

The Married Life of Helen and Warren

By Mabel Herbert Umer

An Arrogant Insolent Laundress Forces Helen to a Reckless Debauché.

Twenty minutes of 10 and no sign of Mrs. McGuire Helen's resentment at her tardiness gave way to a panicky fear that she might not come at all.

The two tubs of clothes, put to soak the night before, filled her with a sick dismay. It was too late now to get any one else—and the clothes would be ruined if they soaked another night.

It was just a week since Cora left—a dreary week of fruitless efforts to get another maid. She had been to eight agencies, answered 11 advertisements—and they were still maidless.

In a way Warren enjoyed the change of going out for dinner. But as Helen could not get even a cleaning woman, the work was becoming too hard.

And now must she do the washing, too? She shuddered at the mass of clothes soaking in the gray suds.

A sudden shrill of the kitchen bell brought a joyous reaction. She opened the door to the stout, overdressed nonchalant washerwoman.

"Why, it's almost 10," resented Helen, her indignation replacing her anxiety now that Mrs. McGuire had arrived.

"I couldn't get here no earlier," planting her bundle on the kitchen table with a defiant thud.

Not deigning to offer any further excuse, she removed her feather-burdened hat and began unlacing her high-heeled, run over, taffy-colored shoes.

"You can go into the maid's room to undress," admonished Helen sharply.

But ignoring this rebuke, Mrs. McGuire calmly continued to disrobe. Taking off her diaphanous shirtwaist and the beribboned canisole beneath, she dropped her short blue skirt and stood, a grotesque figure, in a rusty petticoat and soiled corset gaping widely at the top.

Arrayed in a grimy waist, old black skirt, and heelless slippers from her bundle, she rolled up her sleeves past the bulging biceps of her red freckled arms, and turned to inspect the size of the wash.

"Now Mrs. McGuire, these are my good napkins. Do them very carefully and don't starch them too much. And this silk underwear, in the basket—don't put it in too hot water—just lukewarm."

"You don't have to tell me nothing," bristling. "Guess I knows how to wash silk. The ladies I works for wears nothin' but silk."

"Well, here's the starch and blueing. Don't make the clothes so blue this week. And don't blue this linen waist at all—it's meant to be cream."

But Mrs. McGuire had turned on the hot water full force, insolently drowning further instructions. As Helen ran the sweeper over the library, she thought of the four dollars a day she was paying Mrs. McGuire for her impudent insolence. She had come at 10, yet she would leave promptly at 6. She never made up for any lost time.

Dusting the bedroom, Helen saw the dresser scarf she had intended to have washed. Taking it off, she hurried out to the kitchen.

"I forgot to put this in," apologetically. "It isn't too late, is it?"

"How much do you think I can wash in one day? Two weeks' wash here now."

"It is not a two weeks' wash," retorted Helen crisply. "And you could have done it easily if you'd come on time."

"I ain't no sweatshop worker. Them days is over. Well, give it here!" Snatching the scarf, she squashed it down in the tub.

With an effort Helen kept her temper. Then turning to leave, her glance fell on the clothes in the boiler which Mrs. McGuire was now roughly prodding.

"My pink silk combinations! You're not boiling those?"

"I won't hurt 'em. Mrs. Martin she wears nothin' but silk—I always boil hers. She likes 'em clean."

"I don't care what you do for Mrs. Martin or for anybody else! It ruins silk things even to put them in hot water. I just told you that. Now take those right out. Be careful, you'll tear them!" as Mrs. McGuire ruthlessly jerked them out on the end of the clothes stick.

Rescuing the frail garments from further mistreatment, Helen rinsed them in cold water and hung them on the towel rack. Mrs. McGuire expressed her animosity by rubbing on the board one of the good tablecloths with vicious vigor.

Fearing to offer further criticism lest she say too much, Helen discreetly left the kitchen.

This was the last time she would have Mrs. McGuire. Warren wanted her to send the clothes to a laundry. It would be better to pay laundry prices than to put up with this woman's insolence.

It was just 12 when Mrs. McGuire appeared at the door of Helen's room.

"What do I get for my lunch? I don't see nothin' in that ice box."

"Why, there's bacon and eggs and bread and butter. I told you we were going out for our dinner."

The comic Sunday supplement propped up before her.

Helen's own meager luncheon, a glass of milk and bread and butter, hastily dispatched, she bustled about trying by her brisk example to induce Mrs. McGuire back to her work. But that leisurely lady refused to budge until she had her full lunch hour.

The very air was charged with their mutual hostility. Even in her own room Helen felt it. Like some poisonous vapor it filled the whole apartment and gave her a throbbing headache.

"Did I forget to feed you?" as Pussy Purr-Mew set up a plaintive mew for her luncheon. "Come on then, I'll give you something right now."

Again in the kitchen, as Helen poured some milk into the saucer under the table, she gave a gasp of horror.

"The dish pan was filled with stockings to soak in the dish pan?"

"What if I did? Ain't gonna hurt it. It can be washed can't it?"

"That's a filthy thing to do! Take them right out and scald that pan thoroughly. Here's an old starch pan—put them in this."

As Mrs. McGuire with venomous mutterings dumped out the socks and stockings, something light gleamed among the black.

"My gray silk stockings! You put them to soak with all those black? They're ruined!" snatching the clouded hosiery from the ink water.

"Here, I can't do my work with you buttin' in every minute," confronting Helen, her face darkly red. If you're so mighty perticular you can finish the wash yourself."

"Very well, I will," flamingly reckless. "I'd rather do the work myself than put up with your insolence."

"That suits me," wiping her hands on her skirt. "I'm used to washin' for ladies, I am—not for the likes of you. Give me my money and I'll go."

"How much do I owe you?"

"Half a day." She was already facing up the taffy colored shoes.

Trembling with indignation, Helen went in for her purse. Half a day! It was only half past one and she had taken a full hour for lunch. She had worked exactly two hours and a half.

But unequal to any verbal combat with Mrs. McGuire, Helen took out a two-dollar bill. Anything to get rid of her quickly!

"Here is your money," stiffly, placing it on the kitchen table.

A safety pin in her mouth, Mrs. McGuire did not deign to reply. With brazen deliberation, she tied the ribbons of her violet pink canisole, donned her diaphanous waist and adjusted her jaunty silk skirt.

Then humming an exasperating tune, she pinned on her be-plumed hat and flounced haughtily out.

When the door slammed after her, Helen dropped quivering into a chair, and surveyed the disheartening scene. A tub full of half-washed clothes and a boiler full besides!

Reaching over, she turned out the gas under the steaming boiler dropped her head on the kitchen table, and gave way to angry, helpless tears.

Then ashamed of her weakness, she started up. It was now six minutes of 2. She had just three hours to finish this washing and clear the kitchen—if she wanted to be bathed and dressed when Warren came home.

With a grim determination she flew into her room, took off her rings, got into her oldest kimono, and was back at the tubs before the clock struck 2.

Recalling from the task before her, Helen pinned up her flowing sleeves, and with studied aversion, plunged into the lukewarm, murky suds.

She would finish this washing though it left her with an aching back and blistered hands. Her very resoluteness gave her a sense of power.

Hereafter she would send the clothes to a laundry as Warren had long advocated. It might be more expensive, but it would free her

from Mrs. McGuire—and from all her swaggering and insolent tribe. She was through paying for arrogant incompetence. Guiding Warren's undershirt through the wringer, her spirits rose with an exultant glow of re-established independence. Next Week—Helen Tries a New Beautifying Treatment.

Frozen Fruit Pudding.
Try this frozen fruit pudding on a warm night.

One cup fruit pulp and juice (strawberry, raspberry, blackberry, peach).
One cup cream.
One cup milk.
One cup sugar.
A little salt.
A few drops lemon juice.

Heat the milk, add the sugar, and when it is dissolved and the mixture cooled add the other ingredients. Freeze and serve.

Argentina women are prohibited from wearing check suits.

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Y. W. C. A.
Mrs. Phebe E. Fullaway has resumed her duties as cafeteria director at the Young Women's Christian association after six weeks' vacation spent in California, and Miss Soula, Mont. While in the west Mrs. Fullaway visited a number of the large caterias, bringing back many new ideas for the cafeteria service, which will be adopted in the association caterias as soon as possible. The Young Women's Christian association desires to thank its many friends for their continued loyalty to the institution during the process of regrading the streets, and to assure them that with the alterations to the building and all exterior improvements, the association hopes to be able to be of even greater service to the community. Patrons of the cafeteria find it much easier of access since the concrete base for the new paving is finished. The luncheon served daily to girls and women in the association auditorium, provides quick service for the excess crowds at noon, so anyone can get prompt service without a tiresome wait in line either on the second or fifth floors.
A woman testified recently in a London court that in 20 years of married life she had never allowed her husband to go out without her.

HARTMAN'S FAMOUS AUGUST SALE
Reductions of 20% to 50% of Quality Home Furnishings
Reductions of 20% to 50%
THE great sale is in full swing! Have YOU attended? Ask your neighbor about this unprecedented August sale of quality home furnishings. She was there and so were her friends, in legion. Many have come back for additional bargains. Even if you do not want to buy, we want you to come anyway, just to see what incomparable values we offer in this price-cutting, profit-sacrificing, money-saving sale! Be on hand tomorrow and you will be amazed to see such desirable, attractive articles for the home at savings of from 20% to 50%—we must make room for shipments fresh from our factories—that's the reason for this stupendous selling event. And remember you can TAKE A YEAR AND A HALF TO PAY!
NOTE! Special offer in a five-drawer chiffonier, in attractive golden finish, at \$12.65
NOTE! Ask to see the special deal on that we are offering in golden or fumed oak, at only \$13.85
TOMORROW'S SPECIAL
100-Piece Plain White Dinner Set
A \$25 Value \$14.50 ONE DAY ONLY
5-Piece Dining Room Suite \$79.85
White Enamel Porcelain Top Cabinet \$69.85
NOTE! Don't fail to see this remarkable bargain. One of the biggest values we have ever offered in a kitchen cabinet. Has white enamel porcelain top, positively an \$85.50 value, at \$69.85.
Fumed Oak \$9.95
NOTE! An extraordinary bargain in a mahogany or walnut finished Queen Anne design End Table \$10.75
4-Piece Walnut Finish Suite \$98.75
NOTE! Special! A substantial rocker that will render the kind of service you expect. Comes in fumed oak and is upholstered with Spanish fabricoid.
Handsome Dresser \$19.75
NOTE! Special! Just as illustrated, in rich golden finish. Has four swing drawers and large good quality plate mirror. It is upholstered in Spanish leather upholstered seats. Queen Anne design. The five pieces complete, for \$19.75.
NOTE! Special! A specially recommended to those who want a high-class looking toilet table at a low figure. Comes in mahogany or fumed oak. Walnut as shown; applicable mirror, and convenient drawers.
4-Burner Gas Range \$33.75
A four-burner gas range with enamel door panel. A range that is guaranteed thoroughly efficient in cooking and baking, at our special sale price of only \$33.75.
\$125 Kroehler 3-Piece Duofold Suite \$78.45
A product of the well-known Kroehler factory. This suite may be purchased in golden or fumed oak or mahogany finish. All three pieces are upholstered to match with Spanish fabricoid. Duofold opens to a full size bed. Positively a \$125.00 value, special, at \$78.45.
Bed, Springs and Mattress At Our Special Sale Price
4-Poster Bed, Comes In Walnut or Mahogany \$59.75
Cotton Mattress Resilient Spring \$26.85
Da-Bed \$26.85
48-In. Cedar Chest \$18.95
Expertly constructed of genuine red cedar, will protect your clothes against the destructive moth. Measures 48 inches long. A wonder value, at \$18.95.
RUG SPECIALS
9x12-ft. Seamless Wool Brussels Rugs, fast colors, very attractive designs, at \$18.95
9x12-ft. Seamless Velvet Rugs, several handsome designs, all in one. Very special, at \$29.75
9x12-ft. High-Grade Axminster Rugs, long silky pile. Splendid selections of new patterns. Special priced, at \$34.75
Englander Double \$26.85
Da-Bed \$26.85
Canvas Couch Hammock \$12.45
Covers in brown or gray canvas. A couch hammock that is recommended for comfort and rest; comes complete with hanging chains and ceiling hooks.
RUG SPECIALS
9x12-ft. Seamless Wilton Rugs, finished with linen fringe, one of the most serviceable rugs made. Special in this sale, at \$79.50
Serviceable Rag Rugs. These rugs are washable and especially recommended for the bedroom or bathroom.
Size 27x54 inches, special, \$1.15
Size 29x60 inches, special, \$1.35
Simmons Crib—Neat, ivory finished, wooden crib; has safety sliding side. A special, at \$11.50
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