The Married Life of Helen and Warren

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HELEN'S EFFORTS TO SAVE A CLEANER'S BILL RESULT MOST DISASTROUSLY

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Mabel Herbert Urner

"Dora, I am going to clean some things in gasoline. Don't light the stove until I'm through," cautioned Helen.

"I was just goin' to put on an iron for them dollies," grumbled Dora, who never took an order without some objection.

"Well, they can wait. Now, don't strike any matches. Get me that big pan you use for the starch."

In the bathroom Helen emptied the whole half gallon of gasoline into the starch pan and dipped into it her chiffon waist.

The filmy material wilted down as it soaked up the fluid. Her hands in rubber gloves, she swished it around, held it up to drain, and pinned it to the shade before the open window.

After dipping a lace collar and the net yoke and sleeves of her gray taffeta, the gasoline was still clear enough for something else. While she was at it, she would clean those pink satin slippers.

Even with the open window, the stupefying fumes were now sickeningly strong. Hastily, with held breath, she immersed the slippers, brushing them with a soft nailbrush.

The soiled gasoline she always saved to use again after it had cleared by standing, but now, too dizzy to pour it back into the small-mouthed bottle, she emptied it out into the washbasin. Then, escaping from the bathroom, she closed the door on the stifling fumes.

"Here, Dora," as she took the starch pan out to the kitchen, "wash this out well. This gasoline bottle's empty—I'll put it here on the lower shelf. Be careful not to use it for anything else."

When, a little later, she went back to the bathroom, the waist, except for the thicker parts around the neck and sleeves, was almost dry. It was beautifully white. Had she sent it to the cleaners, they would have charged $2 and done it no better.

It was now after three, and she was anxious for the things to dry quickly so there would be no traces of odor when Warren came home.

He had repeatedly forbidden her to use gasoline, insisting that he would pay any amount of cleaners' bills rather than have her take chances with this inflammable fluid.

The dress on the towel rack she rearranged so the air could get to the yoke and sleeves, but the slippers on the stone ledge outside the window were still quite wet.

She had just examined one and set it back when a lighted cigar butt, tossed from a window above, fell straight into the pink satin toe.

A sizzling flash and the gasoline-soaked slipper was aflame. For a second Helen stood petrified. Then, jerking up a long-handled bath brush, she thrust it off the ledge. But it was too late! The blaze had leaped to the thin lace waist.

Screaming for Dora, she hurled the waist into the bath tub and turned on the water. But now the dress had caught and the flames were leaping up the tiled wall.

Dora, bursting open the door, stared panic-stricken, then rushed back shrieking: "Fire! Fire!"

The water, now filling the tub, extinguished the waist; but the dress, which hung on the towel rack, was still ablaze. Frantically Helen tried to poke it down into the tub with the long-handled brush. Then, reaching over to turn on the shower, the flames caught the lace of her kimono sleeve, saturated with the gasoline fumes.

She might easily have smothered it with the heavy bath mat, but now, paralyzed with terror, she ran wildly out, too frightened even to scream. Blindly she dashed through the hall door that Dora had left open.

After that everything was a dazed blur. The draughty elevator shaft fanned the flaming sleeve as she flew stumblingly down the encircling stairway. Excited voices, rushing feet and Dora's still piercing shrieks of "Fire!"

Someone caught her. Something heavy was thrown about her. The rest blurred into oblivion.

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"I've sent for her husband," it was a woman's voice, lowered to a discreet whisper.

"She'll soon be all right," a man's voice, deep and restful.

For several moments after the consciousness of the voices, Helen, still clinging to the shittering darkness, kept her eyes closed.

A sharp pain in her shoulder. Someone was bandaging her arm. Then she realized that the man bending over her was Doctor Marden, whose office was on the first floor.

"You're all right now," reassuringly, as he met her bewildered gaze. "Drink a little of this," raising her head to the glass.

Dropping back on the pillow, she saw Dora and Mr. Thompson, their superintendent, at the foot of the bed. Standing just back of the doctor was Mrs. Reed, who had an apartment on the floor below.

Still dazed, Helen again sought refuge in the protective darkness of closed eyelids. The heavy odor of iodoform added to her sense of strangeness. Her mind was struggling to bring order and clearness from her chaotic thoughts.

She heard Mr. Thompson murmur something to the doctor and tiptoe heavily from the room. Then the telephone rang and Mrs. Reed whispered, "I'll answer it."

"Does your head ache?" asked the doctor.

As though to locate the confused throbbing pain, Helen raised her hand to her head. There was a blood-chilling feel of crisp singed hair. Then a leaping terror as her fear-stiffened fingers groped over her face.

"No, your face isn't touched," comforted the doctor, divining her fears. "You got off very easy—gasoline is dangerous stuff. Does that bandage feel too tight?"

A slam of the outer door. Though her face was to the wall, she knew it was Warren who burst into the room.

The next second he was kneeling by the bed. The vague dread of his stern reprehension fell from her as she felt his encircling arms.

"It's all right, Mr. Curtis," the doctor's voice was quietly reassuring. "Only a slight burn under the arm."

"How did it happen?" huskily.

"Cleaning something in gasoline."

"Gasoline!" groaned Warren.

"Yes, they will use it. Your wife ran out into the hall—worst thing she could have done. If Mrs. Reed hadn't thrown a rug about her it might have been serious. Everybody else seemed paralyzed."

Mrs. Reed! So she owed her rescue to Mrs. Reed! The words throbbed in the blurred blackness before Helen's closed eyes.

With awkward, unsteady fingers Warren was smoothing back the singed hair.

"She's suffering a little from shock. I'll leave some quieting powders in case she can't sleep. You can give her one at nine and repeat in an hour if necessary. I'll call in the morning to dress the arm."

The doctor gone, Helen for the first time looked up at Warren. He was strangely white and haggard.

"Oh," faintly, "they frightened you when they 'phoned."

"That's all right—don't think of me. Does your arm hurt?" still smoothing the crisp, roughened hair.

Her head moved in denial, not wanting to admit the pain.

Mrs. Reed, who had been waiting in the other room, came to the door. "You don't need me now, Mr. Curtis, but if you should later—just 'phone down."

"I won't attempt to thank you, Mrs. Reed," Warren rose from the side of the bed. "There are some things you can—"

"Oh, please don't speak of it. I'm very glad I was able to do something. We had almost the same accident in our family—I suppose that's why I thought of the rug."

He was following her to the door. Their low murmured voices came from the hall.

Helen's turmoiled thoughts were rehearsing the tragedy. The bathroom! What damage had been done? She had visions of a heavy repair bill—of the tiled walls and porcelain tub cracked by the flames.

Warren was again by the bed, but she did not look up. Just then it seemed easier to lie there with closed eyes. Now that they were alone, she was struggling against a hysterical desire to burst into tears. She yearned yet dreaded for him to comfort her.

There was a long silence. He was holding her hand, stroking slowly the unbandaged arm. From the street came the rhythmic clatter of hoofs and the receding rumbling of wheels.

"Well, Kitten, how about the gasoline? Is one lesson going to be enough?"

Helen nodded, biting her lips to steadiness. Another silence. Then she asked, quiveringly:

"Dear, the bathroom! Did—did it injure the walls or ceiling?"

"Haven't looked," briefly. "You're all right—that's all that counts. Any damage is dirt cheap if it'll make you leave that infernal stuff alone."

"Oh, I'll never use it again," choking back a sob. "I'll never even have it in the house."

"All right, Kitten, I won't put it in. A jolt like this is pretty tough on both of us." Then, with relieving humor, "Well, you won't have to frizz your hair for a while. You've made a pretty good job of that."

Quiet Hint.

"Are those field glasses any good?" "Indeed they are; you can even see Bob's new mustache with them on clear days."

What Can We Do?

Through the newspapers we learn that the Navy league is asking for sewing kits for the marines now in training for service in France. The league calls for 6,500 of these sewing kits and they are inexpensive and easy to make; so here is an answer to the question at the beginning of this article.

The marines call a sewing kit a "hussiff," which is the marines' way of saying "housewife." And before we get through making sewing kits we are likely to find "hussiff" has been added to the English language and to have to look in the dictionary for its derivation.

The "hussiff" is made of cotton khaki and sewed with red thread. It is 13 inches long and 7½ inches wide and has five pockets 3½ inches deep by 2½ inches wide. A top flap folds over the pockets. A red tape, sewed on the back of the center pocket, ties the kit when it is rolled up.

The kit is fitted with the following articles: A pair of blunt-pointed scissors four inches long, No. 1 needles, a thimble, an assortment of safety pins, cards wound with heavy khaki, black and white thread and two safety pins strung with khaki buttons.

The Red Cross is issuing calls for ration heaters. They are made of newspapers folded and pasted into tight rolls of a certain size, then cut and boiled in paraffin. They serve to heat the food and drink of the soldiers and should be placed in the comfort bags made for the men in service. Many thousands of them will be needed and they are so simple that children can make them.

Directions for making these heaters can be obtained from Miss Cook at the Chicago chapter headquarters of the Red Cross.

It Is a Velvet Season

"It is a velvet season" say the milliners, and the displays of new millinery for fall leave no room in the mind for doubting this assertion. Plain and panne velvet dominate all the showings. Hatter's plush, with a surface much like panne velvet, is represented, and heavy velours and duvetyn—both velvety in appearance—are in the running. In plain velvet and in velours and duvetyn the quiet, rich colors approved by fashionables are at their best. Panne velvet and hatter's plush both look best in black and white and in the darkest shades of sedate colors, to which they add brilliance.

Trimmings are very simple and not permitted to interfere with the lines of the shapes in any way. Fancy features, including ostrich, ribbons and ornaments, are relied upon for decorative features. Small ostrich tips, used in groups, are returning after an exile of several seasons, along with draped turbans of velvet, and they look so well together that there is a sort of kinship between them. It is hard to think of velvet without being reminded of ostrich. Wide-brimmed hats with a fringe of ostrich laid upon the upper brims have already made an assured success.

Coque feathers and furs in pompons are sure to be found on the classiest hats, sharing honors with flat applique flowers made of fur. Since so many hats are made of velvet the ingenuity of trimmers is exercised to place the covering on the shape in a variety of ways, as may be gathered from the group of chic velvet hats pictured here. The combination of two colors in one or two fabrics, as midnight blue and wine-colored velvet, or black velvet with beige velour, in the body of shapes, is a feature worth noting in new millinery. It appears in the smartest patterns.

Soft, draped crowns and bulky crowns have already impressed themselves on the styles for winter. Among the latter the "bag" crown is a Paris importation, made like the paper bags used in France, and inverted on various brims. The bulky crown looks best on women with round, plump faces. One of them is shown in the hat at the left of the group. The draped crown, which may be pinned at any angle becoming to the wearer, appears in the center hat, while the hat at the right attests to the survival of the fittest with the round crown and rolling brim of the French sailor.

Julia Bottomley

IS SUBSTITUTE FOR LINEN

Handpainted Oilcloth Utilized to Make Attractive Runners and Luncheon Sets.

There is a saying that in these days of war prices only the millionaire's wife can afford to use real linen in her dining room. A great many women are substituting handpainted oilcloth for the accustomed lace and linen luncheon sets, says the Philadelphia North American.

Stunning sets in black enameled oilcloth for the out-of-door English breakfast or porch luncheon are decorated with bunches of brilliantly colored fruit. A large center doily is used, with four each of the medium and small sizes. An ordinary enameled kitchen pie plate painted black and decorated with the same design makes a unique bread or sandwich plate, and a papier mache bowl stained black and decorated with the fruit motif on the outside, filled with luscious grapes and oranges, is the most stunning kind of a centerpiece.

The square luncheon set is rather new, developed in tan oilcloth stenciled with field flowers in brilliant blues and reds and yellows.

Delft blue with sprays of small pink flowers or pale green with black and white will make very pleasing combinations.

Instead of the conventional center and individual plate doilies, two narrow runners crossed at right angles in the center covering four places are particularly good on the small square table. In this case stenciling the ends of the runners, the center one, and perhaps a narrow border design will be all the decorations necessary.

The practical value of using oilcloth as a substitute for table linens is apparent. After the meal wipe off the cloth, and your work is done. No wear and tear on the linen and no laundry bill to pay.

New Tailored Blouse.

The new tailored blouse is developed with front and back yokes, from which box plaits are laid, says the Dry Goods Economist, as there may be a cluster of plaits in the center back and on either side of the front. The high collar is not figuring largely in the tailored models, the flat collar that reaches far down the front being favored.

Narrow fluting is a feature of these waists. It is used to edge collar, cuffs and front.

Line Your Muff.

Line your winter muff with velvet; if you haven't new velvet, use old. It will never wear out, is much warmer than silk, and one doesn't have to be constantly relining, as one does with silk.

The KITCHEN CABINET

Faint heart is forerunner of sadness;
Dependency robs us of health.
The man who is chock-full of gladness
Is the man who makes most of life's wealth.

THE LUSCIOUS MELON.

Watermelon and canteloupes, when really good, need no dressing up to improve their flavor for that is impossible; but a tasteless melon need not be wasted, making delicious pickles and preserves. Never place ice in a melon to chill it as it destroys the fine flavor, especially of a musk melon. Chill them by placing them near the ice. A most delicious melon may be ruined to the eater by being served unchilled. When serving an insipid cantaloupe for breakfast a sprinkling of nutmeg and a dash of lemon juice will improve it. Tasteless melons may be diced and dressed with a French dressing, then served as a salad, or diced and treated with a thin sirup of lemon or orange juice, they make a good fresh fruit. When using a salad dressing for cantaloupes an addition of red pepper and more salt than is usual will improve the dressing, and lemon juice rather than vinegar should always be used as the sharper acid of the lemon is needed for this fruit.

Cantaloupe Cocktail.—Cut the melon in balls with a potato scoop and fill the serving glasses, add a few seeded white grapes peeled, a little sliced pineapple and a slice or two of peaches. Cover the whole within a thin sirup using a little strawberry or cherry juice for flavor and serve with a cherry or strawberry on top.

Melons With Ice Cream.—Scoop out halves of cantaloupe until only the green rind is left, these may be left from the cocktails and well-chilled, refill the melon molds with ice cream. Caramel may be used for color and decorate the cream with chocolate dipped almonds to resemble seeds or bits of candied ginger may be cut in the form of seeds, making a favorite flavor combination. The sirup from preserved ginger is also a most delicious addition.

Melon Basket.—For a child's party a pretty basket made of a melon and filled with the rich, red, juicy balls looks too pretty to eat. The balls may be shaped in various ways. As only the red heart of the melon can be used for this two melons will be needed for there will be some waste.

SOME GOOD DISHES.

Lima beans, fresh or dried, make most substantial dishes served in various ways.

Lima Beans a la Poulette.—Shell sufficient young lima beans to make a pint, cover with boiling salted water and cook until tender. Pour off all but a half cupful of the water and add one cupful of rich milk. Mix a little cold milk with a tablespoonful of flour and stir into the milk; cook five minutes, add salt and pepper to taste, a few drops of onion sauce, two beaten eggs, one teaspoonful of butter and the same amount of chopped parsley.

Vegetable Soup.—Cut into half-inch dice sufficient carrot and turnip to measure one-third of a cupful each; cut one-half cupful of celery into pieces; dice one and a half cupfuls of potato, and slice one-half of an onion. Put three tablespoonfuls of butter in a stewpan, add the vegetables, cover and cook 15 minutes. Add a quart of water and cook for an hour. Season with salt and pepper and serve with a garnish of parsley.

Steamed Brown Bread.—Take two cupfuls of yellow cornmeal, one cupful of rye, one cupful of flour, two cupfuls of sour milk, one cupful of molasses, one-half teaspoonful of salt, one teaspoonful of soda, mix well and pour into greased baking powder cans to steam for two hours.

Veal Hash.—Chop a piece of cooked veal fine. To a pint of the chopped meat allow a teaspoonful of onion juice, a teaspoonful of salt, one-third of a teaspoonful of paprika, one teaspoonful of worcestershire sauce, and a tablespoonful of tomato catsup. Melt a tablespoonful of drippings in a frying pan, moisten the meat with gravy, add seasonings and spread in the pan. Spread over the top one teaspoonful of the drippings and cook slowly for 15 minutes; it should be moist. Heap the hash on buttered toast and place a poached egg on each.

Peach Trifle.—Boil together for five minutes a cupful of sugar and one cupful of water with the stones from a quart of peaches. Allow the stones to stand in the sirup for ten minutes. Skim them out and lay in the peeled peaches, stewing until tender. Line a dish with cake soaked in any fruit, add the peaches and cover with whipped cream sweetened and flavored with almond.

Nellie Maxwell

To Get Rid of Ants.

Make a sirup, using two tablespoonfuls of sugar, two tablespoonfuls powdered borax and one quart boiling water. Saturate a sponge with this mixture and lay it where the ants are thickest. When it is filled with ants, plunge into boiling water.

Why That Lame Back?

Morning lameness, sharp twinges when bending, or an all-day backache; each is cause enough to suspect kidney trouble. Get after the cause. Help the kidneys. We Americans go it too hard. We overdo, overeat and neglect our sleep and exercise and so we are fast becoming a nation of kidney sufferers. 72% more deaths than in 1890 is the 1910 census story. Use Doan's Kidney Pills. Thousands recommend them.

A Michigan Case

"Every Pain was Like a Knife."

William Hough, 46 Fitch Pl., Grand Rapids, Mich., says: "I had kidney trouble after I left the army and I kept getting worse. The kidney secretions were painful and too frequent in passage and I had lumbago and rheumatic pains. My limbs were so stiff, I had to be helped around. Medicine failed and I had almost given up hope when I heard of Doan's Kidney Pills. They cured me."

Get Doan's at Any Store, 60c a Box

DOAN'S KIDNEY PILLS

FOSTER-MILBURN CO., BUFFALO, N. Y.

Decorating a Savage.

Florence Partello Stuart, in one of her delightful tales of the Moro charm boy, Piang, tells of an embarrassing situation. Piang had saved the governor's life at the risk of his own.

"'Piang, I am about to decorate you with the emblem of our government; these infantry cross-guns I shall pin on your breast'—the dignified governor reached forward to make good his words, but paused in embarrassment, the speech dying on his lips. He gazed in dismay at the scantily clothed little savage, standing straight and expectant before him.

"'I shall place this emblem,' again began the worthy official. There was a titter among the spectators.

"Piang, eagerly eyeing the treasure, wondered why the governor delayed. Suddenly a gleam of understanding broke over Piang, and he grinned broadly. With the tip of his finger he touched the shining cross-guns, then his necklace of crocodile teeth. The situation was saved."—St. Nicholas.

PAIN? NOT A BIT! LIFT YOUR CORNS OR CALLUSES OFF

No humbug! Apply few drops then just lift them away with fingers.

This new drug is an ether compound discovered by a Cincinnati chemist. It is called freezone, and can now be obtained in tiny bottles as here shown at very little cost from any drug store. Just ask for freezone. Apply a drop or two directly upon a tender corn or callus and instantly the soreness disappears. Shortly you will find the corn or callus so loose that you can lift it off, root and all, with the fingers.

Not a twinge of pain, soreness or irritation; not even the slightest smarting, either when applying freezone or afterwards.

This drug doesn't eat up the corn or callus, but shrivels them so they loosen and come right out. It is no humbug! It works like a charm. For a few cents you can get rid of every hard corn, soft corn or corn between the toes, as well as painful calluses on bottom of your feet. It never disappoints and never burns, bites or inflames. If your druggist hasn't any freezone yet, tell him to get a little bottle for you from his wholesale house.—adv.

When a wise man falls in love he gives his brain a vacation.

There are still some vacant lots on Easy street.

Renew the Joy of Living

Don't let ill health any longer rob you of life's pleasures. Get back your appetite, strengthen your digestion, stimulate your liver, regulate your bowels and improve your blood by taking

BEECHAM'S PILLS

Their action is prompt and thorough, and you soon feel their benefits. You will eat more, work better, sleep sounder, and feel new strength after a short course of these dependable pills. They restore healthy conditions, and soon

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