

## CURRENT HAPPENINGS PICTORIALLY PRESENTED BY DARLING

THEY DO SAY THE SIGHT OF IT HAS GIVEN HIRAM THE FEVER AGAIN.



A QUESTION THAT IS BOUND TO ARISE SOONER OR LATER.



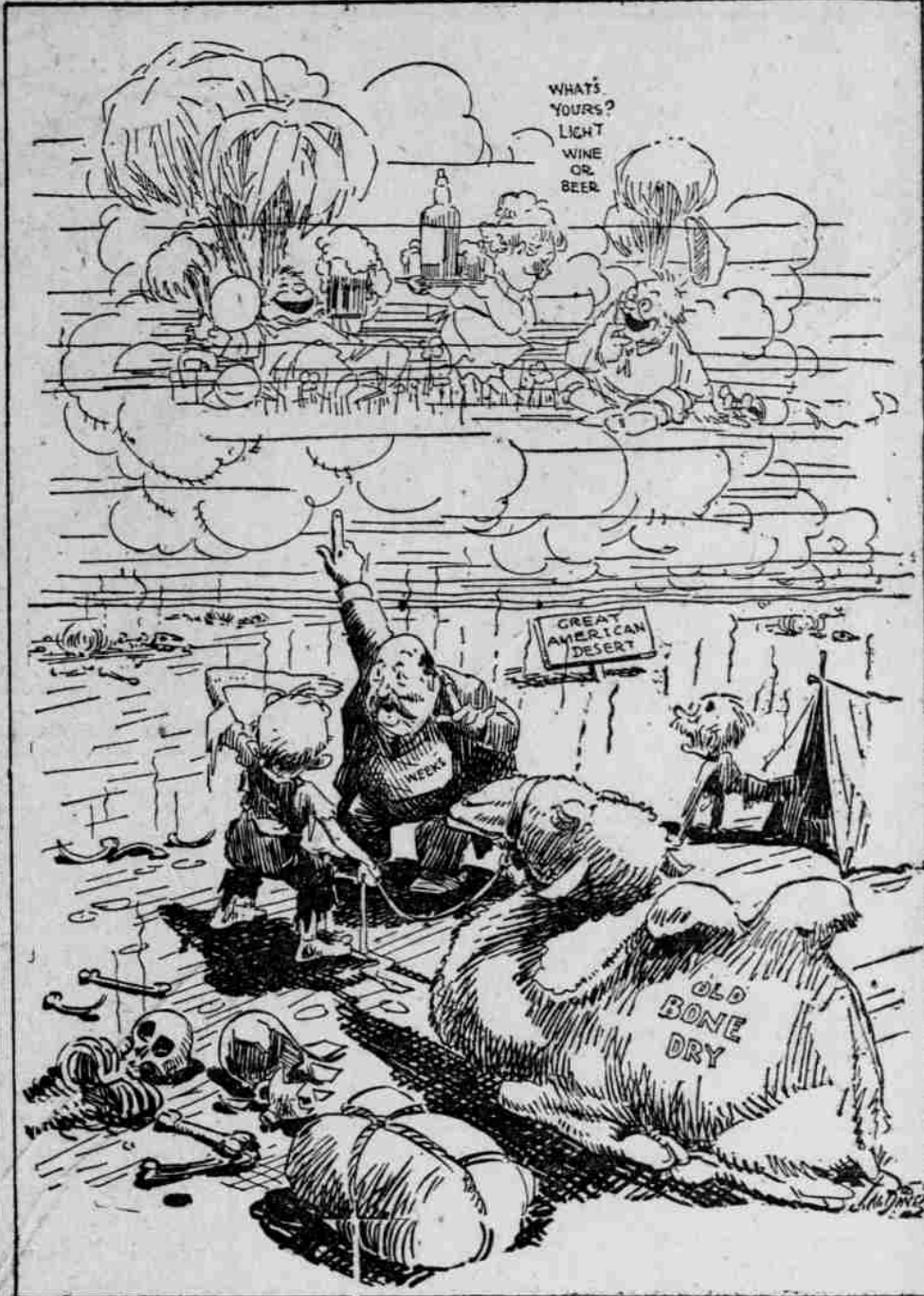
A POINT WHERE SOME FOLKS ARE INCLINED TO OVERLOOK.



LOOKS AS IF WE'D HAVE TO HAVE A COMPULSORY ARBITRATION BOARD OF SOMETHING IN WASHINGTON.



MIRAGE, REFLECTION OR JUST AN HALLUCINATION?



THE EARLY BIRDS.



## THE MARRIED LIFE OF HELEN AND WARREN

BY MABEL HERBERT URNER.

Golf Enthusiasm of Husband Dies When He Finds His Wife Is Out for Good Time and His Dinner Is Not Ready for Him on His Return.

WITHE NEARLY PRECISION Helen cut the white scalloped shirt-paper into five strips to fit the five shelves of the pantry china closet.

It was not an ideal Sunday afternoon diversion, but, tired of reading, she was solacing her loneliness with work.

For three Sundays in succession Warren had played golf. Last Sunday she had straightened all the bureau drawers. The Sunday before she had cleared out the hall closet, and now it was the pantry shelves.

At a dismaying r-r-r of the bell, she jerked off her enveloping apron, smoothed her hair and reluctantly went to the door.

"What ARE you doing home this glorious day? I just took a chance—I didn't think you'd be in," was Mrs. Stevens' breezy greeting. "All alone?"

"Yes, Warren's playing golf." Then with a defiant laugh, "And I—if you really want to know—I'm putting fresh paper on the pantry shelves!"

"Well, now you're coming with us," briskly. "The car's downstairs. Ted's here from Colorado—I've always wanted you to meet him."

"I'd love to, but I'm afraid I can't. Warren said he'd be home early, and Nora's out—I'll have to get supper."

"It's perfectly absurd the way you

mope around here every Sunday when he plays golf. Why shouldn't you go out, too?"

"I might've gone this morning—but now he'll soon be home."

"Suppose he does come and you're not here? It'd be a good thing, wouldn't it? He'd be a good thing, wouldn't it? He'd be a good thing, wouldn't it?"

"Can you get me back in time to fix supper?" hesitated Helen.

"We'll get you back in plenty of time. Take some kind of a wrap." Ten minutes later they were spinning through the crisp, exhilarating air.

"Isn't this much better than putting paper on pantry shelves?" laughed Mrs. Stevens. "Ted, tuck that robe around her feet."

"Mrs. Curtis, are you a descendant of Cinderella?" the bronzed, virile westerner tugged the robe about her 2½ Bs.

"Ted's crazy about little women—but I suppose all big men are."

The joyous air, the stimulating speed and Mr. Alcott's very evident interest carried Helen through the next hour.

A clock in a village store brought panicky thoughts of Warren's supper.

"Half past five! You said you'd get me back in time for—"

"I said we'd get you back in time

—but I didn't say what for. We're taking you out to Glenwood Inn for dinner. Now don't worry about Warren! I left a note saying we'd kidnaped you—he needn't expect you back till late."

"Oh, no—no, I can't!" stammered Helen. "What will he do for supper?"

"Get it himself—or go out. Won't hurt him not to find you there for once. It's about time you golf widows showed some spunk."

"Now, don't you worry about Curtis getting something to eat," Mr. Stevens flung back from the front seat. "That's his strong suit. On a desert island he'd manage to drum up a good feed."

Helen's smile was forced. She resenting both the "golf widow" aspersions and Mr. Stevens' good-natured banter at Warren's gastronomic greed.

What would he have for supper? He was always so hungry after golf. Would he find the potato salad? She had intended to cream that cold chicken.

"Why so quiet, Mrs. Curtis?" Mr. Ward was flatteringly solicitous. "I was just wondering whether one leg and the carcass of a cold chicken will be enough for Mr. Curtis' supper," she laughingly admitted.

"It isn't just, let him cook something for himself, or go to a restaurant. You humor him entirely

too much," insisted Mrs. Stevens. "Oh, here we are."

They were now turning in at the gravelled road of the Glenwood Inn—an old-fashioned dwelling remodelled to the needs of a popular road house.

In the yard stood a dozen motors, and inside the orange-lanterned lights glowed on a festive party.

To the rollicking jazz of a colored orchestra, a dozen couples were "toddlers" in the cleared center space.

Helen was in no mood for dancing, but after their order had been taken she could only acquiesce to Mr. Alcott's obviously eager invitation.

He danced well, guiding her skillfully through the elbowing couples. For the moment she forgot Warren's supper in the lure of the rhythmic motion.

"Here's something, Ted, you can't get in the west," announced Mr. Stevens, when they returned to the table now graced with heaping platters of steamed clams.

"But I tell you what we do have—venison! Mrs. Curtis, when you come to Denver I'll take you to a place that serves the best venison in the west."

"That sounds very alluring," murmured Helen, wondering if Warren would find that celery wrapped in a napkin on the ice.

"Emily's coming out next year. Why can't you come with her? A

month on my ranch would do you a world of good."

"Just the thing," enthused Mrs. Stevens. "I've been dreading the trip alone."

"Oh, I'm afraid I couldn't leave Warren."

"Why not? He'd appreciate you more when you came back. Ted can't you make her forget that dominating husband for a single moment?"

"Trying hard, but I'm not making much headway."

The five-course dinner prolonged with frequent intervals of dancing. It was after 9 o'clock before they started on the homeward drive.

Mrs. Stevens dozing off, her brother's arm around her, Helen told him of her Colorado ranch and of the new system of irrigation he was just putting in.

"Are you cold?" tucking the rug about her. "I must send you a pair of those deer-skin gloves the Indians make—if I can get any small enough."

Through the long drive back, his solicitous attentions failed to divert her from the ominous fact that it would be 11 before she reached home.

"Now, you're not to apologize or be abject," admonished Mrs. Stevens when they finally drove up. "And we're coming for you next Sunday. You needn't say no—if Warren plays golf, you're going out with us."

"Then we'll all hope that Mr. Curtis plays," was Mr. Alcott's parting tribute, as he escorted her up the steps.

Helen tried to be politely responsive, but her one thought was of Warren waiting fuming upstairs. What could she say to placate him? Had she her key? She did not want to ring.

Fumbling in her purse, she found

the key as she stepped from the elevator.

Noiselessly opening the door, she tip-toed through the hall. He might be asleep.

No, a bright light shone from the library. There was his chair by the table—but he was not in it. He was not at the desk.

It was not until she was well in the room that she saw Warren standing by the window, his hands thrust deep into his pockets.

"Why, hello, Kitten," as he swung around. "Didn't hear you come in."

Helen gulped back her surprise. She had expected a wrathful explosion.

"Where'd you go? Have a good time?"

"Oh, yes, very. We went out to Glenwood Inn. If I'd known we'd be gone so long I'd have fixed your supper. Did you find the salad?"

"Didn't look."

"Oh, you went out? I'm glad you did. There wasn't much here."

"No, I wasn't very hungry. Didn't bother."

"You haven't had a THING to eat? Oh, dear, I'm so sorry!"

"Anything'll do," following her out to the pantry. Then twerking Pussy Purrr-Mew's tail, as she jumped up on the pantry shelf. "Here's somebody else that hasn't had any grub. Ought to've seen her sitting on the window-sill watching for you. Pretty glum pair, weren't we, Pussums?"

Helen longed to rush at him, to hug him and admit that she had had a perfectly writhed time—that she had not wanted to go and had not enjoyed it.

But remembering Mrs. Stevens' admonition, she restrained these impulses and calmly took from the

icebox the chicken carcass and the bowl of salad.

"Anybody but the Stevenses on this jaunt!" Warren's casualness was unconvincing.

"Yes, her brother, Ted from Colorado. He's awfully nice—big and brown, a real westerner. Next summer he wants me to come out with her to his ranch."

Warren's only comment was an explosive grunt, as with needless force he banged the door of the ice box.

"He dances well, too," with an appraising side glance.

Another grunt. Warren loathed dancing.

"Dear, if you're going to play golf next Sunday—they want me to go down to Long Island," swiftly pressing her advantage.

"Don't know that I'll play next Sunday," brusquely.

"Take this chicken in to the table." Concealing a triumphant smile, she handed him the ravaged skeleton.

"I'll bring in the following morning. As he swung through the pantry door, Helen lavished on Pussy Purrr-Mew some of the repressed emotion she was withholding from him. Mrs. Stevens' theory was working. His long evening alone had made him appreciate her more. Yet, there was the disquieting thought that another time he might be wholly indifferent to her absence.

"Ah, this is more like," Warren fairly beamed as they settled down at the table. "You're going to eat something? No fun eating alone."

"Of course I will—and Pussy Purrr-Mew, too," giving her the wish-bone.

"Now, see here, if they're counting on you for next Sunday, you call up tomorrow and tell her nothing doing! I'm going to chuck golf

for a while. Tired of losing balls to that bunch of pirates."

Then, as he helped himself liberally to the potato salad.

"We'll have a day off by ourselves. Hear they are serving a rattling good clam bake at Matthew's beach. How do you strike you?"

To hide her flushed elation Helen bent lower over the depleted carcass she was trying to carve.

"There's a piece of the back—but there's not much of it." Then with a casualness that only femininity can achieve, "Matthew's beach? Here's a wing—there's more out this. Why, yes, dear, I think that would be very nice."

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Next Week—Warren a Blundering Chief.

**Ingenuity.**

Kansas City Star.

A Pittsburg bellboy is credited with an ingenious method for calling sleepy guests. A man leaving instructions to be called early is awakened the following morning with a loud tattoo on the door. In answer to the sleepy guest's inquiry the bellboy answers: "I have a message for you, sir. The usual reaction is for the sleepy one to jump, however reluctantly, out of bed, stumbly reach the door and seize the envelope handed to him. The message, of course, read: 'It is time to get up.'"

**Triumph of the Ego.**

Life.

"I have it," said the futurist artist as he puffed desperately at a cheap cigar. "It won't draw. Just like me. Haha! It won't draw."

So he put it in a frame, called it "Me" and got an honorable mention in the exhibition.