
* THEIR WEDDING DAY *
* By Mary James *

Jim and Dolly were off at last. The train was moving and there was nothing to do except furtively pick up the grains of rice that they occasionally found in their clothing. Dolly leaned back in perfect bliss against Jim's shoulder.

"Are you entirely satisfied and happy dear?" she asked.

"Yes," said Jim. "There's only one thing wanting to make this perfect bliss."

"What is it?"

"Will Lennox always said he'd be my best man. I was to be his. If he hadn't been sent to Baltimore last year he'd have acted for me, I know."

"But couldn't he have come up from Baltimore, dear?" asked Dolly.

"I don't know—perhaps he could not get away," answered Jim.

Hours afterward they reached their destination. Jim proudly signed, "Mr. and Mrs." on the register and they were shown up to their apartment after dinner.

"Dearest," said Jim suddenly, "would you mind if I went down and got a cigar. You know you told me to smoke."

"Of course not, Jim," answered Dolly. Nevertheless, when he had gone she felt horribly lonely in the apartment, with its magnificent furnishings. She waited and waited. Jim must be very careful about choosing a cigar, she thought. Then she became uneasy and paced the floor. At last with a foolish, panicky feeling, she went down in the elevator and looked for Jim in the hall. Jim was nowhere to be seen.

"Your husband's just gone up, madam," said the hotel clerk.

Dolly thanked him. She felt foolish to think that she had passed Jim in the elevator. She hurried to the door and was soon taken up again. She opened the door of her room.

"Darling!" exclaimed a manly voice, and she was folded into the arms of—a stranger.

Dolly screamed and the stranger's face expressed blank astonishment. He was a good-looking young man and it was clear he had not meant to embrace the wrong girl. Still—

"How dare you! What are you



How Dare You

doing in our apartment?" cried Dolly.

And suddenly she became hideously aware that it was not her apartment. The furniture looked very much the same, but, well, it wasn't. The paper was a thin black and a thick white stripe, instead of vice versa. And the hat on the table couldn't be hers—she detested artificial flowers.

Dolly, unable to speak, fled, while the stranger followed her in hesita-