

# CURRENT HAPPENINGS PICTORIALLY PRESENTED BY DARLING



SOME DAY, MAYBE, WHEN SAM GETS TO BE A BIG BOY HE WILL DO SOME INSISTING, TOO.



GREAT GAME! WHO'S AHEAD?



NO WONDER SOME FOLKS HAVE TO CHARGE HIGH FOR THEIR PEANUTS



## THE MARRIED LIFE OF HELEN AND WARREN

BY RABBIT HERBERT URNER.

Wife, Entangled in Marital Dilemma, Gives Reluctant but Efficient Aid to Friend at Cost of Row With Own Husband, Who Deplores Lack of Truthfulness in Women—Spouse Decides That Feminine Lies Come Too Plausibly.

"DEAR MISS CURTIS: I am going to ask a favor, Mr. Graham is in Albany and I don't expect him back until midnight. But in case he comes on an earlier train I've left a note saying I'm spending the evening with you.

"Now if he SHOULD call up, please say I'm there. If he wants to speak to me—make some excuse. Say I've gone to the drug store for a headache powder—if you can't think of anything better.

"Don't worry—it's all right. I'll explain when I see you. H. G."

With an indignant flush Helen thrust the letter back into the envelope that bore a special delivery stamp. Harriet Graham had no right to ask this!

"Anything wrong?" demanded Warren, glancing over his paper.

"No. Just a note from the seamstress. She can't come tomorrow."

The lie came glibly, but it fanned her resentment toward Mrs. Graham. If she told Warren the truth he would forbid her having anything to do with such deception.

The letter said it was "all right." No doubt it was. Mrs. Graham had always seemed devoted to her husband, who was much older and in-

tensely jealous. Yet why should she wish to deceive him now?

With disquieting thoughts of possible entanglements Helen returned to her mending, interrupted by the special delivery letter.

"That's a rotten magazine!" Warren threw down a gaily covered monthly. "Nothing but triangle and sex stuff! You'd think there weren't any decent married couples."

I wonder, why there's such a demand for those stories?" Helen rescued a ball of darning cotton from Pussay-Purr-Mew's propelling paws.

"Lots of idle women eat 'em up. While their husbands rustle for the dough—they sit home, sopping up that slush and aching for an affair."

Helen winced. Curious that he should speak of this now. Had her own vague fears charged the air and unconsciously aroused this tirade? Was it only another proof of thought transference?

She had just mated and neatly rolled up the last pair of tan socks when the telephone rang.

Before she could interpose Warren had the receiver off the hook.

"Hello! . . . Mrs. who? . . . What number do you want? . . . Yes. . . . Mrs. Graham? Why no, she isn't—"

Frantically signalling him to silence Helen snatched the receiver. "Oh, is this Mr. Graham? This is Mrs. Curtis. Mrs. Graham just went to the drug store for a headache powder. She wanted to take it in soda. . . . Yes, I'll tell her. . . . Yes, soon as she come back. . . . What in blazes are you up to?" exploded Warren.

"Dear, I had to do it—that letter was from her! I said the seamstress because I—I know she wouldn't want you to know."

"Know what? What're you getting mixed up in? What's she trying to put over?"

"She said she'd explain when she saw me, I'm sure it's all right."

"Let me see that letter!"

Helen hesitated, then reluctantly handed him the letter.

His mouth grimly set, Warren scanned the hurriedly written note.

"And you'd help her hoodwink Graham? You know she's out to dinner with some no-account he-flapper, and you—"

"I don't know anything of the kind!" flamed Helen. "All I know is what's in that letter. She says it's all right—that she'll explain."

"Explain! She'll do that all right. More lies! Poor old Graham, fine as they make 'em—and she's gallivanting around with some young whip-

pernapper. That comes from reading those damned stories!"

Snatching up the unoffending magazine, he slammed it down with a violence that sent Pussay-Purr-Mew flying from her perch on the window sill.

"Just what I said! The man's out hustling for a living while the woman sits home with not a blamed thing to do—except get into mischief. Now I won't have you mixed up in that! Understand? If she writes or calls up, you turn her down hard! Say you'll have nothing to do with it."

"But dear, suppose he calls up again?" panic-stricken at the thought.

"I'll talk to him," grimly. "You'll not have a chance to concoct any more lies. Wanted her headache powder in soda!" with a snort. "Her lie wasn't plausible, enough—so you had to dress it up."

Flushed and unhappy, Helen searched her work basket for a button for Warren's pajamas. It seemed most unfair that she should be so mercilessly denounced for trying to help a friend.

Having finished all the mending, she had just taken up the despised magazine when from the front door came a peremptory peal.

It was after 10! Too late for any chance callers.

The next moment Nora ushered in Mr. Graham.

"Good evening, Mrs. Curtis!" as Helen in panicky-dismay hurried to greet him. "I thought I'd come by and take Mrs. Graham home."

"Oh, I'm—I'm so sorry," tremulously. "She's just left."

"No, she thought—she said she'd go on home," stammered Helen.

"How long has she been gone?"

"Why—why just a few moments, conscious of her crimsoning face. Then I've just missed her." Well, I'd better go right on back. Oh, how are you, Curtis?" as Warren now emerged from the library.

Tense with anxiety, Helen stood helplessly while the men exchanged greetings. Would Warren blurt out the truth? He was capable of anything. To him any form of deception was like a red rag to a bull.

Again the bell! Helen caught her breath. If it should be Mrs. Graham!

With a murmured excuse she flew to the door. Through the gold silk panel loomed a slender figure under a broad, drooping hat.

"Helen, here's now," whispered Helen breathlessly as she opened the door.

"What've you told him?"

"That you'd just gone home."

"That's all right—leave it to me!" Ignoring Helen's excited protests, Mrs. Graham swept by into the front room.

"Why, Harvey, how nice of you to come after me—and she's gallivanting around with some young whip-

pernapper. That comes from reading those damned stories!"

Snatching up the unoffending magazine, he slammed it down with a violence that sent Pussay-Purr-Mew flying from her perch on the window sill.

"Just what I said! The man's out hustling for a living while the woman sits home with not a blamed thing to do—except get into mischief. Now I won't have you mixed up in that! Understand? If she writes or calls up, you turn her down hard! Say you'll have nothing to do with it."

"But dear, suppose he calls up again?" panic-stricken at the thought.

"I'll talk to him," grimly. "You'll not have a chance to concoct any more lies. Wanted her headache powder in soda!" with a snort. "Her lie wasn't plausible, enough—so you had to dress it up."

Flushed and unhappy, Helen searched her work basket for a button for Warren's pajamas. It seemed most unfair that she should be so mercilessly denounced for trying to help a friend.

Having finished all the mending, she had just taken up the despised magazine when from the front door came a peremptory peal.

It was after 10! Too late for any chance callers.

The next moment Nora ushered in Mr. Graham.

"Good evening, Mrs. Curtis!" as Helen in panicky-dismay hurried to greet him. "I thought I'd come by and take Mrs. Graham home."

"Oh, I'm—I'm so sorry," tremulously. "She's just left."

"No, she thought—she said she'd go on home," stammered Helen.

"How long has she been gone?"

"Why—why just a few moments, conscious of her crimsoning face. Then I've just missed her." Well, I'd better go right on back. Oh, how are you, Curtis?" as Warren now emerged from the library.

Tense with anxiety, Helen stood helplessly while the men exchanged greetings. Would Warren blurt out the truth? He was capable of anything. To him any form of deception was like a red rag to a bull.

Again the bell! Helen caught her breath. If it should be Mrs. Graham!

With a murmured excuse she flew to the door. Through the gold silk panel loomed a slender figure under a broad, drooping hat.

"Helen, here's now," whispered Helen breathlessly as she opened the door.

"What've you told him?"

"That you'd just gone home."

"That's all right—leave it to me!" Ignoring Helen's excited protests, Mrs. Graham swept by into the front room.

"Why, Harvey, how nice of you to come after me—and she's gallivanting around with some young whip-

pernapper. That comes from reading those damned stories!"

Snatching up the unoffending magazine, he slammed it down with a violence that sent Pussay-Purr-Mew flying from her perch on the window sill.

"Just what I said! The man's out hustling for a living while the woman sits home with not a blamed thing to do—except get into mischief. Now I won't have you mixed up in that! Understand? If she writes or calls up, you turn her down hard! Say you'll have nothing to do with it."

"But dear, suppose he calls up again?" panic-stricken at the thought.

"I'll talk to him," grimly. "You'll not have a chance to concoct any more lies. Wanted her headache powder in soda!" with a snort. "Her lie wasn't plausible, enough—so you had to dress it up."

Flushed and unhappy, Helen searched her work basket for a button for Warren's pajamas. It seemed most unfair that she should be so mercilessly denounced for trying to help a friend.

Having finished all the mending, she had just taken up the despised magazine when from the front door came a peremptory peal.

### Turn About Fair Play.

Boston Transcript.

A well dressed man stopped beside a house painter and said: "You are not doing that job as I would do it. You should take longer strokes."

"Say, look here!" said the man with the brush. "are you a house painter?"

"No."

"Then what do you mean by telling me how to do my work?"

"Oh, I am the manager of a ball team. I notice you in the bleachers occasionally handing me unsolicited advice."

### Good Mixers Out of Date.

Washington Star.

Your recent attitude has been somewhat ponderous and aloof," remarked the solicitous friend.

"Times have changed," replied Senator Sorghum. "In politics the 'good mixer' has gone out of date, along with the bartender."