

# Mr. and Mrs. Sallie

—being the Confessions of a new wife—

Illustrated by Paul Robinson Gladys Baker

Copyright 1925 by Publishers Autocaster Service

**'Sallie Resents Curtiss' Orders'**  
I sat where I could watch the facial expressions of the two performers. Lemoyme, the singer, and Barrington Pierce, the accompanist, playing one of his own compositions.

From the opening note he was totally oblivious of his surroundings. His eyes closed, he lost himself in the melody of velvety tones his sensitive fingers were capable of producing. After a brief prelude Lemoyme began singing.

"No one knows my little house—no one but you,  
Windows wide to hold the light—Little Doorstep too,  
I have fashioned it myself—And moulded the key,  
Roof of tangled roses wild—Silver pink with dew.

Lemoyme Danielle had the most pleasing voice that it had ever been my good fortune to listen to. She was not only a gifted singer, with a splendid sense of interpretation, but sang like a great actress, with peculiar warmth and vigor. Barry, too, felt keenly the song of his own creating and there were times when his face reflected the intensity of his emotions.

The second verse of the song continued:

"Was it at the Fashion Fete at the Exposition?" I inquired.

"Yes, yes of course, the prize gown!" he exclaimed, "but how on earth did you—"

"Get Jules Simonin to let me have it?" I finished his question, "well, it wasn't easy. He said I could have the same gown copied with baskets of flowers instead of the portraits but I wouldn't hear to it. You see, I had seen all of his models and didn't want any. I told him that they were not at all different from the frocks at several shops in Fifth avenue and that I preferred something entirely original. It was then that he thought it over in his private study and while he was absent I heard the story of the gown from Madame Renee one of the mannequins who speaks English."

"How very interesting—please go on," encouraged Mrs. DeWight who was listening intently as—indeed, were all the others.

"Well, it seems that all the celebrated dressmakers and designers in Paris were offered the opportunity of displaying one gown at this fete of fashion. The prize was to go to the most unusual and striking costume. So night after night Jules Simonin sat up and planned a gown that would

and—" he hesitated, in a serious manner.

"Yes, yes go on," I tried to be flip-pant.

"And never wear it again," he ended.

My cheeks turned red. I was at once cold to the point of freezing and then hot waves of anger and humiliation surged over me. It was so unlike Curtiss to discuss personalities in the presence of others, so unnecessary to make me feel provincial before these friends who were broad-minded and had meant nothing in discussing my gown but friendly interest and a desire to be complimentary. How very thoughtless it was of him to cause a scene which I knew was bound to follow.

Curtiss, always fair in his dealings with others, sensed the injustice of his criticism of the gown I was wearing and immediately came across the room to where I was sitting. The others courteously continued their conversation so that we could talk without the embarrassment of feeling that they were hearing.

"I certainly beg your pardon, Sallie," he said softly, "sometimes you call me old fogy, and I guess maybe I am about some things but somehow, I don't like the idea of you wearing a dress with that sort of woman's picture on it. Though I realize now that I should have waited until we got home to discuss such a personal thing. You'll forgive me though, won't you dearest?"

Curtiss was irresistible when he pleaded and in a moment I was smiling.

"Now, I'll make terms with you, Sir," I said in a haughty manner, "I'll forgive you and go to the Exposition on one condition—that you won't object to the frock any more and in turn I'll promise not to wear it again until I'm back in the states where they won't recognize the beautiful but bad lady."

So the subject was closed and we made preparation for leaving with the others.

(To be continued)

## NAVAL HOSPITAL TO BE OPEN MARCH 1

COST IS NEAR MILLION

New Unit at Great Lakes Station Completed Recently by the Veterans Bureau, Plan Additions

The Veterans Bureau hospital west of Great Lakes is completed and the opening will be held March 1, it was announced Friday by Dr. O. C. Willhite, officer in charge, who arrived Monday to take up his duties.

Nearly a million dollars has been expended by the Veterans Bureau in building and equipping the hospital and personnel quarters and the new place is regarded as one of the largest undertakings of the bureau and possibly the largest in this section of the country.

Dr. Willhite, who held the rank of lieutenant-colonel in the service, declared that the present unit of the hospital, which consists of three buildings contains 325 beds and a modern mess hall. The patients will all be mental cases.

Get New \$819,000 Sum  
Provisions are being made and plans and specifications prepared for new units of the hospital. An allotment of \$819,000 has been secured by the local hospital for the erection of additional buildings and when completed the hospital with its new unit will have 550 beds. The allotment is part of the ten million dollar appropriation granted the Veterans Bureau.

Dr. Willhite explained that the bureau owns a tract of land comprising between 500 and 600 acres which extends from the tracks west of Great Lakes to Green Bay road. Its main road is Dewey road just off of which the personnel is now quartered.

In the large acreage about the buildings will be developed landscape

to beautify the place and also farms and to keep the patients occupied.

It is expected that patients will be sent from many hospitals in the middle west to the new hospital March 1 thus relieving congestion in other places. The hospital receives its mail through the North Chicago postoffice in order to avoid a mix up with the Great Lakes station mail.

## EDISON NOTICES HOW SMALL THINGS COUNT

Report of Savings In Ashes from Furnaces of Plant Important, He Thinks

Thomas A. Edison was paying one of his periodic visits to one of the mammoth electric generating plants of New York City recently. He passed without comment or visible show of interest some of the most powerful turbo-generators in the world, the most rapid coal-lifting devices, and dozens of other things at which laymen marvel. But he stopped short before the door of a boiler room on which was posted a routine little memorandum and asked what it was.

"That shows the exact amount of combustible left in the ashes taken from under the boilers this morn," was the reply.

"Well, that," Mr. Edison said, "marks the modern utility; it possesses the last fact concerning one of the smallest details of its operations."

It is true, as Mr. Edison observed, that the daily analysis of the chemical content of the ashes coming from under the boilers is one of the smallest details of the operation of electric light and power plants. But it is a very important detail because it is part of a larger activity which enables the modern electric utility to get the most out of coal and at the same time to do this with the least possible inconvenience to the community.

Over in Paris they are experimenting with a lot of new vaccines and one of them must be an anti-debt serum.

**Dr. B. A. HAMILTON**  
**Dr. A. J. WURTH**  
DENTISTS  
E. F. State Bank Bldg.  
Telephone 678  
256 St. Johns Ave. Highland Park

---

**General Tailoring**  
Cleaning, Pressing, Reining  
Ladies and Gents  
102 North First Street  
Remodeling  
**M. WOLAK**  
Tel. H. P. 1866

**Permanent Marcel**  
*a Specialty*



**Beauty Culture**

M. Emma and Ella Borchardt  
HAIRDRESSING  
Moldaner & Humer Building  
18 North Sheridan Rd. Tel. H.P. 926  
ZIP Treatments given



"Just a little, little house  
Will it come true,  
Let me take you to my heart  
And share it with you."

The song ended. There was a moment of silence, vibrant with feeling. This, then was the song that Barrington Pierce had said expressed his sentiments exactly. Was it Lemoyme he wanted to share "little house" or was his imaginary mate some lovely creature of his own mood and fancies?

Ellie Mitchell had said that he did not return Lemoyme's ardent love-making but regarded her only with loyalty and deep affection. At any rate the simple little song-poem had affected me as well as the musicians.

"Hullo there! Sallie's crying," announced Curtiss, "I'm sure our friends here will refuse to entertain us further if that's the way their music affects you."

"Not at all," Barry responded, "it is the most sincere compliment she could possibly bestow upon us. It proves without a doubt that she has the keen appreciation of an artist."

"I'm sorry, though," I murmured through tears, "I really didn't realize what I was doing. But I've never, in my life heard anything that touched me so deeply," I concluded.

The DeWights' arrival put an end to our conversation. They were closely followed by Andre Moliere who designed costumes and stage settings for one of the most popular stars in the motion picture firmament.

It was while we were at tea that he drew everyone's attention to the gown I was wearing.

"It is most becoming. Ravissant! Madam has exquisite taste. May I ask where you found such a designer in this city of over-rated dressmaking establishments?"

"I bought this one because it had a story, not that I think it's specially becoming," I evaded the question.

"Where have I seen the gown before, somewhere most surely?" broke in the designer.

be 'sans pareil' as Madame Renee expressed it. This was the result."

"Yes, but the portraits," inquired Barry, "who is the girl. Her face is quite familiar."

"His mistress, Gabrielle Montbleur of the Folies Bergere." Andre Moliere answered with the frankness of a foreigner being absolutely unconscious that he was using a word that, in America, is taboo in polite society.

"Everyone knows her," he concluded, "she and Simonin have had a liaison of several years duration."

I blushed when I noticed that Curtiss was displaying a tiny frown of annoyance and disapproval.

"She wore your gown in the fete," Andre Moliere continued, "and the judges were unanimous in their decision. The gown was photographed in all the papers and flashed around the world. It's a wonder you didn't see it in the states," he ended. "Anyway she's the toast of Paris."

Barry, too, must have sensed the inward disturbance in Curtiss for he tactfully changed the subject, for which I was most thankful.

Everyone was having cocktails except Barry, even Lemoyme had indulged herself in several small ones, saying that she didn't have to sing that evening.

"We'd better be shoving off," suggested Curtiss, glancing at his watch. "It's getting rather late for a tea party."

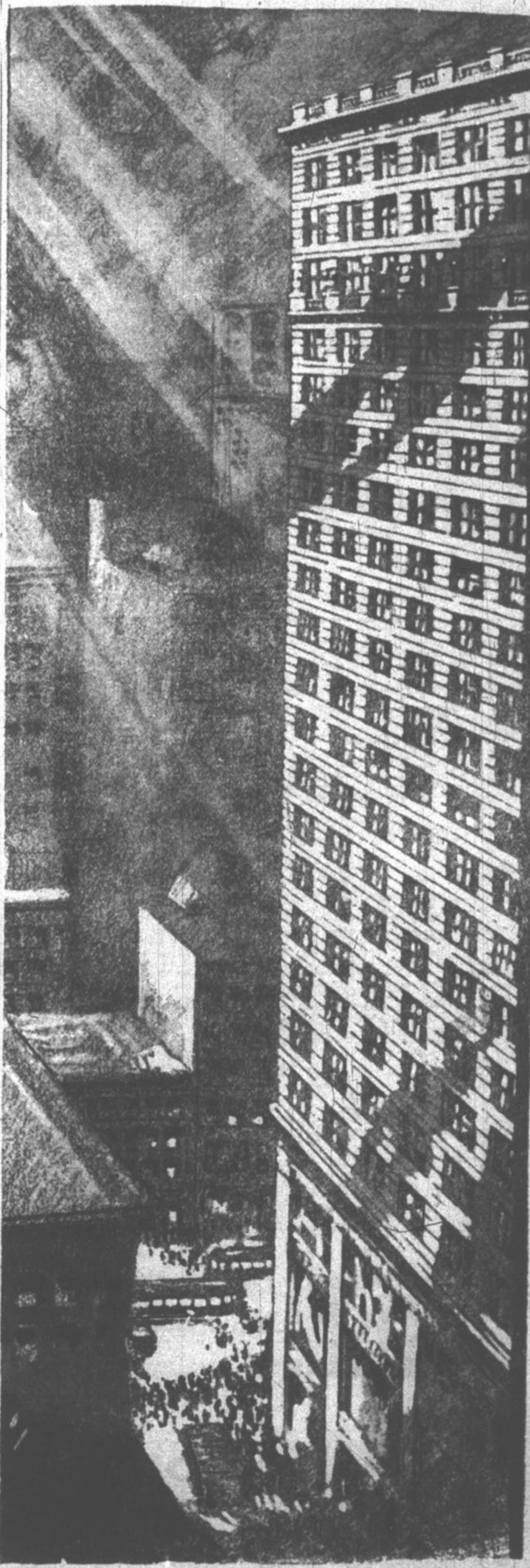
"Tell you what let's do," prompted Lemoyme, "I feel just exactly like a million dollars. Let's all go to the Exposition."

"Bravo," shouted Barry, "we'll have a regular party. Have dinner on one of Paul Poirot's boats on the Seine and later all the amusements. They're corking!"

"I for one need the relaxation," chimed in the Frenchman.

"And I haven't been so of course I'd adore it," I murmured looking at Curtiss to see what he was thinking.

"I'll go on one condition, Sallie," he answered with deliberation. "That you go home and take off that dress



## Henry C. Lytton & Sons

STATE and JACKSON—Chicago  
ORRINGTON and CHURCH—Evanston

**Now in Evanston!**

BEGINNING MONDAY, MARCH 8<sup>th</sup>  
Occupying the first and second floors of the Orrington Hotel Building



## The First Link in Our Program of Expansion

THIS is the 39th anniversary of the founding of our business in Chicago. From the beginning an enterprising and popular store in the broadest sense, its first great growth was marked by removal in 1913 to its present site—its own building. Today we enter a still more important period of expansion, carrying our service to Evanston—a city in itself and one of the largest community centers in the greater Chicago area. Our new store will present the same high standard in value-giving and the same service, and will have all the resources of our Main Store at its command.

**The North Shore's Smartest Shop for Men and Boys**

Stores will be open Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday evenings until 9 o'clock

MARCH 4, 1926

ivie Club

cellist

D' Opera

T

rium

h 7th

s of

ERS

Forest

s Motor

3.92

4.92

9.90

6.16

ON

P. 120-121