Mr. and Mrs. Sallie

—being the Confessions of a new wife ---- by Gladys Baker

Illustrated by Paul Robinson

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DAUGHTER OF HER MOTHER

I pressed the small gold button of the antique case and before me was a miniature of exquisite perfection, the face of a bride in her wedding veil.

"I know it's Mother!" I softly exclaimed as I held the cold glass against my cheek in such poignant yearning that it caused me sudden pain. "Father, I don't think I've ever seen anything as fresh and innocent and—unblemished," I said, gazing at the study in my hand.

"Look, Sallie," Father interrupted my absorption as he reached for an old-gold mirror, which lay on his desk, and held it before my face. Then after a moment's pause: "Now, look at the miniature again."

"Why, they're exactly the same." I had not realized until then my mother and I were so unmistakably alike.

"Yes," agreed Father. "Now, settle yourself, I am going to tell you a story that, for all these years, has been hidden in the innermost recesses of my heart. Only my desire for your well-being makes me reveal these facts even to you—my child."

He settled himself tensely in his chair and began:

"The night you were married, Sallie, you said to me that you would never be unfaithful to Curtiss, even in your thoughts, and as you stood there, a little bride, it reminded me of what your mother had said to me, twenty years before that, on her wedding night." Then for a short time he wandered in Memory's lane. "We'll start from that point," he finally said, regaining his usual poise and forcing himself to speak, as much as was possible, in an impersonal voice.

"After we were married we moved to North Carolina, and took up our lives in one of those picturesque small towns that are typical of the traditions of the Old South. The streets were broad avenues arched with trees, the houses were large, most of them ancestral estates, which sat steadily back from the road and reared large and stalwart families year after year. Well," he continued, "the first part of our married life was simply ideal. Things went well—even for several years after you were born—and then, more and more I began to leave your mother alone, I was beginning to get rich, and, like many men, I unfortunately allowed my business to absorb my entire time. Night after night I would return to the bank until it became impossible for me to spend an evening at home. I was money-mad. I wanted to be, first, the richest man in town and then the most prosperous man in the state and then, that accomplished, I had visions of becoming a financial power in the South. There was always a will-o'-the-wisp, higher and higher, that led me on." He paused as if he were uncertain of how to express his crowding thoughts.

"Yes, Father, please go on."

"Your mother was beautiful and had a magnetic charm. In her youth, like you, she had been a belle. Small-town conventionality of that age prohibited her from taking part in any social life, alone, and that I should have expected her to be satisfied with my utter neglect seems unreasonable to me now, but then, my thoughts were concentrated on riches and power."

"Don't stop, Father, go on." I urged when once again he paused.

"Well, it isn't a new story, Sallie, but I want to tell you all. I shall be brief. Our house sat back from the road. It was an old Southern mansion and the front verandah was your mother's favorite resort. In the evening, after she had tucked you into bed, she would sit there for hours at a time. The moon made fairy patterns as it dropped its white light throught sweet flowering vines. A lilac bush grew near the door—in fact there were two, one on each side of the entrance, I believe, and the fragrance of their blossoms perfumed the soft Southern night. I can see her now sitting there and begging me not to leave her so utterly alone. I would smile at her "whims" as I called these occasions when she unburdened her heart and so night after night the office continued to claim my attention and time.

"There was one other house in the same square with ours. It belonged to Edmund White. A charming, lovable fellow, who had the respect and admiration of the entire town. He was often a guest in our home. Many times when I left for the office he would remain and talk with my wife. Then there was a time when he ceased to come to us at all. I can look back and see it now. White sitting there on his porch in the moonlight all alone, a few steps away a beautiful, lonely woman sitting there in the soft scented moonlight, also alone. They both tried to be brave, but out of the dark loneliness of their lives a sudden spark had sprung. They both knew it, felt it and realized how impossible, under existent conditions, it would be to control. I can remember how your mother, even then, pleaded with me to stay at home. They were fighting the age-old fight of a man and a maid—struggling, Sallie, against impossible odds."



Finally he came over and sat beside me on the divan. He stroked my hair. "I'm sorry I had to tell you this, Sallie, but otherwise you would never have known."

He closed his eyes and remained so for some time, then his voice came again but this time it was not so clear and not so strong.

"One day I came home from the office and found your mother lying upon her bed. She was dressed in her wedding gown and a bunch of her beloved violets were pinned at her breast." His voice caught but with grim determination he went on: "The receiver of the telephone at her bedside table was dwon. I'll show you the note, Sallie, that I found clutched in her hand." He walked over the Renaissance chest and returned with a bit of note paper which the years had ivory toned.

"I can not lead a double life," it said, "This is a suicide pact. Edmond and I agreed to go at the same hour. Please do not neglect my little girl."

Tears blinded my eyes. For what seemed to me an interminable length of time I was made speechless with the dumb misery that tore at my heart. My father remained perfectly still, I was glad that I did not see his face for when I had last looked it was masked in pain.

Finally he came over and sat beside me on the divan. He stroked my hair. "I'm sorry I had to tell you this, Sallie, but otherwise you would never have known."

"I don't see how you could keep it a secret," I said between sobs.

"Some coroners have been known to cover the real causes of death," he explained, "and a magnificent bribe is not easy for some people to refuse. The report was that ill health caused White to take his life and that my wife died of acute indigestion the same afternoon. We put it over all right and until this day no one knows."

"Now, my darling," he finished with tender solicitude in his voice, "you must not think about these things any more tonight. It is late and you must go to bed. But I think, if I were you, I'd return to Curtiss and help him over this part of his life which is bound to be hard. I've told you about your mother because I am trying to carry out her last request to 'protect her little girl'. I want you to see the frailty of human beings which is sometimes overwhelming in spite of their intention to be strong."

The next day, my heart beating high with steadfast resolve I began my journey towards Curtiss and the city I was determined to look upon as home.

(To be continued next week.)

Do it now—Advertise

Maryland & Delaware Coast Railway Company Time Table

SCHEDULE OF PASSENGER TRAINS

Effective 12.01 A. M. April 18, 1926

EASTBOUND (Read Down)					WESTBOUND (Read Up)		
Sunday Only	Daily except Sunday				Daily except Sunday		Sunday Only
107	109	103	STATIONS		106	110	112
P. M.	P. M.	A. M.			A.M.	P.M.	P.M.
	4.00	7.45	Lv.	Baltimore	Ar. 1.00	9.35	10.15
	7.24	11.24	Ar.	Denton Br. Jct.	Lv. 9.37	6.04	6.59
7.00	7.30	11.30	Lv.	Denton Br. Jct.	Ar. 9.31	5.55	6.50
	f7.33	f11.33	"	Hillsboro	Lv. f9.28	f5.52	f6.47
	f7.39	f11.38	"	Downs	" f9.22	f5.46	f6.42
	f7.44	f11.42	"	Tuckahoe	" f9.17	f5.41	f6.38
7.20	7.53	11.53	"	Denton	" 9.08	5.32	6.30
	8.00	12.00	"	Hobbs	" 8.59	5.23	6.24
	8.08	12.08	"	Hickman	" 8.51	5.15	6.16
	f8.16	f12.15	"	Blanchard	" f8.43	f5.07	f6.08
f7.50	8.24	12.23	"	Greenwood	" 8.35	5.00	6.00
	f8.32	f12.30	"	Owens	" f8.27	f4.52	f5.53
	f8.37	f12.34	"	Oakley	" f8.23	f4.47	f5.48
f8.10	8.45	12.42	"	Ellendale	" 8.16	4.40	5.40
	8.59	12.55	"	Milton	" 8.03	4.27	5.27
	f9.09	f1.05	"	Overbrook	" f7.52	f4.16	f5.17
8.40	9.17	1.12	Ar.	Lewes (M&DCRY),	Lv. 7.44	4.08	5.10
P.M.	P.M.	P.M.			A.M.	P.M.	P.M.

Trains 103, 109, 106, 110, and 112 will handle passengers in connection with Baltimore and Eastern Railroad, Denton Branch Junction to Baltimore, Md., inclusive.

f—Stops on signal to receive or discharge passengers.



Classified Advertising

Advertisements under this heading 25 lines, three insertions, 50 cents; each additional line 10 cents. (five words to a line.)

For Sale

For Sale. Guernsey cows and heifers, will be fresh by Sept. 15th. One Guernsey bull, 4 mos. old, $35.00. George Willey, Greenwood, Del., R. R. No. 1, Box 43. 22-3t

Cooking range, good condition, reasonable. A. T. Reichman, Plumber, Denton. 15-2t

For Sale—Bean poles, will deliver in town. Robert Linn, Hobbs, Md. 8-3t

HATCHING EGGS—Ferris Leghorns, 260 to 300 egg strain; leading pen in laying contest now going on at University of Maryland. 100 for $5.00. Setting of 15, $1.50. H. E. Ramsdell, Denton, Md. 3-18-6t

For Sale—One-year-old Asparagus Plants, rust resistant, Palmetto Brand. L. S. Newman, Hobbs, Md., near Liden's school house. 2-25-tf

For sale, House and lot in Denton well located and will make a most desirable home. For information apply to Fred R. Owens, Attorney-at-law Denton, Maryland. 9-17-tf

Miscellaneous

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As the representative in Caroline county of the Maryland-Virginia Joint Stock Land Bank, of Baltimore City, I am in position to furnish 33 year loans under the Federal Farm Loan System without requiring farmers to subscribe to stock and without bonuses or commissions. If your farm is mortgaged, let us renew it. Remember no commissions and no stock. For further information call on

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