

My Marriage Problems

Adelle Garrison's New Phase of "Revelations of a Wife"

The "Hunch" That Lillian Had. Lillian hesitated oddly, as, after our tea, I gave her the opportunity to tell me the thing she had wished me to know.

"It's just this," she said at last, patently ashamed of what she was going to ask me. "Did you by any chance bring your badge with you?"

I knew instantly what she meant. Of course, it was the only badge I ever had worn, the little piece of metal which had given me rank during the world war as Lillian's assistant in the important secret work she was doing for the government. Lillian still held an important place in the service, but with an arrangement by which she was only called on for aid when some piece of work which called for her special talents was on foot. So far as work went I had no place at all, but Lillian, by virtue of my own influence, had managed things so that I was still on the reserve list and had kept my badge. But I had done no work since the war ended.

"No, I didn't," I replied. "It is in my safety deposit box at the bank."

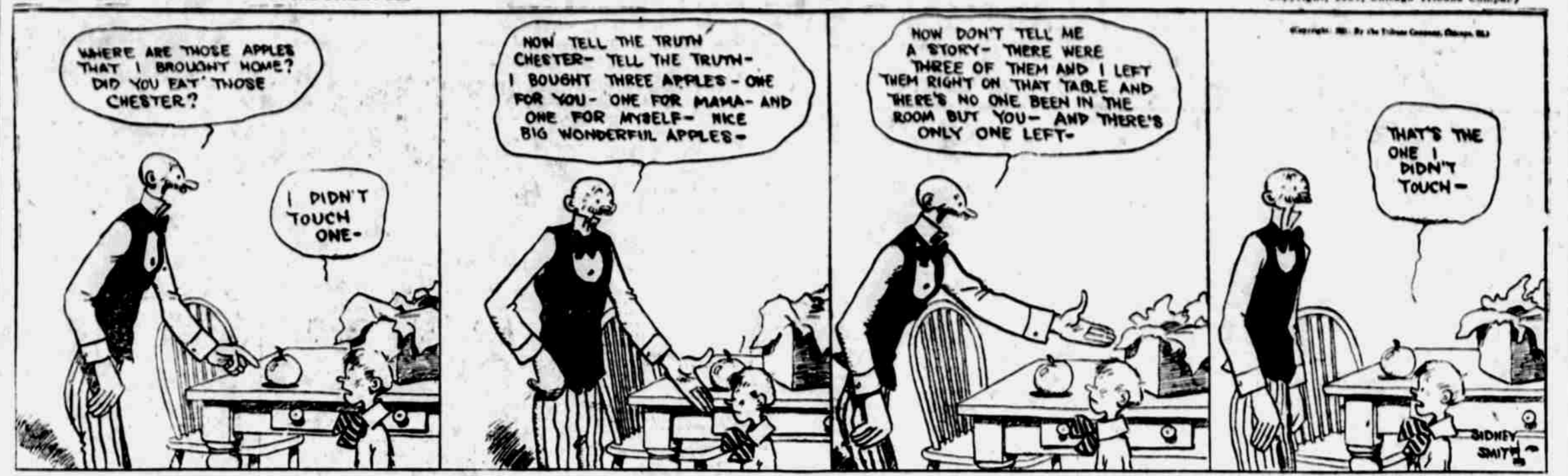
"Good place for it," Lillian commented, and I could not tell from her tone whether she approved or disapproved my caution. "But it doesn't matter," she added. "I have my badge with me, and as long as you're still on the rolls in good standing, I can lend it to you. I want you to wear it when you go on that fool fishing trip tonight."

I suppose my face looked the startled inquiry I did not wish to

THE GUMPS—SEE IT IN COLOR IN THE SUNDAY BEE

WILLIAM TELL GUMP

Drawn for The Bee by Sidney Smith
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voice, for Lillian suddenly laughed. Clear Reasons.

"I don't blame you for that startled-lawn expression," she said. "I don't know, myself, whether I'm getting feeble-minded, or unusually sagacious. But I've got one of my hunches, or at least a fraction of one, that you'd be better off if you had that badge with you in case of an emergency. And yet I haven't anything to go on—except—"

She paused, as if weighing and sifting the ingredients of her hunch while I mentally sat up and took notes. Many years of close association with Lillian Underwood have taught me to regard her hunches

with awed respect, to consider them almost clairvoyant.

"I won't be betraying any confidence," she said, "if I tell you that the powers that be are getting all hot up—and between you and me their temperature ought to have risen long ago—over certain slimy undercurrents in the seas which the ship of state is sailing, undercurrents which have been unknown and uncharted all too long. They are beginning to chart them, and I should imagine—though I don't happen to know—that the authorities wouldn't encourage night visits to a big drinking water supply like the dam. Of course, the natives like Tom Cosgrove, could fish there at night a

hundred years without any damage, and the patrols know it, and no doubt close their eyes 99 times out of 100. But every so often there's a spasm of virtuous investigation in all systems, and when it starts, every one's caught in the same net. I'm positive that fishing at night is forbidden there—did you see and hear Tom when he was asked that question?"

Lillian's Request.

I nodded with a vivid remembrance of the big man's humorous embarrassed evasion of the query.

"So on the whole I think it's as well you should have my badge," she concluded. "You may have to

go some to explain the fishing end of it, but claim Tom as your uncle or something like that and say you wanted to see the dam by night—in other words, take all the blame yourself. But," she shrugged her shoulders with a deprecatory motion, "probably I'm just the 59th variety of idiot, and you'll have the most peaceful kind of evening. Let's talk of something else. How's everything at home?"

It was an idle question, but it set me to thinking of something I had put out of my mind, something which I had not told Lillian because we

so far had kept everything disagreeable from her knowledge. But a sudden impulse made me tell her of Katie's queer behavior, and of Mother Graham's demand that I come home and straighten her out.

"I would have gone for a day or two, at least," I finished, "but Dicky would not hear of it. He—" I stopped, fishing with a sudden remembrance of the reason why Dicky objected to my going.

"I don't blame him," Lillian said, ignoring the flush. "If I were in his place I wouldn't be left unguarded to the tender mercies of that would-be

man-eater that's prowling through this compound."

She glanced at my face, laughed softly.

"Don't look so conscience-stricken, child," she said. "You haven't given anything away. A child could see the dead set Bess Dean is making for the Dicky-bird, and the way he is fluttering away from her. But this Katie matter is something else again. Of course you can't leave here till Bess Dean goes, but as soon as she does I'd vamoose down there for a day or two. And if you don't mind, I'd like to go with you."

Romance in Origin Of Superstitions

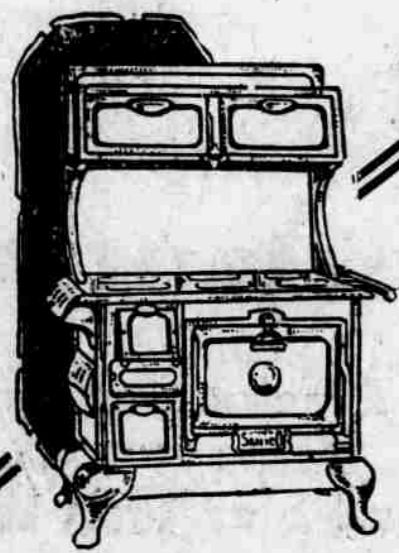
By IRVING KING.
The Poor Man's Core.

If a child in eating an apple merely girdles it—that is, eats around the apple's "equator" and leaves intact in its upper and lower zones, it is a sign that he will never be rich. The common saying is that he leaves a "poor man's core." This very abundance of superstition is probably based upon an instinctive and unconscious psychology. The child does not show that natural acquisitiveness of character which is the foundation of wealth. If he had that quality he would eat the apple to a "clean core," and "the child is father of the man."

But there may be lingering in the superstition, also, a remnant of ancient myth and magic. There is an old custom, still said to be practiced in Bohemia, in which the eating of an apple is connected with future abundance, which custom is based on sympathetic magic—a clear survival from primitive times. The first apple that a young tree bears is given to a woman who has borne a large number of children and she must eat it entirely up. By doing this she communicates by sympathetic magic her fruitfulness to the tree which will, next year, bear an abundant crop. Should she only eat the apple partially the sympathetic magic would not, naturally, be so powerful and the desired abundance might not ensue. It will be seen that there is here the same idea found in the superstition of the boy and the "poor man's core," viz: that a complete consumption of the apple is necessary to insure abundance. (Copyright, 1921, by the McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

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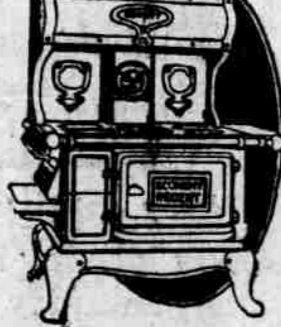


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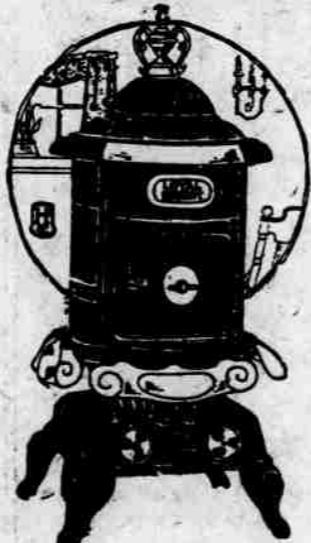
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