

# MY MARRIAGE PROBLEMS

Adele Garrison's New Phase of REVELATIONS OF A WIFE  
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CHAPTER 421

## THE ANXIOUS QUESTION DICKY WHISPERED TO MADGE

"Look here, Little Bright Eyes," Dicky drawled, his hand still on the lever of the phonograph. "Do you know that the society for the prevention of cruelty to phonograph records will have a warrant out for your arrest if you do a wick like that again?"

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ing, there was no mistaking the fact that she did not relish his criticism.

"Like slowing up a phonograph record while it is being played," he returned. "That's the quickest way to ruin 'em I know."

She threw her head back, looked at him insolently from beneath half-lowered eyelids, then laughed with cool, stinging amusement.

"Of all the old-maid fuss cats," she said slowly, "you're the limit. Keep your old record, if you're so stinging. I wouldn't touch it with a pair of tongs."

"It isn't my record," he returned imperturbably, as he picked it up, examined it, and then, after putting it down, made a pencil memorandum in his address book.

"I knew that he was making a note of the name that he might replace the record with a new one. There was no hint of annoyance in his manner, however, and I wondered if his complacency were born of indifference to her taunt, or fatuous acceptance of anything she might say. When he had put the little book and pencil back in his pocket he stalked toward her, and with a deft movement grasped her arms just above the elbows, and pinioned them tightly against her sides.

"Suppose I won't?"

"Now, say you're sorry for being such a naughty, saucy little girl," he said in a high falsetto voice, grinning provokingly down at her.

She made a sudden twist which almost freed her, but not quite.

"Suppose I won't?" she said defiantly.

"Then we'll send away the nice



waiter who is even now upon the stairs, and lock you up in a closet. —I'll be my wife and I go out to dinner."

The incident had been farce until this moment, but I saw a look of savage protest flash into the girl's face, and I understood it because of my own soul.

It is anathema to me to be physically restrained in any way, even when I know it is a jest—it is the reason, I suppose, why I so heartily detest practical jokes—and I do not know how far my anger might carry me were Dicky to stage with me the performance he was giving with Claire.

Claire Loses Her Appetite.

It was time, I knew, for me to interfere. Man-like, Dicky would not see that the thing was no longer a jest until the girl's emotional control had given away. Then he would be highly remorseful. If the waiter were indeed upon his way with our dinner, quick action was needed. But it must also be farcical, so I slipped behind Dicky and put the tips of my fingers on his neck.

"Unhand that woman, knave, or I begin tickling," I said resonantly.

I think Dicky never was so surprised in his life. That he is exceedingly ticklish, I know from his own tales, but I never have verified the truth of his words, for of all silly, undignified performances, tickling either babies or grownups seems to me the last word. But he played up beautifully, and I think he secretly was much gratified that I had come to the rescue of the situation.

He dropped her arms and dodged into the hall with growing anathema.

"Cur-r-r you, Jack Dalton! I'll wait years until I can say—Oh, here's the waiter!"

The transition to his ordinary tones as the doorbell-sounded brought a hysterical giggle from Claire, and I knew the danger of an unpleasant scene had passed.

The dinner which Claire had ordered so lavishly was wonderfully cooked and served. Despite my objections to the needless expense of it, which of course, would fall upon us, I was hungry enough to enjoy it immensely, and Dicky proved himself an able trencherman. But Claire ate comparatively little, and found some fault, tiny or large with every single article on the menu, and when the waiter removed the dishes, announced her intention of going to bed, saying she was dead tired.

I picked up my bag to follow her into the bedroom, when Dicky, ignoring, as I had, the guerilla warfare between us, asked anxiously:

"What do you suppose is the

matter with her? Is she sore at me?" (To Be Continued)

## Jason Lee Church Is Packed to Hear Sermon

The Jason Lee church was filled almost to its capacity Sunday morning to hear Rev. Atcheson speak on the subject of "The Sin and Care of Backsliding." Dealing first with the sin of backsliding the minister analyzed the seriousness of having turned away from a true Friend. To one who has known Christ nothing can replace that knowledge. There is always a feeling of dissatisfaction and a tug at the heart cords drawing one back to peace and rest as attained through compan-



ionship with the great Friend of friends. The cure was then considered. It lies not in the fact of making a public confession and resolving to try again, but in seeking the face of a living God in prayer, confes-

sing and forsaking sinful ways and by being assured in the solitude of prayer that "the spirit beareth witness with our spirit that we are born from above," and equipped to go forth by faith in the strength of Christ remembering that "He that thinketh he standeth let him take heed lest he fall."

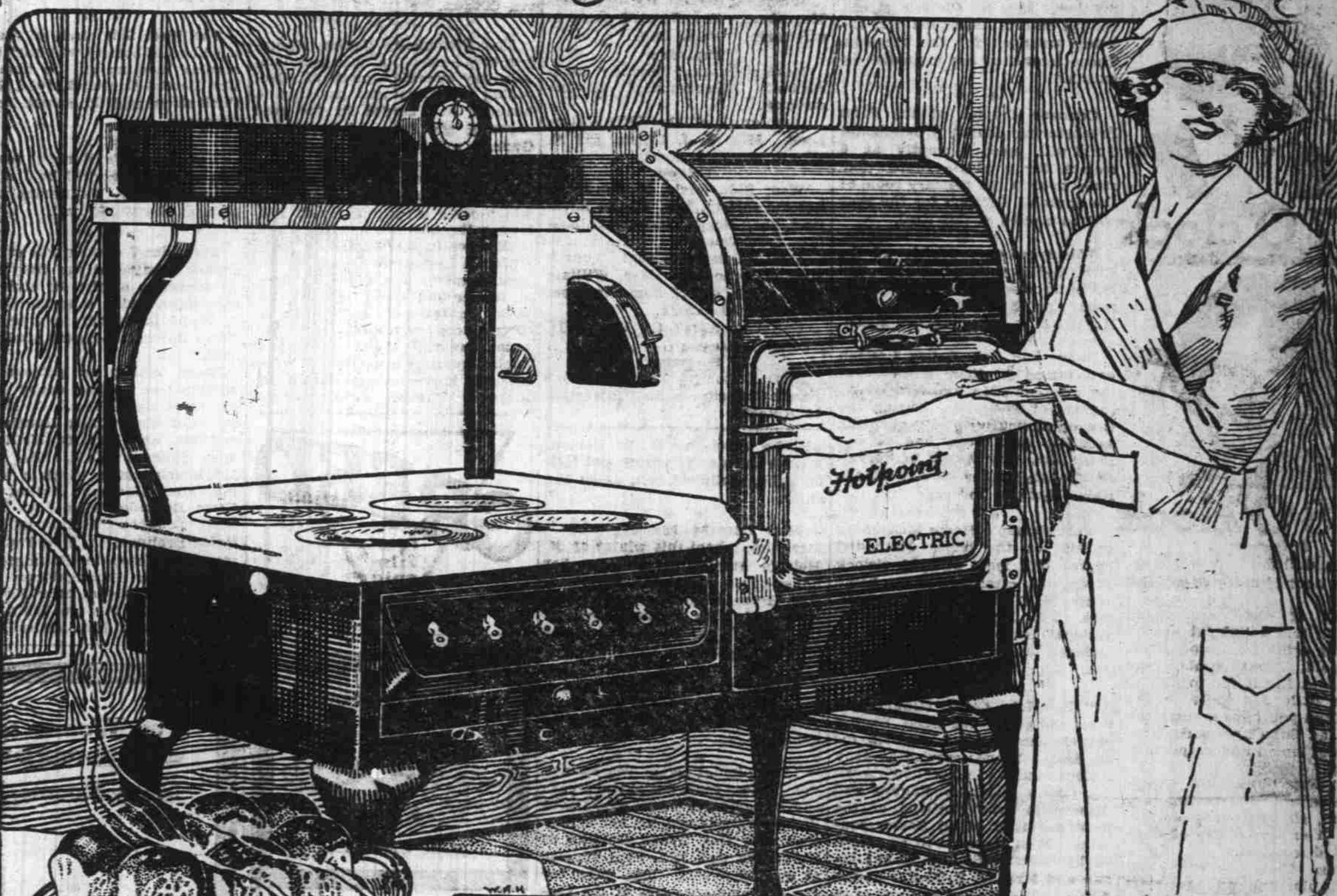
At the evening service the same spirit prevailed. Taking as the text "Ye are not your own, ye are bought with a price," the pastor spoke upon the subject of "Why Every Man Should Be a Christian." The message was gripping and positive. The attendance being equal to that of the morning service bespoke well for the success of the week night services.

CREAMERY OPENS  
SILVERTON, Ore., March 30.—(Special to The Statesman).—The Silver Creek creamery, which was recently built by Mr. and Mrs. John Kuberness, former managers of the Silverton Creamery & Ice company, will open for business at Silverton Monday. The new creamery is located on North Water street.

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