

Sallie's Temptations

Sallie Faces a Wife's Wrath

She could mean only one thing. She gave it away, shamefully, without shame.—A detective.

"Oh, I see," I murmured, and back somewhere in my subconscious mind, I saw the lean man with the cap and cigarette. I had noticed him once on the train and again in the lobby. Oh, she had been clever.

"Did your consort also tell you how the Inn episode ended?" I demanded rather calmly.

"Just about you leaving the hotel in the gray of the morning."

"Two o'clock, Mrs. Fisher, is scarcely morning."

"Let us not mince words," she answered tartly, "I know what I know, my young woman. I've suspected my husband ever since the night I saw you two together in Pensacola. But only recently did I have the forethought to engage someone to help me get at the bottom of the situation is impossible! I shall not Fisher, but things have gone too far," she resumed the conversation.

"I did not object to him having a little fun with the girls as long as he did not select one subject. The situation is impossible! I shall not permit the present status of things to continue. Do you think for one minute that I would have the world look upon me as a discarded woman?" she drew her sables about her with a frigid aloofness.

But I want to tell you that you have broken up my home. If it were not for you and your angling for my husband, this thing would not have happened."

"But Mrs. Fisher, really," I began.

"Kindly do me the kindness of not interrupting until I have finished. As I was saying, you have stolen my husband and before he flagrantly deserts me I shall take action."

"You mean," I stammered, "surely you are not considering a separation?" Conditions then were wise than I had imagined.

"What would you do under similar circumstances?" She hardly waited for my reply, hurrying on, her words blingly coherent. "Certainly I shall get a separation and I intend to have the world know the reason." There was no giving in, no gentleness, only a steel-like determination.

You wouldn't mention my name, would you Mrs. Fisher? I tell you it's a horrible mistake. It wouldn't be fair," I pleaded.

"Don't talk to me of fairness. My husband was true to me"—I winced at the allegation—"until you deliberately used your wiles upon him."

"One moment, please," it was Ellie, who had evidently been sitting upon the sun porch, leading from the room in which we had been talking.

"I am Ellie Mitchell, Mrs. Fisher, and there are some things you have said to my friend here, that must be retracted."

"Indeed," she drew herself up in an attitude of antagonism, "and what right have you to interfere, Miss Mitchell?"

"Just this, that the things of which you have just accused Sallie have been absolutely without foundation. That you do not know your husband; that Sallie is as blameless for his flirtations as the strangest girl whom he passes."

"And how do you happen to know so much about him?" she demanded.

"Because I know your husband, Mrs. Fisher. He sought amusement with me before he forced his affections upon Sallie. It would be the same with any girl who had the slightest acquaintance with Warren Fisher. He has reached the age in life where—

at the swish of a skirt he's off in a cloud of dust. He's terrified at facing the future without a last wild fling at Youth and it's a thrilling adventure. Often when men reach a susceptible forty, they feel that if they can get the attention and interest of a young girl that old age is not an imminent condition. It's usually no hard matter to find some girl too, who'll believe them in their beautiful love making. A man with the experience of your husband, for instance, can say things so beautifully, so personally, so different from the compliments the boys our own age are capable of bestowing. They make you believe that you are unappreciated, that," she paused for words to express her meaning, "that they are misunderstood; that with you as a pal and a stimulus, they could have scaled the heights and accomplished wonders. Oh, I know, and I won't have you abusing Sallie."

As she stood there silhouetted against the casement doors in the fading light of the late afternoon, I marvelled at Ellie. Gone was the girl of frivolous thoughts, of hoydenish

chatter. Gone were the slang phrases. She was one woman defending another in whom she believed, a friend who was willing to sacrifice her own reputation for the sake of another. Ellie's loyalty to me was beautiful and inspiring. Even Mrs. Fisher was touched by the fineness of it. There was a sort of Duse eloquence about the whole business.

"Then, who is responsible for the distance that has grown between us?" Mrs. Fisher inquired.

(To be Continued)

EIGHT SENIORS GRADUATE FROM PLEASANT HILL H. S.

Sunday night, June 14, Walter P. Myers, of the Bible University gave the baccalaureate address to the graduates of the Pleasant Hill high school at the Christian church. The church was filled to capacity, the Endeavor room opened and extra seats placed in the aisles. Miss Julia Swafford and Miss Gertrude Dilly dressed in yellow were ushers. The eight graduates, four boys and four girls marched in pairs from the rear of the Endeavor room as Gertrude Dilly played the march and took their seats in the first row of the center aisle. Thelma Parks gave a musical number. Prof. Myers chose as his topic the Five Principles of a Growing Life. These he gave as follows:

First. "Leave the Past Behind."

When the things of the past draw our attention we turn our backs on the future, we do not grow or make progress. We must not be content with the victories we have won but always look to new victories. This is true of nations as well as individuals.

Second. "Do Not Be Satisfied with the Present."

It is the people who are not satisfied with the present who are moving the world forward. We do not stand still, unless we grow and continue to go forward, we go backward.

Third. "Stretching Forward to the Things That are Beyond."

As long as we look to the future our lives will be growing. Only the life that uses today and plans and builds for tomorrow is a life of achievement. Those that live for today are drifted and driven by chance.

Fourth. "Have a Great Purpose."

It is not the effort but what is gained by the effort in life that counts. Man must have God and his teachings in his life if that life is to be its best.

Fifth. Make an Earnest Effort."

We never gain anything without the cost of an effort. The interest put into the effort make life what it is.

The commencement exercises of the Pleasant Hill high school were held in the gymnasium Monday night. Thelma Wheeler, a U. H. S. and Normal graduate played the processional as the teachers, graduates, and Dr. E. V. Stivers of Eugene marched from the rear of the gymnasium and took their seats on the rostrum. The four graduating girls wore organdy dresses in pastel shades. Mary Harden as salutatorian gave the address of welcome. Arthur Lindley in giving the class history, said as Freshmen they numbered 15. Maurice Dillely who has been forced to stop school the past semester will graduate in 1926, and Verna Manning graduated at Springfield last Wednesday. Kay Olson and Cora John have en-

rolled during the four years. Cora John gave a selection on the piano. Miss John's pleasing touch and accuracy in piano music has made her a favorite at Pleasant Hill in the musical circles. A reading by Orval Guiley and advice to the Juniors by Mildred Morningstar were much appreciated. Miss Morningstar's advice to Juniors was gained from the Seniors bitter experience, namely falling to sleep at school and chewing gum. Ted Bedell gave the response for the Juniors. The class will by Kay Olson was filled with humor and take offs on the different members of the school and the faculty. A cane was presented to the Junior class by the Senior class. In closing Gladys Wheeler gave the valedictory.

A short but inspiring address was given by Dr. E. V. Stivers of Eugene, followed by a few words from Principal Marion E. Hays, when he presented to Miss Mary Wheeler her scholarship at the Bible University.

H. C. Wheeler, Chairman of the board made a few remarks in praise of the Pleasant Hill high school and presented the members of the class

with their certificates. The gymnasium was decorated in the colors of the class of 1925, the front of the rostrum was banked with flowers, gifts to the graduating class.

Will Go to Oregon City—Jack Kintzley, Charles Dougherty and F. E. Keyes, members of the G. A. R., will attend the convention to be held at Oregon City next week. They will leave here Tuesday morning with Mrs. Bert Doane.

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