

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



Letitia bares her claws. Letitia was looking up at Curtiss, her face tilted and coquettish. "You didn't tell Sallie, did you?" she continued, apparently seeing and enjoying the disclosure her disclosure was causing. "Nope," replied Curtiss, "I haven't seen her long enough to reveal all the deep, hidden secrets of my wild life during our separation; he tried to make light of the conversation but Letitia was determined to pursue the subject. "I never start anything I can't finish," she laughed, flippantly and her voice rang with carefree bravado, so I'm going to tell Sallie. You see, the other day when I saw Curtiss for the first time since the old days in California, I was so thrilled over seeing him again, that I threw my arms about him and kissed him, without thinking Louie Bradley and a bunch of the boys who saw me have never ceased kidding me about it. Why, what's the matter, Sallie? For Heaven's sake, I believe you're peeved. You don't really mind, do you?" Her face was as temperamental as a May morning—ever-changing in its expression. Now to all outward appearances she was sorry for a misdemeanor and her whole manner was one of absolute dejection. "Certainly not!" I answered quickly, "please don't think I'm that old-fashioned." But I hoped that my voice did not reveal the resentment I felt towards this girl, who was the first Curtiss had kissed since we were married. The future might hold many such episodes as Letitia had just re-

lated but none could bring the heart-break of his first aberration. "Well, I don't know, some wives are so unreasonable about their husbands—especially when they're good-looking!" she concluded smiling flatteringly up at Curtiss. I felt more and more uncomfortable and I shall always be grateful to Salsby Crawford, who came up just at that time and asked me to dance. Go!n' home later in the car I realized that an inferiority complex held and bound me when I was in the presence of Letitia Evans. This was indeed a new experience because I had always had a full share of confidence in my own talents. "Well, what do you think of Tish?" began Curtiss, "she's a cute kind, isn't she, honey?" I felt a quick flow of criticism rush to my lips but because it was foreign to my nature to be jealous and 'catty' I stopped the vituperative utterances that would have fallen. "She's very modern and er—quite pretty," I finally managed. "She wants to help you get the things for the house," he continued, "She told me to tell you that she could save tomorrow morning for you to begin with which I think was very good of her because she's quite busy. She had a course in New York and they say she hits on marvelous color combinations. I thought perhaps—" "That I wasn't able to select the furnishings for my own home" I questioned tartly. "No! of course not, darling, I've never questioned your taste in such matters. I only know that this is a

day of specialties and I thought perhaps Tish could assist you as she has gone so thoroughly into the subject. Just tonight at the dinner table, you remember Mrs. Caldwell said that there should be a law passed by the legislature forbidding brides of less than five years from selecting their own furniture unaided. It seems that they get so many things that are impractical and not having had any experience, it is most natural. Tish has furnished, I don't know how many, houses lately and they say that they are most livable as well as charming. "Well, for once and all, Curtiss," I interrupted, "I won't have Letitia Evans or any other woman dictating to me about the sort of things I'm to have in a house that I'm to live in. Anyway, to hear you talk, one would think that I am positively tacky!" I felt justified in my righteous indignation over his suggestion and it was some time before he convinced me he had only wanted to save me the annoyance and trouble. In the dream album of every girl there is a picture, sometimes faint and again, in many cases, quite definite, about the sort of rugs, chairs, tables, divans and bric-a-brac she wants for her own loveliness. I myself had many decided ideas about furnishings which if carried out, would make our little house distinctive and different. I scoured the furniture shops in town but their offerings were too stereotyped to consider. I disliked intensely anything that matched exactly or pieces that came in sets or "suits"—as the salesman called the heavy looking groupings which, to me, were absolutely depressing. I wanted everything in our home to have its own character and individuality with a sort of poetry in even the smallest chair and table. At last I came across a decorating company which was in competition to Letitia Evans. It was owned by a Frenchman who was an artist and who did not attempt to force his opinions on me while making my selections. For days I revealed in hand-blocked linens for draperies, lovely shaded rugs of solid, soft-toned colors, old chests, Renaissance tables, Florentine desks and antique candelabra. For my dining room I selected a refectory table gracefully long and narrow, the pedestal being of hand-wrought iron and the board of black marble. There were two low benches entrancingly carved for either side and two tall and stunning chairs for the host and hostess. These were done in old gold parchment, the backs enlivened with Spanish emblems of myriad shades. A narrow console, with top and brackets of black marble I ordered for one side of the entrance and a niche in the rough plastered walls would hold a della Robbia that had been stolen from a Cathedral in Florence. The draperies would be hung from old-blue wooden poles from huge wooden rings. For the bed-chambers unfinished pieces were selected and decorated to suit my fancy. I persuaded Monsieur Lemonge to have the foot-boards removed from the beds in imitation of some I had admired in the Palace at Fontainebleau. For the living room there was a rug covering the entire floor made of alternate stripes of mauve and deep violet color. Beige linen with a gay flower pattern made bright splashes at the long, casement windows. A divan and several small tables painted leaf-green and robin-egg blue were placed here and there, making a pleasing ensemble. Dainty, low chairs that set immediately upon the floor, such as I had seen at the Exposition in Paris and narrow hanging book shelves completed the room in which Curtiss and I would spend most of our time when we were at home. Curtiss was not permitted to see any of the things until everything was in its place. This suited him perfectly as he was increasingly busy; even working well into the night. I revealed in the color I had chosen and was especially well pleased with the finished result as I had planned everything entirely by myself. At last the momentous day arrived when we were to spend our first night in our adorable little house. I anticipated the event with as much enthusiasm as I had other memorable occasions in my life—such as my graduation—my debut and my wedding day. If everything turned out a happily as I expected, I would have added another bouquet to Memory's immortal delights! How will Curtiss like his little home? (To be continued.) Here from Wilterville—Mr. and Mrs. George Easton of Wilterville spent part of Saturday shopping in Springfield.

**TOWN AND VICINITY**

Wallace in Town—Fred Wallace of Jasper was a visitor here Monday. Here from Winberry—Mrs. Harold Barney of Winberry was a visitor in Springfield for a short time yesterday. In from Marcola—Forrest Martin of Marcola was in town on business Sunday. Here on Monday—Mrs. C. F. Wilder of Eugene was in town visiting on Monday. Jackson Here—Harry Jackson of Wilterville was in town on business Monday. Mrs. Castle Here—Mrs. Guy Castle of Motor Route B was in town for a short time Monday. Hucka in Town—Bill Hucka of Wilterville was a visitor in Springfield Monday. Dexter Merchant Here—William Williams of Dexter was a business visitor in Springfield Monday. Here from Jasper—Mrs. J. McCumber of Jasper was in town for a short time Sunday. Here from Eugene—Mr. and Mrs. A. E. Gieslach of Eugene were visiting in Eugene on Monday. In from Marcola—Charles Hager of Marcola was a visitor in Springfield Monday. Weed in Town—Ralph Weed of Eugene was in Springfield visiting on Monday. Visit Relatives Here—Mrs. Dorothy Webber of Eugene was here Sunday visiting Mr. and Mrs. Carl Webber. Here from Portland—Mrs. Stella Perkins of Portland was a visitor in Springfield on Monday. Miss Wallace Here—Miss Maude Wallace of Jasper spent part of Monday in Springfield. Undergoes Operation—R. W. Orr of C street underwent an operation at the Pacific Christian hospital on Tuesday. Roberts Here from Wendling—George Roberts, Wendling resident, spent a part of Sunday visiting in Springfield. Physician at Creswell—Dr. Eugene Kester made a call at Creswell Monday, where he gave professional attention to F. E. Anderson. Drive to Anlauf—Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Whitney and daughter, Mary Elizabeth and George Perkins and daughter, Adeline, motored on Sunday to Anlauf. Face is Cut—The little son of G. A. Becker on Sunday fell while playing and cut a gash across his face and nose. He was treated at a local physician's office. Fished on McKenzie—J. C. McMurray made a fishing trip up the McKenzie Sunday, returning with a first class catch, the largest of which was an 18-inch trout. Go to Wendling—Sam Montgomery and a group of young people from Nott stopped over here for a while Sunday on their way to Wendling. Mountain States Official Here—Lloyd Edwards, Mountain States Power company official with offices at Albany, was in town on business on Monday.

Joe Neal Has Operation—A tonsil operation was performed on Joe Neal of Motor Route B at a local physician's office yesterday. Visitors Here from Wendling—Mr. and Mrs. Fred McCornick of Wendling were Springfield visitors for several days this week. Visits Parents—Miss Grace Male of Portland visited over the week end with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. M. M. Male of Springfield. Stop Here on Trip—Mr. and Mrs. Ed Brattain and family, former residents of Springfield, stopped over here yesterday, while en route to Klamath Falls by the McKenzie river highway route. Return to Portland—Mr. and Mrs. Anthony Saul returned to Portland Sunday after remaining here for some time following the death of Mr. Saul's mother last week. Brumettes at Albany—Harry Brumette and wife are in Albany this week attending the annual convention of Oregon Odd Fellows. Davis Drives East—James Davis is leaving this week for a motor trip which will take him as far east as Pennsylvania, where he and Mrs. Davis will visit relatives and friends. They are making the trip in a new Overland six. Leaves for Oklahoma—Lum Anderson, local oil station operator, left Saturday for Oklahoma following the receipt of a telegraph informing him that his sister had been killed in an automobile accident in that state. Date of his return is indefinite. Finger is Cut—Luna Guenoro, a workman in a Southern Pacific construction camp at Arnett, above Reserve, was treated at a local physician's office Saturday after he had sustained a badly cut finger while at work. Fish at Suttle Lake—John Bushman Art Bushman and Graham Smith spent Saturday and Sunday on a fishing trip to Suttle lake, 15 miles out of Sisters across the summit. All of the fishermen got the limit from the waters of Suttle lake, which they report abounds with trout. CALL AND SEE Dr. N. W. Emery on medicine on hand and other work



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