Sallie's Temptations

By Gladys Baker

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CURTISS WRIGHT IS KIND---TOO KIND

"Curtiss!" I called.

He looked up from a pile of letters on the table.

"Sallie!" he advanced with outstretched arms but when he came close to me, he stopped suddenly and an expression of astonishment swept over his face. The glare of early morning streamed through the windows and fell directly on my figure and face, bathing me in its pitiless light.

"What on earth is the matter?" he asked. "Look, child you're cold and wet," he exclaimed. My coat had fallen open and he saw my dripping gown.

"And Sallie, your feet! Where are your hose?" quickly and in rapid succession the questions came. "Who brought you home?" and the kindly tone of concern in his voice gave way to one of suspicion and doubt.

"Jos Schuyler—but he's gone," as Curtss started toward the door.

"Come here," I demanded.

He came across the room.

"Please tell me that you love me and that you won't ever leave me entirely alone again, I'm so tired. I can't stand it if you fuss."

"I'm not going to scold you child. In your condition, the best thing for you to do is to get into bed. Mom Nellie will help you underss," he said.

"Oh, I'm so cold," I shuddered "hold my hands, Curtiss, hold my hands," I pleaded and pulled him down to a divan.

He rubbed my hands, each finger separately, briskly and the flow of blood began.

"You poor little fellow," he murmured sympathetically, "You're cold through and through." He removed my mules and rubbed my feet as he had my hands. "Now go to your room and get out of those clothes," he admonished. "This is a fine way to catch pneumonia," he added as I ran upstairs.

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Mom Nellie put me to bed and covered me snugly with blankets galore. Someone rapped.

"Come in," I called.

It was Curtiss standing with a hot water bottle in his hand.

"I thought she might need this," I heard his whispuer. "She was so thoroughly chilled."

I was thrilled at his voice.

"Lor' bless you Mister Curtiss," Mom Nellie said. "I'se gonna give dat chile a hot mustard foot baf, it's bettern all de hot water bottles in de world. Fine pusson I'd be lettin' dat lam' ketch de Flu while her papa done gone an' lef' her in my charge.'

"Curtiss, come here, I called him again.

"Stay, Mom Nellie," he nodded to her as she was about to leave. Then he came toward the bed.

"Do you love me?" I asked.

"Are you perfectly comfortable?" was his reply.

I nodded. "Thank you, yes," I replied. "Oh, you are such a dear. Curtiss, I wanted to tell you about tonight. It wasn't because I didn't love you. I was thinking about you and missing you every minute, but they just made me take too much wine."

"Never mind about that now,Sallie, the thing for you to do is to go to sleep and sleep hard."

"Why, do I look like a hag?"

"No," he replied, "You look like a precious, beautiful, little angel—but you're not!" and he was gone.

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I woke with an awful start. Ellie had jumped into bed with me in her hat, fur coat, gloves and even a corsage.

"Lo, little boy, where did you come from?" I asked, rubbing my eyes.

"A fine, rousin' welcome you give your guests," she laughed, hugging me close. "Sallie, what on earth are you doing, you look like the wrath of God."

I hopped out of bed. I did look much worse for wear. My Complexion had a peculiar grayish tinge and there were deep violet shadows under my eyes.

My thoughts rushed to Curtiss. I wondered if I looked like this when he saw me at dawn. I'd probably never see him again if I did. He had been kind to me, but he would be to anyone in trouble. And what did he mean by saying I "looked like an angel, but was not."

"Ellie, please go down and talk up my stock to Curtiss Wright. You'll find him somewhere. I'm so in love with him and I've acted like a perfect nut."

"Thrills and heart throbs!" Ellie exclaimed, "but I won't find the object of your youthful dreams. While coming from the station, I saw him driving with a very pretty young girl."

(To Be Continued)

In Confidence by Flo

Readers desiring a personal reply can address Miss Flo, in care of this newspaper

WHEN HUSBANDS ARE JEALOUS

My dear Miss Flo:

I have been married two times—the first time when I was eighteen years old. My husband was killed in an accident two years later. Then I met Jim. I was still mourning my husband. Jim was kind, sympathetic and partially filled the terrible void which I felt. The result was at the end of two years I had learned for the first time what love meant, and we were married. That was one year ago, and now, when I should be the happiest of girls—in loving and being loved, I believe I am the most misterable, for as much as I love Jim, and as much as I know he loves me, we quarrel constantly. He is terribly jealous, and all my protests that he is the only man I ever really loved are in vain. He tells me that I never really loved him—that all my love has been given to my first husband.

If we go to a dance, he tells me that I flirted openly with my dancing partners, and it ends in a scene. I am afraid to even smile at another man. Can't you tell me what to do to make him believe in me? what can I do to convince him that in my heart he is the only man I have ever really loved, that the other affair, while a happy marriage, was not based on real love.

VIVIAN

* * *

Regardless of how intolerable a husband who is jealous without cause may be, you shall find some satisfaction in knowing, from the experiences of other women, that a husband who is not jealous, with cause, is even more unbearable.

Jealousy indicates two things, in some cases both; either selfishness or acknowledged failiure on the part of the husband to hold his wife's love. We occassionally see a husband with the plainest of wife who is so jealous that he is ready to murder evey one, man or woman, who smiles at his wife. That is selfishness. Fortunately, such men are few.

On the other hand, there are husbands with every cause in the world to be jealous—they may have beautiful wives—but they appear absolutely indifferent to her various flirtations. Wives of these men suffer a great deal more than the wife of a jealous husband will ever suffer. Most women have learned to think of their husband's jealousy as indicative of much nicer things than selfishness or a failure. His jealousy assures her that even though he is her husband, he is still her lover. and is not giving any of his time to other women.

There is quite a difference between a husband's jealousy and a woman's jealousy. A man has nothing to lose, except the women whom he praticularly desires. To a woman, there is more to it than the loss of a husband's love. She instinctively fears a younger and more attractive woman may entice her husband away from her. Sometimes, because she fears being left unprotected she deliberately sets out to make herself attractive to other men, believeing that by proving to her husband that she is still attractive to other men. She does not realize that she is playing with her chances for happiness.

You will hear a woman say to her friends, "Never let a man be sure of you. Once he gets you, he will look for other women." That is not so. Real love comes after marriage. It is a delicate thing. And while it may last for years—forever—if it is kept sacred, it is seldom, if ever, regained after it has once been lost.

In your case, it may be that your husband is selfish, or is suffering from a more than normal amount of jealousy. Then again, it may be that you very innocently give him cause for feeling as he does. Perhaps you are a little bit of a coquette, most women are, you know, and cannot resist trying their powers occasionally.

If you really love your husband—if you really want to hold his love, you will respect his sensitiveness, and you will see that he has no cause in the world to be jealous. Then, if he continues to accuse you of flirting, don't take him too seriously.

Kindness, understanding and consideration will help you. Nothing kills love quicker or more effectually than constant arguing and quarreling.

Good luck.

BANK MEN FROWN ON MERCHANTS WHO DO NOT ADVERTISE

Cashier of Florida Financial Institution Outlines the Attitude of Banks

LOANS AWAIT PROGRESSIVE MEN

By P. T. LEWIS

Cashier Hawthorn State Bank, Hawthorn, Fla.

There is a wonderful difference in this city and the average small town. This difference is largely due to lack of progressive spirit which might be exhibited in various ways to improve general business conditions in the small town. The apparent inability of the small town to hold its own with its city competitor is traceable in a most direct way to a lack of advertising on the part of its merchants and business concerns.

One of the most important factors in the progress and growth of a town is a newspaper capable of giving good results to the community in the way of distributing the news of the day and acting as a medium thru which its patrons may advertise their lines of business. That lack of spirit prompting merchants and business concerns to advertise is so sure to reduce the fiel of usefulness of a newspaper that it is almost certain to result in the town not being able to have a newspaper, or in having one hardly worth looking at.

Intelligent and consistant advertising would not only hold the business of a town at home, but would insure the maintenance of a good live newsparer. Advertising is educational in its scope. A merchant never gives much intelligent thought to his business until he begins advertising it, and the merchant who fails to advertises his busines at all times fails to obtain even fair results.

It is obvious how a bank regards the upstanding merchant who advertises his business as compared to the one who does not, even though he may otherwise be well considered. As a rule the merchant who fails to advertise is looking for a buyer for his store, and his attitude toward the town's progress is not such that will create in the minds of those from the outside a very favorable impression of the town; and generally when his store is entered for purpose of purchasing something up to the times what is said is about like the lady who has company to supper. At the table she asked the gentlement if he would have tea or coffee.

"Coffee, please."

"I beg your pardon but we have no coffee."

"The tea will be all right then."

"Well, we have no tea either."

So, when you go to the store of the merchant who fails to advertise, you harldy ever get what you went for nor the "other" either.

It is not entirely fair to say that a merchant is not a good man who fails to advertise. Some of them have come along from a time when things were very different, and their business habits do not take in the modern ways of doing things. In most towns that type of merchant is very rapidly being replaced by younger and more active and more modern ones.

The average bank is very glad to assist a merchant who is on the square and who advertises his business, for those two things will almost insure success for the merchant—being on the square and advertising.

The merchants of a town should first see the capable proposition, worthy of the attention and patronage of it's citizens and those within it's territory. Then the merchants should keep the public through this newspaper constantly advised of the merits of their wares, as to quality of goods carried in stock, the prices as compared with other and larger places, and services to be rendered. And all this should be put in such manner as to make an appeal to the pride of the buying public to feel that they should cooperate with these merchants, thereby keeping their resources at home where they will assist in building up and making stronger their own facilities.

Then the banks of the town should fall in line with strong newspaper advertising, urging home buying, and bringing its importance very forcibly before the public. By doing so the bank will reach a point of strength enabling it to give to all worthy people the financial assistance needed to properly develop the community.

BURRSVILLE

Mr. Clyde Wyatt of Macus Hook visited his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Wyatt over the week end.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Brubaker of Denton and Mr. and Mrs. Noah Dearth and Miss Clarabell Hackett were our guests on Sunday.

Mrs. Thurman Harris and three children of West Denton visited friends here on Saturday.

Messrs. Clifford Raugley and William H. Satterfield are numbered among those on the sick list.

Miss Rachel Price and Miss Margaret Hughlett of Wilmington spent the week end at the home of the former's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Jacob W. Price.

Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Price entertained, on Sunday, Mr. and Mrs. Martin Adams of Greensboro, Mr. and Mrs. Hughlett and children of Trappe, Misses Margaret Hughlett and Rachel Price of Wilmington, and Mr. and Mrs. Powell Hopkins and daughters.

Mr. and Mrs. C. N. Fountain had as their guests over the week end, Mr. and Mrs. David Ellwanger and son, Mr. and Mrs. Harvey Fountain, and Miss Edith Fountain, all of Marcus Hook, and Mrs. Harlan Blades and boys, Leonard, Kennard and Russell, of near here.

Mr. and Mrs. Harold Short and daughter, Elinor or Georgetown, were guests on Sunday of Mr. and Mrs. J. O. Stafford.

Mrs. Coursey Hammond, of near Milford, is in attendance upon the bedside of her twin sister, Mrs. H. A. Porter, who has an attack of grippe.

Rev. Mr. C. O. Quillan of Crumpton preached for Rev. Mr. Cummins at Union M. P. Church to a large and appreciative congregation.

Mrs. Annie Raughley entertained at dinner, on Sunday, Rev. and Mrs. C. O. Quillan and son of Crumpton.

Mr. Lawrence Price and family of Harrington visited relatives here on Sunday.

SIMPLE MATHEMATICS

They were sitting in the barracks swapping yarns.

"Ever hear this one?" asked one of the group.

"A dog was tied to a rope fourteen feet long. Twenty feet away was a fat, juicy bone. How did the dog get to the bone?"

"Oh, that's old stuff," answered one of the Marines. "You want some bird to say 'I give it up,' and then you'll say, 'That's what the other dog did'."

"No, you're wrong, for the dog got the bone."

"Well, how did he get it?"

"Why, the other end of the rope wasn't tied."—Leatherneck.

I used to think I knew I knew,
But now, I must confess,
The more I know I know I know;
I know I know the less.

He—I love you as no one ever loved before.

She—I can't see much difference.

Student—Have you Lamb's Tales?

Librarian—This is a library not a meat market.

If you get part of the news all of the time, and all of the news part of the time; and you want all of the news all of the time, then SUBSCRIBE FOR THE AMERICAN UNION.

It pays to advertise, and a trial will convince. Let us have that adv.

TCB

INVALUABLE ASSETS

Good will is an asset in business that is almost inestimable. We thank the people for their good will and assure them that we are always pleased to render helpful service.

The Caroline County Bank
Greensboro, Maryland
F. P. ROE, President T. C. HORSEY, Cashier
YOUR BANK CAN HELP YOU

STERLING

"Delenda est Carthago!"

Cato—the severest censor of all Greek and Roman history—will always be remembered for these two outstanding qualities: the destruction of Carthage—for which he argued in every speech he made, until the destruction was accomplished; and for his keen faculty for scrutinizing the characters of candidates for office, denouncing false claims, etc. The unsparing severity of his censorship has made his name proverbial.

Perhaps you did not realize that just such a censorship is being applied to every product of the Hearn Oil Company, before that product leaves the main plant of the company, in Wilmington.

A graduate chemist, in a modernly equipped laboratory, carefully analyzes a sample of each of the products, tests the ingredients individually and collectively, and makes sure that the product to be sent out meets every required specification.

In this respect our chemist is like Cato—and he is not only as conscientious, but as severe.

You may feel sure that Hearn Oil Products are as good as you can buy!

Do you ever stop to consider what sterling actually means? The dictionary describes it as "—a criterion of excellence" — and lays particular stress upon the superior qualities it represents.

It is our purpose to make the name "Hearn Oil Company" as dependable in the field of lubrication as the word "sterling" is on silver.

The quality of Hearn Motor Oils is shown by the fact that they are made according to the specifications of—

The Society of Automobile Engineers!

Therefore, when you choose a Hearn Oil Product for your motor, you KNOW you are getting the most approved qualities that it is possible for such products to contain. They assure longer life for the motor, lower operating costs, and the satisfaction of knowing you are using LUBRICANTS THAT ARE AS GOOD AS YOU CAN BUY!

Hearn Oil Co.
Denton, Md

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