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"A House of Glass" is one of the late Broadway successes that has just been secured by Mr. Vaughan Glaser's play-brokers in New York, and will be shown at the New Adams starring Monday, October 1, when Miss Fay Compton will be seen in the best characterization yet afforded her in Detroit. "A House of Glass" was seen at the Detroit Opera House last winter with Mary Ryan in the role of the Countess. It will be seen in its entirety at the New Adams on Monday, October 1, when Miss Fay Compton will be seen in the best characterization yet afforded her in Detroit. "A House of Glass" was seen at the Detroit Opera House last winter with Mary Ryan in the role of the Countess. It will be seen in its entirety at the New Adams on Monday, October 1, when Miss Fay Compton will be seen in the best characterization yet afforded her in Detroit.

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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.

A DELAYED BREAKFAST GIVES WARREN A CHANCE TO RAIL AT HELEN'S INCOMPETENCY

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Mabel Herbert Urner

"Dear, she's not in yet," hurrying back to the bedroom. "It's after eleven."

"Here's a button to sew on." Warren thung her vest he had just taken off.

"Must I do it now? Will you wear this suit tomorrow?"

"Yes, and fix this while you're at it," taking off his suspenders, one leather loop of which was torn.

Drawing a chair to her sewing table, Helen searched for a gray vest button and listened expectantly for Dora.

To stay out after eleven the maid was supposed to ask permission, but of late Dora had seemed inclined to ignore this rule.

"She hasn't come yet," worriedly, when she laid the vest and suspenders on the chair with Warren's clothes.

"What of it?" He came out of the bathroom rubbing his wet hair with a towel. "You can't make 'em toe the mark all the time."

"But how'll I tell her about breakfast?"

"Leave a note on her door. Hostile now—it'll take you an hour to get to bed."

Pinning a hastily scrawled note on Dora's door, Helen hurried through her bath. By the time she was ready for bed, Warren was asleep and she crept in without arousing him.

The library clock struck twelve, but still there was no sound. Dora came in. So the girl was deliberately ignoring her orders! She would speak to her very plainly tomorrow.

Dozing off, Helen was awakened by a sound from the kitchen. Sitting up in bed, she listened tensely.

Then, feeling for her slippers, she groped her way out through the dining room. But Dora's room was still dark and empty. Pussy Fur-Jew must have been the intruder. You-dore was rubbing against Helen's nightgown, her soft fur tickling her bare ankles.

"What the devil are you prowling about for?" growled Warren, when she came back to bed.

"I thought I heard Dora."

"Jumping up every ten minutes to see if she's in, eh? Well, you cut that—and go to sleep."

Turning over, with enforced quiet, Helen tried to induce drowsiness. But the clock struck one before her brooding indignation merged into a dream-worried stupor.

"Eh? What time is that?" Warren was on his elbow peering blindingly at the bedside clock.

Instantly awake, Helen sprang up with a dismayed:

"Oh—oh, it's after seven! And you wanted an early breakfast!"

"Never get anything you want in this house," as he lurched out of bed.

"I'll hurry her up! Breakfast'll be ready by the time you are."

It was not until Helen ran out to the dining room and was confronted by the drawn shades and unset table that the memory of Dora's late hours came with a rush.

So she had overslept! This was the result of her staying out until after midnight. But at the sight of the note still pinned to her door, Helen's flaming indignation changed to anxiety.

Bursting into the room, the empty bed and Dora's slippers lying on the floor told her the truth. Something must have happened.

A sudden shrilling of the phone confirmed her fears. Stumbling over the trailing end of her bathrobe, she reached the instrument.

"Hello! I'm Dora's sister." The voice was blurringly foreign. "She's lost her pocketbook with all her money—more'n \$20. I had her stay with me—and she cried most all night. She's real sick this morning with one of her bad headaches—but she'll be there to get dinner. She's real scared that you'll be mad."

Relieved that it was nothing worse, Helen expressed her sympathy for the lost purse, and intimated that she would not be severe with Dora—if she came in time to get dinner.

Warren, who was shaving, received the hurried account of Dora's misfortune with a noncommittal grunt.

"What about breakfast?" quipped up his mouth as he stropped the rich leather from under his chin. "Better go out, hadn't we?"

"No—no, I'll get breakfast. It won't take me long."

Flash, take a darned sight longer

with your pottering round—than to go out and get a real meal.

But Helen had already darted into her room to dress. Not waiting to brush her hair, she covered it with a boudoir cap, threw on a loose negligee and hurried out to the kitchen.

Warren's slighting comments on her culinary inefficiency were not wholly undeserved, for about cooking Helen was painfully slow.

This lack of speed was due partly to inexperience and partly to her fastidious overcleanliness. Every pot or pan that she took from the shelves had to be thoroughly rinsed before it was used, and every fork and spoon held under the running water.

When she finally got the coffee started, she rushed in to set the table.

Frantically groomed and with a bright alertness that made Helen conscious of her own dishevelment, Warren now strode out.

"Where's the paper?"

"It hasn't been brought in. Wait, I'll get it."

Outside the kitchen door were the paper, bread and a bottle of milk.

"Dear, it'll be quicker if I don't look to see if you mind?"

"Hand out anything you've got—only hurry. Quarter of eight now."

Helen flew back to the kitchen to the distasteful task of cutting the bacon. With a chip, squeaking dread at touching anything greasy, gingerly she unwrapped the fat, oily strip.

Warren always wanted his bacon thin and crisp, but in her hurry, and with a nervous, quivering knife, she cut it in thick uneven slices.

"Get a move on out there," impatiently from the dining room.

"Here, dear, start on this," rustling in with a hastily cut, seed-bristling grapefruit.

"Where the deuce do you keep the napkins?" Warren was rummaging in the sideboard drawer.

"Oh, well, that's not a napkin!" resolute one of her best dollies from his rumpling grasp. "They're down here."

Powered sugar—and another spoon! Did you think you'd set this table?"

The dumb waiter buzzer was clanging for the garbage. Helen scurried back to lift out the empty saucers and a blinding bundle of napkins. Her flowing negligee, impractical in the kitchen, caught on everything, until, distracted, she stopped to pin it up.

In rapid succession came the ice, the malt, the returned garbage can and a man to look at the gas meter.

Helen was always at a disadvantage when she was hurried. If she had known she was to get breakfast she would have got up in time. But now her haste left her nervously flustered. She was doing everything with the slow cumbersome and time-consuming indirectness.

Awkwardly she stepped from the skillet the egg she had just dropped in. Warren would not eat a broken yolk. She broke two more, but in both a thin run of yellow streaked the white.

"Get down!" crossly, elbowing the unprancing Pussy Fur-Jew off the kitchen table.

"See here, I've got to get to the office sometime today." Warren was growling from the doorway.

"Just a moment, dear. Here, you can take in the coffee. Don't set it on the cloth. Wait, take this malt."

When she finally brought in the bacon and eggs, he was stirring a muddy cup of coffee with untended disgust.

"Oh, I'm afraid I forgot to settle it!"

"Talk about incompetent maids," with a start, "you're so blamed incompetent yourself, no wonder they put it all over you."

"But, dear, I so rarely have a chance in the kitchen. Dora resents it—they all do."

"Well, if you'd spend half the time on straight, plain cooking that you do on mayonnaise, fancy salads and all the other fool kickshaws, you'd know how to fry bacon and eggs. But, this layday's line looking messy, scowling at the broken eggs and thick, greasy bacon."

"Those yolks are so thin-skinned," apologetically, "you can't help breaking them. Oh, wait, I forgot the butter."

Returning with a freshly cut square of butter, Helen was confronted by Warren's flushed, angry chair.

"Why, dear!" rubbing out in the dim hall where he was jerking on his overcoat.

"I'm piff for a decent breakfast downtown," stamping on his over-shoes. "Hereafter when the girl's out of commission—we'll beat it to the nearest restaurant. Understand? We'll not spot any perfectly good food in the messes you spill out! Where the deuce is that umbrella!"

Blackbirds or grackles are smaller than a pigeon. Redwinged blackbirds fit their names, for the females are marked like a sparrow, but darker.

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