"Does you love me?"

"I sho'ly does."

with me?

his heart with one hand and clapped the other over his forehead-"Oh! My Gawd." he howled, "my

pitcher or the nekkid Edner has done "Oh! Lawsy!" mouned he. "Some-

He collapsed in jellyfish misery on the bed and gave thought to eventualities. All colored hirmingham knew that Edner Torring had been posing for her picture. Chocolate society was waiting agape for sight of the canvas. And it was obvious that it was soon to be treated to a sight for which neither artist nor model had planned.

body is sho' done helled things up

had connived Circumstances against him. One more day and Edner would have been at least partially clothed But now? Lymus couldn't even explain, for explanation would publish broadcast to the world his masquerade. Did he tell of his deception Birmingham would know that he was not an artist, and Birmingham would laugh him out of town. More, there was that damn-ing contract which Lawyer Chem had drawn up and he had signedthat, and the \$50 advance accepted in the guise of an artist.

There was little sleep in the room occupied by Lymus that night. Investigation had disclosed the fact that the Flukers residence had been vacant during the afternoon, Sis-Callie having been downtown shopoing and the other gentleman boarder bysy at his job with the City Ice commany. The intruder had found a clear field and a world of time for his

The day dawned raw and dismat. Low hanging clouds scudded by within view of Lymus' windowhick, damp clouds, which exuded a bone and kept him lying supine

Finally he rose and staggered to the window. The prospect was gloomy to the 'nth degree.

At 10 o'clock Sis Callie announced a visitor. Lymus scented trouble. Just at the moment it was impos-He shrugged indifferently and bade eatin' you now?" Sis Callie show the man in.

She did. She tried to hang around, but Lymus shut the door abruptly in good evenin'." face. Then he opened it again and requested politely that she remove herself from the proximity of the keyhole. After which he made assurance doubly sure by plugging the lock Finally he turned. "What you wan's with me, Noah

The face of the big man glowed tained more than a hint of moisture. with triumph. He towered above Lymus menacingly.
"You li'l speck of less'n nothin',"

he growled, "Ise got a good min' to

'If'n I was to lay my han's on "Bein' murdered is the fondest thing Isis of right now, Brother Lee.

My grave ain't gwine be big enough my troubles into. Noah seated himself on the edge be bed and lighted a cigar. He

"Laugh, big boy, If n you c'n see anythin' funny roun' heah, I cumgratulates you."
"Tain't what I see, Brother John-

son," returned Noah. "It's what I don' see." "Meanin' which?"

"Ain't you be'n paintin' a pitcher of Edner Torring?" "I has."

"Where is it now?" Lymus' diminutive body grew rigid. He advanced a step closer to his visitor. "Noah Lee-is you the feller done swiped that pitcher outen

this room?" Noah nodded cheerfully, "I is." Lymus walked to the window, where he stood for a moment staring

down at the gray, dismal prospect.

He spoke without turning. "How come you to steal that pitcher, Noah?" 'Cause," returned the visitor frankly, "I craves to make ma iage with Prissila Wattles."

What Edner Torring's pitcher got to do with that?" With you not tryin' to ma'y Prissilla-I is gwine have a chance. An' you ain't gwine try no mo' to make ma'iage with her."

"How you talk that solt of fool-"The minute you makes talk with

her again, Mistuh Lymus Johnson, I as gwine show Mistuh Lisha Torring that pitcher of his wife, an' he's ost likely gwine inquire where her clothes are at."

And this situation was square ind. Noah had stolen the picture, which he was suspending over the head of the diminutive Lymus as a sword of Damocles. The price for his silence would be the calling off of Lymus' courtship. Did Lymus continue to pay court to Pressilla, all Noah had to do was to exhibit his ill-gotten trophy to the massive husband of the beautiful Edner-and Lymus saw himself being patted in the face with a spade.

"Huh?" "Ain't you reelizin' I c'n have you 'rested fo' stealin' that pitcher?' "Sho'ly. But you ain't gwine do

'How come you figger thataway?" "Minute I gits 'rested, Lisha Torring sees him that pitcher of his wife an' then I'se gwine be a heap mo' cumfutibler in jail than what you

"S'posin'." said Lymus slowly-"s'posin' I lays offen Prissilla Wattles. Does you return the pitcher "Yeh-soon as I an' her gits

ma'ied." "Wigglin' Tripe! An' if'n she don' ma'y you-what I is gwine do then?" You paints yo'se'f another pitcher of Edner an' delivers same. I promises I ain't gwine do nothin' with the one I is got. Then the minute I an' Pressilla gits ma'ied-you gits back yo' nekkid pitcher. Ain't that sim-

"Yeh," agreed Lymus disgustedly, frimple like a crap game with loaded dice. On'y you owns the dice."

"You takes my propersition or you leaves it, Lymus."

then—making sure that Sis was nowhere near—he took! his arms and implanted upo eager lips an osculatory salute

An' what about all the wuk I is a'ready done on that pitcher?"
"You ain't on'y be'n wukkin' on it

two days. That ain't so much to do over ag in."
"You says! But you don't know sathin' or even less n that."

gwine. I asts you to' the finally las' action Lisha Torring?" Lymus threw his arms wide in a

gesture of surrender. They ain't much to choose, Broth- By 4 o'clock the next day Edner reckons I prefers to remain livin'.

downtown to his friend-the dealer and not so very far ahead. in dusty relics. Unfortunately that Noah Lee rose ominously from the gentleman had no more gems of art chair at the window. He delivered in stock. Nor had any other store a short, pointed speech. Birmingham save one studio where faded oil was on sale for \$300.

Eduer was due at 3 o'clock for her Edner arrived he spread it on the easel and for one hour and a half pretended to work. It was a hard sight of the portrait.

Lymus. "Why not?"
"They ain't nothin' to see," he

answered truthfully. He went for an airing downtown after carefully locking the blank canvas in his trunk. He passed two ambulances and a hearse on his way down. There seemed to be an intense morbidity enveloping the bustling city of Birmingham.

he saw Prissilla coming toward him -a broad smile of greeting on her attractive face. Instinctively, he thick, damp clouds, which exhided a started forward. Out of the corn er the bone and kept him lying supine of his eye he envisioned the menacwith the spread pulled up about his ing figure of Noah Lee bulking before the window of the Smooth Pants Pressing club across the street. Prissilla swept down in force. "Honey!"

Lymus raised his hat stiffly, "Evenin', Miss Wattles." She drew back-surprised and not sible for him to scent anything else. a little hurt. "Why, Lymus-what's

"I craves to be relieved outen yo' company, Miss Wattles. I bids you Lymus passed on-wallowing in

the depths of agony, Prissilla stared after him dumbly; cut to the quick. Then her head went back pridefully and she strode angrily southward. Noah Lee catacornered to intercept her. She greeted him with stimulated warmth-albeit her eyes con-

That night Prissilla gave herself to reflections on the possible reasons for Lymus' action. There was no answer apparent. Undoubtedly she ish you!"
Sqush away," invited Lymus. "It loved Lymus. Therefore she stifled don' make no pretickeler diff'ence her pride and indited a letter which she dispatched by a small colored boy. Within 20 minutes it came back with a cryptic answer scrawled laboriously at the bottom.

"Dere miss Wattles: "my hart is broke, but it is still

beeting.
"Respectfully,
"MR LYMUS JOHNSON." Prissilla experienced two distinct and entirely feminine reactions. The first was a surge of wild indignation

amounting almost to a sense of personal insult. Followed an attack of insatiable curiosity. She donned her hat and coat and sallied forth into the night. She

headed straight for the home of Lymus Johnson. And as she started had brought him into town for the down the street something happened operation—a week that had sorely tried Helen's hospitality. Bobbie of which she was blithely ignorantand Lymus even more happily unaran riot over the whole apartment ware. and his mother made no effort to re-It so happened that Mr. Noah Lee, strain him.

gripped by the idea that it would be "Well, what do you expect with him cooped up here?" had been Carexceedingly wise to take in a crop of hay while the sun was shiningand doubting, too, that his present just that morning his ball creashed strategic advantage would obtain for through a pane in the bookcase door. any considerable length of time-had He must have some place to play. started out to call upon Prissilla. Poor darling! With that sore ren's sister, He was crossing the street when throat, I wonder he's as good as he she emerged from her residence and

set off in the general direction of the Flukers' home, later discerned her in the room which he knew to be Lymus', and still later saw the shade discreetly drawn down over the window. Noah emitted sulphur. Prissilla entered Lymus' room un-

heralded-observing the conventions by leaving the hall door agape. Lymus rose to his feet quivering-part with love, part with deep fear. "Prissillal Honey!"

They kissed. Then discretion rose to Lymus' assistance. "You is got to git out of heah, Prissilla." 'Ain't gwine do it."

"You got to, sweetness." "Does you love me, honey?"

"My Gawd! Prissilla-how comou to think anythin' else?" "Then if'n you loves me, Lymus -les' us git ma'ied."

"Ma'ied! O, Sugar—I cain't!"

"Says which?" "But, Lymus-"No corpse ain't no good as no husband, Prissilla."

"I knowed it!" triumphantly. "You is in trouble!' "You said it, honey. Brother Trou-

tails and he ain't lettin' go.' "I'se gwine he'p you out. Lymus responded gratefully to her attitude, but he realized poignantly that she was the one person in the world whose help at that particular time was a great deal less than worthless. He told her as much-

ble is got hisse'f aholt of my coat

tactfully. She argued. She pleaded. She protested her undying affection and ar-gued her privilege to stand by his side in the hour of stress. But he was adamant-because he had to be. He rejected her proffered assistance and found himself tongue-tied in the mat-

ter of explaining his difficulties. Finally she agreed to take his word for it that all would work out for the best. She also swore that she would remain true to him-that she would see to it that her affections were unswerving and would extend to him the benefit of all doubt. He accompanied her downstairs, and was nowhere near-he took her in his arms and implanted upon her

eager lips an osculatory salute of exenough for us to go home Saturday. treme passion. So try to cut your trip short and get Prissilla departed. Two minutes back by Sunday. later Noah Lee separated himself from the shadows of a large oak ble week! Helen has made things across the street and did likewise. so unpleasant! I might have known across the street and did likewise. so unpleasant! I might have known ished Warren. "You'll cut the Noah had been an interested and she would. She won't realize that cloth." frenzied spectator of the passionate Bobbie is sick. She's always after

Noah Lee rose ponderously, "Ise | parting. And Noah was dead set on | One glance at the inscrutable coun-| Wattles. So Lisha had been so Investigation disclosed the fact Lymus envisioned a tombstone upon tend his obsequies. Lymus cowered. Wattles or does you git murdered by that Lisha Torring was out of the which was incribed:

city and would not return until 5 LYMUS JOHNSON o'clock the following afternoon. Noah bided his time.

er Lee. But jes' fo' the present I had completed another sitting and Lymus had once again carefully Immediately after Noah's swag- rolled the utterly blank canvas and gering departure Lymus got busy, stowed it away in his trunk. He left No matter how indigo hued the fu- the house, took a short stroll, and ture-it was the present in which returned just before 6. And even Lymus was living, and in which he before he entered his room he susdesired to continue. He scurried pected that breakers were ahead-

"Lymne Johnson," he seethed, "you is finished an done to'! Las' night I seen you kissin' Prissilla in daily sitting. And it behooved Ly- the front hall. You is done me dirt. in' away fum Bummin'ham an' keep of nude circumstantial evidence! session for both of them, and at its on movin' s'long's I had any breff or conclusion Edner again begged for any noney lef." He bowed elaboght of the portrait.
"Cain't let you see it," negatived If'n Lisha Torring meets up with futility of any such strategy. you I wishes you a sudden death an' not no lingerin' one!"

Noah departed. So, too, did Lymus' last hope. He sat staring numbly through the window-seeing nothing save the hovering form of trouble. mosphere was pregnant with a vision of sudden and complete demise, It was surcharged with horrible menace, The very shadows seemed to dance a wild warning.

By 7:30 he had completed preparations for his departure and managed to get Sis Callie out of the house, so that his exodus would be unobserved. He seated himself in the dark for a two-bour vigil.

Time dragged intermenably. He fo' my demise." dicated that it was time to start for the train. He rose, lighted his lamp the pseudo artist, impelling him- world." -and less than two minutes later there came a mandatory thumping house. upon the door.

the door swung back. "O, my Gawd!" inbreathed Lymus

and Discovers Her Sister-in-

· Law's Perfidy.

it was one of her best mono-

grammed guest towels, its freshness

Resentfully Helen consigned it to

be kept on the low rack by the wash-

Now that he was having his tonsils

out, her impish nephew was more

incorrigible than ever. With pre-

cocious perversity he took advan-

tage of his temporary immunity from

was just a week since Carrie

complacent comment, when

of the glazier's bill. Those diamond-

shaped panes were always so expen-

sive to put in, and of course Carrie would never think of offering to pay

"Look what I found in the flour

box!" Anna appeared at the bath-

ain't a spoiled imp-I ain't never

"It's hard to manage him now

when he's sick-but I'll try to keep

him out of the kitchen," promised

Helen. Then, as Anna turned sulk-

ily away, "What're we going to have for dinner that he can eat?"

"Milk toast and custard. That's

"Make the toast with cream-I

ordered that extra pint for him."

"Suppose they'll be goin' home soon-now he's better?" hinted

"Yes, but I don't know what day,"

straightening Bobbie's throat spray,

mouth-wash and swabbing cotton

"Hope it'll be tomorrow," mutter-

It had required all of Helen's tact

besides several substantial tips to

keep Anna placated during this tur-

Last year it had been Carrie's

teeth-this year Bobbie's tonsils.

What ailment of Warren's relatives

would next demand her hospitality?

In her own room, that she had

turned over to her guests, Helen

Closing the drawer, her glance fell

Her own name leaped at her. Then

the words "stingy" and "petty econ-

Before she realized what she was

"Dear Lawrence: The doctor said

vesterday Bobbie would be well

"It has been a most uncomforta-

doing, Helen had read the letter.

on some notepaper covered with Carrie's large angular writing.

placed the tin soldier in the dresser

drawer, cleared out for Carrie's con-

venience.

bulent week of Bobbie's visitation.

ingly, as she slouched back to the

seen one.

enough, ain't it?"

room door with a tin soldier clotted

Bobbie's chubby hands.

down the guest towels.

the soiled clothes hamper.

marred by the grimy imprint of

tenance of Lisha Torring, and heartless as to invite Priscilla to at-HERE RESTS

THE BEE: OMAHA, SUNDAY, APRIL 2, 1922.

Who Came to His Death Through Woman Nor were Lisha's first harsh words

min'ham fo' you!" Y-y-yassuh, Mistuh Torring-yas--I know you has." Lisha advanced and laid muscular

hands on the cowering Lymus. "Come along with me, Mistuh Johnson."
I-I-is got a pawtunt engagement, Mistuh Torring."
"The pawtuntest gagement what

son, is to my house."
Lymus groaned audibly. So this mus to assume an artistic virtue. Ve'y well! I is jes' come head to was the diabolical vengeance planned even though he had it not. So he 'nounce that yo nitcher of Edner by the icate husband, to take him was the fall and a lot of Alabama. even though he had it not. So he 'nounce that yo' pitcher of Edner by the irate husband—to take him gal in all of Alabama.

Figure arrived he engage it at the Torring has done be'n gave to Lisha, home, confront his innocent self with "T'night, feller pusso an' also to adwise that it'n I was the equally innocent Edner, and then er was delivered to me. I is got it you, Lymus Johnson, I'd staht mov- annihilate them both on the strength heah behin' these doors. I is now I had any breff or Lymus gave thought to the possiWife, which is standin' behin'
He bowed clabobilities of flight, but the sinewy hand doors likewise. Is you ready?"

> "P-p-please, Mistuh Torring." "Ain't gwine argue with you," re-turned Lisha with fierce affability. "I The first thing Lymus saw was craves to take you home with me." Edner Torring standing pridefully below a large gold frame. Above the The at- it would be a question of demising in Sis Callie's house, and Lymus was fighting hard for every additional moment of earthly existence.

Lisha, never a talkative man, and now forbiddingly silent, scated Lymus beside him in the flivver toadster and drove swiftly to the Torring domicile. As they turned the corner Lymus saw that the house was in a blaze of illumination. He groaned:

"Lawsy! he's done got a audjence

much against his will-toward the They entered the front door. In-Lymus ducked. The knocking was stantly silence fell upon the hitherto repeated-more vehemently. Then chattering group. Lymus, cold per-

The Married Life of Helen and Warren

By Mabel Herbert Urner

Helen Yields to a Dubious Impulse | him with "Don't, Bobbie, you musn't | insinuating remark, Helen confis-

worm-eaten antiques-she almost

"And she's too stingy for words-

the soiled clothes hamper.

She had given Bobbie a towel to gets a spot on the tablecloth she al-

"I phoned out this morning and

Jane said everything was all right.

The man came to fix the lock on the

garage, and the new gate we ordered

The hot blood scorching her face

and neck, Helen replaced the unfin-

ished letter and closed the drawer.

She had no qualms for having read

she saw only those hateful para-

was the thanks she got for having

She was glad she had read it! In

no other way could she have known

the perfidy and ingratitude of War-

If she could only confront her with

this letter! But she would have to

The bell! That was Carrie's ring!

Fluffing some powder over her be-

traying countenance, Helen hurried

into the dining room and began set-

ting the table as Anna opened the

"I'm almost dead," Carrie entered

"Yes, it is crowded," Helen kept

her face averted as she placed the

silver. Setting the table for Anna

was another propitiatory "company

week" offering.
"Doctor said Bobbie was much

better. He gave me another spray

to use. Here, dearie, let mother take

"I'm hungry!" fretfully, hurling his mittens at Pussy Purr-Mew.

"Dinner'll soon be ready-it's al

most 6. There, run, see if that isn't

"Hello, Skeezicks!" came Warren's

'What did'je bring me?" greedily.

"Look in my overcoat pocket,"

Gleefully, Bobbie dug into the

dining room to display his prize.

"Warren, what on earth possessed

you to get this?" Carrie held up the

deflated rubber toy. "He can't blow

"By George, that's so! I didn't think of that. Well, never mind,

Skeezicks, I'll get you something

had to take turns inflating the cor-

"Come now, Pettie, let mother wash your hands before dinner.

Never mind the old rooster. Uncle

Warren'il bring you something nice

When, a few moments later, din-

ner was announced, Carrie reap-

peared, her face slightly flushed and

exuding an atmosphere of hostile re-

illuminating afternoon," as she un-

"Hold on there, Bobbie!" admon-

Illuminating? Intent on Carrie's isode.

"Illuminating? Why?"

"You think it over."

"Well, Helen, you must've had an

pulent, highly-colored rooster.

But Bobbie set up a roar, and they

anything with his sore throat."

deep pocket and then pranced into

your Uncle Warren now."

greeting from the hall.

them both for the whole week.

They might come later, but now

"Too stingy for words!" That

stand. But he persisted in dragging it done. Thank goodness, we'll be "You're coming

home next week.

for the furnace-

graphs about herself.

And Helen had picked up the pretend she did not know. She must

cordial.

door.

way's awful!"

off your coat."

else tomorrow.

tomorrow night."

folded her napkin.

with flour. "And he tore all my clean shelf paper climbin' up there," taken a taxi," dropping exhaustedly with bristling indignation. "If he on the window seat. "That sub-

that littered the glass shelf over the "Y'said y'd bring me somephin to-

broken glass with rankling thoughts go on trying to be hospitable and

do that! You'll spoil Aunt Helen's cated the knife with which Bobbie

nice-" whatever it is. You'd think was carving his initials into one of

everything she had was priceless. If her best tablecloths. Illuminating?

there's a pin scratch on her old Could she mean that letter? How

ways drags in about how hig the eat anything like that while your

could she know?

him home Monday."

phasis.

stoop to that."

things."

Warren sharply.

what I was doing.

letter like that!"

torn it up."

brary.

drawer.

Now, read it!"

letter into shreds.

like a trooper!"

she writes to Lawrence.'

witheringly.

--- An' so, on account of Brother Lymus Johnson is did hisse't so proud, I han's him this envelope, which contains what I owes himalso \$50 extra, which I gives him

No one had a word to say to him out of the gratitude of my heart!" save Prissilla. She crossed the room and slipped her hand confidently through his arm. He thrilled chillily to the contact-his last touch reassuring. "Mistuh Johnson," said the scowl deepen on the face of he, "I is be'n lookin' all over Bumof mundane blessedness. He saw

By Octavus Roy Cohen.

Through the room boomed the Lymus nodded flabby acquiescence. harsh voice of the outraged husband. The guests of the homicidal host gathered about him where he stood. before the closed folding doors separating parlor and dining room,

"Folks an' feller citizens," started Lisha. "You all know we is got a artist in our mi'st, Us, bein' leading sassiety folks in the bestest you is got right now, Mistuh John- cullud set in Bummin'ham, went an' hired that artis' to paint us a pitcher, He was to paint a pitcher of my wife.

> "T'night, feller pussons, that pitchgwine show same to you-also my A chorus of eager shouts arose, And then, with a grandiloquent gesture, Lisha Torring flung wide the

frame was a green-shaded electric light. And in the frame hung the portrait of the nut-brown Venus-clad only in very doubtful modesty!

Lymus cast a wild glance at the doorway and rose to the balls of his feet in preparation for a sudden and complete departure. But something in the next words of Lisha halted

"I is proud of my wife," exulted the husband, oblivious to the choked "Ah-a-ah's" of his guests. "Mebbe so you think it's kinder funny she conjured horrible visions of the fate The car quivered to a halt and ain't dressed, but I assuahs you that which would be his should his plans Lisha allowed Lymus to alight first. she had clothes on when the pitcher go wrong. The minutes crawled It was very plain to Lymus that was painted-an' it on'l turned out away-each an hour. And finally a Lisha was taking no chances of a so good on account of Mustuh Lylighted match, held cupped over the sudden dash for freedom. Again the mus Johnson, which I is honored to dial of his nickel plated watch, inclamped around the puny biceps of lud artis' which there is in the

Lymus paused. He was dazed. The guests were raving with enthusiasm over his work of art. Both Lisha and Edner beamed with frank pride. Noah Lee was scowling more black-

at sight of Lisha Torring.

ter, satyrlike, leering countenance of dismal cosmic orientation had sudFor the first time in his life Lymus Noah Lee. Then, in a far corner of denly become roseate. There wasn't was face to face with its conclusion. the big room, he discerned Prissilla any sense of it, of course-but then

"Want one of them! One of them

bie," encouraged Warren, vigorous-

day or so."
"Yes, the doctor said I could take

"Monday?" exclaimed Helen.
"Why, I thought he said Saturday?"

"Oh, you did!" with sarcastic em-

that? I'm quite sure I didn't tell

sion," crimsoning as she realized how adriotly she had been trapped.

"You read that letter! I knew

the moment I opened the drawer. I

must say, Helen, I didn't think you'd

"Eh? What letter?" demanded

"A letter to Lawrence I hadn't fin-

ished! Helen was prying through my

'Anna found Bobbie's tin soldier in

the flour can. When I put it in that

drawer, the first thing I saw was my name. I read on before I realized

"And you read it all, of course!"

staying here and then you write a

ter that wasn't intended for you?"

"Look here, you didn't read a let-

'Warren, there wasn't a thing in

that letter I wouldn't be glad for you

to see," flashed his sister with

heated vehemence. "But I've just

The telephone was ringing clamor-

ously. Glad of a chance to escape,

Helen hurried blindly into the li-

swift intuition she darted into Car-

It was only a wrong number call.

Confident that the letter had not

been destroyed-she jerked open the

There it lay! With quivering de-

fiance, she snatched it up and flew

"Here's the letter Carrie tore up!

Crushing it in his hand, with

disgusted snort, Warren ripped the

"You're a fine pair, you are! Read-

ing other people's letters-and lying

"I DID intend to tear it up," Car-

rie's face was scarlet. "And there was nothing in it so dreadful, any-

way-that's just Helen's spiteful ex-

(Copyright, 1922.)

'I don't care a damn what you

aggeration. I only wrote-"

back to the dining room.

"Why, I-I just got that impres-

"And what made you think

cakes!" demanded Bobbie,

spiration standing out all over his body, saw only one face—the sinister, satyrlike, leering countenance of dismal cosmic orientation had sud-

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"I read every word of it," defied Helen recklessly, "and I'm glad I did! Helen recklessly, "and I'm glad I did!

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there was no sense in looking be- Warden Has Faith in yond the amazing facts. He gave ear to the end of Lisha Torring's happy

(By International News Service.)
Bucyrus, O., April I.—"I would trust some of the inmates of the The room rang with huzzas for dred dollars to the bank, knowing Lymus, who limply accepted the \$100 they would return safely with the from the proud husband. Then the money, and I know men outside the skinny figure stiffened and took un-to himself a new and becoming dig-that far," declared P. E. Thomas, nity. He sensed the nearness and ac- warden of the Ohio penitentiary, adcessibility of the dearly belovd Pris- dressing the Rotary club here. silla Wattles. He turned his eyes

upon her face. "Y-y-you painted that?" she ques-tioned jealously, eyes focused doubtfully on the nude lady. Ohio and to use other prisoners in improving with brick the various She hesitated. "Lymus?"

"You know I does, honey." "An' you craves to make maliage their time in the idle house,

"Is you willin to make a big sac-"You said it, sweetheart." Then, honey—I asts this: if n among youthful skaters, a super-tha's what you calls art, art ain't no visor has been employed by local Ro-business fo' no ma'ied man. If n you business fo' no ma'ied man. If'n you tarians to watch a section of the want me to ma'y you, honey—you is got to quit that!"

Lymus gave cestatic thought to

piously, "wuks in mos' mich ways his wonders to prefo'm." "Does you quit that kin' of paint-

n'. Lymus?' she repeated anxiously. Lymus was magnificent in his mo-ment of self-sacrifice. "I loves you so much. Prissilla, honey, that I'se willin' to do anythin' to git you. So, sweetness, I promises fum this minute hencefo'most-that I fo'sakes my Copyright, 1922, by Octavus Roy Cohen.)

On the Pacific coast it is possible o travel in motor buses from Mexirali, Mexico, to Portland, Ore., a distance of 1,000 miles.

A Cold or the Grip starts with a Chill; indicating checked circulation; the use of "Seventy-seven" at once; restores the circulation of the blood and stops the Cold.

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Warren's tone was ominous.

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Next Week—A Disconcerting Epode,

(Copyright, 1922.)

Read a large and server and send or control of the cont

penitentiary to take a check on my personal account for several hun-Warden Thomas expressed belief that it would be better to use the inmates of the idle house at the

country roads throughout the state benefit of all its citizens

Ice Patrol Saves Lives

Defiance, O., April 1 .-- In an eifort to prevent river tragedies, which sy and luxuriant. have been frequent in recent years Lymus gave ecstatic thought to her request. "The Lawd," he said piously, "wuks in mos' michievious

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> You Can Bring Back Color and Lustre With Sage Tea and Sulphur.

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restured easily, safely and surely, set the full
sized bottle from your druggist or order direct
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and neck. They were hard, large and

me to scratch and irritate the affected

parts. My face was disfigured for

night because of the irritation.
"The trouble lasted about a year.

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