

Married Life of Helen and Warren

By MABEL HERBERT URNER.

Noisefully Helen tiptoed into the darkened room.

Warren, the covers thrown back from his bandaged arm, was sleeping heavily.

A protesting squeak from the closet door as she opened it a cautious inch. An anxious glance over her shoulder, but Warren breathed on undisturbed.

Taking out the brown linen bag with its red-embroidered "Collars and Cuffs" she tiptoed from the room.

"Dull finish," when she gave the bundle to the waiting laundryman. "Mr. Curtis said the last were too highly polished. And don't starch the shirtbands."

Hardly had she closed the door when she was summoned to the telephone.

"Hello! . . . No, he's still asleep. . . . Yes, the x-ray showed it was fractured. . . . No, not a cast—just bandaged. . . . That's very kind. . . . Yes, I'll tell him you called. . . . All morning Helen had been answering solicitous inquiries that attested to Warren's popularity among men.

"Oh, Anna," as she turned from the phone, "you can't use the sweeper in here! You'll wake Mr. Curtis. Just pick up around and dust."

"If he's goin' to sleep 'till lunch—how'm I goin' to do that room?" reluctantly ceasing her noisy manipulation of the carpet sweeper.

"You'll have to do it after lunch," flushing at the sulky insolence more pronounced than ever since Anna knew she was leaving when her month was up.

With a mumbled protest she picked from the rug a thread and a tuft of Pussycat's fur, before shuffling out to answer the kitchen bell.

"Tailor for them suits," she announced briefly hostile.

Helen hesitated. Would she get out the suits without waking Warren? Again she tiptoed into the darkened room and opened the creaking closet door. Which were the two suits to be pressed? That dark gray—but she was not sure of the other.

As she examined the closely hung suits, a wooden hanger slipped from the rod and clattered noisily to the closet floor.

Dismayed, with held breath, she stood motionless.

"Eh? What the devil?" came Warren's sleepy protest.

Switching off the closet light, she stole noisily out—hoping he would doze off again.

"Tell him Mr. Curtis's asleep and I couldn't get the other one," handing the gray suit to Anna. "We'll give him three next Monday."

An irascible call from the bedroom. Warren had not gone back to sleep.

"Oh, dear, I'm sorry," she hurried in. "I was getting out your suits and a hanger fell."

"Pull up those curtains! Shut that window! What time is it?" yawning, he stretched his free arm up over the pillow.

"Just 11. Don't you want to sleep a little longer—until lunch?"

"No, I don't! Give me my bathrobe. Where're my slippers?"

"How does it feel? A little better?" hopefully.

"Sore as the deuce! He's got this too tight. See if you can't loosen it."

"Oh, I wouldn't dare!" examining the complicated bandages.

Though the fracture was near the shoulder, the whole arm, bent at the elbow, was bandaged close to his chest.

"My hand's cramped! No sense plastering that down."

"He doesn't want you to move it. It's all to help support the bone."

"Anybody call up?" ignoring the friendly overtures of Pussycat-Mew who had jumped up on the bed.

"Yes, Judge Richards, Mr. Stevens, Mr. Hoyt, and somebody else—I couldn't understand his name. They all wanted to know if there was anything they could do," getting out his underwear.

For three mornings Helen had struggled with the arduous task of dressing Warren. She might have been more proficient had he not kept her nervously flustered by his fuming impatience.

"Jove, you're clumsy," he grumbled, when she reached the stage of lacing his shoes. "No, pull the other one. You've got 'em all balled up."

"If you'd only let me put the laces in my way—"

"This is the right way! Easy enough if you'd any gumption. Tight now?" Then rubbing his stubby chin. "Doctor or no doctor, I'm going out for a shave."

Buttoning the collar was what Helen dreaded most. Forcing four folds of stiff linen over the front stud was a strain on her nails and Warren's temper.

"That blamed laundry!" he stormed. "They'll starch these shirtbands."

"I told him this morning. Hold up your chin—it won't meet. Dear, do sit down—it's hard to reach up. This collar's too small!"

"Too small?" with a snort. "Worn a 16 all my life. Wet the buttonhole—put on in the morning."

"Don't be horrid!"

Darting into the bathroom she returned with a glass of water. Dampening her finger she softened the buttonhole, but even then could not get it on.

"Here, get away," savagely. "You're clumsy as a cow! Let me try."

But his untrained left hand fumbled vainly.

"Wait, dear, I've an idea!"

Taking out a hairpin she hooked it. "Oh, how easy!" drawing it through. "Why didn't we think of that before?"

"Hub, a hairpin's the only tool you know how to use. Wow, don't maul that tie."

"The long end around twice—then up and then down through," struggling with the four-in-hand. "Is that right?"

"Yes, but you twist it or do some darn thing. Well, that'll have to do," scowling at the askew knot. "Pull it up tight so it won't show the stud."

"Dear, I'm going to pin this up—it looks too pathetic hanging down," folding up the limp right sleeve. "And you know, I thought of something last night. Why can't I rip your vest up the back so it'll button?"

"Not a bad idea. Go ahead, unbuckle that strap, and rip her up. Wait, tighten this belt first. No, another notch!"

In fluttered eagerness over his rare approval, Helen ripped the back seam.

"Why, that buttons beautifully.

scoped it all out. Here's your napkin."

"Why don't you fire her now," demanded Warren when Anna, her silence shouted hostility, had slouched up. "Why wait till her month's up?"

"Dear, I couldn't break in a new girl now—not till your arm's better."

"What's that got to do with it? I wait on myself—you don't have to do anything for me."

Helen bit her lip. For the last three days she had done nothing but wait on his incessant demands. She had not had a moment for anything else.

"Might broil some bacon with that omelet," as she started for the kitchen.

"Oh, it's so near lunch. Dear, I wouldn't eat much."

"Never mind about lunch—I want a good breakfast. Now hustle it along."

With nervous haste Helen made fresh coffee, beat up a two-egg omelet and broiled three water-thin slices of bacon.

She had just brought it in on the tray, and was pouring his coffee when the telephone rang.

"If that's the office, tell Miss Brooks to come up here with the mail and bring her notebook," instructed Warren. "I want to dictate some letters."

"It's Mr. Dalton," she called back from the phone. He wants to know if he can come to see you this afternoon."

"Dalton?" throwing down his napkin he started up. "I'll talk to him."

At the telephone the irascible note that had been in his voice all morning changed to a genial cordiality.

"Fine! Come right along. . . . I'm bored stiff here with nobody to talk to. . . . Yes, I've had three days of it. Going down to the office tomorrow—don't care what the doctor says. I'm fed up with hanging around here."

He was in high spirits when he came back to the table.

"Mighty decent of Dalton to drop everything and come up here," brushing Pussycat-Mew out of his chair.

"You needn't have told him you were bored stiff—that you didn't have anyone to talk to," flushed Helen, as she buttered his toast.

"Why not?" stabbing into the omelet.

"It's not very complimentary to me. You spoke as if I—"

"Eh? Who said anything about you? What're you chewing about about?"

"Barnation!" as the crisp bacon shot from under his fork.

"How'd you expect me to cut this with one hand? There, that'll do. Where's my napkin? More cream in this coffee—that's enough. Now prop up that paper so I can read!"

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Next Week—"Having the Painters."

Dan Butler Asks Bryan to Deputize Police Officers

Staff Correspondent The Omaha Bee.

Lincoln, March 31.—Police Commissioner Dan Butler of Omaha called on Governor Bryan today to request the governor to issue deputy state sheriff commissions to certain of his police officers.

Butler asserted that a police officer with a deputy state sheriff's commission has wider powers in searching and seizing during raids.

"I understand that a similar request was made to Governor Bryan by Commissioner Dunn, which was turned down," Butler said.

"However, the governor may have had some valid reason for taking this action. I do not know of any reason why he would turn down the new police administration."

Aria by Caruso in April

Victor Company Records

Another Caruso record is included among the Victor releases for April. It is "Nina," an old Italian air attributed by Giovanni Battista Pergolesi.

Lucrezia Bori, soprano, is also represented, singing "The Snow Maiden" by Rimsky-Korsakow. Other artists include Alfred Cortot, pianist, Geraldine Farrar, Hugo Kreischer, Frieda Hempel, Erika Morini, Olga Samaroff and Reinhold Werrenrath.

Pardon Secured by Wife.

Pardon for Charles Bolton, Fort's ninth street and Ames avenue, sentenced to seven days in jail last Tuesday on a charge of operating a motor car while intoxicated, was obtained from Mayor James Dahlman today by Bolton's wife. She told the mayor he was needed at home to plant potatoes. He was released from jail shortly after noon.

Never let milk stand in a tin container.

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The principal ingredients is an extract from the bark of an Africa tree. It is said to be a most remarkable invigorator. Combined with it are other efficient tonic and vitalizing elements of proved value. In many cases the compound produces marked improvement in 24 hours. In a short time the vitality is usually raised, the circulation improved and the glow of health is felt in every part.

The laboratories producing this new invigorator, which is called Re-Bid-Tab, are so confident of its power that they offer new customers a large \$5 supply for only \$1 and guarantee to refund the money if the remedy fails to give results in one week.

Any reader of this paper may test the treatment without risk. Send no money but just your name and address, to the Re-Bid Laboratories, 113 Gateway Station, Kansas City, Mo., and a full 42 treatment of Re-Bid-Tab will be mailed. On delivery, pay the postage only \$1 and postage. If not delighted with the results, notify the laboratories and your money will be refunded in full. Do not hesitate accepting this offer, as it is fully guaranteed.

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