

## The Married Life of Helen and Warren

By MABEL  
HERBERT URNER

HELEN RESENTS CARRIE'S EXTRAVAGANT ORDER  
WHEN WARREN IS PAYING THE CHECK

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Mabel Herbert Urner

"You know I love to have them when we dine at home," protested Helen. "But Carrie knew this was our midday Thursday off."

"Oh, well, they're not in town very often," Warren steered her over the crowded crossing. "They'll enjoy a restaurant dinner. And especially if they're rushed."

"Then let's go to a table d'hôte—like the little French place," thinking of the economy of a moderate, fixed-price dinner.

"No, Carrie's not very well. She'll want some real food. They suggested meeting at the Billdort—guess she'd rather dine there."

It was like Carrie, thought Helen resentfully, to suggest the newest and most ultra-expensive hotel restaurant—since she was not paying the check.

"Why, I thought she liked those Bohemian table d'hôtes," persistently. "Last winter they took us to Poreto's—only sixty cents with wine, wasn't it?"

"Well, we're not going to any dubious table d'hôte tonight," with conviction, as they approached the awed entrance to the Billdort.

Through the crowded lobby they passed on to the writing room, where Warren's sister and her husband were waiting. In spite of her long day's shopping, Carrie looked fresh and well groomed in a trim suit of dark blue taffeta.

"Where're we going to eat?" asked Warren after the first greetings. "Want to try it here?"

"Yes, this is near the station," acceded Carrie promptly. "We have to get the 8:10."

Deciding against the main dining room as too formal, they made their way down to the grill. Apparently it was too early for the grillroom party, for only a few tables were taken.

The severely plain cell-like effect was most cheerful. The gray cement walls and high reflected lights had the chill bareness of a subway station.

"Don't look very lively," admitted Warren. "Where shall we sit?"

"It's a little early, sir," apologized the head waiter as he drew out their chairs. "We don't begin to fill up till after seven."

The hovering waiters inlaid the table with the glasses, brought on the napkin-covered dinner rolls and the curls of unsalted butter.

"See anything there that strikes you?" demanded Warren, when they were all supplied with menus. "How about clams?"

"I'd rather have oysters," Carrie suggested. "But I suppose they're not good now—no 'B' in this month."

"Oh, they'll be all right here. Lynhaven?"

Lawrence ordered a clam cocktail and Helen, after a swift comparison of the prices, plain clams.

"Anything but chicken—we get nothing else at home," objected Carrie, when Warren suggested broiled chicken.

"What's this steak à la Billdort?" "What's with grilled tomatoes and mushrooms. It's very nice, ma'am," ventured the waiter.

"Very well; I'll have that."

"Steak à la Billdort" was \$1.50 a single portion, noticed Helen with growing resentment. Lawrence's preference was more moderate—creamed sweetbreads. Warren ordered an English mutton chop, and Helen broiled sea bass—the cheapest of the entrees.

"Now how about vegetables?" Carrie promptly ordered potatoes au gratin and asparagus Hollandaise.

Though usually adept at keeping down the cost of a dinner, Helen, knowing her shrewd sister-in-law would be quick to see through any suggestions of more moderate priced dishes, was forced to sit helplessly while they gave the order with extravagant disregard of prices.

Even the mollifying effect of a dry Martini did not lessen her resentment or put her in a more hospitable mood.

But, fortunately, there would be no dessert, she reflected with grim satisfaction. If they took the 8:10, they would not have time for any salad or dessert.

"No music here?" asked Lawrence, dipping a clam in the cocktail sauce.

"That's what I was wondering. The prices are high enough for some entertainment," observed Helen critically.

"You're supposed to come here for food," shrugged Warren. "They claim they've got the best chef in New York."

But Helen thought of the many attractive restaurants with music and cabaret. Here the prices were exorbitant, and they gave nothing for it. The low-ceilinged, cell-like atmosphere here was positively gloomy.

"Well, I shouldn't care to come here," she said, looking at her watch.

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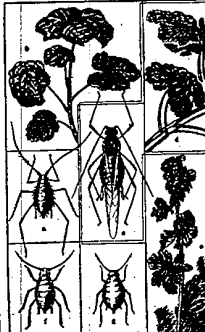
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## ORCHARD GLEANINGS

### QUARANTINE ON BUSH PLANTS

Further Importation of Currant and Gooseberry Plants is Prohibited by Government.

Two important orders have recently been issued by the secretary of agriculture, effective June 1, on account of the white pine blister rust. One of these orders prohibits the further importation of currant and gooseberry plants from Europe and Asia. The other order quarantines all the states east of and including the states of Minnesota, Iowa, Missouri, Arkansas, Louisiana, and prohibits the movement from these states to points out-



Currant Aphids.

A wingless female of the currant aphid, a pest of currant foliage due to attack of this species; c, spring migrant of this species; d, work of the currant aphid on currant; e, work of the currant aphid on gooseberry; f, wingless female of the New Mexico gooseberry aphid on currant; g, female of the currant aphid on currant.

side the quarantined area of all five-leaved plants and currant and gooseberry plants. There is a further prohibition of the movement of five-leaved plants and currant plants to any point outside the heavily infested region comprising the New England states and the state of New York.

This additional quarantine is made for the purpose of protecting other quarantined states as well as the remainder of the country, from possible infection by white pine blister rust by means of the plants mentioned.

"No, I don't care for anything more," Helen pushed back the card the waiter proffered her.

"Nothing more," Lawrence too, waved it aside.

"Why don't you want some cheese?" insisted Carrie. "You know you like Camembert."

"Sure, two Camemberts," Warren gave the order. "And we'll all have coffee."

If Carrie was not well, her appetite did not betray it. She was thoroughly enjoying this expensive dinner for which Lawrence did not have to pay.

When the waiter finally laid the check at Warren's elbow, in a swift furtive glance Helen caught the ominous total—\$11.63. Then with a dusty averted eye she drew out her glasses.

An *in carte* meal almost always ran into alarming figures—but \$11.63 for that dinner was exorbitant.

"Only ten," announced Carrie, triumphantly nibbling a pink mint served with the finger bowl. "I told you we had plenty of time."

Outside, as they waited for a street car, Lawrence asked cordially:

"Now, when are you folks coming out? How about Sunday afternoon?"

"I'm afraid I can't make it this month," retorted Warren.

"Well, Carrie has to come in next week for a fitting. Friday, isn't it? Why can't you dine with us then?"

"Oh, you must," urged Carrie. "We're going to have a dear little Gracie told that I'm wild to try. You sit out in the backyard hung with Japanese lanterns. It's a bit of real bohemia."

"Yes, we know of several of these back-yard table d'hôtes," remarked Helen lightly.

"But this is a new one. They've just opened up this season. It's way down near Washington square—I've forgotten the number. Now be sure with the finger bowl, as they started for the car. We'd love to have you go with us."

"Well, they seemed to enjoy it," Warren turned to buy a paper at the corner newsstand.

Helen was struggling to keep back the sarcastic comments. Any remarks on the expense of the dinner would only irritate her to a scathing denunciation of her penuriousness.

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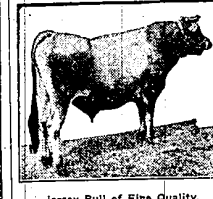
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## DAIRY

### NEED MORE DAIRY PRODUCTS

Farmers Have Peculiar Responsibility Placed Upon Them—Better Sires Are Needed.

Dairy farmers have a particular responsibility in this time of strict economy, says Secretary C. R. George of the Indian State Dairy association. "The dairy cow," says he, "is unequaled by any other class of live stock in her ability to convert the farm crops, particularly the roughage, into human food. The production and storing of the greatest amount of these feeds, feeding them in such a way as to get the largest production, and strict economy in the handling and use of the products are



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the things that should receive our especial attention at this time.

"Don't sell the dairy cow at tempting beef prices, for in the end she will do you more good as a milk producer and she will produce more food during the coming year than her carcass will furnish now—and you will have her left to do it again. Be sure that proper housing facilities will be available for the next winter so that the cows will be protected from storms and wind and in this way save feed and increase production. Use better sires than ever before and develop the heifer calves with the best of care. The war department is making its plan on a three-year basis. Why shouldn't we?"

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### "The Cavalier"

The new party fall street boot which comes in ivory kid vamp with cloth top to match, gray kid vamp with cloth top to match, black kid vamp with cloth top to match, black kid vamp with gray top, apple-brown vamp with ivory top, all Java-brown, all-black and in the lighter shades of tan. Straight or wing-tip. Medium heel, welt sole.

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