

ed Life of WARREN

IDENT UNION

attached on the light by her pillow.
LAKING over in the berth below, Warren an hour's mood.
"Dear?" Then louder, "Dear! We're at rest at Munich. You'd better—"
Sneezing about. Rain! That open window—busting in!

NOT wake him. Not yet! With pushy hands, she wrung down, "Oh," the hunched covers stirred for up."
"Yes, but you needn't—not just yet, struggling with the window.
The closing being muffled by the thousand risk.

Her heart thumping incoherently. The with dry. But the rain blows on their long up (cushion. Her blouse and his shirt stretched!
"Twenty of seven," he panted, taking the watch from the book.
Crouching for his slippers, his bare feet inched the damp carpet!
"What the devil—"
"Dear, it—It rained in a little."
"A little?" he spluttered, snatching his wet shirt.

"That that protected your coat. And the summer's up in the rain," getting a fresh shirt from the suit case. "It's only your—your blouse."
"Bopping!" he jerked up the tan skirts.

"Here're dry socks. And just in the night—well have the trunk there."
But now beyond bounds, his savage outburst at her made for air.
"I have to open the window—even if you flood the floor!"
"Dear, don't fuss—please don't!" trying to dry his underwear. "Give me your pajama coat. I'll wrap the wet things in that."

At his explosive rage, Helen retreated to the upper berth. Better stay up there in dress. Keep out of his way!
So worried about his clothes, she thought of her own. But now realizing in spite of her blouse in the suit case—and hers wringing!

Never any fear of cold. Wear it. Bay sucking—not start another trade.
No, really too wet? Why ruin the thing if her suit was?
Go without a blouse? If she had a cut—something to sit in the berth.
"How in heaven can I wash these blouses?" a fervent plea from below. "Can't you?"

"Can't even get 'em out! Now I'm going to wear my slippers."
"Oh, you can't! Endless slippers—mud with red—"
"Don't care if they're all colors of the rainbow! I don't wear those shoes."
"Dear, hand me one of your handkerchiefs. From your suitcase."
"None of your own?" leaning up and up. "You can't dress up there."
"Yes, I can! Well, give me another handkerchief."
One piped scream—a storm volume in—

Are You Hard of Hearing?

her suit case. The beautiful horizon. "This rain—that mountain of the other making her? "
Now climbing down, a her blouse like her, well. "You can't get into it!" Warren. "Wear your slippers, then."
"First with mud! I never take cold," squirming into the wet blouse pumps.
"Told you it'd rain! But your infernal state for all—had to depend on you."
"Now, what can I say?" incoherently. "You know I'm sorry."
"Oh, we're no longer for your wet shoes. I can't put them in the suit case."
"I'll carry 'em to it. What's that? Don't give a darn how it looks!"
But Helen clinging to the guard to ask for some paper.
Frumptily he appeared with a cup of black coffee.
His cheerful remembrance about the raincoat. Only the carpet by the window damp, and that would soon dry.
Bringing a newspaper for the shoes. A Vienna paper! Her tonight's page—
"You ought to have some of this hot coffee," Warren gulped it down. "But so blasted unpleasant— Now what about those darned flowers? Better leave 'em."
"No, no, I'll carry your shoes—and the flowers to hide them."
"One of your remembrances, oh! too here, you're not wearing that wet blouse!"
"No blouse at all! Look, I made a roller and rest of your handkerchiefs!"
"By George, Kitson, not just!" his involuntary shudder. Then remembering the glove. "Well, all ready! Almost in."
The last-day garden suburbs. And soon the station's vaulted gloom.

FROM the window, Warren bending out their bags to a green-curtained porter. Giving him the trunk which he got their "Belmonte Gopher." "
"Now come on." Jerking up her toilet case, he shuffled out down the corridor. "We look like a couple of refugees!"
But the kindly courteous German. Not a glance at his suffering bedroom slippers!
Hunt their trunk like a tail, and they were whistling backward.
"Good thing they know us at the Continental," stretching out his incongruous feet. "Way we look—never get a room."
"Dear, think of all the trouble lately. Whole towns under water. And we make a fuss over a few wet clothes!"
"Hah, they can't help the floods. But you didn't have to open that window!"
"Oh, there's our lovely fountain," at the rear of the Witzelsbacher Brunnen.
"Dear, Munich!" afterwards. "We're in Munich!"
But her raptures stirred only an unmolested grunt.
Starting the ice-towered Maximilianplatz. Just beyond, the Continental with its gay awnings and high-backed terrace.
"Now a bath—then breakfast on the terrace. You know you love the breakfast here," her duped big-grin back-

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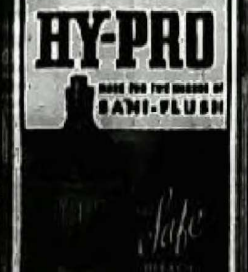


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