Mr. and Mrs. Sallie



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

Illustrated by Paul Robinson

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SALLIE AND CURTISS ARRIVE IN PARIS

A very whimiscal coquette is the fair lovely France. Fascinating in pulchritude and mood, she possesses a variety of inducements which keeps an endless throng of pleasure-seekers at her beck and call.

Our train sped through the early [illegible] ss of the morning I noticed t[illegible] touch of the French peo[illegible] ayed even in their most un[illegible] farms. The vegetables w[illegible] ated with painstaking care—each variety all to itself in orderly squares—looking, for all the world, like little handkerchiefs, laid out in the sun to dry.

Each village we passed was strikingly picturesque. The smallest station-yard boasting a profusion of dahlias, giant climbing nasturtiums and hollyhocks, flamboyant against walls of antique stone.

Then Paris at last. Though it was yet early the buzz of a great metropolis permeated the air. According to Continental custom, the luggage was handed through the window to the blue-bloused porters below and off we started through the bustling and famous Gare de Nord.

"Have you made reservations, dearest?" I asked Curtiss when the chauffeur asked in French where we should like to go.

"No, I didn't think it was necessary this time of the year so we'll go to the Grand. It's central you know. Tell him, will you dear?"

I gave the direction in my none too perfect French but the taxi started and after an interesting drive through streets with familiar names, we arrived in front of an imposing building which was the Grand.

"I'll be right back," Curtiss flung over his shoulder at me as he disappeared through the door of the hotel. But it was more than fifteen minutes before he returned.

"Nothing doing there," he declared shaking his head. "And what's worse luck there's not a room in a decent hotel in Paris to be had. Its my fault for not wiring ahead but I figured by August the crowd would be going home."

"Have they tried every place?" I broke in, "the Claridge, the Edward the Seventh, the Meurice," I enumerated places with well known names.

"No use" Curtiss declared, "the concierge phoned all of them and they're crowded to their doors."

I thought for a moment. What should we do? It certainly was a forlorn reception to receive in the "gayest city in the world." Curtiss remained standing on the sidewalk looking at the numerous pieces of luggage which crowded the space on top and overflowed into the driver's seat below. The chaffeur began to grow restless and demanded his next directions from me.

"Well, there's only one thing I can think of to do," I finally said. "I have a card with Ellen Daniels' address on it, given to me by Barrington Pierce Right at the moment she is the only person I can think of who might have enough influence to get us in some hotel. Suppose we go there."

"I have several good friends over here, but it's too early to hunt them up as I'll have to get their addresses from the American Express. so much as I dislike the idea, I guess your Ellen Daniels hunch is the best bet after all."

"Quarante, Rue de Lille." I gave the driver the address and after a long and circuitous route, we arrived in front of a charming old house whose side balconies of wrought-iron overlooked a miniature park.

"Just the home for a singer," exclaimed excitedly, beginning to feel the atmosphere of the place. "I'll go up, honey, because it's rather early in the morning for a strange man to be making a call, unannounced."

"Right-O," he replied cheerfully, and I was happy in the knowledge that little untoward experience didn't seem to irritate him in the least or disturb his poise.

I rang the huge bronze bell on the center of the door. It was answered by a verbose French housekeeper who talked with such increasing rapidity that I had to ask her to repeat it all over again.

"Madamoiselle est a dejeuner," she repeated, beginning to be cross.

Then I realized that she was trying to tell me that Miss Daniels was at breakfast.

"Je comprend," I assured her and began scribbling a note on my card.

"Barrington Pierce wants us to know each other," I wrote, "we are stranded and the prospect of sleeping on a bench in the park seems none too bright. Do you know a sympathetic hotel proprietor who might be persuaded to take us in? Sallie Wright."

In a few moments the housekeeper arrived more jovial in spirit and made me understand that I was to follow her in.

We passed hurriedly through a square hall and on through a spacious drawing room furnished, according to the style of Louise the Sixteenth and Marie Antoinette. I caught a glimpse of rare old tapestried chairs in soft pastel shades and one felt instinctively that each piece of bric-a-brac in the room had a tale to tell of historical romance. Occupying on sunshiny corner was a large grand-piano and music was everywhere. On piano, tables and chairs.

Then we came to a bright little balcony which gave on the park. A girl, who was seated at the end of a daintily appointed breakfast table, almost hidden by yellow roses, came forward to greet me.

"I'm so very, very happy that you came to me," she said. "You must sit down and join me at petit dejeuner," she smiled, "petit, very petit only coffee, marmalade and rolls and," she added, "some luscious pears." She gave orders for another place to be set beside her own.

"Thank you so much but I have another date for breakfast, I'm afraid. It's with my husband," I explained. "He's out in the taxi!"

She laughed, a delicious, ripply little laugh, like water running over rocks in a cool clear pool.

"Well at least sit down and tell me your plight."

I told her about the unexpected congestion at the hotels and she was much amused. She insisted, when I had finished, that she could find some suitable place.

"I have tons of room," she added in answer to my protest, "besides you're friends of Barry's and that alone gives you access to my home and heart. Please."

I hesitated. Why shouldn't we accept her hospitality for so short a time? We could certainly find accommodations somewhere later on. Besides there was nothing else to do. She insisted all over again and there was nothing to do but say that I'd call Curtiss from the car.

"Yes, do," she exclaimed, "and we'll have a bite of breakfast. I know you're most starved after dinner last night on a French train. I'll send Etienne for the bags. Come right back with your husband and I'll have the coffee piping hot."

I carried the picture she had made on my mind's eye as I returned to the car. First of all she was an unspoiled American girl. She wasn't beautiful as the world counts beauty but there was a sparkling quality about her that is more than mere beauty of face. She exhaled charm and her dark luminous eyes flashed with frank enthusiasm of ambitious work.

Ellie had said that she was in love with Barrington Pierce. If she were how could he help from being in love with her? Perhaps Ellie had exaggerated after all, as was usually the case and maybe it was Barrington Pierce who was himself enamoured with this charming girl.

At first Curtiss flatly refused and then he compromised by saying he would go in and thank her and then call another car, Etienne having already carried in the first of the bags, being unable to understand Curtiss' protest to wait.

That our hostess was no ordinary person was demonstrated by the witty and graceful manner in which she greeted Curtiss at the door.

"So you defied fate and came on the P. L. M.," she said, "they've had so many accidents lately that someone has given their line a new name. We now call it 'Pour La Mort' which means, you see, 'To the Death'."

We both appreciated the joke as we had heard the unfortunate number of casualties all over France. We also felt sure that she was the originator of the clever story, which after the habit of gifted people, she had accredited to someone else.

"Jove, she's a peach," whispered Curtiss as she preceded us out to the little balcony which gave on the park.

I was delighted with his approval for now there was a possibility of him being persuaded to be Miss Daniels' guest and I couldn't imagine anything more enchanting than living in a celebrated singer's own home.

(To be continued)

Polite Under Temptation

Aunt—And were you a very good little girl at church this morning, Sallie?

Sallie—Oh, yes, Aunty. A man offered me a big plate full of money, and I said "No, thank you."—The American Legion Weekly

She—Do you always think of me?

He—Well, not exactly always, but whenever I think of anything I think of you.—Kasper, Stockholm.

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