

The Married Life of Helen and Warren

Warren's Bluff Deceives the Room Clerk of a Crowded London Hotel.

The great, dimly lit rotunda was somberly impressive with the gloomy grandeur of the older London hotels.

It was 8:30, and the after-dinner loungers were settled on the massive leather couches that circled the vaulted lobby.

"I do hope we can get a room," anxiously Helen as they approached the desk.

"Well, we're not up against it as we were in Paris," Warren yielded the suitcase to an eager page. "At least we can speak the language."

"Dear, those people crossed the Channel with us, indicating a couple now in consultation with the room clerk. "Don't you remember that mink coat? And he's turning them away!"

Drawing nearer, they heard the usual assistance.

"But all our baggage is here! Can't you give us two single rooms?"

"I told you, sir, there is not a vacant room in the house."

"Do you hear that?" whispered Helen. "I said London would be full, but you never will wire ahead for rooms?"

"Don't have to," with a shrug. "Now you leave this to me. I'm going to get a room right here—and a good one, too. Watch me put over a bluff."

As the disappointed couple reluctantly turned from the desk, Warren stepped up briskly.

"In Mr. Curtis—W. E. Curtis. What have you reserved for me?"

"Just a moment, sir. Taking from the drawer an indexed note-book, he turned to Curtis. "No reservations here, Mr. Curtis. When did you write?"

"I didn't write. Didn't you get a wire from Paris?"

He glanced through a pile of telegrams and then consulted with the cashier.

"I'm very sorry, Mr. Curtis, but there's no record of your wire."

"Well, if it's been mislaid—that's not my fault. You'll have to take care of us. I want a good double room for three days. We sail Thursday."

Another consultation. Then the clerk turned the register toward Warren.

"I'll have to give you a room we're reserving for another guest. Show this gentleman up to 246," handing the boy a key. "Any baggage, Mr. Curtis?"

"I left the trunks with the head porter. Have them sent up at once."

"Right away, sir."

Helen caught Warren's jubilant wink as they followed the page into the lift, and out again down the wide carpeted hall to 246.

It was a huge square room with heavy walnut furniture, maroon plush draperies, and the same air of gloomy grandeur that pervaded the halls.

"Oh, you're wonderful!" she gave him an enthusiastic hug as the door closed after the boy. "What a bluff!"

"He fell for it all right," with a chuckle, shrugging off his overcoat.

"And the way you did it! You didn't say you were wired—you just asked if he hadn't received a wire from Paris," gleeful at Warren's evasion of the truth, to which as a rule he so rigidly adhered.

"I want to damn tired to scurry around London tonight. He was easy—lapped it up. They always have a room up their sleeve. That was all blunk about this being reserved. Great guns, it's cold in here!"

"Dear, I wouldn't like that now," as he drew out some matches to start off the grate fire. "Wait until we come up from dinner."

"I want to thaw my feet before I wash up," holding the match under the twisted paper. "Punch that bell for some hot water. Thank heavens, we can ask for what we want here. That pantomime business got on my nerves. Before we go to Paris again, we'll take a few lessons in French!"

"Here comes our baggage," at the sound of a truck rumbling down the hall.

"That's all, sir?" when the porter had brought in their trunks and steamer roll. "Thank you, sir." Pocketing Warren's shilling, he hurried out.

"Here, you're not going to open that now," as Helen unlocked her trunk. "It's after nine—let's go down and have something to eat."

"I just want to see if this case is all right—I was so afraid it would break," unrolling from one of his undershirts an eight-ounce bottle of French perfume. "And I want to take out this hat—it's getting crushed."

Impatiently he strode toward the hall, leaving her to switch off the lights, lock the door and run after him.

"Let's talk down, as she joined him at the lift. "It's only two flights and I love these broad stairs."

The great curved stairway was built on the same massive, stately lines that dignified every part of the spacious old hotel.

"It's all so impressive—this old world atmosphere," taking Warren's arm as they descended. "I feel as though we were going down to some royal banquet. Think how many wonderful costumes have trailed down these stairs!"

"Well, hustle," dragging her on. "You can get your atmosphere on the way up. Just now I'm gunning for a thick mutton chop, cabbage and a baked potato. We'll see enough of Paris. Some good plain English grub will hit the right spot."

Again in the rotunda, they turned down the corridor, paved with black-and-white marble squares. Through the great arched doorway, and they entered the lofty dining-room—deserted except for a few diners near the door.

"All Hot Dishes off at Ten O'clock," was the conspicuous sign under a wall light.

"Love, not very cheerful in here. How about going out somewhere?"

"No, dear, we're too tired. And we were up so late last night. Let's have something here and get to bed early."

"There's not much on now, sir," announced the glum-looking waiter who seated them. "Only cold meats and salads after 10."

"It's not 10—it's only 20 minutes of 10, and I don't want any cold meat," Warren's tone was emphatic. "I'll have a grilled chop, cabbage, baked

Satisfactory Result of a Correspondence Course in Personality and Charm Development



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Dirty Work at the Cross Roads

By JAMES J. MONTAGUE.

When Mr. Scott wrote that poetry about "full many a shaft at random sent mids mark its archer little meant," he probably had the bandit business in his mind. Anyway, while there isn't any way to put any bandits in jail for it, they are just as guilty of what they have been happening to me as if they had stolen a pistol under my nose and ordered me to stand and deliver. A lot of automobilists who never meant me any harm are participants in this crime, and accessories before, during and after the fact. There isn't any way to have them put in jail, either. If there was, and I knew about it, that's where a lot of them would be.

The bandits I have mentioned have been pretty busy lately around our suburb, and what with the hold-ups they actually committed and what with the holdups that melodramatic chauffeurs said they committed the public, as the editorial writers say, has been thoroughly

explained to me afterward, when it was too late to do me any good.

When I got to a cross roads about three miles out and in the middle of a wood, the carburetor gave thirty long and five short pops, and the car refused to go any farther.

I got out and tested for engine trouble, and for battery trouble, and for ignition trouble, and last of all for course for gas trouble. Gas trouble was right. The tank was dry.

It was at least two miles to the nearest garage, and I was already late for the party. The only thing to do was to stop some friendly passer-by, and either borrow a little gas or ask for a ride some place where I could get it.

That looked easy enough, but I had forgotten about the bandits.

Cars had been passing right along, so I went out into the street to flag the first that passed.

It was a fiver, who was hauling along at about 15 miles an hour till the driver saw me. Then yelling like a Comanche, he fed in the gas, and

I hadn't got out of the way I'd have been severely damaged.

I put him down for an ill-mannered churl, and tried the next one, a big car that was traveling at a pretty good clip.

There wasn't any answer to my signal but a mad rush past me, while a man in the back seat yelled some insult at me that was lost in the whirl of the motor.

Five cars I tried to stop in the same fashion. The last man slowed down almost to a standstill, but I stepped up he threw the car violently in gear, and shouting, "If you shoot I'll shoot back," and rolled along down the road.

Well, the "if-at-first-you-don't-succeed-try-again" thing can be overdone, so I wandered around till found a farm house and knocked at the door.

For a long time there was no answer. Then a window over my head was opened, and a voice cried: "I've got you covered. Get out of here or you're a dead man!"

When I reached the car again I

found it surrounded with gentlemen carrying rifles and conversing in low tones.

"Who are you?" asked two or three of them as I came up.

I told them.

"Likely story," said one of their number. "You been standing here tryin' to hold up cars for the last half hour. We've been informed of your doings, and have come to get you."

I inquired in turn who they were. "We're vigilantes," they said. "It's our business to clean you bandits out of the country."

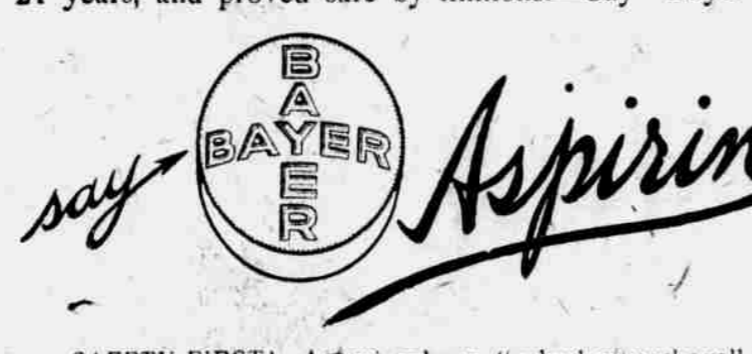
Explanations were useless. They had rifles, and I didn't. Also they seemed a little timid, and scared men are always dangerous. So I went along with them to a village police station.

I got out the next day, but it was too late for the party.

The bandits were to blame for it, and I'm going to join the vigilantes and try to get even with them.

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APPENDICITIS

Appendicitis attacks at any moment, even persons seemingly in good health. Usually, however, it is preceded by stomach trouble or constipation. Many people have a bowel movement every day, but it is not a COMPLETE movement. The old, staid, starchy diet, the system to ferment and cause trouble. Often there is only a small passage in the center of the bowels while the sides are covered with old, hard matter which sticks to the bowels and often poisons the system for months, making you feel tired all the time and "half-sick." Even if your bowels move slightly each day, that's not enough. There must be an occasional THOROUGH, complete cleansing to bring out all the accumulated, poisonous waste matter.

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