

Mr. and Mrs. Sallie

—being the Confessions of a new wife—

Illustrated by Paul Robinson
Copyright 1925 by Publisher's Association Service
by Gladys Baker

Sallie Grows Dissatisfied.

Finding an attractive house at a rental Curtiss thought was reasonable was no easy matter. While he was working on his plans for the mining subdivision, I looked at many places.

One afternoon Harriet Crawford took me, in her new limousine, on a house-hunting expedition. Salsby Crawford, to whom she was married, was the scion of a fabulously wealthy family and we had become quite intimate with them because of the fact that he and Curtiss had been classmates at college.

It didn't take me long, however, to analyze the feminine member of the house of Crawford. She was undeniably snobbish. Herself a child of luxury, she was absolutely unaware that there were others who were not in the same financial status. Naturally she took me to see large and prepossessing places whose owners were abroad or in Florida and who wished to lease their homes for the season. Finally I thought I might as well be frank with her about the type house that we wanted.

"Just a small place," I explained. "We can't afford anything very good-looking."

"Nonsense," she interrupted. "Salsby told me just last night that Curtiss Wright had already made a name for himself as an engineering-architect (I believe that's what he called him) anyway, he mentioned several developments that he already has to his credit."

"I couldn't bring myself to go into detail about our recent financial trouble and besides my new acquaintance was not the sort to inspire confidential disclosures. With her beautiful home, her smart clothes and endless servants it would be impossible for her to understand or sympathize with a less prosperous condition."

Later I gave the excuse of letter-writing and so she ordered the chauffeur to turn back and take me to the Tetwiller hotel at which we were staying.

When Curtiss came in at twilight he found me sitting beside the window, unsmiling and sullen.

"What's up dearest? Where's my little life of the party?"

No answer.

"Come now, tell us all about it," he pleaded, coming over and gently tilting his face so that he could study my expression.

"Ch, I guess I'm still under the influence of Harriet Crawford," I said as he sat down beside me. My tone was sullen.

"She does act a bit Ritzlie," he admitted, but my dear, you're so much more attractive that you should get quite a kick out of being in the presence of Mrs. Crawford."

"It isn't that Curtiss, it's just that they have such an awful lot of everything," I concluded. "Look at their house, it's simply stunning!"

"ought to be, it cost over a hundred thousand. Besides Salsby had a bunch of gold-dust handed to him on a silver platter. In fact all the chaps I've met here have seemed to hit it off in one way or another. You mustn't let that make you unhappy. Besides you'll naturally be thrown with girls who have plenty. You know 'water seeks its own level' and the crowd you'll be congenial with will be—what is it the newspapers call them? Oh, yes—the 'spoiled society darlings'."

He was in a wonderful humour.

But Curtiss, I can't even find a house to live in," I declared going back to the subject which was always uppermost in our conversation. "There are plenty of houses to be had," I contended, "but nothing as small as you insist on having."

"Insist is an ugly word, let's say 'afford' instead. It's just as easy. Didn't you find anything when you went out with Mrs. Crawford?"

"We didn't look at—cottages," I replied, using a word that I thought was less drab than the bungalow that he had first mentioned. "By the way, Curtiss," pursuing the thought which I had started, "I hope we'll meet some people here who haven't so much money. It'll just be harder playing around with a bunch who have all the things we should and would have had if you hadn't lost so much on that darned old Riviera."

He smiled at my vehement descrip-

tion of the section of Europe which I had preciously found so alluring. "Ch, don't worry," he said in an attempt to be reassuring, "we'll meet plenty of young couples who are just starting out and some who have even less than we have."

"I hardly think that would be possible," I answered curtly. I hadn't meant to be unkind but somehow the prospect of living in a cottage and relinquishing the things, that all my life, I had been used to having, was

none too rosy.

"Now look here, Sallie, I'm worn out with your complaining. You've done nothing but nag almost from the moment you found out that you were going to have to give up a few luxuries. While I was once more getting started. It isn't the first time that a man's investments have been swept away leaving him almost stranded. I've explained to you that it won't take me long to get my affairs re-established and with a little faith and encouragement on your part the whole thing would be easy. But you're so unwilling to sacrifice a few unnecessary pleasures and worldly possessions that the effort is already ruining your disposition!"

My eyes opened wide in amazement. Was this Curtiss? He paced the floor and without being actually in a rage he was plainly moved inwardly by what he was saying. Without waiting for my reply, he continued:

"You girls of this generation lack courage, absolutely. You can't face any situation that isn't all honeysuckles and roses. Look at your ancestors! Those pioneer women who crossed the continent in those lean days of

the covered wagon. Think of the deprivations they suffered and look at their spirit! It was the women behind the men that kept them going and made them fit for their shining achievements. Here I'm asking my wife to live simply in a comfortable bungalow with me and you'd think I'd asked you to share a life of abject misery. The trouble with you, Sallie, is that you've been in the limelight so long that any normal perspective you might have had, is blinded—your viewpoint of life is out of focus. You're putting now because you can't be the leading lady. You can't be anything until I get on my feet, but my wife, do you understand that Sallie?" His voice gained in emotion, "the help-mate of a working man, a doer, a common, ordinary go-getter. If you wish to remain with me under those conditions and act pleasantly about it you can make me very happy. If not, then there is only one other course that is open. You may return to your father until I can woo you back with a fortune."

I started to reply. What my answer would have been, I do not know but woman-like I suppose I would have

attempted to defend my position. However, he silenced me before the opening words of the sentence had been uttered.

"No, I don't want you to decide in a hurry. This is a serious and vital moment in our lives, Sallie, and I want you to think it over. I'm going

out for a walk and when I return you can give me your decision."

Has Easter Guests—Easter dinner guests at the home of Mrs. Mary Magill included her three daughters, and their families; Mr. and Mrs. Sam Richmond, Mr. and Mrs. Elmer Finley, and Mr. and Mrs. Guy Lester.

Like Bees After Honey

You'll find our ice cream and taste teasing drinks as irresistible as honey to a bee! One sip is enough—and ever after the taste tingles you'll make a bee line to Eggimann's soda fountain.

SODAS — SUNDAES
SOFT DRINKS

EGGIMANN'S



LISTEN IN!

No matter who has a Sale Hall Always Sells For Less!

Not a Large Stock

But every dollars worth of merchandise in this store is bought to give service.

Men's Trousers
2.50, 2.75, 3.00, 3.75, \$4.50

In a Class by Themselves
We've seldom had the opportunity to offer such a splendid assortment of Men's Dress Shirts as we now carry. A nice assortment of Madras, Percals and Flannels, soft collars or banded.

Just Keep Coming Folks, we are For You!

- \$1.00 Knit Ties 69c
- Men's Heavy Flannel Shirts \$3.79
- A great day for men. Another sale of Flannel Blazer Shirts.
- Boys' Tennis Shoes, 11 to 2 \$1.25
- Canvas Gloves, for 15c
- \$6.00 Men's Brown Oxfords \$4.89
- Men's Gray Work Pants \$1.99
- Men's Split Leather Work Gloves 39c
- Boys' Heavy School Shoes \$3.29

Three-ply Veneer, metal cover Trunks at reduced prices.

Special Offer

\$1.10 OVERALLS \$1.10

Here's a real bargain for you men—A good light weight garment, in the bib style and of blue denim material, sizes 32 to 42.

Men's Work Shoes
LIGHT MEDIUM AND HEAVY WEIGHT, \$2.75, \$3.29, \$4.29 and \$5.49

Men's Hi-cut Moccasin toe, 16-in, regular \$10.00, \$11.00 and \$12.00, to be cleaned up at \$7.50, \$8.50 and \$10.00

This was a hard winter on merchants, very little rain, no cold weather and an early spring; also the men, being without a full pay, had tightened up considerably on purchases which has left us with more goods on the shelf than we ought to carry at this time. This is the reason we are putting on this sale.
Men's extra heavy Khaki Work Pants, a good buy anywhere at \$4.00, selling here for \$3.00.

MAKE THIS HELPFUL STORE YOUR STORE

A Money Raising Sale HALLS CASH STORE

Springfield : Starts Saturday, April 10th : Springfield

\$1.25 LADIES' FELT BEDROOM SLIPERS 89c

\$1.50 Boys' Khaki Flannelette Outing Shirts, just the shirt for hiking 99c

Men's \$5.00, \$5.50 and \$6.00 Dress Hats, \$3.25, \$3.50, \$3.75

Men's Suits, just a few small sizes left, \$35.00 now \$23.50

\$1.25 Cut Silk Ties 89c

Quick action is suggested, for there are lots of men who will read this and hustle to grasp the opportunity.

Men's Cord Pants \$3.79

Men's Dress Wool Trousers \$4.19

Shoe Sale

Most lines are complete, affording a splendid opportunity to save on your footwear. Buy shoes now for the future as well as your present needs.

Suit Cases 10% off

Boys' Fancy Shirt Waist 89c

We have two Boys' Knicker Suits left, sizes 12 and 14 yrs., sold regular \$8.50 going to some lucky parent for \$4.75

Children's blue denum, red trimmed play suits \$1.00

Men's Wool Sox for 39c to 79c

Boys' Khaki Lace Breeches \$1.99

Boys' Khaki Trousers \$1.09