

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



**THE GREATER LOVE**

The emotional force which the young singer used in her great Operatic roles began to display itself, as she restlessly paced the length of the room and continued to talk.

"Don't you realize that if Barry thinks you're playing with him that it will absolutely break his heart?" she demanded, gazing directly into my face.

"Oh, I don't believe that!" I exclaimed, "Barry thinks he cares for me but I believe it is because, manlike, he thought he could never have me while I belonged to someone else. He wove poetry and romance around what he believed to be his unrequited desire. It was his love of the unattainable—his zest for the chase, also his sympathy for what he thought was my unhappy plight which prompted him to ask me to be his wife. If I should change my mind after I've secured the divorce, I know he would soon forget." I had ignored Lemoyne's scorn, my only wish being to make her less sad, and so the words fell thick and fast, as I voiced the haphazard phrases which tumbled about in my mind.

"How can you sit there and talk in that cool, indifferent manner about the man for whom I would gladly lay down my life?" she cried, "you know what he means to me, do you not? You were bound to have known in Paris how much I cared and it seems to me that you deliberately made yourself attractive before his eyes to steal the love which was mine. Mine, I tell you! Do you hear?" She stood motionless before my chair, her whole face was deathly white, "Ellie told me when we first met you that you were a merciless flirt and I believe it now."

"What have you to offer him?" she asked, "not even the love that he craves. You say you are marrying him to help him with his work. It isn't so, you're deceiving yourself! Deep down in your heart you know and you can't deny that you still love Curtiss Wright. You've had a quarrel with him and you're snatching at Barry's proposal with only your own welfare in sight. Let us be frank. Am I not right?"

A dramatic silence ensued. "Well, what if I do consider myself?" I flashed back at her, almost indignant, though I still held my temper in check. "I'm only human you know and besides, I've explained to Barry exactly how I feel. I've been absolutely honest with him about the whole affair."

"And he still wants you?" is satisfied with the sort of jelly-fish affection you're offering him in the place of love? Oh," she moaned, "he has simply lost his head, poor, dear boy!" Great tears stood in her eyes.

I was greatly moved. "He told me you no longer loved him," I said, "and I believed it was true."

"Yes, I know. He would tell you anything to win his point. He has an impulsive nature like that. And he believed it he should lose you his whole future would be wrecked. Although I am you to marry him, now, I wish to God we had talked things over before you gave him your word."

"Why, Lemoyne," I said softly, "I do not understand, you say you love him and that I will not make him a good wife and yet you urge me to marry him. You are inconsistent, to say the least."

I was no longer incensed at her tirade. I only felt a desire to right the unhappy situation which I had unwittingly created by my acceptance of Harrington Pierce.

"What else is there for me to do since you've led him on, to this point, I'd like to know! It's too late to reason with him now. Before you held out hope for him he had philosophically accepted the fact that you were another man's wife and he would have given up the memory of you and gone on to his glorious heights. He should never marry and he knows it as well as I. He only consented to such an agreement because he knew he could not have you unless he did."

"Naturally," I replied, "and if he shouldn't marry me why do you want him?" I exclaimed.

"You silly little fool!" she cried "What do I care whether he marries me or not. I wouldn't marry him if I could because I realize he shouldn't be shackled with responsibilities and hedged about with monotonous routine. Such an existence would kill his imagination—the driving force behind his creative art."

"And yet you advise me to go ahead and marry him under conditions such as those?" I asked becoming more and more puzzled all the while. She walked to the group of windows and

stood with bowed head evidently in profound thought. It was several minutes before I knew whether or not she had heard.

"Don't you see how hard you are making it for me?" she wheeled suddenly and there was a look of torture in her clear brown eyes. "I want to do the right thing for Barry, I want to be unselfish, but it's so desperately hard! By urging you to marry him I am sacrificing the only thing in life that means anything to me, but I could bear even that if I thought you would, or could, fill his life. But I know you cannot. And yet," she continued, raising her face and looking straight into my eyes, "I'm afraid if you backed out now it might cause him to lose his shining ideals and his beautiful faith. Don't you, can't you see what I mean?" she flung out her hands in hopeless despair.

How thoroughly she knew him! Better than I could ever hope to do. She had analyzed his temperament, his artistic nature and his varying moods. Hers was a tremendous passion. Of course I would give him up.

"Listen, Lemoyne," I sprang to my feet and swiftly crossing the room I put my arms about her shoulders. "I'm not going to marry Harrington Pierce! I couldn't, to save my life, because I belong too completely to Curtiss Wright. I see now what a terrible injustice it would be, not only to Barry, but to myself. Thank

you so much for opening my eyes, and making me see what a little beast I would have been to accept Barry as a second choice playmate to ease my heart. He won't want to hold me to my promise against my will, he's much too fine for that." Her eyes began to gleam and she grasped my hand. She realized that my decision had been made and she could not conceal her joy. "He won't be embittered either. You monkey!"

"I'm sorry I was so frank," she smiled, "and I apologize for the unkind things I said but," her voice broke, "I just couldn't help it, Sallie—dear."

We embraced affectionately and I took my leave. As I stepped out into the brilliant noon-tide I came face to face with Mrs. Wright. She was a cousin of Curtiss and I knew by her smile that there would be news from home.

To Be Continued  
 What does Mrs. Wright tell Sallie? Read the next installment.

Moves To Roseburg—M. P. Hardisty, telegraph operator at the Southern Pacific depot, has been transferred to Roseburg. M. D. Shannon, formerly of Roseburg, will handle the work here.

CALL AND SEE Dr. N. W. Emery on prices on plate and other work. if

In From Waltherville—W. C. Theinis of Waltherville spent a part of Monday in town on business.

Back At School Work—Miss Dorothy Abbott, teacher of English and Latin in the high school, is back with her classes this week after spending several days confined with illness.

Go To California—Mrs. B. A. Washburne has left for San Francisco with her daughter, Mrs. Helen Martin, whose home is in the California city. Mrs. Washburne will visit there for a fortnight.

Visits Mapleton—Levi Neet tried fishing luck in the Mapleton district Sunday.

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