Mr. and Mrs. Sallie

being the Confessions of a new wife

by Gladys Baker

Illustrated by Paul Robinson

Copyright 1925 by Publishers Autocaster Service

BARRINGTON PIERCE GIVES A STUDIO TEA

It was while we were at breakfast that we first discovered that Ellen Daniels had changed her name. This she had done upon her arrival in Paris several years before when she had begun to study for her operatic career.

"At home I was just plain Ellen," she explained, "and I did quite a few things under my own name but I wish you could see my teacher, who is also my manager, over here 'Ellen,' he said, 'is a good name for a school mistress or a femme-de-chambre but for a singer? Mon Dieu! c'est impossible!'" she continued imitating her French instructor, "can you imagine taking the part of Manon under the name of Ellen Daniels? No, from now on you shall be Lemoyne—ah yes, Lemoyne, that has euphony and romance, but Ellen, nevair, please do me a favor of not ever letting me hear that name again!' So now it's Lemoyne Daniele. All my friends call me Lemoyne," she concluded, "and of course the press-agents were delighted over a picturesque name."

"But Barrington Pierce spoke of you as Ellen Daniels," I remarked.

"Only because he thought it possible that you might remember back in America when I sang a few things under that name. But Barry always calls me Lemoyne," as she mentioned the name a faraway, dreamy expression filled her great brown eyes. "Oh, he's a dear," she ended and Curtiss and I exchanged a glance.

Life, under the same roof with Lemoyne Danielle, was an absorbing and altogether pleasing affair. Whether she made any effort to do so or not, she declared that she was unable to use her influence to get us in any of the crowded hotels and insisted that we should stay for a visit with her there. Because Curtiss approved of the young singer and because I was likewise fascinated with her charm, the arrangement was most agreeable to us both.

"She's promised to stay with us when she comes to the States on her concert tour next fall," I told Curtiss "and then we can reciprocate. I'll see that she has a sweet, quiet time, for over here she never has a chance to rest at all."

So his fear of our having taken advantage of her amiable hospitality was allayed.

In a few days Barrington Pierce arrived back in Paris and it was he who arranged a little musicale so that we might hear Lemoyne sing for the first time.

We started for his studio late one afternoon. In spite of his success Barrington Pierce still chose a simple mode of living. He had taken up his residence with a small French family at first so that he might talk with them in their everyday discourse, and he still occupied the upper floor of a mediocre house in the Rue de Clapeyron. We climbed the long flights of dark stairs and finally the sound of a piano made us realize that here were the rooms of our quest.

Lemoyne had already arrived. She stood by the piano and looked quite smart in her simple tailored frock of beige charmeen with which she wore a close fitting velvet turban of cherry-red.

"I practiced all morning with my teacher and then came on here. Barry and I often work together. It's so restful here," she apologized.

"In a few moments Andre Moliere will be here, also the DeWights. That's all," announced Barrington Pierce giving us a cordial welcome.



They were temperamental, these artists. For instance without being conscious of it, they had left us completely out of their thoughts and were wandering about in some star-lit garden of the past.

"In the meantime let's fix tea," suggested Lemoyne, "the rest of you will want cocktails I suppose and so do I, for that matter," she complained with a grimace, "but we people who sing are bound hand and foot, body and soul to this most capricious of all the arts."

"You mean you never even take a glass of wine?" I asked in surprise, "why I thought Grand Opera singers were wined and dined every minute. I rather connect them, somehow, with marvelous dinner parties and festive champagne."

"There're quantities of dinner parties, all right, and plenty of wine, that's right, there. But, for everyone except the singer.. She not only can't drink anything or have a cigarette but has to be equally careful about her diet and," she hesitated searching for the right word, "oh, well any other dissipation. For instance," she went back to the subject of dieting, "three more pounds and it would be grotesque for me to sing Mimi in La Boheme. I wonder why we stick, Barry. Sometimes I'd love to kick over the traces with a bang."

"'Better be merry with the fruitful grape, than sadden after none, of bitter fruit.'"

"I think I'll just be a natural normal person and go on a regular spree."

"You did once, Lemoyne, and you remember you had to pamper and coax your voice for weeks to get it back in condition. You see, it isn't worth it," concluded Barrington Pierce.

"Ah yes but it is," she mused, "that than all the applause from all the audiences in the world," her glance sought his for a brief moment and then wandered out to the distant one week was more precious to me horizon.

They were temperamental, these artists. For instance without being conscious of it, they had left us completely out of their thoughts and were wandering about in some star-lit garden of the past.

Suddenly it was Barry who broke the pregnant stillness of the room.

"Well how about the tea, Lemoyne. We can at least indulge in that, you and I. Shall I help you? You'll find the ingredients for the cocktails on the upper shelf."

"I know. That's a grand-stand play though about offering your assistance. Always you say the same thing and you have never helped me."

"I hope there's no 'double entente' to this last sentence," replied Barry and they both smiled as she left the room. Curtiss followed politely offering to preside at the cocktail shaker.

Lemoyne was perfectly at home as she moved gracefully about the apartment busying herself with the tea table. She announced that she had stopped by and bought some fresh brown bread and a few other delicacies from a near-by shop, adding that our host was most forgetful.

Then her voice came from the pantry, "why, Barry, you haven't cut the cake I made for you myself a week ago. I'll never make you another," she threatened, in a playful show of anger.

"I didn't have any guests and besides it isn't a week old. Only three days. We'll have it now. What do you say, Sallie?" calling me by my first name as we all had done the first night we had gone on the little frisk at Monte Carlo.

"I'm afraid it'll be stale," I suggested, "cakes and women do not improve with age."

"I'm not a connoisseur of pastry but I don't agree with you about women. For instance I think a woman is much more charming as the years add their wealth of knowledge, wit, philosophy and wisdom. Flappers are irritating—like the measles."

I thought of Ellie Mitchell who had admitted that she was using all of her wiles to attract the young musician. She was typical of the modern debutante with all the mannerisms of a flapper.

"According to that, then, you evidently don't think a girl is 'done for' when she gets married," this eagerly.

"You're much too clever to think any such thing, yourself," he answered, "a woman isn't worth talking to until she's been married or had some affair which has fired her heart and her senses. Until then she's flagrantly shallow, not well rounded on any vital subject—and lacking the capacity of feeling any deep emotion. Every experience through which you pass, Sallie, will adorn your personality. This applies to a person with charm. Was it Bernard Shaw who said charm was that thing, which if you had it nothing else mattered and if you didn't have it, well nothing else mattered either?" we both smiled at the paradox. "No," he continued, "marriage isn't the same overwhelming proposition it was in our grandmother's day. Thank God. Instead of stifling a girl's individuality it gives her a new alertness and clearer perception."

"That's all very well for Mr. Other Man's wife but would you feel the same way about it if you were married? That's the age-old question."

He leaned forward. Why, I do not know, but I was vitally interested in the way he would answer that question.

"I myself, can never contemplate matrimony," he said slowly, "with my work it would be ruinous. Though fundamentally I am, to use a provincial phrase, a 'marrying man'. Wait!" he suddenly had an idea pertinent to our line of thought, "I'll have Lemoyne sing for you a little song which expresses my sentiments exactly."

"Come, Marcheta," he addressed Lemoyne who had just entered with a tray of dainties, "I want you to sing something."

Without a word she came and stood beside him at the piano.

What was their relationship? Did he return the affection which she unquestionably lavished upon him? What had she meant by the week which had been more precious to her than all the encores in the world? One could not help but wonder.

Next week. Sallie's anger flames when Curtiss—

Good Job

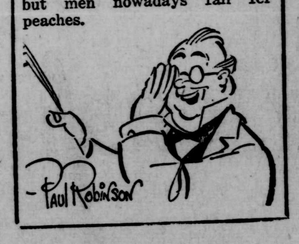
With a view of guiding the cook to selection of a quieter summer hat than she had worn the previous season, Mrs. Smith spoke of some violets she had seen in a milliner's window.

"They're almost exactly like those in our garden, Mary," she said. "You've seen those often."

"Indeed I have, mum," returned Mary. "I was after waterin' them this morning'. Ain't it wonderful, mum, how natural the Lord can make them?"—The Continent.

The Judge's Josh

Old Adam fell for an apple but men nowadays fall fer peaches.



TCB

ON TIME

* * *

Franklin said "He that rises late must trot all day and he shall scarce overtake his business at night."

Determine to always be on time. It pays good dividends. Deposit promptly with this bank.

4% Interest paid on Savings Accounts, compounded quarterly.

THE CAROLINE COUNTY BANK
GREENSBORO, MARYLAND
F. P. ROE President T. C. HORSEY Cashier
YOUR BANK CAN HELP YOU

Life's Little Jokes

Number 792,885

By "Rube" Goldberg

Autocaster Service
Copyright 1925 By R. L. Goldberg



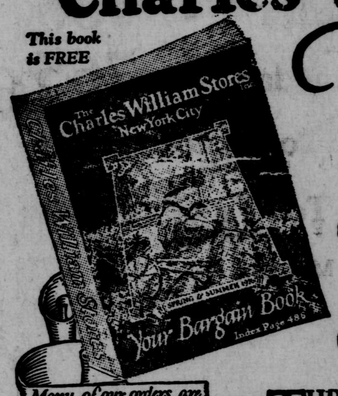


MIKE & IKE - THEY LOOK ALIKE



The Charles William Stores Inc.
New York City

This book is FREE



Many of our orders are shipped the same day they are received — 8-HOUR-SERVICE

and practically all of the balance on the following day — 24-HOUR-SERVICE

Thrift
The Watchword of Careful Buyers

THRIFT means buying wisely the things you need. It means buying merchandise of dependable quality at a price that saves you money. There is a feeling of lasting satisfaction is such transactions. Buying from this new catalog offers you many such opportunities.

You and your family can be well dressed in clothes of the latest styles with Fifth Avenue's stamp of approval. You can make your home beautiful inside with really good furniture, rugs, carpets, curtains and draperies, and outside with dependable paint and roofing. You can equip your kitchen with every modern improvement; your workshop or garage can be fitted with every tool you need; your automobile can be equipped with every sort of accessory.

All these and many other things you can buy from this new catalog and all at a saving in money.

Satisfaction is guaranteed when you buy from The Charles WilliamStores. If the things you buy fail to please you in every way we will return your money and transportation charges both ways.

Ask our customers—there are many in your community.

Clip and mail the coupon below and a catalog will be sent you at once FREE and postpaid. Write TODAY.

Mail the Coupon TODAY

THE CHARLES WILLIAM STORES, Inc., 952 Stores Building, New York City
Please send me FREE a copy of your new catalog for Spring and Summer.

Name .....

Address .....

Town and State .....

It is Easy to Buy by Mail and Save Money

©Maryland State Archives, msa_sc2929_scm3549-0026.jpg