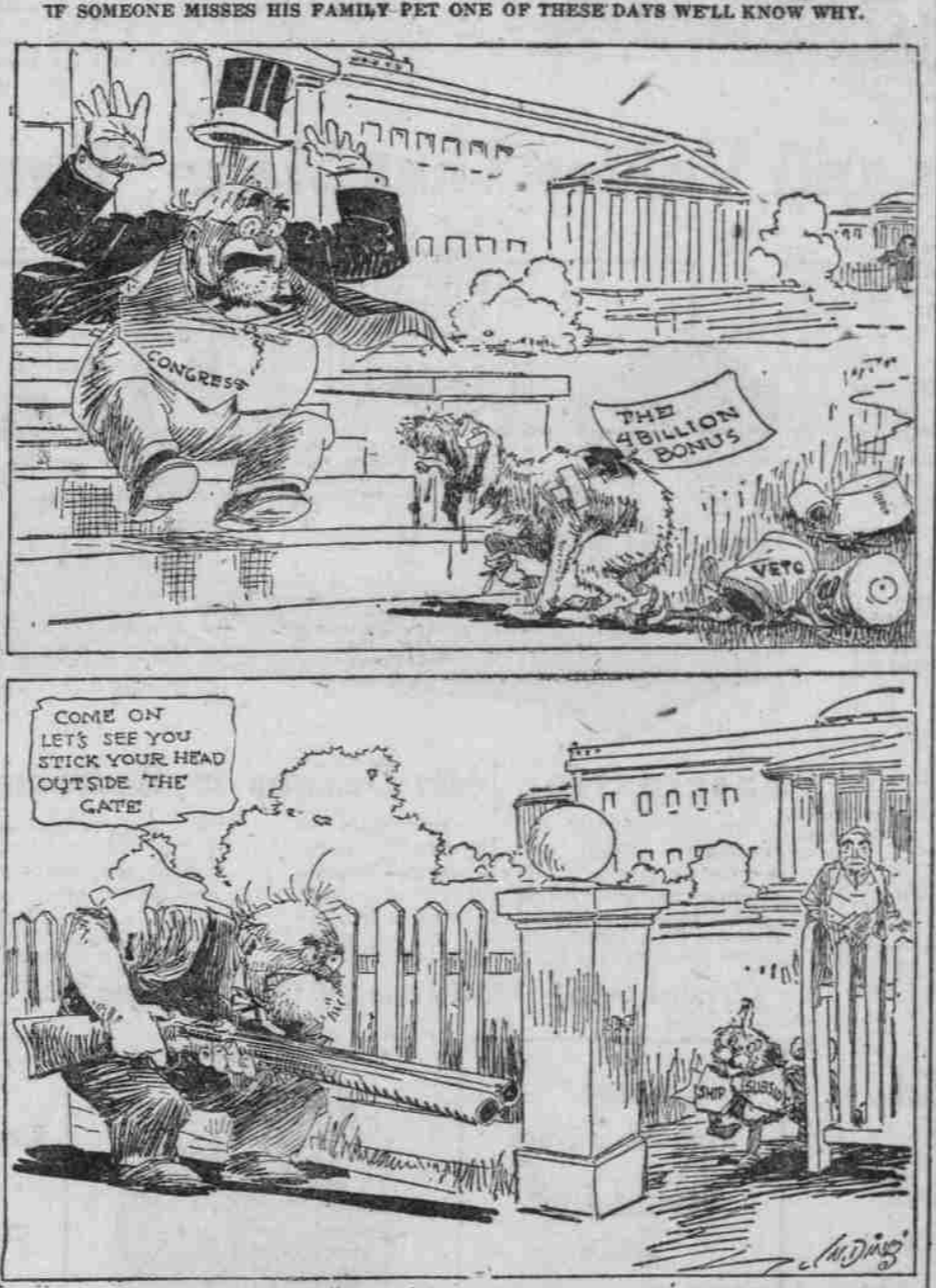


CURRENT HAPPENINGS PICTORIALLY PRESENTED BY DARLING



THE MARRIED LIFE OF HELEN AND WARREN

BY MABEL HERBERT URNER.

Wife in Bed With Influenza Worries About Dust Collecting Around Rooms, While Husband Tries to Sooth Irritation by Reading Sport Columns of Newspapers.

"DEAR, just look how she dusted this room! Look at the legs of that table," worried Helen, drawing another pillow under her head.

"Never mind the dust. Your job's to get well. Lie back there," growled Warren. "Don't try to sit up. Here's a story about Kid McGowan—how he knocked the stuffin' out of Joe Murphy. Want to hear that?"

Helen had not the slightest interest in boxing. Nothing in the whole paper could have appealed to her less.

While he read aloud Kid McGowan's training methods, her critical gaze sought out more dust under the chairfront and along the baseboard.

It was her third day in bed with the "flu," and Nora, sullenly resentful of the extra work, had neglected the whole apartment.

"Dear, do write a note to Mrs. O'Grady to come tomorrow—just to clean."

"Here, what's the use of my reading to you? Not listening to a word."

"I can't, with everything in such a mess. Just look in the library!"

"What you need's a nurse to keep you in bed. If you're not better by tomorrow, you're going to have one," grimly.

"Now, dear, that's perfectly absurd."

"I'm better today. It wouldn't hurt me a bit to get up and straighten around."

"Well, you're not going to," as he stalked in to answer the telephone. Through the closed door Helen could hear only his indistinct mumblings.

"Carrie's in town, spending the day with mother," briskly, when he strode back. "She's coming up to see you a few minutes before church."

"Carrie?" dismissed Helen. "You didn't say she could come." "Why not?"

"With everything in this mess? I'll have to get up and straighten."

"You stay right where you are. What's got to be done? I'll call Nora."

"No, no, she'll be furious. She's sulky enough now."

"Well, what'd you want done? Spill it out—and I'll do it."

"First, get some clean cases for these pillows. They have to be changed anyway before the doctor comes. In the hall closet—the third shelf."

"Here you are," Warren slammed down a pile of linen on the bed.

"These are dresser scarfs! Don't get them rumpled. I said the third shelf."

"Nothing but sheets," he called from the hall.

"Look back of the sheets. Don't get them all unfolded," Helen controlled her impatience. "Bring two linen ones—they're hemstitched."

"But it was the plain cotton cases that he brought."

"I told you hemstitched—but those will do," resignedly. "Put these in the clothes hamper," giving him the rumpled cases she had already taken off.

"Now you lie back there—I'll put 'em on. How's that?" eyeing the pillow which he had crammed in all askew. "Well, what's the diff? Now what next?"

"Get me a fresh nightgown and I'll fix myself while you dust. The bottom drawer of my dresser—the one with the val lace and pink ribbons."

A moment later he tumbled a pile of lingerie on the bed.

"You fish it out. All got pink ribbons—all look alike to me."

"These aren't nightgowns—they're combinations and camisoles. I told you the bottom drawer. Don't bring these all—the one with the val lace."

"How the devil am I to know val lace?" as he stalked back to the room adjoining, which Helen used as a dressing room.

"And bring my comb, hand-glass and powder box," she called after him.

"Dolling up just for Carrie!" he snorted when he returned with the toilet articles on top of a pile of nightgowns.

"Put these back smoothly," taking out one of the gowns. "Now get a dust cloth from the pantry—and the carpet sweeper. She didn't touch the hall."

"How'd you know? You can't see the hall."

"No, but I heard her. I listened. She didn't do a thing in the hall."

"Now what?" when he appeared with the dust cloth and sweeper.

"Dust in here first—she'll notice this room most. Do clear off this table. Take that glass and spoon into the bathroom. And that old kimona—hang that out of sight and get my silk one. What's that on that chair? Dear, you didn't even put away your own clothes."

"Just give me time. Can't do everything at once."

"She'll be here in a few moments. You haven't done a thing!"

Never adept about the house, today Warren surpassed himself in his awkward helplessness. He could find nothing, he knew how to do nothing, and he could remember nothing she told him. He drove her wild with his incessant:

"Where'd you say this goes? What'd you want done with this?"

"It'd be easier to get up and do it myself. No, no, that's an evening gown! I told you my silk kimona. You've seen me wear it a thousand times. It's not way back—right in front. And those old slippers—don't let Carrie see them. Throw them in the closet and bring me my rose satin mules."

"Mules?"

"Oh, you know what they are—bedroom slippers. You're trying to be ignorant. They're right there in the shoe bag. You can't miss them."

The dusty mules placed conspicuously by the bed so Carrie could not fall to see them, the silk kimona laid to be draped effectively over a chair.

"Now lower those shades! I look

shastly in this strong light," viewing herself in the hand-glass.

"Now never mind your mug," as he jerked down the shade. "That's enough."

"A little more—to hide that dust under the table. Brush that chair—it's covered with Pussy Purr-Mew's fur. Get a whisk broom. Now straighten the library and lower the awnings—the darker it is the better I'll look."

Warren had hardly started on the library when the bell rang.

"That's her now!" called Helen in a fluttering panic. "Quick, come take these things!" thrusting at him the hand-glass and powder box.

"Now don't get fussed up over Carrie," with maddening deliberation.

"Shut the bathroom door and close that closet. Don't let her go in the front room—I don't know how things look in there."

"Yes, ma'am, you can go right in."

"He of all things, Helen! What's the matter with you?" was her sister-in-law's greeting as she flounced in. "You're not really sick?"

"The doctor seems to think so," exasperated by her first remark.

"What's the trouble? Nervous?"

"He says it's flu," averting her face from Carrie's critical scrutiny.

"Oh, they always say that when they don't know what's the matter. My, you've got it dark in here. Put up those awnings!"

"Now don't you start shooting orders. Helen's kept me trotting all morning." Thus with a grin. "We put down the awnings to hide the dirt."

"Helen, you don't mean you're without a maid again?" maliciously.

"No, but she can't do everything," resentfully. "And I can't get up."

"Oh, that's all!" as Pussy Purr-Mew jumped up on the bed and settled down in purring contentment.

"Really, Helen, you do the weirdest things. You say you're sick, yet you let that cat—just full of germs—lie on your bed."

"We've had Pussy Purr-Mew a long time and she hasn't infected us yet," defended Helen. "She's beautiful and clean. She's always bathing herself."

"Hem-m, if that's your idea of cleanliness! Warren, you'd better come in that window," instructed his sister. "That makes a draft right on her."

"Oh, no, I like it," protested Helen. "I never get enough air."

"You're one of those fresh air fiends who're always sick. Puds are all right if they keep you well—but yours don't. No, put it all the way down."

"I didn't know I was always sick," flamed Helen. "I think I keep quite as well as you do. It's the first time I've been in bed for months!"

"Well, you're always complaining and that's just as bad. But I mustn't stay—I'll be late for church. Now, hurry up and get well and come out next Sunday. A day in the country'll do you good. How about it, Warren?"

"Well, see how she gets along."

"Keep her out of drafts! And I wouldn't have that cat on the bed. Wash, good-by. Let me know if there's anything I can do."

As Warren went with his sister to the elevator, Helen caught her further shrill admonitions until the hall door closed.

Burying her face in the pillow, she tried to force back the agitated hostility that Carrie always aroused. Even when she was well this infamous antagonism was baneful, and now that she was ill, it was poisonous.

When Warren strode back she sat up, flushed and tremulous.

"Dear, raise that window quick as you can!"

"Better not. Carrie thought it was too much."

"I don't care what Carrie thought!

I ought never see her when I'm sick," excitedly. "I was all right this morning and I'm all feverish now!"

"Then lie down and be quiet. Jove, you are hot," feeling her forehead. "You fussed too much before she came, doling up and changing your gown."

"That didn't hurt me. It's just Carrie!" She upsets me the minute she comes in the room. She had to criticize everything—even Pussy Purr-Mew."

"There, there, now, no sense working yourself all up."

"Well, open that window and give me Pussy Purr-Mew. I want every-thing she told me not to have—and I don't want to see her until I'm well."

"Now you lie down and be still or I'll spank you. Cover up those bare arms! No wonder you're sick—wear-

ing a wisp of lace for a nightgown!" Picking up Pussy Purr-Mew he squashed her under the bed clothes. "There're your germs! Now stop chewing the rag about Carrie and go to sleep. If you're not better in the morning, you're going to have a nurse."

At this ominous threat Helen snuggled down with Pussy Purr-Mew in her arms.

A nurse meant \$25 a week, bed-side extravagances in laundry and supplies, Warren could not have held over her a more chastening threat.

Even her rebellion at her shrillish sister-in-law simmered down before the more direful thought of the mounting expenses of a trained nurse.

(Copyright, 1932, by Mabel Herbert Urner.)

Next week—A "Candid" Dinner

When Sick, Bilious, Headachy, Constipated, for Sour Stomach, Gases, Bad Breath, Colds

Clean your bowels—then feel fine! When you feel sick, dizzy, upset, bilious, when your head is dull or aching, or your stomach is sour or gassy, just take one or two Cascarets.

As soon as the bowels begin acting and bowel poison and bowel gases are cleared away, you will feel like a new person.

Cascarets never sicken or irritate you. Also splendid for constipated children. 10-cent a box, also 25 and 50-cent sizes. Any drugstore—Adv.