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FICTION SECTION

TWO SECTIONS. SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 5, 1921. SECTION TWO.

THE BOOSTER'S HONEYMOON

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Exciting Adventures of a Pair of Newlyweds Who Tried "Not to Be Hicks" in New York

"MAPLE - HONEY - KID!" Brian Boru Blaney leaned from Pullman seat 25 and thus addressed himself to the sombre orbs of light becomingly set in the features of the very new Mrs. Blaney, that lady being comfortably cushioned in Pullman seat 27.

"Sugar-boy-dear!" responded the previously matter-of-fact Betsy. Then, with a momentary lapse into sanity, she whispered: "Brian, the whole car is looking at us!"

Responsive to the warning, Brian made a sudden movement, and several handfuls of rice clattered to the floor from various parts of his clothing.

"Darn that god-speed stuff!" he grumbled. "The more I see of rice the worse I hate Japs."

He removed his hat and shook therefrom a miniature hailstorm. The entire car tittered—there was an excursion of rather young Boston schoolma'ams returning from San Bruno. Brian blushed to the roots of his auburn hair, then his cheeks wrinkled to a broad grin. His was one of those natures to whom publicity in any form can never be quite distasteful.

"Enjoy yourselves, girls!" he smiled, bowing to his appreciative audience. On the lapel of his coat hung a bright blue button nearly as large as a saucer and labeled: "BOOST FOR SAN BRUNO." This token, as well as an enormous harp-shaped floral emblem which reposed between their chairs, bearing the word "BOOST" in white carnations, was the gift of the San Bruno Boosters' Club, which organization had accompanied them to the station with enthusiasm, a brass band, and the city's surplus of overshoes.

Brian's salute to the assembled schoolma'ams was well received by all save Betsy, who sat for several minutes with her eyes averted toward the whirling landscape.

"Sugar," she said, at last, "I wish you'd take that thing"—pointing to the Booster Button—"and put it in your pocket. And I wish you'd give that"—indicating the floral emblem—"to the porter. It reminds me of an Elks' funeral."

"Now, Candy-bag!" protested Brian, in a hurt tone, "we ain't ashamed of the home town, are we?"

"You bet we aren't!" agreed Betsy warmly. "And that's why I think it's up to us not to make the home town ridiculous."

"Porter!" said Brian, with one hand beckoning the menial and the other pointing out the floral emblem. "Bear away the tribute!"

He slipped the booster button quietly into his pocket.

"You old dandy thing!" Thus she rewarded him. He sat awhile in unnatural silence.

"Funny!" he said at last. "Those are the very words Obrey O'Malley said to me this morning."

"What words?"

"'Don't make the home town ridiculous. Y'know, when the Boosters took us to the train, C. W. Ketchum pullin' my arm loose at the socket while kittenish Sid Eidlitz poured 18 cents' worth o' rice down my collar? Well, old Obrey O'Malley led me aside for a minute. Uncle Obe's got more sense in his upper right-hand eyelash than Ketchum can hire in his whole office force. 'Brian,' says Obrey, 'you're going to see N'York for the first time. It's a great big town full o' things a young man can slip up on and fall over. I hope you won't think me impertinent, but I want to give you a word of advice—don't be a hick.'"

"What's a hick?" asked Betsy.

"A hick's a dressed-up Rube out hunting for a shell game," he defined it. "'I've lived in N'York for forty years, O'Malley went on, 'and I know it from Wall Street to the Plaza. Take it from me, it's up to the stranger coming fresh from the clover to sing low, because every inhabitant of Manhattan Island has got the art of financial transgressions down to a poisoned pellet. The graft industry is overcrowded there, and N'York would naturally starve if it wasn't for the man from home who comes piking down Broadway with his check-book in his hand and a sprig of timothy over his ear. Lifelong practice at the art of bunk has made the N'Yorker so darned canny they can steal your clothes, ship you home in a borrowed nightie, and make you think you've had a good time. So take an old man's tip. When you come in sight of the Statue of Liberty, step light, sing low; and, for Gawsh sake, don't let 'em know you're a hick.'"

"Maybe we'd better go to Niagara Falls after all!" Betsy faltered.

"I says to O'Malley," Brian went on,

THE SEDATE GRILL ROOM WAS ENLIVENED BY THE SIGHT OF A RED-HEADED ENTHUSIAST DRAGGING A DAZZLED YOUTH AC[illegible] TOWARD THE TELEPHONE BOOTH.