

### My Marriage Problems

Adele Garrison's New Phase of "Revelations of a Wife" (Copyright 1922)

How Katie and Midge Planned to Entertain Mr. Chester.

Katie was making a terrific clatter in the kitchen as I entered, and I drew a breath of relief, for I saw that she was working off her terror and agitation in this fashion. When Katie is noisy I do not need to worry over her moods. It is only when she is tearless and silent that I know she is suffering intensely.

"We are going to have a guest for luncheon, Katie," I announced in most matter-of-fact tones, carefully avoiding any direct glance at her, which might betray my knowledge of her flushed face and swollen eyelids.

"Dot's goat. Who are they?" Her tone was eager, and I saw that the one thing she asked of life for these first few hours following the "breaking of her swear," with its attendant terrors, was enough work to keep her from thinking.

"Mr. Chester," I returned. "You remember he was so good and kind when Junior"—my voice faltered a bit as it always does when I think of that awful time.

"Katie is Enthusiastic." "Do I remember?" she repeated emotionally. "Maybe you think I forget anybody who helped bring dot babe back. Ven I forget und since off my hand some day in place of bread ven I slice here. den I forget dot young Meester Chester. Vot you tink he like for dot luncheon? Do you know some of things he like?"

"Why! I don't know," I hesitated. "I don't know much about it, but it seems to me that I have heard him say he liked chicken. You might cook those you had killed this morning, and substitute something else for dinner tonight."

"Dot's celt," Katie assented enthusiastically. "I feex him dot chicken so he got to have tree, four plates. Und I have me some scalloped potatoes, und some cauliflower in dot cream und egg sauce, und a salad, und I tink I can get enough of dose everlasting strawberries for a little shortcake."

"Ever-bearing," I supplied mechanically, not reminding her that she was planning a dinner instead of a luncheon.

"Eef He Don't?" "Vot dot matter?" she inquired, magnificently. "Everlasting—ever-bearing—both mean same ting to me—I can't spare time to learn sooch foolishness."

"Do you want me to help you?" I asked. "That's a pretty big order to get up before lunch time."

"Don't you worry." She straightened herself with conscious pride. "Dot noddings for me. Und I have it all ready ven time cooms. But you pless to feex some flowers for table. Dot I no have time to do, un, anyways, I no can do vay you can, nobody feex dem nice like you."

There was such sincerity in my little maid's compliment, and her eyes expressed such confidence that not only in the matter of the flowers, but—as Lillian had said, in everything else—there was no one as wise as I, that I felt a little warm glow at my heart. But I knew better than to risk any emotional outbreak on her part, so I only said casually as I left the kitchen:

"I'll fix the flowers, of course, and I think your dinner plan is a very nice one. I am sure Mr. Chester will enjoy it."

"Eef he don't, he sure seek or crazy," Katie called after me. And at this characteristic bit of impudence my anxiety for her lessened. When Katie's natural impudence comes to the surface it is a sign that she is herself again.

I went to the flower garden, picked a wonderful cluster of bronze dahlias, and with a few white cosmos and a sprinkling of oranges and scarlet velvety nasturtiums, made a table decoration which satisfied me, and made Katie wildly enthusiastic. Then, with a word to Mother Graham as to the guest whom we expected, I summoned Marion and Junior, saw that they were presentable, and with an impulse which I did not define, change my morning working gown for one of blue linen, which my mirror and the verdict of my family had told me was especially becoming.

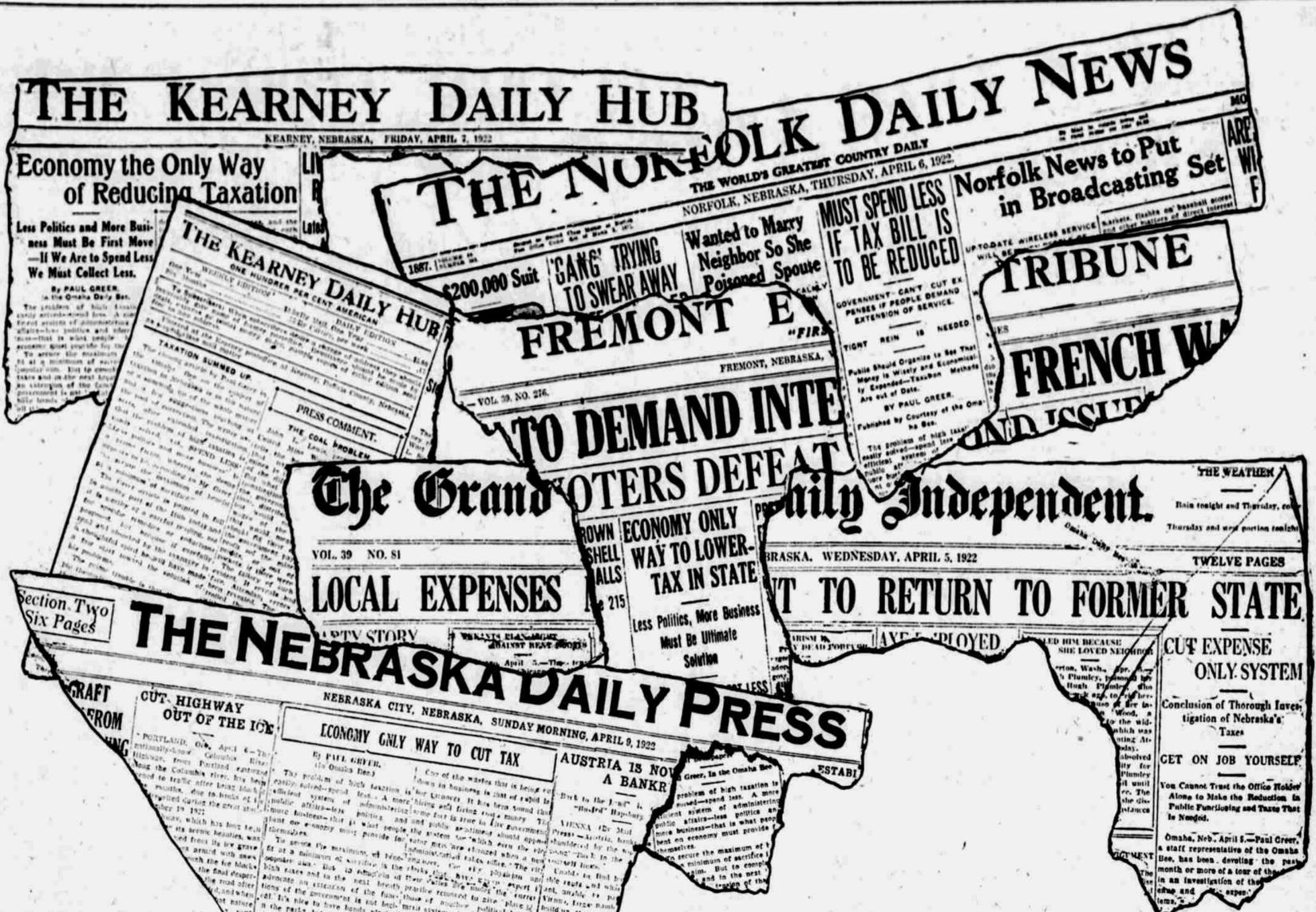
### A Silly Song

By A CUCKOO BIRD

I'm sad and melancholy as I sit in my shack and I am gaunt with hunger and pains are in my back. I have eczema on my face and patches on my clothes, but I must never say a word about my many woes and I must never, never wail or weep a briny tear for I am paid a salary to sit and scatter cheer. My taxes are delinquent, my grocer's bill is due, but I must peddle laughter, I cannot feel blue. So long its been my business to cheer the human race, a permanently and ghastly grin has grown upon my face. I wish I could lie down and weep and howl, "Oh, woe is me." But I must sit and sing all day and swat my lyre with glee.

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MORNING---EVENING---SUNDAY