

# My Heart and My Husband

Adele Garrison's New Phase of Revelations of a Wife

Why Madge Listened Fearfully to Dicky's News.

"I'd like to be Rita's old-fashioned dad for about 15 minutes," Dicky growled as we hurried over to our own home to get wraps for the visit to "The Sand Pile" upon which Miss Brown had insisted.

"Why?" I asked indignantly, although, woman-like my pulses were leaping at my husband's evidently genuine irritation at the girl whom I so disliked.

"So that I could stand at one end of a good hickory switch with her at the other and give her the tanning she needs. Of all the fool stunts this is the limit!"

"I thought you liked an occasional evening in a cabaret?" I said demurely, deliberately feeding his ill-humor. I knew I was being catfish, but I felt that I could listen to many more strictures upon Rita Brown without satiety.

"What Dicky Declared." "So I do," Dicky retorted, "but there's a time for all things, as I've heard somewhere, Shakespeare or scripture—anyway it's true. Rita is one of the most perfect spring days you could find, with a moonlight evening coming on—I'll bet it will be plenty warm enough to sit on that veranda and watch the moon over the lake through the apple blossoms, and nothing will do that but a cat but a trip to this cafe of all places. Any cafe would be bad enough on a night like this, but 'The Sand Pile'!"

He paused as if he could think of no words strong enough to give his disgust. I slipped in another query.

"Is it so bad, then?" "He turned on me angrily. "What are you trying to do? Kid me? I'm not worrying about the wickedness of the thing—indeed, if it were clever and wicked there might be some sense in going there if it were in the winter time, or if we were stranded in an apartment or a hotel, and had no place like this to get to. But of all stupid, uninteresting places on the face of the inhabited globe that cafe is the worst."

"Two hat boys from one of the most aggravating restaurants as to price and service in all New York—and that's going some—got so much money planted in their jeans that they didn't know what to do with it, so they started this thing out here. It has all the bad things the New York places have without one of the redeeming features the city propriety—they're asleep. The food is bad, the drinks are worse, the cabaret features vulgar and sensational without a streak of cleverness, and the prices onto New York."

"You Don't Mean—"

"Oh, it's a fine stunt little Rita has steered us up against, believe me! I'm surprised Alf falls for it. And yet, of course—with hasty qualification—he can't do anything else as long as she's his guest. But if this stunt of hers doesn't open the eyes of that anointed idiot—who be-tween you and me is just about on the point of taking a jump over the broomstick with the lady—why, he's a goner, that's all."

"Dicky!" I seized his arm impetuously, inadvertently joggling a scarf pin which he was adjusting between you and me. "I did so, you don't mean that Alf—"

"Dippy over the dame?" he countered, stooping for the pin with an annoyed grunt. "Why, hasn't your wonderful Sherlockian brain deduced that yet? You're getting rusty, old dear. Better apply the oil can."

He settled the pin carefully, gave his hair a slow stroke or two with his military brushes, selected some handkerchiefs with deliberation, while I mentally danced with impatience to hear his next words.

"What Rita wants of a husband no one knows—for goodness sake get a move on, they'll be waiting for us!" he interrupted himself irritably. "I'm practically ready," I retorted, "but I won't stir until you finish telling me about this."

(Continued Monday.)

# BRINGING UP FATHER--

See Jiggs and Maggie in Full Page of Colors in The Sunday Bee.

Drawn for The Bee by McManus. Copyright 1919—International News Service.



# ABIE THE AGENT--

Then It Will Be Established.

Drawn for The Bee by Hershfeld. Copyright 1919—International News Service.



# JERRY ON THE JOB-- Right. The Passenger Might Have Snoozed Another Hour Or So.

Drawn for The Bee by Heban. Copyright 1919—International News Service.



# The Play's the Thing

A Breezy Review of New York Stage Written Especially for Sunday Theatrical Pages.

By ZAYDA GLOVER.

New York, June 13.—Musical Comedy easily occupies first place as the favorite diversion of the Metropolitan season now approaching the "sere and yellow." Even the "ingerie farce"—popular and inexpensive as it has become—must yield to the drawing power of the more refined musical show. Melodrama has had some vogue. So has polite comedy. But for continuous drawing power, for sheer power to furnish entertainment, for ability to thoroughly satisfy all audiences, the new style musical comedy has unquestionably established itself in the premier position.

Nor is the reason far to seek. The mood of American audiences for the past year has been exceptional. It has run strongly to the lighter kind of show. Playgoers have demanded amusement, pleasant diversions, laughter. They have not cared—except in a few and marked instances—to witness performances in which their feelings have been ruffled or their emotions harried. Undoubtedly this has been the result of the reaction from the stress and grief of war.

Oddly enough the soldier boys returning from the front in France have had much to do in moulding the season's theatrical character. A veteran manager estimated the other day that at least 35,000 men in khaki attend New York theaters weekly, and these men are almost unanimous in their demand for the light production.

"Give me a show full of good laughs," is their cry to the box office.

The general public has kept step with them. One of the pioneers in musical comedy popularity is "The Velvet Lady." It is replete with untold bits, pretty scenery, nimble girls, amusing situations and best of all, George O'Ramey's make-up as the broad comedienne. Few actresses, especially as pretty as Miss O'Ramey is, would have the courage to make up as the acme of homeliness, as Miss O'Ramey does. Few still have the ability to depict with as much finesse the bibulous maid, Susie from Sioux City. It would be easy for her to overstep the bounds of propriety, but despite the uncertainties in her feet the managers who restrain them from offense. She kisses lavishly, but wholesomely. She talks unciously and laughs intoxicatingly. One gets from Miss O'Ramey's performance the kind of refined enjoyment that bespeaks the real comedienne.

Julian Mitchell, the well-known stage director, has been signed by Oliver Morosco to stage three musical productions for next season. Mr. Mitchell is busy on the first one, entitled, "Wanted, A Thrill," the book of which will be written by Glen McDonough with music by Alfred Goodman Matthews.

Mr. Mitchell is busy on the first one on the way to the coast for a summer season. Henry Miller and Ruth Chatterton will appear in Omaha and Salt Lake City in "A Marriage of Convenience," the delightful Dumas play which met with great approval at Henry Miller's theater here and afterward in Chicago and other cities.

The tours of Miss Chatterton in "The Merry Month of May," and Mr. Miller and Blanche Bates in "Moliere" will be practically identical and about a week apart. After the larger California cities have been visited, Portland, Seattle, Boise, Salt Lake City, Denver and Omaha will be favored.

Lew Fields is rehearsing "The Lonely Romeo," which will be

shown for its premiere in Atlantic City during the week of May 26.

The success scored by "Good Morning Judge," at the Shubert theater, has been responsible for the cancellation of all existing bookings to permit this merry musical comedy to continue uninterrupted during the summer at that playhouse. This transplanted London weather here, judging from the unabated enthusiasm aroused by this play, which is now in its second year at the Adelphi theater in the British metropolis under the title "The Boy."

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# Sec. Josephus Daniels Is Warmly Criticized by Evening Standard

London, June 1.—(By Mail).—The Evening Standard, usually very cordial regarding all things American, makes warm comment on the subject of Secretary Daniels' visit.

Under the caption, "A Daniels Come to Judgment," the Standard says:

"Our admiralty is chivalrously intending to pile burning coal on the

head of Mr. Josephus Daniels, the secretary of the United States navy, when he visits us in a day or two.

"Was he not the man who objected to a film of the British navy being shown in America? Didn't he deliver a speech in his own land

saying the American navy had taken 2,000,000 troops across the Atlantic without any reference to 70 per cent of them having been carried in British ships? When there were indications that the British navy would not be reduced to suit Mr. Wilson's

policy, was it not Mr. Josephus Daniels who undertook the task of making the United States navy—a "spite navy" Mr. Roosevelt called it—the biggest in the world? Mr. Josephus Daniels announced the war would not end till he had marched through Berlin streets behind an American

marine band—and when is that to be? "And now Mr. Josephus Daniels is to be feasted and junketed by the British admiralty. As he never spoke in his own land about the British navy when the war was on, perhaps he will have a word or two

to say about it when he gets home, now it is over."

The advertiser who uses The Bee Want Ad Column increases his business thereby and the persons who read them profit by the opportunities offered.

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"Hearts of Men"  
WITH  
**GEORGE BEBAN**  
Through the medium of one of George C. Tyler companies, Miss Josephine Hall, the talented comedienne, will return to the stage after an absence of nine years. Her last appearance was in "The Arcadians." Her greatest success was undoubtedly in "The Girl From Paris," which was very popular in its day.

Stole Bride on Wedding Night; Hubby Is Mad  
Bridgewater, Mass. — Charles Brownell of this town, was the victim of an "unpractical" joke, in his opinion, when friends of the young man kidnaped his bride following the ceremony, took her to the home of one of the young women conspirators, and held her a prisoner until the following morning.

Shortly after the wedding cake had been cut an audience in front of the door and the appearance of the bride was the signal for action by the kidnapers. She was hurried into the machine, which sped away at full speed. Not until the next morning was she returned to the disappointed husband, who admits he failed to see the joke.

Mr. Beban is appearing personally twice daily (at 3:00 and 9:00 P. M.) in conjunction with the presentation of "Hearts of Men," here.

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THE MOST RECKLESS, HAZARDOUS, BLOOD CURDLING, DEATH-DARING, MID-AIR, AUTOMOBILE SENSATION BENEATH THE SKY  
**"AUTOS THAT PASS IN THE AIR"**  
The imagination cannot picture a more hazardous undertaking than this race of autos that pass in the air.

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An accurate eye, a cool head, a supreme confidence, a powerful physique, a strong will and steady nerve. DEATH IS THE PENALTY OF THE slightest miscalculation.

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