

Holding a Husband

Adele Garrison's New Phase of Revelations of a Wife

What Madge's Father Did for Her and Then Advised.

I found no traditional "blessed relief" in tears. Instead, when the hysterical burst of weeping had finished shaking and tearing me, I lay back upon the pillows of my berth with a racking headache and a deadly feeling of illness creeping over me.

Exhausted to rise, and as glad indeed that my father had arranged the door so that he could push it open without my assistance. I knew that his solicitude would station him near enough the door to keep every one else away, and I longed for the moment when he should redeem his promise to bring Junior to me. I felt so ill that a dream of being alone began to obsess me.

Yet when my father's gentle knock sounded upon the door, preliminary to his entrance, and Junior toddled to my side with rapturous little gurgles of "Ma-ma, ma-ma," I found that I could not endure even my baby's prattle. I wanted—needed—the ministrations of a physician or a nurse. All other companionship wearied me infinitely.

My father looked at me keenly as Junior clambered over me, then he swiftly came to my side, lifted the baby boy and carried him to the couch, where he left him to play with one of the toys which my father makes a practice of carrying in his coat pockets for the child he idolizes.

When he had returned as swiftly to me I felt him taking my pulse, hising my forehead and my palms lightly to test my temperature. It was a test I often use when I do not wish to disturb my child with a clinical thermometer—one which my mother taught me years ago. I could almost hear her voice instructing me about it.

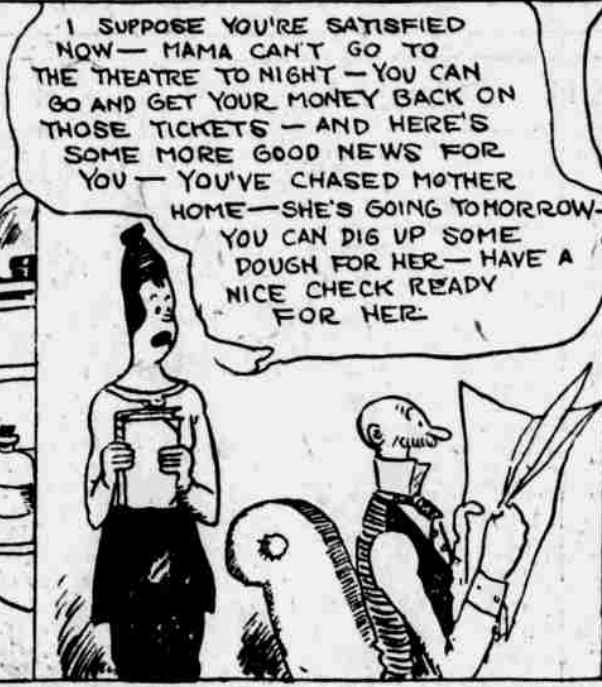
Our hands vary with external conditions," she used to say. "They are seldom an accurate gauge. But unless you are in a fever yourself your lips are always the same temperature, and you can safely trust them."

I left too exhausted to open my eyes, which had closed upon the picture of my baby boy playing contentedly upon the couch, but I wondered weakly if my father's brain was busy with the same memory as mine, only extending farther back. Had he stood with my mother beside me as a little child while she made this same test? I was sure of it as I heard the quick intake of his breath as he raised his head

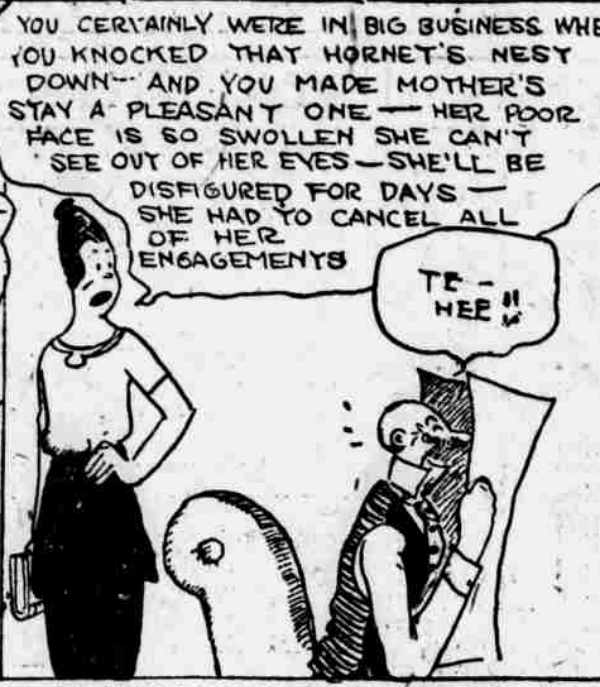
THE GUMPS—



MIN—BRING THE MIRROR—MY GRACIOUS—ISN'T THAT AN AWFUL LOOKING FACE? JUST TERRIBLE—HE MUST HAVE STUNG ME TWICE—I'LL BE A NICE OBJECT GOING DOWN THE STREET WITH THIS FACE—



I SUPPOSE YOU'RE SATISFIED NOW—MAMA CAN'T GO TO THE THEATRE TO NIGHT—YOU CAN GO AND GET YOUR MONEY BACK ON THOSE TICKETS—AND HERE'S SOME MORE GOOD NEWS FOR YOU—YOU'VE CHASED MOTHER HOME—SHE'S GOING TOMORROW—YOU CAN DIG UP SOME DOUGH FOR HER—HAVE A NICE CHECK READY FOR HER—



YOU CERTAINLY WERE IN BIG BUSINESS WHEN YOU KNOCKED THAT HORNET'S NEST DOWN—AND YOU MADE MOTHER'S STAY A PLEASANT ONE—HER POOR FACE IS SO SWOLLEN SHE CAN'T SEE OUT OF HER EYES—SHE'LL BE DISFIGURED FOR DAYS—SHE HAD TO CANCEL ALL OF HER ENGAGEMENTS—



THAT'S RIGHT—LAUGH! HAW! HAW!! HAW!!! EVERY TIME I THINK OF THE WAY SHE LOOKED WHEN THAT HORNET GRABBED HER—

and the involuntary groan which he smothered so quickly as to make its very existence a question.

I must either have dozed or lost consciousness for a moment, for the next thing I knew was my father's voice calling sharply, "Margaret," and upon my weak response the slipping of his arm under my shoulders and the pressing of a spoon against my lips.

A Potent Restorative. "Take this," he commanded, and as I obeyed I felt upon my lips the bitter taste of the potent remedy with which I have often revived my mother and my mother-in-law from attacks of faintness.

His movements were as deft as those of a trained nurse or a physician. I knew that he, in common with all other conjurers in strange countries, was compelled to have a smattering knowledge of medicine and emergency treatments. I was thankful for his knowledge as the deadly faintness which had overcome me began to lift.

When I opened my eyes he was watching me anxiously. I tried to smile up at him reassuringly, but made a dismal failure of it because of the exhaustion which chained my will and muscles.

"Listen, darling," he said, with a tense quietness that betrayed his emotion, "you must have some one more used to illness than I with you. Pardon me if I guess that your mother-in-law is partly to blame for this collapse, and for taking care of you is out of the question. I suppose the next best

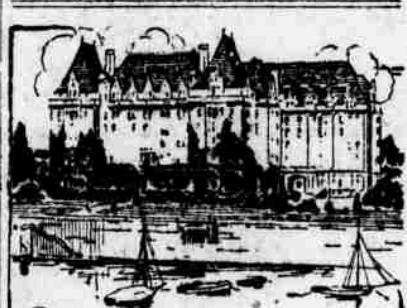
person is Mrs. Durkee. Am I not right?" I knew that he was, absolutely. My little neighbor is a tender and skillful nurse, except for the habit of feeding her patients too indulgently, a tendency which would not trouble me, for I felt as if I never wished to see a morsel of food again. But genuine as is my affection for her the very thought of her fluffy cheeriness, her garrulous chatter, made me shiver inwardly, even as I assented to my father's proposal in order to relieve his perplexed anxiety.

Why Madge Laughed. As he went out of the door, to summon her I felt a sudden unreasoning desire to call him back, and send him instead—I laughed weakly, hysterically at my own inconsistency—for the last person in the world under the circumstances whom I ought to have wished for—my mother-in-law.

(Continued tomorrow.)

AT THE THEATERS BECAUSE hundreds are being turned away each night, unable to get seats for the 8 o'clock show at the Orpheum, the management again announces that good seats are always available at the 6:10 "vaude show." "Firtation," the lively miniature musical comedy offering, has several good songs, among them "The Beautiful Garden of Eden," "I'm in a Jam," and "The Campus Strut." "The Chinese Revue of Miss Dong Fong Que and Harry Hux," is very entertaining. "Partners of the Night" is the current week's picture offering. The vaudeville season at the Orpheum closes Saturday night.

Little Lord Robert, featured act on the bill at the Empress, is especially delightful to the children. His female impersonation deserves appreciation for its genuine merit. Another act of unusual merit is the exhibition of back and end soft shoe dancing, given by Dave Johnson, a most versatile performer. One of the prettiest of musical comedies is the Darling Saxophone Four, while the Gabberts, who conclude the musical performance, perform some remarkably daring gymnastic feats.



See Victoria and Vancouver this Year—Go West Through Alpine Fairyland

Nature's most spectacular pictures spread for 600 miles through Alpine Fairyland along the trail of the CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY. You follow one wondrous after another from Calgary in the foothills of the Rockies to Vancouver on the Coast—stop at the Banff Springs Hotel or the Chateau at Lake Louise (both open through September) to swim in warm sulphur pools while snowclads play on the peaks that guard the valley—see the Benne expansion of the Millicent Glacier at the Glacier Hotel and stop off at Sissamous if you wish to complete your journey by daylight. Truly "FIFTY SWITZERLANDS IN ONE." Down the Thompson and Fraser River Canyons to Vancouver—a great city spread before you from the rose garden roof of the Vancouver Hotel. And see Victoria with its Empress Hotel enthroned at the head of the harbor.

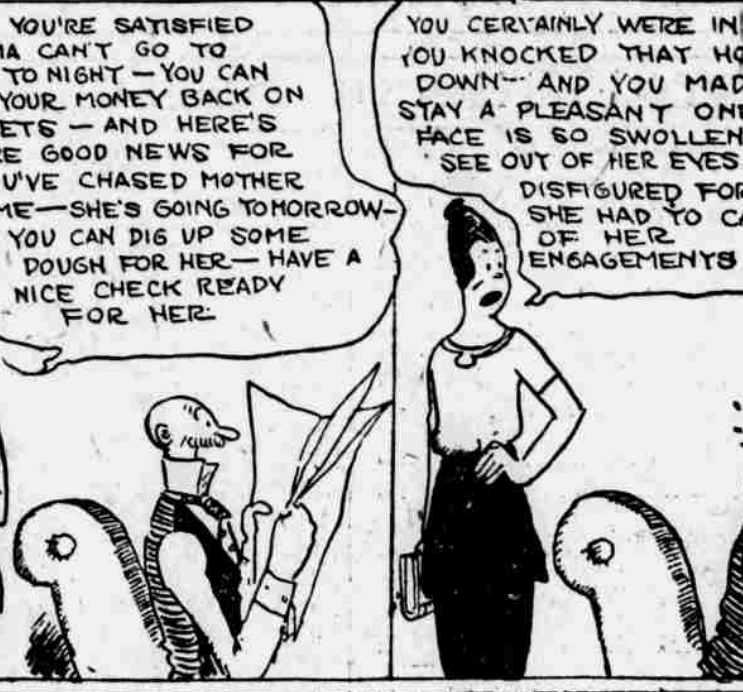
The Canadian Pacific Railway makes direct rail connections at Vancouver with all points on the Coast and with steamers to Alaska, the Orient, Australasia, and Pacific Coast points.

Canadian Pacific Ticket Office—Thos. J. Wall, General Agent 140 So. Clark Street Chicago, Ill.

Canadian newspapers and information regarding Canada on file at this office.

HORSE SHOE ANDY

Drawn for The Bee by Sidney Smith.



YOU CERTAINLY WERE IN BIG BUSINESS WHEN YOU KNOCKED THAT HORNET'S NEST DOWN—AND YOU MADE MOTHER'S STAY A PLEASANT ONE—HER POOR FACE IS SO SWOLLEN SHE CAN'T SEE OUT OF HER EYES—SHE'LL BE DISFIGURED FOR DAYS—SHE HAD TO CANCEL ALL OF HER ENGAGEMENTS—



Friends of Tom Mix, cowboy star, who is to appear at the Moon theater next week in "3 Gold Coins," are urging him to get a motor boat, since there are such excellent opportunities for boating in the Pacific waters near Los Angeles. Tom good-naturedly replies with his western drawl:

"They can't kill me with bucking hosses, runaway teams, racing autos, so now they want to try it with motor boats. I am no wild wags cowboy. What would I do on the bucking waters with a lasso and a gun?" Tom admits he would rather take part in plays with bad horses, gamblers and real live western sheriffs.

The straw vote presidential election which the Sun theater is holding this week is proving exceedingly popular. Ladies are delighted that they do not have to disclose their ages. The total number of votes cast last Sunday was 4,901. Harding appears to be the most popular candidate. The first day of voting netted him 2,346 ballots. Cox was next with 1,433 votes. Even Debs, and Christensen had friends, while Watkins, on the prohibition ticket, received no votes. Daily results of the election are posted on a bulletin board in the lobby of the theater.

Mary Boland, who is featured with Lucy Cotton in "The Prodigal Wife," at the Muse theater today and tomorrow, thinks only such moving pictures should be made as have a purpose. As opposed to those screen stars who demand that they shall appear exclusively in stories which give the fullest scope for their beauty, Miss Boland cares little for whether the story presents her in the most attractive light or not, so long as it provides the opportunity for real acting and contains a message that will touch the hearts of audiences.

Jean de Briac, who has an important part in Clyde Fitch's "The Frisky Mrs. Johnson," which is being made in the Famous Players-Lasky eastern studios, with Billie



Irish Twins and the Juggler. The first person they stopped to watch was a juggler doing tricks. It was quite wonderful to see him keep three balls in the air all at the same time, or balance a pole on the end of his nose. But when he took out a frying pan from behind his stall and said to the Twins, who were standing right in front of him, "Now, I'll be after making you a bit of an omelet without any cooking," their eyes were fairly popping out of their heads with surprise.

The juggler broke an egg into the frying pan. Then he clapped on the cover, waved the pan in the air, and lifted the cover again. Instead of an omelet, there in the frying pan was a little black chicken crying, "Peep, peep!" as if it wanted its mother!

The juggler looked very much surprised himself, and the Twins were simply astonished.

"Will you see that now!" Larry whispered to Eileen. "Sure, if only Old Speckle could be learning that trick, 'twould save her a deal of sitting."

"Indeed, then 'tis magic!" Eileen answered back, "and there's no luck in that same! Do you come away, now, Larry McQueen, or he might be casting his spells on yourself and turning you into something else entirely, a goat, maybe, or a Leprechaun!"

This seemed quite likely to Larry, too, so they slipped hurriedly out under the elbows of the crowd just as the juggler was in the very act of finding a white rabbit in the crown of his hat. They never stopped run-



TE—HEE!!

What Do You Know? (Here's a chance to make your wish worth money. Each day The Bee will publish a series of questions, prepared by Superintendent J. H. Beveridge of the public schools. They cover things which you should know. The first complete set of correct answers received will be rewarded by \$1. The answers and the name of the winner will be published on the day indicated below. Be sure to give your true name and address in full address "Question Editor," Omaha Bee.)

By J. H. BEVERIDGE.

1. Who is the artist that painted "The Swans"?
2. Who was the first woman elected to congress in the United States?
3. Who was the first woman elected to Parliament of England?
4. What former president's daughter is now president of one of the largest colleges of the United States?
5. What prominent American Red Cross nurse died in France just after the armistice was signed?

(Answers Published Saturday SATURDAY'S ANSWERS.)

1. Which is the farthest east, Quebec or Toronto? Quebec.
2. Who first discovered the South Pole? Amundsen.
3. What are the A B C countries of South America? Argentina, Brazil, Chile.
4. Who wrote the poem "I Have a Rendezvous With Death"? Allan Seager.
5. What Swedish girl won world renown as a singer? Jenny Lind.

Winner: No correct answer received.

I'M THE GUY! I'M THE GUY who drops caterpillars and spiders down the girls' backs at the basket picnic. I like to hear 'em squeal and see 'em shudder. That's my idea of good fun.

It may be unpleasant for them, and I don't know that I'd particularly enjoy it if anyone did it to me, but that's neither here nor there. I like to do it and that's the only answer.

If they weren't so silly as to be afraid of the harmless little bugs it would cut me out of many a good joke.

There's another joke I get a lot of fun out of, and that's to drop a little grass snake among 'em when they're eating the lunch. Golly, how they scream and run! Or if there's a lake and I can get 'em to go fishing, gangling a fish so that it wiggles in their faces or against their arms is a sure fun producer.

A guy can have a lot of fun at a picnic if he can collect a few little pets.

Vote City Improvements. O'Neil, Neb., Aug. 3.—(Special).—Thirty thousand dollars worth of bonds for the extension of the city water mains and the erection of a new water tower of 150,000 gallons capacity were voted at a special election here Monday.

the roars of a giant." Eileen said to Larry. "Indeed, I'm fearing he'll burst himself with the noise that's in him."

Tomorrow—Irish Twins and the Ballad Singer.

Foreign Exchange, American State Bank, 18th and Farnam Sts.—Adv.

AMUSEMENTS.

VAUDEVILLE THEATRE

Continuous Every Day, 2:15 to 11:15 Closing Week of Summer Season

Vaudeville at 2:40, 6:40 and 9:00

"FLIRTATION"

CHRISTIE and BENNETT LA FRANCE & KENNEDY MISS DONG FONG QUE AND H. G. HAW EMIL & WILLE

Photoplay at 3:55, 5:30, 7:55 and 10:15

LEROY SCOTT'S "PARTNERS OF THE NIGHT" Kingdome, Topics of the Day and Rollicking Comedy Picture.

EMPIRESS

LAST TIMES TODAY

Typhoon Cooling System Darling Saxophone Four "Dainty Musical Novelty" LITTLE LORD ROBERTS World's Tiniest Comedian DAVE JOHNSON Songs and Dances

The Gabberts "America's Ingenious Athletes"

Photoplay Attraction, Wm. Fox Presents WM. RUSSELL in "Twins of Suffering Creek"

BEN TURPIN COMEDY PATHE WEEKLY

Parents' Problems

How can a boy of 10 be taught good table manners? By precept, by example—and by allowing plenty of time for meals. Most boys are in a hurry at meal time. Excepting for very unusual reasons, do not permit the children to leave the table until all the family have finished—the end of the meal. This will give a sense of their being plenty of time, and that will help in the matter of "manners."

Lighting Fixtures—Burgess-Granden Co.—Adv.

AMUSEMENTS.

INNOCENT OR GUILTY

THE INVISIBLE DIVORCE

IS YOUR STORY.

PHOTO-PLAYS.

THE Prodigal Wife

Today and Thursday

A tense emotional drama of a woman who turned from the road of folly to save her only daughter from the same fate

MUSE Farnam at 24th

almost everybody in Omaha is talking about this man

SEE WILL ROGERS

IN "The Strange Boarder"

And Find Out Why!

FREE LUNCH SERVED in the Moon Lobby Luncheonette To All Patrons. 1 P. M. to 9 P. M.

ENDS THURSDAY NITE.

MOON IT'S WINTER ALL SUMMER IN THE MOON

APOLLO Coolest in the city!

TODAY—ALICE JOYCE in "DOLLARS AND THE WOMAN" Also Special Comedy.

Strand

NOW BILLIE BURKE

IN "Away Goes Prudence" and—The Gumps

RIALTO

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Mr. and Mrs. Carter De Haven in "Beating Cheaters"

HARRIED LIFE

Mr. and Mrs. Carter De Haven in "Beating Cheaters"

WE'VE COOLED OFF "THE SUN"

SUN MAMMOTH TYPHOON COOLING SYSTEM

IT'S COOLER IN THE SUN THAN IN THE SHADE

RIGHT NOW—MAY ALLISON

In a Photoplay that will make you think and wonder.

"The Cheater" ALSO Her Nature Dance

Pretty Girls

—VOTE FOR PRESIDENT— Election Booth in Lobby.

Drink Coca-Cola DELICIOUS AND REFRESHING—the hit that saves the day.

Demand the genuine by full name—nicknames encourage substitution.

THE COCA-COLA CO. ATLANTA, GA.

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Thirteenth at Farnam

Omaha Printing Company