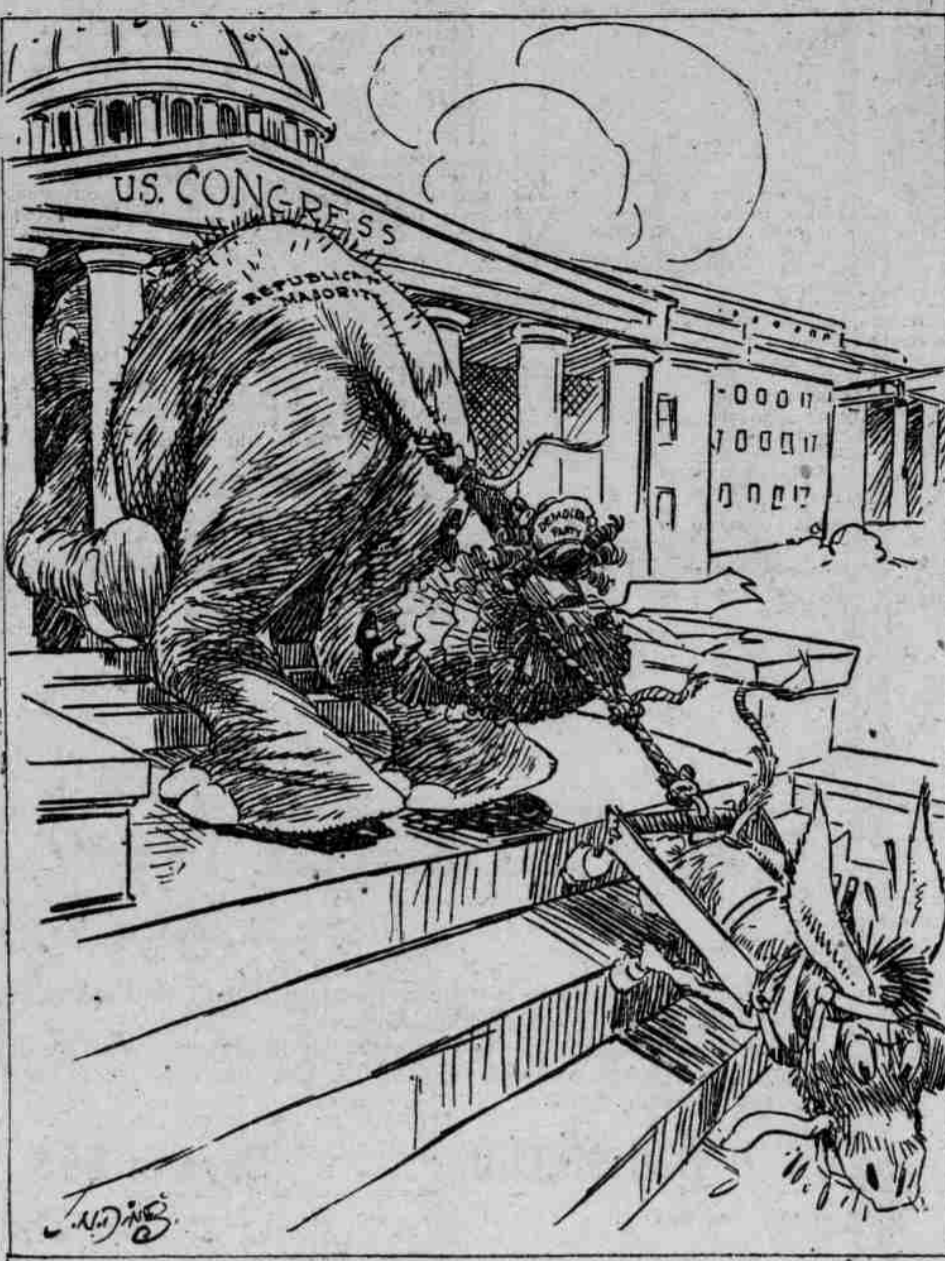


CURRENT HAPPENINGS PICTORIALY PRESENTED BY DARLING

THE NEXT PROBLEM IS TO FIND SOME ONE WHO CAN FILL 'EM.

THE BIENNIAL TUG OF WAR IS NOW ON.

AND IT WAS ONLY A LITTLE WHILE BACK SHE WAS REFUSING TO RECOGNIZE HIM IN PUBLIC.



IT WILL TAKE MORE THAN THE JUDGMENT OF A SOLOMON TO DECIDE THIS CASE.

WHY THEY CALL OURS A "SELF GOVERNMENT."

IF IT WASN'T FOR THAT OVERCOAT HE CERTAINLY WOULD FEEL THE COLD THOUGH.



THE MARRIED LIFE OF HELEN AND WARREN

BY MABEL HERBERT URNER.

Night Before Passion Play in Remote Bavarian Village Shows Up Husband's Usual Lack of Sympathy With Wife's Wish to Read Text.

CURIOUSLY remote and dream-like seemed that quaint little village in the heart of the Bavarian Alps.

From the train Helen had her first glimpse of the white cottages nestling beneath the grim Kofel mountain.

Oberammergau! For centuries the scene of the Passion Play! The very name carried a thrilled enchantment.

"It all seems so isolated—so far away from the rest of the world," dropping into her seat as the train turned a curve obscuring the village.

"Bet it's cold up here in winter," Warren looked back the breeze-billowed curtain. "Golly, the wind must whiz round these mountains!"

"But there's something inspiring in this mountain air. It says here," taking up her pamphlet guide, "that only a mountainous people could produce the Passion Play. It speaks of the bleak loneliness of the winters."

"Now you haven't time to moon over a guide book. We'll be there in a minute," gathering up their bags.

At the station, a group of villagers in native Tyrolian costumes awaited the train.

It was their mission to receive and conduct the visitors to the cottage homes to which they had been assigned.

As the play lasted an entire day, from 8 o'clock in the morning until dusk, every ticket of admission included the two nights' lodging.

A gaunt mountaineer, with long

hair and a spiritual face, took their bags. Down the cobble-stoned road he trudged on ahead, a picturesque figure with his feathered hat, velvet jacket, bare knees, and shabby leather breeches.

"How much shall I give this Johnnie?"

"Oh, a good tip! They're so poor and they're charging so little for the play. Did you notice his face? What spiritual faces they all have!"

"Not much doing for the barber 'round here!"

"They let their hair grow for the play. They all take part. Out of 1200 inhabitants, 905 are in the east," glibly quoting from her guide book.

Turning into the main street, they passed a team of oxen. Even the driver, walking beside his load of logs, had the long biblical hair and beard.

"These wonderful paintings on the houses!" enthused Helen. "Are they always like this or is it just for the play?"

On the front of every gabled cottage was painted in glowing colors some scriptural scene—The Last Supper, The Crucifixion, The Resurrection.

That this walk would always stand out in her memory, Helen knew.

Even the crowd of tourists, overflowing the narrow footpaths into the street, could not detract from the charm of the old-world atmosphere.

Across a mountain brook that ran through the village, past the one church, and they turned in at a quaint slope-roofed cottage.

A gentle-faced woman, in a blue

sky when, through the deepening twilight, they made their way back to the cottage.

"That's the theater," as though a side lamp Helen sighted the huge dome. "I know it from the postcards. That roof's over the audience, the stage is uncovered. If it rains—the play just the same."

"Ought to be clear tomorrow. Jove, look at that cross up there!"

On the very peak of the towering Kofel mountain was a solitary cross, now but faintly outlined against the dusky sky.

"Oh, that's been there for centuries—since they first produced the play. A symbolic shrine to guide the pilgrims."

As they approached their cottage welcoming lights shown from the windows of the front room where dinner was just being served.

At the long table, their seats were opposite the Philadelphia doctor.

"Well, what do you think of Oberammergau?" was his greeting.

"The real thing!" enthused Warren. "I like the looks of these folks."

Before the simple meal was over, the four Americans, two Englishmen and the Australian, were exchanging bits of information on the play and the main characters—the Christus, Judas and Mary Magdalene.

Their own host, whose wife in the blue cotton gown now waited on the table, was one of the Roman judges. But like the other chief actors, he secluded himself the day before the play to better live the spirit of his part.

An ominous rumble brought a murmur of consternation. Surely it was not going to rain! But heavy drops soon pattered on the sloping roof.

Would it rain tomorrow? It was one of the Oberammergau traditions that a performance of the Passion Play was never canceled. And it was always given on the open stage, even though in a drizzling rain.

After dinner, the rain preventing

further exploration of the village, Helen read the translated text of the play.

It was 10 when Warren, having had his after-dinner smoke with the doctor across the hall, came in, slumped down on the bed and begged to unlace his shoes.

"What've you got there? Still grubbing over that guide book?"

"No, this is the text—it's wonderfully written!"

"Well, that show begins at 8. If we've got to be up at 8:30—here's where you get to bed!"

"Dear, there's just a few more pages to this first act."

"Now you chuck that and turn in! Why didn't you read that in Munich instead of writing those fool postcards? Afraid everybody wouldn't know you were coming here. Where're my pajamas?"

"I wonder if they'll wake us in time?" as she opened the suitcase, ignoring his thrust at her postcard propensities.

"They'll get us up all right. Have breakfast at 7. How'd you anchor this devilish thing?" struggling with the fat feather bed which supported the comforter on all Bavarian beds.

"You can't tuck that in. It just lays on top."

"Then see that it don't slide off on your side. I'm about froze," he shivered in under it. "Jove, wouldn't want to be here in winter. Bet that darn thing don't get much heat."

"Soiling at the blue-tiled stove."

"Oh, I hope it'll clear up before morning," she was opening the window. "Just think, if they have to play all day in the rain!"

"Well, don't stand there mooning! Hurle and get that light out!"

But after she had put out the light Helen turned back to the window.

There was witchery in the rain-scented mountain air.

Through the dripping darkness she visioned the looming Kofel with its far-off summit cross that stood like a sentinel over the village.

The Passion Play! The great his-

Her Stomach Made Her Nervous

Was Nervous 12 Years Due to Gas on Stomach

"For 12 years I suffered from gas on the stomach and was nervous and short of breath. Adierka (intestinal antiseptic) is fine—it has done me more good than anything. Words can't express my gratitude." (Signed) Lela Cook.

Intestinal Antiseptic.

There is now offered to the public a preparation having the DOUBLES action of an intestinal antiseptic and a COMPLETE system cleanser. This preparation, known as ADIERKA, is as follows:

It tends to eliminate or destroy harmful germs and colon bacilli in the intestinal canal, thus guarding against appendicitis and other diseases having their seat here. It is the most complete system cleanser ever offered to the public, acting on BOTH upper and lower bowel and removing foul matter which poisoned the system for months and which nothing else can dislodge. It brings out all gases, thus immediately relieving pressure on the heart. It is astonishing the great amount of poisonous matter Adierka draws from the alimentary canal—matter you never thought was in your system. Try it right after a natural movement and notice how much more foul matter it brings out which was everywhere.—Adv.

out before daylight—you're not going to keep me 'wake half the night! Now be careful there! Don't hog this blooming cover!"

"Oh, I'm too excited to sleep! Dear, just our being here is like a dream—it seems all so far-off and unreal! I can't help feeling thrilled."

"You can thrill all you want tomorrow," with his usual lack of sympathy. "If we're to be rousted Solo Tribune.

A lot of people who don't advertise think business is dead.

Next Week—A Remarkable Story—The Passion Play!

Broadest From the Burying Ground.

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