


Mr. and Mrs. Sallie
—being the Confessions of a new wife—
Illustrated by Paul Robinson
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The emotional force which the young singer used in her great operatic roles began to display itself, as she restlessly paced the length of the room and continued to talk.

"Don't you realize that if Barry thinks you're playing with him that it will absolutely break his heart?" she demanded gazing directly into my face.

"Oh, I don't believe that!" I exclaimed, "Barry thinks he cares for me but I believe it is because, man-like, he thought he could never have me while I belonged to someone else. He wrote poetry and romance around what he believed to be his unrequited desire. It was his love of the unattainable—his zest for the chase, also his sympathy for my unhappy plight which prompted him to ask me to be his wife. If I should change my mind after I've secured the divorce, I know he would soon forget."

"How can you sit there and talk in that cool, indifferent manner about

love him and that I will not make him a good wife and yet you urge me to marry him. You are inconsistent, to say the least."

I was no longer incensed at her tirade. I only felt a desire to right the unhappy situation which I had unwittingly created by my acceptance of Barrington Pierce.

"What else is there for me to do since you've led him on, to this point, I'd like to know? It's too late to reason with him now. Before you held out hope to him he had philosophically accepted the fact that you were another man's wife and he would have given up the memory of you and gone to his glorious heights. He should never marry and he knows it as well as I. He only consented to such an arrangement because he knew he could not have you unless he did."

"Naturally," I replied, "and if he shouldn't marry me why do you want him?" I exclaimed.

"You silly little fool!" she cried. "What do I care whether he marries me or not? I wouldn't marry him if I could because I realize he should not be shackled with responsibilities



the man for whom I would gladly lay down my life?" she cried, "you know what he means to me, do you not? You were bound to have known in Paris how much I cared and it seems to me that you deliberately made yourself attractive before his eyes to steal the love which was mine. Mine, I tell you! Do you hear?" She stood motionless before my chair, her whole face was deathly white. "Ellie told me when we first met you that you were a merciless flirt and I believe it now!"

"What have I to offer him?" she asked, "not even the love that he craves. You say you are marrying him to help him with his work. It is not so, you're deceiving yourself! Deep down in your heart you still love and you can't deny that you still love Curtis Wright. You've had a quarrel with him and you're snatching at Barry's proposal with only your own welfare in sight. Let us be frank. Am I not right?"

A dramatic silence ensued. "Well, what if I have considered myself?" I flashed back at her, almost indignant, though I still held my temper in check. "I'm only human you know and besides, I've explained to Barry exactly how I feel. I've been absolutely honest with him about the whole affair."

"And he still wants you? Is satisfied with the sort of jelly-fish affection you're offering him in the place of love? Oh," she moaned, "he simply lost his head, poor, dear boy!" Great tears stood in her eyes.

I was greatly moved. "He told me you no longer loved him," I said, "and I believed it was true."

"Yes, I know. He would tell you anything to win his point. He has an impulsive nature like that. And he believed if he should lose you his whole future would be wrecked. Although I want you to marry him, now, I wish to God we had talked things over before you gave him your word."

"Why, Lemoine," I said softly, "I do not understand, you say you

and hedged about with monotonous routine. Such an existence would kill his imagination—the driving force behind his creative art."

"And yet you advise me to go ahead and marry him under conditions such as those?" I asked becoming more and more puzzled all the while. She walked to the group of windows and stood with bowed head evidently in profound thought. It was several minutes before I knew whether or not she had heard.

"Don't you see how hard you're making it for me?" she wheeled suddenly and there was a look of torture in her clear brown eyes. "I want to do the right thing for Barry, I want to be unselfish, but it's so desperately hard! By urging you to marry him I am sacrificing the only thing in life that means anything to me, but I could bear even that if I thought you would or could fill his life. But I know you cannot. And yet," she continued, raising her face and looking straight into my eyes, "I'm afraid if you back out now it might cause him to lose his shining ideals and his beautiful faith. Don't you see what I mean?" and she flung out her hands in hopeless despair.

"How thoroughly she knew him! Better than I could ever hope to do. She analyzed his temperament, his artistic nature and his varying moods. Hers was a tremendous passion. Of course I would give him up."

"Listen, Lemoine," I sprang to my feet and swiftly crossing the room I put my arms about her shoulders. "I'm not going to marry Barrington Pierce! I couldn't, to save my life, because I belong too completely to Curtis Wright. I see now what a terrible injustice it would be, not only to Barry, but to myself. Thank you so much for opening my eyes, and making me see what a little beast I would have been to accept Barry as my second choice playmate to ease my heart. He went want to hold me to my promise against my will, he's much too fine for that." Her eyes began to gleam and she grasped my hand. She realized that

my decision had been made and she could not conceal her joy. "He won't be embittered either. You monkey!" "I'm sorry, that I was so frank," she smiled, "and I apologize for the unkind things that I said, but," her voice broke, "I just couldn't help it, Sallie—dear."

We embraced affectionately and I took my leave. As I stepped out into the brilliant noon-tide I came face to face with Mrs. Wright. She was a cousin of Curtiss and I knew by her smile that there would be news from home.

What does Mrs. Wright tell Sallie? Read next week's Press and find out!

REAL ESTATE MEN OFFERED TROPHY

FOR BEST DESCRIPTION

Must Write Glowing and Attractive Brochure on Illinois Farm Property; Selling Talk

The ability of real estate brokers to grasp their fountain pens in their hands and describe the golden investment possibilities in Illinois farm lands will be tested in a Farm Listing contest organized to stimulate the farm land market, as a feature of the tenth annual convention of the Illinois Association of Real Estate Boards to be held in Kankakee from October 7 to 9.

Loving Cup Offered

Members of the association throughout the state were advised today that a silver loving cup and unusual prestige awaits the author of the best description of Illinois agricultural property who will be acclaimed the best land farm broker in the state. Listings will be judged upon the thoroughness, accuracy and skill with which the actual merits of the property are presented, and must be accompanied by a map of diagram, and photographs if possible. Any kind of farm property is eligible, dairy farms, stock farms, or truck garden, and the descriptions should include information as to the location of the property, the topography, drainage, water supply, soil characteristics, amount of pasturage, and timber, the amount of land under crops, a description of the improvements, the proximity of railroads, highways, neighboring towns, schools, churches etc., leases and incumbrances, prices and terms, and an analysis of past earnings. One broker may enter several different listings.

Investment Possibilities

Investors are not awake to the investment possibilities in Illinois farm lands, yet Illinois money is flowing into farm lands in other states according to Major Max Murdock, general counsel and executive secretary of the Illinois Association of Real Estate Boards who announced the contest from the Chicago headquarters of the association.

"Although Illinois farm lands are the best kind of investment, residents of this state are buying farm lands in other states as far away as California," said Major Murdock. "California and other states maintain offices and highly trained salesmen in Illinois to sell outside farm lands, while our market lies dormant. This unfortunate situation is partially the fault of the Illinois farm land brokers themselves who are not organized to compete with the methods employed by these other states to secure farm land capital. Yet Illinois never has a crop failure, and as a sound conservative investment, Illinois farms are the best in the world."

Help Brokers

"We hope that this Farm Listing contest will help convince our brokers that farm lands can be sold, especially with the aid of well written descriptions."

The listings entered in the contest must be of farms actually for sale, and all listings must be filed with the convention secretary at Kankakee before four o'clock p. m., Thursday, October 7.

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**Whether Large or Small
It's Not a Home Until it's Planted**

OFTEN in pictures of successful interiors, one notices many details which seem to make one feel that here is a room in which the owner really lives and enjoys himself. Is it not true that a room in which you delight to spend the hours at home—a room which gives your friends a great deal of pleasure when they come into it—can be considered a success from the standpoint of good decorating and satisfactory living?

LIKEWISE it is the ability to live in and make use of the grounds that makes them part of the home. When there is nothing outside the house to enjoy, there is no comfort in going outside. Lawns without shade, flowers and borders, are like bare rooms with hard benches and no other furnishings. The developing of the landscape can be thought of as a part of the home furnishing. The grounds become livable and comfortable as they are planted with trees which give us comfortable shade, with shrubs and evergreens, which screen out undesirable views, or form a background to the flowers which give us beauty. The most livable grounds are those thoughtfully planted.

FROM the standpoint of the ideal, much more can be said for planting about the home. From the practical standpoint, there are also many arguments for planting. The landscaped property is worth more on the market than undeveloped property. Home buyers seek home-like places. A street of beautiful homes, will almost without exception prove to be a street with beautifully planted grounds. Truly, it isn't home until it's planted.

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