


Mr. and Mrs. Sallie
 —being the Confessions of a new wife—
 Illustrated by Paul Robinson
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I was in the midst of packing when Ellie came in and took a look at my overflowing baggage which occupied conspicuous places on chairs and tables.

"Well," she drawled, "looks like moving day around these diggings. Whither away, Sally-Alley, and what is the idea of this mysterious disappearance act, a la Houdini?" Ellie prided herself on never being surprised at any unexpected occurrence, and, true to type, she seated herself nonchalantly on the edge of the bed and, calmly smoking a cigarette, looked amusedly in my direction.

"I'm going home on the five o'clock train," I replied, struggling for composure, "and, oh, Ellie, I'm so happy!" I caught a glimpse of my face in the mirror of the dressing table and it was flushed with excitement and pleasure at the thought of returning to Curtiss. Ellie's saucy expression changed instantly to one of surprise and disappointment. I dreaded her questions, which I knew were bound to follow.

"So, at last, you've heard from Curtiss?"

It was a great temptation to answer her indirectly and leave the impression that I had been in direct communication with Curtiss but this I could not do with her gaze fixed unwaveringly upon me. After all what did it matter? As Mrs. Wright had said the whole thing was a personal question which required my own decision without the interference of others.

"No," I replied quickly, "but I have heard from a mutual friend of ours that he still cares for me and that

Curtiss?" There was terror in my heart at the thought of what might have happened on account of Ellie's unkind and falacious story.

A serious expression had changed her entire appearance and there was something so pathetic about her apology that I lost all sense of having been angry and going over to her I patted her shoulder.

"Never mind, Ellie, we've been too close for me not to forgive you, besides, 'all's well that ends well,' and I'm thankful all this came out before I had done anything impetuous and silly." I breathed a sigh of relief and once again I was radiantly happy, "I don't believe I ever could have married Barry, really, but I never would have accepted his attention and led him on like I did except I was so hurt with what you told me about Curtiss." We both remained silent for a while then I moved over to the desk and signed a note which I had just written. I read it over.

"Dear, dear Barry," it began, "I am returning this afternoon to Curtiss. I am doing the right thing I believe, for your happiness as well as my own, for I think too much of our friendship to come to you when my heart is in someone else's keeping. I deeply appreciate the honor you bestowed upon me in asking me to be your wife, and I shall never forget it, but never think of me again except as your very sincere friend—Sallie."

So that was that. I handed the letter in its little lavender envelope to Ellie. "Will you please give this to Barry?"



he has been sulking in silence because I left against his wishes. Also—listen to this Ellie!—He hasn't had a single date with Letitia Evans!"

She moved uneasily, then walked over to the window where she stood for a long time as if she was oblivious of my presence.

"Listen, Sallie, it was pretty darn rotten of me to tell you those things about Curtiss and right now I want to say that I'm sorry as the dickens! Been sorry ever since I saw how bravely you were trying to forget him but I kept kidding myself that it was for your own good and that's why I framed up the whole business."

My thoughts flew back to the day that Ellie had turned me against Curtiss and I remembered that even then it seemed queer to me that she had refrained from telling me from whom she had gathered her disturbing information.

"Oh!" with clenched teeth, I flung the word at her, "you hadn't even HEARD those things you told me about him wanting to marry Letitia Evans. You mean you just simply LIED about it! Why, Ellie, how could you be so utterly cruel?"

"Please don't rub it in, for the love of Mike, I fell terribly enough about it already. I only thought I was doing the thing that eventually would make you happy. I realize now that I know absolutely nothing about the kind of love you have for Curtiss. All I can do is to ask you to try and forgive me. I—"

"But, Ellie," I interrupted, "don't you see that you almost drove me into the arms of Barry? That you were responsible for me permitting him to make love to me and even considering marrying him and divorcing

She gave me her promise.

I left New York with the feeling that all was well with those friends with whom I had been closely associated during my separation from Curtiss. Like all people who have not forever lived in a big city I had become satiated with the noise and incessant racket of the busy metropolis and it seemed to me that peace and happiness for me would always mean living in a place small enough to have daily contact with friends and neighbors. It pleased me to think that Mrs. Wright would be sending over trays of my favorite dainties and that we would discuss nasturtium seeds and rose bushes over the back fence when I started my garden. I realized how I had missed that warmth of intimate contact with human personalities that is impossible in a city of gigantic dimensions.

I reached the little house on the hill about noon-time. The window boxes which I had kept with rose-colored petunias were devoid of all life and color, and, with its closely shut windows, the house presented an appearance of neglect and uninvited desolation. Even the bird-bath under the pine saplings was dry and uninviting; the terrace needed the attention and I noticed that crab-grass was in with the Bermuda. I was seized with remorse at the fact which was brought home to me that Curtiss had needed me to keep house for him and to do those hundred little things which only a woman's hands find to do to make a home hospitable and cozy. Never mind, I whispered to myself, I would make up for everything and we would be so happy. I let myself in with my key which I still kept in a small pocket

inside my hand bag, and, after looking caressingly at each room in the house, I began unpacking. I put my things in their proper places—threw open the windows to let in the cool, fresh air of a day, which—the it was almost mid-winter—was sweet with sunshine and carried the hint of early spring, which the southwind told me would not be long in coming.

The house was spotlessly clean and I knew Mrs. Wright's maid had been over that morning. She had told me to call on her for any service that I wanted so I ran to the house next door and engaged her to prepare dinner. I found some chrysanthemums in their late autumnal glory and filled huge vases with them. In others I placed golden rod and some brilliant, sparkling leaves of maples. I glanced at my watch. It was time I was dressing. After a warm tub followed by a refreshing cold shower which set my blood tingling, I selected the frock in which I should greet Curtiss. I chose a new one of black chiffon velvet, with flattering lace jabots of a soft, creamy color. He had told me once that he loved me in black velvet. It was almost time he was coming. I ran to the window and looked out at intervals of every few minutes. Then I put a match to the huge logs which began to crackle and take the late-afternoon chill out of the living room which I had flooded with fresh air and sunshine on my arrival. The logs sent out a woody odor of pine and balsam.

Then I saw him coming up the winding path of flag-stones near the entrance. I was conscious of a joyousness that suffused my entire being. I stood motionless in the middle of the room unable to go forward. I heard him open the door, and then before I knew it, I hear his clear ringing voice:

"Sallie, darling!" he cried, and then I was in his arms. All doubt, suspicion, fear and uncertainty were swept away and, as he held me close I felt that I was tasting the sweets of heaven. He kissed me almost fiercely again and again as if all the yearning of our long separation was embodied in his kisses, then he gently stroked my hair and called me all the little affectionate names that he used in his tenderest moments. Later he might ask me about how I spent my time during the interim since I had left him and it would be embarrassing to explain about Barry, but, for the present, there was no cloud to mar the utter perfection of that rapturous re-union hour.

(Sallie takes up her old life in next week's installment but things continue to happen to this modern young couple. Follow their tempestuous married life in succeeding issues of The Highland Park Press.)

MOTH EXTERMINATOR OPENS BRANCH HERE

The Moth-No-Mor servicers operating in Chicago have opened a branch station in Highland Park to take care of their business from this section. The Highland Park Pharmacy is to be their representative.

Mr. H. Lewis, manager of the Moth-No-Mor servicers, states that the process employed by his company in protecting household furnishings from moth damage is the only one in the entire country that is covered by a written lifetime guarantee on all articles treated.

"Although our office in Rogers Park, Chicago, has been doing business a relatively short time," said Mr. Lewis, "we have permanently mothproofed hundreds of homes in this district and the suburbs to the north and west of Chicago."

AUTO LIMERICKS

By WENKEL BROS.



A fool-hardy chap named Mc-Lain Was happy when racing a train But one day it caught him And seemingly taught him He had speeded this last time in vain.

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The annual new investment increased from \$29,867,638 in 1921 to \$108,849,050 in 1925. It reached its maximum in 1924 when \$119,670,881 was expended for added facilities, the figures show.

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