

Mr. and Mrs. Sallie

being the Confessions of a new wife

Illustrated by Paul Robinson

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A very whimsical coquette is the fair and lovely France. Fascinating in pu
chritude and more, she possesses a variety of inducements which keep the
and endless throng of pleasure seekers at her beck and call.

As our train sped through the early freshness of the morning I noticed the artistic touch of the French people, displayed even in their most unpretentious farms. The vegetables were planted with painstaking care—each variety set 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

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," I 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 experiences 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.

"Mademoiselle est a déjeuner," 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 Louis the Sixteenth and Marie Antoinette. I caught a glimpse

ly 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, rippling 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 we should stop with her until 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 how we appreciated her kindness and 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 of this particular line discussed 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.)

Confidence By Flo

Dear Miss Flo: I am a young girl of twenty—not bad looking—considered quite clever, am well-educated, but extremely unpopular, which, when I consider my good points, was always quite a mystery to me, and I was quite curious as to the reason. I learned why the other day, and believe me, I never received such a surprise in my life. It's because I'm honest, because I tell the truth, because I don't pretend to be other than I am. You see, I really don't care a rap for any of the silly conventions

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 one sunny 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 déjeuner," she smiled, "petit, very petit on-



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that surround everyday life. I want to be myself, and I'm going to be if the result is not one friend in the world. Why should I worry about what other people think? Betta.

I'm afraid, Betts, that I can't offer you much sympathy, if that's what you want, because I'm sure that your attitude is "all wrong." Nobody ever got far by assuming such an indifferent attitude toward the opinions of other people. It's a selfish way to view life, and a view that cannot bring much happiness. Frankly, I think you are a little rebel, because I happen to know another girl with just about the same views—and if there were ever a rebel, she is it.

Her point of view is such that she sees red frequently. Intellectually she is a radical. Politically she is progressive and independent. She likes some Socialist simply because they are symbols of political unconventionalism. She was one of the first girls to bob her hair. At that time it was considered a daring and unconventional thing to do. She smokes cigarettes—anywhere she wants to—she reads Russian literature. She is cruelly tactless, because, she says, she hates hypocrisy, and in her opinion tact is a compromise between the blunt truth and a graceful lie.

And she is friendless, because nobody can stand her sharp, biting tongue. They are afraid of her, and her superior airs, so they stay away. She makes acquaintances, because there is something rather likeable about her despite her belligerence. But inevitably she detects some imperfection in them, which destroys her confidence and estranges her, and she proceeds to try to reform them. Thereupon, the friends disappear—and soon forget her.

And what does the person who is without friends get out of life? Nothing. He is a stark, solitary figure, sour and discontented, treasuring every memory of human shortcoming as most folks treasure the remembrance of kindness.

After all, what is satisfaction, or success, or happiness? It is not gratifying one's self—that is certain. It is the realization of having pleased some person or persons or people, or the world. In this day and age, the best intelligence is being directed toward giving something to others—

not to one's self alone—but to all about him. In order to be of use one must always care what others think, get so much of one's personal doings, but rather his attitude toward his fellow men. That is the keynote of existence today—the keynote of happiness—to want to do something for somebody, somehow—to contribute to their happiness that you may not have lived in vain.

So my advice to you, in the vernacular of the day, is to snap out of it. Go out and seek the comradeship that means happiness. And when you find it—don't frighten it away. Until you know comradeship you can never know real happiness.

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