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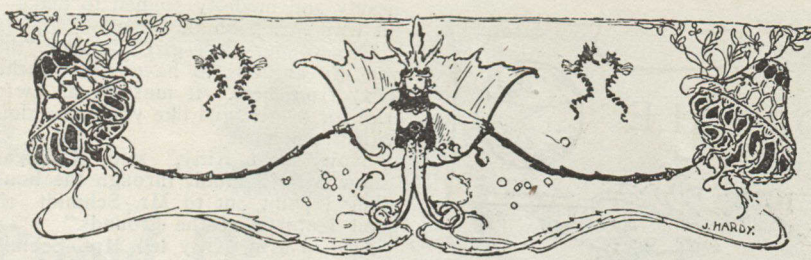
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Two New Serial Stories start in this issue, you should read them both.



## A HONEYMOON IN HIDING

Continued from page 9

rounded with hooks. Gwen's quick eye at once grasped the strategic possibilities of this retreat, and on the first exciting sortie into the wilds of London, insisted upon buying a couple of strong bolts, the which Pat fitted up inside the two cupboard doors, completing his labors by boring holes in inconspicuous portions of the panels.

A hiding-place for themselves having now been secured, the couple next applied themselves to solving the problem of "cutting their traces," and to this end Gwen instituted what she was pleased to call a "fire drill," in which each was apportioned special tasks, and trained to perform them in the quickest possible method. In the middle of a cosy little meal she would suddenly throw up her hand, hiss the word "Fire!" in a stage whisper, and *presto*, the machinery would be set in action. Pat would dart noiselessly at the Beatrice stove, kindest and most unobtrusive of friends, extinguish it with a turn, and lift it bodily into the bottom of the centre cupboard. Next, the tray with all its contents would find a place on a shelf above, the key would be turned in the lock, and his pipe and tobacco rescued from their latest hiding-places. In the meanwhile Gwen would deftly range the chairs against the wall, rip off tablecloths, smooth the cover of fancy work which, like the pipe, was invariably to be found in a new position. These sweeping movements effected, the conspirators would promptly dive into their respective corners, bolt themselves in, and gasp with relief. It was astonishing how quickly the transformation could be accomplished. After two or three of these drillings the cosy, inhabited little den could be reduced to an empty shell in something under a minute and a half, and surely, surely, even if by bad luck the invaders made straight for this room of all others, it would take longer than this to open and shut the front and vestibule doors, traverse the hall, and mount the first flight of stairs.

With regard to meals, interrupted or peaceful, two days' experience had proved the infinite superiority of a picnic over the solemn formality of hotel repasts. The principal repasts of the day were partaken in one or other of those delightfully economical Italian restaurants which abound in fashionable London, while the preparation of the home meals was largely aided by such modern conveniences as coffee machines and egg boilers which, with other of the less valuable wedding presents, had been stowed away in boxes in the spare room. As for the bacon for the morning repast, it could be procured at any large store, and carried home in a greasy paper; wafer shreds of bacon, sliced by a wondrous machine, the which tasted as never bacon had tasted before, served hot from the frying-pan on the top of the Beatrice stove, right on to the plate itself. Breakfast under such conditions was a feast for the gods. Afternoon tea, if needed, was equally easy to accomplish, while before the return home, the invaluable Thermos bottle could be filled with soup, and a cup of bouillon be in readiness if perchance the pangs of hunger made themselves felt during the evening.

So far the honeymooners left assured that their presence had remained absolutely unsuspected. There was little traffic in the narrow passage on which the back door debouched, and, given the preliminary precaution of listening, and peering through the cracks of the door, one could be practically sure of successfully running the blockade. Gwen had artfully placed some article of furniture before the respective windows of the rooms in occupation, so that there should be no danger of either she or her husband showing themselves at the windows in a moment of forgetfulness. No smoke emerged from the chimneys, no noise was permitted which could penetrate through the dividing walls.

For the first few days Pat hardly dared to talk above a whisper, or Gwen

to tread otherwise than on the tips of her little slippers, but nothing grows more rapidly than a sense of security, and after three or four days of peaceful retreat, a general slackening of caution was observable in the camp. Pat whistled, and chanted snatches of unclassical ditties, as he performed his toilet. Gwen's laugh rang out in its old, clear trill. Nobody thought about them; nobody cared. The best hiding-place in the world was in the heart of the great city.

According to pre-arranged plan, the happy hunting grounds of the honeymooners were those far-off districts which exist but as names to the dwellers in Mayfair; and among these the "East End" soon took a foremost place. The crowded, cosmopolitan East End, with its booths, its fairs, its markets, its slums, its palaces, its winding lanes, so strangely un-English in aspect, its great thoroughfare with its towering hospital, cutting a broad line from east to west. It was an unknown world, a world full of grim struggle and suffering; full also of kindness, courage, and a delightful leavening of humor. The songs of the East End—who has heard them in their native element without delight? The barrel organs make their refrains familiar in more rarefied circles, but it is not until their words are heard chanted by a chorus of factory hands that their full flavor can be appreciated. From a moral standpoint they are far superior to those in favor farther west: virtue is indeed rampant in many of the refrains, and the unvarying themes run in copy-book form on such old-fashioned virtues as love, courage, and filial affection.

It was Gwen's enjoyment in these musical effusions which prompted her to make a suggestion to her husband as they sat over dinner one evening in a little Italian restaurant not a hundred miles from Holborn, consuming some of the best-cooked food which can be procured in London, accompanied by a blue-red wine which was almost as strikingly bad.

"Pat," she cried suddenly, "I want to go to a theatre—an East End theatre—to-night. Something thrilling and exciting. Does one book seats for East End theatres? Could we book here? Would they be advertised in the papers?"

"Theatre!" he responded obediently. "Certainly. Capital idea. I haven't a particularly extensive acquaintance with East End theatres, but I believe they are nothing if not thrilling. They don't advertise in the *Morning Post*, but I'll ask the waiter; he is sure to be able to give us some sort of list. Roaring melodrama would be about your fancy, I suppose?"

But Gwen shook her head. Draw-room comedy was her passion, and when a thin and blurred sheet was produced, she chuckled with delight at the sight of the titles of the two leading plays at the moment holding the favor of eastern London. "Cissy, or Love's Devotion," promised an intellectual treat, but its attractions paled beside the allurements of "The Wild Girl of the Family."

"Oh, oh! I've such a fellow-feeling for her. Pat, I can't bear my life a moment longer, if you don't take me to see 'The Wild Girl!'"

But, after all, "The Wild Girl" was postponed until another night, for the waiter, witnessing Gwen's excitement, came forward with a thrilling suggestion. Perhaps the lady would like to see a competition at a music hall? There was one announced for to-night at the National East End. He could declare from past experience that it was the "most amusing, and"—with a shrug of the shoulders—"amiable also, of a good intent. The proprietor of the hall had the white heart, and the competitions were arranged for the benefit of the young girls of the factories, in whose circumstances madame could believe that a five-pound note would represent a fortune. It was to gain a five-pound note that to-night's competition would be held."

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