

Adele Garrison "My Husband's Love"

Why Madge Patiently Listened to Mrs. Marks and Then Faced a Problem.

The naive confidences of Mrs. Petey Marks interested me greatly. But although her whispered monologues had occupied only a minute or two, the thought of little Mrs. Durkee in my living room, and the luncheon which was keeping warm over hot water on my gas plate, made me edge away and answer Mrs. Marks' challenge, "You know how the men are." with a vague:

"Yes, indeed, but will you please pardon me, for—"
She grasped my sleeve with an eager, clutching hand.
"I won't keep you but a minute, dearie," she whispered. "I know you've got company. I landed her through here, when the bell rang. Some swell little dame, too—"

"That Was Why—"
"You see, I don't dare say a thing to you while Petey's around. He's

awful good to me. Petey is, he hasn't never lifted his foot of hand to me yet, in the five years we've been married, and that's more than a lot of women can say."

I shivered slightly at this glimpse of a kind of life I never had seen before, where restraint in conjugal kicks and blows was counted supreme righteousness in a husband, but Mrs. Marks was so absorbed in her watch on the door that she didn't notice my reaction to her words.

"But he's awful set in his ways, is Petey," she went on. "And when he takes a notion into his head you can't do nothin' with him. And I'm just worried plumb to death about him lately. He's got in with some fellows—"

"She broke off abruptly, and her clutch upon my sleeve tightened.
"That was why I was hidin' in your kitchen the other night," she went on hurriedly. "He brings in those bums with him, and then he makes me beat it down to the bakery or the entrance down here, and stay till I see them go away and then I can come back again. Honest to Mike, sometimes I've had to loaf outside for a whole hour! Besides, I made up my mind I was going to see what kind of a deal those dirty bums was putting up on my little Petey. But I couldn't get on to much the other night, so I wanted to ask you—I know I've got an awful nerve, but it means lots to me—if you'd mind my snooping in your kitchen some other night?"

She took her eyes from the front door for a second, and looked at me

with such dog-like appeal that my scruples melted.

"Gee—There's Petey!"
"Mr. Graham has gone away for three days," I said slowly, "and I am going out of town this afternoon to stay until he gets back. So for the next three days you may use my kitchen as you please. But—pardon me—why not ask your husband frankly to tell you what he is doing?"

"Oh! I dissent!" she breathed. "I'm not so afraid of Petey, but those other loafers, they'd as soon grind me up into sausage meat as look at me. Honest to Mike, I get ice cold in my insides whenever I look at 'em. Gee! there's Petey back now. Please—throw your kitchen door open and pretend to be busy in there while he goes through. And thanks, you're white."

She closed the aperture of the window, faced to her own door and gave me her parting admonition—all in a breathless ten seconds.
The closing of her door preceded the opening of the hall door by the briefest of intervals, but I had enough faith in her resourcefulness to be sure that her doctory spouse would suspect nothing. And when, after passing the kitchen with a surly nod to me, he entered his own abode, my belief in her cunning was justified, for I heard his low expostulation:

"Well! If you haven't gone back to pounding your ear again! What's the matter with you anyway? Coming down with the sleeping sickness?"
I didn't stop to hear her answer, for my luncheon tray was ready at

Beatrice Fairfax Problems That Perplex

Marry Him.

Dear Miss Fairfax: I am a woman of 23 and have been a widow for four years. I have three children to support and have to work every day. I have met a man of my own age who wants to marry me and is willing to support my children. He has a good position, good habits, but he is not an American, and all my friends object to the marriage. He has taken out naturalization papers, what should I do, Miss Fairfax? IN DOUBT.

If you love the man and he is willing to support your children, the fact that he is of different nationality need not hinder you from marrying him.

Discouraged: Your life has indeed been hard, but you have had the joy of serving others and you have

Uncle Sam Says

Grape Vine Propagation and Training.

The principles, methods and objects of pruning both old bearing vines in winter and young vines in summer are presented in such a way in this booklet as to enable the reader to grasp and practice them without further instruction. The booklet also tells about the training systems followed in different parts of the country so that a selection of training systems may be intelligently made applicable to either a back lot or an extensive vineyard.

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. 471."

Stained Glasses.

If you are a person who wears glasses and your position is such that you are in and out of various offices during the day, you will be glad to know that if your glasses are wiped off with petroleum ointment and cleaned well each morning you will not be annoyed when calling on a prospective customer to have him disappear from your vision at your first greeting.

Our Children

By ANGELO PATRI.
The Window Shopper.

It is great fun to go window shopping along the streets of the book-sellers. There are books with beautiful bindings and books with plain board backs and books with novel picture packets and books carefully dressed in such good taste that you remember about them is that you were happy to meet them and made an appointment with them for some day when you had the price!

Then there are the books that surprise you into wondering how anyone could have bought them first hand. Maybe they were always like that though—born second-hand!

You know all the time that their aristocratic relations, first editions of old masters, are in seclusion on the shop shelves safe from the stares of the covetous. I was flattening my nose against the window to catch a glimpse of them when I became aware of the boy.

He laid out ready for early church. He looked like that.
He studied the books with calculating and appraising eye. An expression of fellowship, but shyness held my tongue. Together we looked at a stack of Oscar Wilde done in red leather. Leisurely we took in the good points of a pocket edition of Kipling.

With a casual eye we read over the titles of the best sellers spread out in open fan order. We were unmoved and sidled along to the next window.

That was a window! They were beautiful. Robinson Crusoe done in blue binding that said as plain as day, "This is where the blue begins!" The last of the Molesters wearing a jacket that would coax a boy from his dinner! A glorified kidnaped and treasure island agent in the picture of the fearful blind man tapping his way down the road to the inn. That was a picture to pull you through the glass.

We surveyed the array and sighed. "Look good?" I ventured.
"Yes," said he with the brief directness of sincerity.
"Which is yours?"
"This," said he tapping the glass with his toe and hitting the packages more securely under his arms. "That's the best boys' book in the lot. The very one that I love best."
We beamed and nodded like a pair of mandarins. Then he remembered his errands and I mine and we set about our business, and "bitchily," as Robinson would have us do.
All the way home I thought of the boy and wondered who it was who loved him well enough and regarded the masters truly enough to make them friends. His mother? His teacher? The librarian? Someone was building a fine boy. Fortunate lad. Happy somebody.
(Copyright, 1923.)

Easier to Wash.
Dishes that have contained milk and eggs should be soaked in cold water while dishes that have held soap better in hot water.

Have you heard about Climax?—Advt.

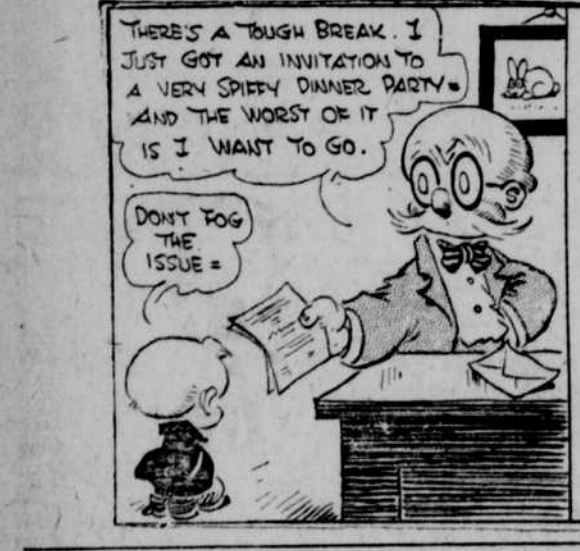
BARNEY GOOGLE---



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Drawn for The Omaha Bee by Billy DeBeck



Drawn for The Omaha Bee by McManus



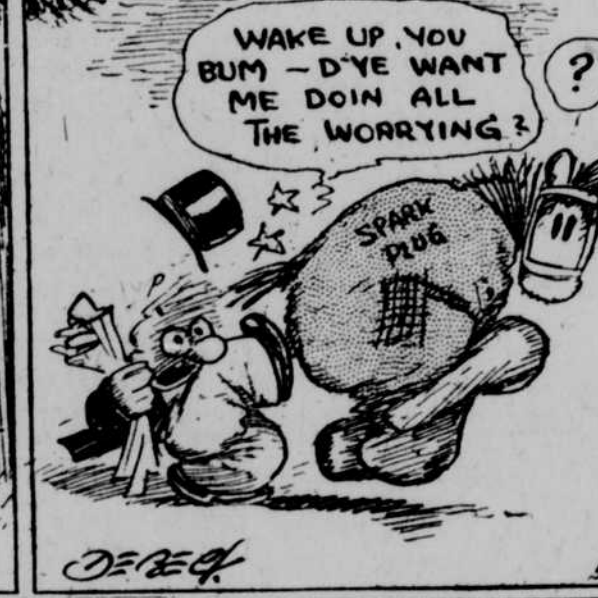
ABIE THE AGENT---



And Then They Compared Notes.



Drawn for The Omaha Bee by Hoban



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