

**Mr. and Mrs. Sallie**  
 —being the Confessions of a new wife—  
 Illustrated by Paul Robinson  
 Copyright 1926 by Publishers Automobile Service  
 By Gladys Baker



REUNION

I was in the midst of packing when Ellie came in and took a look at my overflowing baggage which occupied conspicuous places on chairs and tables.

"Well," she drawled, "looks like moving day around these diggings. Whither away, Sally-Alley and what's the idea of this mysterious disappearance act, a la Houndini?" Ellie prided herself on never being surprised at any unexpected occurrence and, true to type, she seated herself nonchalantly on the edge of the bed and, calmly smoking a cigarette, looked amusedly in my direction.

"I'm going home on the five o'clock train," I answered, struggling for composure, "and, oh, Ellie, I'm so happy!" I caught a glimpse of my face in the mirror of the dressing table and it was flushed with excitement and pleasure at the thought of returning to Curtiss. Ellie's saucy expression changed instantly to one of surprise and disappointment. I dreaded her questions, which I knew were bound to follow.

"So, at last, you've heard from Curtiss?"

It was a great temptation to answer her indirectly and leave the impression that I had been in direct communication with Curtiss but this I could not do with her gaze fixed unwaveringly upon me. After all what did it matter? As Mrs. Wright had said the whole thing was a personal question which required my own decision without the interference of others.

"No I replied quickly, "but I have heard from a mutual friend of ours that he still cares for me and that he has been sulking in silence because I left against his wishes. Also—listen to this Ellie! He hasn't had a single date with Letitia Evans!"

She moved uneasily, then walked over to the window where she stood for a long while as if she were oblivious of my presence.

"Listen Sallie, it was pretty darn rotten of me to tell you those things about Curtiss and right now I want to say that I'm sorry as the dickens. Been sorry ever since I saw how bravely you were trying to forget him but I kept kidding myself that it was for your own good and that's why I framed up the whole business."

My thoughts flew back to the day that Ellie had turned me against Curtiss and I remembered that even then it had seemed queer to me that she had refrained from telling me from whom she had gathered her disturbing information.

"Oh," with clenched teeth I flung the word at her, "you hadn't even HEARD those things you told me about him wanting to marry Letitia Evans You mean you just simply LIED about it! Why, Ellie, how could you be so utterly cruel?"

"Please don't rub it in, for the love of Mike, I feel terribly enough about it already. I only thought I was doing the thing that eventually would make you happy. I realize now that I know absolutely nothing about the kind of love you have for Curtiss. All I can do is to ask you to try and forgive me. I—"

"But, Ellie," I interrupted, "don't you see that you almost drove me to the arms of Barry? That you were responsible for me permitting him to make love to me and even considering marrying him and divorcing Curtiss?" There was terror in my heart at the

thought of what might have happened on account of Ellie's unkind and falacious story.

A serious expression had changed her entire appearance and there was something so pathetic about her apology that I lost all sense of having been angry and going over to her I patted her shoulder.

"Never mind, Ellie, we've been too close for me not to forgive you, besides, all's well that ends well" and I'm thankful all this came out before I had done anything impetuous and silly." I breathed a sigh of relief and once again I was radiantly happy, "I don't believe I ever would have married Barry, really, but I never would have accepted his attention and led him on like I did except I was so hurt with what you told me about Curtiss." We both remained silent for a while then I moved over to the desk and signed a note which I had just written. I read it over.

"Dear, dear Barry," it began, "I am returning this afternoon to Curtiss, I am doing the right thing, I believe, for your happiness as well as my own for I think too much of our friendship to come to you when my heart is in someone else's keeping. I deeply appreciate the honor you bestowed upon me in asking me to be your wife, and I shall never forget it, but never think of me again except as your sincere friend—Sallie."

So that was that. I handed the letter in its little lavender envelope to Ellie. "Will you please give this to Barry?"

She gave me her promise.

I left New York with the feeling that all was well with those friends with whom I had been closely associated during my separation from Curtiss. Like all people who have not forever lived in a big city I had become satiated with the noise and incessant racket of the busy metropolis

More School Buildings Proposed  
 Bond Reduction Possible

As the taxpayers of our 18 grant land counties realize the great relief and how large is the sum coming to them through the enactment of the O. & C. Bill, they are planning new school buildings, and an increase and betterment in the teaching staff.

EIGHT MILLIONS of dollars turned loose in Oregon this fall is almost unbelievable, but this is a fact, thanks to the efforts of Robert N. Stanfield. In addition to this immediate cash payment, there is a tax reduction for all time of 25 per cent. One has only to ask any school director of these counties to realize to the full the wonderful relief from burdensome taxes the enactment of the O. & C. bill has permitted. This tax relief was only possible by the holding of the Chairmanship of the Public Lands by Senator Stanfield. The further relief to be had through the Forest Reserve Lands can only be obtained by re-selecting Robert N. Stanfield as Senator for Oregon.

Senator Stanfield proposes to apply this principle to the Forest Reserves, which will give every taxpayer in Oregon an additional reduction of from 25% to 40%. Or in other words will give Oregon an increased revenue of from 11 to 15 MILLIONS of dollars yearly, and for all time to come. With this substantial reduction in our taxes, and bonded indebtedness, we may look for the immediate coming of Eastern capital and population, and an increase in the value of our own property.

This additional revenue could eventually permit the repeal of all automobile, road and gasoline tax.

You were denied knowledge of legislation proposed by Senator Stanfield, because the Morning Oregonian has and will continue to sacrifice your best interests in order to seek its own aggrandisement. The people of Oregon are a free people, owing their allegiance to their God, their country and themselves, and they will not submit to be ordered and dictated to by selfish interests, no matter how powerful that interest or clique may be.

We who have been making homes in Oregon, establishing industries and payrolls, or working for wages, know how hard the struggle has been to make ends meet. There is only one hope for us, and that is relief from the excessive burden of taxation. Robert N. Stanfield, the present Republican Senator, whose advice and counsel is sought and respected by Senators and President Coolidge alike, has been the only representative Oregon ever had who has been able to actually reduce taxes. He is the only man who can continue to do so, as he alone can remain for Oregon the powerful Chairmanship of Public Lands.

Therefore if you want to have the full benefit of reduction in taxation, and bring the full development of Oregon to pass within your life time, you must forget party or personal likes and whims and retain Senator Stanfield.

Oregon can suffer no greater disaster than the loss of the Chairmanship of the Public Lands Committee. (Paid Adv. by R. C. Taylor, Portland, Oregon.)

and it seemed to me that peace and happiness for me would always mean living in a place small enough to have daily contact with friends and neighbors. I pleased me to think that Mrs. Wright would be sending over trays of my favorite dainties and that we would discuss nasturtium seeds and rose-bushes over the back fence when I started my garden. I realized how I had missed that warmth of intimate contact with human personalities that is impossible in a city of gigantic dimensions.

I reached the little house on the hill about noon-time. The window boxes which I had kept with rose-colored petunias were devoid of all life and color, and, with its closely shut windows, the house presented an appearance of neglect and uninvited desolation. Even the bird-bath under the pine saplings was dry and uninviting. The terrace needed the attention and I noticed that crab-grass was in with the Bermuda. I was seized with remorse at the fact which was brought home to me that Curtiss had needed me to keep house for him and to do those hundred little things which only a woman's hands find to do to make a home hospitable and cozy. Never mind, I whispered to myself, I would make up for everything and we would be so happy! I let myself in with my key which I still kept in a small pocket inside my hand bag, and, after looking carelessly at each room in the house, I began unpacking. I put my things in their place—threw open the windows to let in the cool, fresh air of a day, which—though it was almost mid-winter—was sweet with sunshine and carried the hint of an early Spring, which the South-wind told me would not be long in coming.

The house was spotlessly clean and I knew Mrs. Wright's maid had been over that morning. She had told me to call on her for any service that I wanted so I ran to the house next door and engaged her to come in and prepare dinner. I found some chrysanthemums in their late Autumnal glory and filled huge vases with them. In others I placed golden-rods and some brilliant, sparkling leaves of maples. I glanced at my watch. It was time I was dressing. After a warm tub followed by a refreshing cold shower which sent my blood tingling, I selected the frock in which I should greet Curtiss. I chose a new one of black chiffon velvet, with flattering lace jabots of a soft, creamy color. He had told me once that he loved me in black velvet. It was almost time he was coming! I ran to the window and looked out at intervals of every few minutes. Then I put a match to the huge logs which began to crackle and take the late-afternoon chill out of the living room which I had flooded with fresh air and sunshine on my arrival. The logs sent out a woody odor of pine and balsam.

When I saw him coming up the winding path of flag-stones near the entrance, I was conscious of a joyousness that suffered my entire being. I stood motionless in the middle of the room unable to go forward. I heard him open the door and then before I knew it, I heard his clear voice; "Sallie, darling!" he cried, and then I was in his arms. All doubt, suspicion, fear and uncertainty were swept away and, as he held me close I felt that I was tasting the sweets of Heaven. He kissed me almost fiercely again and again as if all the yearning of our long separation was embodied in his kisses, then he gently stroked my hair and called me all the little affectionate names that he

used in his tenderest moments. Later he might ask me many questions about how I spent my time during the interim since I had left him and it would be embarrassing to explain about Barry but, for the present, there was no cloud to mar the utter perfection of that rapturous reunion hour.

(Sallie takes up her old life in the next installment but things continue to happen to this modern young couple. Follow their tempestuous married life in the News.)

OLD TIME DANCE

At W. O. W. Hall, Eugene, every Tuesday night.

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


DANCE Stevens Hall Every Saturday Night. Garrett's Orchestra. tf

**Bushman Brings Birds**  
 Returning Monday from a trip to Klamath Falls, Mayor G. G. Bushman brought with him a goose and ducks presented to the city chief by the lucky hunter, James Stewart, of Klamath Falls, formerly of Springfield. Two birds also were sent Stewart's brother, Harry, of the Stewart Fuel Company.

**Baby Born**—A baby girl was born last Friday night to Mr. and Mrs. Art Clough, of Rainbow.

**Daughter Born**—Mr. and Mrs. Herman Morris of Springfield are the happy parents of a daughter born Sunday morning at the Pacific Christian hospital.

We Will Welcome You As A Shareholder



**Regular Income From a Permanent Investment**

Public utility properties are built to endure. They render indispensable services, the demand for which increases steadily.

An investment in the Preferred Shares of this company is a permanent investment, safeguarded by substantial property values, growing business and sound management.

You can obtain a regular income from an investment in this company—dividends are paid regularly by check, every three months.


You can start investing today on the convenient monthly investment plan with as small a sum as \$5.

You Should Know the Facts About Investment In Our Preferred Shares

The Preferred Shares of

**Mountain States Power Company**

May Be Purchased From MOUNTAIN STATES POWER SECURITIES COMPANY



"I would rather read a man's bank book than his credentials. He can fake his credentials, but he can't fake his bank account."—Sir Harry Lauder.

The "Canny Scot" knows a think or two about business.

No Matter whether you're going into business or just looking for a job, your best recommendation is a good record for thrift.

Your bank account is the most valuable asset you have. And an account at the First National adds additional prestige.

**First National Bank OF SPRINGFIELD**

**Vote 500 X Yes FOR A NEW BRIDGE AT SPRINGFIELD ACROSS THE WILLAMETTE RIVER**

Let's not let the old and dangerous bridge stand until it falls into the river causing loss of life

**REASONS WHY YOU SHOULD VOTE FOR THE NEW BRIDGE NOW**

- The State Highway Commission has Agreed to pay half the cost of building a new \$150,000 modern Steel bridge.
- The County Will get a new \$150,000 Bridge for \$75,000 if bonds are voted and retired \$15,000 a year for five years.
- The Springfield-Eugene bridge is the most used bridge in Lane county. Hundreds of automobiles and motor trucks pass over it daily.
- The old bridge was built 30 years ago before motor transportation, for horse Drawn Vehicles. It is the longest single span bridge west of the Mississippi river. It is now overloaded and is positively dangerous to travel.
- The new bridge will make a direct entrance to the McKenzie state highway from the Pacific highway cutting down the distance one-half mile and eliminating a bad stretch of road.
- The new bridge will eliminate a very dangerous railroad crossing on the new Natron cutoff line.
- The City of Springfield will furnish piers and right-of-way for the new bridge, cutting down the cost to the county taxpayer.

**VOTE 500 X YES FOR THE SPRINGFIELD BRIDGE BONDS**

In the Lower Right Hand Corner of Your Ballot

Paid advertisement by Springfield Chamber..Commerce, H. J. Cox, President.