

Adele Garrison

"My Husband's Love"

How Madge Stumbled on Alfred's and Bess Dean's Secret.

My mental question as to Alfred Durkee's course was soon answered. At Bess Dean's noisy announcement that she must go home, he rose to his feet leisurely, glancing at his own watch as he did so.

"We've plenty of time," he said, "so you can be leisurely about getting on your things."

There was an accustomedness about the little colloquy which angered me, and made me glance furtively at Lella. Her lips were set in a stiff, painful little smile, but her eyes held the tortured look I had observed in them the night before, and beyond her little Mrs. Durkee signaled me a distinct appeal, which I promptly and gladly heeded.

"You're going to drive Bess over to Bayview, aren't you?" I asked eagerly. "Do you mind if I go along? It seems years since I had a drive in the real country, although it is only a few weeks. You won't need me for a little while, will you, Lella?"

"Oh, no!" Lella replied eagerly, too eagerly, I mentally commented, for I

wished she would not betray to Bess Dean her desire that I should play gooseberry on the journey to Bayview. "But I'm afraid you'll be disappointed about the drive; go by train instead. The car—uh—here."

Her voice hesitated ever so slightly, and with intuition sharpened by my desire to aid her, I looked quickly at Alfred, surprising a look of distinct embarrassment in his eyes. And though Bess Dean was outwardly imperturbable, yet there was an indefinable something about her which reminded me of the days in Bayview when anything concerning her own class was brought into question. She was tense beneath her apparent carelessness, but there was also a little satisfied glint in her eyes which reminded me of the eyes of a cat just leaving a jug of cream.

Lella is Puzzled. That I had stumbled upon a clue to the secret which I suspected Bess and Alfred shared, I was sure. Alfred's absent car had something to do with it! I told myself that I would rest until I followed to its end the thread I had grasped.

"Oh! In the garage again?" I laughed with the understanding mockery one motorist generally accords another. "You ought to have our make." "Then we'd have to mortgage the

house to pay for its keep." Alfred growled. "This is the only time the old bus has gone back on me for months."

"What was the matter, run into somebody, or did the motor cop confiscate it for speeding?"

He started distinctly, and his eyes turned involuntarily in Bess Dean's direction. Then he brought them back quickly to mine, and laughed so nonchalantly that I wondered if I had imagined his momentary perturbation.

"Nothing so thrilling," he said carelessly. "I was taking a chap home one night when we were detained by a conference, and the thing simply died at first. Found out that the generator was gone, and we had to be towed to Amityville. There's been some delay about the repair. Sometimes I think I'll trade it in and get a new one."

Lella had leaned forward in her chair with puzzled eyes. "You're going to have your drive," Amityville, Alf?" she said. "I thought you said before the car was in a Farmingdale garage?"

"Did I say Amityville?" he countered quickly, but I had seen the nervous twitching of his eyelids at her question. "How stupid of me! I meant Farmingdale, of course." "You probably were thinking of

that wonderful stretch of road across the island there," Bess Dean put in smoothly. "Do you remember, Lella, the day we all drove along that road and ate our lunch by the roadside?"

"Oh, yes, I remember it—" Lella assented, and I guessed that the memory was anything but a pleasant one. Alfred finished her sentence with a reminiscent laugh.

"That's the day I taught you to drive, Bess, when you so nearly wrecked us coming home. No wonder you both remember it. But, Mrs. Madge, you're going to have your drive even if the old bus is out of commission. The garage man here is a friend of mine, and he usually has a car he can lend for an hour or two. I'll just telephone him and find out."

He walked to the telephone and rang up the garage. Under ordinary circumstances I would have protested against the extravagance of this arrangement, but I made no protest now. It would have been too obvious for me to press my company upon Bess and Alfred for a dreary train journey to and from Bayview, while I already had signified my desire for a drive. And I, whatever happened, meant to give my former colleague no opportunity for a trip de luxe with Alfred this evening at least.

Beatrice Fairfax

Problems That Perplex

Honesty in Love.

Dear Miss Fairfax: I am 21 and in love with a girl three years my junior. I have never been very successful in my undertakings. I imagine it will take me at least three years to make a success.

Do you think that I should break with her, because I know that some day she will begin to talk of serious things and I will have to tell her; so I thought I might as well tell her now.

By all means inform the girl of your position. This is the right thing to do both for your sake and for hers. If she takes a deep and friendly interest in you, she may spur you on to success, and if she isn't interested in a "man in the making" you don't want to hold her on false pretenses. Real friendship—like real love—is built on honesty.

Friendship and Love.

Dear Miss Fairfax: I am deeply in love with a young man who has been going around for a long time with my dearest friend, who loves him, too, and who considers herself engaged to him. This young man told me that he cared for me, and not my friend, but I don't know quite what to do. I would gladly marry the young man

were it not for hurting my friend, perhaps spoiling our relations. She apparently suspects nothing. Should I let friendship be a bar to love?"

A Test of a Friend.

Dear Miss Fairfax: I have been going with a young lady for the last six months and nothing more than platonic friendship exists between us. Recently she has become engaged and in all fairness to her fiance I don't want to continue seeing her. She says it's absurd, and if I

A Lesson in Tolerance.

Dear Miss Fairfax: At times my sweetheart shows he cares for me and then again acts very reserved. Now, I am positive that I have done nothing to offend him, as I am always careful how I act and speak in his presence. I feel much hurt by his indifference and therefore am writing to ask your advice regarding the attitude I should assume toward him.

"PUZZLED."

Suppose your sweetheart is reserved now and then, this does not mean anything more than that he has a personality of his own and claims his right to express it. Don't nag at him. Permit him to have his quiet moods and strive to win him to the happy certainty that you understand

and sympathize with him rather than that you insist on having what you want all the time, regardless of how he feels.

Discourage the youngster who wants to read "just a little while" in bed in order to become sleepy. Reading in bed overtaxes eyes that have already done a day's work.

Sent Troubles Flying States Mrs. E. Lucas

Omaha Lady Declares Depression, Headaches, Insomnia and Weakness Disappeared When She Took Tanlac—Has No Equal, She States.

People who come through the long winter months with aching joints, feeling tired and depressed, with no energy, and all stuffed up with cold will be interested in the statement of Mrs. Elizabeth Lucas, 2510 H street, Omaha, Neb., who says: "Tanic has built me up to such good health I can step outside and enjoy the spring sunshine and fragrance to the limit."

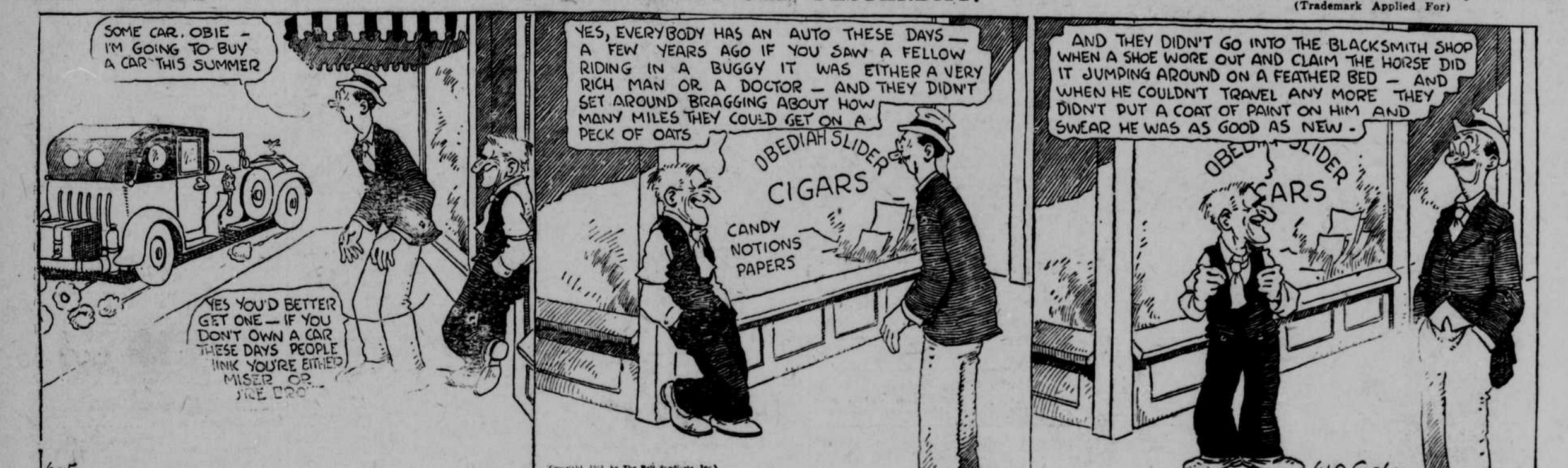
"All winter I was stuffed with cold which took away my appetite and kept me feeling rundown and depressed. My liver was sluggish, I felt dull, and suffered from severe headaches. I couldn't sleep right on account of excited nerves, and the least exertion would exhaust me. "Well, Tanlac soon gave me a good appetite and plenty of strength that broke the tight grip of my cold and sent all my aches and pains flying. As a tonic to build people up and make them feel right don't believe Tanlac has an equal." Tanlac is for sale by all good druggists. Take no substitute. Over 37,000 bottles sold.

Tanic Vegetable Pills are Nature's own remedy for constipation. For sale everywhere.—Advertisement.

THE NEBBS

IN THE GREAT OLD YESTERDAY.

Drawn for The Omaha Bee by Sol Hess



BRINGING UP FATHER

Registered U. S. Patent Office SEE JIGGS AND MAGGIE IN FULL PAGE OF COLORS IN THE SUNDAY BEE

Drawn for The Omaha Bee by McManus



JERRY ON THE JOB

HEARTLESS PERSON.

Drawn for The Omaha Bee by Hoban

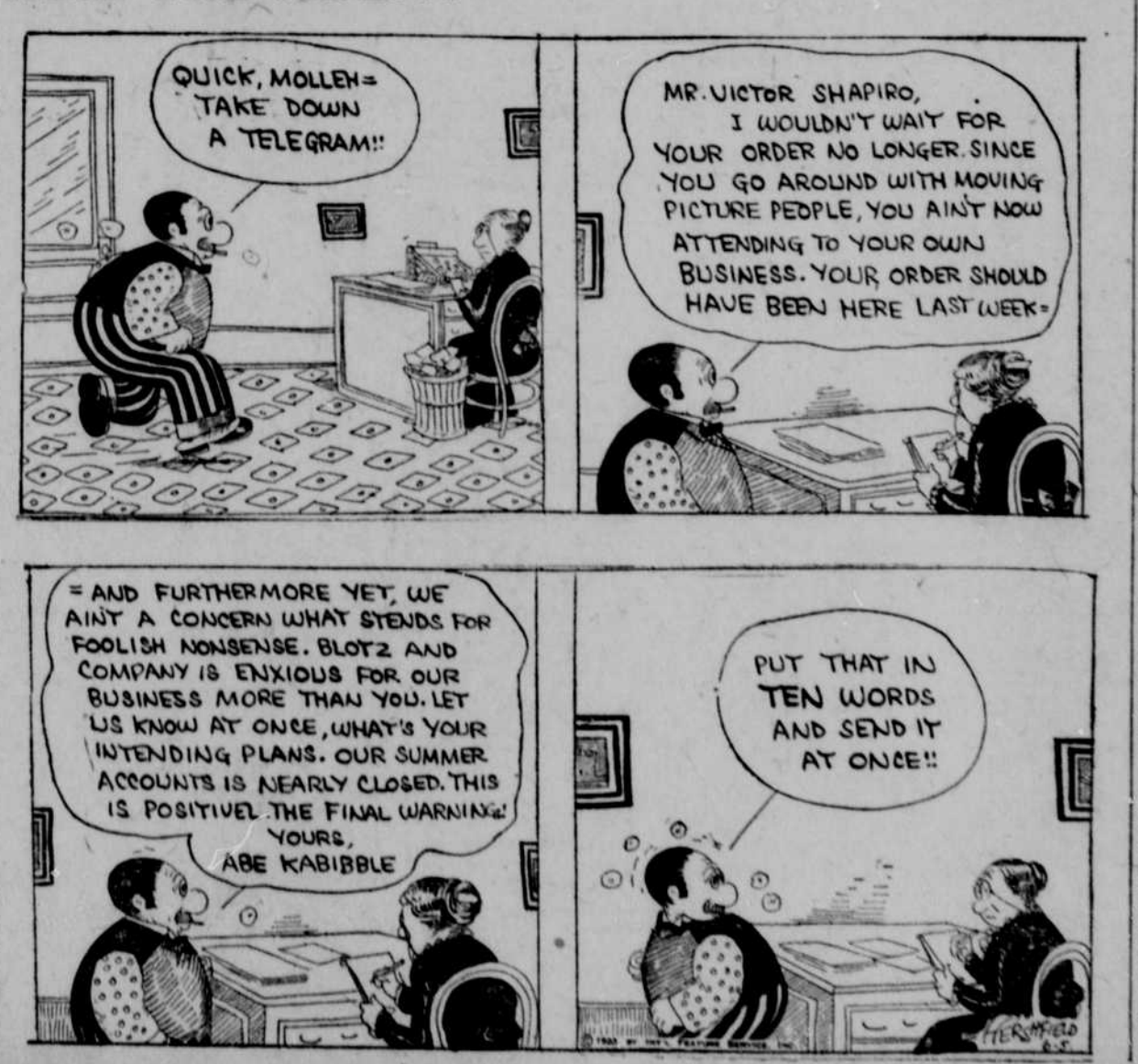
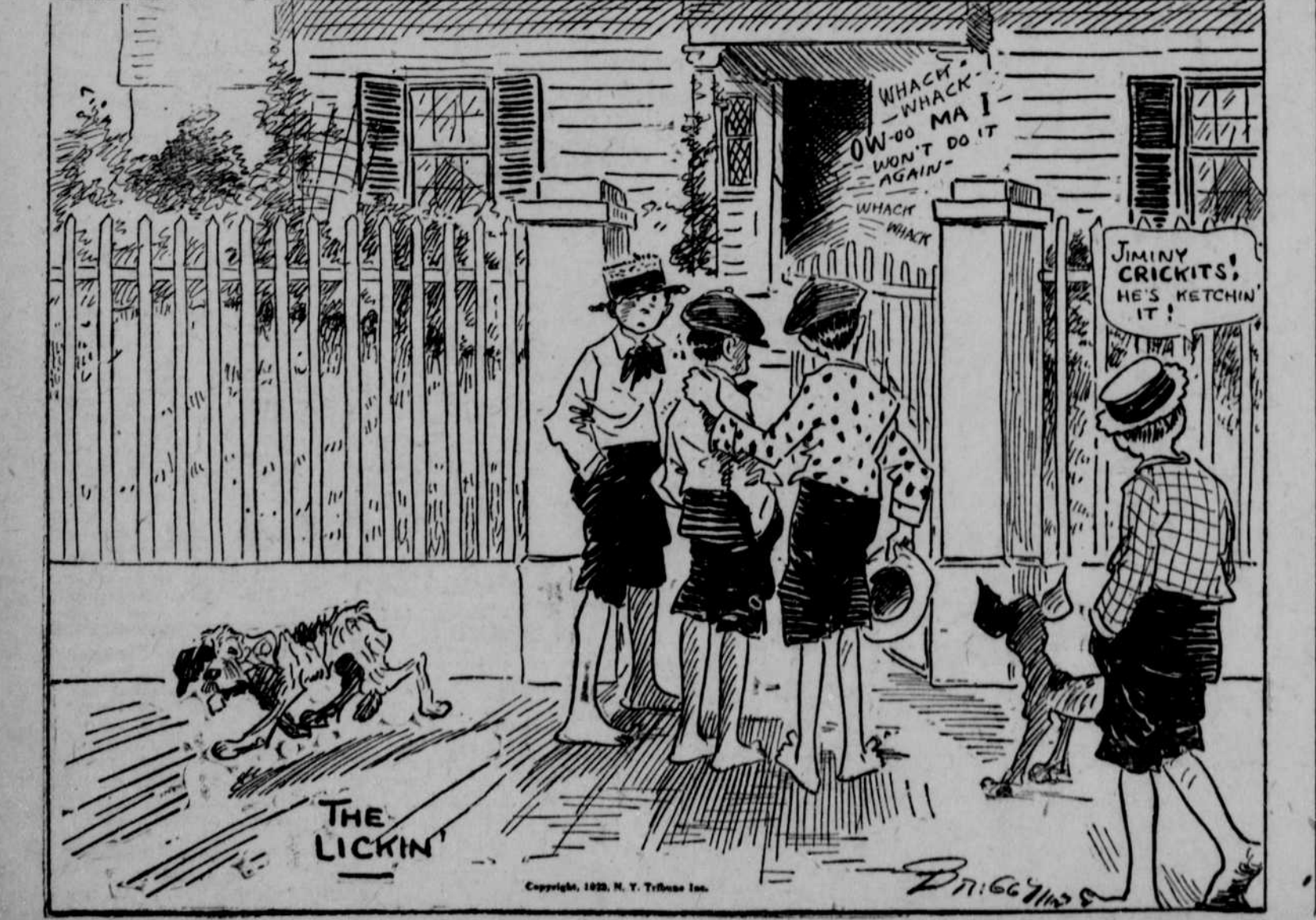


The Days of Real Sport

By Briggs

ABIE THE AGENT--

Conversation Is Cheap



Steady nerves depend on the condition of your Blood

YOU know how you will prove to you its "why" and "how" reason. S. S. S. contains only pure vegetable medicinal ingredients. Because S. S. S. does build blood-power, it routs rheumatism, stops pimples, blackheads, boils, eczema, beautifies the complexion, improves the appetite, builds you up when you are run-down, and makes your nerves steady!

S.S.S. makes you feel like yourself again

MRS. BUTLER'S TERRIBLE PAINS

Vanished After Using Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound

W. Philadelphia, Pa. - "When I cleaned house last April I must have overfilled, for after that I had pains and aches all the time and was discouraged. I could hardly do my own housework, and I could not carry a basket of groceries from the store nor walk even four or five squares without getting terrible pains in my back and abdomen and lower limbs. I went to visit a friend in Mt. Holly, N. J., and she said, 'Mrs. Butler, why don't you take Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound?' My husband said that if it did her so much good for the same trouble, I should try it. So I have taken it and it is doing me good. Whenever I feel heavy or bad, it puts me right on my feet again. I am able to do my work with pleasure and am getting strong and stout." - Mrs. CHARLES BUTLER, 1233 S. Hanson St., W. Philadelphia, Pa. Write to Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co., Lynn, Mass., for a free copy of Lydia E. Pinkham's Private Text Book upon "Ailments of Women."

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RUPTURE EXPERTS

FOR Men, Women and Children COMING TO OMAHA Representing W. S. RICE Adams, N. Y.

The Rice Rupture Method Experts, Mr. and Mrs. F. E. Williams, personal representatives of William S. Rice, Adams, N. Y., will be at the Rome Hotel, Omaha, Neb., Thursday, Friday and Saturday, June 7, 8 and 9. Every ruptured man, woman and child should take advantage of this great opportunity. The Rice Method for Rupture is known the world over. You can now see this Method demonstrated and have a Rice Appliance fitted to you. Absolutely no charge unless you are satisfied to keep the Outfit after having the Appliance adjusted and you see how perfectly and comfortably it holds. No harsh, deep-pressing springs; nothing to gouge the flesh and make you sore. Can be worn night and day with positive comfort. Soft, rubber-like composition pad, any degree of pressure required. Don't wear a truss all your life when thousands have reported cures through using the Rice Method. Why suffer the burden of rupture if there is a chance to be free from truss-wearing forever? Anyway, it will cost you nothing to come in and learn all about the Rice Method and the wonderful opportunity for help and cure it offers in your case. Remember the Experts will be there only three days, then your opportunity will be gone. Just ask at the hotel desk for the Rice Experts and they will do the rest. Call any time from 9 to 12 a. m., 2 to 5 p. m., or 7 to 9 evenings. Women and young children receive personal attention of Lady Expert in separate apartments. Don't miss this great opportunity to see these Experts on Hernia. WILLIAM S. RICE, inc., Adams, N. Y.