

# Mr. and Mrs. Sallie

—being the Confessions of a new wife—

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 repeated 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 Lemoine. "She's promised to make up for everything and to do some of her best work. It was a sweet thought of yours, Sallie, and thank you for making 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 he loved her, for him was an acknowledged condition, as far as their friends were concerned.

Then our attention was focused on the brilliant stage.  
It was a radiant Lemoine who now played the part of the famous couturier—she was like a vivid tropical flower in her bouffant 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 irresistible 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 take 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!" Barry exclaimed, "she's won them. They're going wild!" The floating notes 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 Lemoine 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 DeWights were preparing to leave, though my cheeks still burned from the indignation I felt towards Barrington Pierce.

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

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? Curtis 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 DeWights' 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 color motif in giving a dinner," explained Andre Moliere who had followed my eyes and caught their approving light.

Lemoine 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

moine was gay. Apparently her brief seance with Barry had been most satisfactory and had made her as blithesome 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, "Nepenthe, 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 quietly 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 peace. 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 had 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.

(Continued next week)

### WOMEN IN BOLIVIA TO HAVE NEW SCHOOL

A professional school for women has been established at LaPaz by the Bolivian government in response to a vigorous campaign conducted by women's clubs and societies. Its curriculum is designed to include all subjects which are necessary in home making and to enable a woman to maintain herself, if she is thrown upon her own resources. No public school of this kind has existed in Bolivia heretofore, according to a report by Jesse S. Cottrell, American minister.

### MOTOR COPS AID SAFETY CAMPAIGN

Forty uniformed motor-cycle policemen are engaged in a safety education campaign in all rural schools on trunk lines in Michigan, under the supervision of the state department of public safety. The officers visit schools and personally instruct pupils in the necessity for safe play on school grounds and how to avoid danger on public highways. The campaign is endorsed by the state department of public instruction and the state teachers' association.

People who use classified ads in The Press can exchange some stuff lying idle in their attics, for cash ready for activity in their pockets.

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### HOW TO MAKE AN EMERGENCY STOP

Things Ordinary Driver Often Forgets In Stress of Danger

In an emergency an ordinary driver sometimes forgets many of the things he could do to avoid a catastrophe, says Charles M. Hayes, president of the Chicago Motor club. Given a situation which demands a quick stop, he will kick on the clutch and jam on the brakes. He may forget the hand brake, which should be used in addition to the foot brake in an emergency.

The average driver may also forget the steering wheel when there might be time to swerve the course sufficiently to avoid a collision with another object; perhaps he may forget that when an emergency stop is desired, the clutch should be left engaged, so that the motor itself, having its speed reduced by removal of the right foot from the accelerator, will really assist the brakes by retarding the speed of the clutch which thus remains connected with the rear driving mechanism.

A good driver knows all the means at his command and very likely will be able to stop or change the course of his car or otherwise avoid a serious injury to anything in the event of an emergency. He makes a serious business of driving and, like a champion chess player, is able to figure out not only his own but his opponent's moves as well.

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