Mr. and Mrs. Sallie

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

Illustrated by Paul Robinson

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A WOMAN TRANSFORMED BY LOVE

The curtains of the box parted to admit Barrington Pierce. He entered and reseated himself in the chair directly behind mine. Simultaneously the curtains of the stage were drawn, revealing the third act of "Manon."

"It's all right," whispered a voice from the shadowy box. It was Barry who spoke and he continued talking with his head bent close to mine, so that the others might not hear. He referred to the interview he had just had behind the scenes with Lemoyne. "She's promised to make up for everything and to do some of her very best work. It was a sweet thought of yours, Sallie, and thanking me do the thing I should have done, unprompted, before."

When he spoke of the young singer there was no spirit of conquest in his manner nor was there any trace of braggadocio in his voice. However, he unconsciously betrayed the fact that her love for him was an acknowledged condition, as far as their friends were concerned.

Then our attention was focused on the brillant stage.

It was a radiant Lemoyne who now played the part of the famous courtisan—she was like a vivid tropical flower in her bauffant gown of the early eighteenth century. Her chic chapeau was audaciously becoming and made a happy background for her chestnut curls that peeped coquettishly over her shoulder and softly framed her face.

She was the toast of Paris and indeed she played the part, singing with sudden and irrestible charm.

There was still an undercurrent of dissatisfaction in the audience in spite of the tangible transformation that had taken place. They could not forget at once that the new prima donna had not given them the "Little Table" song as splendidly as Kousne oft was wont to do.

I expressed my anxiety to Barry.

"Wait until the next scene at the Seminary," he replied, "watch what I tell you, she'll win them to a man!"

And indeed he proved to be right, for the scene which followed was one which it will be impossible for Time's energetic fingers to erase.

Before us was a vibrant Manon pleading with Chevalier not to make the Holy Orders and be lost forever to her love, but rather to turn his back on the bleak monastic life and respond again to her overwhelming desire. But Chevalier is unmoved. She falls upon the floor, clasping his knees with pleading, dramatic hands. She sings, the words are winged with gentle seduction and artless allure. Gone, the indifferent Manon of the first few scenes, here instead a living creature of flesh and blood singing her way straight into our hearts and each one of the audience putting a personal interpretation on her song.

"Listen!" Barr yexclaimed, "she's won them. They're going wild!" The floating note of the aria had become a faint echo of liquid gold.

"Bravo! Bravo, Danielle!" cried the crowd, "Fort bien! Bravo, Danielle!" Over and over again they shouted their lusty praise.

So thrilled was I by the magnificent music and by the undeniable triumph of Lemoyne that not until the last note had been sung did I realize that my hand had been clasped and held closely by the young musician at my side.

I disengaged my fingers just a moment before the lights flared up. There was no time for analyzing the situation then for the De Wights were preparin to leave, tho my cheeks still burned from the indignation I felt towards Barrington Pierce.

He was talking with Mrs. De Wight. "You wait and bring Lemoyne," she said, then turning to me, "you're to come with us Sallie. We're having a little party to celebrate Lemoyne's

I hesitated a moment. There was really no graceful way I could refuse to accept although I felt that Curtis would be uneasy if the hour were late when I returned. Still, on the other hand, my thoughts were far from sleep. I was strangely excited too. Why should I go home and go to bed when it meant missing a good time? Curtiss could have postponed his business engagement, it seemed to me and besides I wouldn't always be in Paris on such a gala night. In the end I silenced my conscience and decided to go.

From the moment I entered the De-wights' apartment I was conscious of the luxurious atmosphere of the place. Our host was a collector with an innate desire to possess exquisite things and from all over the world he had assembled rare tapestries, old bric-a-brac and inlaid cabinets which gave the rooms a personality at once compelling and bizarre. There was a faint hint of exotic incense in the air.

A long, refectory table of black marble was pleasingly appointed with crystal of jade, green which exactly harmonized with the gown and jewels Mrs DeWight had chosen for that night.

"She always uses her jewels for the colour motiff in giving a dinner," explained Andre Moliere who had followed my eyes and caught their approving light.

Lemoyne was upstairs removing her wraps. Barry was greeting some guests Naturally the conversation between Andre Moliere and myself drifted into the main topic of the evening—the ovation Lemoyne had received.

"She was not acting towards the last. It was real drama she played." he announced.

"What do you mean?" I wanted to know.

"Just this, that instead of Chevalier she was pleading with Barrington Pierce. She worships him and I believe she realizes that hers is the greater love."

"Oh, you must be wrong!" I interrupted, "surely he must adore her. She's altogether lovely."

"So think we all and Barry too, for that matter, but methinks his love has paled before the flame. There was a time," he began then stopped suddenly as if he had, no right to reveal a secret of his friends, "Man always reverts to type," he concluded, "he must ever be the hunter and track his game."

"You mean that one should never show a beloved one how much they are loved. That's hard and extremely unfair."

"Perhaps, but true nevertheless. A bit of tactful indifference wins a man quicker than all the proffered caress of a rose-bud mouth."

* * *

Irrepressible Sallie

The dinner was a brillant affair. There was a ready flow of wine and wit. Barry, of all the guests, was the only one who wore a quiet mien Lemoyne was gay Apparently her brief seance with Barry had been most satisfactory and had made her as bithesome as a day in June.

"The wine is really quite good," I said to Barry who was at my side.

"There is only one thing I would be tempted to drink tonight," he answered so quietly that only I could hear his low-pitched voice, "Nepenths, of the ancients, a subtle drug that banishes sorrow and pain."

That was all there was time for then and it was not until later that I saw him alone.

I was standing in a small room apart from the others examining an amazing reproduction of Mona Lisa, in an intricate Florentine frame.

"Are you trying to get behind the smile? You might as well concern yourself with the riddle of the sphinx."

It was Barry who had come up and was standing by my side.

"I was just thinking how I'd hate to live in the house with that smile. She completely disturbs my poise. She says to me, 'I know all about your innermost thoughts and what do you know about anything, and least of all about me?' "

"You're very analytical. N'est-ce-pas?" he observed.

"I'm more often thought of as a Mayfly, I'm afraid, but there are a lot of things I'd like to know.'

"For instance?'

I resolved not to mention the subject at all but an imp of devilment, an echo of the old Sallie, prodded me on.

"Why did you hold my hand?" I asked. The moment the question had been asked I would have given much to have taken it back. A discussion of personalities was bound to ensue.,

Don't miss next week's installment.



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Maryland & Delaware Coast Railroad Company Time Table

SCHEDULE OF PASSENGER TRAINS

Effective 12.01 A. M. November 15, 1925

EASTBOUND (Read Down)					WESTBOUND (Read Up)		
Sunday Only	Daily except Sunday		STATIONS		Daily except Sunday		Sunday Only
107	109	103			106	110	112
P. M.	P. M.	A. M.			P. M.	P. M.	P.M.
	4.00	7.45 Lv.	Baltimore	Ar.	1.00	9.55	8.45
	7.24	11.24 Ar.	Denton Br. Jct.	Lv.	9.37	6.23	5.30
5.32	7.30	11.30 Lv.	Denton Br. Jct.	Ar.	9.25	6.18	5.20
	f7.33	f11.33 "	Hillsboro	Lv.	f9.22	f6.15	f5.17
	f7.39	f11.38 "	Downs	"	f9.16	f6.10	f5.12
	f7.44	f11.42 "	Tuckahoe	"	f9.11	f6.05	f5.08
5.52	7.53	11.50 "	Denton	"	9.02	5.57	5.00
	8.00	"	Hobbs	"	8.53		4.54
	8.08	"	Hickman	"	8.45		4.46
	f8.16	"	Blanchard	"	f8.37		f4.38
f6.22	8.24	"	Greenwood	"	8.29		4.30
	f8.32	"	Owens	"	f8.21		f4.23
	f8.37	"	Oakley	"	f8.16		f4.18
f6.42	8.45	"	Ellendale	"	8.08		4.10
	8.59	"	Milton	"	7.54		3.57
	f9.09	"	Overbrook	"	f7.43		f3.47
7.12	9.17	Ar.	Lewes (M&DCRY)	Lv.	7.35		3.40
P. M.	P. M.	A. M.			A. M.	P. M.	P.M.

Trains 103, 109, 106, 110, and 112 will handle passengers in connection with Baltimore and Eastern Railroad, Denton Branch Junction to Baltimore, Md., inclusive.

f—Stops on signal to receive or discharge passengers.

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This Week



By Arthur Brisbane

ROMANTIC OIL. BETTER AGE COMING. BIGGER THE BETTER. SOME OTHER THINGS.

Professor Compton, of the University of Chicago, says that man is just beginning his career on earth, and our children 50,000 years from now will be as far ahead of us as we are far ahead of our ancestors of 50,000 years ago.

"These times are the ancient times, when the world is ancient," as Bacon said. At the same time they represent the babyhood of man. If we could see our descendants of 50,000 years hence we probably should scarcely recognize them as our own.

And as for our descendants of a million and a hundred million years from now—science says the earth will last as long as that—they will probably be as unlike us as we are unlike so many rhinoceroses.

Anthony Bimba, editor of a Communist newspaper, to be tried for blasphemy under a law 229 years old, is accused of denying the existence of God. His lawyer will say that the Constitution, which guarantees free speech, rules out the blasphemy charge.

Why not leave the case to the Ruler of the Universe, in whose omnipotence the vast majority believe He has power to wither Mr. Bimba, as the barren fig tree was withered. But it is possible that omnipotence is not much interested in what Mr. Bimba believes.

The way to make foolishness, blasphemous or other, important, is to take it seriously.

The Government, fighting the National Food Products Corporation, explains that the plan is "to fight a tendency toward trusts, rather than to attack trusts already existing."

The battle against big business, which is the real name of the "trust," was fought and lost long ago.

Modern business, to succeed, must be big business. The Government's business is to supervise big business, control it, and encourage it, not discourage it. No business in the United States is as big as it ought to be.

Congress devotes $34,000,000 to aircraft. Not enough, but better than nothing. And the total appropriation for the navy—$516,000,000!

The idiocy of that last figure is made clear by the fact that if war of the modern kind should come the airships would have to protect our hundreds of millions' worth of ships floating on the water. Only submarines and flying machines would be of any value.

In any real business, managed by competent business men, such trash as our battleships would have been junked long ago.

Even the prosaic oil business is romantic. You know of the oil well that the Rockefellers have "brought in" within the Arctic Circle. It would cost fifty millions to run in a pipe line. But at least the Rockefellers know that there is an Arctic reserve.

At Ventura, on the Pacific Coast, the Shell Oil Company's docks were washed away. Its tankers could load no oil.

Associated Oil said: "Bring your tank ships here, we'll load them." Associated runs a pipe line half a mile out on the bottom of the sea, has a flexible pipe anchored at the surface and fills tanks, storm or no storm.

Nearby are wells driven down through the water, pumping up oil from below the Pacific. Submarinies some day will find much wealth for enterprising prospectors.

Professor Ross, sound thinker, of the University of Wisconsin, has cheer for this troubled world.

It is getting better, he says. A hundred years hence the average man will enjoy benefits of civilisation "now enjoyed only by the most advanced people."

Religions are less violent in their hates than they used to be. The average length of life is increasing. Child welfare is considered more important than any particular detail in baptism or any squabble about the nature of the Trinity.

About Your Health

Things You Should Know



by John Joseph Gaines, M. D.

OUNCE OF PREVENTION

Physicians and drugs are indeed of inestimable value in worthy effort to combat disease already on hand; but the student of preventive medicine, it seems to me, is capable of doing even greater good. If you happen to know that typhoid germs get into the system with drinking-water from a contaminated well, you at once take steps to eradicate the danger before harm is done.

The mosquito that breeds in your rain-barrel is a carrier of disease. Remove the cause of trouble. A swamp near your home is a constant menace and should not be tolerated—drain it. If you are a user of milk, be sure that your source of supply is pure and healthy. Remember that tuberculosis germs may be swallowed as well as inhaled. If you contemplate moving into a purchased home, see that its walls and floors have been treated with an unfailing antiseptic; it will cost time, effort and money, but the outlay is less than for invalids and funerals.

Many tenement-dwellers use bedding purchased at second-hand stores. There should be a law compelling thorough fumigation before such goods are used. Pillows in hotels and sleeping-cars should be thoroughly disinfected each morning after use; merely changing of lines is a misleading measure to hide the "damp spot" left by the traveller with a mild case of influenza.

It is the business of physicians and public health officers to see that everything possible is done to ward off disease. To own a good book on preventive medicine should be one of the first duties of intelligent citizenship,—this cannot help but minimize the need of the physician and—possibly the undertaker!

Next Week:
ADVERTISING FAKE CURES

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