

Adele Garrison "My Husband's Love"

Why Mrs. Durkee Was Worried About Alfred and Leila.

Little Mrs. Durkee put her head on one side, irresolutely reminding me of "So you saw that, too," she said, patently acquiescing in my comment that Alfred and Leila were dwelling too much upon some pretty personal problem of their own, and needed a shock of some kind to take them out of themselves. "Well, that's all right, as far as it goes, but it doesn't go far enough. There's more the matter between them than just temperament. And my getting sick wouldn't help matters any. Of course, it would keep 'em both busy, but it would give that Bess Dean a chance to pile on the sympathy stuff. I can just see her walking in with flowers and broths and cooings for me, always timing her visits when she's sure Alf is home."

It took all my will power to hide the astonished concern her words gave me. I bent lower over my packing that she might not see my face until I was able to present an untroubled countenance to her.

Madge Begins to Understand.

Bess Dean! Before me rose the vision of Leila's quivering lips and tortured eyes when upon the preceding evening she had mistaken another woman for the pretty, scheming Bay View school teacher, and had blurted out her belief. I saw also Alfred's agitation and Dick's inexplicable an-

noyance at her abrupt question. And here, from the lips of Alfred Durkee's mother, I was hearing words which "bound off" the stitches in the fabric of worry over Bess Dean's activities which I had knitted since my goodbye to Leila.

I straightened myself with a pretended catch in the muscles of my back and spoke with apparent casualness.

"So she's still affecting the neighborly sympathy pose, is she?" I asked. "I remember your telling me about that the last time we lunched together in the city."

I remembered something else of that conversation, also. Mrs. Durkee had said that Bess Dean contrived to take the same train as Alf every Saturday morning, saying that she had classes at Columbia, a statement which the little woman frankly disbelieved.

I had thought at the time that the situation had dynamic concealed in it, and had resolved to thwart Bess Dean's cunning if it were in my power. Then for weeks, because of the injury received in the final roundup of the gang of conspirators headed by the man, Smith, I had been unable to attend to anything. And after I had recovered, my search for an apartment in the city had left me with a little time or strength, that I scarcely had thought of my friends in Marvin.

My conscience lashed me sorely with the remembrance of Leila's troubled face, and I listened for my little friend's reply to my question.

"It's a mess,"

"She's doing everything she can think of to make Leila jealous!" Her fluffiness snapped. "I don't think

she care two cents for Alf, or any other man, but she simply can't rest unless she's making some other woman miserable. I've seen her type before. She's like a cat with a live mouse between her paws. And Leila has got just about as much spirit to a mouse, too."

I paid a mental tribute to the shrewdness of her insight and the patness of her simile even as I hazarded a hesitant question:

"But surely, Alf—"

"Alf's a man!" Alf's mother declared with an intonation that condescended everything masculine to an aschlim for the feeble-minded. "I don't mean that he's in love with her, or anything like that. He's just as crazy about Leila now as he was the day he married her, but he's as easily flattered as—as well—as the Dicky-bird," this with a half-frightened half-defiant glance at me, "and that Bess Dean is just devilish, that's all, in the way she does things. She's managed her moves so slyly that Alf thinks she's a most wonderful friend of Leila and resents the fact that Leila doesn't appreciate the darling as she deserves."

"And," Mrs. Durkee drew a deep breath, "Leila's been just lately to show that she's jealous. Of course, that's just nuts to Bess Dean, and it makes Alfred sore. It's just a mess all around, and sometimes I'd be glad if something did happen to me so I'd be out of it."

Good Either Way.

Hard boiled egg and water, covered liberally with mayonnaise dressing, make a delicious salad or filling for sandwiches.

Beatrice Fairfax Problems That Perplex

"Lover of Pretty Things."

Dear Miss Fairfax: I have read the letter of "Lover of Pretty Things." You want an opinion on the letter. Well, I think that a girl is very foolish to keep gifts from a man she is not going to marry. (I mean such expensive gifts as this girl received.)

If her present lover does not want her to keep the gifts she should by all means return them. I don't think it makes any difference if they are going to live in another town.

This man may not care for these gifts now, but some time he may. I hope to see this in print. I am just a reader.

She Would Keep Jewels.

Dear Miss Fairfax: Before running down town to shop, I want to drop a line for the benefit of "Lover of Pretty Things."

This man she is about to marry really doesn't object to the jewelry given her by a friend before he came into her life, he is just plain jealous of the man he associates in his mind with this jewelry. Were they gifts from a lady friend, he wouldn't object to them; why should he object to them given by a gentleman purely out of friendship? Had she had a love affair with the giver of this jewelry it would be different, but they do not bring to her memory any heart throbs, so her husband-to-be hasn't any right to be jealous; but men are always that way.

If she lets him dictate to her now I feel sorry for her once they are

married. She has a right to some consideration of feelings. This is what to do: Tell him you won't give them back; put them away and don't bother the poor fellow by wearing them. Then don't talk about the man who gave them to you—let him forget this man. After a year or so of married life and you have shamed him out of his jealousy, he won't care one bit if you take your precious gifts out of hiding and wear them to your heart's content. I had the same experience. That's what I did and it worked out beautifully. But, look out, "Lover of Pretty Things," these men camouflage their "demands" the same as women, so don't let him get you into giving these back. If you want them, keep them, but so about it honestly, but use some tact.

IRISH THE SECOND.

Miss T. James: Platinum or white gold settings are being worn a great deal. The platinum is very much more expensive than white gold.

Our Children

By ANGELO PATRI.

Baseball.

"Junior simply has to stop playing ball," announced his mother, with sharp incisiveness, holding up a beaming and tattered knicker. "This is the third pair this week. His shoes are gone. Scrubbed to a frazzle. He is on his last pair. That's bad enough. But—have you seen him this evening?"

"Not yet," said father. "I wondered where he was. Thought he hadn't come in from the game yet."

"He's in! I've been washing and mending him and bandaging him for the last hour. Jun-jun-r-r! Come down here and let your father see you."

"What was the score?" "Thirty-two to 29."

"Hooraay," whooped father. "I'll have to buy the team a new ball!"

"Make it a 'leaguer,' will you, Pop? We banded the old one to pot."

Boys have to whang out the extra vitality they are generating in the

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Gave me beauty and perennial youth

By Edna Wallace Hopper

I have been a famous beauty for nearly 40 years. I am still a stage beauty, playing young girls' parts. And I look like a girl of 19.

I was born with some beauty, but I learned in France how to multiply that beauty. And I learned how to keep it to my grand old age.

I have supplied these helps to countless friends, and they obtained like results. So I know that millions can gain new beauty and keep youth in my ways. And I write this to help them.

Above all, a clay

My chief help is a facial clay. Not the crude and muddy clays so many use today. I quit those years ago. French experts have perfected clays by twenty years of scientific study. I use their latest type. It is, they tell me, the very utmost in facial clay. But we liked them, just the same.

"Did you?" said father. "And with Red in the box?"

"Yes. They had three men on bases and me pitching! Not a man got in. Some scrap!"

days of their youth that it may be set free without damage.

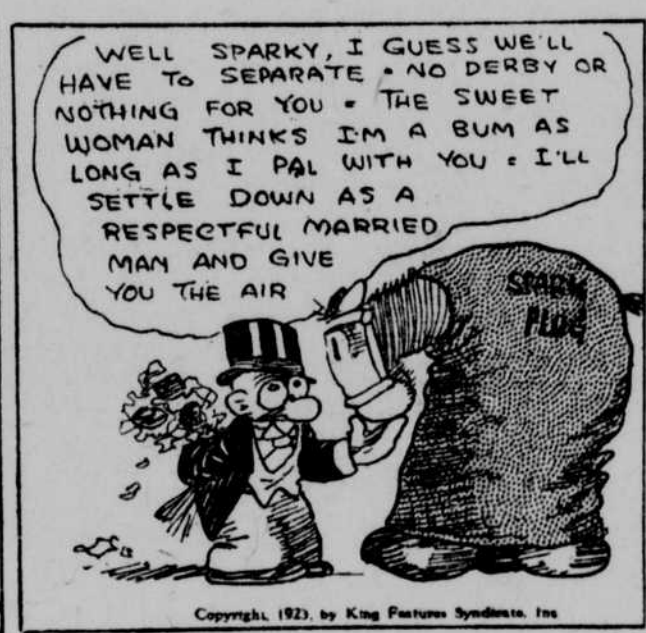
They must play hard: play ball, swim, walk, run, jump, chop, climb and go, go, go, so that they may return to their resting bed, weary and content and undisturbed."

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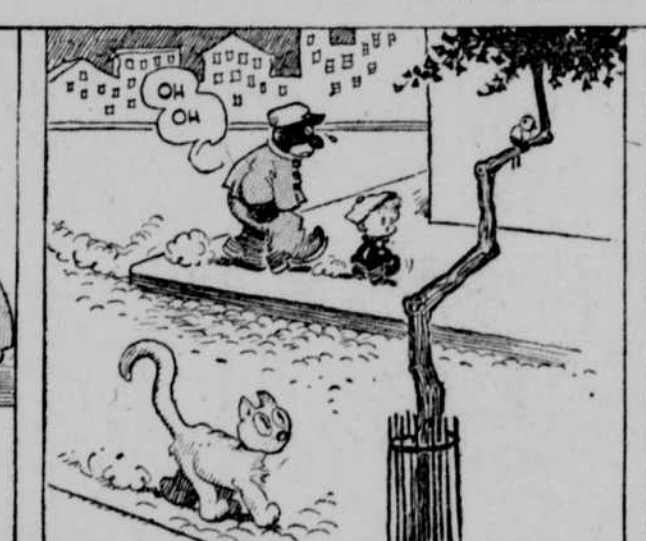
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Society section of the Bee— all the news about the jobs you know