



ILLUSTRATED FROM PHOTOGRAPHS OF THE PLAY AS PRODUCED BY HENRY W. SAVAGE.

(Continued from last week)

Lathrop cut him short with a sharp: "Better get busy—before the train starts. And I'll pay you in advance before you set off the fireworks." The flippant pained Rev. Charles, but he was reassured by one glance at the bill that Ira trust into his palm. If a man's gratitude for his wife is measured by the size of the fee he hands the enabling parson, Ira was madly in love with Anne. Rev. Charles had a reminiscent suspicion that it was probably a counterfeit, but for once he did not mind.

The ritual began with the pleasant murmur of the preacher's voice, and the passengers crowded round in a solemn calm, which was suddenly violated by a loud yelp of laughter from Wedgewood, who omitted guffaw after guffaw and bent double and opened out again, like an excited umbrella. The wedding-guests turned on him visages of horror, and hissed silence at him. Ashton seized him, shook him, and muttered: "What the—what's the matter with you?" The Englishman shook like a boy having a spasm of giggles at a funeral, and blurted out the explanation: "That story about the bridegroom—I just saw the picture." Ashton closed his jaw by brute force and watched over him through the rest of the festivity.

CHAPTER XXIX.

Foiled Yet Again. Mallory fled from the scene at the first hum of the minister's voice. His fate was like alkali on his palate. For twelve hundred miles he had ransacked the world for a minister. When one dropped on the train like manna through the roof, even this miracle had to be checked by a perverse miracle that sent to the train an early infatuation, a silly affair that he himself called puppy-love. And now Marjorie would never marry him. He did not blame her. He blamed fate.

He was in solitude in the smoking room. The place reeked with drifting tobacco smoke and the malodor of cigar stubs and cigarette ends. His plans were as unworkable as odious as cigarette ends. He dropped into a chair, his elbows on his knees and his head in his hands—Napoleon on St. Helena. And then, suddenly he heard Marjorie's voice. He turned and saw her hesitating in the doorway. He rose to welcome her, but the smile died on his lips at her chilly speech: "May I have a word with you, sir?"

"Of course. The air's rather thick in here," she apologized. "Just wait!" she said, ominously, and stalked in like a young Zenobia. He put out an appealing hand: "New, Marjorie, listen to reason. Of course I know you won't marry me now." "Oh, you know that, do you?" she said, with a squelched jaw. "But, really, you ought to marry me—not merely because I love you—and you're the only girl I ever—He stopped short and almost smiled as she taunted him: "Go on—I dare you to say it." He swallowed hard and waived the point: "Well, anyway, you ought to marry me—for your own sake."

Then she took his breath away by answering: "Oh, I'm going to marry you, never fear." "You are," he cried, with a rush of returning hope. "Oh, I knew you loved me." She pushed his encircling arms aside: "I don't love you, and that's why I'm going to marry you." "But I don't understand," he cried as "Of course not," she sneered, as if she were a thousand years old, "you're only a man—and a very young man." "You've ceased to love me," he protested, "just because of a little affair I had before I met you." Marjorie answered with world-old wisdom: "A woman can forgive a man anything except what he did before he met her."

He stared at her with masculine dismay at feminine logic: "If you can't forgive me, then why do you marry me?" "For revenge!" she cried. "You brought me on this train all this distance to introduce me to a girl you used to spoon with. And I don't like her. She's awful!" "Yes, she is awful," Mallory assented. "I don't know how I ever—" "Oh, you admit it!" "No." "Well, I'm going to marry you—now—this minute—with the proviso, then I'm going to get off at Reno and divorce you."

"Divorce me! Good Lord! On what grounds?" "On the grounds of Miss Kitty—Kitty—Lewington—or whatever her name is." Mallory was egotist with punishment, and the vain effort to possess her next blow. "But you can't name a woman that way," he pleaded, "for just being nice to me before I ever met you."

of realism, with undignified necessities and harrowing situations at every step, and disillusion begins its deadly work.

This young couple was undergoing all the inconveniences and temper-exposures of marriage without its blessed compensations. They promised to be well acquainted before they were wed. If they still wanted each other after this ordeal, they were pretty well assured that their marriage would not be a failure. Mallory rejoiced to see that the beneficence of Marjorie's jealousy had only whetted up the serpent's hunger. The great depths were still calm and unbroken, and her love for him was in and of the depths. Soon after leaving Eden, the train stopped upon the great bridge across the Great Salt Lake. The other passengers were starting at the enormous engineering masterpiece and the conductor was pointing out that, in order to save forty miles and the crossing of two mountain chains, the railroad had devoted four years of labor and millions of dollars to stretching a thirty-mile bridge across this inland ocean.

But Marjorie and Mallory never noticed it. They were absorbed in exploring each other's souls, and they had safely bridged the Great Salt Lake which the first big bitter jealousy spreads across every matrimonial route. They were undisturbed in their joy for all the other passengers had their noses flattened against the window panes of the other cars—all except one couple, gazing each at each through time-wrinkled eyelids touched with the magic of a tardy honeymoon. For all that Anne and Ira knew, the Great Salt Lake was a sweet lagoon, and the arid mountains of Nevada which the train went across, were the very hillsides of Arcadia.

But the other passengers soon came trooping back into the observation car. Ira had told them nothing of Mallory's confession. In the first place, he was a man who had learned to keep a secret, and in the second place, he had forgotten that such persons as Marjorie or his Marjorie existed. All the world was summed up in the fearfully happy little splinter who had moved up into his section—the section which had begun its career draped in satin ribbons unwittingly prophetic.

The communion of Mallory and Marjorie under the benison of reconciliation was invaded by the jokes of the other passengers, unconsciously ironic. Dr. Temple chaffed them amiably: "You two will have to take a back seat now. We've got a new bridegroom to amuse us." And Mrs. Temple welcomed them with: "You're only old married folks, like us."

The Mallorys were used to the misunderstanding. But the misplaced witticisms gave them the assurance that their secret was safe yet a little while. At their dinner-table, however, and in the long evening that followed, they were haunted by the fact that this was their last night on the train, and no minister to expect, could be had. And now once more the Mallorys regained the star roles in the esteem of the audience, for once more they quarreled at good-night-kissing time. Once more they required two sections, while Anne and Marjorie's berth was not even used. It remained empty, like a deserted nest, for its occupant had flown south.

CHAPTER XXXII.

Fresh Trouble Daily. The following morning the daylight creeping into section number one found Ira and Anne staring at each other. Ira was touselled and Anne was unsmug, but her blush still gave her cheek at least an Indian summer glow. After a violent effort to reach the space between her shoulder blades, she was compelled to appeal to her new master to act as her new maid. "Oh, Mr. Lathrop," she whimpered, "Ira, she corrected, "won't you please book me up?" Ira beamed with a second childhoodishness: "I'll do my best, my little cotsun-totsuns, it's the first time I've ever tried it." "Oh, I'm so glad," Anne sighed, "it's the first time I ever was booked up by a gentleman."

He gurgled with joy and, forgetting the poverty of space, tried to reach her lips to kiss her. He almost broke her neck and bumped his head so hard that instead of saying, as he intended, "My darling," he said, "Oh, hell!" "Ira!" she gasped. But he, with all the proprietorship he had assumed, answered cheerily: "You'll have to get used to it, duckie dear. It won't be long before you'll be used to it." He proved the fact again and again by the remarks he addressed to certain refractory hooks. He apologized, but she felt more like apologizing for herself. "Oh, Ira," she said, "I'm so ashamed to have you see me like this—the first morning." "Well, you haven't got anything on me—I'm not shaved."

"You don't have to tell me that," she said, rubbing her smarting cheek. Then she bumped her head and gasped: "Oh—what you said." This made them feel so much at home that she attained the heights of frankness and honesty by reaching in her handbag for a knob of supplementary hair, which she affixed dextrously to what was home-grown. Ira, instead of looking shocked, loved her for her honesty, and grinned: "Now, that's where you have got something on me. Say, we're like a couple of cardines trying to make love in a tin can." "It's cozy though," she said, and undid vanished through the curtaining and shyly ran the gauntlet of amused glances and over-corded "Good mornings" till she hid her blushes behind the door of the women's room and turned the key. If she had thought of it she would have said, "God bless the man that invented doors—and the other angel that invented locks."

The passengers this morning were a little brisker than usual. It was the last day aboard for everybody and they showed a certain extra animation, like the inmates of an ocean liner when land has been sighted. Ashton was shaving when Ira swagged into the men's room. Without pausing to note whom he was addressing, Ashton sang out: "Good morning. Did you rest well?" "What?" Ira roared. "Oh, excuse me!" said Ashton, hastily, devoting himself to a gash his razor had made in his cheek—even in that cheek of his. Ira scrubbed out the basin, filled it and tried to dive into it, slapping the cold water in double handfuls over his glowing face and puffing through like a porpoise. Meanwhile the heavy-eyed Fosdick regarded with amazement by Dr. Temple and his wife, who were already up and breakfasting. "What's the matter with the bridal couples on this train, anyway?" said Dr. Temple. "I can't imagine," said his wife, "we old couples are the only normal ones."

Some more coffee, please, mother," he said. "But your nerves," she protested. "It's my vacation," he insisted. Mrs. Temple stared at him and shook her head: "I wonder what mischief you're up to today? You've already been smoking, gambling, drinking—have you been swearing, yet?" "Not yet," the old cregyman smiled. "I've been saving that up for a good occasion. Perhaps it will rise before the day is out."

And his wife choked on her tea at the wonderful train-change that had come over the best man in Ypsilanti. By this time Fosdick had reached the stateroom from which he had been banished again at the Nevada station-line. He knocked cautiously. From within came an anxious voice: "Who's there?" "Whom did you expect?" Mrs. Fosdick popped her head out into the hall. "Oh, it's you, Arthur. Kiss me good morning." He glanced round stealthily and obeyed instructions: "I guess it's safe—my darling."

"Did you sleep, dove?" she yawned. "No, I didn't. The 'Oh, it's you, Arthur. Kiss me good morning.' He glanced round stealthily and obeyed instructions: "I guess it's safe—my darling."

"Good morning, Mrs. Mallory," snapped Mrs. Whitcomb. Mrs. Wellington was rather proud that the random shot landed, but Marjorie felt most uneasy between the two tigresses: "Good morning, Mrs. Whitcomb," she said. There was a disagreeable silence, broken finally by Mrs. Wellington's: "Oh, Mrs. Mallory, would you be angelic enough to hook my gown?" "Of course I will," said Marjorie. "May I hook you?" said Mrs. Whitcomb. "You're awfully kind," said Marjorie, presenting her shoulders to Mrs. Whitcomb, who asked with malicious sweetness: "Why didn't your husband do this for you this morning?"

"I don't remember," Marjorie stammered, and Mrs. Wellington tossed over-shoulder an apothegm: "He's no husband till he's hook-hooped." Just then Mrs. Fosdick came out of her stateroom. Seeing Mrs. Whitcomb's waist sagge, she went at it with a brief: "Good morning, everybody. Permit me." Mrs. Wellington twisted her head to say "Good morning" and to ask, "Are you hooked, Mrs. Fosdick?" "Not yet," pouted Mrs. Fosdick. "Turn round and book up," said Mrs. Wellington. After some maneuvering, the women formed a complete circle, and fingers piled hooks and eyes in a veritable Ladies' Mutual Aid Society.

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"I dare say," said Wedgewood indifferently. "You sell 'em. We use 'em. But do you know, I've just thought out a ripping idea. I shall have my cold bath this morning after all." "What are you going to do?" growled Lathrop. "Crawl in the ice-water tank!" "Oh, dear, no. I shouldn't be let," and he produced from his pocket a rubber hose. "I simply affix this little tube to one end of the spigot and wave the sprinkling hah over myself—m—persists at him pityingly, and demanded: "What happens to the water, then?" "What do I care?" said Wedgewood. "You durned fool, you'd flood the car."

Wedgewood's high hopes withered. "I hadn't thought of that," he sighed. "I suppose I must continue just as I am till I reach San Francisco. The first thing I shall order tonight will be four cold tubs and a lemon squash." While the men continued to make themselves presentable in a huddle, the hook-and-eye society at the other end of the car finished with the four waits, and Mrs. Fosdick hurried away to keep her ryst in the dining-car. The three remaining relapsed into dreary attitudes. Mrs. Wellington shook the knob of the forbidding door, and turned to complain: "What in heaven's name are the creature in there. She must have fallen out of the window."

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the door opened, and out stepped Miss Gattie, as was. She blushed furiously at sight of the committee waiting to greet her, but they repented their criticisms and tried to make up for them by the excessive warmth with which they all exclaimed at once: "Good morning, Mrs. Lathrop!" "Good morning, who?" said Anne, then blushed yet redder: "Oh, I can't seem to get used to that name! I hope I haven't kept you waiting?" "Oh, not at all!" the women insisted, and Anne fled to number six, remembered that this was no longer her home, and moved on to number one. Here the porter was just finishing his restoring tasks, and laying aside with some diffidence two garments which Anne hastily stuffed into her own valise.

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Ministry returned to Wellington with a fierce: "Whom, then?" He was in a dangerous mood, and Ashton came to the rescue: "Oh, don't mind Wellington. He's not sober yet."

This inspired suggestion came like a life-buoy to the hard-pressed Wellington. He seized it and spoke thickly: "Don't mind me—I'm not sober yet." "Well, it's a good thing you're not," was Marjorie's final growl as he began his own toilet. The porter's bell began to ring furiously, with a touch they had already come to recognize as the Englishman's. The porter had learned to recognize it, too, and he always took double the necessary time to answer it. He was sauntering down the aisle at his most leisurely gait when Wedgewood's rumbled mane shot out from the curtains like a lion's from a jungle, and he belowed: "Pawtah! Pawtah!"

"Still on the train," said the porter. "You may give me my portman-teau." "Yasah." He dragged it from the upper berth, and set it inside Wedgewood's berth without specs were as to its destination. "Does you desire anything else, sir?" "Yes, your absence," said Wedgewood. "The same to you and many of them," the porter muttered to himself, and added to Marjorie, who was just starting down the aisle: "I'll suitably be interested in that man getting where he's going to get to." Nothing that she carried Snoozezzies, he said: "Without further discussion, she handed him the dog, and he hobbled away. When she reached the women's door, she found Mrs. Wellington waiting with increasing exasperation: "Come join the line at the box office," she said. "Good morning. Who's in there?" said Marjorie, and Mrs. Wellington, not noting that Mrs. Whitcomb had come out of her berth and fallen into line, answered sharply: "I don't know. My sure it's that cat of a Mrs. Whitcomb."

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But, whichever view is right, the ordeal by divorce is terrifying enough to the poor sinners or martyrs who must undergo it.

Little Jimmie Wellington turned pale, and stammered, as he tried to ask the conductor casually: "What kind of a place is that Reno?" The conductor, somewhat cynical from close association with the divorce-mongers and its grist, grinned: "That depends on what you're leaving behind. Most folks seem to get enough of it in about six months."

Then he went his way, leaving Wellington red, agape and perplexed. The trouble with Wellington was that he had brought along what he was leaving behind. Or, as Ashton impudently observed: "You ought to enjoy your residence there, Wellington, with your wife on hand."

The only reprieve that Wellington could think of was a rather uninspired: "You go to—"

"So long as it isn't Reno," Ashton laughed, and walked away. Wedgewood laid a sympathetic hand on Little Jimmie's shoulder, and said: "That Ashton is no end of a bouncer, what?" Wellington wrote his epitaph in these words: "Well, the worst I can say of him is, he's the kind of man that doesn't lift the plug out when he's through with the basin."

He liked this so well that he wished he had thought of it in time to crack it over Ashton's head. He decided to hand it to him anyway. He forgot that the cardinal rule for repartee, is "Better never than late."

As he swung out of the men's room he was buttonholed by an individual new to the Little Trans-American colony. One of the camp-followers and sutlers who prosper round the edges of all great enterprises had waylaid him on the way to the battleground of marital freedom. The stranger had got on at an earlier stop and worked his way through the train to the car named "Snowdrop." Wellington was his first victim here. His pushing manner, the almost culture-like rapacity of his gleaming eyes, and the very vulturine contour of his profile, his paly gestures, his thick lip, and everything about him gave Wellington his immediate pedigree.

It ill behooves Christendom to need reminding that the Jewish race has adorned and still adorns humanity with some of its noblest specimens; but this interloper was of the type that must have irritated Voltaire into answering the platitude that the Jews are God's chosen people with that other platitude, "Bastes differ."

Little Jimmie Wellington, hot in pursuit of Ashton, found himself checked in spite of himself; in spite of himself deposited somehow into a seat, and in spite of himself confronted with a curvilinear person, who said: "Excuse, please! but are you getting off at Reno?" "I am," Wellington answered, curtly, essaying to rise, only to be delicately restored to his place with a gesture and a phrase: "Then you see me."

"Oh, I need you, do I? And who are you?" "Who ain't I? I am Baumann and Blumen. Our cart, please." Wellington found a pasteboard in his hand and read the legend:

Real Estate Agents. Register Transfer.

Baumann & Blumen. Divorce Outfitters. 312 Mission Street, Reno, Nevada.

Justice Public. Divorce Secured. Notice of the Peace. Satisfaction Guaranteed.

Wellington looked from the crowded card to the zealous face. "Divorce Outfitters, eh? I don't quite get you."

"Well, in the first place—"

"The folk's place, eh? You're from New York."

"Yes, originally. How did you know it? By my fashionable clothing?"

"Yes," laughed Wellington. "But you say I need you. How?"

"Well, you've got maybe some beg-gotch, some trunks—yes?"

"Yes." "Well, in the first place, I am an expressman. I deliver 'em to your address—yes? Vere is it?"

"I haven't got any yet."

"Also I am an addressman. Do you want it a nice hotel—or a fine house—or an apartment?—or maybe a 'boarding-house'—yes? How long do you make a residence?"

"Six months." "No longer?" "Not a minute." "Take a fine house, den. I got some beauties just wacated."

"For a year?—no thanks." "All the leases in Reno run for six months only." "Well, I'd like to look around a little first."

(Continued)