

HEADACHE Venus HEARTACHE.

By GRAMM BOYD.
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Neil noticed the girl as the car came to a stop. She was undeniably pretty, though her clothes were a little too pronounced in color and cut, and her hat was distinctly "loud." The white parasol, however, softened the high coloring of clothes and complexion and moved the man in the seat ahead to the audible reflection that she was a "peach."

There was a trifling delay to the car ahead, and Neil was about to turn her attention to the trouble when Vance Joslin dropped lightly from the rear end of the car and approached the girl. For an instant she seemed to resent his address, but as he spoke her manner changed, and a moment later they moved off up the street together. The man in front remarked to his companion that "the Johnny had his nerve with him."

The vulgarity of the remark emphasized the shock Neil had felt when she had seen Vance speak, and with a crimson face she turned her head away from that side of the car that she might not see them as the car, now in motion again, overtook them.

She had not seen Vance board the car, and she was certain that he had not seen her, else he would have made his way to her side. They had been engaged just three days. Only that morning he had told her over the telephone how sorry he was that a business engagement prevented him from asking her to lunch, and yet he had apparently left the car to take this girl to lunch.

Neil had meant to stop off at the little restaurant, where she had so often dined with Vance. He would probably take his client there, and he would have a chance at least to speak to her. And when one is but newly engaged even a word and a look are worth the while. Now she decided



GENTLY VANCE RAISED THE TEAR STAINED FACE TO HIS OWN.

that she did not want any lunch. She only wanted to get home and have a good cry.

But she was not permitted to enjoy this luxury, for at the transfer corner she ran into a party of her old school chums. The solitary told its own story, and Neil was carried off to a fashionable restaurant, there to be the guest of honor at an impromptu banquet.

As she entered she gave a start, for though Vance was sitting with his back toward her, she had no difficulty in recognizing him, and the girl was unmistakable. While she had been chatting with the girls he had probably passed them. His order had been given.

She led the way to a table at the other side of the room that she might not be compelled to recognize him, but the precaution apparently was needless. When the girls were leaving the place, Vance and his guest were still absorbed in each other. Vance was drinking coffee, and the girl was consuming highly colored cordials. Neil led the way from the place, thankful that none of the other girls knew Vance.

The luncheon had been an ordeal for her. She wished that she had slipped off the ring when the first impulse came to her to do so. Then she would have been saved the humiliation of accepting a celebration lunch at which she sat and planned the letter which she should write to accompany the ring. As it was, the lunch had broken her nerves completely, and, hurrying home, she wrote the fateful letter, then took to her bed. She was crying her heart out in comfortable feminine fashion when her mother opened the door.

"Vance is downstairs and wants to see you," she said gently. "I told him that you were ill, but he insisted on seeing you just a moment."

"I'll see him," said Neil, with sudden determination. "Tell him I will be right down."

She sprang from the bed and began to dress. While lying there she had thought of many things to say that were even more bitter than the things she had said in the letter, and in her present mood she wanted to hurt him as much as he had hurt her. She wanted to taunt him with his choice and to see him shrink from her description of the girl as seen through a

woman's eyes. The anticipation gave her strength, and with head proudly erect and shoulders resolutely braced back she entered the parlor.

Joslin came forward eagerly.

"It was good of you to see me," he cried. "I was afraid, from what your mother said, that you were too ill to receive any one."

"I had a headache," she explained listlessly, keeping the table between them that he might not kiss her. Probably he had kissed that other girl.

"It's too bad about the poor head," cried Vance. "I wanted you to come to dinner with me. We will go to the Trocadero and have just the best we can find, or we'll go to the Alhambra if you prefer that. The music is better there, but the cooking is not as good."

For a moment Neil could only stare dumbly. He wanted to take her to the Trocadero, where he had taken that woman for lunch. The thought was impossible. Probably his conscience smote him and he wanted to compromise with it.

"I don't think that I care to go to the Trocadero," she said, adding meaningly: "I was there this afternoon for lunch. I met some of the girls, and they insisted upon my going with them."

"Then we'll go to the Alhambra," he offered. "What time did you have lunch?"

"About 2 o'clock," answered Neil, watching his face closely for signs of confusion. Instead he merely gave a whistle of surprise.

"I was there about then," he declared in mild astonishment.

"I know you were," admitted Neil. "I saw you."

"I don't blame you for not speaking," he said, with a short laugh. "But why didn't you send the waiter for me? I would have come over to your table."

"It seemed a pity to disturb you," retorted Neil. "You two seemed so much interested in each other that I did not like to interrupt. You told me on the telephone that it was a business engagement."

"But that was not the engagement," explained Vance. "You see, I was to lunch with old Mr. Bishop to talk about that infringement case. I was on the car on my way to get him, and a blockade brought us to a halt. I got off to walk, as I was late, and Bingham's office was only a couple of blocks away, and I ran right straight into this girl."

"She didn't know me at first, but I told her who I was, and she accepted my invitation to go to lunch, so I slipped in and excused myself to Bingham and took her over to the Troc. I knew that she would appreciate the chance to show off all her finery in a place like that, and I guessed right. She was tickled to death."

"You seemed well pleased yourself," suggested Neil maliciously.

"Why not?" asked Vance. "That was Sadie Webster, the girl who could—and did—tell me all about that Mytus case. We'll win that now, and it means that we live in our own home instead of in a flat. That's why I want you to come out and celebrate."

"I'll get my hat in a minute," promised Neil. Then she paused as the remembrance of that letter she had written came back to her. "I'll go on one condition," she added.

"On any condition," promised Vance laughingly. "You have but to name it."

"You mustn't read a letter I sent you this afternoon," she stipulated, while her cheeks grew crimson. "You must throw it away unread."

"Jealous?" he asked curiously. "Was that the headache, Neil? Couldn't you trust me, dear?"

"I wasn't exactly jealous," sobbed Neil, seeking the refuge of his shoulder to hide her flushed face, "but I could see that she didn't know you, and a man in the seat in front said it was a flirtation, and—and I was so miserable."

Gently Vance raised the tear stained face to his own.

"It's a lesson that comes to every wife, dear," he said softly. "She has to learn that she must trust her husband, even though appearances are against him. I'm glad, sweetheart, that it was no worse. Now get the hat and we'll celebrate the meeting with Sadie if the poor head is well enough."

Neil threw her arms about his neck and kissed him.

"Vance," she said penitently, "you are just the best headache cure that ever was."

LONDON GAMING DENS

The Way the Police Descend Upon Them in a Raid.

SKILL, CUNNING AND DARING.

Absolute Secrecy is Maintained by the Officials, and the Police are Kept in the Dark Until the Last Moment—Getting into the Club.

The police have recently carried out some sensational raids on big gaming clubs, and it may be interesting to learn how these raids are effected. This is how it is done in London: As soon as the detectives' suspicions have been confirmed they apply to the commissioner of police for a warrant to enter. The warrant authorizes certain officers mentioned by name to enter the club in the name of the king. Ordinary policemen are not permitted to carry out a raid, but the detectives can call upon them for assistance at the critical moment.

Absolute secrecy is enforced right up to the moment of entry. There is no excitement at the station on that day, and the men on duty have no suspicion of what is in the wind. Plans of the house are drawn and carefully studied by the raiding officers, for the doorkeeper of the club is prepared at the slightest alarm to send a warning to his customers, and every vestige of gambling apparatus will mysteriously disappear and the raid fail. A carefully planned ruse, therefore, has to be evolved which will disarm suspicion.

During the day a body of "reserve" policemen will receive a communication from the station that they will be required to parade at a certain hour, and they meet with no idea of what is expected of them. They are drawn up in lines, and after names have been called over they are dismissed from the station one by one, with the injunction to be in the immediate neighborhood of a certain street in a couple of hours and not to get near the spot before the prearranged moment.

The first officer to appear on the scene is the one in charge of the raid. He is always disguised and usually looks like a well dressed man about town. He passes the club carefully, but it is sufficient for him to learn from a confederate inside that gaming has commenced. A policeman then saunters to the corner of the street and stays there as though he were on "point" duty. Then, not till then, is the information of the precise club to be raided secretly conveyed to the attacking force in their hiding places, while the club, unconscious of its impending fate, pursues its gambling.

The first difficulty to surmount is to get past the burly doorkeeper. If this is not successfully done the raid will end in failure. Presently the sound of a drunken song is heard in the distance, and two apparently rough looking men come staggering along. As they near the entrance to the club they begin disputing and soon come to blows. The doorkeeper peeps through the wicket and orders the men away. One of the men rushes at the wicket and challenges the doorkeeper to "come outside like a man" and at the same time shouts out something about the character of the house. The combatants continue fighting, and the officer at the corner comes along and orders them away. The men return, however, to "have it out with the doorkeeper."

The noise increases, attracting hitherward bound gentlemen in evening dress, who gather round and urge the men on.

The doorkeeper by this time becomes alarmed, for the rowdy crowd will frighten away his clients. Perhaps just at this moment a member of the club arrives and seeks admission. The door is opened with the utmost caution to admit him. Before he has time to fasten it the two officers hastily secure the member and rush upstairs. The two combatants were disguised policemen and the onlookers detectives.

As soon as an entrance into the club has been effected the constable at the corner sounds his whistle, and before the sound has died away the whole neighborhood is alive with police. If the house boasts of a trapdoor on the roof, the flash of lanterns will be seen up there, the men having been concealed among the chimney pots since it was dark. The front door is secured, and the police form a guard round the house, so that escape is impossible.

Meantime the scene upstairs is one of the wildest excitement. The gamblers, intent on business, had not noticed the scuffle in the passage, and the first intimation they got of the state of affairs is when the door is thrown open and the officer in charge calls on them to regard themselves as his prisoners. Then they realize their position. The tables are overturned, and card counters and money roll all over the floor as the members endeavor to escape. They make for the street door, but, balked in this direction, hurry to all parts of the house to hide.

The crestfallen members of the club are conveyed to the station, each in the custody of two officers. Then the house is searched for the gambling apparatus. Every inch of the place is examined, for gamblers have remarkable contrivances whereby they can hide their apparatus in the event of being raided. Tops of tables are knocked off, flooring taken up and walls searched for secret cupboards. Yards of chalked string are regarded as prizes, and with these and more apparent proofs the case is ready for the magistrate. The evidence is laid before him, and the proprietor and members are charged and the sentence passed, a heavy fine imposed on the prisoners.—London Tit-Bits.

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