

The Married Life of Helen and Warren

A Humiliating Encounter Exposes the Fatuity of Feminine Pretense.

"What's your hurry? Why can't you stay to supper?" urged Warren with his usual hospitality.

"That's very kind, but I don't think we'd better," wavered Mrs. Morgan, drawing on her immaculate white gloves with obvious reluctance.

"It's the maid's Sunday off. There's just a cold supper—but we'd love to have you," murmured Helen, desperately hoping they would not stay.

"Oh, we wouldn't think of it—I know how it is when the maid's off," now briskly clapping her gloves plainly not enthusiastic over the "cold supper."

"Let's all go to the Gilmore's," suggested Warren, who had been talking to Mr. Morgan. "Had a mixed grill there the other day that couldn't be beat."

"Dear, I'm afraid I can't go out tonight," protested Helen, hastily knowing Warren would pay the bill.

"I'm just getting over a neuralgic toothache—and it's so damp out! Wouldn't you all rather stay here?"

"We'd like to, but some friends are stopping at the Astor-Ritz this week," Mrs. Morgan suddenly remembered. "They wanted to dine with them tonight."

"Then we'll make it some other time," Helen tried to conceal her relief.

"I'm sure we'd enjoy it," observed Mr. Morgan politely.

"You've heard about the change of management at the Astor-Ritz?" Mrs. Morgan never missed an opportunity to air her knowledge of expensive restaurants. "We're hoping they'll keep up the old standard. I've gotten so I simply can't eat anywhere else. It's the best cuisine in New York."

"Better than the Gilmore? I think the food there is particularly good," Helen sought to cloak her ignorance of the Astor-Ritz by her limited knowledge of the Gilmore.

"We used to go there a lot, but lately we've preferred the Astor-Ritz. Don't you love their sauces—that Mouseline they serve with fillet of sole?"

"That's a fine bookcase you have there," remarked Mr. Morgan always restive under his wife's vaunting volubility. "Old Sheraton, isn't it?"

"Yes, we brought that from London," fluttered Helen, ever eager to announce that fact.

"We were going over this year, but they say Europe is so overrun with tourists—I don't think we'd enjoy it. Are you going?"

"We hope to—if Mr. Curtis can get away from his business," glowed Helen.

"You mean if we can raise the cash," blurted Warren wickedly.

"That's a good Heppelwhite table. You've got some nice old pieces," Mr. Morgan showed a genuine knowledge and appreciation of old furniture.

"I wish you'd seen our home before we gave up the house. We had some wonderful old things that had been in the family for years, effused his wife. "I often regret selling the house, but with all those servants—it took my entire time just looking after them."

"Yes, there's a care," agreed Helen, as though accustomed to a large household staff.

"Well, thank heavens we can get along with one," grumped Warren. "And sometimes she's one too many."

"Oh, can you manage with one?" patronizingly.

"Of course, we have a laundress," Helen hastened to explain, furious at Warren's needless frankness. "And often an extra woman for cleaning."

"Well, you're fortunate to get a general houseworker. They're very rare these days. Come, George, we must be going. It's almost six. You know it's hard to get a good table at the Astor-Ritz if you're late."

When finally the door closed after them, Helen confronted Warren with flaming indignation.

"You needn't have said we had only one servant! And about going abroad—why did you say that about raising the cash? She'll really believe it."

"Just why I said it, I was darned sick of her four-flushing. All that hot air about their house—a dinky two-story shack down on Twelfth Street."

"Why, dear, she spoke of all the servants and—"

"Never had more than one—if she had any! Morgan's always been hard up."

"But look how she dresses. He must have money now."

"Not such an all-fired lot. He made a little in Wall street on that last flurry—but she's blowing it all in."

"Well, I'm glad they didn't stay for supper. There's only that cold lamb and some potato salad."

"Huh, I want more than that. We'll go out for a regular feed."

"Dear, not tonight. If you're hungry I'll open a can of—"

"Nothing doing, my little Mary's paking a mixed grill at the Gilmore."

"If you must go out, let's go to that Italian place on Tenth street. You said you'd take me there again. And I'd love some spaghetti tonight."

"Oh, all right," grudgingly. "If you're so keen about it. Hustle and get ready. You don't have to doll up to go down there."

At least she had steered him away from the Gilmore, exulted Helen as she buttoned up her second-best blue taffeta. The Tenth street Table d'Hotel was only a dollar—it would have been six or seven at the Astor-Ritz.

"Jove, we didn't bring an umbrella," Warren soanned the darkening sky as they came out. "Well, we won't go back now—take a taxi if it rains."

Chicino's, on Tenth street, was a favorite Bohemian resort. The food was fairly good, the portions generous, and the place moderately clean. Though it was after 7:30 when they entered the long, low-ceilinged, basement room was still crowded.

"There's a table—they're just leaving," nudged Helen as a couple rose.

The next moment they were seated before a clutter of soiled dishes and a coffee-stained cloth,

which Warren viewed with scowling distaste.

The table reset, they were served with the usual Italian antipasti: one lonely sardine, two slices of salami, an olive, and a sliver of tomato.

"Oh, dear, don't eat that salami," restrained Helen with a deep-rooted aversion to sausage in any form. "You don't know what it's made of, and you don't need it—this dinner's so hearty."

"Now you dragged me down here—I'll eat what I choose," dispatching with relish both the round, greasy slices.

A plate of Minestrone soup, thick with vegetables and macaroni, was followed by a heaping platter of spaghetti with chicken-liver sauce.

Warren, about to dispose of several yards of spaghetti skillfully wound around his fork stopped short at Helen's sudden gasp of dismay.

"Eh, what's wrong?" the well-laden fork poised in mid-air.

"The Morgans!" in an agonized whisper.

"Where?"

"By the window. No, don't look now—please don't! Oh, how awful!"

"Well I saw the joke's on them," grinned Warren.

"What will she think? I said I couldn't go out with this toothache."

"That's what you get for lying. You're always cooking up some alibi when you think I'm going to shed a few dollars."

"Maybe they haven't seen us," tensely. "Turn your chair this way—so they won't see your face."

"What for? I'm not trying to hide. After that spiel she gave us about always going to the Astor-Ritz—hope she does see us."

"Here's the menu. Pretend you're reading that."

"I'll pretend nothing!" explosively. "How the Sam Hill you going to get out of here without passing 'em?"

"Well wait 'til they go."

"Huh, I'm not parking here all night. How far along are they?"

"Oh, Warren, they'll see you!" as he craned his neck.

For the next half hour Helen mimed over her food trying to seem unconscious, yet knowing her flushed face betrayed her embarrassment.

She labored to prolong the meal, but Warren was not to be delayed. Refusing to linger over the coffee, he calmly called for their check.

"Dear, just a few minutes. They're having their cheese now—they won't be much longer. Oh, I CAN'T pass them! How can I explain?"

"She'll be pretty busy doing some explaining of her own," Then separating a 30-cent tip from the change, "Come along now. Face the music."

Could they get by without being seen? As they approached the Morgans' table Helen, her gaze averted, was thrusting her handkerchief into her bag.

"Hello, Morgan! Didn't expect to see you here."

"Why, Mr. Curtis! This is a coincidence," Mrs. Morgan was crimson and her voice shrilly staccato.

"We found our friends had been called away this morning and we—"

"The Astor-Ritz was so crowded—we thought we'd come down here."

"Not a bad place. And mighty cheap," brusqued Warren pointedly.

"It's the first time we've ever been here," Mrs. Morgan managed a depreciatory shrug. "One likes to try these places just once. Then catfishily, "Mrs. Curtis, I'm glad your tooth got better so quickly."

"I—I shouldn't have come out," stammered Helen. "But Mr. Curtis wasn't in the mood for a home supper."

"Ho-pe we'll all meet here again some night. May not have that 'muslin' sauce you get at the Astor-Ritz," laughed Warren maliciously, "but it's a pretty good place when you don't feel flush. So long."

Out through the low doorway, up the basement steps, and the cooler air of the street fanned Helen's scorching face.

"Oh, I—I thought I'd go through the floor!"

"Huh, she got the worst of that. Told you she'd do some tall explaining. Pretty glib liar, too. Fairly good yourself—but you're not in her class. Poor old Morgan! He got as 'silly as a cat."

"Yes, I noticed that—and he didn't say a word."

"After all that hot air she shot off about the Astor-Ritz—to run into them at a cheap spaghetti joint! That was great," with a chuckle.

"Good as a show! Why squander \$2.50 on orchestra seats when you can get a laugh like that thrown in with a \$1 feed?"

Next Week—A comic calamity. "When Warren's Sister Stays All Night." (Copyright, 1921, Mabel Herbert Harper.)

What a Nuisance Are Her Mother's Dinner Guests!



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GOLF

By JAMES J. MONTAGUE.

Golf strengthens the mind and body, builds character and morals and makes its devotees men among men, or women among women, as the case may be.

In this respect it differs from dancing, which converts its followers into men among women, or women among men, also as the case may be.

The latter condition leads to marriage, which in modern times leads to divorce trials, and is therefore not to be encouraged.

Many people regard golf as prohibitory because of the expense in

ful eye, and that he is really a remarkable boy.

It is not at all necessary to use strong language in taking up golf although some golfers hold that it helps.

You can, however, use strong language just as well in the home as you can on the golf course, and have more time to think up apt expressions, as your mind will not be occupied with remembering things that your friends have taught you about the game.

You will now need only one thing, which is the advice of your friends regarding everything you do—loud and persistent advice, usually beginning with, "You're doing that all wrong. Now watch me do it."

If you can survive two weeks of that and still remain the friend of man, you have learned all that golf can teach you, and will never need to buy a club, to pay a caddy or to send in a check for membership dues.

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Letters From Father To His Son
(Continued From Page One.)

"You can't show wooden legs an' you can't show folks dyin'."

"What'll I put in?" says the producer.

"Put in fer a title. The Admiral Benbow Inn was a favorite meeting place for the honest makeral fishermen o' the village."

"Then, after a close-up o' two fishermen playin' checkers in southern wester, you can run a few hundred feet of our special educational fillum on the makeral industry. After that, if you got to kill off the old Dodo, do it with a title."

"Time, the Grim Reaper, summoned Cap'n Bones to his last command! That won't do no harm 'cause nobody'll know what you're talkin' about."

The Plot Coagulates.

From this on, as you remember 'th' story, the kid finds 'th' map in the Cap'n's chest. I don't know how he got into it unless he attended the autopsy. At any rate it showed where the ol' Buzzard had buried 'th' treasure. So he gets hold of a doctor an' a lawyer, what had more time than brains, an' they all sail away on 'th' Hispaniola to find 'th' booty. Things might 'a gone fine if everybody on board hadn't been a crook. By the time they got to the island they was about as congenial as an enforcement agent at a bartender's wake.

The scenes on the island resemble

Tabby Kitten Born With Plainly Marked on Stomach

London, July 2.—All London is interested in a kitten that has just been born. It is generally tabby, but on its white stomach is "1921" distinctly marked in gray fur.

The theory is that before the kitten's birth the mother's favorite resting place was a spot where a sacker marked "1921" was continually before her eyes. The kitten's owner refuses to sell it.

"How fortunate it is," remarks a morning paper, "that women are not born with the date of birth on them."



time and money, but this view is based on insufficient knowledge of the game.

Anybody may grasp the essentials of golf without so much as taking a club in his hand or addressing a ball or a caddy.

In fact in the beginning it is better to do your golfing as far away from a golf course as possible, and without either clubs or caddies.

Both of these accompaniments of the game tend to confuse the mind and divert it from the business at hand, which is the cultivation of self control.

This any honest golfer will tell you.

When you take up golf, first go to a lumber yard and purchase several bundles of lath, which can be had even now at a very reasonable price, as compared to golf clubs.

Take these lathes to your bedroom, and for an hour after arising break from one to ten of them over your knee, throw the fragments on the floor and stamp on them.

Hurl five or six others out of a window, or down an air shaft.

This will be the beginning of your lesson in self control. You will find as time progresses that you will break fewer and fewer of the lathes and throw a smaller number of them out of the window.

Now if you did this with clubs, as you would do if you were foolish enough to begin your golf in the old fashioned way, it would entail a very considerable expense.

Golf clubs cost from \$5 up to if you pick out the ones you want, which you never do.

If you pick out the ones the golf goods salesman or the club professional tells you to pick out, which you always do, they will cost considerably more.

Some golfers invest several hundred dollars in golf clubs alone, merely for the purpose of breaking them, which doesn't pay and injures the credit of the nation as all destruction of property is bound to do.

Training in Excuses.

After you have acquired enough self control so that you can get along with breaking only two or three lathes a day, pick out the most impudent and self-superior office boy of your acquaintance and apologize to him for everything you do in his presence.

If you sharpen a lead pencil badly,

Landlady Uses Horsewhip On Her Horse Tenants

Detroit, July 2.—Mr. and Mrs. John Barsby lived in a fashionable apartment house, where the rules forbade music of any kind.

The Barsbys observed this regulation implicitly, except for a fife, a xylophone, a bass viol and a phonograph.

Mrs. Barsby holds that such a trivial lapse is no justification for a horsewhipping. Accordingly she haled Mrs. Little White into court on an assault and battery charge.

Mrs. White is manager of the non-musical apartment house. She is alleged to have done the horsewhipping, employing Mr. and Mrs. Barsby as her targets. Mrs. Barsby told the judge she and her husband were ordered to move because of the fife, xylophone, bass viol and phonograph. When they suggested a refund on their rent Mrs. White came to bat with her horsewhip, it was charged.

Describing himself as a "Sparkler," and being asked what it meant, a witness in a London court said, "I sell imitation diamonds to servant girls."

Art Invades Arctic Circle; Eskimos in Igloo Musicals

Edmonton, Alberta, July 2.—Igloo musicales and literary circles may become fashionable among the Eskimos. Dennis Anotok, of Anderson river, leader of sub-polar cognoscenti, has written to Edmonton for a phonograph, forty records of his songs and popular novels. His order came by the last mail from Dawson.

The songs are those that have won the plaudits of the cabarets, the kind that jazz connoisseurs describe as "knockouts, believe me"—mammy songs, hula songs from corulan to indigo, passionate tabasco melodies warranted to heat an igloo when the temperature outdoors is seventy below. These ditties will give the Arctic its first taste of canned music.

Cat Cemetery and Nursery Found in Apartment House

Boston, July 2.—A cat colony—containing forty-two felines, alive and dead, of all shapes, shades and sizes was discovered when health department and animal rescue league officials forced their way into the apartment of Miss Letty Astin, at No. 108 School street, Roxbury.

Sixteen dead cats, each neatly wrapped in tissue and newspaper, enclosed in pasteboard boxes with wooden cases, were found inside the apartment. And 26 other tabbies very much alive disported themselves in the yard.

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Watch One Corn

end in this way—then decide

Learn now the right way to end corns.

Apply Blue-jay—the liquid or the plaster—to one corn. Mark how the pain stops. Watch the corn, in a little while, loosen and come out.

Stop paring corns—it is dangerous. Put aside the old, harsh treatments. Try this new way at once.

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