

# My Marriage Problems

Adelle Garrison's New Phase of "REVELATIONS OF A WIFE"

What the Wounded Trooper Told. My heart was full of warm gratitude toward the awkward boy who had just revealed to me the truth of Dicky's attack on the man named Smith. I extended my hand toward him impulsively, and he grasped it shyly, while an embarrassed brick-red flush spread over his face.

"I don't know how to thank you, Fred, for telling me this," I said sincerely. "It means more to me than you think, and it has saved me from sorely misjudging my husband."

"I thought I ought to," he stammered, dropping his hand in an agony of embarrassment. "Bess Dean's voice sounded behind me. She had crossed the room from the veranda door without our seeing her, and I wondered how much she had heard of our conversation."

"What a touching tableau!" she gibed. "Really, Madge, you might be posing as a picture of eternal gratitude. Fred must have rendered you some signal service, indeed."

Her voice was gay, insouciant, but I surmised that carelessness lay beneath her patently careful carelessness. She evidently had not cared that Fred had heard her mis-leading statement to me concerning Dicky's attack on Smith, counting on Fred's dumb shyness to keep him from speech on the subject. And she was keen enough to realize that Dicky, in the mood he had been all the evening, would not tell me the truth concerning the reason for his punishment of Smith.

Madge Scores. That would have eventually learned it, but Dicky she must have known, but I guessed that she was gambling upon that time coming after she had left Cold Spring. That she cared no whit for Dicky or his future opinion of her, if she could gratify her vanity, and her petty grudge against me, by making me turn to her for help, I was sure. I knew, also, that she would like nothing better than to have me flame out at her before Dicky in a jealous anger. But the sight of Fred in close, confidential conversation with me had startled her.

"It was no part of my plan, however, to have her guess what I know or did not know. The eternal felix which lurks, more or less securely, leashed in every woman's make-up, woke and tugged at its bonds, demanding that I play with the girl's uneasiness."

"That depends upon what one would consider a service," I remarked, carelessly. "But I have reason to be distinctly grateful to Fred, nevertheless."

I looked squarely at her for a tense instant, then glanced away quickly. And though she looked back at me as unwinkingly, there was an expression which flashed into her eyes before she could control and banish it which told me that I had scored. And I was extremely glad of the interruption which came just then from the proprietor, Kronish, for I was content to let the silent controversy between us rest just where it was.

A Telephone Message. "The coffee will be ready very soon," he said. "Will you drink it when it is ready, or wait for the others?"

"We will wait 10 minutes," I decided swiftly. "Then if they have not come back, you may serve those who are here."

"Thank you, madam," he said quietly, and went back to his tables, once more the placid, efficient inn host, as calm as though a short time before he had not been involved in a drama of life and death.

"What's the great idea?" Bess Dean demanded, with laughing face but eyes narrowing in a peculiar facial trick she has. "Anyone would think you were the mysterious heroine, or famous de-ter-ative or something equally interesting to watch that old fellow. I expected to see him hit his head three times on the floor and to crawl out backwards, he was so deferential."

one in the room and on the veranda that every voice ceased and every pair of eyes were on Kronish as he took down the receiver.

"Yes, this is Kronish's place. No, Colonel Travers is not here. Who? Nobody of them. They are all with Colonel Travers. Who? Mrs. Graham? The lady, who drove the car? Yes, she's here."

He beckoned me to the telephone, and as I walked quickly to it I was conscious of Bess Dean's eyes boring into the back of my head, and knew that she would have given much to have been in my place. Her curiosity is overwhelming, her desire to be the center of things as inordinate.

"Mrs. Graham? This is Hastings. I have news which Colonel Travers must know at once. Crowley recovered consciousness long enough to say that Smith was the man who struck him down. I think Crowley has a lot more to tell, but he lapsed into unconsciousness again. But they must get after Smith at once. Where is Colonel Travers?"

"Go to get—" I did not finish the sentence, for into the room rushed Colonel Travers, Dicky and Ted, the troop officer's face black with fury. I did not need words to tell me that Smith had managed to escape them.

them in the city yesterday. And just to please you." Jack studied the effect, as Jill walked on.

"Well, they may be warm, but they certainly do look dreadfully clumsy. How much do they weigh?" "They're light as down, and now you don't like them—after I reform! But they're really as warm as toast."

"Oh, all right," but Jack was mournful. "But you have such pretty ankles, honey girl. I guess they're all right to rough it in but—"

"But nothing. You made fun of the styles—and these are just as fashionable as the thin silks. So there!"

"Huh! Style is a great thing—it blows hot and cold," commented bewildered Jack. "I guess the old saying is right—Fashion covers a multitude of sins—and if you pick the right fashion you can maintain your health after all!"

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Parents' Problems. What is the wisest thing to do in the case of a girl of 12 who, because she has heard about the cruelty of killing animals even for food, wishes very decidedly to be vegetarian?

I should wholly honor her feeling. The girl is expressing an impulse of her finer nature, humanitarian and altruistic. Be sure to provide the proper substitutes for meat, and she will be none the worse, physically as well as mentally.

# Perhaps Mrs. Coolidge Wasn't Excited at Army-Navy Game.



Though she was neutral, Mrs. Calvin Coolidge, wife of the vice president, could not help but give the midshipmen of Annapolis a cheer when they scored the only touchdown in their game against the cadets of West Point in their annual game at the Polo grounds, New York. Notice the eyes of Mrs. Coolidge as she gave the navy boys a cheer.

# SLEEPY-TIME TALES THE TALE OF KITTY CAT

CHAPTER VII. Two in a Tree.

When Miss Kitty Cat dashed out of the woodshed Frisky Squirrel was two jumps ahead of her. That was really a better lead than it sounds. Frisky was always a good jumper. And the more scared he was the further he could leap. Anybody that knew him well would have known then—just to see him—that something had given him a great fright.



"I think it's the finest sport in the world," Frisky chuckled. And as he stared at the creature he remembered suddenly what Mr. Crow had told him. There's a cat at the farmhouse," the old gentleman had said.

far out on a drooping limb, which swayed beneath his weight as he clung to it.

There he paused, while he watched to see what the stranger would do.

Frisky said to himself, "I promised Mr. Crow I wouldn't hurt her; but I didn't promise him that I wouldn't tease her." So he bobbed up and down with all his might.

"Stop!" cried Miss Kitty Cat.

"This must be the cat," Frisky

# Jack and Jill

It was blustery, biting, cold, old-fashioned winter. Jack and Jill went down the hill to the little vine-covered church below their home, on the coldest Sunday of the year.

"My gracious J-j-jill!" and Jack's teeth were chattering as he suddenly looked down at her dainty ankles, and in the lack of silk stockings.

"You'll get pneumonia before church is over, with those things on!" Jill looked down and studied her ankle for an instant.

"They're my very best pair," she answered laughingly. "Where better should I wear them than to church?" "They're like lace curtains. Where on earth did you get them?"

"Aunt Sarah sent them to me this week and I think they're exquisite." "Yes... on a hot August afternoon!"

"But I don't mind them, Jack dear. I want to look as well dressed as the other women we know. And they're very stylish."

Jack grunted indignantly, as he crouched inside his ulster collar, a blast from Boreas cutting his remarks short, as the wind swept around a corner.

He said nothing more until they had returned home. Then he began in deadly earnest.

"Look at those gossamer things! Why they must have been made by a spider. I'm going to Reno, Nevada, on the next train and apply for a divorce if you don't reform!"

"A divorce? And Jill giggled. "On what grounds?" "Cruelty—to your ankles and to my nervous system. Why, my temperature dropped to ten below zero when I looked at them on that windy street."

"Oh, you're such a big foolish goose," Jill told him, patting his cheek. "But, you're a dear to care so much. I'll try to change for the better."

It was warm in the house and they remained in all evening.

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# THE TABLE SUPPLY

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- Sugar, 10 lbs. 57¢. Omar Flour, 48 lbs. \$1.98. Blue Bell Flour, sack \$1.89. Del Monte Peaches, No. 2 case, 20c; doz. \$2.35. No. 1 Canned Fruits, in heavy syrup, can, 15c; doz. \$1.75. Extra fancy Florida Grapefruit, 54 size, 3 for 25c; case \$4.25.

- Big 4 Soap, 10 bars, 66c. One Soap Shaver FREE. BIG NEW BAR 10 bars...47c. Box of 80, \$3.45. Palm Olive Soap, 6 bars for 49c.

- GROCERY DEPARTMENT: Advo Pancake Flour, 2 pkgs. 25c. Prunes, extra quality, 3 lbs. for 40c. Quart Jars Olives, each 40c. American Maid Jelly, in large jars, ea. 23c. Pure Apple Juice, gallon cans, ea. 49c. Karlo Fat Herring, in tomato sauce 19c. Household Blend Coffee, 3 lbs. \$1.00 (One-half Pound FREE).

- MEAT DEPARTMENT: Fresh Dressed Spring Chickens, lb. 23 1/2¢. Extra Fancy Lamb Legs, lb. 22 1/2¢. Young Leg of Mutton, lb. 16 1/2¢. Choice Steer Beef Roast, lb. 10¢. Lean Pork Loin Roast, lb. 15 1/2¢. Fresh Hams, half or whole, lb. 17 1/2¢. Choice Steer Rolled Rib Roast, lb. 22 1/2¢. No. 10 pall pure Lard, for 61¢. Choice Steer Rib Boiling Beef, lb. 8 1/2¢. Extra Fancy Lamb Stew, lb. 6 1/2¢.

- OIGARS—JUST INSIDE THE DOOR: Extra Special for Early Christmas Shoppers. Buy Them by the Box. Mozart Vincedora, 20c value, per box of 25 \$3.50. Mozart Imperials, 15c value, per box of 25 \$2.45. Otello, 10c value, per box of 25 \$1.50. Prince Albert, full pound \$1.34. Tuxedo, in a large glass jar, per jar. \$1.44. Gillette Razor and package of blades. 89c. Gem DeLuxe Razor, a \$3.00 value, each \$1.00. Large Assortment of Pipes and Smokers' Articles.

- ORTMAN'S BAKERY DEPT.: Pecan Nut Butter Rolls, pan, for 25c. Chocolate and Strawberry, each 20c. Marshmallow Roll, each 20c. Whipped Cream Puffs, doz. 60c. Bread Rolls, doz. 12c.

- SATURDAY CANDY SPECIALS: Fancy Sugar Coated Jordan Almonds, that \$1 kind, lb. 69c. Coconut Brittle, per lb. 25c. Peanut Brittle, per lb. 25c. Jumbo Salted Peanuts, 2 lb. 35c.

We Sell SKINNER'S the highest grade Macaroni, Spaghetti, Egg Noodles and other Macaroni Products.

about her remark that startled Frisky Squirrel—something that made him shiver. And when he shivered he lost his hold on the tip of the limb. Down he dropped, slipping and floundering from one branch to another.

# SOMMER BROTHERS

- Just received, a shipment of Fresh Mushrooms, lb. 75¢. Fancy Fresh Dressed Spring Chicken, per lb. 27c. Jones "Little Pig" Hams, per lb. 40c. Choice Young Turkeys, per lb. 85c. Visit our Market. We pride ourselves upon its cleanliness. OLD MONK OLIVE OIL "Old Monk" means QUALITY, per qt. can. \$1.25. Imported Spanish Finestoes, 2 cans for \$1.00. Fancy Florida Grapefruit, thin skinned, 4 for \$1.00. Extra Fancy Sunlight Lemons, per doz. 25c. Fresh Cocoanuts, each 10 and 12 1/2c. In-lying Head Lettuce, each 15c. The Very Best Creamery Butter, per lb. 24c. American Beauty Macaroni and Spaghetti, 3 pkgs. for 25c. Monarch Orange Pease Tea. A wonderful Tea—Special—per lb. 40c.

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- 100 lbs. Best Cane Sugar \$6.15. Small Lean Pig Pork Loin Roast, per lb. 19 1/2c. Prime Rolled Rib Roast, per lb. 22 1/2c. Large Bottle Extra Fancy Catsup 19c.

- 48-lb. sack Pillsbury's Best Flour \$2.25. 48-lb. sack Gold Medal \$2.25. 48-lb. sack Blue Bell \$1.75. Pillsbury's Pancake Flour at 12 1/2c. Swansdown Cake Flour 38c. Advo Assorted Jell, 3 for 25c. 1-lb. can Stallweck Milk and Cocoa, per can 49c. Assorted Campbell's Soups, 6 cans for 55c.

- Tall cans Milk, Pet, Carnation, Wilson's, per can 11c. Per case \$5.25. Elkhorn Milk, per can 10c. Per case \$4.50.

- McCormick's Home-Made Chocolates, Extra Special, per lb. 49c. Our Crispy Peanut Brittle, lb. 25c. Dowell's Cream Caramels, lb. 50c.

- Item's Tea Sandwiches, per lb. 30c. Item's Applejam and Century Cookies, lb. 25c.

- Pecan Nut Butter Roll, per pan 25c. Chocolate and Strawberry Marshmallow Roll, each 20c. Extra Fancy Imported Figs, lb. 35c; 3 lbs. \$1.00. Whipped Cream Puffs, per dozen 12c. Fresh Brussels Sprouts, Mushrooms, Tomatoes, Artichokes, Kumquats.

- Creamery Package Butter or Country Roll Butter, 39 1/2c per lb. Finest April Storage Eggs, per dozen 42c. 5 lbs. Swift's Snowflake or Gem Nut Oleo \$1.18. Checked Eggs in Cartons, dozen 35c.

- Moxley's Dixie or Alco Brand Oleomargarins, per lb. 28c.

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Always COOKIES and CRACKERS Prices Fresh Special, while they last.

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- BASKO FLOUR 6 pounds 35c. 24 pounds 97c. 48 pounds \$1.90. Basko Coffee, 3 lbs. \$1.00. Basko Cocoa, 1/2 lb. 24c. Bulk Cocoa, 2 lbs. 25c. Basko Baking Powd. lb. 21c. A. & H. Soda, 1 lb. 9c.

- PEARL WHITE S'p, 10 bars, 44c. P. & G. Soap, 8 bars 50c. Basko Jelly Powder Per package 9c. Rub No More pwd. lge. 25c. "20" Mule Team Borax 17c. Lux Soap Flakes, 2 for 25c. Sunbrite Cleanser 60c. Gold Dust, large 30c. Rinsol 8c.

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