Mr. and Mrs. Sallie

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



Illustrated by Paul Robinson

Copyright 1925 by Publishers Autocaster Service

IN QUEST OF PLEASURE

When we found ourselves in the mysterious-looking sideshow at the exposition I looked eagerly about. In front of us was a counter upon which were numberless rows of substantial balls, each of which might be purchased for a franc. Ahead of the counter, about 10 feet away were two beds and upon each reposed a petite and pretty Parisienne. Only their heads were visible—but such adorable heads!—one with shining blonde curls tied with a huge bow of turquoise blue, the other with equally fascinating brown hair tied with ribbon of a lavender shade.

"What's the big idea?" I asked Barrington Pierce, who was at my side. Barry usually quiet and dignified, had entered into the spirit of the lark and he enthusiastically replied:

"You're supposed to knock them out of bed. See, you hit the bullseye," pointing to the large circle above and between the two couches, "and they fall out. It's great fun! Have a try," he added, handing me several balls.

"I couldn't hit the Woolworth building—besides I'm not properly inspired," I laughingly [illegible] try and Curtiss too, he's a good shot," I declared presenting him with the balls. But he shook his head.

"I don't know what we've gotten into," he said to me in an undertone while the others were trying their skill, "so far, so good, but I've just been thinking maybe I better take you out before somebody, er-er-r," he hesitated.

"Knocks them out of bed?" I finished for him.

"Well, yes. You see, you never can tell what the French are apt to do. They have an entirely different view point and an elastic code of morals. Sometimes they go pretty far."

"But I wouldn't leave now, not for a million dollars!" I exclaimed, "I'm dying to know what happens. Look, Barry's throwing well. He just missed it that time. Come on Curtiss join in the fun. There! he got it that time. Look, look!"

"Whoop-pee, whoop-pee," cried a feminine voice. Whoop-pee! sang out another. Ding-dong rang the bell and simultaneously the two improvised couches toppel over throwing the little sleepers out to the mat beneath. They were clad very briefly in pastel tinted georgette.

"Why this isn't as bad as the Follies Bergere," whispered Lemoyne Daniel.

Good-naturedly and regardless of the cold night air they picked themselves up and scrambled back under the blankets which they pulled up to their alabaster chins and waited for the next throw.

"Well, did you get a thrill out of watching the Little Grisettes," asked Curtiss as we walked on to the next attraction of the midway, under its dazzlingly brilliant lights. Although the squawkers of the various amusements spoke only in French they were just as persistent and their voices just as raucous as those at any street fair.

"Now 'tes up, Mr. Fogey-Pie you thought they were right intriguing yourself, n'est ce pas?" I answered him using one of the few French phrases with which he had grown familiar through its constant use.

"Well, possibly, if you hadn't been along, sweetheart," he replied, "but it embarrasses me to have you see things of that sort."

"Oh, but it's probably too late," I bemoaned the fact that it was almost 12 o'clock.

"No, nothing down there gets going until after midnight," chimed in Barrington Pierce, "in fact, this particular place doesn't begin to be in full swing until 2 o'clock."

"Yummy-yummy," I cried, "we're on!"

In a few minutes we were outside the gates hailing a passing cab.

* * * * *

In order to reach the Caucasians we had to descend a flight of stairs that apparently led below the ground. We entered a small, oblong room that was already crowded with guests. Small tables with exotic covers were pushed against the wall leaving the center open for dancing and for the entertainers of the cabaret. The room was simply but effectively decorated with many antique brasses brought from Russia by the entertainers themselves—relics of better days.

"The food is not especially good, but that's negligible," declared Andre. We'll order wine. It is expected of



He stood facing me and began to sing in a rich baritone at the same time holding aloft his glass

"In other words you believe—have you here and really they have excellent champagne." He gave the order to the waiter who was also in festive attire. In the meantime my eyes were taking in the details of the unaccountably charming place.

"In other words you believe—have a good time one by one and never by two and two'," I paraphrased as we leisurely continued our stroll.

"You should have lived in the days of hoop skirts and crinoline, Curtiss, dear, because you always expect me to be shocked and I'm not. No one is, for that matter any more."

"But you're you, Sallie, and I don't relish the idea of taking you into places like that. Besides I didn't know what to expect. Though Pierce told me coming out that it was mild compared to some of the others out here."

Just then Lemoyne with Barry and Andre Moliere who had been walking ahead came excitedly up.

"We've decided to take the 'Americans' with us when we leave here and do Montmartre," cried Lemoyne, "that is a marvelous Russian place 'Les Caucasians' it's called, brand new, I believe, and they put on a show and a dance."

In the center of the floor a dashing Cossack officer was dancing with a beautiful blonde girl who was also in native costume. He danced with grace and magnificent poise executing a difficult dance to a folk song of the Steppes.

"These people are wonderfully well born," said Barry, who was seated at my left. "I know some of them. As a matter of fact, I understand—and not from press agents either—that a few of the entertainers are of the nobility but have been robbed and driven from their own country as a result of the Bolshevic regime. They are plucky enough to try and make a go of it like this."

"Indeed they are—and adventurous too," I said. "Do you know the officer there—the one who just finished dancing? He looks as if he were motioning to you Barry or rather as if he wanted to attract your attention. Look."

"Yes, its Vladimir Tchertkov and a peach of a chap. I'll bring him over if you like. He's one of the most interesting talkers I've ever known."

"By all means, see what he wants. The Russian refugees have my deepest sympathy and I'm sure we'd all be thrilled with his account of the conditions over there. Especially Curtiss. He reads and talks about the danger of Bolshevism all the time. Go on Barry, before he starts dancing again."

After a whispered conversation between the two, they returned. Just as they reached the table the orchestra started a Russian drinking song and Barry before introducing him slipped quietly into his place, filled two glasses with champagne, gave one to the Cossack officer and one to me.

He stodo facing me and began to sing in a rich baritone at the same time holding aloft his glass. His voice was untrained but held that pathos which comes to one who has suffered much.

He was not good-looking but there was a proud gallantry of carriage and an intangible spirit of valor that was felt in his presence—only the haunting sadness of his voice betrayed the slender and bitter years of his experience in Russia.

Barry had said that he talked vividly of the chaotic situation once he got started. After his song perhaps he could be persuaded to give us some first hand information.

Life was full of color. For instance here I was, in the heart of the Montmartre, being toasted by a fascinating Cossack officer in surroundings that held the admosphere of Old Russia with all it historical romance and [illegible] than the terrible to Nicholas the brilliance of Court life from the [illegible]

(To be continued)



MOTHER:—Fletcher's Castoria is especially prepared to relieve Infants in arms and Children all ages of Constipation, Flatulency, Wind Colic and Diarrhea; allaying Feverishness arising therefrom, and, by regulating the Stomach and Bowels, aids the assimilation of Food; giving healthy and natural sleep.

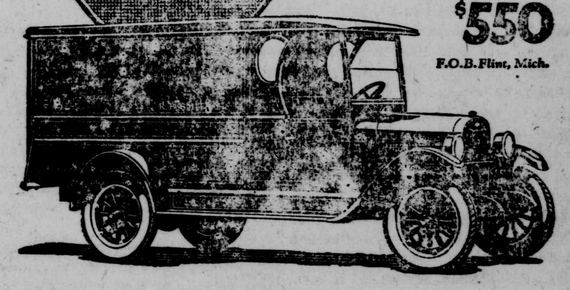
To avoid imitations, always look for the signature of Chas. H. Fletcher. Absolutely Harmless—No Opiates. Physicians everywhere recommend it.



for Economical Transportation

CHEVROLET

The World's third Largest Builder of Trucks



Twelve great factories unsurpassed in completeness of manufacturing and engineering facilities! Two basic truck models, each with a durable, powerful chassis designed to combine economy and reliability! Dealers and service stations everywhere stocked with parts to render prompt low-cost service! The most economical time payment plan in existence! That's why Chevrolet has become the third largest builder of motor trucks in the world!

See us today. Let us prove that you can save from the start by buying a Chevrolet.

One Ton Truck Chassis only...

$550

F.O.B. Flint, Mich.

DEN-MAR MOBILE CO.

Denton, Md.

QUALITY AT LOW COST

ANOTHER STEAMER FOR BALTIMORE



S. S. "CHATHAM" OF THE M. & M. LINE

One of a group of five new ships for the Merchants & Miners Transportation Co. The "Chatham", to be launched at Newport News, Va. on Wednesday, February, 3rd., is a sister ship of the "Alleghany" and "Berkshire", now in service. The other sister-ships, "Dorchester" and "Fairfax" will be launched in the next several months. All will be in commission by Summer

These ships, luxurious in appointments, are "large hotels afloat". The ports served by the Merchants & Miners Line are Boston, Providence, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Norfolk, Savannah, Jacksonville and Miami

TCB

LINCOLN'S FIRST DOLLAR

* * *

looked good to him. A Bank Book in this bank will look good to you. Resolve to obtain one today and to have regular entries of deposits made in it. 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

©Maryland State Archives, msa_sc2929_scm3549-0051.jpg