OMAHA, SUNDAY MORNING, JULY 10, 1921.

greatly tempted.

MISS MARY SMITH



The beautiful Miss Smith looked slightly

'It's a wonderful program," she said, hesi-

overwhelmed but also, he exultantly realized,

## By ELIZABETH JORDAN

uttered a rude word. He was devoted to Kittie, but in that moment he would have enjoyed taking her by her pretty shoulders and giving her a good shaking. Why was it that girls of Kittle's sort never realized the value of

fellow's time? Kittie appeared to think that he, John, was in New York for the sole purpose of entertaining any friend of hers who suddenly decided to spend a few days in the metropolis. Whereas, what he was really here for was to wrest from the reluctant city an annual income which would send his sister comfortably through college. provide her with pretty gowns and silk stockings and matinee tickets, and leave enough to support his brave front as a young and successful captain of industry.

To meet their combined expenses and to be little ahead of the game kept John hustling. Both he and Kittle were natural spenders, and their easeful life before their father died a bankrupt had not given them a training which helped them now. Their strongest emotion next to their grief over his death was an immense and horrified surprise at the situation of penury in which they found themselves—a surprise their mother shared to such an extent that the shock of it killed her. She died, indeed, with something of the effect of hastening into the next world to ask her husband how it had happened.

The five years following these calamities had been hard years for John, but he had made them as easy as he could for Kittie. Then he had got his real start and had dug into his work and had begun to make money, which Kittle spent as joyously and as irresponsibly as she had spent her father's money. John didn't mind that. Kittie was all he had, and she was having a wonderful time. Even now, recalling this, his brow cleared and he picked up Kittie's letter and reread its last paragraph with a forgiving grin. Kittie could not realize how busy he was. That was Kittie's only fault.

You will like Mary immensely," Kittle had "She's the dearest thing in the world and so pretty, and her name is Smith, you know, so perhaps she's our cousin or something. I won't ask you to meet her at the train, for that might not be convenient." (O, thoughtful little "But she'll go right to the Beresford when she arrives at 4 Thursday, and I want you to be at the hotel at 5 and take her somewhere for tea. Then you can make some more plans, for she'll be in town three days. She's going to be bridesmaid next month at the Knapp-Darroy wedding. Do be good to her, Jackie, darling. She's one of my dearest friends, and I want you to live up to all I've told her about you."

John's handsome young face wore a reconciled but thoughtful expression as he folded the letter and put it in his pocket. His mind worked briskly on its little problem. Thursday! That was today. At 5! It was now 4:30, and he was in his downtown office, at least a good half hour from the Beresford. Kittie's letter had just come to him in the last afternoon mail. She hadn't allowed him much time to turn around: but that was Kittie's way. She was like a happy child in her gay assumption that everything and everybody could be shaped to her wishes. John grinned again. He had a business appointment at a quarter to five, and it was too late to warn the party of the second part, who was doubtless at that moment in the subway on his way

John closed the drawer of his desk with an emphasis that worked off the last trace of his irritation, left with his stenographer a message the nearest subway station. He would take the girl at the Beresford to tea at some good place where good food and good music were provided. he resolved, and before she left town he would take her to dinner and the theater. That would represent all the time and money he could spend on her, and he would have to give Kittle a gentle hint about sending, him anyone else for a

He entered the lobby of the Beresford at exactly 5 o'clock, and approaching an aloof youth at the hotel desk, asked that his name be telephoned up to Miss Mary Smith. The rather wooden countenance of the youth suddenly took on an expression that made it almost human. He turned upon young Smith a quick glance that held interest, appraisal, and envy. Then, as a light in the window vanishes when the shade is drawn, his countenance resumed its professional mask. But he answered Smith more fully than he had answered anyone else that day. 'Miss Smith was just here at the desk," he

said. "Her train got in an hour late. She can't have gone up in the elevator yet. No-there she is near the second car, with two pages carrying

John Smith did not catch the last words. He was on his way to the elevator, and as he flew he understoood the clerk's expression and the sence of the two pages. He had pictured Mary Smith as a pretty college girl, young, slender, fluffy, rather giggly—the type, in short, of Kittle and most of Kittle's friends. What he saw was a girl so arrestingly levely that he actually caught his breath at the first glimpse of her.

She was young and slender, as he had expected, but here all resemblance to his mental delon ended. Her youth and slenderness were the youth and slenderness of a Diana. Her hair and wonderful eyes were so dark as to be almost black. She carried herself with a proud, sweet dignity, and with the poise of a woman of the world. She was quietly but exquisitely dressed, every article she wore being designed to set off her amazing beauty and succeeding admirably in its mission. Hat in hand and still a little breathless. John faced her. "Miss Smith?" he asked.

She turned, looked at him gravely, and then quite suddenly smiled. The smile made John a trifle dizzy. And this was the girl Kittie had called "so pretty!" Women were like that. They simply could not appreciate one another's beauty, but they would rave over some barbered Adonis. His reflection was checked by the discovery that Miss Mary Smith was holding out her hand. He took it with a daze with a tremor running through it. Talk of Helen of Troy-And now she was speaking, in a voice that perfectly expressed her personality-a voice softly contralto and musical.

"My train was late. I hope I haven't kept

"No-I just got here." He was still holding her hand. She withdrew it gently. It was clear that she was accustomed to putting dazed young men at their She went on with the graciousness so

much older than her years: "I wonder if you would mind waiting for me for a few moments-not more than 15. I'd like to look at my rooms and brush off some dust.

But I won't stop to change my gown." He backed away as she spoke, his eyes on her face.

"You'll find me waiting here in the lobby," he was able to bring out. "Please don't hurry. All my time is yours.'

She smiled again, and with a friendly little nod entered the open door of the now waiting

"Fifteen minutes," she repeated. Left alone, John stood still for a moment. staring at the ascending car that bore her out of his sight. Then, still with that odd, new sense of being temporarily dazed, he went back to the hotel lounge, chose a seat in a remote corner, where he could watch the elevator doors, and let himself simmer, as it were, in a sense of

incredible well being. Perfect though this was, at first it was also vague. The only fact in it was the wonderful and satisfying thought that he was waiting for her. The knowledge was enough. He did not my to analyze it. He merely sat still, smiling

OHN SMITH laid down his sister's letter and rather fatuously. Then, as the moments passed he realized that his stunned brain had resumed its functions. It was planning, planning feverishly, making a schedule of engagements that, if possible, would cover every working hour of Miss Mary Smith's visit to New York. She was to be

of thing when she had left town.

Fully 10 minutes passed before he took in what really had happened to him, and he discovered it now because he suddenly realized that he could not take his eyes off that elevator door. She might be back at any minute, but the minutes were dragging intolerably. He had never felt that way about a girl before. He had heard of fellows being bowled over after one glance. He had read about it, too. He had fallen in love, at last, and he had done it with a suddenness and thoroughness which he would not have believed possible.

He had never believed in love at first sight He had thought that love, if it ever came at all, would be a thing of slow growth, based on knowledge and mental kinship and understanding. Yet, here he was. At 5 o'clock a tired young business man, slightly irritable because somewhat bored, and only half alive. Now, at 10 minutes past 5, a lover, shaken by his first passion, dazed yet thrilled, humble yet triumphant, wretched because she was not here, ecstatic because she was coming, and more intensely alive than he had ever been or dreamed

The wonder and splendor of the experience overwhelmed him. He was almost 30, and he had never been in love before. He had about given up hope of ever loving or being loved. He had begun to cherish a wish that Kittie might not marry either, and that they two might make a home for each other. That aspiration now seemed a thousand years behind him. The life he had lived seemed to have been passed on another planet. He had come into his heritage as

The elevator door on which his straining

His role was that of Kittie's brother, an agreeable young man pleasantly interested in his sister's friend and normally anxious to make her visit pleasant. To carry out that role would be only chance of winning the girl. One false move or act, a too-impulsive word, and he would lose her forever. The knowledge restored his poise. "This is wonderful," he jested as they met. "It's exactly 15 minutes."

my life waiting around for Kittie. Where shall we go?" he asked, as he helped her into a taxi-"Have you any choice?"

sat down, turned to stare at her. 'You didn't know?"

very nice of you to take me out, after that dusty The taxicab had turned into the park, the driver evidently preferring its quiet roads to

deep breath. "How heavenly the park is," she sighed. 'And how I love New York in the spring!"

proprietary air. He felt as if New York were and he were giving it to her. Certainly he would give her as much of it as three days permitted. "I'm sorry the journey was bad," he added, sympathetically.

and she knew that He had served his country in the aviation corps.

"I wish I could stay in New York longer,"

but he held himself steady.

emphasis that made her glance at him in sur-"But we'll make the most of your three

him in amazement. "Why, I'm sailing for Cuba tomorrow afternoon Didn't Uncle James tell

John shook his head. The jolt was so staggering that he could not utter a word, but it left his mental processes unimpaired. Even before she had ceased speaking the whole situation was clear in his mind-clear with an abhorrent clearness. This Mary Smith was not Kittle's Mary Smith-therefore, oh, black relection, she was not his Mary Smith. In a big hotel like the Beresford there might be half a dozen Mary Smiths and he had drawn the wrong one, though to him she was absolutely the right

A "flash in" of Kittie's little college chum sitting in her lonely hotel room waiting for him to appear was regarded with callous indifference and immediately dismissed. A companion flash of some unknown young man, waiting in the lobby for the Mary Smith whose dark eyes were this instant regarding him over the tea cup, was surveyed with more leisure and pleas-But all the time John Smith was think-

His proper course was clear and he knew it. He should explain the situation to his com-

here three days-three entire, glorious days. Of course he would take her to dinner and the play tonight. Could he call in the morning and take her to breakfast on the pretext of showing her the flower market and some unusually interesting restaurant? Probably not. but he'd try it. They would have luncheon together, of course, and in the afternoon he would hire an automobile and take her for a long drive. They would dine together somewhere up the river and get back late-very late. The following day-Hm-m-m, for the following day he had half a dozen important business conferences, which arranged themselves in an impressive row before him; but he would get out of them all, of course. Time enough for that sore

eyes were fastened swung back and the girl came forth. There seemed to be others in the car-at least there were vague shadows that probably fancied themselves men and women. As he rose and went to meet her John set his young jaws and resolutely steadled his nerves. What had happened to him was a miracle, but the girl knew nothing about it. To her he was a stranger whose sole claim to consideration was that he was the brother of her friend. He was her host in a strange city and she was for the time dependent upon his courtesy and common sense.

No suspicion of what he felt must reach her.

"And you expected to wait at least half an

"I have a sister, you know. At a guess, I should say that I've spent about eight years of

She shook her head. "No. I didn't even know we were going out. But it's very nice," she added with her young graciousness. "The Plaza," he told the driver, and then, as

"No, I thought you were merely to call. It's

the traffic congestion of upper Fifth avenue. Mary Smith looked out of the window and drew

"I love it the year 'round." John gazed out at the park with a proudly

He longed to be saying all sorts of thingsbrilliant things, personal things. But the safe course was to be strictly bromidic until she knew him better. They talked of trains, then of travel. Insensibly the talk became more personal. When the taxicab stopped at the entrance of the Plaza he had learned that she had been in Paris throughout the previous summer

These experiences engrossed them through out the tea hour. To an accompaniment of soft music, cheerful voices, toasted muffins and jam they exchanged experiences and sage viewpoints. For this hour they were citizens of the allied lands rather than of one. He took her with him into the deep blue of French and German skies; and it was while he felt higher among the clouds than he had ever been in reality that John Smith received the shot which brought

the girl said, wistfully. "There's so much to talk about—and to see," she added. The words went to her companion's head,

"I wish you could, too," he said with an

"Three days?" It was her turn to look at you that when he wrote?"

ing faster than he had ever thought before. panion at once, apologize for his unconscious

tatingly, "and of course I should love it, but-" "If you were to stay longer," he explained. 'we wouldn't need to rush matters. But you're leaving tomorrow, don't you see? I want you to have all the pleasant experiences we can crowd into these few hours. You can rest on the ship, you know." "Y-es." She was plainly wavering. "It's extremely kind of you. But surely I ought to go back to the hotel and dress." "Not for automobiling and a dinner at a country inn," he pointed out. "And as to the theater, half the audience won't be in evening dress at this season."

lat in hand and still a little breathless, John faced her. "Miss Smith?

part in the mixup, and, now that the tea hour was over, escort her back to her hotel and, if she so elected, bow himself out of her life. It would be for her to decide whether she would or would not continue their acquaintance. He was not sure what that decision would be, but he feared it.

This Mary Smith was not an unconventional person. On the contrary, she was a thoroughly sophisticated and well bred one with an obvious social background and traditions. Whatever she might decide as to the future, one thing at least was clear. She would not dine with him tonight and go to the theater if she discovered that he was a stranger. Yet it was absolutely necessary to his life's happiness that she should both-that, since she was to leave New York so soon, he must make use of every moment she was here to impress himself upon her.

All's fair in love and war! The old motto swept comfortably into the foreground of his mind. She should not be allowed to discover the mistake that had been made. He made this decision suddenly and irrevocably. Therefore, she must not even be allowed to return to the Beresford. The chump who was to have met her might be waiting in the lobby. Also, he, John, might run across his own little Mary Smith. He must not risk any such contretemps. He leaned forward toward his companion and

addressed her with entire assurance. "I hope you will like the program I have arranged for this evening," he said, casually. "We're going to have a spin out into the country for an hour or two. The apple blossoms in Westchester are gorgeous and I want you to see them before it gets dark. Then we'll dine on the terrace of Briarcliff Inn, to show you the wonderful view, and we'll get back in time to see Ethel Barrymore in her new play."

smile that made his heart beats quicken. Then, as if irrepressibly, she laughed out in sudden surrender and to John the soft laughter was the most beautiful music he had ever heard.

"It will be glorious," she said. From this moment John realized that his position was that of a skater on exceedingly thin ice. At any instant he might break through, or skate into any one of the numerous airholes in this little social pond. The most serious of his dangers was the mysterious "Uncle James," a gentleman on whom his companion showed a recurrent desire to converse. It became clear that she was an orphan, and that "Uncle James" was not only her uncle but her guardian.

Spinning along the banks of the Hudson in the soft spring twilight and in the after glow of a perfect sunset, Mary Smith talked in her cool, calm way-and John listened with rapture, content with anything she said but wisely confining his responses almost to monosyllables. Detached as her manner was, the girl yet conveyed the impression that she was talking with unusual intimacy-that, indeed, she was talking to an old friend. The subtlety of the compliment, the vital importance of what it conveyed, would have mounted to her companion's brain if he had not been so increasingly conscious of a need of caution.

He tried to keep the conversation general. At the little table on the hotel veranda with the shadowy, undulating landscape of Westchester stretching below them and with lanterns shining like glowworms in the distant shrubbery. he succeeded in doing this, but with increasing difficulty. There were so many things he wanted to know about her! Also, there were so many things he wanted to tell her about himself.

dared not again mention Kittie, of course, nor his past, which might conflict with what she had been told of him by "Uncle James." He realized that she did not even know his name. He had hurried to her side straight from the hotel desk, and she had accepted him without question as the man she had expected to meet her. The reflection reminded him of a new danger. He often dined at the Briarcliff Inn. It was a favorite spot of his, and the waiters knew him.

If one of them addressed him by name-It was at this precise moment in his meditations and as if evoked by them that the head waiter approached the table, bearing down upon the couple with the affability of his type. He had been out of the room when they arrived, but he made up for this flaw in the service by putting into his greeting something more than mere cordiality. There was a hint of the hospitality of "old home week" in his welcome to the reluctant diner he now addressed.

"Oh, good evening, Mr. Smith. We haven't had you with us for several weeks," he added, expansively. "Is everything all right?"

John looked up at him and allowed a rapid succession of changes to sweep across his expressive face. It was an artistic performance, for the changes took in first surprise, then an instant of puzzlement, and finally courteous comprehension.

"Oh, yes, quite all right, thank you," he said, and nodded kindly at the man. As the latter retreated John made a casual but sufficient comment on the incident.

"Some head waiters," he announced, "appear to call all diners 'Smith,' just the same as some men call all waiters 'George.'" He was quite satisfied with this effort, but

the lady's comment wiped the smile from his "But they ought to do much better than Smith," she suggested. "Don't most men resent

being called Smith?" John was under the ice now, cold and gasping, but he rallied feebly.

'Oh, I don't think so. You see, there are so many-er-distinguished Smiths, and it's a name of such fine traditions-" He was glad to be interrupted by a waiter,

who served another course. Also the interruption gave him time for a saving remembrance. "Your own name is Smith, you know," he could not help reminding her. "That alone lends luster to it." "I know it is Smith"—she spoke sadly, ignoring the compliment and with an effect of

in a happy life. "I've always hated it." She smiled the smile that so enchanted him. "I hope to change it some day." Under the shock of these simple words John Smith went under the ice again and for a perceptible interval remained there. When he

dwelling on what now appeared to be the flaw

emerged and spoke his voice was unnatural. "You haven't yet made any-any arrangement to change it-have you?" She suspended the action of her fork and looked at him with raised eyebrows. Her ex-

pression showed surprise and a suggestion of disapproval, but he met her eyes with something in his that touched her. "Please tell me," he begged. "Are you engaged to be married?" In a desperate attempt to seem normal he caught at the name he had

so carefully avoided. "Uncle James didn't tell me you were," he added, with unconscious Miss Mary Smith drank half a glass of water. She drank it very slowly, and when she set down the glass there was an odd light in her

eyes which had not been there before. But she spoke indifferently. "There's no reason why I should not answer your question," she said as she resumed her dinner. "I am not engaged to be married." Her host drew a deep breath and, leaning back in his chair, beamed at her ecstatically. His relief was obvious and almost pathetic, but an unsympathetic nature seemed to lie under Miss Smith's beautiful exterior. She ate

her dinner with an expression of detachment, as, if her thoughts were elsewhere. John pulled himself together and gallantly went into action again. "These little personal prejudices are very interesting things," he said. "I've got a few myself, but I make a special point of not indulging them. To yield to them is too narrowing. I'm sure you feel the same way. For example, just suppose you learned to love a man

named Smith. Surely you wouldn't refuse to

marry him merely because his name was Smith, He asked the question in what he fondly hoped was a careless manner, but his heart dropped a beat as he waited for her reply. For a moment it did not come. Miss Smith was absorbed in a head dress worn by a woman guest who had just taken a seat at a table near her. She seemed hardly to have heard his question and almost started when he urgently repeated: "Would you?" He could see her mind return to him as if from a little journey.

'Would I refuse any one named Smith?" she asked, rather vaguely. "Why, I have never thought about it." She smiled again. "Fate isn't as relentless as we think," she said. "I don't believe she would play such a shabby trick on me as to let me fall in love with a man named Smith. You see, I have had the name for 21 years, as it is. I think I have had my share of

Her companion again submerged like a submarine. The attention of Miss Smith returned

In this respect he let himself go a little. He to the elaborate coffure of her neighbor. Then John came up for air. Another saving reflection

occurred to him.

TEN CENTS

"Oh, well, if it came to that," he said, comfortably, "a man could have his name changed by law to something fancy, like Algernon Grovernor Montmorency. Lots of men do. Would you like that name?"

"What would you like? What's your fav-

"David." "That's a fine name." John promptly decided that his new name should be David. "What else?"

"Well, if I were choosing a name from all the world"-Miss Smith spoke now with the thoughtfulness due to the importance of the topic-"I think I should choose David King.' I don't like middle names," she added. "and I den't like last names of more than one syllable. I think David King is a dignified, manly name."

John nodded. And Mrs. David King will look great on visiting cards," he contributed. "So order yours as soon as you like. That's going to be your

future name." "Is this a prophecy?" Miss Smith seemed really interested. Smith shook his head.

"No: it's a mere statement of fact." His guest slowly drew on her gloves "It's a quarter past seven. We must start

back to town," she decided. "All right. But we've got to settle a lot of things we can't discuss at the play. For example, what time shall I call to take you out to breakfast? You mustn't miss the flower market-" "O, thank you very much, but I can't breakfast with you. I'm going to breakfast in my

room and shop all morning!" "Great Scott!" The world grew dark before the eyes of young, Mr. Smith. "And sail at 4! Why, that doesn't leave us any time at

"You might come to lunch with me at the hotel." The lady was plainly relenting. "That is, if you don't mind lunching late-about

half after 1." "And you sail at 4," Smith dully repeated. "Well, if that's the best you can do for ma-But don't let's lunch at the hotel," he added hurriedly, a sudden vision of Kittie's friend and Miss Smith's unknown escort returning to him.

"Meet me at Delmonico's, and we'll stop at the hotel for your baggage on the way to the boat." "Perhaps that will be better," she conceded.

'It's nearer the shops." Mr. John Smith put in the golden hours of the following morning strenuously waiting for half past one. More than 30 minutes before that time he reached Delmonico's, and having ordered a perfect luncheon, established himself in the lobby to wait for his guest. In the emotional strain of their parting he had for! gotten to tell Miss Smith in what room they would meet. Early that morning, however, desiring to hear her voice, he called her up on the pretext of such understanding. He was forced to leave his message with an indifferent clerk. Miss Smith had already gone out, but might be back soon. Sunk in a big chair and reflecting gloomily upon his disappointment, Mr. Smith was startled by a fresh young voice.

"How do you do, Mr. Smith. This is Kittie's brother, isn't it? I didn't get your telephone message from the clerk till half an hour ago. Then I hurried right up here. It's so kind of

Motionless and with dropped jaw John stood and stared at the figure before him, w .... voice had brought him mechanically to his feet. It was a pretty girlish figure and the girl was the fluffy, flapper type he had originally expected Mary Smith to be. The ass of a clerk had given her his message. And here she was expecting to be entertained and fed and to use up the last hours in which the only Mary Smith on earth could be with him. Words failed John. He stared, speechless, while the round, pretty face of the girl regarding him slowly took on an expression of puzzled confusion.

Mr. Smith! Mr. John Smith! Mr. John Smith!

A page was passing, calling his name, Me chanically John responded, mechanically he accepted the note the boy gave him, apologized to little Miss Smith, and opened and read the

"Dear Mr. Smith: I can't go on with it! It's too horrid of me! You see, I'm not Kittie's chum at all, though I know her and I am in her class. I had to come down unexpectedly yesterday. The other Mary Smith decided to wait till morning and I was so lonesome-and I knew the whole plan and I was sure Kittle wouldn't mind-and so when you came up and spoke to me in the hotel I took the other Mary's place just for a lark and to see if I could carry it off. I'm so ashamed of myself! I know the real Mary came this morning and I hope you will get in touch with her. Goodby. I won't apologize. But please forgive me for everything-and especially for teasing you about your name and letting you realize that I wasn't the real Mary. I did that to see what you would do. MARY SMITH."

"P. S .-- You were wonderful!" As they took in this remarkable document the eyes of John Smith shone like incandescent lights. The pext instant he was addressing

the second Mary Smith. "Miss Smith, are you a good sort?"

She looked at him uncertainly.

"Why, I-I hope so," she faltered. "Well, I'm going to throw myself on your understanding. Something very vital to me has Will you eat your luncheon here alone-it's all ordered-and then will you let me call at your hotel and take you to dinner and the theater this evening? Then I'll explain everything in detail. Will you do that?"

The second Miss Mary Smith was a good sort. She showed it by her surprised but prompt reply.

"Why, of course 1 will." "Three rousing cheers for you!" John fervently exclaimed. He took her into the dining room, seated her at the table he had secured, paid for her luncheon, and generously tipped the waiter, and then hurled himself into a

He was not surprised to learn that Miss Mary Smith was not at the hotel and that her luggage had already been sent to the boat. She was, however, on the City of Havana when he bribed his way on board. There, in the final hour before its sailing. Mr. John Smith put In the most eloquent and soul-satisfying hour of his life. The result of this hour he gave to the second Mary Smith at 7 o'clock that evening as he radiantly faced her across a small

table at the Ritz. "You see." he explained. "I've just become engaged to be married. And under some conditions a man's engagement day can be rather

full and strenuous! (Copyright, 1921, by Elizabeth Jordan.)

> NEXT SUNDAY "THE RED FISHER" By OWEN OLIVER.

## The Married Life of Helen and Warren

night Visit of Helen's Sisterin-Law. vague depression

the sunlight that streamed across the pillow, her mind groped dazedly for shaking Warren, who had gone back the cause.

Carrie had stayed all night! Longing to settle back for another doze, Helen forced herself out oil She must see about breakfast for her meticulous sister-in-law. Aroused by the click of the shade as she shut out the glaring light,

Warren yawned and grunted. Dear, you needn't get up just yet. have to see about breakfast. She doesn't know Carrie's here." Slipping out to the kitchen, Helen found only Pussy Purr-Mew rubbing expectantly against the leg of "Cora! Cora!" Helen knocked at

the maid's room. "Aren't you up The door opened a few inches, exposing the girl's sleep-swollen face. "You'll have to hurry, Cora. Mrs. Edwards stayed all night. Make some muffins-just as you do Sundays. We'll want eggs and bacon-have the bacon nice and crisp. Put on one of the best tablecloths-and the

good napkins." Cora, never gracious about unexpected guests, muttered a surly tell me? I wanted to speak to him." Yes'm" as she slammed the door to finish a hasty toilet.

A Comic Calamity Attends the Over- towels and a cake of scented soap. The gleaming faucets she viewed to a dentist this morning, I had a ric. "These smooth rinds never are. with satisfaction, glad that yester- wretched night. How can you stand Don't you know how to select clouded day had been the day for cleaning it here? Those trucks and milk Helen's awakening. Shrinking from the nickel and silyer. "Now, dear, you'd better get up,

to sleep. "I want you to be out of Then in a flash she knew. Carrie! the bathroom-so Carrie won't have "Won't hurt her to wait," yawned Warren, scratching his towsled head.

"Get out that light gray suit, will you? "Oh, I've so much to do. Can't you wait on yourself this morning? "What in blazes you got to do? Cora's here to get breakfast, isn't

Diving into his closet, Helen laid out the light gray suit, put his cuff buttons into a fresh shirt, then rushed out to the dining-room to lower the awnings so it would be restfully dim and cool for breakfast. cat alone! She scratched you last Who could be calling so early? Wonderingly she answered the tele-

"Oh, hello, Lawrence! . . . No. she's not up yet. Do you want to speak to her? . . . Yes, she's going to the dentist right after breaktest. I think her appointment's for 9:30 . . . Yes, I'll tell her."

"Was that Lawrence?" called Carrie querulously as Helen came Webste from the phone. "Why didn't you sugar. "I thought you were asleep. He's going to meet you at the dentist. If Hurrying to the bathroom Helen you feel badly-he'll go out home You don't want any more sucar on laid out two monogramed guest with you on the twelve-ten."

"Well, I don't feel much like going wagons kept going al! night. I wish now I'd gone out home." Helen wished it too, but refrained from saying so.

"Get me some kind of a kimona, Helen. I've got to give Bobbie his bath. "Here's my robe and slippers.

Warren'll be out in a minute." Bobbie's ablutions were accomwhich rose Carrie's shrill reprimands. every tooth in your head-so they "Great guns, Carrie, do you have that circus every morning?" scowled Warren, when his sister finally reappeared with Bobbie, clean but mu-

"He's cross because he didn't sleep. I don't see how any one can

fore they were finally seated around the breakfast table. "Yes, precious, that chair's too low. Where's that big dictionary?"

Webster, dived into the powdered cer.

in the city. Don't precious, let that time.' It was another 20 minutes querulous complaints from Carrie be-

flew into the library. Bobbie, elevated by the unabridged

"Oh, I wouldn't do that!" Helen buttered one liberally. rescued the bowl under Carrie's hostile stare. "Eat your nice cantaloupe. toast-on account of Carrie's teeth."

melons?" with exasperating superiority. "Always get them with the rough skin. Oh!" dropping her spoon to clasp her right jaw. "What's he going to do today?" demanded Warren, concerned. "You're not having any more out?"

"Isn't very sweet," criticised Car-

"No, he's just fixing that bridge work. It's hurt ever since he put it Humph, don't think much of panied by howls and shrieks, above these dentists who want to yank out

> can jam in a lot of high-priced bridge work. "Well, I've been to the best specialists and they all said they had to come out. Goodness knows what it'll cost." Then as Cora brought in a large platter of bacon and eggs, "Oh, aren't we going to have any

cereal? "Why, neither of us care for it in hot weather," explained Helen. "What an idea! Best thing you can

eat. Bobbie must have some. "We've oatmeal-but that takes so long to cook." Then to Cora, entering with the steaming muffins, "Just a minute-I forgot it." Helen "See if there isn't a package of dry cereal on that shelf over the icebox. If there is, bring Bobbie a sau-

"These mussins are great," Warren "I thought they'd be better than "I'm not quite toothless vet." bris-(Turn to Page Five, Column Two.)