Mr. and Mrs. Sallie

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

Illustrated by Paul Robinson

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CURTISS CRITICIZES SALLIE'S ACTIONS

'e were alone in our suite of rooms he hotel. The excitement of play- roulette, of seeing Ellie again the little "frisk" at Ciro's had a stimulating effect. It was im- sible for me to go to sleep. How- , I undressed and slipped into bed paring to meditate upon the stir- g events.

A slight tap at the door and Curtiss ressing grown and slippers, came my room and, ensconcing him- in a cozy chair beside by bed, be- talk. His face was in the shad- t by the small reading light noticed that he looked weary lepressed, an unusual condition urtiss, whose keenness for life arily gave an animated expres- to his face.

What's the matter, sweetheart? n't you have a good time at Ellie's le 'frisk?' I noticed you didn't ice."

'No, I might as well be frank with , Sallie, I had a perfectly rotten . To begin with, I'm not at all usiastic over Ellie you know. 's too loud and it didn't make me more comfortable when you d me down flat to dance with ington Pierce."

'hee!" I exclaimed, "I'm so glad. I've had my revenge! Barring- Pierce! Then you did remember me, didn't you dear?"

tiss looked at me as if he ht most certainly I was losing ind.

iat on earth are you talking ?" he asked, "I don't understand so remarkable about my re- ering Pierce. He didn't take his ff of you the entire time. But, ask you, is so unusual about g a name? I know you put me shelf tonight but I didn't think d quite relegated me to the stage!"

'ed one full moment, in spite athering sarcasm and then I ed my delight.

see, darlin'," I began, "you orgotten that awfully nice Dr. es who danced with me every t on the boat and I was peeved, lly since he's so awfully well . So tonight before dinner I ou I'd make someone notice me ch that you'd at least remember me."

spite of himself, he smiled.

llie, you are a child! But just ame, some day you're going to ive me to distraction with your antalizing ways. Let me see if I've got you right. Just to make me jeal- ous you deliberately flirted with Pierce."

"Yes," I nodded, "partly and partly because I found him most enter- taining. So there!"

"What does he do?" Curtiss showed his disapproval in a slight frown be- tween his eyes, "I'll wager not muc of anything at all."

"Again you show that your edu- cation along artistic lines, has been sadly neglected. Barrington Pierce is one of our foremost composers of the age. Furthermore he is an ac- companist of no little ability and has toured in concert with some of the most famous prima donnas both in America and abroad. And," breathless- ly pausing at the end of my argument, "don't you think he's interesting look- ing?"

"Hell-no!"

"Curtiss! I'll have to ask you not to swear."

"I beg your pardon," he apologized, "but Sallie, I can't bear to have you so friendly with men. Besides,—be- sides, these musicians and artists are dangerous people. Compared with their pretty love-making a husband's sincere compliments are merely pro- saic. For instance he told Mrs De- Wight, with me listening, mind you, that your costume was like 'Anitra's Dance in the Mountain'."

"Anitra's Dance, Oh yes! I know that weird lovely thing—by Grieg, I believe, I used to play it. That was a most unusual thing to say. I love it'" I mused a while, then resumed the conversation. "But honey, Bar- rington Pierce is one of the most sought-after men in Paris. Ellie's mad about him and so is that exquisite Ellen Daniels—the Grand Opera sing- er. Now you aren't really jealous of poor little me—are you Mr. Fogey?"

"By Jove, I don't know. I felt to- night though that the whole scheme of things had toppled over. Mrs. DeWight kidded me about being so absent-minded on the grounds of be- ing hopelessly uxorious."

"Thanks. That's a pretty compli- ment. You see, you, yourself, improve with competition."

Again a smile played over his face though he was trying the whole mat- ter.

"There's another thing, Sallie. About the Casino." he continued.

"I know," I interrupted, "I lost three times as much as I'd promised. And I'm sorry. Please don't be cross with me, honey."

"It isn't a question of being cross," he responded. "I would have given you more if I thought that reckless gambling could make you happy, but I know it won't, Sallie."

"Oh, but it did, Curtiss, I got a tremendous kick out of it!" I in- terrupted.

"There's a difference between hap- piness and 'kicks'" he answered, "and it's to save you from ever know- ing heartache that I would have you understand the difference. Don't think I'm preachy and old-fashioned. It's just that I can't understand the way you reason. You see you voluntarily promised me upon your word of honor that you were not going to risk more than a hundred dollars and you ended up by losing three hundred. When you break faith with yourself like that what do you do to square things with your conscience? It wasn't as if I'd exacted a promise from you but you said voluntarily that you wanted to place a limit. It's not a big thing Sallie, but it's the principle involved that causes me to stop and wonder."

"Your ideals are perfectly glori- ous, Curtiss, you live up to them to- and I know it. For instance you couldn't do a thing like I did tonight and yet I could without the slightest twinge of conscience."

"But how do you do it?"

"Oh, it's quite simple. By arguing with myself that life is short and that we are only human and that youth is fleeting. You know, the same old story." I concluded with a grimace "I'd like to be dependable and fine like you are, dearest," I added.

"Nonsense," he broke in, "when it comes right down to human charity and bigness of spirit I can't even touch the hem of your garment. These other things, as I've said before, are comparatively little, it's just that they mean more to me because, I've learned by hard knocks that one can't go on being a character procrastinator and get real, big things out of living. Sooner or later you'll see the value of what I'm saying. In other words, be- loved, we must strengthen the fibres of our moral intellect just as surely as we achieve mental fineness or physical prowess. The latter two are developed by exercising our thought and also our bodies, the former by do- ing the things that we know are help- ful in character building."

"I see exactly what you mean, Cur- tiss and I am going to try to keep from being so inconsistent. Really."

The subject was closed and with a ..r words of endearment he kissed ..e tenderly and retired.

Long after Curtiss had gone to his om I lay awake thinking over the ine philosophy that he had made his own by just living. High-principled .imself, it was remarkable that he showed such tolerance towards my shortcomings. It had evidently an- noyed him because I had accepted the ttentions of Barrington Pierce and ct some primitive instinct in me re- joiced in the knowledge to men an nhibition no doubt of less civilized lays when man was the pursuer and he woman the pursued.

I drifted on through waves back to my wedding night. What was it ..e dapper little friend of father's nd said? "The butterfly type. Some- hing that's incapable of change. Either one is or one isn't. Matrimony won't make you over temperamentally it will only add piquancy and charm."

And Marjorie Chenoweth. What was it she had said? "Things are always going to happen to you, Sallie, and it's not your fault. You can't help it if you're not a vegetable, you know."

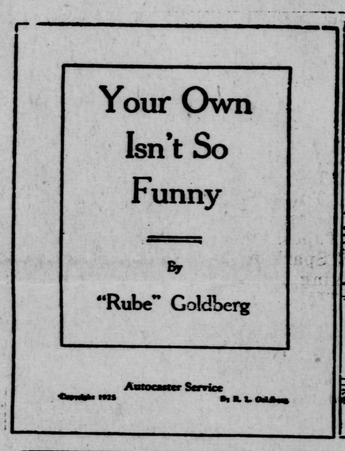
Were they right?

Was Curtiss justified in being hurt? I wondered.

These and many other chaotic thoughts played hide-and-seek until the goddess of sleep took them in hand and skillfully wove them into dreams.

(To be continued)

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