

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.

Helen's Vanity Receives a Blow When She Sees Her Gowns on a Younger Woman

(Copyright 1915, by the McClure Newspaper Syndicate)

"Thirty dollars a week?" repeated Helen. "Oh, I'm so glad for you!"

"Yes, it does seem princely after three years of pounding the typewriter. When I gave Mr. Richards notice—he offered to raise me to fifteen." Laura's laugh was harsh. "Generous of him, wasn't it?"

"You've always been so bitter against him, though. Why shouldn't I be?" definitely. "The work I did was worth more and he knew it. Didn't I glory in telling him?"

"But these moving picture people—did you get in touch with them?"

"Mr. Carr boarded where I did last winter. He thought then he could get me—but only as a secretary. They pay five dollars a week, but the work is hard. I was afraid to risk it. Last week he called up and said there was a chance in the regular company; to come right over and see Mr. Stanley, the director."

"And he engaged you at once?"

"No, I'd no experience except that one week with the Universal. But they were to take some pictures in Jersey the next day. Since I'd had a salaried try-out, I was terrified."

"I was so nervous, I depended on my work that day. But it was cloudy and they didn't do much, so I had only one scene. Monday they put me in stock at thirty a week. Now it's up to me to make good."

"Oh, you will," encouraged Helen, warmly. "I know you will."

"If only I had some clothes! I need an evening gown desperately. They lent me one for a paper meeting, but it was miles too big."

"They'll gladly lend you any of mine."

"Oh, I didn't mean that." Then impulsively, "But if you could—until I have a chance to get some—"

"You know I'd love to. Come in here, we'll look over what I have."

Her best gown, Helen kept in the large hall closet. And now she took down several from their hangers and turned them right side out.

"You're so much the same," Helen said, smiling. "Oh, how attractive I look this way! Laura held up pale blue chiffon, with a knife-plaited underkirt.

"That's old. I got that in London on our first trip, three years ago. Look how badly it's worn—the chiffon all pulled in front."

"But that wouldn't show in the pictures. It doesn't matter if they're soiled or worn, it's only the style and material that show."

"Try it on," urged Helen. "No, sir, you can't hear me there!" lifting Pussy Funnies from the soft sofa of a white chaise-cause.

Slipping out of her shirtwaist and skirt, Laura, radantly expectant, raised the blue chiffon over her head.

"Your corset cover's too high," as Helen started to hook the gown. "Wait, I can turn it in."

"Oh, it's so graceful—and it just fits me! I'm wild about it!"

"Well, I guess I didn't think we were so near the same size."

"What're you two doing in there?" called Warren, who always resented being left alone in the evening.

"Laura's trying on some of my gowns. She may have to borrow one for the pictures." Then impulsively, "Go let Warren see you in that."

Aglow with excitement, Laura ran into the library, where Helen was reading his paper.

"Gosh!" laying down his paper, "say, that's stunning on you! Suit you better than it does Helen."

Helen knew this was true, but she shrank from having it put into words. Though they had been schoolmates, Laura with her cloudy hair and vivid coloring, was several years younger, and, beside her, Helen felt suddenly cologne and old.

When she tried on before the mirror, then darted off with a joyous "I want Mr. Curtis to see this one."

"Turn around," commanded Warren. "Jove, you can wear Helen's clothes all right. That suits you to a T."

Helen had grown very quiet. She was genuinely fond of Laura, but she could not keep back the vague bitterness that every woman feels toward another who is younger and more attractive.

As she hooked Laura into the last gown, she glanced over her shoulder into the glass. Yes, she looked older, decidedly older.

"I shouldn't think of borrowing this—it's too new and fresh."

"Oh, you wouldn't hurt it." Helen tried to be generous.

"No—no, one of the others will do just as well."

This time when she ran in for Warren's approval, Helen did not go with her. Instead, she stood waiting by the dresser, slowly straightening the pins.

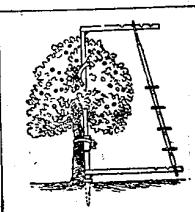
Horticultural News

REVOLVING LADDER IS HANDY

Fruit Picked Without Damaging It or the Trees Which Bore It—Applicable to All Orchards.

The scientific picking of fruit requires that the operation should be performed without damaging the trees, which often occurs when using the ordinary revolving ladder thrust into the branches.

The revolving ladder especially shown in the accompanying cut has been invented and patented by a California orange grower. While the device is applicable to all orchards it is particularly suited for the orange grove, where the crop is not gathered at one time as is other fruits, but is collected at a number of successive pickings. A peculiar characteristic of the orange tree is that it frequently bears fruit on branches not in any different stages of development, all the way from the bud to the ripe fruit.



Permanent Ladder for Fruit Trees.

The Bonnie Conductor Lassie, Edinburgh, Scotland, has two dozen women street car conductors who are a thorough success in the new line of work. Other tramsways are already recruiting girls and training them to be conductors. It is the girls who are working in the bus carriage factories to find with patriotism that some of them work thirty hours in a stretch without any rest. Miss Elizabeth Lister has been appointed a stationmaster in South Wales, the first woman to act in that capacity. In the north of England and in Scotland and Wales the men workers are being supplanted in the fields by women, who can be seen following the harrow or digging and hoeing.

Saves Steps.

When the best and happiest housekeeper known to the writer was asked to tell the secret of her speed in housework she replied: "I never iron with a cold iron, cut with a dull knife, or go to my kitchen without carrying a meal tray, a clean small hand towel, to my apron belt on one side, and a similar dish towel pinned on the other. Try it, and you will be surprised to see how much time and how many extra steps you will save."

SELF SHAMPOOING

With Cuticura Soap is Most Comforting and Beneficial. Trial Free.

Especially if preceded by touches of turpentine. Ointment to spots of dandruff and itching on the scalp skin.

These supercreamy emollients meet

every skin want as well as every

toller and hair want in caring for

the skin, scalp, hair and hands.

Address each free by mail with Book.

Address each free by mail with Book.

Sold everywhere—Ad.

These United States.

The United States is 3,000,000 square miles of territory, 1,902,000,000 acres of land. There are 878,000,000 acres of land in the farms of the country, but 478,000,000 acres of this area are unimproved and unproductive.

Transportation in Calcutta.

To compete with Calcutta's present street transportation, a company has been formed which will place 100 motor buses and 400 cars for freight in service within a year.

One Led to Another.

"I tried to get you over the telephone, but I had a dozen times yesterday morning, but the line was busy every time."

"Yes, Mrs. Parker, I'm afraid I'm not as good as you are."

"Just fine. How are you, George?"

"Same, Say, Mabel, let's go through the same this afternoon. What say?"

"Well—ahah ahem—I—ah—I'm kind of tired."

"Then you won't go?"

"I'm so sorry, but, George, you understand just how it is, don't you, George, dear?"

"Yes, I guess so. I suppose I'll have to ride with someone else, then."

"Ride?"

"But I can't even eight-cylinder roadster come this morning."

"Oh, George! Did it really? Isn't that just splendid?" Say—ah—George,

I guess I'm not as tired as I thought I was."

"Well, I wouldn't take any chance if I were you, Mabel. It doesn't pay to I'll take someone else."

"But really, dear, I'm not tired a bit. Honest."

"It's a sort of you to say that, but I don't want to take advantage of your kindness. Good-by, Mabel."

Mabel slammed the receiver viciously on the hook.

"Darn it!" she said.

"They have the measles there, and all the prisoners have broken out."

It matters but little what you think of a man provided you do not think about him.

Dangerous Situation.

"Awful situation at the jail."

"Dear me! What is it?"

"They have the measles there, and all the prisoners have broken out."

Even after a man swears off he is apt to keep right on swearing.

The Invitation.

"Hello, Mabel!"

"Oh, hello, George!"

"How are you, Mabel?"

"Just fine. How are you, George?"

"Same, Say, Mabel, let's go through the same this afternoon. What say?"

"Well—ahah ahem—I—ah—I'm kind of tired."

"Then you won't go?"

"I'm so sorry, but, George, you understand just how it is, don't you, George, dear?"

"Yes, I guess so. I suppose I'll have to ride with someone else, then."

"Ride?"

"But I can't even eight-cylinder roadster come this morning."

"Oh, George! Did it really? Isn't that just splendid?" Say—ah—George,

I guess I'm not as tired as I thought I was."

"Well, I wouldn't take any chance if I were you, Mabel. It doesn't pay to I'll take someone else."

"But really, dear, I'm not tired a bit. Honest."

"It's a sort of you to say that, but I don't want to take advantage of your kindness. Good-by, Mabel."

Mabel slammed the receiver viciously on the hook.

"Darn it!" she said.

"They have the measles there, and all the prisoners have broken out."

It matters but little what you think of a man provided you do not think about him.

Dangerous Situation.

"Awful situation at the jail."

"Dear me! What is it?"

"They have the measles there, and all the prisoners have broken out."

Even after a man swears off he is apt to keep right on swearing.

The Invitation.

"Hello, Mabel!"

"Oh, hello, George!"

"How are you, Mabel?"

"Just fine. How are you, George?"

"Same, Say, Mabel, let's go through the same this afternoon. What say?"

"Well—ahah ahem—I—ah—I'm kind of tired."

"Then you won't go?"

"I'm so sorry, but, George, you understand just how it is, don't you, George, dear?"

"Yes, I guess so. I suppose I'll have to ride with someone else, then."

"Ride?"

"But I can't even eight-cylinder roadster come this morning."

"Oh, George! Did it really? Isn't that just splendid?" Say—ah—George,

I guess I'm not as tired as I thought I was."

"Well, I wouldn't take any chance if I were you, Mabel. It doesn't pay to I'll take someone else."

"But really, dear, I'm not tired a bit. Honest."

"It's a sort of you to say that, but I don't want to take advantage of your kindness. Good-by, Mabel."

Mabel slammed the receiver viciously on the hook.

"Darn it!" she said.

"They have the measles there, and all the prisoners have broken out."

Even after a man swears off he is apt to keep right on swearing.

The Invitation.

"Hello, Mabel!"

"Oh, hello, George!"

"How are you, Mabel?"

"Just fine. How are you, George?"

"Same, Say, Mabel, let's go through the same this afternoon. What say?"

"Well—ahah ahem—I—ah—I'm kind of tired."

"Then you won't go?"

"I'm so sorry, but, George, you understand just how it is, don't you, George, dear?"

"Yes, I guess so. I suppose I'll have to ride with someone else, then."

"Ride?"

"But I can't even eight-cylinder roadster come this morning."

"Oh, George! Did it really? Isn't that just splendid?" Say—ah—George,

I guess I'm not as tired as I thought I was."

"Well, I wouldn't take any chance if I were you, Mabel. It doesn't pay to I'll take someone else."

"But really, dear, I'm not tired a bit. Honest."

"It's a sort of you to say that, but I don't want to take advantage of your kindness. Good-by, Mabel."

Mabel slammed the receiver viciously on the hook.

"Darn it!" she said.

"They have the measles there, and all the prisoners have broken out."

Even after a man swears off he is apt to keep right on swearing.

The Invitation.

"Hello, Mabel!"

"Oh, hello, George!"

"How are you, Mabel?"

"Just fine. How are you, George?"

"Same, Say, Mabel, let's go through the same this afternoon. What say?"

"Well—ahah ahem—I—ah—I'm kind of tired."

"Then you won't go?"

"I'm so sorry, but, George, you understand just how it is, don't you, George, dear?"

"Yes, I guess so. I suppose I'll have to ride with someone else, then."

"Ride?"

"But I can't even eight-cylinder roadster come this morning."

"Oh, George! Did it really? Isn't that just splendid?" Say—ah—George,

I guess I'm not as tired as I thought I was."

"Well, I wouldn't take any chance if I were you, Mabel. It doesn't pay to I'll take someone else."

"But really, dear, I'm not tired a bit. Honest."

"It's a sort of you to say that, but I don't want to take advantage of your kindness. Good-by, Mabel."

Mabel slammed the receiver viciously on the hook.

"Darn it!" she said.

"They have the measles there, and all the prisoners have broken out."

Even after a man swears off he is apt to keep right on swearing.

The Invitation.

"Hello, Mabel!"

"Oh, hello, George!"

"How are you, Mabel?"

"Just fine. How are you, George?"

"Same, Say, Mabel, let's go through the same this afternoon. What say?"

"Well—ahah ahem—I—ah—I'm kind of tired."

"Then you won't go?"

"I'm so sorry, but, George, you understand just how it is, don't you, George, dear?"

"Yes, I guess so. I suppose I'll have to ride with someone else, then."

"Ride?"

"But I can't even eight-cylinder roadster come this morning."

"Oh, George! Did it really? Isn't that just splendid?" Say—ah—George,

I guess I'm not as tired as I thought I was."

"Well, I wouldn't take any chance if I were you, Mabel. It doesn't pay to I'll take someone else."

"But really, dear, I'm not tired a bit. Honest."

"It's a sort of you to say that, but I don't want to take advantage of your kindness. Good-by, Mabel."

Mabel slammed the receiver viciously on the hook.

"Darn it!" she said.

"They have the measles there, and all the prisoners have broken out."

Even after a man swears off he is apt to keep right on swearing.

The Invitation.

"Hello, Mabel!"

"Oh, hello, George!"

"How are you, Mabel?"

"Just fine. How are you, George?"

"Same, Say, Mabel, let's go through the same this afternoon. What say?"

"Well—ahah ahem—I—ah—I'm kind of tired."

"Then you won't go?"

"I'm so sorry, but, George, you understand just how it is, don't you, George, dear?"

"Yes, I guess so. I suppose I'll have to ride with someone else, then."

"Ride?"

"But I can't even eight-cylinder roadster come this morning."

"Oh, George! Did it really? Isn't that just splendid?" Say—ah—George,

I guess I'm not as tired as I thought I was."

"Well, I wouldn't take any chance if I were you, Mabel. It doesn't pay to I'll take someone else."

"But really, dear, I'm not tired a bit. Honest."

"It's a sort of you to say that, but I don't want to take advantage of your kindness. Good-by, Mabel."

Mabel slammed the receiver viciously on the hook.

"Darn it!" she said.

"They have the measles there, and all the prisoners have broken out."

Even after a man swears off he is apt to keep right on swearing.

The Invitation.

"Hello, Mabel!"