

Mr. and Mrs. Sallie
 being the Confessions of a new wife
 Illustrated by Paul Robinson
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 Gladys Baker



IN QUEST OF PLEASURE

When we found ourselves in the mysterious-looking edifice at the exposition I looked eagerly about. In front of us was a counter upon which were numbered rows of substantial balls, each of which might be purchased for a franc. Ahead of the counter, about ten 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 lavender shade.

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

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

It embarrasses me to have you see things of that sort."

"In other words you believe—have a good time one by one and never by two by 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 here."

Just then Lemoyne with Barry and Andre Mollere who had been waiting ahead, came excitedly up.

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

"Oh, but its probably too late," I



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

"I couldn't hit the Woolworth building—besides I'm not properly inspired," I yucking refused, but you try and Curtiss too, he's a good shot." I declared presenting him with the remaining 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-err," 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 viewpoint 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 wd! 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 shrill feminine voice. Whoop-pee! sang out another. Ding-dong rang the bell and simultaneously the two improvised couches toppled 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 Folies Bergere," whispered Lemoyne amielle.

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 chairs 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 mid-way, under its dazzling brilliant lights. Although the squawks 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 fess up, Mr. F. goy-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

demanded the fact that it was almost twelve 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 interesting until two o'clock."

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

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

In order to reach the Causeasians 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 features of the cabaret. The room was simply but effectively decorated

Life was full of colour. For instance, here I was, in the heart of the Montmartre, being toasted by a fascinating Cossack officer in surroundings that held the atmosphere of old Russia with all its historical romance and the brilliance of court life from the days of "Ivan the Terrible to Nicholas, the Terrified."

To be continued.)

Jones says that the way to make these new fangled dances popular is to invent one that you step on your feet.

"Tell me a story mama."

"What kind, darling?"

"One that I have to eat candy to listen to."

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 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 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 Bolshevik regime. They're 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 over 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 stood 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 one felt in his presence—only the haunting sadness of his voice betrayed the slender and bitter years of his experience in Russia.

Bary 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.

LOCAL WATER IS PURE, SAYS BACTERIOLOGIST

That Springfield water contains "no trace whatsoever of contamination or pollution" is the report of J. E. Simmons, bacteriologist of the department of bacteriology, Oregon Agricultural college, following tests made for several months.

On the day following the announcement that Eugene water was contaminated, a week ago, Superintendent W. C. McLagan of the local Mountain States plant, sent a sample of Springfield water to the bacteriologist for another test. Here is Professor Simmons' letter:

"Just a few lines to say that all

samples of water which I have tested for the past few months have been excellent. They contain no trace whatsoever of contamination or pollution from any source. Despite rumors that the water is not of the best quality, I will say that the purity of the Springfield water is the best it has been and there is no occasion to boil it or treat it in any other way to purify it.

"My last test shows that the water as it comes from the faucets of the town is practically free of all kinds of bacteria, having only one or two per cubic centimeter. That is excellent."

Springfield water is chlorinated at the local plant before sent into the city's distribution system.

Marriage Licenses.

Marriage Licenses have been granted to the following persons by the county clerk during the last week: Luther Purde, Paris, and Sadio Taylor, Swissboro; Clarence Hoyt and Sarah Alice Gardner, both of Eugene; Robert Stanfield and Mateel Whitlock, both of Portland; John Allen Olson, Creswell, and Maggie Smith, Springfield; and to Francis Williams, Halsey, and Lillian Van Darvork, Eugene.

Have a Chair.

"Is Mr. Smith in?"

"No, he's gone to the cemetery."

"Do you expect him back soon?"

"No, not till Resurrection Day."

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