

# Mr. and Mrs. Sallie

—being the Confessions of a new wife—

Illustrated by Paul Robinson

Copyright 1926 by Paul Robinson

by Gladys Baker



**AN ATTEMPT AT PLEASURE**

Why shouldn't I go on out, after my dull summer, and have a little pleasure? Surely Curtiss had apparently enjoyed himself, during those long, dreary days, in the society of Letitia Evans. Ellie had remarked that Curtiss, himself, was probably looking about for a bit of diversion and although I was sure that she spoke of men in general, she had possibly been correct in her supposition for, right at that moment, he might have been with Letitia Evans. Thoughts of the freedom they now had of seeing each other made me most unhappy and yet I had known that this situation would exist when I had made my decision to leave Curtiss for the time being. He had said that I should have faith in him when we last discussed the problem and yet it would have been too humiliating to stand quietly by and thus lend acquiescence to this inexcusable flirtation.

These jealous suspicions battled down my first impulse which had been not to go to the party paired off with Howard Wood while Ellie had a date with Donald Clements. But, after all, I now argued, perhaps I needed a little attention and certain it was that I had wanted, many times during the summer, to be assured that I was not 'hopelessly unromantic'—I recalled the words of Letitia. Was it possible, I wondered, if I had allowed myself to get into a run of provincialism and that this sort of life, for a little while, was the very thing I needed

The party was over. It was three o'clock in the morning and I sat before the dressing table taking down my hair and staring at myself in the mirror. I had not had the good time I had expected and, being ever-analytical, I gazed around for the reason. I had tried with all my might to enter into the spirit of the party although, in spite of their coaxing, I had refused to drink the gingerale highballs which Howard Wood, mixed surreptitiously from a flask which he produced from his pocket. All the while there was something straining at my heart strings—something that even guarded my tongue and kept me from contributing anything to the risque conversation. They asked me for a toast but when I looked around at their excited eyes and flushed faces all I could think of for the life of me,

was the line from Othello—"O, God, that men should put an enemy in their mouths to steal away their brains!" But luckily for me I did not say it!

What had come over me?

Where was the laughing care-free Sallie that had romped and played with Ellie on these same kind of parties before I was married? Had Curtiss made me over so thoroughly for himself that it was impossible for me to be congenial with these gay young pleasure-seekers? Oh, I loved him so!

I realized now that nowhere on earth but in his arms lay peace and happiness and protection. I think the reason I thought of protection was because on our ride home in a taxi, Howard Wood had tried in his inebriated condition, to kiss me. I had

repulsed him, but only after a strenuous effort. Ellie and Donald Clements had gone on to another cabaret after I had asked to be taken home, pleading that I was tired.

I felt that I could never again be the happy-go-lucky person that I had been before I had felt the influence of Curtiss. Even the conversation of this crowd seemed to be on another plane of existence and their one ambition in life was so obviously the pursuit of pleasure. Oh, if I had only remained with Curtiss! Perhaps, after all there might be some explanation of his behavior, for surely, I reasoned, Curtiss, with his high code of morals—which he had instilled into the very fibre of my being—could not, himself, be guilty of an affair with another woman. Then too, I knew that sometimes things look uglier than they really are—and yet, I questioned myself, why couldn't he make a clean breast of the situation—and why had he let me come away in this fashion?

Life was indeed complicated and I, who had only tasted its sweetest pollen, was now conscious of a sharp sting which seemed also hidden in its fairest flowers.

Perhaps I would hear from Curtiss. Tomorrow's mail might bring a letter urging me to return and an explanation of his recent aberration. Until this did happen it would be impossible for me to return, for, turning back would be a mute admission that I would be satisfied with the old conditions. No, I would stay on, even though I could not become a part of this gay crowd of Ellie's choosing. Although it required great courage I must be firm in my resolution.

The next morning I was in the living room, reading one of the new novels which Ellie had recommended when my hostess made her appearance.

"Just you wait until I see Howard Wood," she announced, "I'm going to murder him for feeding us that boot-leg Scotch which he was recommending so highly. Compared with it poison would be a tonic to the system! The only reason I even made the effort to keep on living was because it faintly dawned on me that you were here and I'm a bum enough hostess as it is," she concluded, endorsing herself on the divan and adjusting a few silk pillows.

"I'm sorry you drank it. It just isn't worth fooling with, is it?" with a sidelong glance at the ill effects it had had on Ellie.

"Oh yes it is, if it's just half-way decent. 'Cause you see it takes something more than a good floor and music to pep up a party."

"I didn't take any and I'm glad of it," I repeated.

"I guess I know it! I said 'pep up a party'—you certainly aren't kidding yourself that you added any merriment to the occasion, are you darlin'?" Honestly, Sallie-Alley, I don't want to be catty, but you would have been a huge success at the Young Peoples' Temperance Union."

Then seeing that I was hurt she continued.

"Don't be peeved with me, honey. You know you couldn't pull any pose that would keep me from being your best buddy."

"But it wasn't a pose this time, Ellie and I'm sorry if I ruined the party."

"It is queer but when a bunch of people are 'partying' together, they rather resent a person not 'partying' with them. It's too bad, I know, that a person hasn't the privilege of doing as they choose about drinking on a party but its just one of the puzzling frailties of human nature. Then too, I was thinking of your stupid evening. It just can't be done you know it's just like making mercury and sand congenial—this going to a jazz party and sticking strictly to prohibition."

"That's just what I think about it, and as long as I can't enter into a 'frisk' like I used to, there's no use in going along and ruining th party."

"I'm not advising you to lap up a lot of fire-water—especially the way your little girl-friend feels this morning—but I would like to know where our Sallie's gone who used to be the 'life of the party'. You certainly have gone from the one extreme to the other. What's the matter with doing things in moderation?"

"It can't be done, Ellie. There's no such thing as moderation in character-building. You see I never thought much about such things until I met Curtiss. I just took it for granted that there were only two categories—young people and old people—the young did all the gay, alluring things that were tempting and the old fogies—they were all people over thirty—just existed for the sole purpose of making life unpleasant as possible for the younger generation."

I paused for a moment until Ellie's laughter had subsided.

"But now," I continued, "Now I have more serious ideals about living and I don't seem to have the same idea of freedom."

"You mean you're afraid of dis-

pleasing Curtiss."

"You know I'm not, Ellie. I mean none of us really have freedom. We are all inexorably bound to some other person or persons and what we do is bound to react on their lives as well as ours. Some of the ancient philosophers declare that the finality of everything is FREEDOM. They hold that none of us are really free here and I believe it, too, now that I am older."

"Have pity on my aching head and don't make me think, Sallie," pleaded Ellie, "and lease of all do I desire a lecture on duty."

"I'm not preaching and you know it. I'm just trying to explain why I can't get a kick out of these wild parties."

Ellie sat up and pointed a slender finger in my direction. All trace of frivolity had gone from her features.

"I'd like to make a prediction. You'll change your views before Christmas and thank your stars that you're here instead of in Birmingham watching Curtiss and his Letitia Evans having their clandestine love-affair with you sitting silently by in prideless humiliation."

(To be continued)

How does Ellie know all the details of Sallie's domestic problems?

Is it so generally known that she could have heard of it through a letter?

**1000 VOICES IN EUGENE PAGEANT**

Eugene, Ore., Aug. 5—Eva Richmond, prominent mezzo soprano of New York will sing the solo parts in the pageant "Klatawa" to be produced here at the Trail to Rail celebration was announced by J. R. Raley, pageant manager, after a series of conferences with the dramatic soloist.

Following a prolonged concert tour of the east, Miss Richmond recently returned to this state to rest. Learning of the originality of the pageant and its depiction of the development of Oregon she became interested in its production. After studying the music of Klatawa with Professor W. F. G. Thacher, author, and Mrs. Doris Smith, directress of the pageant, Miss Richmond consented to play Sacajawea, a prominent character in the show.

Miss Richmond is a native of the state. Following a course of musical training in Portland she went to New York where continued progress in her vocal study won her admission to the direction of Yeatman Griffieb. After a successful season in New York and Brooklyn concerts she returned to the west and last year made a brilliant debut in Portland. Since then she has filled concert engagements throughout th country.

Her interest in the pageant hinges largely on the character portrayal of Sacajawea, Indian maiden whose tragic history is woven into the pageant by Professor Thacher. This part will permit Miss Richmond the opportunity to reveal her histrionic ability.

**DROP IN Cafe Fountain**

A Fine Noon Lunch Served Daily for 40c

**Property Sold**—F. B. Dunn has sold his place in West Springfield near the overhead crossing to John Tehee, who comes to Springfield from Washington. The property consisted of a three acre track.

**To North Dakota**—Miss Pearl Nelson left July 27 for Gordanville, North Dakota to visit her sister, whose husband died lately. Miss Nelson plans to have her sister return with her to Springfield.

**On Vacation**—Carl Olson, Will be absent at the Southern Pacific depot for the next three weeks as his vacation began Monday. Mr. Olson and family are going to spend part of the

time in the mountains on a camping trip.

**FOR SALE**—Carbon paper in large sheets, 26x39 inches, suitable for making tracings. The News Office.

**W. F. Walker**

**Funeral Director**

228 Main St. Residence 125 C St.  
62 J 62 M

Full Auto Equipment  
Lady Assistant

**A Pure Sweet Thought**

We feel so darn sorry for ourselves this month that we have ordered a nice new Martyr's Halo from Wright's Hardware store and aim to wear it around the store REGULARLY!

We've heard so much talk on vacation from folks who've gone or who are going that it's got our goat!

Now we're going to TRY and get YOU folks to spend some of your vacation money HERE so's mebbe WE can take a wee sma' vacation ourSELVES!

Is THAT a thought to be sneered at and upon?

So if you will please look over these items we got listed here and then figger the things you're going to need that you can buy here—we MAY be able to pinch off a little extra coin and take a buggy ride ourselves.

Strut your stuff!




**Strange Germs!**  
Liable to meet them frequent when you are away from home. Being strange to them they may take a dislike to you and cause you trouble. A morning and evening throat and nasal gargle with a solution of Borasetpine lays 'em low! Costs 25c for enuf to kill 7,879,633,471,864 germs—all sorts!

**Travellers Medicine Chest!**  
Come in a wee case like a Doctor carries, yet it's a real First AID kit. There's not enuf of any ONE thing to take care of a protracted spell of sickness but it's mity complete for almost anything you'd have happen to you. Splendid for home use too! Price \$3.00.

**SPECIAL THIS WEEK!**

Palm Olive Shaving Cream ..... 35  
Gillette Razor ..... \$1.00  
**BOTH FOR 35c Total \$1.35**

Only 72 sets—no strings to it—so get yours Now.

**KETEL'S DRUG STORE**  
5th and Main

**Science for Service**

True education combines theory and practice, and its goal is service. Oregon's Land-Grant College affords the liberal training essential to personal culture and civic efficiency, combined with special training for leadership in fields vital in modern life.

**Basic and General Training**—  
In the School of Basic Arts and Sciences and the departments of Industrial Journalism, the Library, Physical Education, and Music.

**Technical and Special Training**—  
With curricula leading to the bachelor's degree in the school of  
AGRICULTURE HOME ECONOMICS  
CHEMICAL ENGINEER- MILITARY SCIENCE  
ING MINES  
COMMERCE PHARMACY  
ENGINEERING VOCATIONAL EDUCA-  
FORESTRY TION

Graduate work is offered in most of the schools. In addition to the Resident Instruction, the Experiment Station and Extension Service specialize in the application of science in every-day life.

**FALL TERM BEGINS SEPTEMBER 20**

For latest Catalogue and Information address  
THE REGISTRAR  
**Oregon Agricultural College**  
CORVALLIS

**FINAL WINDUP**

**A. R. Sneed Dept. Store**  
stock under new management

Stock has been purchased by J. O. Kennett at a very low figure. The public gets the benefit of our purchase.

**Store Opened Today**

All new first class merchandise, bought so your dollar will have more purchasing power.



**Ford**  
THE UNIVERSAL CAR

Our Shop is Equipped With Authorized Equipment.

We Use Only Genuine Ford Parts.

Our Shop Labor is Guaranteed.

We Want All Ford Service.

**Danner Motor Co.**  
Perkins-Laxton Bldg. 5th and A Sts.

**Are You a Paradox?**

A PARADOX, if I were required to define it, is a dolt who throws a Douglas shoe at his Big Ben, rolls off his Ostermoor onto a Congoleum rug, hops into his B. V. D.'s, runs his Gillette quickly over his Mennen-lathered face, eats a hurried breakfast of Shredded Wheat and Postum, lights a Chesterfield on his way to the office and there, later in the day, dismisses an advertising solicitor with the blunt remark, "Advertising don't pay. It never sold me nothin'!"

If we are not doing your printing, somebody is to blame. Is it you or us?..

**The Springfield News**