



**Mr. and Mrs. Sallie**  
—being the Confessions  
of a new wife...  
Illustrated by Paul Robinson  
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**Sallie Meets an Old Friend.** Also an interesting and handsome man. What was the colour? Black or red?

For the briefest part of a second I closed my eyes.

If I won how thrilling it would be telling of my good fortune at home. If I lost it would be more or less awkward admitting to Curtis that I had thrown away three times the amount that I had declared would be my limit at the wheel.

The croupier was announcing the result of the play. I looked quickly at the ball.

Number 17.

"Noir," avowed the woman on the right who had urged me on.

I smiled sheepishly for by some vague intuition I had known all along that it was not red.

"See, I have lost, aussi," she continued, lapsing into her own tongue.

"Yes, but how much? Combien?" I inquired.

"Cent francs," she replied.

"About five dollars. Rather less than 200." I could not help but wonder why she had encouraged me to stake my entire pile. "Oh well, c'est ne fait rien," I added, preparing to leave.

Instantly new bets were made and my loss was utterly forgotten by the other players whose attention was given to the next turn of the wheel.

I had never in all my life been treated with such absolute indifference and indignantly, I pushed back my chair.

"Sallie!" I heard my name called in a familiar voice. I looked up.

"Ellie, darling!" I exclaimed. And

"Well you'll see Ellie, because I am coming to America next year. I don't drink though because I couldn't and work."

"Work!" There's a wealth of meaning in the word.—The way he said it made it perfectly clear that his was no ordinary job. One of the arts perhaps. I was consumed with curiosity. I wanted to ask more about this extraordinarily handsome youth with his clear, olive complexion and quiet, unassuming air.

I gave him a swift glance.

Ellie evidently saw approval in my eyes.

"Uh-huh, I think so, too," she said out loud.

"Shall we dance?" he asked, suddenly raising his eyes and meeting my gaze. I hesitated for a moment. Curtiss and I had a sort of unwritten agreement that we should always dance the first time together when out at a supper or dance.

But there was a strange, unfathomable command in the dark, luminous eyes of the man at my side.

Why shouldn't I tease Curtiss a little? He had been most negligent about complimenting my gown and I remembered my little threat that I would make him jealous before the night at Monte Carlo had gone. Besides, I recalled the reasoning of some of my friends that it was necessary for one's husband to know that his wife was still desirable in the eyes of other men.

Curtiss was looking across the table from where he sat, signaling to me to rise. I did. But it was to accept the invitation of Barrington Pierce.

(Continued next week)

**ANNUAL HIGH SCHOOL EXHIBIT NEXT MAY**

**Success of Last Year's Display Was Very Encouraging; Big Event in School**

The annual exhibition of high school work at Deerfield-Shields this year will be held about May 2. The program will be very similar to that of former years. Each department will be represented and the nature of each course will be shown.

The exhibit held at Deerfield last year was a fine success. The typists typed to music; the art room displayed the results of the year's art study in boxes, pictures, pottery and other craft work; dresses were shown by the sewing department; the shop classes went through rhythmic exercises and exhibited their work.

The boys and girls gymnasium classes went through rhythmic exercises; the history and civic classes showed maps and posters made by the students; laboratory experiments were given by the chemistry and physics classes; the girls' glee club and orchestra produced pleasing music for the parents; the language departments showed themes and notebooks and posters. Attendance was exceptionally large.

Big coal operators allege that coal mining is only a gamble at best. Perhaps, but why should the consumer always be the one to be stuck?—Detroit Free Press.

It may or may not be a sign of higher moral standards, but the average man now wears his Sunday clothes all week.—Harrisburg Telegraph.

Something else that is hard to get hold of is a pre-war brand of peace.—Detroit News.



regardless of the unbroken quiet of the room we continued our exclamations of delight as we greeted each other in a fond embrace.

"Where on earth did you come from? How long are you going to stay? Where are you stopping? And where's Curtiss?" All in one breath Ellie asked. Only the last question brought me back to my every-day mind.

"Over there!" I answered, "and secretly I think he's frightfully bored. He doesn't approve of all this," nodding towards the players and the roulette wheels. "Come along, you'll pep him up. Oh, here he is."

Curtiss had made his way across the room to meet us and we stood still for a moment to chat.

"This is luck!" Ellie declared, "we're just dashing over to Ciro's for a little frisk. So of course you'll come along. Get your caps Sallie and we'll meet you outside." She was gone.

"Well?" Curtiss inquired with his enigmatic smile, "as far as the rest of the evening is concerned it doesn't seem as if we had much choice."

"Mine would be to go anyway. I adore Ellie you know and we haven't had half a chance to talk. What's the matter. Aren't you happy, dear?" Noticing the unmistakable look of disappointment in his eyes.

"Naturally, except I had rather hoped we'd have a little party all by ourselves, out there," he pointed to the Cafe de Paris with its many little tables gleaming white under the stars. "It's too lovely a night to stay indoors."

"But, honey, you don't seem to realize that I'm seeing Ellie, my very best friend in all the world."

for ten years—that he has absorbed a lot of foreign poise. Speaks five languages my dear and is a slave to his career. Bue he's a lamb-pie really, and thoroughly unspooled."

There was no further chance to ask her the nature of his absorbing career. We had reached Ciro's and found a table in the smart supper room where romances, tragedies, adventures, bold robberies and even suicides are concocted over its famous hors d'ouvres.

Mr. DeWight ordered wine. But when it was served, Barrington Pierce silently pushed his glass aside.

"One could tell you were not recently from the states," I said, "we don't often have a chance to refuse champagne."

"I prefer Evian," he replied, raising his water goblet and quaffing half the glass.

"What are you two finding in common?" demanded Ellie who was having her second glass of wine.

"There's only two things Americans discuss over here. Prohibition and—more prohibition," I declared. They all laughed.

"Some friends of mine were saying the other day in Paris that if I should return to the states that it would be impossible for me to go out and not take a lot to drink. That's absurd," Mr. Pierce affirmed, "I don't here where one can have fine cognac and wine—then why should I where I am told the favorite cocktail is made of orange juice and alcohol."

"But you would, Barry, mon cher," Ellie laughingly replied "because if you went on parties over there and ordered water they'd say you were a sad bird and never ask you again."

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**CARPENTRY STUDENTS AT DEERFIELD HIGH**

**List of Pupils Taking Course One Day a Week; Put In Full Day**

The carpentry apprentices at Deerfield-Shields, study various subjects related to their professions from 8:30 in the morning to 5 in the afternoon, a full working day. They are sent by their employers one day a week.

The work in these classes is all individual and the apprentices are given as much or as little as they can stand. Teachers in these courses submit reports from time to time, showing the progress of the students, and upon the strength of these, their standing with the employer and in the unions is determined.

Following is a list of the students in this course:

First year—George Berube, Pete A. Carani, William Charcut, Gustaf Holmberg, Warno Nykonen, Amedeo Santi, Reuben R. Thomas, and Louis Van Parys.

In the second year they are: Elmer Carlson, Waino Hainonen, Arthur Johnson, Edward A. Laing, Oakley Peterson, and Cifton Stemm.

In the third year are: Joseph Baraffi, Edward Hanson, Ivar Hermanson, Val Kreisel, Louis Kuznek, Raymond Laursen, Richard Sorenson, Tom Sorenson, and Robert W. Taylor.

In the fourth year course, there are only two, John Gustafson and Leslie Sorenson.

Up in New York City they are sore because the state census does not give them enough population. What they really ought to worry about is getting rid of some of the population they already have.

Locarno may go down in history as the place where Europe delivered the kiss heard around the world.—Chicago News.

Scientists say that women stand the cold much better than men. Quite right. Very few men can even stand the cold shoulder.

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South—Week Days				North—Week Days			
Leave Highland Park	Arrive Chicago	Leave Chicago	Arrive Highland Park	Leave Chicago	Arrive Highland Park	Leave Highland Park	Arrive Chicago
A.M. 6:45	A.M. 7:37	A.M. 10:38	A.M. 11:35	A.M. 4:45	A.M. 5:37	P.M. 8:38	P.M. 9:35
6:56	7:48	10:49	11:46	7:00	7:52	8:53	9:50
7:09	8:01	11:01	11:58	7:15	8:07	9:08	10:05
7:22	8:14	11:12	12:09	7:30	8:22	9:23	10:20
7:35	8:27	11:23	12:20	7:45	8:37	9:38	10:35
7:48	8:40	11:34	12:31	8:00	8:52	9:53	10:50
8:01	8:53	11:45	12:42	8:15	9:07	10:08	11:05
8:14	9:06	11:56	12:53	8:30	9:22	10:23	11:20
8:27	9:19	12:07	1:04	8:45	9:37	10:38	11:35
8:40	9:32	12:18	1:15	9:00	9:52	10:53	11:50
8:53	9:45	12:29	1:26	9:15	10:07	11:08	12:05
9:06	9:58	12:40	1:37	9:30	10:22	11:23	12:20
9:19	10:11	12:51	1:48	9:45	10:37	11:38	12:35
9:32	10:24	1:02	2:00	10:00	10:52	11:53	12:50
A.M. 10:45	A.M. 11:37	P.M. 2:00	P.M. 2:57	A.M. 10:15	A.M. 11:07	P.M. 1:08	P.M. 2:05

A Except Saturday.  
B Saturday only.  
A.M. light—P.M. holdfast.

South—Sundays				North—Sundays			
Leave Highland Park	Arrive Chicago	Leave Chicago	Arrive Highland Park	Leave Chicago	Arrive Highland Park	Leave Highland Park	Arrive Chicago
A.M. 7:58	A.M. 8:50	P.M. 1:45	P.M. 2:42	A.M. 8:02	A.M. 8:54	P.M. 1:45	P.M. 2:42
8:13	9:05	1:50	2:47	8:17	9:09	1:50	2:47
8:28	9:20	2:05	3:02	8:32	9:24	2:05	3:02
8:43	9:35	2:20	3:17	8:47	9:39	2:20	3:17
8:58	9:50	2:35	3:32	9:02	9:54	2:35	3:32
9:13	10:05	2:50	3:47	9:17	10:09	2:50	3:47
9:28	10:20	3:05	4:02	9:32	10:24	3:05	4:02
9:43	10:35	3:20	4:17	9:47	10:39	3:20	4:17
P.M. 1:58	P.M. 2:50	P.M. 3:45	P.M. 4:42	P.M. 1:58	P.M. 2:50	P.M. 3:45	P.M. 4:42

Effective Jan. 17, 1926—Subject to change