

Mr. and Mrs. Sallie
—being the Confessions of a new wife—
Illustrated by Paul Robinson
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"Well, I've found a house for you," was Curtiss' first announcement when he met me at the station.

"You mean you already have it?" I questioned, trying to conceal the doubt I felt over a man's ability to select the kind of house a woman wanted.

"Yes, and it's a corker. You'll just love it, Sallie, all we need now for a real love-nest is some furniture, which of course I shall leave entirely to your selection."

"Let's go see it now, right this minute!" I suggested, eager to know the worst and be through with any unpleasant situation, for my heart was filled with misgiving.

The house Curtiss had found far exceeded my expectations. An interesting cottage of simple English type, it nestled on a hill, in a little grove of slender pine saplings, which even now, were holding aloft their tiny green candles. Built sturdily of soft-grey stucco it was gaily trimmed in apple-green shutters. The feature, however, which pleased me most, was the view of Shades Mountain which lifted one's vision to vistas of violet-blue peaks, the far ones melting harmoniously into the intense blue of southern skies in the distance.

"Oh, I just adore it, dearest!" I exclaimed, as we stood on the unroofed, sunshiny verandah with its rose-colored tiles and bright flower boxes.

"How on earth did you get it? It seems to be absolutely new and un-lived in."

"The owner built it for a home to live in but later found that he had put too much in the investment and so he has consented to let us have it

behaved under the new order like little angels, sleeping peacefully until it was time to awaken. Scientifically prepared food had annihilated the usual annoying ills that old-fashioned babies were wont to indulge in. Indeed, I thought, it must be an easy matter rearing a child under the new rules and regulations! Besides, there was the wonder that filled my heart when I thought of being a mother. My thoughts ran on and on until finally they were blotted out by an overwhelming realization which I immediately voiced to Curtiss.

"We can't possibly afford a baby so we'll have to use this room for a study."

The reason advanced was apparently a new one to Curtiss but except for a look of disappointment that swept over his features, he might not even have heard my terse conclusion.

Going back to the hotel I asked Curtiss more of the details of having secured the house for a reasonable rental, a house, which though small, was undeniably attractive.

"I went into Louie Bradley's real estate office to see what he could get for us and ran into Letitia Evans."

"Who is she?" I interrupted.

"Oh, didn't I ever tell you about Letitia? She and my sister were at Ogontz together. She spent one summer with us out on the Pacific. That was their first year at school and she was nothing but an infant. I haven't seen her since. She was an incorrigible flapper at that time but the family fell for what they called her 'original enthusiasm.' She was original all right!" he smiled in reminiscence, "I reminded her the other day of her bad manners."

brewing because, in spite of Curtiss' avowed disapproval of Letitia Evans she now sounded alarmingly attractive.

"When will I have that pleasure?" I asked, feigning indifference, "I'm interested in meeting all your old, er, friends, you know, Curtiss."

"She says she's having us over tonight to dinner. I accepted because I couldn't plead another engagement when you weren't even here you see, dearest."

A shadow crossed my face, which I hoped was unobserved by Curtiss. All the way home on the train I had thought about our first evening together—had looked forward to a cozy chat at dinner—the thousand and one little incidents of the trip to be related, messages from his friends to be delivered and also many arrangements to be discussed about the future.

I almost hated Letitia Evans! Here I had been away a long time from Curtiss and on account of her arrangements we were not to be allowed the pleasure of our first evening together.

Curtiss had to return to his office and was leaving me at the entrance of the hotel Tutwiler at which we were staying. This meant that I would not see him again until just before time to dress for dinner.

I bitterly resented the initiative this new girl had taken, first in selecting a house for us to live in and now for planning our first evening's entertainment. Then a thought, that was almost prophetic, came to me and I knew, just as positively, as if I could see in to the future, that this was just the beginning of Letitia Evans' interference.

(Don't miss next week's installment)

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with an option to buy later. Wait 'till you see the inside, honey."

Curtiss was like a child proudly displaying a new possession. As he conducted me from one room to another of the thoroughly compact little cottage he eagerly watched for an expression of approval.

"It isn't any bigger than a minute," he said laughingly, "but its large enough for us—at present." We stood in the doorway of a cozy little room that was flooded with the sunshine of a brilliant spring morning.

"And what will we use this for?" I inquired, "it's scarcely large enough for a bedroom, is it?"

I noticed he was slightly embarrassed.

"The owner told me he planned it for a—nursery," he said softly. Then followed an intense silence during which my gaze wandered out to the unbounded blue of the mountains which could be seen clearly through the casement windows. It would be perfect, I was thinking, to have a son for Curtiss. All the subtle, mysterious yearning for motherhood, that is hidden away in the heart of even the most frivolous woman, came surging. Besides, my thought continued, babies weren't so much trouble in this new generation. I remembered conversations of my friends who discussed 'children in a modern language. There was no more unscientific joggling and humoring of infants. They were put to bed at a certain time and if they showed their resentment or displeasure for the first few times they were allowed to do so unmolested and later, it was said, the effect of the discipline was automatic. They

"She sounds rather impossible." "No, no, not at all. You'll like her. She wins everybody, children and old men included. My father thought she was a wonder."

"How old is she now?" "About twenty-two or so, I should imagine. And still flapping," he added.

"But I still can't understand what she had to do with getting this house for us."

"Oh, yes," he returned to my first question, "you see she was in Louie Bradley's place and recognized me immediately. She was very cordial," he hesitated as if he were about to tell me something and then reconsidered, "Anyway," he went on, "when she heard what I wanted she said she knew exactly the place and insisted on taking me out to see it."

"What was she doing in a real estate office?"

"She has gone in for the interior decorating business and has a department of her own in Bradley's."

"But you said she went to Ogontz—"

"Oh, her dad's quite wealthy—in fact he's probably the richest man in the state—ought to be because he still has his first dollar—but Letitia craves luxury—has to have it and so she hit on this scheme to play with and amuse herself and incidentally to make money. I hear she's done quite well with it, but she's that type—she would have succeeded, in a way, in any line of endeavor. She could sell icicles to an Eskimo and have him pleased with the transaction. Wait 'till you see her, Sallie."

I was consumed with curiosity. I think there was a tiny bit of jealousy

REPORT LOCAL BOYS ENROLLED FOR CAMP

Highland Park Lads Who Will Receive Training at Camp Roosevelt

James Thomas Tausig, Charles Edward Steele, Billy Gibbs, Edward Loewenstein, G. Brainerd Chapman III, and Wm. Sidney Chapman II, of this city are the first boys from Highland Park to register for attendance at Camp Roosevelt, the educational training camp for boys conducted by the Chicago board of education, under government supervision, on the Fort Sheridan, Illinois, Military Reservation. Camp Roosevelt is the only summer camp of its kind in the country. The camp is commanded by Major F. L. Beals, U. S. A., whose work for many years has been with boys. Boys twelve years of age and over are eligible for attendance. The diversified program of physical education, athletics, recreation, summer school, military instruction, scoutcraft, etc., is made possible through the co-operation of the U. S. War department, the Chicago First Aid chapter of the American Red Cross and the central Y. M. C. A. of Chicago, and the Camp Roosevelt association.

The national wealth said to be about \$2800 per person, but if a lot of people got theirs they would not show up at the shop until it was gone.

Everyone favors protecting the birds, excepting the dove of peace.

People are urged to know where they stand, but while the porch chairs are being painted, it is more important to know where they sit.

The spirit of modern philosophy seems to be that it is all right to do anything you want to, provided you only admit it freely.

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