Mr. and Mrs. Sallie

—being the Confessions of a new wife .... by Gladys Baker

Illustrated by Paul Robinson

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SALLIE MEETS AN OLD FRIEND. ALSO AN INTERESTING AND HANDSOME MAN

What was the color? Black or red?

For the briefest part of a second I closed my eyes.

If I won how thrilling it would be telling of my good fortune at home. If I lost it would be more or less awkward admitting to Curtiss that I had thrown away three times the amount that I had declared would be my limit at the wheel.

The croupier was announcing the result of the play. I looked quickly at the ball.

Number 17.

"Noir," avowed the woman on the right who had urged me on.

I smiled sheepishly for by some vague intuition I had known all along that it was not red.

"See, I have lost, aussi," she continued, lapsing into her own tongue.

"Yes, but how much? Combien?" I inquired.

"Cent francs," she replied.

"About $5. Rather less than 200." I could not help but wonder why she had encouraged me to stake my entire pile. "Oh well, c'est ne fait rien," I added, preparing to leave.

Instantly new bets were made and my loss was utterly forgotten by the other players whose attention was given to the next turn of the wheel.

I had never in all my life been treated with such absolute indifference and indignantly, I pushed back my chair.

"Sallie!" I heard my name called in a familiar voice. I looked up.

"Ellie, darling!" I exclaimed. And regardless of the unbroken quiet of the room we continued our exclamations of delight as we greeted each other in a fond embrace.

"Where on earth did you come from? How long are you going to stay? Where are you stopping? And where's Curtiss?" All in one breath Ellie asked. Only the last question brought me back to my every-day mind.

"Over there!" I answered, "and secretly I think he's frightfully bored. He doesn't approve of all this," nodding towards the players and the roulette wheels, "Come along, you'll pep him up. Oh, here he is."

Curtiss had made his way across the room to meet us and we stood still for a moment to chat.

"This is luck!" Ellie declared, "we're just dashing over to Ciro's for a little frisk. So of course you'll come along. Get your cape Sallie and we'll meet you outside." She was gone.

"Well?" Curtiss inquired with his enigmatic smile, "as far as the rest of the evening is concerned it doesn't seem as if we had much choice."

"Mine would be to go anyway. I adore Ellie you know and we haven't had half a chance to talk. What's the matter. Aren't you happy, dear?" Noticing the unmistakable look of disappointment in his eyes.

"Naturally, except I had rather hoped we'd have a little party all by ourselves, out there." he pointed to the Cafe de Paris with its many little tables gleaming white under the stars. "it's too lovely a night to stay indoors."

"But, honey, you don't seem to realize that I'm seeing Ellie, my best friend in all the world."

"I'm sorry. I don't mean to crab the party," he apologized, "my wanting you to myself is the penalty you pay for making me love you so," he explained.

And then Ellie arrived with a party of friends.

"Mr. and Mrs. Lowell DeWight." She introduced a stunning couple whom she explained, were originally from Boston but had resided long enough in Paris to "live it down."



"Sallie!" I heard my name called in a familiar voice. I looked up. "Ellie, darling!"

Mrs. DeWight was permaturely gray, the sort of snowy grayness caused by a terrific and sudden shock. Her faultless coiffure framed a young and interestingly pretty face.

She was gowned in tones of amethyst with earrings and other precious stones to match her costume. Mr. DeWight, typical cosmopolite, was bending low over my hand.

"And this—this is Barrington Pierce."

In the flickering light of the open doorway, I looked up to greet the newcomer and as his gaze met mine I found myself stumbling over the polite sentence I had mechanically framed. As his hand met mine, in a firm handclasp, I merely smiled.

I think the reason for my sudden embarassment was that I was conscious of looking into the face of a man whose features and expression were of such unearthly beauty that they were almost Byronesque.

"He's marvelous," whispered Ellie, walking by my side, "you know he's just 30 and is already headed towards international fame."

"American?" I asked.

"Yes, at one time, but he's lived on the continent so long—that is, for 10 years—that he has absorbed a lot of foreign poise. Speaks 5 languages my dear and is a slave to his career. But he's a lamb-pie really, and thoroughly unspoiled."

There was no further chance to ask her the nature of his absorbing career. We had reached Ciro's and found a table in the smart supper room where romances, tragedies, adventures, bold robberies and even suicides are concocted over its famous d'ouvres.

Mr. DeWight ordered wine. But when it was served, Barrington Pierce silently pushed his glass aside.

"One could tell you were not recently from the States," I said, "we don't often have a chance to refuse champagne."

"I prefer Evian," he replied raising his water goblet and quaffing half the glass.

"What are you two finding in common?" demanded Ellie who was having her second glass of wine.

"There're only two things Americans discuss over here. Prohibition and—more prohibition," I declared. They all laughed.

"Some friends of mine were saying the other day in Paris that if I should return to the states that it would be impossible for me to go out and not take a lot to drink. That's absurd," Mr. Pierce affirmed, "I don't here here where one can have fine cognac and wine—then why should I where I am told the favorite cocktail is made of orange juice and alchohol."

"But you would, Barry, mon cher," Ellie laughingly replied "because if you went on parties over there and ordered water they'd say you were a sad bird and never ask you again."

"Well you'll see Ellie, because I am coming to America next year. I won't drink though because I couldn't and work."

"Work!" There's a wealth of meaning in the word. The way he said it made it perfectly clear that his was no ordinary job. One of the arts perhaps. I was consumed with curiosity. I wanted to ask more about this extraordinarily handsome youth with his olive complexion and quiet, unassuming air.

I gave him a swift glance.

Ellie evidently saw approval in my eyes.

"Uh-huh, I think so too," she said out loud.

"Shall we dance?" he asked, suddenly raising his eyes and meeting my gaze. I hesitated for a momnet.

Curtiss and I had a sort of unwritten agreement that we should always dance the first time together when out at a first supper or dance.

But there was a strange, unfathomable command in the dark, luminous eyes of the man at my side.

Why shouldn't I tease Curtiss a little? He had been most negligent about complimenting my gown and I remembered my little threat that I would make him jealous before the night at MonteCarlo had gone. Besides, I recalled the reasoning of some of my friends that it was necessary for one's husband to know that his wife was still desirable in the eyes of other men.

Curtiss was looking across the table from where he sat, signaling to me to rise. I did. But it was to accept the invitation of Barrington Pierce.

(Next Week.—Read what Curtiss did!)

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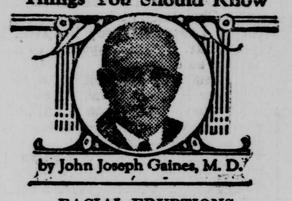
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About Your Health

Things You Should Know



by John Joseph Gaines, M. D.

FACIAL ERUPTIONS

The most common facial skin-disease is acne. It does not depend upon a blood-condition for its origin. Therefore "blood-medicines" do not cure it.

This disease varies in severity, from a few small pustules to many large ones, the latter often leaving disfiguring pits or scars. A certain germ, the acne baccillus, may be found with the microscope, and may rather accompany than cause the eruption. We know that a rich, highly-seasoned diet will lend color to the picture; cheese and the like, including mince pies and fried foods are to be avoided. They overload certain glands of the skin which are already choked and inactive. A plain diet of coarse bread, fresh vegetables, plenty of fruits and drinking-water is to be commended. Young people do not need coffee or tea.

The pustules should never be squeezed. They may be carefully punctured with a clean needle dipped in a solution of carbolic acid before using, and then swabbed with cotton wet with peroxide of hydrogen. If hot wet packs are applied to the face, be sure to follow with cold packs, a minute or two after. Leave the special medication to your physician.

The acne patient should use his own towels and pillow-linen. The face should not be daubed with ointments or cheap lathers that stop up the pores. A good lotion for the face is made by adding boracic acid to water, in any strength desired, for it is harmless. Lemon-juice lightly applied cleanses the tiny grooves in the skin, but should be rinsed lightly after the application. Use no face-powders containing lead or unknown coloring ingredients.

NEXT WEEK:—
"DOUGHY FOODS."

Practical Instructions In HOME SEWING

By Ruth Wyeth Spears



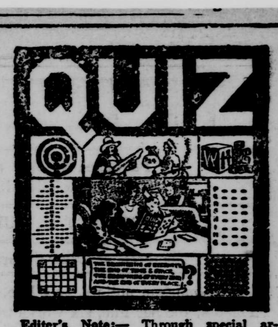
MAKING NEGLIGEES

They are so simple you will not need a pattern. The dainty model at the upper left should be made of crepe de Chine or other soft material trimmed in lace about an inch and a half wide. It is held in place at the waist with double faced satin ribbon of harmonizing tones. As shown at the right, two lengths of material are all that is needed to make it.

The coat style of negligee shown at the lower right is also very easy to make. It is entirely constructed of straight pieces of materials as shown in the chart at the left. Brocaded silk, silk corduroy, velveteen and flannel are often used. In the model shown here the collar is made of contrasting material to match the facing of the sleeves.

READERS:—If you have dressmaking problems let Ruth Wyeth Spears solve them for you. Address her in care of this newspaper.

QUIZ



Editor's Note:— Through special arrangement with The Educational Book Co., N. Y., this newspaper now offers its readers this interesting feature, "QUIZ", being extracts from that book, endorsed by Eugene C. Gibney, Director of Extension Activities, New York Board of Education. These puzzles will be found intellectual as well as instructive.

Puzzle No. 26



Find the correct names of these baseball teams.

NATIONAL LEAGUE

Antigs, Borsin, Tesarip, Barsev, Bucs, Salcardin, Quaserk, Sedlerg.

AMERICAN LEAGUE

Nayseek, Anesrost, Witexhos, Rodxes, Heltitacs, Sownbr, Sanidins, Gersit.

Puzzle No. 27

What is the difference between a king's son, a monkey's mother, a bald head, and an orphan?

Puzzle No. 28

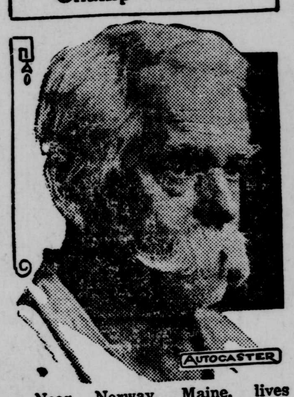
1. S—e. Insert a label and have a conveyance.
2. H—t. Insert an organ of the body and have another organ of the body.
3. S—e. Insert a small steel instrument and have a backbone.
4. S—e. Insert a kind of meat and have disgrace.
5. F—s. Insert a falsehood and have annoying little insects.
6. T—k. Insert "to move swiftly" and have a chest.

Solutions to last week's puzzles.

Puzzle No. 23 was a hard one—so we are going to give you another week to figure it out. Puzzle No. 24. Make the pants and vest first. Puzzle No. 25 is the famous David Copperfield letter—with words tangled.

Send your answers to this newspaper. The first five solutions received to each set of puzzles will receive ten credits; when such winner has obtained 100 credits he will be entitled to a "QUIZ CLUB" button or pin. 500 credits will entitle the winner to receive an attractive prize and also have his name printed on the honor roll.

Champ Fiddler



Near Norway, Maine, lives "Mellie" Dunham, seventy, who won a silver cup for being state's best fiddler. He also claims distinction for having made snow shoes Peary wore when he discovered North Pole.

Buys Whole Town



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WHAT PRICE HEALTH



VALUE of health may not be reckoned in dollars and cents. Two thousand years ago there was perhaps some excuse for the gastronome, but today there is none. The way to health lies in a balanced diet. Hippocrates, the father of medicine, figured along the same lines back 450 B. C. He expressed the belief that the science of medicine had its beginning in the efforts of men and women to find better and smoother diets.

Diet in the home today is becoming a matter of premier consideration. Women are taking cognizance of those important food elements known as vitamines. They have learned, also, the benefit to the human body of such minerals as iron, calcium and phosphorus.

This knowledge has resulted in the housewife planning her menus with an eye open to dietary values, which is the big reason why milk has assumed such a large place in the menu of the American family. Milk contains every structural element for body building. It is an almost perfect food. Despite the best refrigeration facilities, milk will keep sweet only a short time. Millions of American housewives have solved this big problem by using evaporated milk, which is simply fresh cow's milk sterilized in cans to achieve keeping qualities and with sixty per cent of the water removed.

Evaporated milk is not the same as condensed milk, although many persons confuse the two. The condensed product is a combination of milk and sugar cane in a two-fifth cane sugar and three-fifth milk proportion. Evaporated milk has nothing but water taken from it and nothing at all added. Sugar is the preservative used in manufacturing the condensed product, while heat only is the preservative for evaporated milk. For this reason the evaporated product may be used in any way in which market milk is used.

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