

# The Married Life of Helen and Warren

By MABEL HERBERT URNER

Originator of "Their Married Life," Author of "The Journal of a Neglected Wife," "The Woman Alone," etc.

HELEN IS CONSPICUOUSLY AWKWARD AT A FASHIONABLE ICE-SKATING RINK

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Mabel Herbert Urner

"Lift your feet—don't slide 'em! And relax," instructed Warren.

"You're stiff as a ramrod. Try to sway from your hips."

"Dear me, my ankles ache so! Let me sit down—just for a second."

"You'll never learn to skate if you flunk down every five minutes. Here," as the orchestra struck up, "now try to catch the swing of this. Take even strokes."

Her feet numb with the unaccustomed weight of the skates, Helen struggled around the rink, leaning heavily on Warren's arm.

The roof garden of the Astor-Ritz, converted into an outdoor skating rink, was crowded with devotees of the new craze.

It was a fashion show on ice.

"Warren I can't—I can't go around again!"

With a grunt of disdain he let her sink on one of the benches. Then, free from her incumbering restraint, he swung off to the center, where a few of the more skillful were doing figures.

Warren, who at college had been captain of the hockey team, was an expert skater. With a thrill of pride Helen watched him glide through the most intricate figures with easy grace.

"Ready?" again he swooped down upon her. "No, you're not going to sit there! The only way to learn to skate—is to skate."

"My feet are numb. It's these shoes—they're laced too tight."

"That's all right, you want 'em tight. Bend your knees! Keep your feet under you—don't let 'em slide off to the side."

Trying to remember all these instructions, Helen floundered on.

"You're clumsy enough, but, thank heaven, you're not fat! Look at that tame hippo! Jove, I'd hate to have to steer her around."

A profusely stout white-furred figure just ahead was clutching her coat with both hands.

"Tut, thought she was a goner that time," Warren chuckled.

"Oh, dear, I don't believe I'll ever learn," wailed Helen.

"Nonsense! Strike out—make some effort! Lift your left foot. That's it! No, don't bend forward. Keep your feet together."

"Then get me an instructor," desperately. "You tell me too many things—it only confuses me."

"All right, I'm not keen for the job," and, piloting her to a seat, Warren left the rink and stamped into the office.

When he came out one of the uniformed instructors was with him.

"Mrs. Curtis hasn't much confidence," by way of introduction. "This is only her second time on the ice."

Then, with the air of having shed a hampering burden, Warren glided off, leaving Helen in the hands of the instructor.

He was a blase youth, with light hair and a blotched complexion. With a bored expression he chewed gum and gilded Helen around the rink.

"You ought to have flatfoot skates."

It was his first remark. "How'd you come to get rockers?"

"Rockers? Why, Mr. Curtis bought them for me. Aren't they right?"

"Take you twice as long to learn," indifferently.

For the next ten minutes he piloted her along in languid gum-chewing silence, not troubling to direct her awkward efforts.

"Do I lift my feet enough?" determined to force some instructions.

"Oh, that'll come. You can't do much the first lesson."

To Helen the intimate closeness of skating with this blotched-face, gum-chewing youth was most repugnant. When for the second time, with a bored air, he glanced at his watch, she flared out an indignant:

"You needn't finish the lesson. I've had quite enough. Please take me back to the bench. Send Mr. Curtis to me."

With an astonished stare he accepted his dismissal, skated over to Warren, delivered the message and left the rink.

"Well, how'd you get on?" demanded Warren. "Time up?"

"Oh, he was horrid! He didn't even try to help me. But he did say one thing—that I ought to begin on flat skates."

"Flat skates!" with a snort. "Well, you'll learn right or not at all."

"But, dear, anything to make it easier now—while I'm learning."

"Clear the ice for an exhibition!" roared an attendant.

There was a general scurry as a white-costumed couple stepped out.

"Christina and Adolph Hofmann, from the Ice Palace of Stockholm," was the shouted introduction.

With dashing speed they plunged into an exhibition of spectacular skating. It was a picturesque scene, the white figures flying over the ice under the glowing Japanese lanterns and the clear star-pierced sky.

The glass-protected orchestra throbbed an accelerated waltz, as Christina swayed, leaped, cavorted, her fur-edged, pink-lined skirt swirling straight with her dizzy toe spins. As a triumphant finale, Hofmann held her aloft, while he executed a daring figure, ending in a mad whirl.

The exhibition over, the applauding audience swarmed back on the ice.

"Oh, not after that," protested Helen.

But Warren dragged her out and put her through another ten minutes of persistent, rigorous coaching.

By this time she was chilled through, with reddened nose and wind-blown hair. Warren, relentless, would not let her stop for repairs.

"Never mind your hair—this's no beauty contest. You're learning to skate."

"But my ankles are giving out—I can't—"

"Way to strengthen them. Come on, now—take longer strokes."

"Hello, Curtis! What're you doing here?" a tall, shaggy-coated man bore down upon them. "Didn't think you'd fall for this skating craze."

"Jack Wheeler!" beamed Warren. "Well, it's made a lot of the old-timers get their skates out of camphor. How're you making out?"

"Little stiff in the joints. Nearly broke my neck out there on an inside back three."

"That always was a nasty turn. Have you met Mrs. Curtis?"

"Dear, I've had enough," conscious of her reddened dishevelment. "You skate with Mr. Wheeler—I'll go in."

"Oh, no, you're not through yet. Got to get our four bucks' worth. You rest here while I take a turn with Wheeler."

As they spun off, Helen glanced longingly toward the exit. If only she could get into the dressing room to fix her loosened hair. She would have to go half way around the rink on the ice. Dared she risk it? Gingerly she rose, dug her skates into the ice, and, holding to the railing, minced toward the steps.

Just then two women, skating together, lost their balance and lurched heavily against her. They did not go down, but Helen, knocked from her insecure footing, fell sprawling.

The next second a man was lifting her to her feet, while others gathered up her vanity bag and its frivolous contents, scattered over the ice.

Helen had just regained her footing, her hat awry, her face crimson with mortification, when Warren dashed up.

"What the Sam Hill are you trying to do?"

"Oh, don't—don't talk! Just get me in!"

With perfunctory thanks to the gentleman who was still holding her, Warren helped her to the exit and half lifted her up the steps. From there, without a word, Helen hobbled into the ladies' dressing room.

"Take these skates off—quick!" to the maid, as she dropped into a chair.

Defiantly the maid unlaced the skating boots, loosened the clinging silk stockings from under the toes, and buttoned on Helen's trim shoes.

"Haven't got your skates off?" Warren appeared at the door. "Why, it's only ten. We've a whole hour before they close up."

"Do you think I'd go out there again?" flautingly.

"Why not. Can't learn to skate without a few tumbles. Be a sport! Come on—take another crack at it."

But Helen's self-consciousness was too acute. After her humiliating fall not even Warren's insistence could lure her back on the ice.

A light buffet supper was included in the two dollars admission to the roof, and now, with a disgruntled growl, Warren, still on his skates, led the way to the glass-enclosed restaurant.

The head waiter seated them at a table facing the rink, and only a few feet from the skaters as they whizzed by.

"Who's that girl Wheeler's with?" Warren leaned forward. "By Jingo, she can skate. Didn't pick up that bracket turn in any three lessons."

With brooding envy and a distinct feeling of being "out of it," Helen watched the graceful figure in the mole-trimmed suit.

"Oh, I could never do that!" wistfully.

"You could if you thought more about the way you set your feet and less about the powder on your nose. It's your infernal conceit—you think everybody's watching you. Next time we go skating it'll be on a country pond, and you'll not doll up. You'll wear a good thick sweater and earmuffs—and I'll put you through some stunts."

"Anything to drink, sir?"

"Yes, a Bronx—and bring it quick." Then, as the waiter hurried off: "Need something bracing after carting you around. Talk about dead weights—you were about as supple as a mooly cow!"

See Only Good in People.

It is a mistake to grow tired of people or their efforts to please. The vast majority of us are trying to do our best. True, some of our number make a brilliant showing, while others do not cause a ripple of comment. But if we are going to get any real satisfaction out of life we cannot stop to weigh people's capabilities or attainments, but should, on the other hand, be grateful for whatever consideration they show us, and only see in them all that is splendid and good.—Exchange.

Gun Cotton.

Gun cotton may be made as follows: Immerse cotton wool in a boiling dilute solution of potassium carbonate, wash with water, and then dry. Then steep for a few minutes in a cold mixture of one part of concentrated nitric acid and three of oil of vitriol, then squeeze, and again place in a fresh acid mixture and leave for 48 hours. Then squeeze and wash for a long time with running water, and finally steep in a solution of potassium carbonate. Gun cotton is insoluble in water, alcohol, and ether. It takes fire at 300 degrees Fahrenheit burning away rapidly but without explosion. When ignited in a confined space or by percussion, it decomposes with violent detonation, the energy of which equals that of five times its weight of gunpowder.

Uncle Pennywise Says:

Every now and then tell your wife you are jealous. It is an inexpensive little stunt, and will take her mind off many troubles.—Kansas City Journal.

being erected. The permanent commissary will be constructed after the construction of the 1,000 houses is completed. It will be of brick and will cost between \$100,000 and \$125,000.

An Orator.

Howell—From all accounts I take it that Rowell is a very eloquent speaker.

Powell—Yes; I understand that his wife is influenced by what he says when he is talking in his sleep.

Costs Less and Kills That Cold

**HILL'S CASCARA QUININE**

The standard cold cure for 20 years—in tablet form—safe, sure, no opiates—cures cold in 24 hours—grip in 3 days. Money back if it fails. Get the genuine box with Red Top and Mr. Hill's picture on it. Costs less, gives more, saves money. 24 Tablets for 25c. At Any Drug Store.

Save the Calves! Stamp ABORTION Out of Your Herd and Keep It Out!

Apply treatment yourself. Small expense. Write for free booklet on Abortion, "Yes, one and one makes two." State number of cattle in herd.

Dr. David Roberts Vet. Co., 100 Grand Avenue, Waukesha, Wis.

Looking Ahead.

"I wish I could marry you, Mr. Dubon. You make love so beautifully."

"Then why not marry me and let me make love to you for life?"

"Because I'm a practical young woman. The time would come when a pretty compliment couldn't take the place of a new hat or a set of furs."

State of Ohio, City of Toledo, Lucas County—ss.

Frank J. Cheney makes oath that he is senior partner of the firm of F. J. Cheney & Co., doing business in the City of Toledo, Ohio and State of Ohio, and that said firm will pay the sum of ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS for any case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by the use of HALL'S CATARRH MEDICINE.

FRANK J. CHENEY.

Sworn to before me and subscribed in my presence, this 6th day of December, A. D. 1924.

(Seal) A. W. Gleason, Notary Public.

HALL'S CATARRH MEDICINE is taken internally and acts through the Blood on the Mucous Surfaces of the System. Druggists, 75c. Testimonials free. F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, Ohio.

Too Old to Learn.

"Why don't you try to manage that horse without profanity?" asked an officer of a cavalryman.

"It wouldn't do any good," said the cavalryman. "It ain't fair to this horse to ask it to start at its time of life to learn a lot of polite words."—Puck.

You never can know how superior to other preparations Dr. Peary's "Dead Shot" is until you have tried it once. A single dose cleans out Worms or Tapeworm. Adv.

Strike to be the cream of your profession, remembering that cream always rises to the top.

A business man takes no note of time—if he can get spot cash.

## BUILT AN AIRPLANE IN 1848

Scotch Inventor Devised Machine With Steam Boilers Which Was Scheduled to Fly to China.

An old handkerchief faded with age with a printed design showing a steam propelled airplane in full career for China, has revived an old story which was recently brought to light.

In 1848 a Scotch inventor built an airplane with steam boilers. The old machine was a nine days' wonder, but there is no record that it ever got beyond the experimental stage and a few unsteady "swoops" on the downs. It is recorded that it was deficient in equilibrium, "a puff of wind being sufficient to upset it." It was, of course, the butt of all the satirists. The handkerchief (which has preserved the outline of the old machine) pretends that the flying monster was capable of going to China "in 24 hours certain," passengers being landed by parachute at places en route. The steersman is crying, "Hallo, Bill Jackson, keep your eye on Malta, and get ready to drop the parcels. Tell the Bombay agent in No. 5 to have his parachute in readiness, tie his hat on, and shut his mouth, as it's blowing a stiff breeze." Passengers are seen descending over the various countries of the earth, and at the journey's end the emperor of China, surrounded by his wise men, is awaiting with trepidation the arrival of the airplane.

If the average man isn't born great or is unable to achieve greatness he tries to thrust himself upon it.

A new broom may sweep clean. After the first round it is new no longer.

## Red Blood and Courage!

(BY DR. W. G. LUCAS.)

What drives the men right up to the trenches in this war is courage, and it's red blood that "puts the heart" in the man. Did any one ever see a puny, thin-blooded man ever rush into the front with any chance of winning out? With rich, pure blood you can face any harshly, reach any goal. But you are handicapped in the race of life without it. Every tissue, bone, muscle, should take from the blood certain materials and return to its certain others. When the poisons accumulate in the blood, perhaps the face breaks out in pimples, or boils appear on the neck, and we feel languid, tired, our vitality is at a low ebb, and we easily catch cold.

It's time to take an alternative extract. It's time to take an alternative extract and blood-purifier taken from Nature's forests. Such a one is made up of Golden Seal, Blood and Stone root, Oregon Grape and Queen's root—extracted with glycerine and made into sugar-coated tablets or liquid, and this has been sold by druggists for the past fifty years as Doctor Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery.

STGAR RIDGE, OHIO.—"I wish, like thousands of others, to add my testimony in the praise of Dr. Pierce's medicines. In the spring of 1915 owing to exposure of a hard winter I found myself a wreck for a man of 30. My appetite was gone, blood was thin and watery and rheumatism had taken hold of me. I tried various remedies but they gave me very little relief, if any. I bought two vials of the 'Pleasant Pellets' and two bottles of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery and in one week my aches were gone, constipation ceased, and in a short time I was feeling like a new man. Since then I told many, many people of the value of Dr. Pierce's remedies and will continue to do so, as I know by experience they are all that they are advertised to be."—ALBERT A. BLAINE.

CLEVELAND, OHIO.—"From the time I was a small child I suffered with bilious sick-headaches. I would be so bad at times when I was attending school I would have to come home and go to bed. I took many different medicines but did not get any relief until I began taking Doctor Pierce's Pleasant Pellets. This medicine completely cured me and I have never had any return of the ailment. I can recommend 'Pleasant Pellets' to those who suffer as I did."—MRS. E. J. MASON, 4612 Tillman Ave.

**DR. TUTT'S LIVER PILLS FOR LIVER ILLS**

What Constipation Means

It means a miserable condition of ill health that leads to all sorts of special ailments such as headache, backache, dyspepsia, dizziness, indigestion, pains of various kinds, piles and numerous other disorders.—CONSTIPATION is a crime against nature, and no human being can be well for any length of time while constipated. DR. TUTT'S LIVER PILLS is the remedy and has been used successfully all over this country for 72 years. Get a box and see how it feels to have your liver and bowels resume their health-giving natural functions. For sale at all druggists and dealers everywhere.

**Dr. Tutt's Liver Pills**

**STRANGLES**

Or Distemper in stallions, brood mares, colts and all others is most destructive. The germ causing the disease must be removed from the body of the animal. To prevent the trouble the same must be done.

**SPOHN'S COMPOUND**

Will both cure the sick and prevent those "exposed" from having the disease, 50 cents and \$1 a bottle; \$5 and \$10 the dozen. All druggists, harness houses, or manufacturers. SPOHN MEDICAL CO., Manufacturers, Gosken, Ind., U.S.A.

**Backache of Women**

How this Woman Suffered and Was Relieved.

Fort Fairfield, Maine.—"For many months I suffered from backache caused by female troubles so I was unable to do my house work. I took treatments for it but received no help whatever. Then some of my friends asked why I did not try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. I did so and my backache soon disappeared and I felt like a different woman, and now have a healthy little baby girl and do all my house work. I will always praise Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound to women who suffer as I did."—Mrs. ALTON D. OAKES, Fort Fairfield, Maine.

The Best Remedy is

**LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S VEGETABLE COMPOUND**

Thousands of women have proved this

Why don't you try it?

LYDIA E. PINKHAM MEDICINE CO. LYNN, MASS.

The Laziest Man.

Senator Vardaman and Senator Reed were trying to think of the laziest man in their respective voting precincts. Senator Reed indicated his version of the laziest man, but he agreed that Senator Vardaman's man was lazier.

"Yes," said the Mississippi solon, "a prospective customer entered a shop and found the proprietor at one corner.

"Give me a quarter-peck apples," was the request.

"I can't get up to wait on you today," the proprietor replied. "Come in some time when I'm standing up."

If you are determined to live and die a slave to custom, see that it is at least a good one.

The length of a woman's foot should be one-seventh of her height.

If you can't lose without carrying a grudge don't compete.

**MOTHERS**

Keep the family free from colds by using

**VICK'S VAPORUB**

Blamed the Bee.

He was a slow young man, and she was despairing of him ever attempting to kiss her. But as they stood at the garden gate, holding each other's hand, a naughty, nasty bee alighted on his neck, and its sting made him suddenly lurch forward, with the result that he found his lips pressed against those of his sweetheart. So he sealed the accident with a kiss.

"George!" she exclaimed in amazement, as she turned her head to smile.

"It was—er—the bee's—er—fault," stammered George, blushing all over his countenance. "I hope you're not angry."

"Not at all," she remarked, with a twinkle in her eye. "I'm sorry there wasn't a hive full!"

No Wonder She Knew.

Man—Tommy, does your mother know that the buttons are off your coat?

Boy—Yes. She knows where they are, too.

Man—Where are they?

Boy—On father's trousers.

The average woman's will has too many codicils.

**FLORIDA FARM FACTS**

Manassas, Manatee County, below frost line. 365 growing days annually. Water, Light and Ice Plant now in operation.

Excellent railroad facilities.

MANASSAS LAND AND TIMBER COMPANY. BALTIMORE, MD. SARASOTA, FLA. Land unencumbered—no mortgages.

**District Managers Wanted**

Opportunity to secure an agency. Automobile line. Large profits; unusual co-operation; energetic, hustling men of firm, honest and preferred; exclusive rights. We do not want a canvasser; we do want a representative man, and will increase the territory as fast as business warrants. The profits will be as big as the man. Alverno Mfg. Co., New York, N.Y.

**PARKER'S HAIR BALSAM**

A toilet preparation of merit. Helps to eradicate dandruff. For Restoring Color and Beauty to Gray or Faded Hair. 50c and \$1.00 at Druggists.

W. N. U., CINCINNATI, NO. 48-1917.

**CHILDREN'S COUGHS**

may be checked, and more serious conditions of the throat will be often avoided by promptly giving the child a dose of

**PISO'S**

## WHALER'S GLORY HAS GONE

Industry Which Was Once the Greatest in America Has Been Declining for Fifty Years.

At the outbreak of the American Revolution and for a period of 75 years following, whaling was the most important branch of American fisheries. From 500 to 700 vessels sought whales in all the oceans and seas of the world, and in one year New Bedford alone sent out 300 vessels whose cargoes of bone and oil were the basis of the industrial life of the city. The pursuit of sperm whales reached its climax in 1837, when oil valued at nearly \$4,500,000 was brought in, mostly from the south Pacific, says the National Geographic Magazine. The height of the industry was in 1846, when 70,000 persons derived their support from whales, and 720 vessels, valued at \$21,000,000, were engaged. For more than 50 years the fishery has been declining, and in numerous ports that once derived most of their wealth from the industry there have for a long time existed only memories

of former greatness. The present importance of the whale fishery amounts to less than 2 per cent of the American fisheries.

Galerie des Assiettes.

One of the important apartments at the palace of Fontainebleau, in France, is called the Galerie des Assiettes, for the reason that its decoration consists of vertical rows of plates, set in the paneling of the walls. These plates are very valuable, are made of porcelain, and upon them are painted scenes and views of many royal residences. The plates were placed there by the order of Louis Philippe.

Bread-Making Superstitions.

Regarding bread making, there are several superstitions. In Yorkshire, England, nearly all the housewives still bake their own bread. After kneading the dough and leaving it to rise, a deep cross is cut in it with a knife. This is to "let the witch out," and the custom is common to this day. In Scotland they say that the yeast must be made within an hour of sunrise, or the bread will not be light.

## TOWN SPROUTS OVER NIGHT

Modern Mining Town Springs Up Suddenly in Coal Region in Kentucky.

chals of the United States Coal and Coke company, subsidiary of the United States Steel corporation, which is behind the project.

At present 160 eight-room houses are under construction. After these are completed the building of the others will begin. Forty-eight million feet of lumber altogether will be used. A total of 250,000,000 feet of lumber was bought at a cost of approximately \$150,000. A temporary commissary building, 240 feet long by 60 wide, is also now

being erected. The permanent commissary will be constructed after the construction of the 1,000 houses is completed. It will be of brick and will cost between \$100,000 and \$125,000.

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