

Mr. and Mrs. Sallie
—being the Confessions of a new wife—
Illustrated by Paul Robinson
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When I arrived at Ellie's there was no letter from Curtiss and then began a series of days when my main purpose in life was to watch and wait for some word from him requesting my return. A great deal of my time was spent alone, in spite of Ellie and Carmen constantly urging me to accompany them to some festive affair. I never knew before how utterly lonesome one could be in a city as friendly to its strangers as New York. Often when returning from a matinee or a concert at Aeolian Hall it seemed to me that each one I passed walked briskly and with some purpose in sight. I found myself picturing romances about each figure as it hurried thru the gathering dark and was faintly jealous of the chop girls who chatted with bright, excited faces about "Tom" and "Jim."

I had lived over each word of the last interview I had had with Curtiss when he begged me to have faith in his love, assuring me that everything would soon be as it had been once before.

But, I smiled cynically, the intrusion into our happiness by this chit of a girl. I asked myself a thousand times why Curtiss couldn't untangle

Then suddenly there in the crowd I saw him coming towards me. Instantaneously our glances met.

"Sallie!"
"Barry!"
For it was no other than Barrington Pierce whom I had neither seen nor heard of since Curtiss and I were in France.

"What luck!" he exclaimed, "I've just come from Ellie's trying to get word of you and you can imagine my delight when she told me you were in New York and gave me some of your favorite haunts. The gods were with me because I came directly here!"

In the meantime we had moved over to the enclosure made by a shop window and his words of enthusiastic interest warmed my heart. In the glow of the lights I had an opportunity to examine his face. I had always thought of him in connection with the word 'Byronic' because there was absolute poetical beauty in his face. He had changed but slightly, possibly the only difference being a trace of shadows under his flashing eyes, which were almost black, and seemed more serious, more grown-up—a trifle more mature.

"Ellie was good enough to invite

Then he began to play. As usual when at the piano, his eyes were closed. I had thought in Paris he created the most beautiful music that I had ever heard but this composition of his own seemed to inspire him from the very first note and when he had finished I found myself as before with tears in my eyes.

He remained at the piano until the last mellow tone had melted into space and then came over and sat beside me on the divan. For a long while neither of us spoke.

"Oh, Barry, it's too lovely to speak with words!" I said. "It's like the stained glass windows of Saint Chappelle, or the sun falling on the Jungfrau and tinting its snowy peaks with the Alpine glow—or like children's starry eyes when they first awake."

"I wrote it for you, Sallie, and because you like it—that is my reward. I wove into it your beauty, your sympathetic spirit, your radiant happiness, your kindness and your mirror. I feel that it is the only worthwhile thing I have ever done, I can say without conceit because I don't feel that it is mine," his eyes grew sad as I had seen them once before, then he went on: "You remember the Casack friend of mine whom we met in Montmartre?" I nodded my head.

"He likened you to the spring, and so I've given it the Russian name for spring. I shall use it on the program with Lemoyne."

I did not want Barry to make love to me and I felt from what he had just said that we were approaching dangerous ground so I was glad when he spoke of Lemoyne.

"Let's call her up," I suggested. "I'm wild to see her, in fact I can hardly wait."

"I'll agree on one condition, Sallie, and that is that you'll let me see you tomorrow alone. And you will let me share your troubles? Won't you promise me that you will?"

There was such genuine desire in his part to make me less sad that at once my heart was filled with gratitude that there was someone who really cared.

I promised I would meet him some place for tea the following afternoon.

(To be continued next week)
Does the fascinating musician cause Sallie to put Curtiss out of her heart?



the skeins of the intricate web she had woven so skillfully about them both that it apparently held him powerless and fast. He had declared his love for me only once during that final talk but with such hesitations that I felt there must be some explanation of the whole miserable affair. And yet I had begun to realize that he was too proud to come after me or even write requesting my return after he had pleaded with me so earnestly not to come to New York and to Ellie of whom he heartily disapproved.

In the meantime New York was settling itself to a hard, biting cold, and it was the season of the year when I longed for companionship and bright happy moments with the unquenchable desire of youth.

Ellie had told me that I had never looked better in my life. Just that morning she had said:

"You know what old Shake said about Love, don't you, sport? That 'men have died and the worms have eaten them but not of LOVE.' I think it's the same way with you, because you've never been more of a knockout than you are right now!"

In spite of my heart's hunger I had never felt in such excellent health. More than at any time in my life I was keeping regular hours. Walking in New York was a diversion in which I never ceased to find delight and each day found me covering five to six miles which never failed to have an exhilarating effect. I went to bed early each night with some entertaining book of fiction but it was not long before I was fast asleep.

I had begun to make a desperate effort to put Curtiss out of my life. On days when I found myself roaming in the past I would put on my coat and hat and go out with some definite goal in sight. It was on such a day that I had gone to the Metropolitan Museum where I had been studying Cellini's exquisite cup of gold. As I stepped from the building I caught my breath at the loveliness of the out-of-doors. An early dusk had thrown its mantle over the scurrying throng and a light snow had begun to fall. I felt gloriously alive.

me back to dinner," he said, "with you," he smiled, "she was getting off, as she expressed it, 'in a cloud of dust,'" and paused just long enough to tell me—

"About me?" I asked hoping that she had not told him all.

"Just enough to let me know that you're not happy, and by Jove, Sallie, this thing has got to stop!" he vehemently declared. "Thank God I came to America when I did. I would not have, I don't suppose, if it hadn't been for Lemoyne—"

"Oh, Barry," I interrupted, "is Lemoyne here too? How wonderful! Where is she?"

"At the Plaza with friends," he replied, and I noticed that his voice was not as buoyant as it had been before we mentioned Lemoyne. "She's singing marvelously these days," he finally said, "her manager wanted her to have a series of concerts here and since she would only consent on condition that I would be her accompanist and also take part on the program with some instrumental things, I decided to come along. I wanted to return to America for more reasons than one," he said, his eyes meeting mine, "and to find you here in New York seems just too good to be true."

I knew he would change the subject for he disliked ever talking about his work or his career.

I was as radiant as a school-girl with her first date. It had been so long since I had been showered with attention, compliments and questions about myself, for even before Curtiss had become entangled with Letitia Evans he had long since dropped his lover-like attitude, his business absorbing his entire thought.

Companionship
After a cozy little dinner served by Ellie's perfectly trained maid, Barry seemed eager for a tete-a-tete but I urged him to play instead.

"Ever since you were in Paris I've been working on one composition," he explained, "I'll play that for you if you like."

"Please do," I begged. He seated himself at Ellie's piano and for a moment his hands rested silently on the keys.

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