

The Married Life of Helen and Warren

By MABEL HERBERT URNER

Original of "Their Married Life," Author of "The Journal of a Needy Wife," "The Woman Alone," Etc.

HELEN'S PERSISTENT AND NEEDLESS WORRYING CLOUDS HER ENJOYMENT OF THEIR TRIP

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Mabel Herbert Urner

With relaxing weariness Helen lay between the cool smoothness of the linen sheets, surveying the luxurious appointments of the room. The paneled walls, the gray-enamelled furniture, the dull blue of the velvet carpet and silken bed quilts—even for this ultramodern Philadelphia hotel the furnishings were most expensive.

On a low table between the twin beds stood a lacquered light, a telephone and a brass plate with the electric call buttons, "Chambermaid," "Valet," "Waiter."

"Dear, you don't have to phone down for services," as Warren in pink-stained pajamas came out of the bath. "Did you notice these buttons?"

"I noticed those new-fangled, fancy," irritably. "Don't know yet how the blasted things work."

"Why, they just push back. Didn't we have those in that hotel in Montreal? But we've never had a room like this." Then, anxiously: "Do you suppose he made a mistake and put this rate? This must be more than five dollars a day."

"That's what I asked for," with a shrug. "Don't know what he gave me. Well, we're pretty comfortable, I guess we can stand for the price. One night won't break us."

"We'd be just as comfortable in a simpler room, and you know the restaurant here will be light and airy, suppose they'll have a club breakfast. Then, after a moment's silence: "Oh, Warren, could he have thought you meant five dollars each?"

"Now for heaven's sake don't start worrying about that. How do you want these windows?"

Opening all three of the long French windows, Warren gulped a glass of ice water and then his walk and waltz under the pillow.

"Hello, that's a new wheeze," noticing a silk-tasseled rope that hung against the wall between the beds. "What the deuce is that for?"

"Oh, don't dear," as he started to pull it. "It may be for fire."

But an experimental jerk flashed off all the lights, except the one on the bedside table.

"Eh, the next thing we'll be turning on the bath in bed—with a cute little bell to tell when it's full."

By eight o'clock Warren was dressed and ready to go down. "I'll get a shave and meet you in the breakfast room in twenty minutes. Know where it is, don't you? To the left of the elevator."

Apparently most of the guests took breakfast in their rooms, for when Helen entered the white and gold, marble-columned restaurant, only a few tables were occupied.

"No, I'll not order," as the head waiter seated her. "I'm waiting for my husband."

There was no club breakfast, but after a prolonged study of the menu Helen decided that the prices were not so high as she had expected.

"Ordered yet?" Warren came in with his alertness and an array of morning papers. "Well, let's get things started here," as he picked up the breakfast cards. "Strawberries or grapefruit?"

"I don't believe I care for fruit," economically.

"Two orders of strawberries," ignoring her protest, "one tomato omelet, one broiled blue fish, toasted muffins and coffee." And with a flourish, "Will you?" to the solicitous waiter.

"Dear, it's a quarter to nine. Why don't you telephone now while we're waiting? You said he got here before nine and someone should be long enough to open his mail. Oh, it would be dreadful to come all the way here and then miss him!"

Glancing at his watch, Warren pushed back his chair with an irritable: "Oh, all right, if I'll stop your stewing. But next time I'll keep my business arrangements to myself."

The waiter stepped over the strawberries when Warren strode back and hung himself into his chair with a shrugging, "careless."

"Clawson won't be at the office today, will he?" Helen asked anxiously this morning—couldn't quite make out which.

"Oh—oh," in despairing dismay, her premonitions realized. "Yes, you've got to wait all for nothing."

"Looks that way," covering his strawberries with the rich yellow cream. "Got to take some chances. Mighty fine berries—best we've had this year. They're just the real flavor."

Undisturbed by his disappointment, Warren dispatched his breakfast with hearty enjoyment, but Helen ate almost nothing of her breakfast owing to the expenses of this profligate trip had taken her appetite.

"If we hustle, we can make that ten o'clock train," announced Warren as they left the dining room. "You go on up and pack while I settle the bill."

At ten minutes of ten they were in a taxi, covering the few blocks to the Broad street station.

"How much was the room?" asked Helen apprehensively.

"Five plunks—no extras. There's one of your worries that missed me. We want to remember that number—263, what's it? That's a star room for five dollars."

Though Warren had the tickets, there was a slight delay in getting parlor-car seats. They made the train just as the gates were closing.

"Twelve and fourteen," Yes, said, second car ahead," the porter led the way with their suitcases.

As they passed through, Warren was stopped by a distinguished young hildrum, who rose and greeted him cordially.

"Mr. Clawson, I want you to meet Mrs. Curtis."

"This is quite a surprise, Mrs. Curtis," with a hearty hand grip. "I was going to New York just to see your husband."

In muttering elation Helen settled herself with "tramps and rascals," while Warren and Mr. Clawson sought the smoker.

Her first sensation was one of thrilled relief, at this fortunate escape from the tedium of the long, long hours to New York they would have a much better chance of conferring than at Mr. Clawson's office.

The magazines lay unopened in Helen as she gazed out at the flying fields, topped by the sunlight, now struggling through the leaden clouds.

Her exhilarated relief was waning into the realization of how much she might have enjoyed every moment, for she loved these unexpected outings and a night at a big hotel. But she had spent the time in worrying—thinking of the unending worry.

Would she never learn to put things aside? Must she worry over all the trivial details of the home—and Warren's business?

Fads And Fancies OF Fashion



Distinctive One-Piece Frock.

Among the many new one-piece frocks of wool for winter, there are a few that contrive to be as simple as fashion demands, and its original and clever in the most exacting of careful dressers could ask. These two attributes—simplicity and originality—have no rivals when it comes to conferring distinction on any sort of apparel. They are the hallmarks of genius in a designer.

The neat and spirited frock above is an example of fine draping in an otherwise plain dress, with a clever new management of the skirt and beautiful adjustment to the figure. Any of the reliable wool fabrics, as serge, gabardine, broadcloth, velours, serge, equally well to make it, and it is to be recommended to those who intend to renovate a last year's suit into this year's frock. The bodice is long on the shoulder, where a plain extender over the top of the sleeves, and a shaped panel is slipped to the waist.

Three buttons, set on at each side, from the bust to waistline, tack the panel to the lining or under bodice. The sleeves are set in the under bodice, and the chances are that the dress fastens along the under-arm and shoulder.

The panel in the waist is met by a panel in the skirt stitched down about six inches below the waist and falling free from there. Two cascades in the material terminate at the knee and below this drape the skirt is buttoned along the seams with the front caught up a little at the hem.

The sleeves are plain, with cuffs of organdie that are detachable. One of the new ruffled collars of organdie is worn at the neck. These collar and shirt sets are made in light colors and white, and are the forerunners of a variety of sets that will be worn on plain, one-piece frocks this winter. They will take the place of the shirtwaist in freshening the dress that is worn day in and out.



Important in the Fall Wardrobe.

Within her own four walls the earnest and busy woman of today may forget to be strenuous and throw aside her new responsibilities for a while. Alone with a cup of tea she will be able to gather refreshment from a negligee as simple and pretty and altogether adorable as that shown in the picture, and she is a wise woman who will indulge herself in this kind of relaxation.

Many of the new negligees are pretentious and really splendid, but this particular example is simple and sweet. The richer ones art of satin, elaborately draped with lace and look more showy than comfortable. The negligee printed might be of colored voile or crepe or thin silk, in plain or figured patterns. It is made with a plain, loose-fitting bodice, opening surplus fashion at the front. Joined to a skirt shirred on two corsets below the waistline and open down the front. It is bordered with lace and lace borders all the edges of the skirt. The bodice sleeves are finished with a frill of the material which is here.

A new gasoline stove folds up into a tiny box for transportation.

success of the negligee, and it should play its gay role supported by pretty slippers and silk stockings. A cap of net and lace and ribbon belongs in this dainty company. One may spend much or little money on an outfit for restful hours at home, with good results either way.

One colored voile or thin wash silks will make lovely negligees at small cost if pretty colors are chosen and voile is very durable.

There are some new boudoir caps, inspired by the Chinese hat, made of satin ribbon and lace. The Dutch cap is also a candidate for the favor of those who are looking for something new, but none of them are an improvement upon the plain cap. A band of white ribbon edged with lace and finished with a small bow and a cluster of flowers is a successful substitute for a cap.

Julie Dornally

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