

Mr. and Mrs. Sallie

—being the Confessions of a new wife—

Illustrated by Paul Robinson
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by Gladys Baker

Letitia Bares Her Claws
Letitia was looking up at Curtiss, her face tip-tilted and coquettish. "You didn't tell Sallie, did you?" she continued, apparently seeing and enjoying the discomfort her disclosure was causing.

"Nope," replied Curtiss, "I haven't seen her long enough to reveal all the deep, hidden secrets of my wild life during our separation," he tried to make light of the conversation but Letitia was determined to pursue the subject.

"I never start anything I can't finish," she laughed flippantly and her voice rang with careless bravado, "so I'm going to tell Sallie. You see, the other day when I saw Curtiss for the first time since the old days in California, I was so thrilled over seeing him again, that I threw my arms about him and kissed him, without thinking. Louie Bradley and a bunch of the boys who saw me have never ceased kidding me about it either. Why, what's the matter, Sallie? For Heaven's Sake, I believe you're peevish. You don't really mind, do you?"

Her face was as temperamental as a May morning—ever-changing in its expression. Now to all outward appearances she was sorry for a misdemeanor and her whole manner was one of absolute dejection.

"Certainly not!" I answered quickly, "please don't think I'm that old-fashioned." But I hoped that my voice did not reveal the resentment I felt towards this girl, who was the first Curtiss had kissed since we were married. The future might hold many such episodes as Letitia had just related but none could bring the heart-break of his first aberration.

"Well, I don't know, some wives are so unreasonable about their husbands—especially when they're good-looking!" She concluded smiling flatteringly up at Curtiss. I felt more and more uncomfortable and I shall always be grateful to Salsby Crawford, who came up just at that time and asked me to dance.

Going home later in the car I realized that an inferiority complex held and bound me when I was in the presence of Letitia Evans. This was indeed a new experience because I had always had a full share of confidence in my own talents.

"Well, what do you think of Tish?" began Curtiss, "she's a cute kind, isn't she, honey?"

gone so thoroughly into the subject. Just tonight at the dinner table, you remember Mrs. Caldwell said that there should be a law passed by the legislature forbidding brides of less than five years from selecting their own furniture unaided. It seems that they get so many things that are impractical and not having had any experience, it is most natural. Tish has furnished, I don't know how many, houses lately and they say that they are most livable as well as charming.

"Well, for once and all, Curtiss," I interrupted. "I won't have Letitia Evans or any other woman dictating to me about the sort of things I'm to have in a house that I'm to live in. Anyway, to hear you talk, one would think that I am positively tacky!"

I felt justified in my righteous indignation over his suggestion and it was some time before he convinced me that he had only wanted to save me the annoyance and trouble.

In the dream album of every girl there is a picture, sometimes faint and again, in many cases, quite definite, about the sort of rugs, chairs, tables, divans and bric-a-brac she wants for her own lovenest. I myself had many decided ideas about furnishings which, if carried out, would make our little house distinctive and "different."

I scoured the furniture shops in town but their offerings were too stereotyped to consider. I disliked intensely anything that matched exactly or pieces that came in sets or "suits"—as the salesman called the heavy looking groupings which, to me, were absolutely depressing. I wanted everything in our home to have its own character and individuality with a sort of poetry in even the smallest chair and table.

At last I came across a decorating company which was in competition to Letitia Evans. It was owned by a Frenchman who was an artist and who did not attempt to force his opinions on me while making my selections.

For days I reveled in hand-blocked linens for draperies, lovely shaded rugs of solid, soft-toned colors, old chests, Renaissance tables, Florentine desks and antique candelabra.

For my dining room I selected a refectory table, gracefully long and narrow, the pedestal being of hand-wrought iron and the board of black marble. There were two low benches

entrancingly carved for either side and two tall and stunning chairs for the host and hostess. These were done in old gold parchment, the backs enlivened with Spanish emblems of myriad shades. A narrow console, with top and brackets of black marble I ordered for one side of the entrance and a niche in the rough plastered walls would hold a della Robbia that had been stolen from a Cathedral in Florence. The draperies would be hung from old-blue wooden poles from huge wooden rings.

For the bed-chambers unfinished pieces were selected and decorated to suit my fancy. I persuaded Monsieur Lemong to have the foot-boards removed from the beds in imitation of some I had admired in the Palace at Fontainebleau.

For the living room there was a rug covering the entire floor made of alternate stripes of mauve and deep

violet color. Beige linen with a gay flower pattern made bright splashes at the long, casement windows. A divan and several small tables painted leaf-green and robin's-egg blue were placed here and there, making a pleasing ensemble.

Dainty, low chairs that set immediately upon the floor, such as I had seen at the exposition in Paris and narrow hanging hook shelves completed the room in which Curtiss and I would spend most of our time when we were at home.

Curtiss was not permitted to see any of the things until everything was in its place. This suited him perfectly as he was increasingly busy; even working well into the night.

I reveled in the colors I had chosen and was especially well pleased with the finished results as I had planned everything entirely by myself.

At last the momentous day arrived when we were to spend our first night in our adorable little house. I anticipated the event with as much enthusiasm as I had other memorable occasions in my life—such as my graduation—my debut and my wedding day.

If everything turned out as happily as I expected, I would have added another bouquet to memory's immutable delights!

How will Curtiss like his little home? (Continued next week)

MAKE ALLOWANCES FOR GREEN DRIVERS

ADVICE OF MOTOR EXPERT

Recommendations Issued on the Subject By Chicago Motor Club Say Inexperience Causes Accidents

As a result of several recent investigations into accident causes in which it was shown that collisions often result from the inability of seasoned drivers to make allowances for the shortcomings of beginners, the accident prevention department of the Chicago Motor club has outlined for motorists some suggestions as to safeguarding car users through better understanding between drivers.

The recommendations of especial importance are as follows:

Recommendations
"Whenever a driver seems to be usurping the right of way at an intersection when his not entitled to do so it is safer to assume that he is inexperienced and not wilfully disrespectful of law and order. Too many motorists seek to "teach others a lesson" at the wrong time, and the inevitable result is an accident.

"The proper time to teach the new driver the rules of the game is before he has to apply them. The experienced driver who leads the beginner into believing that the only way to learn to drive is to enter heavy traffic and "sink or swim" is only en-

couraging the worst form of recklessness.

"The wilfully reckless driver may change his mind at the last moment and avoid trouble simply because he drives well enough to know how to avoid it, but the inexperienced driver has no such advantage.

Million New Drivers
"There will be about 1,000,000 new drivers this year if car sales continue at the present rate. Although skill in operation of the car is an easier matter to acquire by reason of the great improvement in controls, traffic conditions are more complicated than at any time in the history of the automobile and knowledge of rules of driving and courtesy has never been more important. In view of present conditions the experienced motorist cannot afford to mistake ordinary inexperience for wilful recklessness."

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I felt a quick flow of criticism rush to my lips but because it was foreign to my nature to be jealous and 'catty' I stopped the vituperative utterance that would have fallen.

"She's very modern and—quite pretty," I finally managed.

"She wants to help you get the things for the house," he continued, "she told me to tell you that she would save tomorrow morning for you to begin with which I think was very good of her because she's quite busy. She had a course in New York and they say she hits on marvelous color combinations. I thought perhaps—"

"That I wasn't able to select the furnishings for my own house?" I questioned tartly.

"No, of course not, darling, I've never questioned your taste in such matters. I only know that this is a day of specialties and I thought perhaps Tish could assist you as she has

entrancingly carved for either side and two tall and stunning chairs for the host and hostess. These were done in old gold parchment, the backs enlivened with Spanish emblems of myriad shades. A narrow console, with top and brackets of black marble I ordered for one side of the entrance and a niche in the rough plastered walls would hold a della Robbia that had been stolen from a Cathedral in Florence. The draperies would be hung from old-blue wooden poles from huge wooden rings.

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