

Mr. and Mrs. Sallie
—being the Confessions of a new wife—
Illustrated by Paul Robinson
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Gladys Baker

For a few weeks after my return my happiness was complete, then, in spite of Mrs. Wright's warning that I should not question Curtiss about the past but just accept the sweetness of the hour, I found myself, several times each day, thinking of his flirtation with Letitia Evans and wondering if he were entirely over his infatuation for the bewitching indiscreet young girl. The jealous pangs I had suffered before I went away began to crowd my mind again and even in the most beautiful moments of tenderness between us, with Curtiss assuring me of his unwavering devotion, the desire to know just what Letitia Evans had meant to him was overwhelming and I realized only too well what the Old Testament writer had endured before he could declare to the world that "jealousy is as cruel as the grave."

Another insidious thought that had begun to enter my brain with nagging persistency and made me dissatisfied with the attitude Curtiss had adopted of never, in any way, referring to the past. This suited me, as far as my own affairs were concerned, but the fear that clutched at my heart was the suspicion that Letitia had perhaps tired of Curtiss first and had put him aside for the new minister.

It was one thing for Curtiss to give up Letitia and another for her to discard him first. True, Mrs. Wright has assured me that she had come by several times and asked him to go out in her car and each time he had refused, but, even so, he might have been piqued because she was showing marked attention to the other man, whom, it delighted me to hear

that he and my father in the next room were continuing their conversation and that Curtiss had not called me, but had merely mentioned my name.

"His voice came to me, as clearly as if I were in the same room: 'I followed your suggestion about Sallie and it worked!' he declared, 'but there were times, sir, when I thought I had lost her for good and I wasn't so sure then whether I appreciated your kindly advice.' Curtiss chuckled to himself. 'I can well afford to laugh now, but believe me, sir, that was the longest and most unsatisfactory summer I've ever lived and I wouldn't want to go thru it again.' 'You held out remarkably well,' my father replied, 'I thought you would weaken and go after her long ago.'

"I was on the verge of leaving more than a dozen times and I'm not saying how much longer I could have remained silent if she hadn't shown up when she did," Curtiss declared.

I raised myself in a sitting position so that I could call out to them and make my presence known for I had always had a contempt for eaves-dropping, even of the slightest kind, but the temptation of hearing for myself an explanation of the puzzling events which had caused me so much heartache, was too strong for me to resist. An overwhelming power laid my better instincts in the dust and forced me to remain perfectly still.

"You remember when you wrote me that Sallie had told you that I wouldn't look at another girl and you advised me to flirt a bit and make her less sure?"

ation from a perspective that it would have been impossible for me, as her husband, to obtain. And so," Curtiss changed his voice to a lighter tone. I began looking around for the other girl. If the stage had been set for it, things, in the beginning could not have played better into my hands. Since you do not know the 'lady in the case' I can tell you the details without hurting her reputation which, I assure you, I have no desire to do. She was ideal, the shot, for the part, for her name had been discussed on several occasions with married men prior to this time and I felt that my being seen with her now and then could not get her more talked about than she had been in the past. Here's the way I had her figured out: Flirtatious and reckless with ultra-modern views but otherwise perfectly respectable in every sense of the word. Fine old family and, regardless of her pranks, the girl was accepted everywhere in town.

"I agree with you," father exclaimed, "you could not have found a more perfect type! Naughty but nice!" and he laughed.

"But just a minute, sir!" Curtiss interrupted and his voice was serious and low. "So far so good, but there were some angles of the situation that neither you or I had figured out, for just as I had begun to thank the gods for placing the right girl in my path for the harmless flirtation you had outlined in your plan, things began to happen over which I had absolutely no control."

I scarcely breathed. I remained in my uncomfortable position, unable to do anything but listen, with strained nerves to catch their every word.

(Curtiss reveals the reason for his continued affair with Letitia Evans. Read the unexpected development of a stirring situation next week in the Highland Park Press.)

According to the New York police no crime was reported in the city on last Saturday night, the first clean record in years. Maybe all the crooks were spending the week-end in the suburbs.

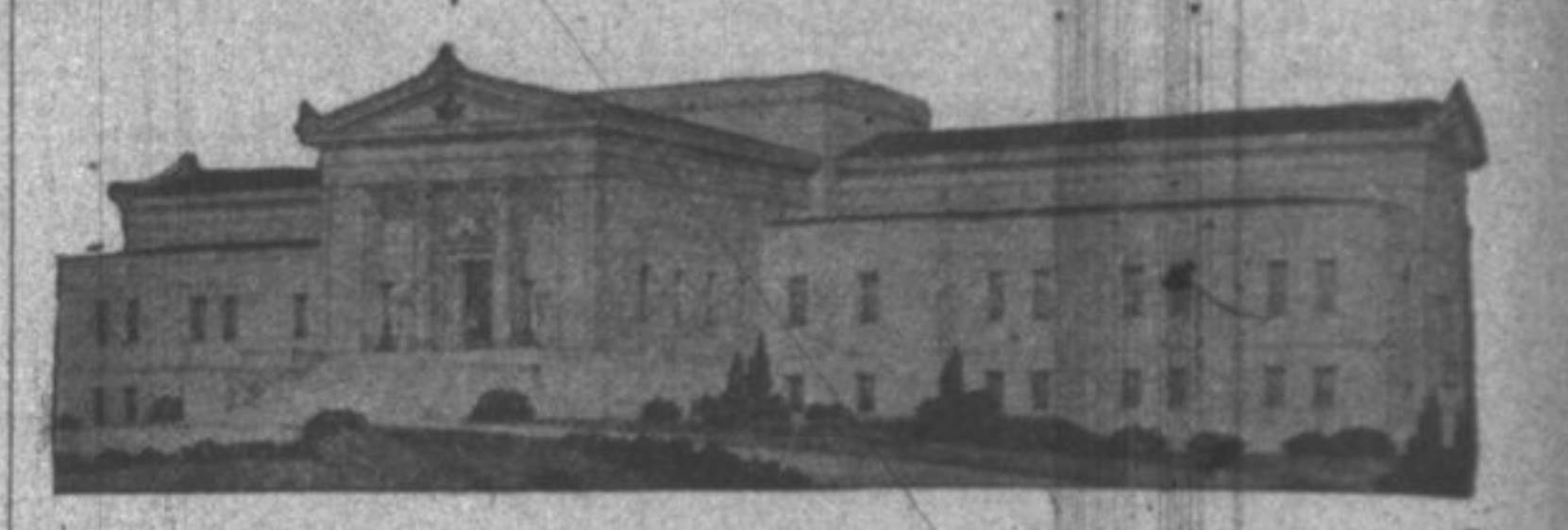


Snappy? Well, rather—and very, very smart, too. The coat is of calfskin, and is luxuriously trimmed with rich beaver collar and cuffs. The hat and purse match the calfskin coat. The whole ensemble is quite in keeping with this season's style of furs for beauty and warmth as well.

It is now reported that France will reject the debt settlement plan and offer to refer the whole matter to the League of Nations. If they put that over, how much money do you think Uncle Sam will get?
Wicked, rum-drinking America used more milk in 1925 than ever before.—Kansas City Star.

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had held himself aloof from all the advances she had made.

That afternoon late when Curtiss came in I was overjoyed to find my father with him. His health had been completely restored and he had come on his first visit to our little home. Like all men who have no sons of their own my father had grown very fond of his son-in-law and he and Curtiss were very close. That they enjoyed their business chats alone I knew perfectly well, so after sitting with them, in the softly-lighted study a few hours, I asked to be excused.

It had been my intention to go to sleep, but as was often the case after an unusual busy day, when I finally got into bed I was too tired for repose. I had spent the afternoon at a bridge party at the Country Club and the incessant chatter of ten tables of players, with the additional effort to concentrate on the cards had left me irritable tense, so rather than lie awake in the dark I decided to turn on the light and finish a new novel by Christopher Morley which I had left off at a most entertaining part.

The book was in the living room so, slipping into a negligee, I went in search of it. The logs still burned cozily in the grate and as the light was splendid from the nearby table I stretched myself comfortably on the divan, with its downy cushions, and intended to read. But the warmth and comfortable room soon soothed me into dreams.

It could not have been long, however, before I was half awake again and heard Curtiss calling my name.

I started to answer and then, in my half-conscious condition, realized

"Yes," came father's reply, "and I'm glad of this opportunity to explain, you see, in that intimate chat I had with Sallie, I discovered many things about her that I am quite certain you could never know. I saw that she was starting out with the idea that she must continually dramatize her married life and even then she was on the verge of seeking diversion elsewhere, believing your affection for her to be absolutely sure. I attempted to reason with her," father explained, "but she met all my reprimands with the clever slang of modern wives and I knew, then and there, that it would require much stronger tactics than a scolding from her devoted old Dad to bring home to her the fact that flirting about is a game two can play. I've seen too much of that sort of thing, Curtiss, and I was determined to go any lengths to protect my precious child!" His voice broke, so that for a few moments I could scarcely catch the words, then he went on again, "Besides, I knew her real happiness was at stake and I placed everything on that one desperate chance to save her from herself! The suggestion must have seemed most extraordinary, coming from me?" Dad asked.

"I must admit it was something of a shock," Curtiss said, "especially when the last thing on earth I wanted to do was to make Sallie jealous by entering into your plan. I loved her so much that it seemed an unfair thing to do and then, after turning the thing over and over in my mind, I realized that if you, with your tremendous love for her, could suggest such a scheme, it was only because you understood her perhaps even better than I and had analyzed the situ-

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