

THEIR MARRIED LIFE

By MABEL HERBERT URNER

HELEN FORGETS TO TIP THE STEWARD AND HE DOES NOT HESITATE TO REMIND HER.

"Well, they're not going to let us land tonight," announced Warren, coming into the stateroom where Helen had just finished packing.

"They're not? Why, dear, the steward just said we'd be in by eleven."

"No, it'll be nearer 12. Just saw the purser—they're going to anchor till morning. Now I'm going on deck for a smoke, and you'd better turn in. They'll roust us out about four."

Helen had looked forward to the excitement and adventure of a midnight landing. She was all packed, and now to unpack, and take out the things needed for the night, was most discouraging.

It was after 10, but she knew it would be useless to try to sleep, so she threw a wrap about her and followed Warren on deck. Most of the passengers were leaning over the rails watching the faint revolving rays of a distant lighthouse and trying to make out the dark outline of land ahead. After six days of the ocean every one was eager to sight land.

Helen walked right off the deck and then caught sight of Warren in the smoking room, laughing and talking with a group of men. She waited, but when he did not come out she went back to the stateroom and got ready for bed, with a dull sense of depression.

"Whew! it's not in here," grumbled Warren, switching on the light as he entered half an hour later.

No Alr.

"Dear, it's dreadful," admitted Helen, who had been tossing uncomfortably in the upper berth. "There's not a bit of air up here."

"Not much anywhere. Guess we're going to strike it hot in Paris. We'll have a sweltering trip up from Cherbourg in these dinky trains."

"Why, we've stopped, haven't we?" suddenly realizing that her discomfort was partly due to the lack of motion.

"She's slowing up; we'll anchor in about ten minutes now."

After weeks of the rocking ship and switching waves, the sudden steadiness and silence were strangely disconcerting. They had come to a dead stop now, and the air was stilling. All the sounds of the ship, which the roar of the sea had deadened were now painfully distinct. Few couples were still promenading on deck, and stewards were dragging trunks through the corridors, getting ready for the early morning landing.

During the trip the motion of the ship had rocked Helen to sleep, but now the sudden stillness was sickening. She had heard of people being "land sick" after an ocean voyage; now she realized what it meant.

"Why in thunder don't you lie still?" growled Warren, as he could hear Helen tossing above him.

"Dear, I can't. I think I'll get up and go on deck."

"You'll stay right where you are! Think I'm going to be kept awake by your prowling around here? Now you lie still and go to sleep."

Helen tried to lie still, but she could not sleep. How much longer must she lie there?

Then came the sounds of sailors washing the decks. Surely if Warren could sleep through that noise she would not awaken him. It was half past three.

She dressed swiftly and hurried up on deck. Several passengers, who had evidently not gone to bed at all, were strolling about. The air was close and sultry.

The Harbor.

The harbor was dotted with anchored ships, shadowy and ghostlike in the gray dawn. It was all so still and motionless. The land was quite plain now, but it looked bleak and barren. It was Helen's first glimpse of France and this gray line of rocky cliffs was very different from the details and wills she had pictured.

Sailors were hovering about the ship and resting on the water. There was a heavy odor of fish and seaweed. Gradually the gray mist lifted and the eastern sky lit up with the first glow of sunrise.

"There's the tender," some one called, as they sighted a small boat steaming its way toward them.

Helen hurried down to awaken Warren. "I think he was already up and half dressed."

"See here," scowling into the mirror at the collar he was trying to button, "we've got all these people to tip yet. I should've had the purser change some money. Well, they'll have to take American money—ought to be glad to get any. Let's see what I've got here," drawing a roll of bills from his pocket. "Five dollars for the table steward, \$5 for the bedroom steward, \$2 for my bath steward—and how much for your stewardess? Besides fixing your bath?"

"Yes, she hooked my dress every evening."

"Well, \$2 ought to be enough for her. Now, about the deck steward, what did he do besides putting up the chairs?"

"You know how he served my lunch on deck the first day."

"An extra \$2 for him. Here you attend to that, giving her the money for the stewardess and the deck steward. I'll see to the others. Jove, there's the smoking room steward. I forgot him."

"Oh, dear, do you have to give him

anything? It seems so much to have to tip so many."

Very Compulsory.

"Well, you've got to do it, or if you ever come on this ship again you'd find it blamed uncomfortable."

"You can get breakfast now, sir. The bedroom steward was at the door. "Your luggage ready to go down, sir?"

"Yes, all ready. You can take it now," and Warren slipped into his hand a \$5 bill.

"Thank you, sir," and he hurried off with their hand baggage, while Helen followed Warren down to the dining saloon.

Although it was not yet five, the regular breakfast has been prepared for the passengers leaving for Cherbourg or the tender.

Helen ordered only fruit, coffee and toast, for the sleepless night had left her with a dull headache and no appetite. But Warren ordered a hearty breakfast of kippered herring and parsley omelet.

"Dear, if you don't mind, I'll not wait for you. Perhaps I'd better go up and find the stewardess and the deck steward."

"All right," as having finished the omelet. "You hustle on. Go back to the stateroom and take a look around. See that they've got everything out."

Helen had no difficulty in finding the stewardess, who was hanging over the banister, plainly waiting for her tip. The deck steward, too, was in evidence, but a passenger was instructing him about a steamer rug to be kept for the return voyage.

Then Warren came up, and they leaned over the railing to watch the sailors load the trunks on the tender and Helen forgot all about the two dollar bill she had thrust in her glove for the deck steward.

When the baggage was all on, the passengers lined down the gang-plank. Early in the morning the ship's band was stationed on deck to play a farewell salute as they pushed off.

From the tender Helen looked up at the great white ship with its fluttering flags. Everyone was waving a farewell, the band was playing—it was a stirring moment.

A Hint.

"Beg pardon, sir, but didn't you want to see me?"

"Hey! What's that?" Warren turned to find the deck steward at his elbow. "What in the devil do you want?"

Helen stared blankly. Then as she saw the other passengers glance at them with a meaning smile—she remembered the money in her glove.

"What's that?" repeated Warren, loud enough for everyone to hear. "I don't know what you're talking about."

"Oh dear, I forgot to give him his tip. Here!" taking the bill from her glove and thrusting it at him.

"So that's what you're after!" roared Warren. "Well, you'll pay for this infernal impudence; I'll report you, all right. I'll see if you're allowed to follow passengers and hound them for tips!"

But the man was running back up the gang-way, and now the ropes were thrown off, and with a throb of machinery the tender pushed away.

With the steward out of reach, Warren's rage was vented on Helen.

"Nice position you've put us in," he fumed, "making everybody think we're trying to get away without tipping the stewards. Not that I care what you think, quickly, for Warren posed as being indifferent what people thought."

But Helen did care! She was crimson with mortification. The amused glances of the other passengers had sent the hot blood to her face. She felt that most of them thought she and Warren had probably tried to escape all their tips. She knew there were some people who did this, and in what contempt they were held.

Helen Disgraced.

The tender was swiftly ploughing through the water and already the steamer was left far behind. Any other time Helen would have been thrilled with the beauty of the scene—the majestic ship outlined against the riotous sunrise. But now she looked at it almost unseeing.

She felt disgraced. The trivial incident she magnified to an absurd importance. Although the other passengers were now watching the steamer with the same interest she felt they were still watching her. And they would have to travel all the way to Paris with these people!

Warren had evidently forgotten all about it, for he was talking to one of the men about a hotel they were thinking of stopping at in Paris. But Helen's cheeks still burned under her veil.

It was only another instance in which she foolishly allowed her self-consciousness to make her most unhappy.

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Vice Counsel at Antwerp in London to Arrange For Feeding Countrymen.

LONDON, Oct. 19.—United States Vice Consul H. Tuck Sherman arrived from Antwerp Saturday under instructions from the state department to arrange with Ambassador Page for sufficient funds to buy food supplies for Americans at Antwerp during the German occupation.

Mr. Sherman declined to discuss the capture of Antwerp except to say that staffs of all the legations left the city yesterday morning at 5 o'clock to seek safety in Holland. The consulars including himself did not leave until the following noon, 12 hours before the bombardment began. All returned Friday after the surrender of the city.

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