

MY MARRIAGE PROBLEMS

Adele Garrison's New Phase of

REVELATIONS OF A WIFE

The Disclosure Linda Confidingly Made to Madge.

Linda's weak face, which once had been pretty, held the shamed grief and the mullah obstinacy of a child who has been humiliated. She looked moodily at the door through which Grace Draper had just passed, and her chin quivered with futile anger, while impotent tears rolled down her cheeks.

"She hadn't ought to have told the chef I snatched that little bit of hooch," she said plaintively. "It wasn't any harm, but he'll be sore at me, and he's always treated me white. I don't know what made me do it, anyway. I didn't need to."

She stopped abruptly and looked furtively, speculatively at me.

"Say, you look like a good kid," she announced at last. "And you're sore at Gracie, too. Lookit, you wouldn't antch on me to her, would you, if I showed you somethin'?"

I snatched at the heaven-sent opportunity.

"Of course I wouldn't," I assured her warmly.

She nodded her head sagely. "I knew you were a good kid," she announced, and when she had locked the door she came back to me, staring at me with blinking, red-rimmed eyes.

"You swear you won't tell Gracie," she said.

"I swear it solemnly," I returned. "Thass all right then," she said, and walking to the radiator, pulled aside the exquisite hooked rug which covered the jagged hole in the floor.

"Come here," she said, with a peremptory jerk of her head.

I obeyed her quickly. "Kneel down here," she whispered, and when I had done so, she took my hand in hers and thrust it into the jagged hole in the floor boards.

"I'd Like to Go to Sleep"

"Reach over to the right and get what's there," she instructed.

My fingers closed upon a flat bottle which I drew out and handed to her. She took it with a little crooning sound of delight. Then, with a frightened glance at the hole in the floor, she jumped up, dragging me with her, and hastily pushed the rug over the hole.

"There's somebody in the room below," she said nervously, "and that pipe's just like a telephone wire. You can hear just as plain. Nobody knows that but me, though, so don't you tell Gracie."

With one of the freakish impulses of partial intoxication, Linda patently had taken a fancy to me, and for the present I was in high favor with her. She uncorked the bottle, lifted it to her lips, tilted her head back, and with closed eyes and rapturous face took a long draught. Then she held out the bottle with the generous glow of self-sacrifice on her face.

"Have a little snifter," she invited cordially. "You look as if you needed one."

"I'd love to, a little later," I pre-arranged promptly. "I have a headache now, and even a taste would make it much worse."

To my great relief, for I feared to offend her, she accepted my explanation.

"I know," she said, wagging her head sagely. "This stuff goes to your

head something fierce. I'd like to go sleep right now."

Familiar Voices
She stood looking vacantly at me for a minute, which seemed endless, then a cunning smile spread over her face.

"I'll tell you," she said. "You're awful tired. Why don't you go to sleep, too? We'll both go to sleep."

I seized the suggestion eagerly. "That will be splendid!" I said.

"Only I don't want to go to bed. I'll just get into a negligee and slippers and lie down on the couch. But it's so near the fire, can't we move it over the other side of the room?"

She considered judicially. "Why, yes, I guess so," she said. "Take hold."

She was reeling slightly when we grasped the couch, and though I watched her furtively, I saw that she suspected nothing when I put the head of the couch so near the hole of the radiator pipe that I could reach down and lift the rug without moving from a reclining position. I straightened myself with a sense of relief.

"Now I'll have a nice rest," I said. "So will I," she returned. "I'm glad you don't want the bed, for I'm going to take it. I need to stretch—"

She watched me change to a negligee with eyes which she tried in vain to keep watchful. And no sooner was I ensconced on the couch than she threw herself upon the bed.

I had to wait only a few moments before the sound of her breathing told me she would be safe for hours.

Then I lifted the corner of the rug and listened for sounds from the room below. And when an hour had slipped by my vigil was rewarded by the sound of voices—voices which I recognized as those of Grace Draper and Harry Underwood.

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more, so I can count you as you pass through the doorway. There ought to be twelve of you—no more, and no less."

So Grandma Goose's children trooped into the yard, turned around, and went back into the house. Again, as the last one entered, Grandma Goose counted him No. 11.

"There's certainly one missing," she murmured. "The next thing to do is to find out which one isn't here."

She was quite calm. She began to



"I might have known it!" she cried.

call the names of her children, telling them that each must raise a wing when he heard his name. When she called, "Big Bill!" nobody stirred.

Still Grandma Goose was unruffled. "Big Bill must be playing in the mud at the foot of the lane," she said to the youngsters. "Stay here in the house while I go and get him."

"But Big Bill wasn't at the foot of the lane. Grandma Goose looked everywhere for him—at the corn crib, inside the horse barn, around the piggins. But no Big Bill did she find.

At last she began to be anxious. She hurried about, asking everybody she met, "Have you seen my Big Bill?"

Many of the farmyard folk didn't understand, at first, what she meant.

"Why, yes! Your big bill's sticking out right in front of your face," they told her.

"No! No!" Grandma Goose told them. "I mean my son, Big Bill."

"Oh! We haven't seen him," everybody answered.

But at last old dog Spot told Grandma that he had seen her Big Bill cross the road and waddle out of sight along the path that led to the river.

"I might have known it!" she cried. "He's gone to the river to see the wild geese. Oh! Whatever shall I do?"

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Gossip's Corner

Scarf Sleeves
Scarf sleeves are very effective in thin materials or in lace the same shade of the frock. The most extreme ones reach almost to the floor and occasionally one is permitted extra length so it may trail on the floor.

Pleating Popular
The revival of pleating is one of the outstanding features of this season. It is liked not only for the separate skirt but for the many-tiered skirt which is joined to the plain bodice.

To Flavor Bacon
Before you fry the breakfast bacon soak it in cold water for three or four minutes. It will give it a much more delicate flavor.

Curtain Rods
To run a rod through the hem of a curtain place a thimble over the end of the rod and it will slip through readily.

Bran as a Cleaner
Warm bran will clean tapestry-covered furniture. Apply it thickly on a piece of flannel, and brush off with a clean brush. This will also clean brocade.

Cleaning Paint
The marks left on a paint when matches are scratched on it can be removed by rubbing with a cut lemon.

When Chickens Are Singed
Brown wrapping paper is said to be best for singeing the chicken because it will leave no blackened spots.

Salt and Celery
You can make a delicious flavoring for soups, oysters or gravy by saving the root of the celery, drying and grating it and mixing with it one-third as much salt.

Onion Odor
Remove the odor of fish or onions from frying pans by scalding vinegar in them, then washing in the usual fashion.

Broken Glass
If a piece of woven cloth is placed on the floor where glass has been broken all the tiny particles will stick to it and thus be removed.

STRAWBERRY CAKE

BY BERTHA E. SHAPLEIGH
Of Columbia University

Separate the whites and yolks of three eggs. Beat the yolks until thick and light-colored, then add one cup of sugar and beat well. Sift one cup of flour with one and one-half teaspoons of baking powder and one-fourth teaspoon of salt, and add this to the beaten egg yolks and sugar, stirring it in lightly.

Add one tablespoon of hot water and two teaspoons of lemon juice, put into a well-buttered pan and bake 30 minutes in a moderate oven. Cool, split and fill with strawberries sweetened to taste. On top place stiffly beaten cream, sweetened and flavored.

Another attractive way to serve this cake is to cut a piece from the center, leaving a wall one inch thick on the sides and one-half inch on the bottom. Fill the center with the strawberries and cover with stiffly beaten cream.

"Dear Mrs. Prescott, I shall never be able to thank you enough for giving me that beautiful desk. Already it has filled a place in my life that I never expected to have filled, already it has brought to me the knowledge that I am no different from all the women who have people this earth, because I know that all the women who have sat at that desk have loved as I love my son."

I did not tell her, my dear Prissy, that probably the women of that romantic period of French history who had sat at that desk had not been women of chastity and virtue. I did not want to sully her ideals.

Instead I asked her, "Have you found the secret drawer?" and she answered with a smile, "The drawer is still a secret."

I am sorry to say that this answer dispelled any newfound joy that I had in my prospective daughter-in-law, for it told me that she would never come to me with her joys and her sorrows—that henceforth I should walk this world alone.

Affectionately yours,
MARY ALDEN PRESCOTT.

I cannot tell you the feeling that I had. Cold hands clasped my heart.

DAILY FASHION SERVICE

New Yoke, Tucked Collar, Drapes and Pleats



Individual touches that make for style—a new yoke that cuts down into the tops of very short sleeves; a square tucked collar for the front of a dress; a skirt that has both drapes and pleats.

These are frocks that are unquestionably new—made so by the slight variation from what is usual and expected.

Wide Straw Sailors
The very wide straw sailor, draped with a colorful scarf or adorned with flowers or ribbon, is scheduled to make its appearance for mid-season wear.

Several Shades
The use of two or three shades of silk braid, arranged side by side to form a sort of band trimming, is frequently noticed on the spring tailor-mades and one-piece frocks.

Figured Frocks
A frock of figured silk, the figures of which are gorgeous and gay, has a pleated jabot of the silk which extends from the collar to hemline. It is loosely girdled with a ribbon.

Taffeta and Lace
Lace is being frequently combined with taffeta this season, to the advantage of both. Particularly in the delicately colored frocks designed for debutantes and dances do we find the union.

Fancy Voiles
Drop-stitch voile makes some of the most charming frocks for summer. It comes in the most fascinating shades and needs practically nothing but a girde, and perhaps white collars and cuffs to trim it.

Leather Girde
A summer frock of green crepe is distinctively trimmed by "not being trimmed at all, save for an organdie collar and cuffs and a belt of white kid flowers.

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AT THE THEATERS

Knows otherwise included, incidental notices and reviews in this column are written by the press agencies for the respective management company.

"HEARTS AFLAME" AT PALACE

The photoplay feature at the Palace starting today for the last half of the week offers Reginald Barker's spectacular film "Hearts Aflame."

"Nothing so vivid and intense as this great fire has yet been presented in photoplay form. The scene has been remarkably photographed one can actually see the flames lick at the trees which rapidly give way before the conflagration.

The cast is large and excellent. Frank Keenan is seen in the role of an old millionaire, an ex-lumberman; Anna Q. Nilsson, is the girl of the Michigan woods; and Craig Ward makes a strong impression as the young hero.

The Keith vaudeville bill will feature four headline acts with the Reuters in a few thrills; Dunne and Mayo who offer original songs and patter; George Mark in an excellent monologue; and "The Jungle Bungalow" a very fine musical comedy offering with pretty girls, catchy tunes, and dances Friday night will be N. V. A. night in which all the acts will get together in one large afterpiece and will clown and sign the new, waltz song "Glimpses of the Moon," after which the songs will be distributed in the audience. One week each year is set aside for the benefit of the N. V. A. which is the National Vaudeville Artists Association; who look after the welfare of aged, sick and needy actors, and for the maintenance of several homes throughout the country for the actor. All vaudeville theater on the different circuits will give the receipts of Friday evening's performance to the fund.

"STORMSWEEP" AT LYCEUM
The London Gaiety Girls' musical comedy company continues to draw the theater patrons at the Lyceum, where a spiffy little show is being staged. Beginning today and continuing for the remainder of the week, the program is entirely different from that shown the first three days.

The picture, "Stormswept," is a treat to watch. Broad expanses of the ocean, terrific storms at sea, picturesque lightships, a thrilling shipwreck and rescue and through it all a tangled romance that is not straight-

ened out until the final fadeaway, is the theme of this drama.

Beginning next Monday and continuing for three days an exceptionally alluring picture, "One Week of Love" is to be shown. This is regarded by many as without a peer in the line of romantic dramas and the leading characters would tend to bear this out. Miss Elaine Hammerstein, one of the noted personalities of the screen, plays the leading role while opposite her is dashing Conway Tearle.

Another big picture that soon is to be brought to the Lyceum is "The Curse of Drink."

Next week, all week, Felix Martin, formerly the famous comedian with Hoyt's Revue, will be at this theater with his own musical comedy company, said to be one of the best that came out from Boston this season.

CROSSROADS OF N. Y.—FOX'S
Mack Sennett's latest comedy melodrama, "Crossroads of New York," opened this afternoon to an appreciative audience at Fox's where it will continue as the feature movie attraction for the remainder of the week. The four vaudeville acts are of the highest order, featuring several unique novelty stunts. Among them are the Jester Trio, Smith and Joyce, and Bradbury, the last named being a very good singer.

Beginning Monday, for three days, "The Dangerous Age" will be shown, followed by "The Hottentot." The Dangerous Age is an especially appropriate picture for this is spring-time.

LYCEUM

Tonight, Fri., Sat.
If You Want Real Drama Don't Miss

'Stormswept'

With WALLACE AND NOAH BEERY
MUSICAL COMEDY

NEXT WEEK
FELIX MARTIN
With His Own Musical Comedy

Next Mon., Tues., Wed.
"ONE WEEK OF LOVE"
With ELAINE HAMMERSTEIN

NEXT WEEK THURS.
"THE CURSE OF DRINK"
With EDMUND BRESE MARGUERITE CLAYTON and HARRY T. MOREY

Palace THEATRE

Tonight—Fri.—Sat.
The Big Screen Thriller
with
"HEARTS AFLAME"

Little Richard Headrick
Frank Keenan
Anna Q. Nilsson
Don't Miss the Big
Forest Fire
KEITH VAUDEVILLE
featuring
"The Jungle Bungalow"
a clever musical comedy

Monday
"Trifling Women"

N. V. A. CLOWN NIGHT
FRIDAY

FOX'S

NOW PLAYING
MACK SENNETT'S
COMEDY MELODRAMA

CROSSROADS OF NEW YORK

Mon., Tues., Wed.
"THE DANGEROUS AGE"

THE SOFT, WARM DELIGHT OF THE SPRING will be ushered in by the thrilling HARMONY OF THE HARP played by

MISS MILDRED DILLING

accompanied by Miss Frances Parker

Under Auspices of New Britain McAll Auxiliary

You will come Friday evening if you heard Miss Dilling play here last year

Tickets \$1.00
Crowell's Drug Store

The World's Most Noted Harpist

You would go far to hear her next year if you come Friday evening.

Tickets \$1.00
Crowell's Drug Store

Miss Mildred Dilling

Friday, 8:15 P. M., Camp School

"My Adventures In Hollywood"

MISS BRADFORD, AFTER HARD WORK, AT LAST FEELS SHE "BELONGS" IN THE MOVIES.

By VIRGINIA BRADFORD.

Hollywood, April 5.—The filming of "Bella Donna" constituted my coming-out party in the movies.

Not that it changed my status of extra—for I am only a piece of human confetti in the picture—but in my own mind it definitely ended my awkward flapper days in flickerdom.

This sense of "belonging," of being finally on the inside, comes to some girls after the second or third job, to others only after months of work.

My debut was a hectic party. Everyone but myself thought it was for Pola Negri, for Adolphe Menjou, Conway Tearle, Conrad Nagel and the rest of her supporting cast. But that didn't hurt my feelings.

It was given under a vast glass roof. Everyone came in gorgeous costume, 250 men and women, transformed from prosy folk to the most ravishing creatures by wig and paint, satin and lights under the brilliance of the sun arcs.

On a high platform, megaphone in hand, like a battle general, stood George Fitzmaurice, director. Beside him, Arthur Miller, master of cameras. Opposite, close to the mob, Frank O'Connor, assistant director. A volley of sharp instructions. Then a burst of orchestra music, "Lights!" and the purr of cameras as we danced and chatted, tossing balloons and confetti for the "long shot" carnival scene. Then a blast of whistles, and stoppage.

"Kill 'em!" came the order. It wasn't a decree of execution for the bewildered heads—merely studio argot to douse the lights. Instructions were patiently repeated.

Pola Negri, dark and exotic in salmon silks, sat across the canal from us, consulting her script and munching bits of orange under the hovering attention of two maids. And now we extras were at leisure.

Some watched her act. Others, hardly aware of her presence, pre-



I AM ONLY A PIECE OF HUMAN CONFETTI.

ferred strolling flirtation with the carnival partner of an hour. For some the occasion was a mere job; for others a chance to grow by careful observation. A sort of segregation of the wise and foolish at the threshold of the movies.

It seemed improbable that any particular extra would be observed in all the miles of pretty faces and brilliant costume, but I tried to keep in mind that in every turn of the kaleidoscope one bit of glass always stands out—and acted accordingly.

Directors Fitzmaurice and O'Connor may not have noticed me