

The Married Life of Helen and Warren

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Helen by a Subterfuge Wins Her Point and Avoids a Quarrel With Warren

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Mabel Herbert Urner.

It was a faint, furtive knock—the knock of the maid from across the hall. Emma closed the icebox noisily and pretended not to hear.

"Isn't that someone at the door?" Helen was dropping the mayonnaise from the fork to test its smoothness.

"No, ma'am, I guess it's the wind," as she opened the door and evidently signaled the girl to go away.

For a second Helen was tempted to rush to the door, fling it open and confront Emma with her lie. But with the Stevenses coming to dinner, it was not an opportune time for a scene.

Besides, Emma's mouth was up to the 20th, and Helen had already told her to look for another place. She could not longer put up with her untruthfulness, her furtiveness and her intimacy with the Gordons' maid.

The mayonnaise, beaten to a creamy smoothness, Helen now put in the ice; gave a few adjusting touches to the sideboard and table, and went in to dress. Knowing it would take several weeks to break in a new girl, she was having the Stevenses before Emma left.

She had taken down her hair when she thought of the egg for the salad. Last time it had not been hard enough—the yolk was gluey.

"Emma!" running back to the kitchen, but the only answering sound was the gurgle of the boiling potatoes. Emma was not there!

Was she over with the Gordons' maid again? Helen opened the door and rang furiously their kitchen bell, which could be heard across the hall.

"Emma," as the girl came sheepishly out, "can't you stay in your own kitchen long enough to get dinner?"

"I just wanted to take back a lemon I borrowed," with evasive eyes. "How many times have I told you not to borrow of the Gordons? When did you need a lemon? We always have lemons."

"Oh, it was last week, when—when we had that salmon. Emma's glib lies were ever ready. With an effort Helen let this one pass, told her curtly about the egg, and went back to her room.

Sitting on the floor to put on her slippers, she was startled by an explosion that sounded alarmingly near. But, as no commotion followed, she decided it was a bursting tire in the street below.

A few moments later the doorbell rang. It could not be the Stevenses—it was only half-past six! Even Warren had not come yet.

Again the bell, a clamorous peal. Where was Emma? Why did she not answer it? Had she dared to go over to the Gordons' again?

Throwing on a kimono, Helen ran out to the hall. The Stevenses would not ring like that! Standing back of the door, she opened it a few inches. A glimpse of Emma's white apron—she had locked herself out!

Helen, furious, swung wide the door. Then she saw that something had happened. There stood the Gordons' maid, white as chalk. Emma, her face covered with her hands, was leaning tremblingly against the wall.

"Oh—oh, the oven!" she sobbed. "It—it exploded!"

That was what she had heard! Helen flew out to the kitchen, expecting to see it in flames, but there was only a dense smoke and a stifling smell of gas. She swung up the window, turned off the still escaping gas, and ran back to Emma.

"Her hair's all scorched, ma'am," whispered the Gordons' maid. Scorching! Helen had thought she was only frightened. Drawing her to the light, she saw that her hair was badly singed.

"Why, Emma," taking the girl's hands from her face, "and your eyebrows, too! Oh, I'm so sorry. Wait!" Helen flew for the cold cream.

"Here, rub this on—does it smart?" The girl nodded and rubbed the cream on her soot-streaked face.

"Then she'll have to lie down. She'll in no condition to serve dinner. We'll take the Stevenses out."

"Oh, dear, that isn't necessary. Emma has it all ready; we can serve it ourselves. There they are now!" as the bell rang.

"You stay here with her. I'll go," and Warren strode to the door. Mrs. Stevens in any emergency was always most capable, and now she came hurrying out, anxious to help.

"What're you using—cold cream? I think olive oil's much better." Helen brought the oil, and Mrs. Stevens, ripping off her long, white gloves, rubbed it gently over Emma's soot-smearred face.

Because of her aversion for the girl, and the feeling that she was not over-clean, Helen had shrunk from touching her. And now with a tinge of compunction, she watched Mrs. Stevens' unconscious solicitude.

"If you'll give me a brush, I'll brush out this singed hair." Under Mrs. Stevens' kindness and tact, Emma was fast recovering from the shock. Her hair brushed, they persuaded her to lie down.

In the bathroom, Helen gave Mrs. Stevens a hand-brush and a fresh cake of guest soap. But, lacking the oversqueamishness that was with Helen almost an affliction, she merely rinsed her hands under the faucet.

"How is she?" asked Warren. "How about our dinner?" "Nonsense!" laughed Mrs. Stevens. "You and Henry stay there—we'll serve the dinner in no time."

They found the kitchen freezing cold from the open window, but the smoke had all blown out. Except for broiling the chicken and the sauce for the cauliflower, everything was ready.

In less than half an hour they had dinner on the table. "Wonder there's not more accidents with these gas stoves?" commented Mrs. Stevens as they sat down. "Lucky it didn't burn her face."

"She must have turned on the oven before she lit the match," frowned Warren. "Mighty dangerous thing to do."

"I've warned her about that repeatedly," Helen was serving the soup. "But her mind's not on her work—she's thinking of those elevator boys."

"I don't quite like her eyes," mused Mrs. Stevens, taking off one of Emma's aprons. "She doesn't look straight at you."

"That's part of her furtiveness. Oh, she's the slickest thing! I never know when she's telling the truth—and she's dishonest, too! When her month's up, I'll have to let her—"

"You can't let her go now," broke in Warren. "Can't discharge a girl right on top of an accident like that?"

"But, dear, I've already told her. She expects to go on the 20th."

"Don't care what you told her—we're going to keep her another two weeks."

"Then we'll have trouble with the Gordons. She simply lives in their kitchen—I can't keep her out. I know Mrs. Gordon's going to complain about it. I'd rather pay her for an extra half month and let her go."

"Well, we'll not pay for any two maids—that's sure. Lucky if we can pay the rent this year."

Perhaps it was Mrs. Stevens' presence that gave Helen unwarranted courage, for she answered with a show of firmness: "Then I'll pay her for the two weeks—and do the work myself."

"You'll do nothing of the sort! The girl'll stay right here and do the work until she's in shape to take another job." Then with a shrug he turned to Mrs. Stevens. "Now you see a sample of Helen's obstinacy."

"It's not obstinacy," hotly. "It's simply that Emma's so dishonest we shouldn't keep her. At first she took only my perfume and a few ribbons, but yesterday I found one of your ties—"

NEWS OF THE WEEK FROM OVER WORLD

HAPPENINGS IN OUR OWN AND OTHER COUNTRIES BRIEFLY TOLD.

SHORT ITEMS FOR BUSY MEN

Week's News Condensations Reviewed Without Comment—All Nations Find Somewhat to Edify and Instruct.

Eugene Morris, a constable at Universal, Ind., a mining town, was shot in the back by an unidentified man and died in a hospital.

When Arthur Velch of Maise, Ok., boarded a train six weeks ago for a honeymoon trip some of his friends tried to pull him from the train platform. Velch resisted and in the struggle ligaments about his heart were torn. He is dead as a result of his injuries.

A Zeppelin flew over the fort at Ust-Dvint and dropped many bombs. German aeroplanes attack Riga every day.

The Milwaukee Merchants and Manufacturers' association has decided to try to secure the Democratic national convention for Milwaukee.

The American answer to Germany's latest note on the Frye case has been sent to President Wilson at Cornish.

George H. Guthrie, United States ambassador to Japan, accompanied by his wife and niece, Miss Laura Wurtz, left for San Francisco to sail for Japan.

R. C. Cunningham, a city fireman, entered a crowded cafeteria in Los Angeles, shot Miss Flora Sanders, an employe, twice and then fired three bullets into his own body.

J. A. Oxley, postmaster at Kenwood, Ia., has been removed from office by Postoffice Inspector Griffin as the result of a robbery at the postoffice recently.

Hiram Maxim is credited with having invented a simple and inexpensive contrivance to protect soldiers from the effects of deadly gases employed in battle.

The Kaiser has been challenged to fight a duel. His would-be opponent is Lord Northbourne, 70 years old.

Clarence Terry, 30 years old, is dead and three other men are wounded as the result of a shooting affray at Cherry Valley, Mo., iron mines.

The Rockford & Interurban Co. offered its capital stock to the city council.

Capt. Percy Archer Clive a member of parliament for Herefordshire, has been seriously wounded in Flanders.

The American consul at Cork reports that the body of M. W. Harvey, a Lusitanian passenger, washed ashore on a small island off the Irish coast.

The Guggenheims' American Smelting and Refining Company returned to the federal government \$12,766.88 in money and returned to government entry 3,476 acres of valuable coal land the company had operated under false entry.

Three convicts have escaped from the federal prison at Leavenworth, Kan.

Hugo Kempf, 60, founder of the religious sect known as "Government by God," killed himself by inhaling illuminating gas at his home on Garden street, Maywood, N. J.

The Russian council of ministers has approved the project for the utilization of prisoners of war and foreign laborers for the manufacture of war supplies.

Searching parties who have worked indefatigably have no clew to the whereabouts of Ray Knoblauch, 12 years old, who disappeared from Ottawa.

C. G. Safford, accused with F. R. Henderson of embezzling \$28,000 from the Minnesota Avenue State bank, Kansas City, Kan., has surrendered to the authorities.

Lawrence Lyon, 24 years old, of Ithaca, N. Y., an aviator of the Curtiss school at Hammondsport, was drowned at Conesus lake.

The Portuguese cruiser Republica, which ran aground near Peniche, south of Lisbon, is not believed to be in a dangerous position.

Thousands of bushels of fine Elberta peaches are rotting in the orchards in Grady county, Ok.

Miss Ruth Perry and George Perry of Lively Grove, Ill., told officers that their father, George Perry, Sr., had not been heard from since he departed for Nashville with \$400.

Four automobile bandits held up the cashier of the Leonard Seed company, Chicago, and robbed him of \$800 and escaped.

Jesse Stillwell, Jr., 24 years old, lay down on the Illinois Traction tracks near the Sheep's Head crossing, Ill., and permitted the St. Louis north-bound sleeper to pass over him. Death was instantaneous.

The British steamship West Wales, laden with approximately 235,000 bushels of wheat, cleared from Galveston for Rio de Janeiro. This is the first cargo of wheat to be sent to Brazil this season.

Baltimore has been selected as the convention city of the International Typographical union for 1916.

Preston Gibson has bet \$1,000 with a fellow member of the Washington Metropolitan club that the latter cannot bring forward a four-footed animal with blue and white stripes, the stripes to be not more than two inches wide.

Joseph M. Smith, sexton of a cemetery in Oshkosh, Wis., has been adjudged bankrupt. Too few people die for him to live.

Miss Zella Winslow, a music teacher, was drowned in four feet of water at the high school swimming pool in Champaign, Ill.

The American reply to the Austrian protest against export of arms to the allies as a violation of the spirit of neutrality was cabled to Ambassador Penfield at Vienna Aug. 14.

An order for 1,000,000 head of cattle to be shipped to Great Britain and her allies is said to have been placed with a Chicago firm.

It is understood that the Peruvian government has entered upon negotiations for the floating of a loan in New York.

Five forest rangers were helpless to stop raging forest fires in northern Manitoba. Train loads of men have left for Moose Lake to fight the flames.

A party of more than 100 policemen, firemen and deputy sheriffs, with a pack of bloodhounds, are searching in vain for traces of Albert White, 6 years old, who is lost in the swamps north of Escanaba, Mich.

The latest official reports regarding the harvest show that Italy needs 12,000,000 quintals more of grain. This grain will be purchased in America.

Fearing her husband, a private in Company M, United States Infantry, would be sent into Mexico, Mrs. John Greene of Chicago, 23 years old, swallowed mercury tablets.

BUNGALOW TYPE OF OLDEN TIMES

Is Splendidly Shown in This Case, Planned for Both Young and Old People.

LOW ROOF AND WIDE EAVES

Of But Three Rooms It Yet Has Many Features of Interest—Porch, Fireplace and Wide Rooms Promise Comfort and Pleasure to Dwellers.

By WILLIAM A. RADFORD. Mr. William A. Radford will answer questions and give advice FREE OF COST on all subjects pertaining to the subject of building, for the readers of this paper. On account of his wide experience as Editor, Author and Manufacturer, he is, without doubt, the highest authority on all these subjects. Address all inquiries to William A. Radford, No. 1327 Prairie avenue, Chicago, Ill., and only enclose two-cent stamp for reply.

The idea of owning a typical bungalow appeals to all young persons and most older people. A real bungalow is low and wide in proportion. It has a comparatively flat roof that projects several feet beyond the sides of the house, thereby carrying out the protective principle that the roof is designed for.

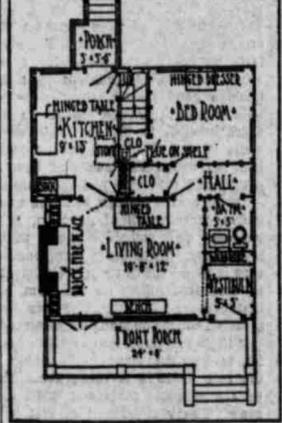
The oldtime bungalow idea is splendidly illustrated in the accompanying picture, and the floor plan is very clearly shown in the diagram. It is a little house about 26 feet square on the ground, but the roof demands considerable more room. The appearance of the bungalow depends greatly upon the design and construction of the roof. To get the proper effect two rules must be re-



ligiously observed. The first is that the roof must be low in appearance, and the second is that it must have a wide eave projection.

There is no room upstairs in a typical bungalow. You couldn't stand up straight in the attic of a real bungalow except in the center under the peak of the roof. All sorts of cottages, story-and-a-half houses and millonaire mansions have been wrongfully called bungalows because of the universal desire to maintain the cozy, artistic, comfortable combination which properly belongs to the word "bungalow."

This little three-room affair embodies many features of interest. In the first place, the approach from the street is conducted along broad lines. The walk leading up to the front steps is eight feet wide. The front steps and the front door are built in proportion. Width is the keynote around



which the architect has succeeded in weaving a combination of ideas that result in a beautiful picture.

The front veranda is too wide for the roof so that an awning supported on curved iron brackets is substituted. This arrangement permits of rolling the awning up and back under the eaves when not required as a protection against rain or sun.

These brackets are blacksmith-made and are rounded outward with hooks at the bottom to catch the curtain pole. The width of the awning and the length of the curtain brackets are measured to correspond so the curtain pole is supported in such a way as to permit the drip to run freely off onto the shrubbery. There also is a way to form an eave gutter in the canvas that will lead the rain water off to one corner of the building. It is an ingenious combination of rain and sun protection for temporary use when

needed, to be rolled back out of the way when not wanted.

No bungalow is complete without a chimney and fireplace. If the chimney is built by using rough stones, as the illustration shows, it is all the more artistic. Generally such stone can be picked up in the neighborhood, and there always is a clever mason somewhere within reach who can work such stone into a solid substantial chimney that is both useful and ornamental for ever afterwards.

The fireplace, to be satisfactory, is lined with fire brick in the usual way, and the flue is large and drafty. A good draft and a good fire are necessarily closely connected. A draft is useless without a fire except for ventilation purposes, and a fire is worse than useless without a draft. Some masons forget to build the draft into the chimney, and they are the fellows who are remembered by house owners for years to come.

The living room is 19 feet 6 inches by 12 feet, a size sufficient to dress up nicely with the right kind of furniture and rugs. Always a large living room may be made attractive by the artistic use of rugs and furniture made to fit into the general decorative scheme. Large living rooms require well-made large pieces of furniture selected to fit the room. Of course, the woodwork, which always consists of hardwood floor, plain baseboard with window and door trim to match, has a great deal to do with the final finish of the room.

The front entrance of this little bungalow is built into the corner for two reasons. It permits a straight passage from the street to the front door, leaving the main part of the front porch or terrace, as such porches are sometimes called, free for chairs and swinging seats. The front door opens into a vestibule which contains a clothes cupboard that reaches to the ceiling. The cupboard is fitted with large drawers in the bottom to hold articles of clothing that may be stored away in such places, so that the main living room is left free from disturbances.

The house is not big enough to afford a dining room. Dining rooms are a nuisance anyway. Our grandmothers used to cook in the kitchen and lift the hot, steaming appetizers directly from the stove to the table. Modern fashionable inventions for serving meals intervene so many round-about processes that the best of eatables are spoiled in the circumlocution.

Here is a kitchen lighted with four windows, and darkened by thick heavy shades that may be pulled down to keep out part or all of the sunlight. It has a white floor of hardwood, white baseboard and white window and door trim, with white walls and ceilings, making a model room that is bright enough and clean enough to satisfy the most particular people at meal time or any other time.

A cooking range kept in good condition is an interesting article of furniture. Probably one of the greatest charms of bungalow life is the opportunity it affords to go back to original simplicity.

Modern house plumbing is represented in the bathroom and at the kitchen sink, where hot and cold water are supplied for domestic purposes in the most approved manner.

As to the democratic servant-biography? One of Carlyle's servants, Jesse, who on marrying became Mrs. Broadfoot, has left a very favorable impression of her old master, says the London Standard.

"I could have lived with him all my days," she says, "and it always makes me angry when I read, as I sometimes do, that he was bad-tempered. He was the very reverse, in my opinion. I never would have left him when I did if I had not been going to get married. I took great pride in attending on him and studying all his wants and wishes."

"It was one of my duties to rush out and move on all street organs and things of that kind. Many a time in the morning, before he rose, I used to fill his pipe, the short clay he used in his bedroom, for him, and strike the match to light it. I always cut up his tobacco (he bought it in flat cakes), and kept his tin box regularly supplied. He was always so grateful for these little services."

Long Felt Want. Rankin—Umson has taken out patent papers. Phyle—What did he invent? Hankin—A dog muzzle that will also serve as a muffler for the bark at night.

CARLYLE NOT BAD-TEMPERED

One of His Servants Tells of His Gratitude for Services Rendered.

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