MY HEART AND MY HUSBAND

Adele Garrison's New Phase of

REVELATIONS OF A WIFE

CHAPTER 275

HOW RICHARD SECOND GREETED MADGE.

Dicky's idle words worried me unconscionably during the remainder of our journey home. I realized, of course, when I thought the matter over, that it was the height of folly for me to expect a baby little more than a year old to remember any one, even his mother, during an absence of almost a month. But the thing had never occurred to me before, and I felt all the foolish but no less real anguish which is the portion of young mothers concerning many experiences with that most wonderful of all creatures, "the first baby."

I was on fire to get home and see for myself whether or not Dicky's supposition was a true one. Unconsciously I speeded up the car unt'l I heard from Lillian a low remonstrance.

"Do you mind driving a little more slowly, Madge?" she asked gently, but the quiet sentence meant more to me than the most hysterical protest from another woman.

Lillian is the bravest woman I know. She also makes it a point never to interfere with another's conduct. This is almost a fetish with her. I knew that if she had not had Marion in the car with her she would have said nothing, having no fear for herself, and believing that any protest should come from my father or husband. But that she believed my driving too reckless for the safety of her idolized child I knew with her first word, and slowed down at once to Dicky's intense disgust.

Two Views.

"What's eating you, Lil?" he demanded crossly. "This is the first time Madge has shown any speed, we've been crawling along like snails, and here, just as she begins to jazz up a little you bring out the crene and hang it up. Madge, are you going to crawl like this? I'm ashamed of you. Remember the first qualification of a motor driver is—"

"To slay his thousands and his tens of thousands," Lillian interposed lightly. "Don't worry, Dicky-bird. You'll no doubt leave a trail of dead and maimed on every road you strike, but don't encourage Madge to get reckless. You ought to know that if she ever had a serious accident in which any one beside herself was hurt she would never get over it."

She had begun her little speech laughingly, but her voice was deadly earnest when she finished. I surmised that she had seized the sudden opportunity to give me over Dicky's shoulder the sound advice which she might otherwise never have found a good chance to offer me.

"That is a sound premise," my father put in quietly, and I realized that he, too, had disapproved of my fast driving. I knew better, however, than to openly flout Dicky's views for theirs, so contented myself with a compromise.

The Home-Coming.

"I'll be good all the rest of the way home, Lillian," I said, "and Dicky, sometime I'll take you out for a spin all by ourselves and we'll probably land in the police court."

"Or the morgue," Lillian said sententiously, but I caught a note of relief in her tones, and realized that she knew me well enough to be assured that I would do no more speeding.

As we finally turned into the driveway of our home I heard an ecstatic whoop, quickly smothered, from the house, knew that Katie had seen us, and had been promptly squelched by my mother-in-law. The next minute the veranda next the driveway seemed filled with people, but as I stopped the car I saw only that Mother Graham with Junior, the Braithwaites and Mrs. Durkee were gathered there. Jim was already down the steps, while Katie stood in the door leading to the dining room, her volatile face clouded by the rebuke she evidently had received, even though her eyes were smiling a welcome at me.

"What do you think of our lady taxi driver?" Dicky demanded, as Mr. Braithwaite hurried down the steps to help us out. "Drove every step of the way herself with only one stop for lunch. I tell you you've got to slip it to her. She's going to take a route in New York, I think."

I was too preoccupied with the thought of my baby to recognize the note of sincerity underlying his foolery, which later I appreciated. Dicky, despite his first rancor, was actually proud that I had learned to drive a motor car creditably!

But I was halfway up the steps, calling softly to my baby:

"Come, Junior, to mother! Come baby!"

My mother-in-law's voice, caustic, peremptory, cut like a whiplash across my eagerness.

"For goodness sake, Margaret, you'll scare the child, coming at him like that! You'll have to go at him gradually. He's forgotten you completely. There, there, Granzie won't let anybody hurt you!"

The baby had turned as I approached him and was hiding his face in his grandmother's skirts.

(To be continued)

CHAPTER 276

HOW KATIE "SAVED THE DAY" FOR MADGE

Curiously enough, my first emotion at seeing my baby boy turn unrecognizingly from me and hide his face against his grandmother's skirts was not a grieving disappointment, but furious resentment against my mother-in-law.

I acquitted her fully of any attempt to wean the baby away from me, but I was sure that she was actually gloating over the fact that the child whom she so idolized preferred her to me. When I am older I shall no doubt have common sense enough to accept and to smile at this grandmotherly trait of jealousy—universal, I believe, at any rate most young mothers and fathers will bear me out in this. I think—but for the moment I could have choked, so over weening was the rage which I knew I must stifle, of which I must let no hint reach the people around me.

"I told you so," Dicky's voice, laughing, with maddening incomprehension of my state of mind, sounded in my ears. "You will go away for a month, will you? Here, Pete! Come to your dad. That's the boy!"

He snapped his fingers at the baby who lifted his head and gurgled delightedly. Both the gesture and the nickname, "Pete," are things I cordially detest, but I have always swallowed my displeasure, knowing that voicing it would only irritate Dicky, and do no possible good.

A Sudden Outburst.

"Richard!" His mother's voice dripped disapproval. "I shall not permit Richard Second to come to you when you call him by so disreputable a name. 'Pete,' indeed! My granchild! No, no, precious," this to the baby, who had put out his hands to Dicky. "Mustn't go. Stay with granzie."

My small son has developed a will of his own, however. Whether his outburst was fright at the confusion, temper at being thwarted, or a combination of the two I do not know, but at any rate he suddenly sat down hard on the floor, screwed up his face, and sent forth a howl that left us in no doubt as to his displeasure. And when his grandmother stooped to raise him he struck at her with his baby hands. Upon any other occasion I should have "spatted" the hands lightly, as a beginning of baby discipline, but I am afraid that I wickedly rejoiced at the little exhibition of temper.

"Well, Dick," his brother-in-law drawled, "I don't think, you'll need to send that lad south for his lungs this winter at any rate."

Dicky was eyeing his off-spring delightedly. Junior's outbursts of temper always amuse him.

"Mother, why don't you box with him?" he asked. "It would be awfully good practice for the kid. I think he's going to be a featherweight champion, myself."

The Real Welcome.

Mother Graham raised her head with the light of battle in her eyes. Inordinately proud of her grandson and his attachment for her, I knew that she was both humiliated and exasperated by the baby's exhibition of temper toward herself. Her eyes fell upon Katie, over whose features had spread a delighted grin, and she was at once provided with a scapegoat.

"Katie!" I nervously started at the snap in her voice. "Come and take this child instead of standing there grinning like an ape. There's probably a pin sticking in him. I told you to be careful when you dressed him."

Knowing Katie's temper I fairly held my breath as I waited to see what she would do. But to my amazement she evinced no sign of displeasure unless her quickly heightened color could be construed as such. And I could have sworn that there was a distinctly triumphant flash in her eyes as she hurried forward and picked up the screaming baby.

"Dot lectle babee, he want his mudder, dot's all matter by heem," she observed with a superb air of disdain. "Come babee," she crooned at Junior, whose sobs subsided instantly. "Vot I tell you to say ven a mam-ma come home? Here mama-ma now! Say it babee, dear."

Her voice would have coaxed the wildest bird from its bush. As she spoke she turned Junior gently around so that he was facing me. I saw through her little plot in an instant, and blessed her for her thoughtfulness. She must have been daily reminding the child of me, coaching him in some little speech.

"Kat—" My mother-in-law got out the first syllable of the girl's name, but I saw her daughter make a quick, hushing gesture, which for a wonder she respected. As for the rest of the little group, they were all watching the child with the respectful admiration generally used by relatives toward a first baby.

And then, forging another link in the chain of affection that bound me to my faithful little maid, my baby laughed engagingly at me, and lisped the little speech she had taught him:

"Hello, mamu-ma. Home!"

The next instant with my face in his curls, my foolish heartache and my resentment had fled together.

(To be continued)

PLAYING HANDS OF THREE BILLIARD CHAMPIONS.

By THOMAS J. GALLAGHER, Noted Billiard Authority.

Billiard champions' hands are a physical study. No matter what their conformation, by constant practice they become strong, firm and specially adapted to the pastime in which they are employed. Primarily, nature shapes the digits. Exercise develops them and in some cases gives peculiar formations. While the cue hand must be steady and coordinate with mental functions to a degree that will make for almost perfect control, a flexible, yet solid, bridge hand is an important requirement for a billiard expert, be he amateur or professional.

Coordination between mind and muscle is an essential condition that enables a player to combine correct calculation and execution. On it depends masterful control of the cue, the adjustment that regulates the application of force, the variations from delicacy to power of stroke. The bridge hand is passive. Nevertheless, on its strength and rigidity depends the accuracy of the cue action. An unsteady bridge hand disarranges aim and causes faulty execution.

As will be observed in the accompanying pictures, Champion Jacob Schaefer has a long hand, his fingers being unusually long. Playing a long shot he usually stretches his bridge hand at full length on the table. When addressing the cue ball for a short draw or masse the fingers of his bridge are drawn back or clinched. Note the picture, in which he is poising his cue for a masse stroke.

Edouard Horemans, the Belgian champion, weighs only 145 pounds, but has a big hand. It is broad and thick, while his fingers are of more than average length. When playing well he has a firm clutch on his cue, and, being left handed, places his right almost flat on the table. Employing the masse stroke, with which he performs marvels, he has an attitude that is individual and peculiar. Instead of looking down the cue he holds it far out from his head, bends his right hand backward, with every finger, excepting the little one, knuckled on the table. Observe the picture.

Roger Conti, the youthful champion of France, who is now in this country, the playing partner of Champion Schaefer, has strong well balanced hands, either of which he uses dexterously. In one respect he is remarkable beyond any billiard expert of the past or present. When in action only the arm that guides the cue moves. There is not a trace of vibration of his body. From head to foot he is rigid, motionless.

CHEMAWA TEAM MEETS OREGON

Indians Play Basketball With University Friday and Saturday Nights

Chemawa has been cleaning 'em up all along the line, having made it a straight string of victories so far this season in the hoop circuit. The Indians have won from the Mill City Athletic club, from Pacific college at Newberg, and from the O.A.C. Rooks; and they have two games scheduled this week, with the Oregon team at Eugene — Friday and Saturday nights.

The Indians have been going strong all season, with the promise of one of the best years they have ever known. Chief Bent does not go to Eugene with the team, but he expects to receive word that they've made it two more, and he's as cheerful as the cat that has just swallowed the canary, over their success.

The Indians meet the Willamette Bearcats, February 18, in a game that has been squeezed into the schedule for both teams. Both have been looking after the foreign foes in every direction, but they couldn't pass a year without our friendly little fight of their own. The Bearcats have been traveling in a little heavier class, but the Chemawa lads have always been worthy opponents, and they were perhaps never stronger than they are this season. This clash comes near the close of the regular basketball season. Willamette's last game is March 4, against Oregon, here in Salem.

New Kind of Operation Is Performed in Salem

An operation in sympathectomy, believed to be the first ever performed in the United States, was performed here Wednesday by Dr. F. H. Thompson and Dr. C. A. Downs on the left arm of Marius Sahuc, who came to Salem from southern Oregon.

The operation is for the purpose of alleviating or removing the pain in the stump of an amputated arm and is supposed to readjust the nerves so the pain will be removed. The process, it is said, was discovered by Dr. Rene Leriche of Lyons, France. The Salem physicains told Sahuc the operation was experimental, but he consented to undergo it for the possible relief. The physicians report that there are indications that the operation will prove successful.

NEW CORPORATIONS

Articles of incorporations were filed yesterday by the Wittenberg company of Portland, capitalized at $156,000. The incorporators are Mary Alice Wittenberg, Ralph S. Wittenberg and Hanson Wittenberg. Other articles filed were:

Jackson-Bischoff, Inc., Portland; incorporators, Carl H. Jackson, J. Fred Bischoff, William B. Layton; capitalization, $100,000.

Rogue River Poultry farm, of Medford; incorporators, F. S. Carpenter, C. F. Carpenter, R. T. Wetteland; capitalization, $20,000.

Resolutions showing a decrease in capitalization from $50,000 to $30,000 were filed by the Busy Corner Motor company of Medford.

Resolutions showing an increase in capitalization from $10,000 to $20,000 were filed by the Oregon Novelty company of Portland.

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Be sure you get BROMO

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Mexican Minister Will Confer With Mr. Hughes

SAN ANTONIO, Tex., Jan. 19.—Alberto Pani, minister of foreign relations in the cabinet of Premier Obregon, will leave within the next few days for Washington, where he is expected to confer with Secretary Hughes, according to a dispatch from the Mexican capital. The dispatch adds it is rumored that recognition of Mexico by the United States will be discussed.

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