

### The Married Life of Helen and Warren

Warren Succumbs to a Delectable Dinner Served by a Russian Princess.

"It looks so clean! Dear, let's try it." Helen paused to peer through the window at the attractive, softly-lit restaurant.

"Some Russian place," Warren scowled at the sign "Taverna Russa." "Come on, we don't know anything about it. I don't feel like experimenting tonight."

"Oh, I'd love to try it," wistfully. "I'm so tired of Italian food."

"What do you expect in Italy?" stalling on. "Thought you were so keen on spaghetti? You could hardly wait till we landed here to get the real thing."

"But after you've had nothing else for a month, you do get tired of it. Everything's so rich—they use so much oil. And garlic! I don't mind a little, but when everything reeks of it! And that place we went to last night—dear, you know that was awfully dirty."

With an irate snort, Warren wheeled about.

"Want to go back to that Russian joint, don't you? All right, then, we'll go! Might as well, or you'll be kicking all through dinner."

"No—no, don't, if you'd rather not! We'll go wherever you say."

"No, we won't," grimly. "Once you get set on a thing—you're damned persistent."

Helen could hardly keep up with his long, wrathful strides, as they made their way back to the "Taverna Russa."

"Not so all-fired popular," growled Warren, for though the tables were inviting with shaded lights and flowers, most of them were empty.

Down a few steps and they entered the restaurant. The very air seemed fragrant from the absence of garlic and frying oil.

The woman who came forward to greet them wore a waitress' apron, but her voice and carriage were unmistakably cultured.

"Would you like a window-table?" in excellent English with an alluring accent.

"Yes, this is very attractive," murmured Helen.

"We're always pleased to serve Americans," with a charming smile. "They're so appreciative."

"Bet they soak you here," grumped Warren, as she moved off. "That's why it's empty."

Anxiously, Helen appraised the menu. The dishes all bore Russian names with which she was unfamiliar, but to her relief the prices were moderate.

"I thought you'd like ice—most Americans do."

"Oh, thank you!" Helen welcomed the bowl of cracked ice. "We've hardly seen any since we've been in Italy," spooning a piece into her glass.

Familiar with most menus, Warren usually gave his order with prompt assurance, but now he was still scowling over the unintelligible items.

"Would you like some of our Russian hors d'oeuvre?" after a solicitous wait. "And if you care for a thick soup, I'd suggest Rossolnik—it's made of cucumber juice, celery roots and nuts—served with fish pasties and sour cream."

Knowing Warren always resented any suggestions as to what to order, Helen was nervously apprehensive. What if he should flare out with some sharp rebuff? But he merely threw down the menu with a curt—

"Very well. And let me have the wine list."

"Dear, don't be so gruff! You can see she's not an ordinary waitress. And it's a relief to speak English, after struggling with Italian waiters."

"Well, we know a little about Italian dishes. Soup with fish and sour cream—that's a bolshevik dose for you! Doubt if we can draw a thing we can eat."

"Dear, I feel it's going to be good. Everything's so clean and dainty."

"Huh, after all that tramping to-day. I want some real food—none of your dainty tea room dabs."

With the hors d'oeuvre came a slender decanter of clear white liquor and two tiny glasses.

"Perhaps you'll have a glass of vodka—it's very appetizing before dinner."

"Vodka!" amazed Helen, when they were alone. "I've always wondered what it was like—but isn't it supposed to be dreadfully strong?"

"If we're in for a Russian dinner," Warren filled the glasses, "might as well go the limit."

"Why, it isn't so strong!" Helen took a more cautious sip. "It's like cognac."

"More like Kirsch," draining half of his at a gulp. "Not bad." Then turning his attention to the hors d'oeuvre. "What's all these nick-nacks?"

Aluringly garnished were the spiced eels, pickled mushrooms, caviar, smoked and stuffed fish, and other morsels that Helen did not recognize.

After he had sampled a few of the eight varieties, Warren's frown relaxed.

"If the rest of the dinner's bum—we'll order another round of these."

With the soup, which proved equally delicious, he completely succumbed.

"You'll have to hand it to that cook. This soup's a winner!"

When the menu was again presented, Warren waved it aside with a genial,

"Guess we'll leave it to you."

"I think you'll like the Rastegai," flushed and pleased. "It's something like a fish pie with layers of sturgeon, eggs and sour cream."

"Sounds pretty awful," he grinned, as she hurried off. "They're strong for sour cream. But after that soup, I'm ready to take a chance."

Who was this woman and the other waitress who move with such stateliness, wondered Helen? And that distinguished elderly man at the desk?

"Dear, they must be Russians of the better class—you can see they're not used to this work. Oh, I'd love to know something about them."

"Well, they're handing out corking good grub. That's the main thing."

The Rastegai, with its many layers, was the most delectable dish of all.

"Jove, if they had this eatery in New York, it'd be jammed every night."

"Pardon me, but I heard you say you'd like to know something about this place," A woman, evidently

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### Central Control of City Traffic Planned

New York, Jan. 21.—A traffic "dictator," with headquarters in the center of the city, will control traffic on all of New York's principal streets within the near future, according to plans worked out by Dr. John F. Harriss, special deputy police commissioner.

Under the new system, work on the installation of which already has started, the "dictator" at his central station will press a button turning on powerful red lights on many thoroughfares at one time, stopping tens of thousands of vehicles at once, and allowing as many vehicles and hundreds of thousands of pedestrians to proceed in the opposite direction. Headquarters will probably be in the Times Square district.

A similar system, originated by Dr. Harriss, has been thoroughly tried out on a section of Fifth avenue with complete success. Traffic on the entire length of the avenue moves at the same time stops at the same time. When traffic on the avenue is stopped traffic on cross streets proceeds.

### Book Gives America Full Credit for Part in War

Paris, Jan. 21.—America is given full credit for its part in the world war in a book devoted to the struggle, written by Adolfo Agroio of Montevideo. One of the prominent French commanders quoted in the book is General Sarrail.