

CURRENT HAPPENINGS PICTORIALLY PRESENTED BY DARLING

THE FABLE OF THE STORK AND THE FOX.

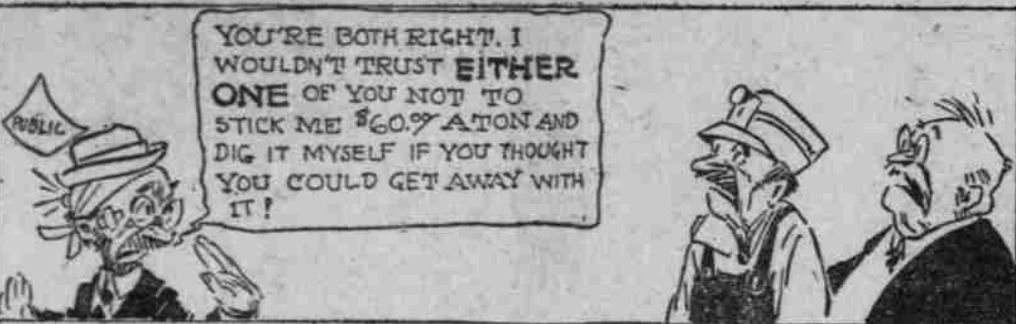


Once upon a time a stork and fox, having gained a notorious reputation for bull-headed enmity, decided to put a series of get-together luncheons to show the public their kindly spirits. Thereupon the stork, with great show of unconcern, invited the fox to a dinner served in a touch-screen arm, where there was only room for his long bill to reach the savory viands.



The fox, not to be outdone in generous hospitality, invited the stork to participate in a return benefit tea party, which was served in a shallow saucer, in which the stork could only dip the end of his bill. Whereupon each with a great air of injured innocence pointed to the indifference of the other. Moral—We'll never get anywhere that way.

SAD BUT TRUE.



WE STILL CAN'T SEE ANYTHING THE MATTER WITH IT.



AREN'T THE NEW DEVELOPMENTS IN SURGERY WONDERFUL?



AND THEY SAY GOVERNMENT MANAGEMENT IS INEFFICIENT.



THE PRESIDENT HAS DECIDED TO SPEND HIS VACATION QUIETLY IN WASHINGTON.



THE MARRIED LIFE OF HELEN AND WARREN

BY MABEL HERBERT UERNER.

Wife, Entangled in Marital Dilemma, Gives Reluctant but Efficient Aid at Critical Moment—Adroit Flattery Saves Situation When Blunder Threatened to Spoil Whole Evening.

"BURCHARD says it's a ripping good place—and he knows about food." Warren strode briskly ahead, intent on trying a new Park avenue restaurant.

"Dear, I can't walk so fast in these slippers," protested Helen.

"Why in blazes don't you wear sensible shoes?" Then his scowl changed to pleased anticipation. "Burchard says they've got some Siltion cheese—the real thing. Hello, that must be it across the street."

The awnings, the pongee curtains and the red-geraniumed window boxes gave the unmistakable Parisian air.

Inside it was delightfully cool and restful. The gray and mauve paneling, the gray cane chairs, the soft gray carpet and the mauve shaded lights were all luxuriously new and fresh.

As the place was almost empty, three alert waiters darted eagerly forward.

"No, dear, not in the center," murmured Helen, who always wanted a wall table. "That one over there."

One glance at the crested, impressive menu and her heart sank. It was what she feared—an exorbitantly expensive place.

"Asparagus—a dollar and a half! Warren, that's awful!"

"Now don't start that! I feel in the mood for a good dinner."

Helen scanned the entrees. Not one under a dollar seventy-five. It was a limited menu. Only a few dishes, extortionately priced.

The pompous Frenchman, evidently the proprietor, who had been hovering in the background, now waved aside the waiter and came up to take their order.

"We've some fine French melons today. Or would you like hors d'oeuvres?"

"Now, dear, don't order much for me," restrained Helen. "You know I'm on a diet." "Falling back on her stock excuse at an expensive restaurant." "I can just have consommé and spinach."

"I am sorry, madame, no spinach today. The asparagus is very fine."

"I don't care for asparagus," hastily, remembering the dollar-fifty, "would you like some hearts of artichokes—very delicious?"

"Yes, you like artichokes," approved Warren, ignoring the frantic nudge of her suede slipper. "What's all this?" trying to decipher a line of French among the entrees. "Sweetbreads and mushrooms?"

"Ah, monsieur, that is one of our specialties—cooked—under glass. Just as you would get it in Paris."

"Yes, I've had that at Volain's, casually. Good restaurant, that."

"The best!" the Frenchman's tone was reverential. "I worked there four years. You know the Chatham in the Rue Daunou? I was head waiter there."

"Yes, you got good food at the Chatham, but it's no better than Vian's just across the street. The way they serve frog's legs with that piquant sauce! Good enough for me."

"Ah, monsieur, you know Vian's? His black eyes fairly glittered. "My brother, he works at Vian's now—the pastry chef."

Helen might also have enjoyed these reminiscences of Paris had she not known they would lead to an extravagant order.

"Ah, monsieur, you loved to air his knowledge of foreign restaurants, would feel he must order a dinner worthy of an epicure."

"Glad Burchard tipped me off to this place," when the proprietor finally hustled off to give his personal attention to the sweetbreads and mushrooms.

"Dear, don't order anything more. We don't want any salad or dessert. Just look at these prices!"

"Give me that menu!" Snatching

with a deprecating shrug. "They do not realize that a dish like this is a work of art. It is like a picture of a poem," waving eloquent.

"Not strong on poetry, but I know a thing or two about food," grinned Warren, always susceptible to any flattery of his gastronomic knowledge.

"How are madame's artichokes?"

"Oh, very nice," murmured Helen, worrying over what they would charge for this special dish, not on the menu.

"Now, how would monsieur like a soufflé au Richelleu for dessert?"

"Fine," agreed Warren, "if you could manage a little rum."

"For two?" he beamed assentingly.

"Oh, no, no, I'm on a diet," hastily protested Helen.

"Nonsense, you like soufflés. Yes, make it for two. And how about that Siltion cheese? I hear you have some of the real stuff."

"Ah, yes, very fine—a new shipment, monsieur. Ripe, but not too soft. You shall see," as he strutted off.

"Warren, have you any idea what this dinner's going to cost?"

"No, and I don't care. When I can get four like this I'm not worrying about the price. Whatever it costs, it's worth it."

Helen almost choked on the delicious artichoke morsels as she thought of the things she could have bought with the money squandered on this dinner.

Later, their plates whisked away, a huge silver platter was brought on. The cover removed, exposed a large soufflé, delicately browned.

"Ah, that's something like,"

beamed Warren, as the proprietor touched a match to the sauce. "That's the real thing," watching the blue flames.

Helen, fearful lest Warren be inveigled into further extravagance, was glad when the proprietor was again called away.

"Well, that's what I call one good feed," when he had dispatched most of the light, feathery soufflé.

"And you ordered cheese. Dear, you can't eat it; tell him not to bring it."

"That's so, I did order cheese. Well, it's real Siltion, let him trot it out. I can always put away a bit of that."

"You've eaten too much now. I'll tell him myself if you won't."

"Now, see here, none of your butting in," sternly.

Helen flushed. He did not want the cheese; he could not eat it. But he would not cancel the order.

"Just right," when Warren cut into the ripe Siltion. "Just soft enough. Better have some."

"No, and you oughtn't to touch it; you've eaten too much already. You'll have indigestion tonight."

"See here, you're a fine gloom to take out to dinner. Been sitting there like a thunder cloud ever since we came in. Anyone else would enjoy this. Bring you to the best restaurant in New York and blow you to—"

"I'd rather have gone to a cheap dairy lunch! I'd have enjoyed it more. It we'd just ordered one thing—it would've been all right, but we never come to a place like that that you don't want to order all the expensive dishes."

"What if I do? What's that to you?"

Helen saw the danger signal as he reddened angrily, but she was now too reckless to heed it.

"It's all your egotism! If the proprietor flatters you—lets you air your knowledge of food and Paris restaurants—you'll order everything on the menu."

"Come on!" savagely. "Here's where we get out!" motioning for his bill.

Helen blinked back the tears as she buttoned her gloves. She should not have said anything. She was only spoiling their evening, and for what?

Warren's extravagance about food she could never hope to reform. She only clouded their outings with her efforts at economy.

The total of the check she could not decipher, but she saw the \$20 bill he laid over it. After the tip there was very little change.

When they rose from the table the proprietor came hurrying toward them.

"Was everything all right, monsieur? Ah, I am glad you enjoyed it. So many American gentlemen do not appreciate good food—steak and fried potatoes do them just as well. But it is a pleasure to serve a connoisseur."

The flattering tribute of the suave Frenchman had momentarily dispelled the black acowl which Helen's outburst had aroused.

As they passed out into the sultry night, adroitly she sought to play up to his inflated conceit and retrieve her blunder.

"Dear, no wonder he enjoys serving you. I don't suppose there's a dozen men in New York who know the Paris restaurants as well as you do."

"Oh, I wouldn't say that—but I guess we know a few. Notice how surprised he was when I aproned Vian's? He couldn't ring in one I wasn't wise to."

"Of course he couldn't," pressing his arm with feigned enthusiasm, "because you know them all."

Even this palpable buttering Warren glibly swallowed.

"It was all right! By adroit flattery she had made up for her blundering outburst which might have spoiled their whole evening."

Fortunately the darkness hid her indignant smile. That Warren, so keen and shrewd about most things, should be so weakly susceptible to any flattery of his knowledge of food.

However thick one laid it on, he bolted it whole. It was his most vulnerable point, and one which Helen secretly regarded with tolerant derision.

(Copyright, 1922, by Mabel Herbert Uerner.)

Next week—A Marital Dilemma.

Woman Still Manager at 90.

Argonaut.

Miss Charlotte Sharman, at the age of 90, still actively manages the home for girl orphans she established in Southwark, London, some 60 years ago. Miss Sharman is far from old-fashioned. She personally types all her own letters and participates in the instruction of her 200 wards.