

# Mr. and Mrs. Sallie

—being the Confessions of a new wife—

Illustrated by Paul Robinson  
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Cladys Baker

## Barry Pleads His Case

"It's just the sort of a day for a tea party!" I exclaimed when I met Barry the following afternoon promptly at five o'clock at the place which he had chosen. It was one of those charming little restaurants which are so popular in New York and whose very atmosphere inspires intimate conversation.

Outside a thin rain had been putting forth a purposeless performance with the results that the street, which I glimpsed through the window, was covered with a scraggly piece of wind-tossed veiling which against the edges of the building, became in turn, gray blotting paper.

I slipped into the narrow cushioned bench which ran along the wall and he reseated himself beside me. The waiter brought tea and an assortment of pastry and then disappeared at a nod from Barry.

"It's so cosy here!" I declared, busying myself with the tea things and remembering to give Barry cream instead of lemon. I spoke admiringly of the potted geraniums, the gay curtains and blue-and-white checked gingham and the highly decorated tables, which were unoccupied on account of the inclement weather and the lateness of the hour, most people preferring their tea at four-thirty. For some reason Barry did not respond to my enthusiasm. He wore an absorbed expression and his tea remained untasted.

"I won't offer you the proverbial penny for your thoughts," I continued, "because I know how musicians scorn anything so mundane as money, but I will give you a piece of this delicious French pastry."

"Listen Sallie," began Barry, still unable to enter into a gay humor, "I might as well tell you what's on my mind. I know all about your unhappy situation. I made Ellie tell me. You don't mind my knowing, do you?" he asked, anxiously scanning my face for an answer.

"I hate for you to bother yourself with my troubles," I fended. That Ellie had confided in him only from the kindest motives in my behalf I was certain and yet I disliked him knowing about the events of the past summer.

"My dear, my dear," he was saying, "don't you know that your troubles are mine? I must tell you then how very, very much I love you. When I first saw you that night at Monte Carlo you fulfilled all my dreams and all my desires. At last I had found YOU only to find that you belonged to another." For a moment he was

lost in reminiscence, "but that didn't keep me from caring. I tried to erase you from my life. God knows I did, Sallie, but I couldn't. I couldn't! I decided I could rather be in love with you and never possess you than to have, perhaps, the whole affection of any other woman. I would be satisfied with expressing my love for you in my music," his dark eyes burned with emotion, "I would go along, like Dante with my ideal ever before me, and like Beatrice, you would be my guiding star—my inspiration!"

"Oh, Barry, you must not say these things, don't you know that you shouldn't?" I interrupted for I was strangely alarmed at his ardent wooing.

"I know. You still think that you are in love with Curtiss. You told me how you felt toward him, in no uncertain words in Paris, and I had resolved never to speak of my love for you again, Sallie, but after Ellie told me what she did I couldn't help but think that he had forfeited your admiration. It seems to me that it is now a question to be settled between you and me—not as Curtiss Wright's wife—but as a woman free to choose her future, unhampered by any bonds of matrimony."

I avoided his intense gaze and fastened my attention on my cup and saucer. "But he's still my husband," I demurred when I felt that he was waiting for an answer.

"That hasn't anything much to do with the subject," he started me by saying, "just because you took part in a ceremony which was instituted in the beginning to protect the property rights of children. I suppose

you think that ties you, irrevocably to a man regardless of his neglect or whether or not he lives up to his part of the agreement." I gasped at his modern view-point of matrimony because I felt that my marriage vows were very sacred. "In my opinion," he concluded, "he has sacrificed the right to any consideration in the matter."

"But I really don't think things are as bad as they look between him and—"

"The flapper in Birmingham?" he finished for me, "but that isn't the point I'm making. Whether he is infatuated with this girl or not doesn't of itself create an issue. The fact that he has wounded your feelings and given you cause for unhappiness is what greatly matters. That he fails to cherish and protect your love, as if it were a precious jewel, and that he has ceased to appreciate your beauty and charm are transgressions for which he should never hope to be forgiven! You aren't thinking of going back to him, are you Sallie?"

"I hadn't thought of doing anything else," I replied frankly, "after all the gossip has blown over."

"You can't do it, you can't," he declared with vehement decision, "Whatever you decide to do don't permit yourself to even think of reconciliation. Can't you see that if he's capable of neglecting you once he'll do it again at the slightest provocation? Oh, I haven't any doubt that he cares for you in his own way," he answered the question in my eyes, "but it isn't sufficient!" he quickly added, "you being you and so absolutely sweet and lovely! You should be married to someone who understands your artistic nature and your sensitive spirit. You cannot exist on husks of his desultory affection, for a temperament such as yours demands untainted devotion."

I sipped my tea that he might not read my thoughts which flew back to the summer which, for me, had passed so dully, with Curtiss either occupied with his business affairs or surreptitiously meeting Letitia Evans. Grievous thoughts flashed through my mind. Suppose Barry were right in his estimate of Curtiss. He was voicing, in different words, Ellie's identical opinion. Could it be possible, I asked myself, that Curtiss meant to live up to his high ideals but could not? That after all he possessed frailties of character like so many other husbands? That he was not impeccable? Perhaps mediocre? Could it be possible that he was not faithful? No, no, no, a thousand times, no! Although he had entered into this flirtation with Letitia Evans I knew in my heart of hearts that, if he would, he could still offer some reasonable explanation of his behavior which would restore him to the pedestal which, in spite of everything, he still occupied in my estima-

tion. With these thoughts of Curtiss tugging at my heart, I suddenly felt that I almost disliked Barry and I knew too, that it was because he had spoken disparagingly of Curtiss.

"I don't think you should criticize him so severely," I flashed up at him, "it isn't ethical," I stammered trying to find the right word, under the circumstances," I continued, "and certainly most unbecoming!"

I expected him to be embarrassed at my reprimand and felt that he would at least apologize for his outspoken manner.

(To be continued)

(The temperamental musician replies to Sallie's tirade in the most surprising fashion. Read his answer in the next installment.)

## MODEL MILL SHOWS OLD LUMBER MAKING METHOD

If sawmilling methods were still in the stage shown by a window display at the Loop this week, the Booth-Kelly mills would not be running and one of the main industries of Springfield and the vicinity would never have been called into existence. Or, if one wishes to visualize the immense development of the lumber industry within the memory of men now living, let him stop a minute and look at the model at The Loop showing lumber being sawed by the swip-sawing method and then visit the Booth-Kelly plant with all its modern equipment and note the difference.

The model on display shows two men busy at work whipsawing lumber, a method once common in the frontier regions. That it was a slow and cumbersome method men now living can attest.

A sign pasted on the window says, "Whip sawing lumber. Miners in the early days used this method of whipsawing lumber for their sluice boxes. In Alaska in 1909 the lumber we used cost us \$375 per thousand feet. In the island of Sumatra in 1902 it took 3 Chinamen 21 days to saw 20 boards one foot wide and sixteen feet long."

V. J. Daniels who made the model on display is an experienced hand at whipsawing lumber. He said that in Southern Oregon they sawed 168 feet of lumber for sluice boxes from one log.

The model now on display is the latest of a series The Loop has had in its windows made by V. J. Daniels. A small windmill, a stamp mill, and a revolving tower with flags on it are among some of the others that have been put in the window and made to work by water power.

**FOR SALE—Payroll sheets, printed and in stock at the News office. Form suitable for road, construction work, sawmills, etc., with table to compute workman's compensation and deductions. No employer should be without these forms when they can be purchased for a few cents**

## Baseball Costs \$4.50

Pete Mulligan likes to play ball, but his enthusiasm is somewhat dimmed as a result of a misplay in the Farmers Union store Friday morning. Pete had a new baseball Friday and was trying to throw a curve to Don Gillespie who was on the receiving end. Don failed to receive one throw and the ball continued to curve on

through the front window of the store to the tune of \$4.50 for a new pane. "No more baseball for us, at least within the store," said the partners, "it's too painful."

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

## J. C. Brill Stores AX-BILLY DEPARTMENT STORE

### BUSY OUTFITTING BOYS AND GIRLS FOR SCHOOL

#### School Day Specials SCHOOLTIME BRINGS THOUGHTS OF SWEATERS For Children And Misses

—The opening days of school bring in their wake the urge to be clad in a sweater and the children are seeking the smart protection and comfort of knitted togs.

\$2.98 To \$3.98

Sweaters \$2.69

Another lot of children's wool sweaters in plain and fancy colors, choice of several styles. Practical for school wear. Early choosing is suggested.

\$4.25 To \$5.75

Sweaters \$3.95

Assorted group of children's wool sweaters, light and heavy weights in coat and pullover style. Checks, plaids stripes or jacquard patterns.



Misses' Sweaters, \$3.00 Quality \$1.98

—Clever slipover style combined of Rayon and wool. Colors are gold, blue, Nile and red. Sizes 34 to 42. (2nd floor)

### BUY YOUR UNDERWEAR AND HOSIERY SUPPLIES NOW

—Really what are you gaining by waiting to buy your fall and winter underwear supplies? Isn't it much better to purchase while stocks are at their best and complete and when you can get the sizes wanted in the styles and qualities you prefer?

Boys Knit Union Suits

\$1.25

Fleece lined unions in the desired weight and grey shade. Short sleeves, knee length. Sizes 6 to 12 years.

Children's Knit Union Suits \$1.15

Fleece waist undertogs in two styles, Dutch neck, long sleeves, knee length or elbow sleeves and ankle length. Sizes 2 to 13 years.

Children's Nainsook Union Suits 59c

Buttoned waist and bloomers leg. Sizes 2 to 10 years.

Misses' Nainsook Combinations 89c

Sizes 4 to 14 years.

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- More heat with less fire
- Easy to clean
- A perfect baker
- Quick firing



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