in-between-type"—light chestnut or brown hair and hazel eyes—cling stubbornly to browns when often they would look infinitely better in green, dark blue or some other color. Brown is not good if the complexion inclines to sallowness, or the eyes lack the characteristic brilliancy of this type. Pinkish tans and golden browns are best avoided; cerise tints and bright hues of blue. Very clear complexions may wear lavender. Red is good in darkest shades; and all pinks, especially delicate pink and rose.

"Petting" Parties.

Dear Miss Fairfax: I have been reading in The Omaha Bee of your advice to the young ladies about so-called "petting parties." I don't believe any sound-minded boy will think all of a girl when she grants a decent request. I am above legal age and so is my sweetheart. We are not engaged or anything of that sort, but just good pals. I kiss her good night also and I don't think any less of her at that. I don't believe she thinks any more of a simple good fellowship kiss than I do, which isn't much. If there is any boy low down enough to hug a girl and then talk about her, I would certainly like to see him. He probably put his arm around her himself, as it isn't a usual thing for a girl to make the most advances. And if he asks her for a kiss the girl probably wants to please him and consents. For my part, I pet my girl and think her just as good as any hypocrite who pretends to be saintly.

I should like to see this letter in print and let's hear from some more boys. Take your girl's part. They are censured enough. If I was not a boy I might believe this rubbish of disrespectfulness, but a girl can suffer to be petted and be respected also if the boys are all that they should be. Sincerely yours, DOUGHERTY.

Glad to get your letter. Hope to hear from other readers on this subject.

More Flavor.

If preserved fruit is opened an hour or two before it is used it will be much richer in flavor. After the oxygen of the air has been restored to preserved or canned fruit the flavor is greatly improved.

The Lisa women of the Mekong valley, with their corrie head dresses, are perhaps unique among the natives of these hillsides.

Mrs. Rambo Says Change Is Amazing

After Years of Suffering From Indigestion She Now Eats Anything on Table—Thanks Taniai For Recovery.

"I was so weak and sick even a little housework was a burden to me, but I've gained twenty-four pounds by taking Taniai and feel so well and strong I believe I could spade up the ground for a garden," said Mrs. Eliza Rambo, 4123 South 25th St., Omaha, Neb.

"For three years I had indigestion so bad I could eat but very little,

and even the lightest diet caused me hours of suffering after meals. I had awful headaches and nervous spells; pains all through my body, my sleep was restless and broken, and I was so run down and weak I couldn't do all my housework.

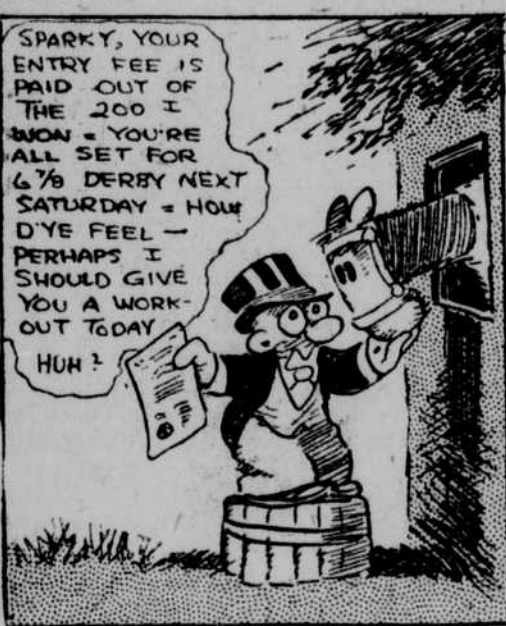
"Well, Taniai has given me such a wonderful appetite that anything from ham and egg to apple pie tastes delightful to me, and everything, even potatoes, agrees with me perfectly. In fact, I haven't an ache or pain of any kind, and even a hard day's housework doesn't tire me out. I sleep well, and my friends all say I look fine. It's all due to Taniai."

Taniai is for sale by all good druggists. Accept no substitute. Over 27 million bottles sold.—Advertisement.

BARNEY GOOGLE---

SPARKY HANGS UP A SUBMARINE RECORD.

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

THERE IS NO OTHER KIND.

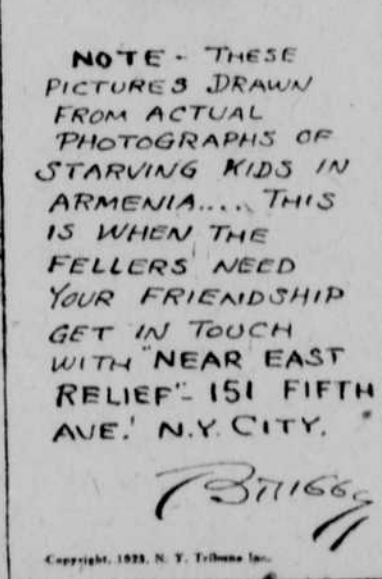
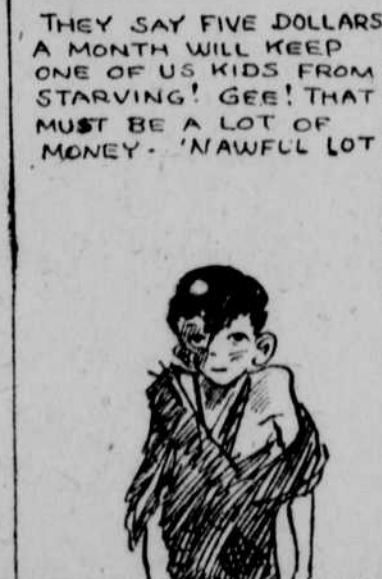
Drawn for The Omaha Bee by Hoban



Wonder What an Armenian Waif Thinks About?

By Briggs ABIE THE AGENT--

He's Forced to Admit It.



Kentucky Lady Says That She Was In a Bad Condition, But Took Cardui With Great Benefit

Ashland, Ky.—Mrs. Cora Newsom, of this city, says: "Sometime ago I began suffering with womanly weakness and was in a very bad condition. My trouble was weakness and nervousness. I was just a shadow—I didn't weigh but a hundred pounds.

"I was so nervous I couldn't rest nor sleep. I didn't have an appetite, in fact, didn't want to eat. I just dragged around and seemed like I couldn't get my feet.

"I heard of Cardui as a good tonic and I began to use it. I can't begin to tell how I improved. After six bottles I was like a different person. I worked and enjoyed life. I began to eat heartily, sleep well, and weighed 160 pounds.

"I certainly can recommend Cardui. I also used it during... and it gave me strength and relieved the tired, weak feeling in my back."

Thousands of women, suffering from female ailments, have taken Cardui with good results. Perhaps you, too, may need it. Why not try it? It may be just what you need.

Cardui contains no dangerous drugs. It is mild, harmless, purely vegetable tonic medicine for women. Your druggist sells it. Try it.

Take CARDUI The Woman's Tonic

Piles Fistula—Pay When Cured

A mild system of treatment that cures Piles, Fistula and other Rectal Diseases in a short time without surgical operation. No Chloroform. Either or other general anesthetic used. A cure guaranteed in every case accepted for treatment, and no money is to be paid until cured. Write for book on Rectal Diseases, with names and testimonials of more than 1,000 prominent people who have been permanently cured.

DR. E. R. TARRY Sanatorium, Peters Trust Bldg. (See Bldg.), Omaha, Neb.

WHEN IN NEED OF HELP TRY OMAHA BEE WANT ADS.

JUST A SHADOW, WEAK AND NERVOUS