The Married Life of Helen and Warren

Forces Helen to a Reckless Defiance.

. Twenty minutes of 10 and no sign of Mrs. McGuire Helen's resent- trying by her brisk example to in- a half. ment at her tardiness gave way to a duce Mrs. McGuire back to her come at all.

The two tubs of clothes, put to soaked another night.

It was just a week since Cora left headache. -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 as Helen could not get even a cleaning woman, the work was be-

coming 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 featherburdened hat and began unlacing her high-heeled, run over, taffy-colored If you're so mighty perticuler you

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

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

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 nothin'," 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. Mc-Guire for her impudent indolence, She had come at 10, yet she would leave promotly 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 tooo late, is it?" "H'ow much d'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 ii you'd come on time."

"I ain't no sweatshop worker. Them days is over. Well, give it Snatching the scari, she Lere!" 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?" "'Twon'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 slik 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. Mc-Guire ruthlessly jerked them out on the end of the clothes stick.

Rescuing the frail garments from turther 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. Mc-Guire 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.

"I like meat for my lunch. You gotta have somethin' to eat when you do a big wash. I get faint in the middle of the afternoon if I don't get a good meal."

"There's plenty of bacon-isn't that meat? And that gluten bread

is very nourishing." "I don't eat no brown bread. And I ain't used to washin' in no place where I don't get a good lunch," re-

treating with muttering discontent. Apparently she was not taking any risk of being "faint in the middle of the afternoon," for when Helen went out to the kitchen, she was breaking three eggs into a skil-

let of sizzling bacon. "Don't see no cream for my tea." "There's plenty of milk," Helen forced herself to say it quietly.
"I don't drink milk in my tea-

rather do without." Turning out the bacon and eggs on a large platter, she sliced five thick slabs of bread, cut off a large hunk of butter, and drew up a chair

before this ample repast. Half an hour later, Mrs. McGuire had disposed of the eggs and bacon. But with maddening deliberation she was still sipping her tea and munching bread and butter, as the perused By Mabel Herbert Urner

hastily dispatched, she bustled about had worked exactly two hours and hour.

soak the night before, filled her The very air was charged with with a sick dismay. It was too their mutual hostility. Even in her The very air was charged with late now to get any one else-and own room Helen felt it. Like some the clothes would be ruined if they poisonous vapor it filled the whole apartment and gave her a throbbing

"Did I forget to feed you?" as Pussy Purr-Mew set up a plaintive and adjusted her jaunty silk skirt. mew for her luncheon. "Come on Then humming an exasperating then, I'll give you something right

Again in the kitchen, as Helen change of going out for dinner. But poured some milk into the saucer

stockings to soak in the dish pan?" "What if I did? Ain't gonna hurt

It can be washed can't it?" "That's a filthy thing to do! Take them right out and scald that pan tears. thoroughly. Here's an old starch pan-put them in this."

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

"My gray silk stockings! You put came home. them to soak with all those black? With a grim determination she They're ruined!" snatching the flew into her room, took off her clouded hosiery from the inky water. rings, got into her oldest kimona, "Here, I can't do my work with you buttin' in every minute," confronting Helen, her face darkly red. can finish the wash yourslf."
"Very well, I will," flamingly reck-

"I'd rather do the work myself than put up with your inso-

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

"How much do I owe you?" "Half a day." She was already lacing up the taffy colored shoes.

An Arrogant Insolent Laundress the comic Sunday supplement prop- | Trembling with indignation, Helen ped up before her.

Helen's own meager luncheon, a glass of milk and bread and butter, had taken a full hour for lunch. She

But unequal to any verbal companicky fear that she might not work. But that leisurely lady refused bat with Mrs. McGure, Helen took to budge until she had her full lunch 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 camisole, donned her diaphanous waist tune, she pinned on her be-plumed hat and flounced haughtily out.

When the door slammed after her, poured some milk into the saucer Helen dropped quiveringly into a under the table, she gave a gasp of chair, and surveyed the disheartening scene. A tub full of half-washed "The dish pan was filled with 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

> 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

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

Recoiling from the task before her, Helen pinned up her flowing sleeves, and with shuddery aversion, plunged into the lukewarm, murky suds. She would finish this wahsing

though it left her with an aching

back and blistered hands. Her very resoluteness gave her a sense of Hereafter she would send the clothes to a laundry as Warren had long advocated. It might be more

expensive, but it would free her

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from Mrs. McGuire-and from all her swaggering and insolent tribe. She was through paying for arrogant incompetence, Guiding Warren's undershirt through the wring-

er, her spirits rose with an exultant glow of re-established independence. Next Week-Helen Tries a New Beautifying Treatment. soula, Mont. While in the west Mrs. I regrading the streets, and to assure and women in the association audi- her husband to go out without her,

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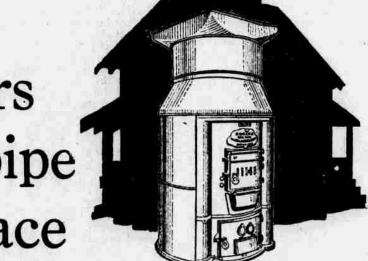
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tian association after six weeks' vaca- friend for their continued loyalty to new paving is finished,

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excess crowds at noon, so anyone

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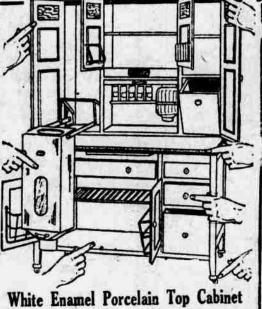
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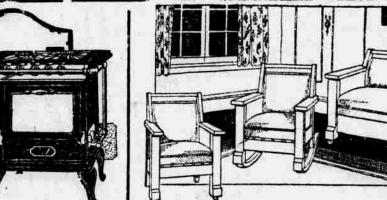
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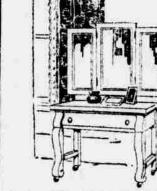
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