

The Married Life of Helen and Warren

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Helen Works Herself Up Over a Trivial Care Only to Find She Was in the Wrong

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"That's the way to cook spinach," approved Warren, holding up a whole leaf on his fork.

"Loathe it mashed into a green, slimy pulp."

"Yes, she does cook this better than Nora."

"Huh, she's forgotten more about cooking than Nora ever knew," as he again carved into the lamb. "How about some jelly with this?"

Helen touched the bell.

"Emma," as the girl appeared, "you may bring in that grape jelly."

In a few moments she came in with a gleaming, quivering mold.

"Why, you've opened a fresh glass! I meant the one we had last night."

"There wasn't more'n a spoonful left, ma'am."

"That's the second time she's done that," declared Helen in low-voiced indignation when the door swung to after her. "Why, we hardly touched that jelly last night!"

"If she likes sweets, so much the better. That means a nonalcoholic taste, and she'll let the wine alone."

"But the grapefruit—she has half a grapefruit every morning, just the same as we have. Three always lasted us for three mornings—now I have to get three every other day."

"Oh, well," shrugged Warren, "as long as she does her work—guess we can afford to give her what she wants to eat."

"Of course," flushing, "you know I always want the girl to have good, nourishing—"

Here Emma came in for the salad bowl, and Helen began talking hurriedly about something else.

She had engaged this girl through an agency the day after they landed—just a week ago. In that time Emma had cleaned the whole apartment, washed the woodwork and oiled the floors. She was both fast and capable; yet she had an assertive air that Helen found very irritating.

No other girl had ever expected grapefruit every morning, and as this was something Helen did not like to speak of, it rankled all the more.

Though she did not bring it up again, Helen keenly resented Warren's attitude, for it made her seem penurious about the girl's food. She knew that she was much more generous with her maid than were most women. Her own mother was not half so lenient, and Carrie looked up everything.

It was after eight when Emma, having finished her dishes, appeared at the library door.

"Mrs. Curtis, do you mind if I go out for a little while?"

Helen looked up from her sewing with a brief, "Very well."

"Where's that draft coming from?" demanded Warren a little later, scowling over his paper at the windows.

"No, they're all down in here—it must be from the dining room. Wait, dear, I'll see."

It was the kitchen window that was up, and the pantry door opening on the light, Helen put down window, and then glanced around. Everything had been left in spotless order. Emma had washed out all the tea towels, and even put a fresh hand towel on the roller.

Helen looked into the ice box. It was clean and sweet-smelling. And the girl was certainly saving. There was the bit of spinach left from dinner and a spoonful of mashed potatoes. But where was the jelly?

With increasing indignation, Helen searched through the ice box and pantry. She had noticed particularly that over half the glass had been left.

And they had so little jelly, only what was left over from last year, for they had been away all fall and it was now too late for any fruit.

Dragging forward the step ladder chair, Helen climbed up to the jelly shelf. There were only nine glasses of currant and fourteen of grape. If the girl was so inordinately fond of jelly, might she not occasionally open a glass for herself?

Over the refrigerator was a glass-doored cupboard that could be locked. In a flash Helen decided that was the place for the jelly.

Even those high shelves had been freshly washed and lined with paper, but just now this evidence of Emma's industry failed to impress her.

"Hello, what in blazes are you doing up there?" Warren, his hands in his pockets, stood at the pantry door, staring at her.

"I'm putting this jelly where I can lock it up," steadying herself on the step ladder. "There wasn't a spoonful left of that glass we had at dinner. It's outrageous! I never heard of a girl having the presumption to eat jelly like that."

"Look out, there—you'll fall! I'd rather pay for a few glasses of jelly

than a doctor's bill for a broken leg.

"There!" as Helen locked the door and climbed down. "Now do you know what I'm going to do? I'm only going to order one grapefruit a day!"

"Well, if you don't want the girl to have grapefruit—I'd rather tell her than do a thing like that. Jove, you could be mighty small."

"Warren, I'm not small!" passionately. "That's what you always say because you know it hurts me. Do you think your mother or Carrie would furnish three-for-a-quarter grapefruit to any maid? You know they're more strict in such things than I ever could be! You always said I was too good to Nora—that I let her run over me."

"So you did. But now that you've got a girl worth six of her—you're sore about what she eats. You've got no sense of proportion, that's the trouble with you. You get hipped on one idea, and you can't see anything else. What's the matter—pinch your finger?"

Exasperated, Helen had turned back the step ladder with a resentful jerk and had caught her finger at the most painful part of the nail. Brushing by Warren, she ran to the bathroom, where she bathed the bruised nail in witch hazel and nursed her aggrieved sense of injury.

It was after ten. Too hurt and indignant to go back to the library, she turned on her bath and began broodingly to undress.

Why did Warren always try to make her feel small and mercenary? She was furious with herself, furious with him, and above all furious with Emma for being the indirect cause of it all.

She was in bed, her arm over her eyes to shade them from the light, when Warren came in.

"Still sulking?" One of his shoes dropped heavily.

Helen did not answer, and her lace-frilled sleeve shaded her face.

When he had taken his bath, he threw up the windows and turned off the lights. Still Helen lay motionless; she had not stirred.

"Thinking about that grapefruit she's going to eat tomorrow?" jeeringly, as he got into bed.

Helen could have shrieked. Instead she bit her lips, and angry tears wet the sleeve of her nightdress.

Warren gave his pillow a punch, settled it under his head, drew the bedclothes around his shoulders and was soon dozing off.

But for Helen, who had worked herself up to a state of feverish brooding, sleep was impossible. It had been an unhappy and humiliating evening—and it was all Emma's fault. Her resentment against the girl deepened every moment.

What was that? Raising herself on her elbow, Helen listened tensely. A faint, scratching sound! It was Pussy Purr-Mew—shut up somewhere.

Hurriedly Helen got up and began a shivering search. The hall closet, the closet in her dressing room, her bureau drawers—for Pussy Purr-Mew had a troublesome habit of creeping any place that was left open. Again the scratching—it was from the dining room.

Helen darted straight to the china closet. When she opened the door a fur-ruffled kitten leaped out from the lower shelf. As she stooped to smooth the rumpled table cloth Helen saw something on the shelf above that made her gasp.

It was the grape jelly—just as Emma had taken it from the table at dinner! So she had not touched it! She had sensed Helen's displeasure at there being none left from the night before, and had purposely not even taken it out to the kitchen.

Unheeding the cold, Helen, in only her thin nightdress, for a long time crouched there on the floor, while Pussy Purr-Mew, grateful for her release, purred exuberantly but unnoticed against her.

At least in this she had been wrong! She pictured Emma's hurt surprise in the morning when she found the jelly locked up. It was a reflection on her honesty, which after all, Helen had no real reason to doubt.

When she arose, stiff with cold, it was not to go back to bed, but to get the key of the locked cupboard. Tiptoeing out of the kitchen, stealthily she drew the chair before the refrigerator. In the dead silence it creaked alarmingly as she climbed up to the shelves.

It was a cold, shivering task, but she got the jelly back to its accustomed cupboard. Then, numb with cold, she crept back to bed.

"Eh, what's that?" muttered Warren, half aroused by the sudden chill as Helen cuddled against him for warmth.

"Dear, I—I was wrong about that jelly. Emma hadn't touched it—it was in the china closet. And I—I unlocked the rest and put it back."

But apparently Warren was too drowsy to grasp the full purport of this, for his only comment was the mumbled, meaningless phrase, "Well, what do you know about that?"

HOT WEATHER MEALS

COMBINATIONS THAT GO WELL IN THE SUMMER.

Hot Savory and a Cold Salad Are Always to Be Recommended—Some Suggestions That Are Worth Remembering.

A hot savory and a cold salad make a good combination for the summer luncheon, and the savory is a useful dish for the disposition of left-over scraps of meat, fish, etc.

The foundation of a savory is usually a triangle on a finger of buttered brown bread toast, or fried bread, pastry or biscuit. The filling may be varied indefinitely, and its arrangement depends upon available materials.

Here are a few suggestions for the use of materials common to all households:

Tomato Toast.—Half an ounce of butter, two ounces of grated cheese, one tablespoonful of tomato; paprika. Melt the butter and add the tomato (either canned or fresh stewed), then the grated cheese; sprinkle with paprika and heat on the stove. Cut bread into rounds or small squares, fry and pour over each slice the hot tomato mixture.

Ham Toast.—Mince a little left-over boiled ham very finely. Warm it in a pan with a piece of butter. Add a little pepper and paprika. When very hot pile on hot buttered toast. Any left-over scraps of fish or meat may be used up in a similar way, and make an excellent savory to serve with a green salad.

Sardine Savories.—Sardines, one hard-boiled egg, brown bread, parsley. Cut the brown bread into strips and butter them. Remove the skin and the bones from the sardines and lay one fish on each finger of the bread. Chop the white of the egg into fine pieces and rub the yolk through a strainer. Chop the parsley very fine and decorate each sardine with layers of the white, the yolk and the chopped parsley. Season with pepper and salt.

Oyster Savories.—These make a more substantial dish, and are delicious when served with a celery salad: Six oysters, six slices of bacon, fried bread, seasoning. Cut very thin strips of bacon; the bacon that can be purchased already shaved is best for the purpose. Season the oysters with pepper and salt, and wrap each in a slice of the bacon, pinning it together with a wooden splint (a toothpick). Place each oyster on a round of toast or of fried bread, and cook in the oven for about five minutes. Serve very hot, and sprinkle with pepper.

Cheese Savories.—Butter slices of bread and sprinkle over them a mixture of grated cheese and paprika. Set them in a pan and place the pan in the oven, leaving it there until the bread is colored and the cheese set. Serve very hot.

Uses of Pineapple Juice.

The juice left from canned pineapple is fine for use during the canning season to impart flavor to tasteless fruits, as the pear. A pint of juice added to the water in which pears are cooking gives it an excellent flavor. For canning the pineapple is often put up in grated form, or after being run through a chopper. Although it may be served in various forms, the fruit is so excellent that the simplest form is as good as any. Sprinkle a little sugar over the slices about an hour before wanted and set in the refrigerator. If the fruit is quite ripe when served very little extra sugar is needed, but, like all other tropical fruits when sent North, it has to be gathered in a green state and is seldom found quite ripened from the field.

No fruit lends itself with greater readiness than the pineapple to coaxing art of the canneries and the preserving factories.

Banana Cake.

Make any one-egg cake, or better still make a sponge cake and bake in round tins, two layers; slice banana on cake and cover with whipped cream; simply lay another layer of cake on first and cover again with banana and cream.

Whipped Cream.—Take one cupful sweet cream, add the white of an egg to give it body, small pinch of salt and whip all together until thick; sweeten to taste and flavor with vanilla.—Boston Globe.

Rhubarb Custard.

Stew about one and a half pounds rhubarb and one cupful sugar. Make a soft custard of one pint milk, two eggs, half cup sugar and one tablespoonful cornstarch in a double boiler. Let both cool, then pour custard over the rhubarb. Rhubarb is much better stewed in double boiler, too, using no water.

Sour Cream Dressing.

One-half pint sour cream, two tablespoonfuls lemon juice, one tablespoonful sugar, one teaspoonful salt, one-quarter teaspoonful pepper, one teaspoonful mustard. Beat the cream until it is light and thick; add the other ingredients. Sweet cream may be substituted if desired.

To Clean Brushes.

Clean all brushes carefully by dipping the bristles in warm water to which has been added a few drops of ammonia. Remove any bits of hair or fluff from them, finish off by dabbing bristles in clear cold water, and hang up the brushes in the air to dry.

MOST ABLE MEN NOT LARGE

World's Geniuses as a Rule Have Been Only Medium or Even Less in Size.

We are inclined to look up to the physically big man, not only literally but there is always a certain presumption in his favor that he must be correspondingly strong mentally, says a writer in Popular Mechanics. People make room for him; they attach more importance usually to what he says than to the same words uttered by an undersized man. We unconsciously picture in our minds the bayonet charge and storming of the trenches as the work of large men. The boy dreams of having a football physique and little sister worships her big brother.

Other abilities being equal, the large man has a positive advantage over the small man. And yet many, if not the majority of the great men of the world have been only of medium build and not a few were even undersized.

A certain large city in this country had for years made it a rule not to employ in its fire department any but large men. The result was a small army of athletes which never failed to cause a positive thrill whenever they went on parade. They distinctly represented the day of physical might.

For some years past the inventive mind has been busy, and very successfully, to produce apparatus which never tires, and calculated to transfer to a great extent the hard work from muscle to machine. The evidences of this evolution may be seen in even small towns everywhere, and now the fire engine drawn by volunteers and worked with hand brakes must be looked for in museums of strange mechanics of the past. In its place is the self-propelled gas-engine machine, carrying its own hose and capable of highly effective work with only two men; and ladder trucks by means of which one small man manipulating some short levers can in a few seconds raise great ladders to dizzy heights, or pour a deluge of water into tenth-story windows while standing in the street below. Hence it has come about that the man small of stature, but nimble of body and alert of mind is not only the peer, but often the superior of the giant in build. There yet remains some work for the big athletes, but it is growing less each year, and the man whom nature has not endowed with great physical strength is coming into his own.

Fine Chance for an orator.

"Who is the principal speaker, now being introduced?"

"I don't know. I heard the master of ceremonies mention his name when he began a few introductory remarks, but that was so long ago I have forgotten what it was."

When there is family reunion the men present enjoy it almost as much as they do a funeral.

Some prize fighters might as well stand up and be counted out.

With "every man his own police man," who'd call the "cop?"

Loss of memory is no calamity in case of a fool.

FOX-HUNTERS IN THE WAR

Thousands of Men Who Enjoyed That Sport in Britain Are Now at the Front.

Waterloo, according to the duke of Wellington, was won on the playing fields of Eton. Should Britain emerge triumphant from the present conflict we may find someone rising to claim that the campaign in Flanders was won in the English shires. The shires are the headquarters of fox-hunting, which most humanitarians denounce. George Bernard Shaw, for example, has no words strong enough to condemn it with Mr. Jorrocks, the hero of a sporting novel, describing fox-hunting as "war without its guilt and only 25 per cent of its danger." It has to be admitted, however, that they who follow the hounds have answered magnificently to their country's call.

There are, it proves, 150 masters of hounds with the British colors, 3,000 members of hunts and 1,500 hunt servants. To them must be added the officers of the regular army who are accustomed to ride to hounds, likewise numbering some thousands. The total is an impressive one. It suggests that the real attraction of this sport may be that it is, as Jorrocks said, "a sort of war."

Could Spare Her.

Tommy's mother was an invalid, so his Aunt Lavinia looked after him and the house. And she never missed a chance of pointing out a fault or expounding a precept.

"Oh, dear," said Tommy one day, after auntie had lectured him for ten minutes. "I wish I had wings!"

"Why, my pet?" asked mother, pleased at this angelic inspiration.

"Oh, I'd fly up in the air with Aunt Lavinia, and I'd fly and fly till I couldn't get any higher."

"Yes, dear," said mother proudly, as the little chap paused impressively. "What would you do then?"

"I'd drop Aunt Lavinia!" said Tommy savagely.—Stray Stories.

Somewhat Different.

"What is the price of that porch chair?" asked the lady shopper.

"Seventeen dollars, madam," replied the clerk.

"Seventeen dollars!" echoed the would-be customer. "Aren't you mistaken? It surely can't be worth that much."

"Pardon me, madam," rejoined the conscientious salesman. "It is probably worth \$1.50, but you asked the price."

A Long Vulgarian.

"This seems to be a very exclusive restaurant."

"Yes, indeed. Why, even the waiters are perfect gentlemen. The only coarse person one ever sees here is the proprietor, and I don't suppose it would be possible to exclude him."

Some men are such clever liars that they can even explain to the satisfaction of their wives where they have been.

In most localities the porch swing has displaced the top buggy as love's first assistant.

A musical education does not always put harmony in a discordant soul.

Love that survives dyspeptic cookery will endure forever.

Summer Luncheons

in a jiffy

Let Libby's splendid chefs relieve you of hot-weather cooking. Stock the pantry shelf with

Libby's Sliced Dried Beef

and the other good summer meats—including Libby's Vienna Sausage—you'll find them fresh and appetizing.

Libby, McNeill & Libby, Chicago

Peerless Brand Sliced Dried Beef

Libby, McNeill & Libby, Chicago

FOR SALE Box Shook Factory, saw and planing mill, stock of lumber, first-class condition. H. T. BENNETT, Hamburg, Ark.

Ancient Artisans in Africa.

The question has often been asked: Was there any earlier race in occupation of the area in Africa at present held by the Bantus? In Man W. H. Beech reports that in the Kikuyu country some ancient pottery has been said to be the work of a people called Gumba, who displaced the Mithoachiana, cannibal dwarfs.

These Mithoachiana are now believed to be earth-gnomes, skilled in the art of iron working. Mr. Beech, with some amount of plausibility, suggests that they were possibly bush-men, pygmies, or both, and that they were a local indigenous race of the stone age who used flint instruments often found in the Kikuyu country. The Gumba are said to have made pottery and to have taught the Kikuyu the art of smelting. They may have been pre-Bantus Hamite invaders; but of this there is no evidence and the legend may tend to show that the first discovery of iron was made in Africa.

Summer Plans.

"You are going away for the summer?"

"Of course," replied Mr. Bliggins; "that is to say, my family will go away. I'll stay here."

"But the climate won't be comfortable."

"I don't care anything about the climate. All I want is rest and quiet."

Bruin the Huggler.

Mary—Speaking of animals, which is your favorite?

Hazel—The bear.

Mary—Oh, yes; of course.

The dollar may not mean happiness, but it means comfort, and you can't blame people for loving it.

The rule is that the man who is "handy" about the house isn't much good downtown.

How we do love an idle person who comes along and bothers us when we are busy!

Half the Fun

Of being a boy is in eating with a boy's hearty appetite.

And what a capacity boys have! One bowl—then another of delicious

Post Toasties

with Cream

Made from the meats of selected white corn, skilfully cooked, daintily seasoned and toasted to a golden brown crispness—

Post Toasties are Mighty Good!

