


Mr. and Mrs. Sallie
—being the Confessions of a new wife—
 Illustrated by Paul Robinson
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"Nonsense, my dear, when you've lived as long as I have, you'll begin to know that husbands and lovers are two vastly different men. And, although they won't admit it, they are each true to type. I can tell you, I think, just exactly why Curtiss went to the dance without you to-night and why he probably will have a very good time."

I couldn't anticipate her thought. She went on.

"He knows that he has you now for his very own and he can go to a party and have a very relaxing, care-free time. Even flirting a bit, perhaps, with all the silly little flappers out there, but, my dear, all the time he is conscious of the fact that he has a sweet, charming wife at home. You furnish his background, you see, and he wouldn't even get a 'kick' out of dancing and chatting with those little debutantes if he had not won you first. Do you see what I mean?"

"Yes, I believe I do, because before we were married he didn't care at all about such things. But it's the

"They are all disciples of Beauty at heart, but men? No, no, no—just as women are most susceptible to spiritual things, blind faith and ritual and such—to men these intangible things come hard, they've got to SEE with their eyes."

She reached for a dictionary in one of the book shelves on the wall.

"Look here!" she exclaimed, "just as I thought."

I followed her finger eagerly along the printed line.

"Romance—absurdity," she pointed out, "you see it was written by a man." She laughingly put the book back into its place on the wall and when she had resealed herself I begged her to go on.

"Oh, it's just that for one aesthetic man there are, I guess, five hundred who are not. That's why so many of the poets have woven this theme into their songs. It's not new. Fact is, it's as ancient as the hills and as immutable as the stars. Remember Faith Baldwin's lines?"

She leaned forward and there was a singing cadence in her tones: "Love caught me in a golden net

had filled my mind when I had pictured Curtiss at the dance, I felt strangely calm. This lovely woman's presence seemed to linger on. Her words were like a hand-clasp and I framed a little prayer, for, I knew, without a doubt, that I had found a friend.

We had thought that the last days of September would be cool as the first two weeks of the month had promised a release from the terrific heat which had extended over the entire south. But suddenly the weather changed and a wave of intense heat such as Birmingham had never experienced, began. Everyone who could arrange to do so, got out of town, but many had returned thinking the heat-wave had spent itself in the months ahead.

Curtiss worked many hours on the job of planning the new houses for the large mining settlement just out of town. He was trying to push the work through so that the men and their families could occupy the houses in the fall. His concentrated effort on matters of business during the day, together with the unexpected heat, which continued even at night-time, made him irritable and difficult to un-

derstand.

I began to realize that my summer had consisted of a series of drab, uninteresting days and my youth and natural love for responsive companionship rebelled.

There was another situation which the summer had brought and which caused me grave concern. So noticeable it was that even a non-suspicious nature, such as mine, could not fail to sense what was going on.

Letitia Evans' interest in my husband was increasing day by day and apparently so strong was his attraction for her that she made little pretense of caring who knew of her infatuation for a married man.


(To be continued)

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South—Week Days				North—Week Days			
Leave Highland Park	Arrive Chicago	Leave Highland Park	Arrive Chicago	Leave Chicago	Arrive Highland Park	Leave Chicago	Arrive Highland Park
A.M.	A.M.	A.M.	A.M.	A.M.	A.M.	P.M.	P.M.
4:45	5:30	9:59	10:45	3:45	4:50	7:45	8:45
5:44	6:26	10:35	11:15	4:00	5:05	8:00	9:00
5:55	6:45	10:56	11:45	* 7:00	* 7:31	A 8:05	A 8:45
6:09	7:00	11:48	12:30	7:05	8:00	A 8:14	A 8:44
6:17	7:25	12:07	1:00	7:45	8:15	A 8:30	A 9:00
6:27	7:10	12:47	1:35	8:05	8:51	A 8:45	A 9:15
6:32	7:40	1:31	2:25	9:00	9:37	A 9:10	A 9:40
6:37	7:28	2:08	3:00	9:05	10:05	A 9:15	A 9:45
6:52	7:48	3:01	4:00	10:00	10:45	A 9:45	A 10:15
7:02	7:45	3:31	4:30	11:05	11:50	A 10:20	A 10:50
7:12	7:57	4:01	5:00	A 11:20	A 12:05	A 10:55	A 11:25
7:23	8:20	4:40	5:15	B 11:30	B 12:15	A 11:05	A 11:35
7:35	8:15	5:22	6:10	B 11:35	B 12:20	A 11:10	A 11:40
7:55	8:45	6:05	6:50	B 11:40	B 12:25	A 11:15	A 11:45
8:45	9:25	10:35	11:15	B 11:45	B 12:30	A 11:20	A 11:50
8:54	9:45			B 11:50	B 12:35	A 11:25	A 11:55
A.M.	A.M.	P.M.	P.M.	A 11:55	A 12:40	A 11:30	A 12:00
				P.M.	P.M.	P.M.	P.M.

A Except Saturday.
 B Saturday only.
 A.M. lightface—P.M. boldface.

South—Sundays				North—Sundays			
Leave Highland Park	Arrive Chicago	Leave Highland Park	Arrive Chicago	Leave Chicago	Arrive Highland Park	Leave Chicago	Arrive Highland Park
A.M.	A.M.	P.M.	P.M.	A.M.	A.M.	P.M.	P.M.
7:53	8:40	1:35	2:20	7:22	8:05	11:35	12:20
9:52	10:55	6:05	6:50	9:22	10:25	11:35	12:20
10:35	11:15	6:40	7:25	10:32	11:19	11:35	12:20
11:53	12:28	7:02	7:40	11:00	11:35	11:35	12:20
1:17	1:25	7:22	8:10	11:45	12:40	11:35	12:20
1:32	1:45	7:42	8:30	12:18	1:05	11:35	12:20
1:47	1:55	8:02	8:50	12:48	1:35	11:35	12:20
1:52	2:05	8:22	9:10	1:18	1:55	11:35	12:20
P.M.	P.M.	P.M.	P.M.	P.M.	P.M.	P.M.	P.M.

* HOLIDAY SERVICE—On Christmas, New Year's, Memorial Day, July Fourth, Labor Day and Thanksgiving, SUNDAY SCHEDULES will be in effect. WEEK-DAY trains indicated by a * will also be operated on the above holidays.
 Effective June 11, 1926—Subject to change



lack of romance and sentiment between the two of us that makes me grieve."

"Romance," she repeated, "listen, Sallie, I'm going to tell you something about romance that you've never known before."

I leaned forward eagerly in my chair and she began.

"As for romance," she continued, "this is a bit of advice from an old woman, little Sallie, that I wish all wives who were starved for the thrilly-bubbly kind of romance would understand. DON'T EXPECT THE ROMANCE OF MOONLIGHT AND HONEYSUCKLE AFTER YOU'RE MARRIED, EXCEPT AS AN INDIVIDUAL, AND THEN YOU'LL NEVER FEEL YOUR HEART BREAK BECAUSE HE FAILS TO THRILL WITH YOU TO A SUNSET OR A POEM WHEN HE'S PROBABLY THINKING ABOUT STOCKS AND BONDS."

"Oh, but I couldn't live without romance," I mourned. "Life would be cynical and matter-of-fact and cold."

"But wait, my dear—there are many kinds of romance and just as you've adjusted your little girl ways to become a housewife and moulded your wishes and desires into others that are congenial to his, so will your conception of romance change—and it really should, dear child."

"What do you mean, Mrs. Wright, that there are many kinds of romance? I don't know but one kind, I'm afraid."

"Neither did I, at one time," she replied with a far-away dreamy look in her eyes, though her lips still smiled, "you'd be surprised to know that there's romance in keeping a well-ordered home, now wouldn't you, my dear? Or in making everything so comfortable for Curtiss that he'd adore being here or that there's almost the same thrill in viewing row after row of shining jellies and jams, creative work of your own, yes," she reiterated, "just as much thrill as there used to be in seeing pink hollyhocks against an old stone wall."

"How did you know I loved hollyhocks against—"

"Against an old stone wall?"

"Why, yes."

"It's not unusual. Most women do, my child."

All scented rose and rue
 Love lured me to a little house
 And set me tasks to do.

I look from out my window pane
 To Hills of Far-Away
 My feet grow weary for the roads
 Beyond the break of day.

But Love has such imploring eyes,
 I could not quench their light
 And so I bake and sweep and sew
 And—lie awake at night!"

For a moment there was silence in the room. It was as if the shadows still sang softly with the echo of her voice.

"That's strange that you should have thought of that verse for I was just repeating some of Edna St. Vincent Millay, along the same line, when you came tonight."

"No, it really isn't, my dear," she shook her head, "that's what I'm trying to tell you—that the resentment and self-pity you felt for what you thought was romance leaving your life is a fundamental emotion known to almost every wife, who isn't a bride, and I'll wager you'll find one such idea in the repertoire of every woman who writes these little songs."

"I think I begin to understand," I exclaimed, "I was wondering tonight if there were others like myself who felt romance drifting away, but now you've made it so beautifully clear and I feel quite comforted that I'm not alone in this yearning for the pretty-poetic—the fairy things of life."

"You precious child!" My guest arose as she spoke, preparing to leave, "of course you are not. And, listen, my dear, keep your enthusiasm and keen appreciation for these things 'not made with hands'—for through them you will gain an inner joy that no circumstance or condition can take away. Then, when Curtiss does thrill over something that you, too, have found most dear, it will be a pleasant surprise, and, when he doesn't, you won't feel personally insulted at his neglect but," she concluded, "you'll just realize that he's a man."

Long after she had gone it was like I had stood before the warmth of a cheerful, singing blaze. Instead of the disturbing, jealous thoughts that

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