

Mr. and Mrs. Sallie
—being the Confessions of a new wife—
Illustrated by Paul Robinson
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"Monte Carlo!"
We alighted in front of the Hotel de Paris and I gave a happy little sigh, signifying my delight at having arrived at the place which had always intrigued me more than any of the Riviera resorts, each of which annually draws devotees from all parts of the world.
Inside, our suite overlooked the Casino on the right and across the central square with its tropical palms and hibiscus blossoms was the Cafe de Paris, famous for its Continental atmosphere, its celebrated wine list and its small tables set in the garden under the stars.
I stood by the long casement window watching the tourists as they walked from the Casino to the Cafe and back again. One woman leaving the Casino was pitifully uncertain as she descended the stairs. The brilliant light from the doorway mingled with that of the arc-lamps of the park and clearly illuminated her face.
"Look Curtiss, she's ill!" I exclaimed motioning him to my side.
"Probably drunk or doped," he replied, "you'll see many of that type and even worse," he added, "before we leave." This sounded uncharitable coming from Curtiss who was always

—only he made it much stronger," I added.
"Dr. Gaines?" Curtiss raised his eyebrows and his tone was one of inquiry.
"You know, the famous surgeon from New York, whom everybody raved about. He asked me to dance every single night. I thought you'd be hopelessly jealous and especially on our honeymoon, and now you don't even remember his name! Dam!"
"Sallie?"
"Uh-huh?" absent-mindedly adjusting several bracelets.
"Don't swear, PLEASE."
"I didn't."
"Yes you did. You said 'dam!'"
"Oh, yes, that's right, I did. But I haven't in such a long time. And you did make me mad."
"How mad?" playfully.
"Well, you'll see, sir. I'm going to make you notice some man paying attention to me before this night is over. At least he'll make enough impression on you so that you'll remember his name."
"All right, Miss Cleopatra. Better come right along though, you won't have time to lose those two thousand francs, if we don't hurry."



kind. Himself above petty frailties of the flesh, he never sat in judgment on those who were less strong.
"Just the same I can hardly wait to try my luck," I avowed. "I wonder what I should wear."
"You are beautiful to me in anything. As far as the Casino is concerned, they'll never even know you are there." Softening his remark with a smile.
"I don't think I like the last part of that sentence," I complained, "do you think I'm so unattractive that I won't be noticed at all."
"Of course not, little goose, you always cause a flutter when you enter any place, but over there they're too absorbed to lift their eyes from the business at hand. You'll see later what I mean."
Notwithstanding his reasoning I wore the gown of my trousseau which was most exotic and bizarre. It was an imported copy of one worn by an Egyptian princess and its colors were blended in odd tones of mauve and green. Gold sandals and a closely fitted head-dress of semi-precious stones completed my attire.
"Well, don't you like me?" I demanded of Curtiss when I realized that he was not going to compliment my gown.
"Why of course I do, sweetheart, I thought I had just finished a little speech having to do with my adoration for you in any sort of gown."
"Oh Curtiss, that's so vague. I would like for you to at least comment on some of the things I wear. I mean, of course if you really think they're becoming."
"I guess you're right, but I feel as if pretty compliments were superficial now that you're mine. Persiflage between us seems so unnecessary—so empty for me to admire a certain gown when I see your beauty of character and soul which deliver my entire heart into your keeping more certainly than all the gowns in the Rue de la Paix."
"All right, old fogey-man. The famous Dr. Gaines told me each night on the boat how er, er, nice I looked

I had voluntarily promised not to lose more than the equivalent of one hundred dollars.
"Oh, I'm so thrilled!" I squeezed Curtiss' arm as we entered the spacious hall of the Casino. On one side was the well-stocked bar, crowded by both men and women, sipping liqueurs, a necessary drink all over the continent, after dinner.
We approached the next room, but, without a special card, were not allowed to enter.
"Why all the red tape?" I inquired while Curtiss, was giving the history of our lives in exchange for the magic card of admittance.
"So they'll know where to ship the body," he answered, and it seemed to me that his tone was almost ill humored.
I then recalled the stories of suicides which had been committed in the gardens of Monte Carlo by those who had lost everything at the tables. I shuddered. But my fear was gone in a moment. The outer rooms were filled with people intent on their several games and I started in the direction of the center roulette table.
"Wait, honey," said Curtiss, "only the bourgeoisie play here. I also secured cards for the 'salon privee.' It's there you'll see the celebrated gamblers."
The private rooms were smaller than the first ones we had entered and were frequented by a class which was noticeably more exclusive. All the men were in full dress or wore their tuxedos and the women were in evening attire.
We walked over to the roulette table.
As Curtiss had predicted, not an eye left the green light's brilliant area. I saw an incongruous number of women with bobbed white hair and avid expressions. They smoked unceasingly and only left occasionally for a drink of cognac or brandy. I watched the men with their quiet drawn faces, many of them making painstaking records in little books of the winners.

AMERICAN INDIANS NO LONGER POOR

Total Value of Their Property Now Large Sum; Own Oil and Gas Land

The value of property owned by the American Indians was considerably increased during the fiscal year 1925, according to an estimate completed by the Bureau of Indian Affairs of the Interior department. The total value of Indian property is now fixed at \$1,056,046,550, including property held by Indian tribes and by individual Indians under the guardianship of the Government.

The increase is attributed to the enhanced value of oil and gas, coal, lead, zinc, asphalt and other mineral deposits on tribal lands. The value of these mineral resources, as estimated by Indian superintendents and the Geological Survey, amounts to \$933,947,224.

Excepting a depreciation in some of the lands held by Indian tribes, every other sort of property owned by the Indians gained in value during the year. And all the time people have been condoling with "Lo, the poor Indian" who stood in front of the cigar store—like as not, he owns the place now.

"SNOW WHITE" TO BE GIVEN AT NEW TRIER Dramatic Fantasy in Six Scenes To Be Given Saturday In Auditorium

On Saturday, February 6, a dramatic fantasy in six scenes called "Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs" will be presented at the New Trier Auditorium by the New Trier Dramatic club. The members of the eighth grades of the villages have been invited to attend this play as guests of the Dramatic club. The play will be presented by a cast composed entirely of freshmen and sophomores. Only two of the whole cast have had parts in past plays and then only did minor bits. Thus, a new kind of play will be given by a cast new to footlights, which very fact, coupled with the able coaching which it is receiving, guarantees the verse and lively way in which it will be given.

You had better get busy. You've only got about forty weeks more in which to do your Christmas shopping.

"They're working out a system to break the bank," Curtiss whispered, "and have probably been doing it for several years," he continued.

Then only did the other occupants of the table give us a glance and it was more in the nature of a reprimand because we had broken the unearthly silence.

I took the only chair which was vacant.

Being a novice at roulette it was only a question of a short time before I lost my hundred dollars.

"Next time stick to the colors," whispered a hard-faced woman, in French, whose eyes glittered with an unnatural light. In spite of my knowledge of French which I had gained at college, I failed to understand her. She repeated in English.

"You see I've worked out a system by the law of averages and I know when to play the reds. Try it."

I looked for Curtiss. He was standing apart watching the room, and its occupants with the lukewarm interest of an observer.

I motioned to him.
"Will you buy me some more chips? I feel sure I'll win this time surely."

"Broke already?" he smiled. "Well your 2000 lasted twice as long as I thought it would at that. If you want any more, I'll be over yonder," he added indulgently as he placed in my hand twice the amount that I had declared would be my limit.

Not once did he remind me of my promise, though I knew he must have remembered. Oh, well, what difference did it make? I thought. It would probably be a long time before I got to Monte Carlo again and besides, I argued, life was so short, that one might as well have a little fun while it lasted.

"I'm going to bet it all!" I said to the hard-faced woman.

"If you win—you get double." Because of the large amount placed one corol I was watched by even the most blasé players.

The wheel turned. The ball cavorted around its unfathomable course and finally—bump—bump—bump it slipped silently into a number.

(To be continued)

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FARM WOMEN DRIVE THEIR OWN AUTOS

MAJORITY DO IN ILLINOIS

Interesting Statistics Regarding Conditions in Farmer Homes of the State Are Given

More than 68 per cent of the Illinois farm women drive their own cars. A study of conditions surrounding 921 typical farm homes, made by Mrs. Mary C. Puncke of the Sears-Roebuck Agricultural Foundation, brought to light that 88.3 per cent of the women in these typical Illinois farm homes have cars at their disposal and drive them.

Other Interesting Facts
A number of other interesting things concerning conditions in the Illinois farm home and the woman who presides over it were revealed in the survey. For instance, it was found that 56.7 per cent of the women still carry water from an outside source; and that 60.9 per cent of the homes enjoy the luxury of a sink-and-drain. Less than 10 per cent still use the old wash board for the family laundry, and almost 50 per cent reported power washers on the premises. Nearly 20 per cent of the homes were found to have bath tubs. Butter is being made by 66.9 per cent of these farm women and, while the old tradition that the "butter and egg money belongs to the missus" still rules in about half of these homes, the "missus" almost without exception, spends it for groceries, shoes, and school-books for her family. The keeping of income and expense accounts is reported by 21 per cent of the women in the homes covered.

Sharp Contrasts
Mrs. Puncke's survey, which covered farm homes in Illinois and other middle western states, brought out some sharp contrasts in existing home conditions in Illinois and some of her neighbor states. Fewer women in Illinois were reported as carrying water from outside sources than the average in other states, and the number of Illinois farm women who reported power washers in their homes was almost three times the average elsewhere. Bath tubs are more plentiful in Illinois than in some other states, and a larger number of women drive their own cars. Illinois also has more women making butter than the average for surrounding states and, as compared with other sections, twice as many women keep expense accounts in this state.

Most people won't believe the League of Nations is really able to settle anything until the League puts one over on a country which is really strong enough to talk back.

If you don't think the League court and the League itself have any connection you might ask the Turks what they know about Mosul.

Among those being accused of monopolistic practices are a large number of jealous lovers.

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