

# The Married Life of Helen and Warren

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Helen Sees Something of the Weakness and Brutality of Another Woman's Husband

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"You mustn't repeat such things," less love, a man after a scene like that reproved Helen sharply. "That can't be true!"



Mabel H. Urner.

"Their maid told me herself, ma'am. She said they're trying to keep anybody from knowing it—they're afraid it'll get in the papers." When did it happen—what time last night? "She said around one o'clock. He'd been drinking and didn't know what he was doing."

"Oh, I didn't think Mr. Colburn drank," murmured Helen regretfully. "And she's so young and pretty."

"Rosie—that's their maid—said he lost a sight of blood fore they could get a doctor. She said she came down to the laundry fore daylight to wash out the sheets and things—so nobody'd know. They've got a nurse now and they're tellin' everybody that he was just taken sick."

"There's your kitchen bell, Emma," interrupted Helen hastily, feeling that she was encouraging the girl to talk. She never allowed a maid to bring her news of other tenants, but this had been too startling wholly to dismiss.

"It's Rosie, Mrs. Colburn's maid, ma'am. Emma returned with the air of one bearing an important message. "She wants to speak to you."

Wonderingly, Helen went out to the kitchen where the girl was waiting. "Mrs. Curtis, Mrs. Colburn wants to know if you can come up for a few moments? Mr. Colburn's been taken very sick."

"Why, yes, of course! Tell her I'll be right away." Without waiting to change her morning gown, Helen slipped over it a long coat. Not taking the elevator, she ran upstairs.

Helen knew the Colburns only slightly, their acquaintance being due to one of Pussy Purr-Mew's runaway escapades. Yet the few times she had met them, she had liked them both.

Her heart beat fast as with a shrinking dread she now entered their apartment. Even the hall was permeated with a strong smell of antiseptics. She was met by a trained nurse, a capable, but severe-looking woman, whose rigid white uniform only emphasized her austerity.

"I've been trying to persuade Mrs. Colburn to sleep, but she insisted on sending for you. She says she knows no one else here. Will you come into her room?"

The room was close and overheated. The blinds were drawn and a single shaded light glowed on the dressing table. Mrs. Colburn, with an embroidered Japanese robe over her nightgown, was sitting on the edge of the bed.

She started up as Helen entered, with an excited, breathless, "I want you to help me! Help me to keep this out of the papers! A reporter just phoned—I told him it wasn't true—but he didn't believe me. Can your husband stop the story? If he'll stop it in his paper—"

"His paper?" repeated Helen blankly. "Why, yes—the Star! They told me he was the managing editor."

"Yes, ma'am. She said they're trying to keep anybody from knowing it—they're afraid it'll get in the papers."

"How can I help it? Do you think I can ever get those scenes out of my mind? And last night—oh, I'm through—I'm through! Last night decided it! When he's over this—I'm going to leave him," passionately. "I'm going to make my own living—somehow."

"That's very foolish," Helen stroked the hand that had clasped hers. "You know he wouldn't let you go off like that."

"What do you think he said last night?" her eyes ablaze. "That if I left him—he'd never give me a cent. He says that's his hold over me—that I'm afraid to leave him because I can't support myself!"

"But he never says those things except when he's drinking?" "No, but he must think them. People don't say things, even when they're drunk, that haven't been in their thoughts. Last night he said all women were parasites—that nine-tenths of them lived with their husbands because they were too lazy or too incapable to work. That if I wanted my pay—I'd have to stick to my job!"

"But he wasn't himself," pleaded Helen. "What he did proved that." Then hesitatingly, "How—how did it happen? Was it right after—"

She nodded. "He came home in an ugly mood. I went to my room and locked the door—but he banged on it until I let him in. His face was awful. I never saw him so infuriated. He always keeps a revolver, but it's never loaded. I didn't think it was last night, until he showed me the cartridges. Even then I wasn't afraid—I suppose I didn't care. Oh, I don't remember what he said—but at last he left me and went back to his room. Then I heard the shot."

She shivered and caught her breath. "I found him lying on the floor, the pistol beside him. Rosa and I got him on the bed and phoned for a doctor—it seemed hours before he came. Oh, it was awful, trying to stop the blood! The doctor stayed with him until the nurse came, and I—I haven't seen him since."

"Has he asked for you?" She nodded. "And you refused to see him?" "Yes," bitterly. "I never want to see him again."

"Don't you think that's rather hard?" "You wouldn't think so if you knew." A tap on the door and the nurse entered.

"Mrs. Colburn, your husband keeps calling for you. He's exciting himself and his fever's very high. Won't you come—just for a moment?" "Oh, I can't," recoilingly; "I can't! Don't ask me."

"I think you should," urged Helen. A moment's silent struggle with her bitterness and outraged pride, then with slow reluctance Mrs. Colburn rose to follow the nurse. "Don't go," appealingly to Helen. "Wait for me."

Drawing a chair to the shaded light, Helen took up a book. But she could not read; she was picturing the scene in that other room. Fifteen minutes—a half hour passed. Then the nurse came in.

"He's sleeping now. Mrs. Colburn wants you to come to the door." Helen followed her across the hall to the darkened room. Mrs. Colburn was sitting by the bed, fearing to move lest she awaken her husband, who was now sleeping quietly, one of her hands tightly clasped in his.

Her whole face had softened. She smiled up at Helen, a tremulous uncertainty smile, that seemed to acknowledge her weakness, the weakness of love—not of dependency.

Very gently Helen closed the door, and, knowing that she was now no longer needed, went down to her own apartment.

On the hall rack hung one of Warren's overcoats. With a rush of emotional tenderness she buried her face in its rough folds, which held the faint man odor of tobacco and downtown soot.

## WHAT HE WOULD HAVE BEEN

Banker's Query Easily Answered by Illiterate Man Who Had "Made Good" in the World.

He lived in Indiana some years ago. He had never had the good fortune to obtain any education and he could neither read nor write.

He had ambition, however, and enterprise, and one day he made application for the position of janitor of a flat. He could not write his name and so he lost the chance to get the job.

Not disheartened he later obtained a job as clerk in a grocery store. Despite the handicap, he made good. Days and months and years rolled by and he did not find time to study. One day he became the owner of the store in which he had been working.

Other years had passed and he had broadened out his business until it included stores in various towns. They began to estimate his wealth in six figures. Wishing still further to increase his business, he went to his banker one day to negotiate a loan. The banker said all right, and placed a paper before the grocer to sign his name.

"I can't sign that," he said, and in response to the surprised look on the banker's face, added, "I cannot read or write."

"Do you mean to say that you have reached your age in life and have accumulated wealth and built up your business without being able to write your name?" exclaimed the banker.

"I have," the grocer said. "Well, I wonder," the banker said, "what you would have been if you had been able to write."

"A janitor," said the rich grocer.—Indianapolis News.

## TREADING THE BEATEN PATH

Mistake Made by Many Is to Think They Have Discovered All Things Along the Route.

Most of us grow weary at times of what we call the beaten path. We have trod it so often that we imagine we know its mileposts by heart and believe that with eyes and ears closed to what is going on about us we could tell in a moment our whereabouts.

This may be true to a degree, but such intuition is not given to everyone, and sometimes even to those who really think they have explored all the byways of the great path of life many things are yet undiscovered. It all really is a question of our own ability to appreciate and use to our advantage such conditions as influence our individual lives.

Of course, if we have no desire beyond attaining a purely worldly success we limit our possibilities of enjoying life to its highest degree, because material success is not everything in this world. It is very good, to be sure, and very satisfying in a way, but even those who can bear personal testimony to its many advantages are the first to admit that wealth and high worldly position do not comprise the sum total of happiness.

We must have an inner life, a consciousness of the existence of something better and higher than the world affords, before we can really deem ourselves wholly blessed. And that realization is often easier obtained by the man who has little or nothing of the world's blessings than by his more fortunate brothers who bask in its smiles.

**Dwinding Helgoland.** Helgoland, in the North sea, the formidable German stronghold, is gradually yielding to nature's forces. This famous island, held by England from 1807 to 1890, is 45 miles northwest of the mouth of the Elbe and Weser, and though only a rock rising 175 feet above the sea, and less than a third of a mile in area, has acquired great importance as a German naval base. Attention has been called to the fact that a map in the possession of the British Geological society shows that its circumference in the year 800 was 120 miles. In 1300 the distance around it was 45 miles, and as early as 1849 it had been reduced in area to four square miles. Erosion by the sea has been the cause of the gradual encroachment. The wearing away has been chiefly from the northeastern side, into which the sea has cut thirty miles or more—this having been due mainly to the set of the currents, but also to the greater hardness of the rock still left.

**Proper Care of the Eyes.** It is undoubtedly true that we do not take sufficient care of our eyes. The eye is too delicate an organ, however, to be subjected to haphazard treatment. A sudden change from very bright light to darkness should be avoided, and if the eyes are weak the prevailing color in the room in which one spends most of the time should be some tint that is helpful to the eyesight.

Do not read while lying down, when rocking or when in a car. Do not use the eyes before breakfast, and do not read or sew in the sun, but let a good, strong light fall over your right shoulder. Hold whatever you read on a level with the eyes, and do not bend over your book or paper.

**Splendid Hot Weather Drink.** A fine drink for the hot weather is made of four lemons and six oranges, squeezed into a gallon and a half of water, to which ice and sugar are added. This sort of drink applied at just the right time during the summer days sometimes saves a doctor's bill.

## Suit for Town or Countryside



Something of boyishness enters into this trim walking suit, with its straight box coat and pocketed skirt. It is fashioned for comfort without any sacrifice of good and modish lines, and suggests the hike and the stroll. It is very adaptable and quite as much at home in the city promenade as in the heart of the woods and over the countryside.

The material is a rough open weave in lightweight woolen goods, and the pattern a small shepherd's check in brown and white. The skirt is smooth-fitting about the hips and cut with a moderate flare. There is a lapped seam down the front and a group of three inverted plaits at each side extending to the pockets. It is finished with a three-inch hem and cut to a scant ankle length. It extends an inch and a half above the waist line and is supported by a webbing belt that fits the waist snugly. The practical pockets at each side are bound with silk braid in plain brown.

The waist worn with this skirt is of crepe de chine with convertible collar,

made quite plain. It fastens down the front with quite small jet buttons.

The trim little coat is cut straight, with long revers and collar bound with the silk braid. It also boasts real pockets, bound with braid, which invite the hands to shelter or rest. The sleeves are the long plain coat-sleeve type without braid finishing. When buttoned up, the coat sets well on the figure, smooth about the shoulders and boxlike over the body.

In keeping with this garb a hat of moderately fine Panama weave is trimmed with a brown scarf wrapped about the crown, and plain light brown spats are worn over the low walking shoes. Short wash gloves are the only kind to be considered with such an outfit, which appurtenances the wearer for the cool, solitary ways of the forest or the crowded thoroughfares of the city. "Strictly business" is written in every line of this well-planned and well-executed garb, whether it be the business of the morning stroll or that of shopping in the thick of things, or the going and coming in the everyday business of life.

## New Millinery Under the Summer Sun



Whether chosen for street wear or for drossy midsummer gayeries the hat for the heart of the summer has a brim. It may be so transparent as to cast hardly a shadow, or it may be a real protection to the eyes, but it is becoming, which is the first essential of good millinery.

Three new hats under the midsummer sun are shown in the group pictured here, and they demonstrate the gradations in width of brim that have found favor enough to become established fashions. The hat at the upper left hand is a flat wide-brimmed shape covered with black and white chantilly lace. The black lace borders the brim with a wide flange edged with a narrow piping of white satin. A band of ribbon finishes the base of the crown, which is all of the black lace. But in the brim the black lace partly overlies the white. The face of an owl looks wisely and approvingly out from its position at the front of the crown.

Just below this a novel hat is shown in which a quaint, old-time looking shape is covered with white kid. A crushed collar of black velvet breaks the sharp line between crown and brim, and is drawn through a large buckle made of small beads. Some of these beads are of clear glass and some are opaque white. This is one of those plain hats that is odd and

pretty enough to be worn with dressy costumes and is not out of place among much more ornate headwear.

A substantial hat of hemp, resembling a flat baretta, is recommended by its unusual shape and its becomingness. It is shown at the right of the picture and, along with the other two hats, is posed straight on the head without any saucy tilt. It is supported by a round, plain bandeau covered with a narrow ornamental band made of silk fiber and beads. A wired bow of velvet is posed on the underbrim at the back.

These hats embody new features that come at a time when novelties are scarce. The story of summer headwear has reached its final chapter and will soon be closed to make way for the beginning of that for autumn.

JULIA BOTTOMLEY.

### Setting Lace Insertion.

When setting lace insertion into lawn dresses, stitch the insertion on the goods first, then cut the material away, about one-fourth inch from stitching, put it flat into the foot hemmer of the machine and hem. This insures neat, firm work, which will stand many washings. The insertion can be put on in all sorts of fancy patterns without danger of its pulling out.

## WOULDN'T CONDEMN HIM YET

Mr. J. Fuller Gloom Was Willing to Give His Nephew the Benefit of the Doubt.

"From time to time various persons have tried to convince me that my nephew, St. Aubyns Flegg, is a poet, apparently with the expectation that I would do something about it," stated J. Fuller Gloom. "Among other things, they pointed accusingly at his first name, but that argument did not impress me, for the possessor of a foolish name is usually more sure against than sinning, and many of the young mothers of other days read Bertha M. Clay. The critics also mentioned his appetite, which has long been like that of a starving cougar, and his language, which consists chiefly of mutterings. But, then, some worthy persons are afflicted with these worms, and his murmurs might have been due to a long-forgotten blow on the head."

"They referred to his habit of stopping stockstill in the middle of the highway and gazing up at the pining skies, at the same time murmuring something about somebody that he seemed to think he had loved and lost, while more or less numerous touring cars, coming around the corner from the rear, rammied him, or caused him to spring out of the way so abruptly that he dislocated something. It appears to be the regular rage among motorists to either run over St. Aubyns or bet on which way he will jump if they don't hit him."

"Of course, all that would seem to be fairly convincing proof that he is a poet, but I am still willing to give him the benefit of the doubt. You see, I have read some of his rhymes."—Kansas City Star.

## RETURN TO NORMAL HEARING

Correspondent of New York Newspaper Tells of Good Results of Rubbing the Scalp.

For some years I had been under the impression that washing the scalp or using tonics for the hair was bad, for the reason that it was thought to have a tendency to increase deafness, and when I read your correspondent's letter on the treatment of deafness by means of manipulation of the scalp and the use of tonics in connection therewith I was at first rather doubtful about the efficiency of the treatment. But I finally tried the plan, and am glad to say that it brought surprising results. Writes a correspondent of the New York Sun.

But what I cannot understand is why a wet scalp and rubbing should restore normal hearing. I cannot account for it. After trying the scheme I discontinued the rubbing and use of the tonic, with the result that the hardness of hearing returned; and with the resumption of the treatment I was again relieved. For many years I could not hear ordinary conversation with my left ear, but with the use of the above treatment the hearing in that ear became normal.

It would be highly interesting to learn what explanation ear specialists have to give for this phenomenon, and whether it can be utilized in the treatment of all cases of deafness, or whether it is only good for some special or particular cases. The habitual use of coffee does not appear to be harmful in my own case.

### Fat Margaret.

It was a history lesson, and the master felt convinced he had told his boys all the important features and characters connected with the Wars of the Roses. He therefore proceeded to examine.

"Now, boys, what do you know of Margaret of Anjou?" was his first question.

A slight pause, and then quite a good show of hands.

"Well, Jones?" This to a youngster who was frantically waving his arm about like a flag-signaler working overtime.

"She was v-v-very f-fat, sir," stammered Jones.

"Fat! How do you make that out?" queried the master, who had made no mention at all of the lady's physical charms, and was somewhat in doubt himself as to her exact dimensions.

Opening his textbook, Jones triumphantly pointed to the following passage: "One of Richard's stoutest opponents was Margaret of Anjou."

### Once Great Waterway.

The commercial importance of the Adriatic sea throughout the dark ages and the middle ages was great. This importance was somewhat impaired by the opening of the all sea route to India and by the determined growths of the Dutch and English merchant marines. With the opening of the Suez canal and the commercial and industrial awakening of Italy and Austria-Hungary, the Adriatic regained much of its old time significance. The most important commercial points are Trieste, Venice, Fiume, Ancona and Brindisi. Venice and Trieste, at the head of the Adriatic, are the two foremost cities.

### Maternity Hospitals for Cuba.

The president of Cuba has signed a law providing \$400,000 for the erection of six maternity hospitals, one in each province on the island. Of this sum \$100,000 is allotted for the hospital in the province of Havana and \$60,000 each for hospitals in the other provinces. The money is to be appropriated from the sum accruing to the state from lottery prizes that are never claimed.