

CURRENT HAPPENINGS PICTORIALLY PRESENTED BY DARLING

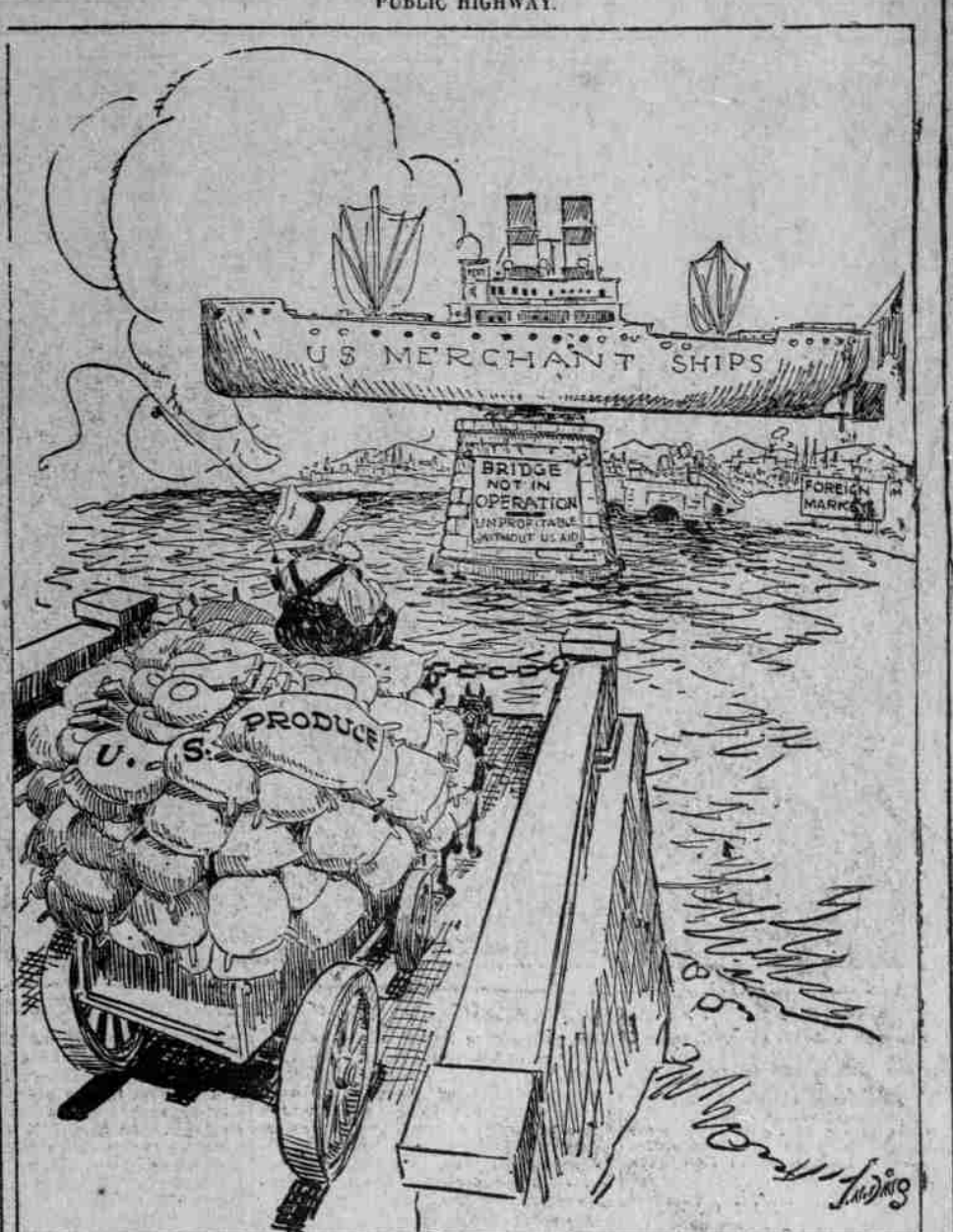
THESE EUROPEANS ARE CERTAINLY STRONG ON THE MANUFACTURE OF CHRISTMAS TOYS.



'T WAS THE WEEK AFTER CHRISTMAS, WHEN ALL THROUGH THE HOUSE—



IF THERE IS ONE UNQUESTIONABLE DUTY OF A GOVERNMENT IT IS TO MAINTAIN THE PUBLIC HIGHWAY.



NOT THAT WE OUGHT TO LOVE THE BOOTLEGGERS MORE, BUT THE MURDER MERCHANT LESS.



CUTTING OFF HIS OWN NOSE (?)



SEEMS GREAT TO HAVE THE KIDS HOME FROM SCHOOL AGAIN, DOESN'T IT?



THE MARRIED LIFE OF HELEN AND WARREN

BY MABEL HERBERT URNEL.

Unexpected Denouement of Expensive Dinner at Cafe de La Paix Illustrates Grafting Upon Americans by French in Paris and Psychology of Tourists Who Like to Be Overcharged as Well as to Pay for Everybody's Plate.

"WHOM do you think I bumped into?" Warren threw his hat and stick on the bed. "The Bartons! Downstairs waiting—we're all going out to dinner."

"The Bartons?" Helen, gathering up the Paris postcards she had been writing home. "Didn't know they were over here."

"Been here a month—sailing Saturday. Just ran into them on the Rue Royale. Hustle now. All right as you are—don't stop to fuss."

"Dear, have you any stamps? How's she dressed?"

"Didn't notice. Oh, you're good enough. That's all I got."

"Where're we going?" hastily affixing the stamps.

"I suggested Vian's—but Barton wants to go to the Cafe de la Paix."

"Yes, and order a lot of expensive dishes—and you'll pay the bill! That's the way it was with the Crosbys last week. I don't mind entertaining at home, but I don't see why you should dine everybody you meet in Paris."

"Now don't start that!" irately, "Get me out a clean collar," peeling off his coat to wash up.

Ignoring his admonition not to dress, with resentful haste Helen changed to her maigre charmeuse.

She had looked forward to a cosy dinner at Henrietta's, a quaint Latin

quarter restaurant. Now they must go to a noisy expensive place—and of course it would be Warren's dinner.

Downstairs in the Louis XV reception room, she greeted the Bartons with forced cordiality.

After the usual volubility of Americans meeting abroad, they crowded into a taxi and were whisked off to the Cafe de la Paix.

At that popular rendezvous the head waiter, ever alert for the tip-lavishing Americans, gave them a choice wall table with the long red leather seats.

"If we'd only known you were here!" Mrs. Barton threw back her wraps, exposing an "unbecomingly French gown." "We could have gone so many places together."

Helen, who loathed sightseeing with friends, murmured polite regrets.

"We'll pass up the oysters," Warren was intent on the menu. "Get oysters at home. Hye d'oeuvres. And what kind of soup?"

"St. Germain's one of their specialties. And we had some good duck here the other night," suggested Mr. Barton. "But I don't see it on the card."

The hovering head waiter eagerly assured them they could have duck, though it was not on the menu tonight.

Duck's always so rich—and heavy," demurred Helen, knowing

anything cooked special would be exorbitantly priced.

"But Warren, ignoring her restraining nudges, gave the order. "What do you people drink? How about Chablis? 1916 is a good year." "Chablis's rather dry," protested Helen. "Don't you like Graves?" for that was always the cheapest of the light wines.

But again her economical suggestion was ignored.

The dinner ordered up to the deserted, usual exchange of experiences followed.

Hotel accommodations, the rates they were paying, the restaurants they had discovered, the shops and the general tendency to overcharge Americans.

"They're certainly out to do us this year," complained Mr. Barton. "Always did trim you in Paris," shrugged Warren.

"Well, I'll never buy another gown here." Mrs. Barton's tone was emphatic. "The styles are too extreme and they're not well made."

"Yes, I've found that out," agreed Helen. "You can do better at home—and for less money. And hater! I've given up trying to get hats here."

"Yet we've always been hypnotized by the thought of Paris hats and gowns. There never was anything so over-rated."

"About all I'm buying this year are vells, gloves and perfume."

"Their gloves are good and cheap,

but you can't get long gloves with clasps and I hate buttons—they're always coming off. Just look—bought yesterday." Mrs. Barton held up a long white glove minus two buttons.

"That's the way they sew. You have to go over everything."

"And silk stockings! I always thought Paris was the place to get silk stockings, but they're much higher and not nearly as good as ours."

"I never bought but one pair here. They don't have size eight, so I had to get misses' stockings and lengthen the tops," laughed Helen.

"Of course you can get lovely hand-embroidered underwear, and very cheap, but nobody wears it any more—it's too bulky. We all wear silk."

"And shoes! No wonder the American shoe shops flourish over here."

"I was talking to some American women the other day and they all said the same thing. We're really finding out we can buy much better at home."

"Except—antiques," qualified Helen. "I love the antique shops. Have you been along the Rue de Bac? Those narrow streets in the Latin quarter are lined with antique shops. That's where I buy all my presents."

"Presents! Do you have to take something to everybody too? Next time I'm going to buy them before

we sail, so I won't have that hanging over me. And the duty—getting through the customs! It almost spoils the trip."

"Try Mrs. Stevens' plan," laughed Helen. "She keeps a box marked 'Presents from Europe.' When she sees anything cheap and attractive she buys it. Then, after each trip, she has her presents all ready."

"Watch him carve that duck," interrupted Warren, who had been discussing exchange rates with Mr. Barton. "Great work! One of Volen's waiters, wasn't it, who could get 60 slices from one duck?"

With surgical precision the elderly waiter carved, while his assistant stood deferentially by. Mashing the liver and gizzard to a pulp, he mixed it with the red blood gravy and poured it over all.

"Voilà, messieurs!" he beamed, placing the silver platter on the table.

"I want to take back some of these pepper grinders—we never see them at home," Helen ground a bit of pepper over her steaming duck.

"I wonder where I can get them?"

"Oh, any of the big stores," suggested Mrs. Barton. "I think I saw some at the Bon Marche—on one of those outdoor tables."

"Isn't that the cheapest way to display goods? Imagine any of our big department stores putting their bargain counters on the sidewalk! You'd think you were at a push-cart market."

"They've always done that here—the very best stores. Of course, they're lovely things inside, but those cheap street tables piled with everything from tinware to tawdry jewelry!"

"Stop knocking and enjoy this duck," admonished Warren. "The French shops may not be all they're cracked up to be, but the restaurants are. Best food in the world,

Worth coming to Paris once a year—if only for the eat."

"The way they cook these peas in lettuce juice—they're delicious," enthused Helen, forgetting momentarily her anxiety about the bill.

For dessert they had fresh strawberry tart and coeur de creme—the heart-shaped cream cheese smothered in thick sweet cream.

They lingered almost an hour over the coffee, the tall glasses always more alluring than after-dinner cups.

"Well, where do we go from here?" Warren glanced at his watch. "Polos Bergeret? Just put on a new show there—a frisky one, too."

"I haven't packed yet—and you know we're leaving for London in the morning," regretted Mrs. Barton. "But if we don't stay too late."

"Oh, if you have to pack, I wouldn't go," discouraged Helen, knowing Warren would pay for the tickets. "And I'm tired—we've been up late every night."

"It's a darn shame we didn't know you were here," remarked Mr. Barton for the third time. "We'd have had some great parties."

"The bill!" Warren had beckoned the waiter. "Laddition!"

The waiter's voluble French was unintelligible.

"What in blazes is he spluttering about? I want the bill! Laddition!"

"He says there isn't any bill," grinned Mr. Barton, clipping a cigar.

"No bill! What's the joke?"

"This dinner's on me. I've a charge account—that's why I insisted on coming here. We always stop at the Grand, so we eat here a lot."

"Now, you can't get away with anything like that," protested Warren. "I ordered this dinner."

"That's all right, we dined with you in New York. It's already

chalked up against me," puffing at the cigar. She had been flagrantly unjust. Mr. Barton had intended to pay all along!

"They WERE nice people! She even managed a genuine response to Mrs. Barton's once more expressed regret that they had not met sooner."

"Maybe we'll all be here next year. I hope to get over in August," remarked Mr. Barton, as they walked through the cafe to the lobby of the Grand hotel.

"Afraid I can't plan that far ahead. But if we're here, we'll certainly look you up," Warren assured them.

With the usual parting felicitations for a smooth channel trip and a pleasant homeward voyage, they left them at the lift.

Outside on the crowded Boulevard des Capucines, Warren signaled a taxi.

"No, dear, let's walk," demurred Helen. "It's a wonderful night," gazing down the festive avenue, gay with lights and sidewalk cafes.

"Well, that's the time you guessed wrong," he grunted, as they stroled on. "Kept trying to shove down the order—so darned afraid I'd spend a few francs!"

"But you always DO pay! Everybody takes advantage of you. I thought—"

"Well, what of it? What if I had paid?" belligerently. "We're not so hard up we can't have a few friends to dinner."

"But over here you ask everyone you meet. Dear, it isn't necessary to—"

"I'll ask whom I darn please! Met Holman this morning at the American Express. He's to dine with us

tomorrow night. Now I'll not be held down while we're in Paris. We're going to blow ourselves every meal. Food's the best thing they do here—and we're going to hit it hard!"

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Next week—Lost in a London Fog.

GRANITE TRACT OBTAINED

New Concern at Ashland to Prepare Building Material.

ASHLAND, Or., Dec. 28.—(Special.)—Exclusive rights on a tract of land joining the Blair granite quarry have been obtained by John M. Newell, a granite dealer, who recently came to Ashland from eastern Oregon. The granite dike on this property is said to be a continuation of that on the Blair tract, which produces an exceptionally fine quality of stone. Marble will be handled for interior building work by the new company, which will be known as the Ashland Granite company.

A workroom has been prepared in the city and pneumatic tools installed for carving and lettering. The new company will do business strictly as a retail manufacturer, dealing directly with the consumer. Several orders already have been placed for spring delivery.

Hot Lake Couple Get License.

(By Chicago Tribune Leased Wire.) CHICAGO, Dec. 28.—A marriage license was issued here today to Ernest L. McKown, 28, and Winifred Ellward, 25, both of Hot Lake, Or.