

Mr. and Mrs. Sallie
being the Confessions of a new wife ... by Gladys Baker
 Illustrated by Paul Robinson
 Copyright 1935 by Publishers Automator Service

The first day in the book shop was one of the most exciting experiences of my life. Arriving early in the morning the first thing I did towards furthering my business career, was to order dainty lavender frocks for Thankful and myself, and so arrayed we spent the rest of the day getting ready to open the shop to the public the following afternoon.

Of course the shop was not entirely mine but I had the feeling that it would be soon and I also felt that it was not an unreasonable desire which burned in my breast, for while the antiques were charming, with an old-world atmosphere, there were none of great value except one original etching and a few rare editions which Captain Tchertkov said he would not sell for any price. We soon discovered that he was a connoisseur of the fine arts and these treasures belonged to a small collection he had magaged to save from the glory of the past.

I asked him why he had not disposed of them during that time in Paris when he was so seriously in need of funds. "If I had one, I would just as soon think of selling my child," he replied, in the attractive foreign way he had of rearranging his phrases. I rejoiced that here was one whose passionate and sincere love for beauty was beyond price. His was an intuitive appreciation for lovely things. Although his lips were sealed as far as his past life in Russia was concerned, little by little I came to share Thankful's opinion that he and his family had been reared close to the throne.

"Listen, I can't possibly stay in the same small shop with Vladimir Tchertkov and call him by that terrible name," I confided to Thankful later that day when we were discussing him, "from now on, regardless of convention, I shall call him Captain T."

"Oh," she gave a little gasp, "you wouldn't dare?"

"Watch me!"

I called the young officer over to where I was standing by a case which held some interesting hand-tooled editions which he had picked up in Florence, "for the trade."

His stenographer answered. Then came Curtiss' voice. "Honey?" I said. "Yes," his answer was quick as if he had been engaged and disliked being disturbed. "Everything's all right, I haven't been kidnapped or anything like that, but I want you to come immediately to a certain address which I shall give you. I have a surprise for you and one I am sure you will like."

"But, sweetheart," he began. "No buts, dearest, you MUST come."

"Could it wait for an hour or two? I was having a very important conference just then."

"You always are whenever I want you," I pouted. "I HATE conferences!"

But in the end I promised to be satisfied if he would come the moment it was through.

I was keenly disappointed for I wanted him to arrive while Thankful and Captain T. were there. They would lend atmosphere to the scene and besides, I wanted them to share his surprise.

But when five o'clock came I insisted that they leave and I was left with the large brass key, which fitted the antique lock on the door, in my hand. How important I felt to be the custodian of so much beauty and art!

The lights were dim and over the shop clung the faint odor of incense. Finally I saw Curtiss pull up in front of the curb in his car. Then I saw him consult a piece of paper to which he compared the number of the shop. He approached the door and I scurried behind a counter as if I had been there all day.

Tentatively he opened the door. Then with a look of astonishment he recognized me, taking me in at a glance.

"What Ho! A bazaar of some kind for the union league? Well how much am I in for? Let me know and I'll write a check. Then let's be getting home. I didn't have time for luncheon today and I'm as hungry as a bear."

"No siree, you're wrong this time," I told him, skipping from behind the show-case. "Come and sit down. No,

rest of it as we make the sales. My share in them, you see."

He remained silent for a moment and then frank disapproval made itself manifest in his manner and voice. "You're just a little mad," he said, "that is, of course, if you mean such a thing but I simply won't believe that you've gone ahead and bought a whole store without even so much as asking my advice. Of course you can't go through with the thing. If possible, the check must be returned."

His cold matter-of-fact decision about a thing which I looked upon as entirely my own affair, incensed me. I leaped from the arm of his chair and stood facing him. My voice sounded little and far away.

"I WILL go through with it. And the check will NOT be returned. It was a business transaction and as such the question of the check is closed. And why I ask you, shouldn't I buy the shop?"

"Because the whole thing is ridiculous, preposterous—out of the question. Look at you now. In one of those damned artist costumes that I despise." (It was the second time I had ever heard Curtiss swear.)

"Standing behind a show-case selling books," he went on, "bareheaded, like a shop-girl. Do you think I want MY wife to do that? I married you to make a home for me and not to stay down town all day catering to the public and selling books! A fine idea you have of domestic bliss." He was sarcastic and I disliked his ugly mood.

"But I won't let it interfere with making you comfortable at home. The maid and cook are perfectly capable of running the house and, as it is, I am never there except when you come home at night. I can't see what earthly difference it will make as far as our home-life is concerned," I put forth an eager argument. "I'm going to ask you to look at it from my viewpoint," I said, "I'm bored with society. I'm sick to death of its silly round of inane affairs. I want something real to occupy my mind." I paused, for I was losing my control.

I walked twice about the room and then came back to where he was sitting. I had calmed down but I was still disappointed at the unexpected turn of events.

"Do be reasonable," I urged, "everybody who's anything at all is doing something nowadays. Mrs. Grenee started a beauty shop at home and Mrs. James had gone in the movies, and several other women are making good. You like these girls. They all have well-ordered homes, and devoted husbands and they're perfectly lovely too."

"Listen, Sallie," he interrupted, "I refuse to go into this thing now. I'm going home and will discuss it with you tonight. I suppose you have your car. An independent business woman would have." He left me and as I stood in the doorway a sudden gust of wind swept through my lavender smock and all at once I felt very much alone.

(To be continued)



"Would you mind affixing the prices on the fly-leaf of each of these?" I asked him, "I haven't the faintest idea what they are worth."

"But most certainly," he replied. He stood with military precision whenever I spoke to him, his manner and bearing towards me were exactly as if he were serving a queen. Wishing to do away with such stiff formality I turned to him abruptly and said, "By the way, Thankful and I have decided to call you Captain T."

Thankful blushed to the roots of her soft, brown hair.

"I, er," she stammered.

"Never mind, now Thankful, we can't stand on so much ceremony working here every day like sardines." "Besides," I smiled, "while we expect to make a million dollars for all of us, we also want to have a little fun. And from now on," I turned to the young officer, "this is Thankful (it's a lovely name) and I'm Sallie. Just plain Sallie. No more Meessis Wright." I tried to imitate his foreign accent. He and Thankful, having been won to a good humour, laughed and fell in with my plans.

"Now," I turned to the telephone, "the husband will be summoned to the scene." I dialed the number on the automatic phone.

first of all I want you to come downstairs. Look at everything and I'll tell you about it later on."

After a tour of the lower room with its glittering array of bric-a-brac, bronzes, and enamels from foreign shores, I led him back to the book shop and made him sit down in one of the comfortable walnut chairs. I slid a low footstool for his feet to rest upon, and perched on the arm of his chair.

"Well, what do you think of it?" I wanted to know.

"Why, it's a very unusual sort of place, to say the least." But I could tell that he was looking at it in a thoroughly impersonal light.

"Now I'm going to tell you a secret," I leaned close to his ear, "listen, honey, it's mine, all mine. Every inch of it." I exaggerated my ownership in the shop because I wanted the surprise to be complete. I would explain the details of the business transactions when we got home.

He sprang from his chair. Then he sat down again.

"Oh, I see. It's some joke. What's the big idea? As I told you before I crave food."

"I mean it, sweetheart," I was still enthusiastic, "I took the check father gave me and made the first payment down, and I'm going to pay for the

Tel. 2397 *Jabbing a Specialist*

GEO. S. SCHWALBACH
 Carpenter and Builder
 General Contracting
 Agent and Installer of
 All Metal Weather Strips
 600 CENTRAL AVE. Highland Park

AUTO LIMERICKS
 By WENKEL BROS.

I'M SMART

Here's a lad that has got a swelled head— And he never can see far ahead— And there's only one cure— For a chap that's so sure— It's a lesson that he'll learn in bed!

LEARN YOUR LESSON IN ADVANCE

Having your car overhauled is preventative logic. Keeping your eyes on the road is common sense accident-prevention. Sending your car to this shop is an investment in the right repairs.

Wenkel Bros.
 Expert Ignition and Battery Service
 Phone H. P. 254 Waukegan Av.
 GENERAL AUTO REPAIRS
 Welding - Towing - Supplies

BUY MUCH LAND FOR McHENRY COUNTY LAKE

The project of making a lake in Bull valley, McHenry county, which has been promoted by the officers of the Crystal Lake Development company, is an assured fact, states the Woodstock Sentinel. The following farms have been bargained for: L. E. Mason, 200 acres; Sherman Bros., 125 acres; Richard Menzel, 280 acres; Fred Wille estate, 270 acres; D. F. Quinlan, 290 acres; Wm. Fleming, 73 acres; Rufus Brown estate, 160 acres; Ed Malmstrom, 160 acres; Chas. Niehaus, 110 acres, total, 1,668 acres, on which payments have been made. More land is about to be bought, and the entire lake will have a shore line of about three miles, with a depth of about twenty-five feet. The location is about three miles from Woodstock. A dam will be built at the road leading from Mason Hill to the Sherman Menzel Hill. The water supply will come from the creek flowing through the valley, which is fed by many springs.

EVERYBODY READS THE WANT-AD PAGE

INTRODUCING GRAVES' DEFERRED PAYMENT PLAN

We are pleased to announce a decidedly new change in our merchandising policy.

Graves' Deferred Payment Plan offers you precious jewelry—all the fine things you've wanted on convenient terms. Formerly within the reach of so few—now easily purchased by everyone. Terms will be so arranged that paying out of regular income or allowance will be a simple matter.

Fine diamonds—dependable watches—beautiful silverware—all the precious jewelry to delight you is on display right now. Come in today—you'll see a world of gifts for everyone—and for YOURSELF.

This new merchandising policy is announced at a time when thousands of Chicagoans are beginning to make their Christmas purchases and it will prove an attraction for early shopping.

Never before in the 50 years history of Graves has the assortment of finest quality diamonds, dependable watches, silverware and gorgeous jewelry been so complete.

Charles E. Graves & Company
 Jewelers and Silversmiths
 Madison and Wabash
 Chicago

The Milky Way to Health

"A meal can be no better than its butter!"
 —Asks for Santi's"
 —says Billy Break O'Day

MR. WHAT'S-HIS-NAME says "This is the butter for me!"

Santi Bros.
 PASTEURIZED MILK
 PHONE HIGHLAND PARK 1581
 490 Deerfield Ave.

BEAUTY CULTURE

Doll Wigs
 Hand Decorated Xmas Cards
 Score Cards and Place Cards
 Empress Perfumes
 Flower in the Bottle Perfumes
 Body Powders
 Powder Puffs
 Vanity Sets
 Hand Painted Compacts
 Artificial Flowers
 Sewing Machines
 Rouges, Creams, Powders
 Lotions, Hair Brushes, Combs
 Novelties of all kinds for Xmas

Open Thursday and Friday evenings until Christmas

BORCHARDT BEAUTY SHOP
 12 N. SHERIDAN ROAD TEL. H. P. 920

One of the Wilcox Special Built Homes

Make Your Christmas Permanent

Buy a Wilcox's Special Built Doubly Insulated Home

It is not only permanent but each and every member of the family get more comfort and security than could be purchased with money spent in any other way.

You will find a real kick in spending your money for a home because you're saving it, too.

Walter W. Wilcox
 Builder of Wilcox Homes
 710 Yale Lane Phone H. P. 2619