# My Marriage Problems

Adele Garrison's New Phase of

## "REVELATIONS OF A WIFE"

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**The Request Col. Travers Made of Dicky.**

Woman-like, the sight of Dicky dwarfed for the moment my interest in the drama climaxed by the disappearance of Smith.

He was safe—I told myself joyfully—and I scrutinized him carefully for marks of the struggle in which, for Bess Dean's sake, according to her story, he had been engaged. There was no mark upon his face save little streaks of blood, and he patently had the full use of his arms and legs. But there was an ugly swelling upon his head, around which the hair was matted, wet with blood.

He had not come off scot-free in his punishment of Smith for insolence to Bess Dean—I felt a quick, savage revulsion from the joy of seeing him safe. I was glad, tensely so, that he was back, but I had no sweet wifely impulse to bind up the wounds he had incurred in avenging insolence to another woman.

"The man holding Kronish—he is your husband?" Col. Travers' crisp authoritative voice demanded.

"Yes."

"Tell him who I am." He put his hand on my arm, and we walked across to Dicky.

"'Lo! Madge." Dicky grinned at me companionably, but I did not return the smile.

"This is Col. Travers, Dicky, the commander of the troopers," I said sedately.

"Dicky turned his cheerful smile on the officer.

"Can't offer you my hand, colonel, it's too messy."

"Where is Smith? Did he get away?"

The officer's tone betrayed tense anxiety.

**"How About You?"**

"Not unless some of his pals find him, which isn't very likely," Dicky returned. "I left him tied up over yonder so he couldn't wiggle out, and brought my friend Kronish back to see you. I would have escorted the gifted Mr. Smith here also, but he claims I broke his leg or his back or something like that in a little argument we had. So, as I couldn't carry him, and he said he couldn't walk, I hobbled him and left him. He'll keep, and I think you may be interested in a little yarn that Mr. Kronish has been telling me. He came up just after I got Mr. Smith tied, which was fortunate. I suspect I might have had trouble persuading him either to walk or to talk if Smith had been able to command his services."

"I'm sorry to dispute you, but Smith won't keep," Colonel Travers said crisply. "If he can't walk he must be carried. At any rate, we must go after him. Three of my men are already searching for him. Here, young fellows!" He signalled to Fred and Ted, who came toward him with alacrity. "One of you come with us, the other stay here and take care of this man."

He pushed Kronish none to gently toward Fred, and beckoned Ted to accompany him.

"How about you?" he asked Dicky. "Are you fit to come along?"

"Surest thing you know," Dicky answered, and the three men swung across the lawn into the woods. I saw Colonel Travers' hand slip lightly to his service revolver, rest there, and I shivered a bit at the realization that if necessary he would use it relentlessly.

**Fred Is Worried.**

Fred Crosgrove turned to me inquiringly.

"What do you suppose he wants me to do with this fellow?" he asked, indicating Kronish, who, pallid and trembling, looked at me as if I held his fate in my hands. I remembered the pledge I had given his wife and I spoke quickly, decidedly.

"Brng him into the house," I said. "I wish to speak to him."

I placed myself at his side, and repeated to him the assurance I had given his wife that Smith had no more power to hurt him, and that if he told the truth he would escape punishment. That Colonel Travers would agree with me, I was sure, and I resolved that if he did not I would invoke Lillian's influence.

"I have told everything already to—your husband," Kronish said, lifting his head hopefully, "everything I know. But it is not much. Mr. Smith, he never told me his plans, just ordered me to keep things ready for him here."

"I know," I said. "Now, if you will promise not to talk to your wife in any language but English I will let you see her. She is very anxious about you."

"I promise," he replied, and I took him into the kitchen and waited until the woman had assured herself of his safety.

"I think I make some coffee," she said practically, with a glance at me for permission.

"I should like that very much," I said. "But make enough so that when the men get back they may have some."

"Sure," she returned, and went swiftly and noiselessly about her familiar task, while her husband busied himself with plates and cups. Fred Cosgrove turned to me suddenly, his frank young face flushed an embarrassed crimson.

"Say, Mrs. Graham!" he said impulsively. "I think there's something I ought to tell you about that fight between your husband and Smith."

# Romance in Origin Of Superstitions

By H. IRVING KING.

**Pebbles.**

Says Mrs. Bergen in a publication of the American Folk Lore society: "Boys believe that they can prevent the stitch in the side which is liable to be induced by running by means of holding a pebble under the tongue. 'I believe I could run all day and not get tired if I could hold a pebble under my tongue,' said one." Says Dr. Kunz, in his "Magic of Jewels and Charms:" "Pebblemania, or lithomania, is an inherent trait in all mankind. From the most primitive man to the most modern, this trait is present in a greater or a lesser degree." Not only is man inherently inclined to collect pebbles, but among primitive men there was a tendency to ascribe to pebbles of any peculiar markings, or found under any peculiar circumstances, magic powers.

The boy's belief in the sustaining virtues of a pebble held under the tongue is evidently an atavistic idea which has its counterpart today among peoples living in a primitive state. The Australian aborigines believe that their medicine-men owe their powers to the fact that they have embedded in their bodies small crystal pebbles, and that by transmitting these stones from their own bodies to the bodies of others they can transfer therewith a part of their powers. The Malays have a class of pebbles called Mesticas, which are worn by their warriors pressed so closely against the skin as to become embedded in the flesh and which are supposed to confer protections against wounds—in some cases to confer invulnerability. A Dutch writer of the 18th century admits that these Mesticas confer invulnerability, but ascribes the fact to "diabolical agencies." The boy's pebble under the tongue, the Mestica of the Maylay and the crystal pebble of the Australian are evidently one as to the main idea—and all three are equally conceptions of primitive man.

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# Jack and Jill

"There you go," grumbled Jack, "just when I have a lot to tell you—starting in on one of those mushy old love stories in that magazine."

Jack really wasn't cross, but he had an instinctive resentment against any magazine which was more attractive than his own conversation—when he didn't want to read.

(In this Jack resembles only about 99 1-2 per cent of male American citizens who can read and write and count 10!)

"But, dear, I'd just as soon read out loud to you; it's a wonderful continued story called "The Flame of Adventure." It just starts in this number—which I found. A last month's copy, at that, too. And to think that I missed it before!"

Jack shook his head.

"None of these things for me," he said softly, lighting his pipe. "I get a lot more adventure reading things in the daily papers."

He spread out the evening paper, which he had brought with him, and lit his pipe as Jill persisted in her reading.

"Look at it! Talk about adventure . . . 11 holdups, six murders, two railroad wrecks and a ship sunk in a stormy sea—all on one page!"

Jill glanced at him, her mind engrossed by the story.

"That's real adventure in real life. And no mush. It's written by big, strong men, too—newspaper reporters who write with simple, powerful strokes and no mush."

"All right, dearest. You can have them," and Jill's sweet voice was most indulgent. "But it's wonderful how this girl escaped from the death cell and . . ."

Her pretty curly head was bobbed down over the magazine again, and she did not note the sudden light of interest in Jack's eyes. The whole evening went in quiet, fireside reading.

As Jill went upstairs, Jack turned to the final chore of the day—the task of putting the furnace to sleep.

It was an interminable time, as it seemed to the most perfect wife, before she yielded to her apprehension, and called down to see if anything wrong had happened. There was no reply!

She remembered his mention of the bandits, the murders and the railroad accidents! Perhaps a robber had been concealed in the cellar. Perhaps when he turned out the electric light down there he had run into the coal pile or been struck on the head by a falling jar of preserves!

Nervously she tiptoed downstairs and there saw Mr. Jack poring over the magazine story which she had been reading. Jill was too wise to chide, but waited until she had disrobed before she called again.

This time Jack came upstairs with an awkward explanation about getting interested in the story of the championship wrestling match.

Next evening Jack came home, loaded down with candy, and some little shopping parcels which she had asked him to buy.

After her greeting kiss he suddenly muttered impatiently to her.

"Oh, but I'm such an absent-minded idiot. I forgot to get something down at the corner. Be right back, dearest," and before she could ask an explanation he had disappeared.

Dinner passed without a word from Jack, and it was not long before Jack was engrossed in the pages of a magazine. Jill quietly peeped over his shoulder and laughed.

"Oh, you're reading 'The Flame of Adventure,' too! I thought you didn't like such mush? Was that what you went to get at the corner, the current copy of the magazine?"

Jack reddened and stammered.

"Yes, honey. I knew you'd be interested in how it ended."

"But what about the adventure of real life in the papers?"

"Oh, they're all right—but they don't have happy endings. But this is positively the last of these trashy things I'm ever going to read. I wonder what day of the month the next issue comes out—it doesn't end this month!"

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# Dog Hill Paragrafs

By George Bingham

Mrs. Sim Flinders Thursdayed in Bounding Billows on a shopping expedition. Sim went along also, but

all he had to do was to hold the team and the children and carry the bundles, and keep the dogs out of a fight.

* * *

Sidney Hocks went around for a while this morning feeling warped and all out of proportion, and finally discovered it was caused by his coat being buttoned wrong.

* * *

The peculiar cracking sound that was heard near the postoffice all day yesterday turned out to be none other than Slim Pickens eating hickory nuts on a nearby stump.

# Common Sense

By J. J. MUNDY.

**Manners and Business.**

When the boss has a lot of disturbing matters on his mind and you come into his presence and he is gruff, you imagine he has an ill-feeling for you, do you not?

But if you have been really honest in doing your work well and you know you have turned out all that could possibly be expected of you, all you were capable of doing, why should his grouchiness make you uneasy?

What man can be good natured all the time?

You, yourself, feel out of sorts often, but because you are not the boss you control it—you dare not display it before your superiors.

If you were the boss, in a position to be perfectly natural, you might allow yourself the privilege of giving way to your feeling.

Furthermore, you cannot expect in business the same sort of manners and treatment you get at social gatherings.

Business is a daily struggle, and men and women in business in earnest think and talk business in a straight-from-the-shoulder way.

You cannot expect parlor treatment in the business world.

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The average number of wage-earners employed in the bituminous coal mines in the United States in 1919 was 545,798.


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**Constipation Soon Disappears**

Constipation is a burden, a hindrance to activity, and a curb upon pleasure of every kind. It is for this reason that a prescription was prepared by an eminent chemist, tested out and later on put in tablet form. This product is now called Dilaxin. It actually relieves constipation of the most stubborn form, and contains nothing injurious or habit-forming. The very people who have tried it are most loud in their praise of this remarkable product.

If you are constipated, bilious, feverish, have a coated tongue, bad breath, or your liver inactive, you should waste no time in giving Dilaxin a trial. All good druggists the world over are now supplied with Dilaxin and they sell it at fifty cents a box. The sole distributor is the Marmola Co., 57 Garfield Bldg., Detroit, Mich. Get a box today from your druggist which contains enough tablets to put you well on your way to health and happiness.

Billboard and newspaper advertisements are already appearing, and it is only a question of a short time before Dilaxin will be the standard remedy for this ailment. By its use it is not only a question of how much better you will look and feel, but what your friends will say and think.

ADVERTISEMENT

**You Must Beat Constipation Before it "Gets" your Health!**

Do you realize that constipation will "get" you if you don't relieve this dangerous condition permanently? Do you also know that pills and cathartics are not only habit-forming but that in their temporary action they aggravate an already dangerous condition?

What you need is bran—a nature-food—KELLOGG'S BRAN, cooked and krumbled. Bran is not a "remedy," but it is a wonderful natural cleanser that will actually free you from constipation if eaten regularly.

Results from eating Kellogg's Bran are astounding! Bran keeps the intestinal tract active; it sweeps, cleanses, purifies!

Physicians indorse Kellogg's Bran for constipation. It is the ideal way to correct constipation through food. We guarantee that Kellogg's Bran will relieve constipation permanently if it is eaten regularly. You should also know that the consistent use of Kellogg's Bran clears up the complexion and prevents bad breath from stomach and intestines.

You and your family should eat at least two tablespoonfuls of Kellogg's Bran every day. Eat as much more as needed for relief of chronic cases. It is not only palatable—but actually delicious! Its nut-like flavor is most appetizing. Children become very fond of Kellogg's Bran. And, it is wonderfully good as a builder of strong, healthy bodies!

Use Kellogg's Bran, cooked and krumbled, as a cereal, with your favorite cereal or in countless palate-pleasing ways like in muffins, raisin bread, macaroons, gravies, pancakes, etc.

**Piles Fistula—Pay When Cured**

A mild system of treatment that cures Piles, Fistula and other Rectal Diseases in a short time, without a severe surgical operation. No Chloroform, Ether or other general anesthetic used. A cure guaranteed in every case accepted for treatment, and no money is to be paid until cured. Write for book on Rectal Diseases, with names and testimonials of more than 1,000 prominent people who have been permanently cured.

DR. E. R. TARRY Sanatorium, Peters Trust Bldg. (Bee Bldg.) Omaha, Neb.

CHAPTER V.

**Specks and Speckles.**

When she first met Miss Kitty Cat face to face Henrietta Hen exclaimed, "What a pity!"

Miss Kitty Cat hadn't intended to speak to Henrietta hen at all. She didn't care, as a rule, to have anything to do with hens. She often remarked that she liked eggs and she liked chickens, but she never could see that hens were good for anything.

Well, when Henrietta Hen spoke to her like that, Miss Kitty Cat

Like all empty-headed people was quick to lose her temper.

paused and stared at her cooly for a moment or two. Then she asked in rather a distant tone, "What's a pity?"

Now, Henrietta Hen seldom knew when she was snubbed. And, goodness knows, people snubbed her often enough, too. For she was forever making remarks about their looks. And now she said to Miss Kitty Cat. "It's a pity your speckles are so big."

Miss Kitty Cat saw at once that Henrietta Hen was a vain creature. She had half a mind to walk on and leave her, without saying another word to her. Indeed, Miss Kitty had turned aside to continue her stroll towards the meadow, when Henrietta Hen spoke to her again.

"Don't you think," Henrietta demanded, "that speckles should be worn very small, like mine? Don't you think yours are too big?"

"I'd rather not talk with you," said Miss Kitty Cat. "I can see plainly that we'd never agree."

"Oh, do stop for a while!" Henrietta Hen besought her. "I love a chat with a cat," she added with a silly giggle.

Miss Kitty Cat was vexed. She thought that Henrietta Hen was a tiresome person.

"I'll stop and have a chat with you," Miss Kitty Cat relented, "for it's not often that I meet a spotted hen. If my speckles are too big," she went on in an icy tone, "it is just as true that your spots are altogether too small."

"Spots!" Henrietta cackled. Like all empty-headed people, she was quick to lose her temper. "Spots, indeed. I'd have you know that I haven't any spots. I'm a speckled beauty—that's what I am. And if you don't believe it you can ask the Rooster."

"Perhaps I was mistaken," Miss Kitty Cat purred. "Anyhow, I'll take your word about the specks. I won't bother to ask the Rooster."

"Ah," Henrietta Hen exclaimed. "You're afraid of him! You're afraid he might want to fight you. And I wish he would," she screamed at Miss Kitty, "for it's plain that you are no gentleman."

"Well—I should hope not," Miss Kitty Cat gasped.

"I thought you were a gentleman or I should never have spoken to you," Henrietta Hen declared. "When I first saw you I said to myself, 'Here's a quiet, polite gentleman. It will be pleasant to have him living at the farmhouse.' But I see that I was mistaken."

"You were," cried Miss Kitty, who was—to say the least—greatly astonished by Henrietta's odd remarks. "My name is Miss Kitty Cat and what made you think I was a gentleman is more than I can guess."

"Miss!" cried Henrietta. "Miss! Then why, pray tell me, do you wear those whiskers?"

Try as she would, Miss Kitty could give no reason that satisfied Henrietta Hen. And Henrietta always declared that Miss Kitty Cat was a strange, strange person.

(Copyright, 1921, by Metropolitan Newspaper Service.)

# Jewel, Flower, Color Symbols for Today

By MILDRED MARSHALL.

Today's talismanic gem, the amethyst, promises to those who wear it a day free from strife and care, according to ancient legend.

Similarly, peace is promised by the agate, the natal stone of those born on an anniversary of today. It is said to protect them from all danger, especially from misfortunes attendant on associating with evil companions.

Coral pink is today's color; symbolic of good health and a sound mind, it brings good luck to all sporting contests where it is displayed.

Today's significant flower is the red geranium, which brings good cheer to the homes which it decorates.

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# Parents' Problems

Should parents interfere and adjust matters when disagreements arise between their children, or should they leave the children to settle things for themselves?

Parents should allow their children to settle their disagreements themselves, so long as their disagreements are not serious; when the situation becomes too tense, however, the parents should lend a hand to relieve matters.

Slugs of type seven inches in length are cast by a new type setting machine.


**A Special Purchase Sale of Floor Lamps About ½ Price Sat. Union Outfitting Co.**

**Dozens of Beautiful Bases and Shades Suitable for Gifts.**

**Lamps Embrace the Newest and Most Wanted Ideas.**

In the sale which takes place at the Union Outfitting Co. Saturday there is every kind of Base and Shade imaginable embracing High Piano Lamps and Low Davenport Lamps.

The Bases are artistically carved and finished in mahogany; the Shades are of heavy Cheney silk richly trimmed with braid, fringe and tassels. As always, you make your own terms.

**Prices on Toys at the Union Outfitting Co. Are 25 to 50% Less Your Credit Is Good**

**Santa Claus (Himself) Is on Hand to Greet the Girls and Boys.**

Making their Toy Department larger than last year increased the Purchasing Power of the Union Outfitting Co. This fact, in addition to their location Out of the High Rent District, reduces prices from 25% to 50%.

The toys that the youngsters have been wishing Santa Claus would bring them are all here in the mammoth Toyland of this big Homefurnishing Institution, and Santa is on hand to greet them. Toys can be charged.

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FIVE TROUBADOURS, Swiss Yodelers and Singers; WARREN & O'BRIEN, in "Bits of Eccentricities;" ROATTINO & BARRETTE, in "Mariuccia Going Up;" HUGH O'DONNELL & CO., in a Ventriloquial Surprise. Photoplay Attraction, "THE MATCH BREAKER," featuring VIOLA DANA.

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And the New York World says: "The picture industry possesses far too few Priscilla Deans to allow this charming young brunette to take such chances with her life as those shown in 'CONFLICT.' We do not wonder that her insurance company warned her against repeating such risks."

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