

THEIR MARRIED LIFE

By MABEL HERB RT L RNER

HELEN IS MADE TO FEEL THAT SHE IS TOO EXACTING AND EXPECTS TOO MUCH OF MAGGIE.

"Why, Maggie, this isn't a clean cloth. Look at this!" Helen pointed to a distinct grease spot on the damask tablecloth. "And here's another. Why, this is the cloth we had on for breakfast."

"I was clean last night, m'am," grumbled Maggie. "That makes three we've had on this week. We can't have no clean cloth every night."

"Well, we certainly will when we have guests. Now, you'll simply have to change this, Maggie. You ought to have known that cloth wouldn't do for dinner tonight."

"I won't have no time to unset that table now, m'am," obstinately. "It's after six already."

Helen flushed and bit her lips. Maggie was growing more and more impatient, but just before a company dinner was not the time to reprove her.

So with an effort Helen kept back the sharp words and began deliberately to unset the table herself.

It was late and she was not yet dressed, but having taken the stand that there must be a clean cloth she had no choice now but to put one on.

The first cloth she unfolded was an old one that had been darned; the next had a claret stain. Both of these had to be refolded and put back.

The third was badly ironed and was hard to get on straight, but she finally got it adjusted and began to reset the table.

As she replaced the silver she found that there had been only three forks by each plate.

Fork Missing.

"Maggie, you ought to put down an extra fork for the relish," as Maggie came in to get a dish from the sideboard.

"We ain't got no relish, m'am."

"Why, I told you to open a can of those anchovies."

"We used the last can of them, m'am, last Sunday."

"But surely there's another can."

Helen went out in the pantry to convince herself. "Well, we must have some kind of a relish. Oh, here's that jar of anchovy paste! Make some little squares of toast and spread it with this. You've got a hard-boiled egg," glancing in the refrigerator.

"You can grate that over it."

Maggie, who was whipping the cream for the berries, turned around with an angry flush.

"You're wanting too much, m'am. That's fancy cooking. Cooks who makes them fussy dishes gets \$50 a month! And you expect me at the last minute to drop everything and—"

"That'll do, Maggie. As soon as I can get dressed I'll make this myself. And if you think you can get a place as a \$50 cook I'd advise you to take it."

Helen flounced into her dressing room. For her dinner was already spoiled. She could never enjoy anything after any kind of a scene. Her whole nature shrank from contention, and just to keep peace she had let Maggie have her own way for so long that now she resented everything she was told.

The fact that the girl was honest, economical and an excellent cook had made Helen put up with everything else. But now she felt that she would rather have some one more agreeable and amenable, even though less capable.

A Man's Job.

Warren came in whistling, which with him was an evidence of rare good humor. Helen ran into his room with a hurried greeting.

"Oh, I'm so glad you've come, dear. Can you hook me up before you dress? I don't want to ask Maggie—she's been perfectly horrid!"

"Humph! Turn around here to the right, then. What's this thing?"

"Oh, wait—that's the inside belt! I'll hook that. There! Oh, dear, Maggie's getting to be impossible!"

"What's the matter now?" as he clumsily hooked the dress.

"She put a soiled tablecloth on to-night—and I had to change it myself. And when I asked her to make some anchovy toast for a relish she said cooks get \$50 a month for making those fancy dishes. Hurry, dear, never mind the bottom ones—I can hook those."

"Here you hold still! You wanted me to fasten this didn't you?"

She drew away from his still fumbling fingers and darted out into the kitchen. Maggie was fixing the salad. Helen maintained a cold, disapproving silence as she sliced the bread, cut the crust off to make small squares and put them on the broiler in the already heated oven.

The heat flushed her face and she burnt her finger, which increased her resentment. Hurriedly she mixed a spoonful of the anchovy paste with a spoonful of butter, spread it thickly on the toast and garnished each piece with the grated hard-boiled egg.

Fortunately the Thurstons were a few moments late, and Helen had the dainty squares of anchovy toast at each plate before the bell rang. But now she was flustered and nervous and felt in no mood for guests. However, as Warren was in especially genial humor, her silence and abstraction were not noticed.

"What is this?" asked Mrs. Thurston. "Anchovy toast, isn't it? I wish Jane would make things like this. A relish adds so much to the dinner."

"S-S-sh," whispered Helen, with a glance toward the pantry. "I had to make it myself. Oh, I've had a time with her this evening! I feel I'm just about through."

"Why I thought Maggie was such a good girl!" questioned Mrs. Thurston in surprise.

Her Own Way.

"She is—if you let her do everything her own way. But there are times when you want things done your own way. Just to keep peace I've let her dominate me more and more. I'll never begin that with another girl. It's always a mistake—they always take advantage of it."

"Well, I should advise you to hold on to Maggie," was Mr. Thurston's comment. "We've had a devil of a time for the last few weeks."

"Oh, didn't you like that Swedish woman?" asked Helen.

"Mrs. Thurston shrugged her shoulders. "We've had three since then."

"But I thought she was going to be so good? She was a working housekeeper, wasn't she?"

"That's what she said she was," grinned Mr. Thurston. "But she wouldn't work, and didn't know anything about housekeeping! Then we had a German girl. She was rich! Tell about her, Minnie."

Mrs. Thurston laughed. "Well, we forgot to lock the wine up one night, and she drank half a bottle of sherry brandy. The next morning I had to get breakfast."

"That's one fine thing about Maggie," announced Warren. "We never have to lock up the wine or anything else. And our grocery and butcher bills have been less since we've had her than they've ever been before."

"Well, that's just what we're looking for," said Mr. Thurston emphatically. "In case you let her go, turn her over to us will you? By jove, the one we've got is extravagant, all right."

"Yes, she's very wasteful," agreed Mrs. Thurston. "We've used five pounds of butter this week—just for us two."

"Five!" exclaimed Helen. "Why Maggie rarely uses more than three."

"Three? We've never used as little as that since we've been housekeeping. We've never had a girl that didn't either take stuff home or feed a lot of company in the kitchen. This one has a heat that comes two nights a week, and she gets him a regular supper. But what can we say? We just have to put up with it."

"Well, I'd say a good deal," Warren's tone was emphatic.

"Not if you'd been through what we've been in the last two months," declared Mr. Thurston, grimly. "You don't know what a cinch you've got in Maggie."

Helen Uncomfortable.

Helen had the uncomfortable feeling that all this was tending to make her seem in the wrong. The inference was that if she could not get along with such a paragon of virtues as Maggie, she must be over-particular and very hard to please. The injustice of this rankled keenly. They only saw the best of Maggie; they did not know how trying, sullen and impertinent she could be.

The Thurstons stayed late, and as they were starting home Mrs. Thurston happened to glance in the bedroom. As usual, Maggie had fixed the bed for the night, taken off the counterpane and neatly turned down the covers. On the table was a fresh pitcher of ice water, covered with a napkin.

"Well, I call that luxury," Mrs. Thurston declared. "Look, Henry," calling to her husband, who was getting on his overcoat in the hall. "That's the way Maggie fixes their bed every night. Do you suppose we'll ever have the luck to get a girl like that?"

Helen flushed. It was only an added evidence of Maggie's perfection, and of her own lack of appreciation.

Latter, when Warren wound his watch for the night, he frowned over it thoughtfully.

"See here, we have got a cinch in Maggie, but you don't seem to know it. You expect too blamed much of a girl. Great Scott, if you can't get along with her, whom can you get along with? We've got a good thing and we're going to take Thurston's advice and hold on to it. Now you can just make up your mind to that."

UNION TRUST COMPANY.

The Union Trust Company will pay four (4%) per cent interest from Oct. 1st on all funds deposited in its savings department not later than Oct. 10th. Checking accounts of persons, firms and corporations are also invited.—Adv.

The Feistkorn Co.

Successors to A. M. Jones
The Furniture Store Around on Main Street.

BOYS' CLOTHING
You should see our line of
\$5.00 Suits for Boys.
2nd Floor.

Robertson Brother's Company

CHILDREN'S HATS
The finest line of hats in
the city for children.
2nd Floor.

QUALITY FIRST

500 New Fall Suits

Tomorrow

500 New Fall Suits

At \$15, \$18.50, \$25

SUITS of Broadcloths, Serge, Cheviots and Novelty Weaves with handsome trimmings.

Just Arrived

At \$10.00 and \$15.00 the greatest values we ever saw in Misses' and Juniors' Coats that show class in beautiful novelty effects. The most chic and snappy styles. We invite your early inspection.

Men's Furnishings

200 heavy, splendid quality fleece lined Undershirts; sizes 34 to 46, 35c each.

In shaping up our men's heavy Underwear for Fall business we find ourselves with the above odd shirts on hand. Can you use them? If so, it's the greatest lot of underwear you will see in many a day. Come early Monday a. m. if you are interested in a great Bargain.

Women's Underwear

White, Heavy Weight Union Suit, mercerized lace trimmed, Bishop and high neck, elbow and long sleeves, ankle length; an unusual value, 50c.

Children's Ecu Union Suits, high neck, long sleeves, ankle length, made with drop seat and a very heavy fleece lined garment, at 25c.

Notaseme Hosiery

for women—guaranteed—Will exchange for new ones any pairs that are found to be imperfect or do not give satisfaction to the wearer.

Wears like 60
Looks like 5c
Costs but 25

Came on Saturday too late to have them marked and taken out of the boxes' Monday we place them on sale.



Tomorrow

500 New Fall Suits

At \$15, \$18.50, \$25

SUITS with Long Coats and Short Coats. Plain, pleated and tunic skirts—The season's choicest designs.

Just Arrived

At \$10.00 to \$25.00 Dresses in all wool Serges and Combination Serge and Satin—in blue, black, brown, grey—Specially made Stout and Maternity Dresses.

Furs Furs

We most cordially invite your inspection of our beautiful line of Mariboro's, single and in sets.

Beautiful combinations as well. The natural and black from \$3.00, \$4.00, \$6.00, \$7.50 to \$25.00.

We have made a very special effort to secure an assortment that would appeal to the most particular—and we have it.

Fur Trimmings

are to be greatly used this season. We are showing a splendid range of different furs in Black, Natural, Gray, etc.—39c, 50c and 75c per yard.

White, Pink, Blue Ostrich Bands, 50c yd.

So popular this season for collars and Reverses.

Women's Neckwear

A complete assortment—all the dainty Lace, Organdy, Printed Silk Crepes, all shown in the new collars and cuffs. All moderately priced.

We are selling worlds of the large Flaring Laundered Collars and Cuffs, 75c per set.

The most popular item in Neckwear at this time.

TRY THE NEWS-TIMES WANT ADS

POLLY AND HER PALS

Right Here and Now Pa Declares War.

