

**Mr. and Mrs. Sallie**  
—being the Confessions of a new wife—  
Illustrated by Paul Robinson  
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**Curtiss Goes: But Sally Stays Home**  
There was seldom a day that Curtiss and I were alone, for, at least once during each twenty-four hours, Letitia Evans managed to be there. She would drive by usually late in the afternoons and often stayed for dinner, the one meal where we had any change for conversation, as our breakfasts were brief affairs when Curtiss read the morning paper without saying a word. All summer through Letitia had remained in town, giving the excuse that her interior decorating business kept her steadily on the job but I had another idea about her reason for refusing to accompany her parents abroad. She was especially nice to me and was constantly demonstrating her affection in her shallow, superficial way. All the time, however, it was easy to see that Curtiss was uppermost in her mind.  
One afternoon she came by, as usual, and this time she brought an arm full of hot-house flowers for me. It was the maid's afternoon off and I had just finished preparing the evening meal. My face was flushed and

seemed to take me as a matter of course and bestowed much attention on this frivolous young girl.  
I tried to reassure myself by remembering Mrs. Wright's philosophical wisdom that he was only amusing himself for the moment, while I really furnished his back-ground for the real things of life. At the same time it was hard to become accustomed to his indifference when Letitia was about and I had too much pride to mention the subject to him lest he think I was jealous of the girl. The situation was most difficult and was daily becoming worse.  
I returned to the porch and Letitia had gone. The fragrance of "Christmas Night" still hovered in the air. Now, I would at least have Curtiss for one nice, quiet evening alone and I sat down beside him prepared for an intimate, little talk. He replied in monosyllables, and while I was relating some of the events of the day, he absent-mindedly walked to the edge of the porch and securing the evening paper, opened it, and began to read. It was all done good naturedly and



I had not had time to change my bungalow apron for a frock before Curtiss also arrived. In spite of myself I seemed to be always on the alert for some sign of his interest in this girl and, as he stood in the doorway, I noticed how his eyes swept towards her and then rested with open approval, on her face.  
She was wearing an exquisite frock of ecru lace and a picture hat of transparent braid that was exactly the cool, green color of the sea. The roses, still in her arms, made a splash of color against her lovely gown and completed a picture that was indeed, most pleasing to see.  
I realized that the contrast in our appearance at that moment would have been apparent to the most casual observer and so I excused myself on the plea of having to get dressed. Letitia and Curtiss made their way to the side verandah and I could hear echoes of their laughter even on the other side of the house.  
I tried to analyze my feeling as I sat before the mirror combing out my hair, which, because Curtiss had requested it, I had allowed to grow long.  
Why was it, I wondered, that men admired the very things in other women that they disapproved of most in sisters and wives of their own? Curtiss had declared on all occasions before he met Letitia, that he intensely disliked bobbed hair. He had likewise persuaded me to give up cigarettes and he squirmed every time I took a cocktail—even before a dinner or at a dance. We had also had many quarrels about the question of rouge and to keep him pleased, I had compromised, by using it so sparingly that it could not be detected even in the strongest light. And yet, while all of his pet abominations were flaunted in his face in the person of Letitia Evans, she undoubtedly had found favor in his eyes. Before I had married him, I had been more or less of a similar type, for I, too, had belonged to the modern school, yet—for love of Curtiss—I had consciously disciplined my desires and, outwardly at least, a complete metamorphosis had taken place. Apparently I had made myself over in a more conservative mould. The result was that he now she got Curtiss away?

I knew that no offense had been meant, for whatever else he was, Curtiss was never intentionally rude, yet it took a supreme effort for me not to snatch the paper from his hands. In order to control myself I got up and went inside.  
When I had finished setting the table he came in and walking over to where I stood, he kissed me affectionately and pinched my cheek. Once more my heart began to sing, and I was about to dismiss his former conduct from my mind when he spoke again:  
"Oh, I say Sallie," he began, "I forgot to tell you that we're going for a moonlight picnic tonight. Out on the mountain. Tish says she'll guarantee a moon."  
"But, honey, why didn't you tell me sooner," I complained, "everything's ready now and we'll have to have dinner here."  
"Not on your life! It's too hot in this house to breathe. Tish and I just made it up a little while ago. She's gone to get another couple and we'll go—just the five of us—most informally, you know," he explained, "I don't see what difference it makes to you where we eat. We'll just dump all the things in a basket and go where it's cool."  
"But it's not that kind of a dinner," I said, "for instance if you had just told me sooner I wouldn't have prepared this kind of meal. I've cooked a delicious steak, and tiny new potatoes in cream and fresh asparagus and things that won't possibly do for a picnic lunch. Don't you see?"  
"No, I don't. You're always gumming the parade. All you think about lately is food. Why I'd rather go out and have a lark on the mountain in the moonlight and take along a loaf of bread and a piece of cheese." He flung himself out of the door.  
It was not fair of him to say that I was absorbed in food for it did not interest me in the least. The only reason I had refused to go to a bridge party and spent the last few hours in a hot kitchen was on his account and I had prepared the things of which I knew he was especially fond.  
It was all Letitia's fault! What difference did it make to her, just so

I stood still for a moment regarding the little table that I had set with so much pride. It had not been easy to cook a good, substantial meal, for, although I had studied domestic science at school, it had taught me little more than how to make candies of various sorts. Then suddenly I made up my mind.  
They could go to the picnic, if they cared to, but I would remain at home. They had not taken me into their plans so I would not be placed in the position of merely trailing along.  
I found Curtiss and pleaded a headache.  
I saw his unsympathetic frown and before he could reply, I urged him to go on without me and have a good time.  
"You aren't peevish are you, just because I said what I did about it being too hot to stick around home and eat a lot of heavy food?"  
"Certainly not!" I replied forcing a smile.  
At the same time I remembered how Curtiss had always ridiculed deviled eggs and sandwiches and things of that sort which he designated as "rabbit food." What a difference a girl could make in a man's attitude!  
We were on the porch again and it was dark when Letitia arrived. She Charlestoneed up the walk and I noticed that the moon had begun to rise. It was indeed itself a large and golden world floating lazily in the soft purple sky.  
She had evidently corraled another couple and I heard them talking in the car. The man was driving. She and Curtiss would sit in the seat behind.  
"All ready," she cried, "Eva and Bill are out there with a Thermos bottle of 'Clover Clubs' as their contribution to this impromptu affair but I'm already intoxicated with that perfectly adorable moon!" Her voice was excited and her whole manner was one of expectancy and delight.  
Curtiss stood with hat in hand.  
"Sallie isn't going," he said.  
"Why not?" she asked and it was hardly possible for her to hide the singing joy she felt over this piece of news.  
"She says she has a headache but I really think she's kinder peevish because she cooked a steak and a whole lot of things that she can't take along."  
"Ye Gods! Don't mention food on a night like this! Really, Sallie, old dear, you're getting too unromantic for words."  
And laughing gayly, they were gone.  
(To be continued)

**IN INSTITUTE REPORT INTERESTING FIGURES**  
**First In Point of Attendance But Eighth In Matter of Financial Rank**  
In the annual report of the Art Institute of Chicago, which has recently been mailed to the members of the museum, some interesting statistics are revealed. On January 1, 1925, the Art Institute membership numbered 14,546, of which 8,311 were annual members, 5,685 were life members, 332 were sustaining members, 223 were governing members and 5 were honorary members. The attendance at the museum for the year was 973,586. The visitors to Ryerson library numbered 107,381 as against 101,319 the previous year. There were circulated from the library, 21,168 books, 14,163 photographs, 57,206 lantern slides and 1,474 post cards. The school has endowed scholarships to the amount of \$159,113.00. Only four of these are competitive, the Bryan Lathrop, the John Quincy Adams, the William M. R. French and the Milward and Florence James Adams scholarships. For the maintenance of the great fountain now being erected in Grant Park to the memory of Clarence H. Buckingham, Miss Kate Buckingham, a sister and the donor of the fountain, has given to the Art Institute interest bearing securities, the income of which is to be used for the operation of the fountain. Besides the completion during 1925 of the beautiful Goodman Memorial theatre, designed by the late Howard Shaw, a valued trustee of the Art Institute, a number of important period rooms were completed in Hutchinson wing. Two were of the English Georgian period, taken from the London residence of Sir John Thornhill, the gift of Mr. and Mrs. Richard T. Crane, Jr.; a Portuguese room of the 18th century Chinese type, the gift of Robert Allerton, contains painted panels portraying legends of the Iberian peninsula alternating with narrow mirrors. A black and gold 18th century lacquer room, to be called the William Holabird and Martin Roche room is now being installed. Mr. and Mrs. Samuel A. Marx have given a valuable collection of Moroccan pottery and carved architectural details and John R. Thompson has given to the oriental department a rare Ispahan rug.  
While the Art Institute ranks among the first in the country in point of attendance it ranks about eighth in its ability to purchase works of art with which to enrich its collections. In other words many museums in the United States outrank it in funds available with which to add to their collections. Endowment funds therefore are needed, that the Art Institute may take its place among the great museums of the world, thus enabling Chicago to keep its art activities abreast of its tremendous industrial growth.

**NOTICE TO CONTRACTORS**  
Sealed proposals will be received by the Board of Directors, School District No. 109, Deerfield, Illinois, for the general construction of an addition to the Deerfield Grammar School, to be erected at Deerfield, Illinois.  
All bids must be accompanied by a certified check for Two Thousand Dollars (\$2,000.00) payable to the Secretary of the Board of Directors, School District No. 109, Deerfield, Lake County, Illinois. And in the event the successful bidder fails to enter into written contract, submitted by the Board of Directors, and likewise fails to execute Surety Company Bond, satisfactory to said Board of Directors, then and in such event the certified check accompanying said successful bid will be forfeited to said Board of Directors, District No. 109.  
Bids must be in the hands of the Secretary on or before 8:30 p. m., July 6th, 1926 (Daylight Saving time). Bids to be opened in the offices of the Board of Directors, Deerfield, Illinois.  
The Board of Directors reserves the right to reject any or all bids or accept any bid.  
Plans and specifications may be obtained at the offices of ASHBY, ASHBY & SCHULZE, 1511 W. Jackson Blvd., Chicago, Illinois or from the CLERK of the Board of Directors, Deerfield, Illinois.  
By order of the Board of Directors of School District No. 109, Deerfield, Illinois.  
WILLIAM CARR, President.  
WILLIAM GALLOWAY, Clerk.

**CHANGE IN METHOD OF HANDLING GARBAGE**  
Some months ago I asked all house keepers to wrap garbage in several layers of newspaper before placing it in the garbage can. I want to thank you for the attention paid to this notice. At the incinerator the bundles came in clean and sanitary and the garbage was much easier to burn. At the houses the cans were kept in a more sanitary condition.  
For the next three weeks it will be necessary to change this practice. The incinerator is being rebuilt so that it is necessary to bury the garbage and we ask that it be kept as dry as possible and placed in the cans without wrapping paper and free from ashes and tin cans and other debris. This will necessitate additional care being taken with the cans. Seal them out each time they are emptied and keep them covered with tight covers when containing garbage. Disinfection is useful in keeping away flies. Homes with servants, stores, and restaurants are more apt to be careless than others. This notice is partly an experiment. We want to learn how thoroughly the people carry out these seemingly small requests. It is the little things summed up which make the city livable.  
SIDNEY D. MORRIS, Building Inspector.

June 21, 1926

**Papal Legate**




Latest photo of Cardinal Bonzano, Papal Legate to the International Eucharistic Congress, being held in Chicago. The Congress is attended by high church dignitaries from all over the world.

**PROFESSOR STOUT IS APPOINTED DEAN**  
**Becomes Head of Recently Organized School of Education at Northwestern**

By action of the board of trustees, Professor John E. Stout has been appointed dean of the recently authorized School of Education at Northwestern. Dr. Stout came to Northwestern six years ago as Professor of School Administration and has offered courses in this field, both in education and religious education. During the last three years he has served as head of the department of religious education continuing to offer courses in both departments. He took his undergraduate, Phi Beta Kappa, at Cornell college and secured his doctor's degree, magna cum lauda, at the University of Chicago. For a number of years he has specialized in educational administration and taught in this field at the University of Chicago and University of Illinois before coming to Northwestern.  
Professor Stout brings to his new administrative task not only special interest and preparation in his chosen field, but also several years experience as an administrator in the public schools of Iowa and Illinois. He was actively identified for a number of years with educational work in Iowa, having been a member of the Iowa school commission and served as president of the Iowa State Teachers' association. For the last ten years he has been a member of the Commission on Units and Curricula of the North Central Association of Colleges and Secondary Schools, and for five years of that period served as chairman of its committee on the reorganization of curricula.  
Among Professor Stout's contributions to educational literature are numerous articles in current publications, and his books, "The High School," "Development of High School Curriculum," "Organization and Administration of Religious Education." He is also joint author of a work on "The Vacation Church School." In the early fall his new book, "An Introduction to the Study of Moral and Religious Education," will be published.

A European scientist says that the average American doesn't take things seriously enough. He ought to attend a baseball game between the crack teams of two rival county seat towns, apple monopoly couldn't help but be an earthquake announciator has been perfected in California. We had always supposed that a good healthy earthquake could announce itself.  
Dancing masters meeting in Paris resolved to reform the Charleston. The only way this can be done is to feed aspirin to the performers.

**A Busy Champion**



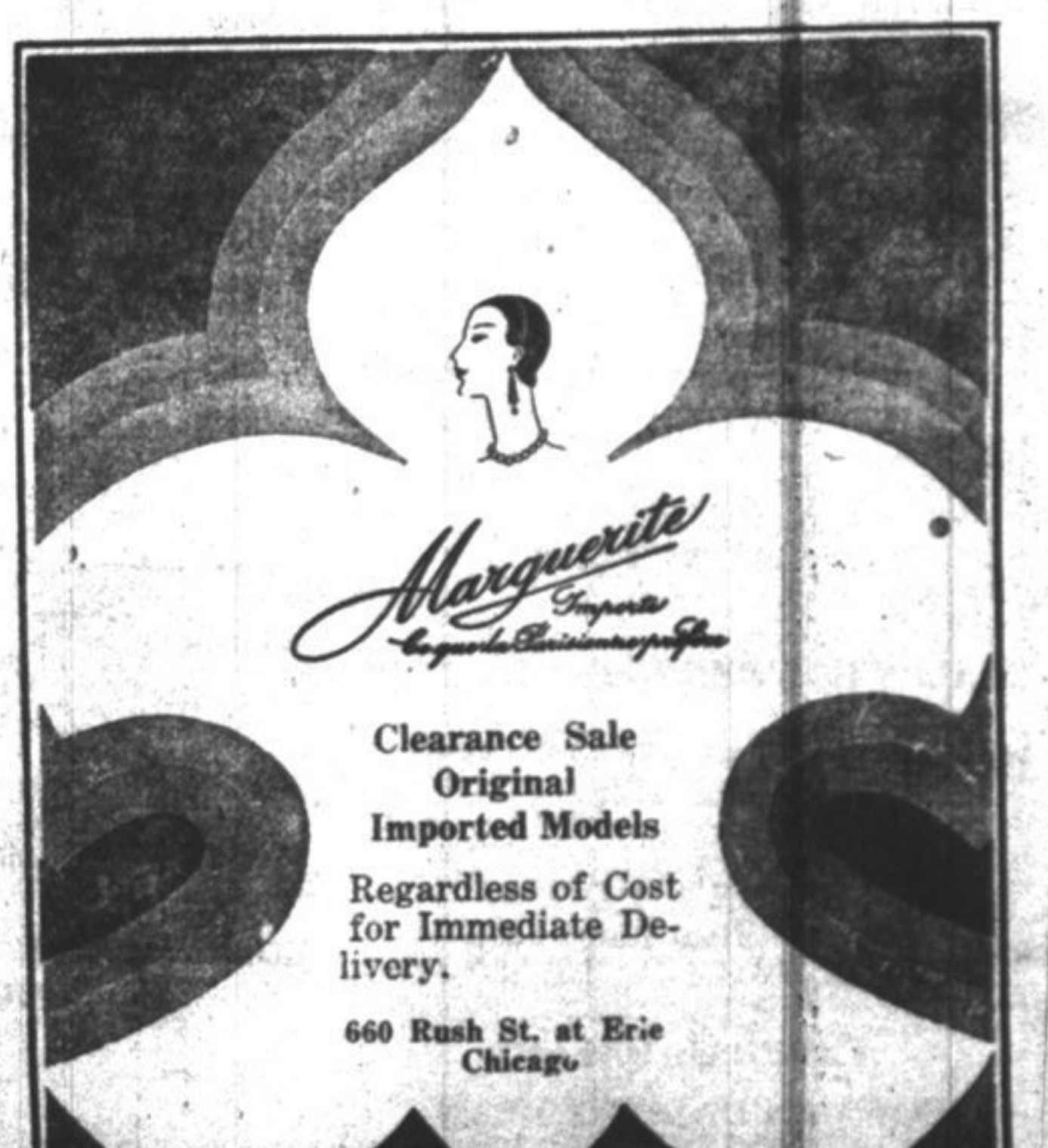
One more hurle and Champion Paul Berlenbach will be acclaimed one of the greatest light-heavyweight fighting men of all time. If he polishes off Jack Delaney in July—as he did Young Stribling—(shown below)—in June his crown will rest secure. They are to battle in N. Y.

**BUILDING WASTE IS CAUSE OF BIG LOSS**  
Any industrial operation which yields a result inappropriate for its purpose, or not sufficiently durable, wastes a certain amount of the world's labor and material. Much of such waste is inevitable, but no encouragement should be given to methods which assist it, or to institutions which may be used to foster it.  
In building construction these unit results may have three chief evils. A too low cost may degrade the building industry and render it unstable—an undesirable position in any important industry; a poor result yielding high maintenance costs and rapid obsolescence may hurt the owner who reckons these items too small in his rentals; and a proper distribution of these high carrying costs results in an increased rental which is reflected in all purchases.  
Pilsudski refuses to be president of Poland stating that he deserves more power. Evidently he wants to be the Polish Colonel House.

**Franken Bros. Nursery**  
WE WOULD like to share with you the pleasure of seeing our Peonies in blossom and extend, therefore, a cordial invitation to you to visit us from June 19th until the end of the blooming season.  
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