

Holding a Husband

Adela Garrison's New Phase of Revelations of a Wife

What Mrs. Durkee Admitted. "If you'll pardon me," said Edith Fairfax, as we finally took a reluctant leave of the fascinating studio apartment she had fashioned out of the useless "servants' quarters" in the Durkee house.

She addressed Mrs. Durkee courteously enough, but I noticed that both her manner and look held more than a tinge of formality and chilliness. I realized that she was still strongly resentful of the disregard of Lelia's tastes shown by Mrs. Durkee in the arrangement of her new daughter-in-law's room.

"I shan't need you at all," she said. "You helped with everything this afternoon, even to setting the table. There isn't a thing to do except the final touches, and those I'd rather do alone, anyway. I'm used to it. So you can have all the time until I call you for dinner."

"Thank you," the girl returned rather non-committally, and I saw little Mrs. Durkee's pretty brows knit in puzzled irritation as we left the room.

She said nothing, however, until we had again reached the room she had prepared for her son's bride. Then, as if with a sudden determination, she closed the door of it after us.

"Sit down here, both of you, and tell me what I can do about this room," she said pettishly, but with a note of determination in her voice. My pulses gave a little leap. So her heart after all had triumphed!

I wanted to go over and hug her, but I did not dare risk any demonstration which might lead her to think I had disapproved her former course. While I hesitated, puzzled what to say, Lillian spoke, doubtfully. "It seems such a pity to touch it," she said. "It is so perfect. Do you really think you ought?"

I flashed her a glance of avowed admiration. How had she known so unerringly how to strike exactly the right note with my little neighbor? Enthusiastic acceptance of her decision would have dampened the new-born ardor of her fussiness. This subtle recognition of the sacrifice she was making, this touch of opposition, was just what she needed to crystallize her determination.

Her fussiness sighed prodigiously. "I know," she said, the ready tears of self-pity starting to her eyes. "But I simply must. I truly never thought of Lelia's favorite color being pink when I fixed that room. And I can see just how it will be. All will be buying her all sorts of pink roses and they won't go with it, and her house gowns are safe rose color. I don't know why I didn't think of all this before."

Grimly to myself I said that I shared her wretchedness, but I knew it was no time to indulge in even mental criticism. All our faculties must be bent toward the task to which I saw my little neighbor had already committed herself.

"To think how much I spent on those things!" she was lamenting. "I wanted my own room done over for so long, but never thought I could afford it, and now this is all wasted."

"Why?" Lillian asked laconically, and again I felt a leap of my pulses. When Lillian speaks in that tone I always know that she has outlined her course of action and is ready to put herself—and, incidentally, everybody around her—into harness.

"Why—what do you mean?" Mrs. Durkee faltered. "Tell me the truth now," Lillian smiled. "Aren't these your favorite colors?"

She waved her hand toward the delicate cream and olive draperies. "Yes, they are," Mrs. Durkee admitted, "but I honestly didn't think of that when I selected them."

"Of course you didn't," Lillian soothed. "I simply judged by my own experience and observation of other people. Doesn't everybody select for Christmas and birthday and wedding gifts the things they like themselves? It's the same principle, and in this case it is fortunate because, if my eyes aren't at fault, these draperies will exactly fit your windows, and the rugs will do beautifully on your floors."

"But they're coming home tomorrow night!" Mrs. Durkee wailed. Lillian cupped her chin in her palms and put her elbows on her knees. I signalled to Mrs. Durkee to keep silence, for I knew what that pose meant. Another minute or two, she raised her head with an air of assurance, and I knew that the minutest details of whatever plan she had in mind were all marshalled in order.

"You have a sewing machine?" she asked. "Yes, and Lelia's is here, too. She had sent out when she was making her trousseau."

"Your's is in order, Madge?" "I hope so," I said, with a thought of the traces of vandalism which I had found in my home that morning.

"You'd better go over and see to it as soon as I've telephoned," she said. "Do you want to hear my plan?"

(Continued Tomorrow.)

WEAK WOMEN

cannot hope ever to become strong and well again unless they have plenty of good, rich, red blood of the kind that organic iron—Nuxated Iron—helps make. Nuxated Iron is like the iron in your food and like the iron in spinach, lentils and apples.

white metallic iron from just as it comes from the action of strong acids on iron filings. It quickly helps make rich, red blood, revitalizes worn-out, exhausted nerves and gives you strength and energy.

Over 4,000,000 people annually are using it. At all drugists. Beware of substitutes. The genuine has "N" stamped on every tablet. Always insist on having the genuine.

NUXATED IRON

THE GUMPS... AND THE CLOCK IN THE STEEPLE STRUCK 2



More Truth Than Poetry



The Road to Happiness

A Chicago professor says that women will keep their husbands' affections better if they use the rolling pin on them. John Anderson, my Jo John, When first I saw your eye Light up wi' pleasure when ye' spied A bonnie lass gae by, I didna mourn the day, John, That you an' me was wed, But pluckin' up the nearest stane I bashed ye on the head. And though it hurt me sair, John, To gie ye such a blow, Ye dinna watch the lassie now, John Anderson, my Jo.



SLIM CHANCE

Congress isn't going to be any bigger, and we are afraid that neither are the members of it.

STILL RUSHING

Up to date unemployment hasn't noticeably affected the burglar business.

FULLY DEMONSTRATED

The Freudian theory of what will happen if early instincts are repressed seems to be working out pretty effectively in Ireland.

Dog Hill Paragrafs



Romance in Origin Of Superstitions

The name "Ash Wednesday" has a general application to the sackcloth and ashes so frequently mentioned in the Old Testament, but a more particular one to the ceremony of the Roman Catholic and other churches in placing the leaves from palm branches consecrated on the previous Palm Sunday upon the foreheads of the congregation.

I'M THE GUY

I'M THE GUY who totes around a "dead cigar." Well, what about it? I should throw away a cigar, just because it happens to go out! There are still a couple of good pulls in it, when I feel like lighting it up again. Besides I like a dry smoke once in a while. I get the pleasure of the taste of tobacco without being annoyed by the smoke.

Parents' Problems

ought a girl who is working to contribute to the family budget? The supposition is that the girl would not be working unless the family income is not quite large enough. She should contribute a fixed amount regularly. This is self-support and self respect requires it.

BEATTY'S

Co-Operative Cafeterias Pay Dividends to Those Who Do the Work

SLEEPY-TIME TALES

THE TALE OF GRANDFATHER MOLE

CHAPTER XV.

Two and a Toadstool. Grandfather Mole had promised Mr. Meadow Mouse that he would loan him his toadstool sunshade or umbrella—the very next time it rained. But when he agreed to that, Grandfather hadn't the slightest idea there was a shower coming.



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LADIES! DARKEN YOUR GRAY HAIR

Use Grandma's Sage Tea and Sulphur Recipe and Nobody Will Know

EMPRESS

Rustic Garden

STRICTLY HIGH CLASS DANCING CAFE EVERY DAY DANCING LUNCHEON 12 TO 2 P. M.—50c

BEATTY'S

Co-Operative Cafeterias Pay Dividends to Those Who Do the Work

Jewel, Flower, Color Symbols for Today

By MILDRED MARSHALL. Today's talismanic gem, the amethyst, is likely to make its wearers headstrong and move them to make rash promises.

FIERY, ITCHY SKIN QUICKLY SOOTHED WITH SULPHUR

Mentho-Sulphur, a pleasant cream, will soothe and heal skin that is irritated or broken out with eczema; that is covered with ugly rash or pimples, or is rough or dry. Nothing subdues fiery skin eruptions so quickly, says a noted skin specialist.

ADVERTISEMENTS

BRANDEIS

NATS. DAILY 2:30 Night, 8:15 GRIFITH'S Mastpiece Mts. Ex. Sat. 25c to \$1. Night and Sat. Mat. 50c to \$2.

WAY DOWN EAST

Three Days, Starting Mon., FEB. 14 Mat. Wed. 10c

ROBERT B. MANTELL

and GENEVIEVE HAMPER In Repertoire: "Richelles" "Machels" "You Like It" "Julius Caesar"

Phonograph

Matties Daily 2:15—Every Night 8:15 HARRIET REMPEL & CO.: MME. DOREE'S OPERA HOUSE; TOM SMITH's Palace & Johnson; Edith Clapper and Boya Prosper & Maret; Topics of the Day Kinograms.

EMPRESS

LAST TIMES TODAY "AT THE TURNPIKE" Rural Comedy Playlet; MINETTI & RIEDL, Harmony of the Two Piano Accordion; BUSTER & EOLIE, Comedy Acrobatic Act; BROWN & SIMMONS, Comedy Singing and Talking; Photoplay Attractions—"Wing Boy," featuring Shirley Mason, Carter De Haven Comedy, Fox News.

RIALTO

Now Showing 6 Reels of Joy

SUN

Now till Saturday Nite. ALLAN DWAN'S Startling Photoplay

THE FORBIDDEN THING

A remarkable story of a man and three women. The mother who bore him, the woman God made for him and the creature who conquered his soul.

THE KID

6 reels that pack enough laughs for 60.

"Really the Screen Should Show More of Such Pictures as 'The Jucklins'"

says John Kennebeck, photoplay critic of The Omaha Bee.

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WANTED



ONE MAN



ONE WOMAN



ONE CHILD In OMAHA

MARRIED FOLKS SHOULD SEE

"Love Honor and Obey"

The Photoplay of Truth, TODAY TOMORROW at the

MOUSE

FIRST SHOWING IN OMAHA

MOON

NOW PLAYING "The KENTUCKY COLONEL" by OPIC READ featuring JOSEPH DOWLING The Miracle Man of the screen.



Drbie Moon, Prologue "THE COTTON PICKERS JUDILEE" Song, dance and music of the South. Sold and 10 people 10