

THEIR MARRIED LIFE
By MABEL HERBERT URNER

IN THE FLURRY OF GETTING OFF WARREN HAS TO KEEP OPENING HELEN'S TRUNK.

"Dear, could you make room for this in your trunk?" asked Helen anxiously.

"Um, what is it?" Warren did not look up from the great roll of collars he was fitting in the tray.

"My heavy coat—I'll need it for the steamer."

"Should say I couldn't. Put it in the roll with the ruffs."

"But we've got to put both our rain coats in the steamer pillow in now."

"Then you'll just have to carry it. See here," opening a small leather case of folding coat hangers, "how many of those things will we need?"

"Take them all, dear, I'll want some. Where is that other case of six Aunt Emma gave you for Christmas? Oh, here they are."

"Then put them in your own trunk. I'm not going to fill up mine with a lot of truck for you. Look at all those papers," pointing to some packages he had brought from the office.

"Oh, do you have to take all those?"

"That's not all—there's more in that case. And they're a darn sight more important than your frills."

Helen, who had always counted on putting certain things in Warren's trunk, went back to her room and gazed helplessly at her small and already overcrowded steamer trunk. How could she get everything in?

"What shall I do with this, m'am?" demanded Maggie, appearing at the door with an opened package of cereal.

"Oh, you'll have to throw out everything like that; we can't leave it to you to manage. Now, you're sure you've got everything out of the refrigerator? The butter and the rest of that jar of bacon you can give to the houseman. And you'd better sprinkle some borax around the sink. Wait, I'll come and show you."

A Farewell Call.

While Maggie was to stay to clean and close up the apartment, yet Helen wanted to see that nothing was left to draw insects.

She was still in the kitchen when the phone rang and Warren called impatiently:

"Hello, somebody wants you."

"Oh, why will people call us up at the last moment?" she protested resentfully, for every second now was precious.

"Hello! I just wanted to say goodbye," shrilled Mrs. Thurston's voice, "and wish you all kinds of a pleasant trip."

"That's very kind of you," lied Helen politely.

"Your boat's sailing at 3, isn't it? I'd so like to come down to the dock, but I promised Mrs. Walker to go with her to a bridge tea. I disappointed her last week, so I'll just have to go. Well, you certainly have a fine day to start. I was afraid this morning it would rain, but it's cleared off beautifully."

"Yes, it has," murmured Helen stupidly, wild to get back to her packing, but not wanting to be abrupt.

"Oh, while I think of it, I want to give you the address of that place in the Rue de Rivoli—the one I told you about where I got those lovely hand-embroidered nightgowns. Have you a pencil there?"

Helen got a pencil, took down the address and was just about to say good-bye when Mrs. Thurston held her with a smile.

"And I'm going to ask you to get me two more—size 36. You saw the ones I have. I paid 15 francs for most of them, but use your own judgment—only I shouldn't like to pay over 20. I'm sure you won't mind getting these for me, will you? And oh, don't you want the address of that handkerchief place, where they embroider the three initials for only a few centimes extra? If you'll hold the phone a minute—I've got the address on one of the boxes they came in."

Helen could hardly restrain her impatience, but she was forced to wait for the address.

Very Annoying.

"If you're getting some for yourself," purred Mrs. Thurston, "and if isn't too much trouble, I should like another dozen of those tiny evening handkerchiefs—you know the initials M. C. T."

When Helen finally succeeded in breaking away she turned from the phone with a furious—

"The idea of her calling me up this late to send for things!"

"Well, I'd have cut her off quick enough," growled Warren. "She wouldn't have kept me standing there. Here," shoving towards her some steamship labels he had just filled out with their name and number of their stateroom, "better get these on now. Can't leave everything till the last minute."

Helen took the oval blue and white "North German Lloyd" labels and pasted them on her trunk and suit case with supreme satisfaction. She had always envied people with trunks covered with steamship and foreign hotel labels—it gave their bags such a traveled "cosmopolitan" air.

The one label that was left over she put on a large trunk that she had brought up to get out some things for the trip. It had never been abroad, but she might have taken it, so she had scruples in decorating it with a label.

Unfortunately just at that moment Warren appeared.

"These yours?" throwing down a couple of her linen collars that had been sent to the laundry with his. Then noticing the label as she jumped up almost guiltily from her knees before the big trunk, "What's that mean? You're not going to take that trunk?"

"No, dear," flushing in confused anticipation of his ridicule.

"Well, why in the world did you stick on that label?" Then as it dawned on him, "By George, I've heard of fool women who bought foreign labels and plastered up their trunks, but I don't think you had some sense."

This incident did not contribute to Helen's speed in packing, for with burning cheeks, she snatched off with the scissors the offending label.

"The lee man's here now, m'am," announced Maggie.

And again Helen had to stop her packing to instruct the leeman to leave no more ice until they notified him of their return. Then came the superintendent, whom she had sent for to see about turning off the gas. The time was going fast—and her trunk was not nearly ready.

"Oh, m'am, see what I found!" Maggle held up triumphantly a tea spoon they had looked for yesterday when they had counted the silver.

tions. "I just forgot to put in this skirt."

Warren pushed her roughly aside and again opened the trunk, his language more fervid than before.

Once Again.

"Now, is that all?" he roared again as he slammed down the lid.

Helen thought it was. But at almost the last moment she discovered a pair of shoes she had left out to be polished. The suitcase was bulging now and she dared not let Warren see her trying to open the trunk again. She would have to carry them in a bundle. There was no other way.

It was not until then that they finally whirled to the dock in a cab, with the trunks on top and the hand baggage on the seat before them, that Warren noticed the package Helen was carrying.

"What's that? Put it in your suit case."

"There isn't room. It's nothing, dear, I'd just as soon carry it."

But Warren felt through the paper that it was a pair of shoes.

"So you forgot those, did you? So many have known you'd want to get in that trunk again. Gad, that's like you. Starting off for Europe with a pair of shoes in your hand. Next time I go—I go alone!"

WALKERTON.

Mrs. Laura Quigley and daughter Marie of South Bend visited the last week with John Pritz.

W. C. Waddell, third trick operator at the B. and O. tower, has moved his family from McCools to this place.

M. B. Slick made a business trip to La Paz Wednesday.

Miss Dossie Harvey of Wabash, Ind., is the guest of her brother, Charles Harvey and family.

Mrs. William Fox of Lakeville visited her last week with Mrs. Belle Pritz and family.

Miss George Nichols has returned home after a visit of several weeks with relatives in Chicago.

On Monday, Oct. 5, 437 voters of Lincoln township registered, according to the poll book. All but about 20 voters registered.

Miss Blanche Groschans has resigned as teacher in the Walkerton schools.

No one has as yet been selected in her place.

The Walkerton schools will not open Monday, the building being not quite ready. The exact date of the opening of the schools has not been decided.

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L. McDowell have returned from Mt. Clemens, Mich., where they were taking treatment for rheumatism.

J. E. Johnson received word Friday morning of the death of his brother, W. L. Johnson of South Bend.

Rev. W. L. Hargrave, pastor of the M. E. church, has been attending conference in Lafayette. He was returned to the charge at this place.

W. E. Bailey of Plymouth visited relatives Friday.

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FORMER RESIDENT DIES

William Springer Was One of Los Angeles' Prominent Citizens.

News comes from Los Angeles of the death of William Springer, who was born in South Bend, but who has made his home in Los Angeles for the past few years. He was chairman of the board of directors of the German-American bank of Los Angeles, and president of the Y. M. C. A. of that city.

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