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Optician

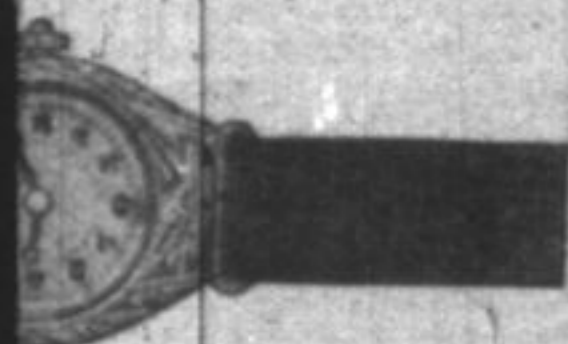
Highland Park, Illinois

CREDIT

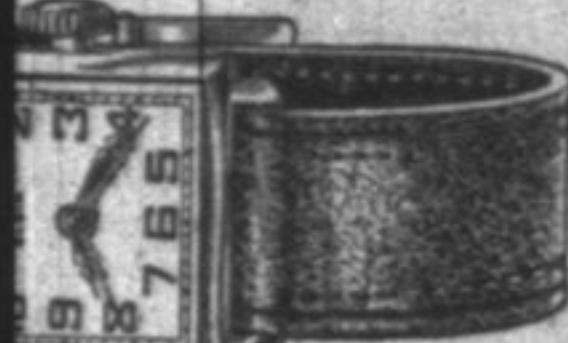
Woolery Sale

Watches

Every diamond
Very latest basket and
diamond. \$75 values \$50
old mounting, set with very
\$125



Best Watches

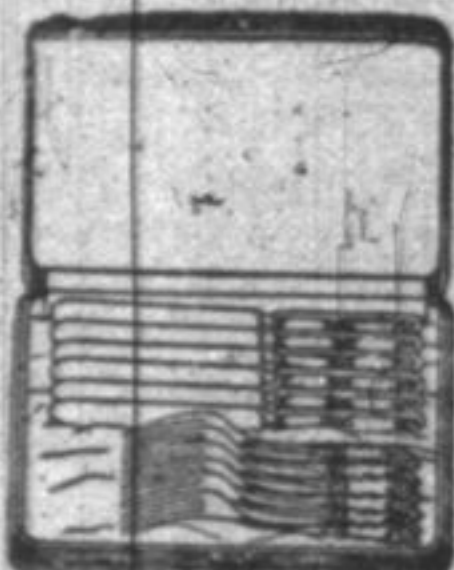


Swiss \$6.00 up

SOLID GOLD EMBLEM RINGS



Elk, Moose, Shrine,
Masonic, Odd Fellows,
K. of C., Eastern Star,
Etc.
\$6.00 UP



Rogers 26-piece set — \$10
Rogers 1847, \$25
Community, \$25 value, \$20
Below Standard Prices



\$12.00
\$22.00
and \$25.00

Payment Plan

T

Mr. and Mrs. Sallie

—being the Confessions of a new wife—
Illustrated by Paul Robinson
Copyright 1925 by Publishers Autocaster Service

INTRODUCTION

A modern chronicle of the bewildering situation which confronts the young married contingent of every village, hamlet and town—a straightforward record of the flirtations, problems, adventures and romance that colour the crowded hours of America's youth.

The heroine is Sallie and through the fearlessness of youthful eyes she will bring to you the vivid experiences which daily beset her group of interesting young friends—interesting because among her laughter-loving comrades you will meet personalities with whom you are familiar in everyday life. In Sallie's coterie of friends you will recognize the characteristics and mental equipment of your own daughter perhaps, or again you will see the moral battles which at one time embarrassed some very dear friend, who knows but what as you follow Sallie's confession of events, you will come face to face with some inherent remissness of your very own.

"Sallie!"
No answer.
"Better put a little pep in it or you'll have a forlorn bridegroom waiting at the church."
I gave one last look into the long cheval mirror and caught my breath. I had not had a chance to see the whole effect of my wedding gown on account of the many girls who had crowded my room in their friendly little efforts to assist the bride. Now I had asked them to leave. Only Marjorie Chenworth, who was to be my matron-of-honor remained.
I couldn't for the life of me, believe the tall, slender figure reflected in the glass. The slim, ivory-tinted gown with its myriad rhinestones twinkling under lengths of misty tulle, gave me an almost courtly air. I, who had been many things, but never courtly, in all my life. The veil, with its coronet of soft orange-blossoms framed my face and helped my hair. And then I noticed my eyes. There was a new gravness about them—a sort of hushed reverence that I now recalled in the eyes of every bride.
"Well, don't you think you've admired yourself enough, old thing?"

organ were filling the hushed immensity of the church with the ever-thrilling tones of Lohengrin's immortal march. The wedding procession had wended its way before me up the unusually long aisle. The bridesmaids were lovely in their period gowns of pastel tinted chiffon, their arms laden with summer blossoms of every hue. I placed my hand on my father's arm with nervous fingers held fast to the huge bouquet of orchids whose dainty lavender petals fell in graceful cascades to the hem of my gown.
I had often wondered what were the thoughts of a bride as she walks down the aisle. Mine were disconnected. Strange. Impressionistic. There came to me a thousand perfumes from flowers which banked the altar and transformed the entire church into a bower of unbroken white. Innumerable candles, in tall candelabra, sent their flickering glow over well-filled pews and on all sides were murmurs of approval which herald the bride. The heavy odor of valley-lilies broke in upon my thoughts.
Would I ever see Curtiss in all that crowd? Why hadn't I chosen the Church of the Good Shepherd which



persisted Marj coming up to me and looking me over from the top of my filmy veil to the white/satin slippers with their buckles of Rosepoint lace.
"No, Marj, honestly I'm not doing that. I was just thinking, that's all."
"What about?" gently.
"Oh, just wishing I were exactly what I seem to be in the glass. I don't know how to express it—it's something you feel when you're a bride, I s'pose. There's a sort of whiteness and cleanness and purity that makes you wish you'd lived in a convent all your life."
"Rats, Sallie," comforted Marj, "to hear you talk one would think you'd been a wild woman with a lurid past and you've never done anything real bad at all."
"I know, but that isn't the point. I just wish now with all my might that I'd never taken a cocktail or smoked a cigarette or let anybody kiss me but Curtiss. Oh, Marj! if you just knew how much I'd give to come to him fresh and unspotted, even the least little bit, by the world." My voice quavered.
"Bless its heart. Curtiss doesn't want a saint. Some of the most perfect idols have feet of clay. Besides he wants you just as you are, Silly. So come on now your father has sent up a dozen times for you to come down. He's dying to see his Sallie. And I can't blame him, for honestly, I've never seen a brider bride."
My wedding night. Before me stretched the crimson aisle of historic old St. Johns. The rich notes of the

was friendly and small? At last I saw him..... His eyes met mine. My heart leaped and I looked quickly down. Now the minister, in the sumptuous robes of the Episcopal church, repeating the same questions we had discussed among ourselves each time there was a possibility of any of us becoming a bride. "—obey." I had that out. Now it would have been a sacrilege to cut any word from that sacred rite.
"I will," I replied, so softly that only my lips moved. I had always pictured myself speaking out bravely when it came my turn. I had intended that my voice should carry to the farthest end of the church. It should be unwavering and firm.
Curtiss was saying "I will" and in his response there was just the right amount of proud conquest and decisive calmness that sent little thrills of joyousness through my entire being.
Now side by side, we were returning down the long, long aisle. The murmur of the guests had risen to an excited buzz. I thought of the many times I had been a bridesmaid and how we had all walked back from the altar wreathed in smiles. This was also, I remembered, an established custom of the bride. But somehow I couldn't smile. There are some happinesses too big for emotional expression. Too enveloping to permit any outward sign. Such was mine.
The reception at home. More flowers, more music, more chatter, and endless congratulations couched in

the same proverbial terms. That the same sentiments were expressed at the wedding of Cana in Galilee, I haven't a doubt. How much more sacred, I thought, is the small wedding where one is surrounded only by friends. Here also were acquaintances, who came merely to appraise the decorations, the bridal equipment and even the groom!
"Sallie, I've never seen you so reserved. Why you look perfectly like a saint," giggled one "friend of the family," as she passed gushingly by, "but never mind," she threw back at Curtiss by his side, "that Holier-than-thou attitude with Sallie won't last."
"Don't worry about her," Curtiss whispered as he squeezed my hand, "the exuberance on my face will make up for any bit of wistfulness in yours, Little Saint."
We exchanged a glance of magic meaning before the next guest came down the line.
"You'll return from your European trip with a dozen scalps of titled foreigners at your slender waist-line," predicted a little man who had lost his first youth but was determined to play the part of the gay gallant. As if I would flirt on my honeymoon! I, who loved Curtiss so. What did they mean?

"Just because I've been more or less frivolous all my life am I never to leave the butterflies?" I returned.
"Ah, that's just it, the butterfly type!" the little man replied. "Exactly, ma chérie. It's something that's incapable of change. Either one IS or one ISN'T. So don't think for an instant that matrimony is going to make you over temperamentally, my dear. In your case it will just add piquancy and charm."
I hated him. Oh, if it were all over and Curtiss and I were quietly alone. I was so utterly weary of it all. As usually the case, there had also been endless parties up to the very eve of my wedding day. A custom I am quite sure that is a relic of barbarous days.
Just then Ted Billings came reeling by. Too much champagne. Only that feeling of charity which forgives all past grievances when happiness finds the heart, prompted me to invite Ted. Now I was sorry that I had. He pointed to the orchids that formed my exquisite bouquet.
"What-ho! A touch of lavender. Why, Sallie," he thought he was funny because he laughed uproariously and staggered out of sight.
"He doesn't mean any harm," Marj whispered, seeing the blush which had

suffused my cheeks at his reference to the well-known joke. "Nobody's serious about anything, any more," she declared.
Just the same I was praying for the free and easy camaraderie which had existed among my friends.
The hours, with leaded wings, passed by and when, at last, I was dressed in my traveling costume, I sent for my father to bid him good-bye away from the guests.
"Father, I have changed, haven't I? And yet they'll never believe I intend to be anything but a flapper wife. I adore Curtiss and I'll never, never look at anybody else." I poured out my heart.
"There, there," he patted my hand, "a bride shouldn't worry about anything in the world and certainly she shouldn't mind the harmless rallery of her friends. That always follows a girl who has been unquestionably a belle."
"But I worship my husband and I'll always be true to him, even in my thoughts," I replied vehemently.
"Your mother said those very words to me, Sallie, on her wedding night." A shadow of sadness clouded my father's eyes and, entirely removed the smile from his face.

I wondered what he could have meant.
(To be continued next week)

Many pressing problems said to confront us, and the man whose trousers have all become baggy thinks so anyway.

The people shouldn't crowd into the stores that are advertising the January bargains in such numbers that the police have to be called in to maintain order.

Some of the women folks who are looking for a warm climate, can find an excellent one by cooking the dinner over the kitchen stove.

Fine thing to turn over new leaf in January, but it don't amount to much if you keep dipping your fist in the ink bottle.

Question asked as to what is the secret of success. Dunno, but anyway it was never discovered while standing around on the curbstones of this city.

One more sign of lack of imagination on the part of the American people is that fact that it is still necessary to work on grand hog day.

GARNETT'S

STORE NEWS

The January Sales Are Now at Their Height New Spring Merchandise is Specially Priced

Scores of women are daily making substantial savings through the inauguration of our January Sales. New Spring merchandise is constantly arriving and priced consistently lower than will be possible later in the season.

Spring Frocks of Fast Color English Prints \$2.95

One must really see these pretty new Frocks to fully appreciate the low pricing—note the splendid way in which they are made, the new patterns and colorings of the prints, the new trimming ideas. Then you will instantly recognize the tremendous value giving of this sale.

Wash Frocks of Heavy Rayon Specially Priced at \$6.75

Guaranteed fast color rayon of the most serviceable quality. Many charming new styles are featured and the colorings of the rayon are unusually attractive. Special at \$6.75.



New Printed Silks \$2.60 yd.

40 inch printed silk crepe in delightful new patterns. The quality is splendid at this price, \$2.60 yard.

Printed Chiffon \$3.00

40 inch printed chiffon in large floral patterns. The color effects are exquisite. \$3.00 yard.

Printed Canton Crepes \$3.25 yard

A crepe that will give excellent service. The patterns and colorings are decidedly out-of-the-ordinary.

More of Those Wonderful Wool Mixed Blankets Priced at \$3.95 pr.

Those that were too late last week to get a pair of these full size wool-mixed blankets will welcome this announcement. They are in large block patterns in blue, pink, tan, lavender and black. These Blankets are all fresh looking and new, a value made possible only through the January Sales. \$3.95 pair.

All Wool Blankets \$10.98

Large size Blankets of 100% pure virgin wool. Choice of several colors in large block patterns. Values seldom equalled at \$10.98 pair.

Wool Filled Comforters \$7.95

Warmth without weight. Filled with 100% new corded wool. The price is special during the January Sales. \$7.95.

Other Warm Comforters Specially Priced at \$4.50

Reduced for clearance. These comforters are filled with good quality new corded cotton. A value that cannot be too greatly stressed at \$4.50.

The January Sales of Sheets

To anticipate requirements for the entire year would mean a big saving.

"Pequot" Sheets

63 x 99 \$1.65
81 x 99 \$1.95
72 x 90 \$1.65

"Saxon" Sheets

63 x 99 \$1.20
72 x 99 \$1.30
81 x 90 \$1.30
81 x 99 \$1.45

"Daisy" Muslin, 17c yd.
36 inches wide. Full bleached, free from dressing.

Sheetings

63 in. Brown Sheeting 42c yd.
63c Bleached Sheeting 55c yd.



The January Sales Bring Lowered Prices in Men's Suits and O'Coats

Clearance prices are now in effect on Men's Suits and Overcoats. All are of the well-known Adler make, noted for their high-grade tailoring and wearing qualities.

The Suits

Styles for men and young men. Suits worth from \$35 to \$45.

\$27.50 to \$37.50

The Coats

Tailored of the finest woolsens, these overcoats will give excellent service. The January Sale prices range from

\$19.50 to \$37.50