

# The Married Life of Helen and Warren

# A Study in Perspective---The Vanishing Point

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By Charles Dana Gibson  
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### A Trying Ordeal on the Pier Attends Their Night Arrival in New York.

It was after 10 o'clock before the huge liner finally docked. For over six hours they had been held up at quarantine by scarlet fever in the steerage.

The passengers, tired and irritable from this delay following an exceptionally rough voyage, were now impatient to get through the customs.

The long dock swarmed with porters and rumbling trucks, as the baggage was distributed under the letters that hung from the beams.

Helen, sitting dejectedly on one of their trunks under "D," watched for the rest of their luggage, while Warren hurried down the pier to the great crowd of friends and relatives waiting behind the ropes.

Too tired to force the joyous animation always expected after a trip abroad, Helen was secretly hoping that no one was there to meet them.

Above all, she hoped it would not be Warren's sister. Tonight, weighed by the hours coming depression, she felt unequal to Carrie's critical inspection and inevitable stream of questions.

Then she saw Warren making his way back through the piles of luggage—and with him Carrie and Lawrence!

Assuming a smile of eager cordiality, she ran to greet them.

"Weren't we lucky to get through?" effused Carrie. "Warren knew the men at the gate. How was the trip? Did you have a wonderful time in Paris?"

"Oh, yes, very wonderful," murmured Helen, who loathed these swarming questions.

"Did you find things cheap. Did you get a lot of clothes?"

"A few things," conscious of Carrie's critical survey of her Parisian coat and hat.

Warren and Lawrence now starting off to look up the rest of the luggage, she was left alone with her inquisitive sister-in-law.

"That's a good looking coat. What did you have to pay for that?"

"I don't remember exactly," furious at this prying question. Warren has all the bills for the customs—you can ask him.

"Oh, if you don't want to tell me—just say so," arrogantly.

Helen bit her lips. It was always the same. She could never be with Carrie for five minutes without clashing.

"We've got everything now except one trunk," Warren came up followed by a steward with their hand luggage.

"I hear you had a pretty rough trip," Lawrence turned to Helen. "Must've been a high sea for the waves to hit that bridge. Were you sick?"

"No, but I didn't feel very comfortable."

"Oh, Helen will never admit she's seasick," laughed Carrie. "She's the champion sailor always."

"Well, she felt pretty rocky this trip," Warren grinned. "Wagon't go of the steamer for three days."

"Because it was so rough," flared Helen. "But I wasn't sick."

"No, of course not. You never are," Carrie, in one of her most caustic moods, was deliberately trying to be hateful.

"Here's the last piece," announced Warren, as the steward shuffled with the trunk on his shoulder. "Now I'll try to get an inspector."

"Dear, you know how long it took last time. Carrie and Lawrence won't wait to wait."

"Oh, we're in no hurry," protested Carrie, perching on one of the trunks. Tomorrow's Sunday—we can sleep late."

Helen had hoped they would leave before the inspection of their baggage. But evidently Carrie was determined to stay and view their Parisian purchases.

"Well, Helen, I hope you've declared everything," she shrugged. Mrs. Ed Barton had to pay a \$500 fine for smuggling in a couple of gowns. Oh, look, she's getting into trouble!"

A flushed and excited woman under "D" was arguing with the inspector over a silver-brocade evening wrap which she had not declared.

Ignoring her voluble explanation, he laid the wrap aside and proceeded in the large wardrobe every drawer.

"He's found something else," whispered Carrie, as from beneath the lining of a black velvet hat he drew out an expensive paradise aigret.

"I put it there so it wouldn't get broken," shrilled the woman. "And I forgot it."

"Madam, that makes four expensive articles you've forgotten to declare. I'm afraid your bad memory is getting you into serious trouble."

The woman stood wretchedly while he ransacked another tray. Reluctantly she dumped out a pile of silk lingerie on the grimy cement floor.

Warren now returned with another inspector—a thin dyspeptic looking man, his grim mouth emphasized by a bristling gray mustache.

"He was not going to be 'easy,'" nervously Helen thought of the few small things she had not declared.

It was Warren's trunk that he opened first. He merely glanced at the closely-packed shirts, looked at a gray tweed suit, opened a box of cigars, asked if he had anything else—then closed and marked the trunk.

Helen was elated. He was going to be 'easy' after all! But when he opened her trunk, his attitude changed. Evidently suspicious of all women, he took out the wardrobe and inspected every garment.

Fortunately she had followed Warren's advice and declared her purchases at their full value.

"I don't see this on your declaration," examining the label in the waistband of the one evening gown she had taken over with her.

"No, that's a French model I bought here in New York."

"Where's this eight-hundred-franc coat you have down here?"

"It's the one I'm wearing," flushing at Carrie's chuckle as its value was revealed.

"Very reasonable for that," the inspector eyed it suspiciously.

"Yes, it was reduced. Mr. Curtis has the bill," as Warren produced it.

"What's in this?" He was feeling a paper-wrapped package.

It was the present they were bringing Carrie—the fitted sewing box! Now she would know what it cost!

"It's this item," Helen indicated the line on the declaration. "Leather sewing box—30 francs,"

he read aloud with hateful distinctness. "Will you undo it, please?"

Helen was forced to comply while Carrie stood there eagerly watching.

"Oh, it's not real leather," he examined the cover. "Just imitation. That's all right. What's in this?" feeling another package.

Boiling inwardly, Helen tied up the discredited work box. Now Carrie knew it was imitation leather and that it cost only 30 francs!

Plainly distrustful of all femininity, the inspector's examination of Helen's trunk was thorough. But apparently looking for more valuable articles, he failed to notice the few small things she had not declared.

When he figured up the duty on an upstanding trunk, Helen could not see the amount, but she saw the roll of bills Warren drew from his pocket.

"Dear, how much?" tensely, when the inspector had finally departed.

"Not bad—only \$37.50."

"That's too much," indignantly. "We bought so little. And you said they'd make an allowance for wear—and I'd work everything."

"He did take off something on that coat. He was pretty decent. They've got to be strict—lot of smugglers try to get stuff in on these big boats."

"Hardly looked at your trunk," but he seemed suspicious of Helen," laughed Carrie.

"It's always the women who try to speak things through," observed Lawrence.

"Come on, guess we can get out of here now. Here," Warren stopped a porter with an empty trunk. "Take this stuff down and put it on a taxi."

"Well, we'll leave you," announced Carrie. "Our car's here but we couldn't go together, anyway. Hope you find everything all right at home."

"Mighty good of you to meet us. Come in and have dinner with us some evening next week," invited Warren, cordially.

"Yes, do," echoed Helen weakly. Twenty minutes later they were driving homeward in an ordinarious taxi, their trunks piled on top, and the hand luggage cramping their knees.

"Carrie looked well, didn't she? Seems good to see 'em again," Warren settled back and lit a cigar. "Well, Kitten, we're getting home."

"You are right, somebody has," she snaps, "and I'm plotting revenge!"

"Ah!" I says, "I'll wager you're plannin' to return the little solitaire! Am I right?"

She looks surprised. "Yes," she admits. "That seems to be the best way possible to get even and punish Jack for his behavior last night."

"Suppose you read off the story of the battle," I suggests.

"Well," she opens, "there's nothing I hate like a tightwad."

"There's nothin' any woman hates like a tightwad!" I informs her. "We are all alike in that little detail."

"I suppose we are," she answers, "but I have always felt especially strong on the subject. In my eyes, stinginess is one of the worst faults a man can have—it shows a shriveled up soul."

"Well," I says, risin' in defense of the absent brethren, "some men have got to be tightwads. It's often the only way to make two widely divergin' ends meet."

"I'm not speaking of that class of men," she informs me. "Of course, I don't admire a man for spending the green-backs when he hasn't honestly got them to spend. The man I'm speaking of is the sort who will embarrass a girl with petty economies. The sort who wants to make a show and is not willing to pay the price for it!"

"Well, dearie," I remarks, "there's a cheap sport parkin' on every corner, and there's no end of jewelry given at Christmas that turns green in the spring, right along with the foliage! But proceed with the story."

"Well," she says, "getting down to facts, Jack asked me out for dinner and a show last night. I insisted on a quiet little restaurant in the first place, for I didn't see any use in spending a lot of money on the food. But Jack was set on a real party, so I let him have his way, and we landed at 'The Pendennis'."

"We had a four course dinner, Jack ordered like a millionaire. It was regular food! When we were through the waiter brought the check. Jack looked it over and handed him a bill. But when the change came back the trouble started!"

"For instance?" I says, all interested.

"He accused the waiter of short-



## Heart Secrets of a Fortune Teller

By RACHEL MACK.

Is He Stinky?

My door opens like a hurricane and a good-looking little tailor-made dame hurries in,—black eyes snappin' and a determined chin set at the trouble angle.

"You are upset!" I says, after inviting her to be seated. "Somebody has disturbed your peace of mind."

"You are right, somebody has," she snaps, "and I'm plotting revenge!"

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changing him a quarter! There was an awful argument. Then he sent for the head waiter. He had the head waiter go over the check and count the change, and sure enough there was a quarter short! The first waiter claimed the change was all there when he brought it. The head waiter naturally made a lot of apologies but sided against Jack, just the same. It was awful!"

"And you had some audience enjoyin' the little scene?" I suggests.

"A perfect mob," she says in disgust. "Everybody in the restaurant was amused. I was furious with Jack for creating such a disturbance and I insisted on leaving and letting the matter drop. But Jack said no, it was a matter of principle with him and he intended to stay here

til he got justice. He said waiters got away with this short-change business because people were too cowed to stand up for their rights, and he intended to do his part to put a stop to it!"

"And how did it all end?" I asks.

"It ended by the head waiter giving Jack a quarter apiece offering an apology on the part of the management. And then," she announces in disgust, "Jack turned around as if nothing had happened and tipped the table waiter a dollar for service!"

"Well, I laughs until I'm weak," "Girly," I finally manages to say between gasps, there's never any use in arguin' with a mad woman, so I refuse to advise in this case. But accordin' to the mental picture I've

picked up of friend Jack, he won't need any champion."

"Any man, dearie, who's got the courage to meet a head waiter on his own battle ground and fight for his rights 'til he gets 'em, well, he's a real man. For the world knows, dearie, that the witherin' scorn of taxi drivers and head waiters is harder to face than a nest of German machine guns workin' over time."

"No, dearie," I says in conclusion, "you haven't got a chance in the world of makin' him take back that solitary. Something tells me, that Jack's not going to lose his girl because she happens to be sufferin' from a fit of temper. I'm bettin' on him makin' you keep the ring, dearie, and furthermore, I've got him picked

for a future head of the War department. He certainly has got the High-Brow Tastes."

Next Week: The Girl With the High-Brow Tastes. (Copyright, 1921, Thompson Feature Service.)

Purse Man Lost in Ocean Is Returned by Finder

Provincetown, Mass., March 19.—A pocketbook lost aboard by Brageia Souza while on a motorboat trip between Highland Light and Boston Light, washed ashore at Ocean Bluff, near Marshfield, and was returned to its owner. A beachcomber picked it up and discovered Souza's name on a motorboat license, afterwards notifying the chief of police here.



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