Mr. and Mrs. Sallie

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

Illustrated by Paul Robinson

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BARRIE'S CONFESSION

"Why did I hold your hand?" the young musician repeated my question with a recondite, unsmiling face. "Do you really want me to tell you?" he continued and I was conscious again of his Byronesque beauty also of a subtle, occult magnetism that held me almost my will.

"I think I'd better not," he finally concluded and there were unsounded depths of sadness in his voice.

"Please," I coerced, "as a matter of propriety I think you should at least attempt to give some explanation of your unconventinal behavior in the box." I tried to be severe but failed utterly on account of the exhuberant humor of the festive night.

"There are two reasons why I cannot tell you." He pressed the point.

"What are they?" I insisted.

"Lemoyne and Curtiss," he announced and once again his eyes were grave.

What did he mean? Why should he place Lemoyne and my husband in the same class? Was he bound to the young singer by bonds as strong as those of matrimony?

It was a complicated situation and suddenly I was swept by a cataclysm of revulsion and doubt. I hated myself for having been flirtatious and for having encouraged Barrington Pierce. I felt impelled to leave the smoke-clouded rooms and get back to the wholesome enviroment of Curtiss' protecting love.

DisapprovaI must have manifested itself upon my face for he resumed the conversation in a pleading voice.

"See, I have offended you and I am deeply apolegetic," he said, "but do not censure me too sternly because it is not my fault. Can one help admire the rainbow as it gleams through fragrant mist or faiI t be thrilled at the first moist violets of Spring? Can one be held responsible for the joyousness that comes with the flash of a blue-birds wing across a patch of sunny sky or sit unmoved through a symphony of Brahms?"

He paused momentarily and by some feminine intuition I knew that he was about to make a declaration of love.

"Nor can I repress my—"

"Please don't!" I pleaded, lifting my hand. "You're ruining our friendship and creating an impossible situation for us both. Go back to Lemoyne. She is free to offer you something in return for your love. I can not. I am in love with my husband. Good Night!"

It was perhaps none too courteous a thing to do but while the others were engaged in music and conversation I slipped quietly up the stairs, secured my wrap, and then, just as inconspicuously, stepped out of the house into the chill, Autumnal beauty of the night.

THE GATHERING STORM.

I hailed a passing cab.

As is the custom with most taxicabs in Paris, the top of the small car had been lowered and I welcomed the breeze, which was cool and refreshing, as it whipped my hair across my face.

I was determined to tell Curtis everything that had happened, not incriminating the young musician, however, but placing the blame entirely upon myself. I was suffused with regret for not having returned to him immediately after the Opera, but I would not explain and I felt confident that everything would be all right. Curtiss was so fine, and I realized all over again, that his devotion for me was far the greatest thing in my life.

I opened the door. The room was dark. No doubt Curtiss had retired but I switched on the light and saw him sitting beside the window smoking his pipe as he was accustomed to do when he was absorbed or worried or both.

"Honey-dear!" I exclaimed, "what on earth are you doing up so late? Why, it's almost morning—" I was stopped by the harsh expression on his face.

"Don't you think it would be more becoming to us both, if I asked you that?" he shot back.

Alarmed by his sudden coldness, I moved swiftly in his direction.

"Sweetheart—" I began.

"Never mind about that," he swept aside the term of endearment, "there are a few things I want to explain, if it isn't asking too much." Sarcasm coloured his voice. "In the first place what's the idea of coming home alone in a Paris taxi this time of night? And what kind of Opera is it that lasts until two o'clock? In the third place I presume you've been in the all-absorbing company of Barrington Pierce. After this, we either go to parties together or we stay at home."

Here was a new Curtiss. Never before had I seen him so firm. He had made it impossible now for me to tell him the things that were clamoring at my heart. A door of sympathy and understanding, that had existed between us, closed sharply and left me coldly aloof.

"Well? Don't you think you owe me an explanation?" he asked.

"Yes, because you are my husband I suppose you have that right. I will give you the facts." The mechanical precision of a victrola punctuated my words and thought.

"After the Opera I went to a little dinner at the DeWights."

"With Pierce?"

"No, with Mr. and Mrs. DeWight. Lemoyne and Barry came in later," I explained.

"And then?"

Because of this unyielding attitude I could not reveal the things, which even now, once uttered, would undoubtedly draw us close.

"Well couldn't you get your tempermental musician to bring you home?"

"Please be fair Curtiss. Barry had absolutely nothing to do with this and no one even knew when I left. I hated to break up the party and, besides one like to be a good sport."

"My God Sallie!" he exclaimed "that's the universal slogan of your set, 'a good sport,' 'a good sport.' You don't any of you know anything about real sportmanship. You think drinking cocktails, and smoking cigarettes and staying up all hours of the night, seeking the admiration of other men, is being 'a good sport.' Well it's not! The wives who are 'good sports' are the ones who want to have a good time just as much as you do but who resist cocktails and cigarettes and put a stop to the overtures of these expert suitors that float about. The 'good sports' are helpmates to their husbands They're thinking constructively instead of tearing down, they're making homes and rearing clear-eyed kiddies and incidentally they're finding much more happiness in their tiny rose-gardens than in all your damnable cabarets. They're the 'good sports' of the world."

"Better be careful, Curtiss. You'll be sorry for this." I said when he was through. Then I started towards my own room which was next to one occupied by him. I opened the door and left him sitting alone, for another word would have revealed the heartbreak in my voice. This was our first serious quarrel and to me it was an epocal event.

CONTINUED NEXT WEEK

THE

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ON

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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	11.56 "	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.



"In the first place, what's the idea of coming home alone in a Paris taxi this time of night? And what kind of opera is it that lasts until 2 o'clock?"

Maryland is somtimes called the Oyster State. This does not imply, however, that the Marylanders are oysterettes and they certainly are not dumb, as the nick-name would indicate. Every native of the State loves it dearly, but only its adopted sons and daughters appreciate its wonderful advantages, for this is only possible by comparison. The disadvantage of not being born in Maryland is that one misses an early training in politics for that is the second thing they start teaching a white baby boy. That grand old song. "Maryland, My Maryland," never fails to stir the emotion whenever it is played or sung, but a person who has never lived in Maryland knows no more what it means than a tiny pickaninny knows of Heaven. If all the chickens, crabs, oysters, fish and terrapin that are cooked "a la Maryland" each year were arranged on one huge platter, the delicious odor would be so tempting and so far reaching that it would cause a rush to the State that would make the Florida boom look like a picnic in a small pox detention camp. The solace provided by the great tobacco fields of the State encircles the globe, and is exceeded only by the cheer enjoyed by the angels. Maryland raises as good corn as any state in the Union, but some of its critics intimate that it is not all fed to the hogs.

The Maryland plan for the prevention of Hog Cholera is commended to all owners of swine. Those who use it will find it to be the only de-der, inexpensive, easy riding vehicle from which to view the scenery along Sanitarian Boulevard. It is in brief:- Don't feed your hogs anything that might contain bones, rinds or scraps of pork. Don't purchase any hogs unless you know they are free of the infection. Do not permit hogs to run at large. Promptly and properly dispose of the carcass of all animals that may die on your place. If your hogs are sick, do not delay, call a veterinarian at once. If no veterinarian is available or if you know of any outbreak of sickness among swine that is not receiving attention, notify your County Agent or the Hog Cholera Specialist in your district.

Org.—Johnnie! in which month do girls talk least?

John—That's too hard for me to solve.

Org.—That's easy; in February because it has only twenty-eight days.

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