Mr. and Mrs. Sallie

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

Illustrated by Paul Robinson

Copyright 1926 by Publishers Autocaster Service

REUNION

"Well, I've found a house for you," was Curtiss' first announcement when he met me at the station.

"You mean you already have it?" I questioned, trying to conceal the doubt I felt over a man's ability to select the kind of house a woman wanted.

"Yes, and it's a corker! You'll just love it, Sallie, all we need now for a real love-nest is some furniture, which of course, I shall leave entirely to your selection."

"Let's go see it now, right this minute!" I suggested, eager to know the worst and be through with any unpleasant situation, for my heart was filled with misgivings.

The house Curtiss had found far exceeded my expectations. An interesting cottage of simple English type, it nestled on a hill top, in a little grove of slender pine saplings, which even now, were holding aloft their tiny green candles. Built sturdily of soft-grey stucco it was gaily trimmed in apple-green shutters. The feature, however, which pleased me most, was the view of Shades Mountain which lifted one's vision to vistas of violet-blue peaks, the far ones melting harmoniously into the intense blue of Southern skies in the distance.

"Oh, I just adore it, dearest!" I exclaimed, as we stood on the unroofed, sunshiny verandah with its rose-colored tiles and bright flower boxes.

"How on earth did you get it? It seems to be absolutely new and unlived in."

"The owner built it for a home to live in but later found that he had put too much in the investment and so he has consented to let us have it with an option to buy later. Wait 'till you see the inside, honey."

Curtiss was like a child proudly displaying a new possession. As he conducted me from one room to another of the thoroughly compact little cottage he eagerly watched for an expression of approval.

"It isn't any bigger than a minute," he said laughingly, "but it's large enough for us—at present." We stood in the doorway of a cozy little room that was flooded with the sunshine of a brilliant Spring morning.

"And what will we use this for?" I inquired. "It's scarcely large enough for a bedroom, is it?"

I noticed he was slightly embarrassed.

"The owner told me he planned it for a—for a nursery," he said softly. Then followed an intense silence during which my gaze wandered out to the unbounded blue of the mountains which could be seen clearly through the casement windows. It would be perfect, I was thinking, to have a son for Curtiss. All the subtle, mysterious yearning for Motherhood, that is hidden in the heart of even the most frivolous woman, came surging. Besides, my thought continued, babies weren't so much trouble in this new generation. I remembered conversations of my friends who discussed children in a modern language. There was no more unscientific joggling and humouring of infants. They were put to bed at a certain time and if they showed their resentment or displeasure for the first few times they were allowed to do so unmolested and later, it was said, the effect of the discipline was automatic. They behaved like little angels, sleeping peacefully until it was time to awaken. Scientifically prepared food had annihilated the usual annoying ills that old-fashioned babies were wont to indulge in. Indeed, I thought, it must be an easy matter rearing a child under the new rules and regulations! Besides, there was the wonder that filled my heart when I thought of being a mother. My thoughts ran on and on until finally they were blotted out by an overwhelming realization which I immediately voiced to Curtiss.

"We can't posibly afford a baby so we'll have to use this room for a study."

The reason advanced was apparently new one to Curtiss but except for a look of disappointment that swept over his features, he might not even have heard my terse conclusion.

Going back to the hotel I asked Curtiss more of the details of having secured the house for a reasonable rental, a house, which though small, was undeniably attractive.

"I went into Louie Bradley's real state office to see what he could get for us and ran into Letitia Evans."

"Who is she?" I interrupted.

"Oh, didn't I ever tell you about Letitia? She and my sister were at Ogontz together. She spent one summer with us out on the Pacific. That was their first year at school and she was nothing but an infant. I haven't seen her since. She was an incorrigble flapper at that time but the family fell for what thy called her 'original enthusiasm.' She was original all right!" he smiled in reminiscence, "I reminded her the other day of her bad manners."

"She sounds rather impossible."

"No, no, not at all. You'll like her. She wins everybody, children and old men included. My father thought she was a wonder."

"How old is she now?"

"About twenty-two or so, I should imagine. And still flapping," he added.

"But I still can't understand what she had to do with getting this house for us."

"Oh yes," he returnd to my first question, "you see she was in Louie Bradley's place and recognized me immediately. She was very cordial," he hesitated as if he were about to tell me something and then reconsidered. "Anyway," he went on, "when she heard what I wanted she said she knew exactly the place and insisted on taking me out to see it."



"Well, I've found a house for you, Sallie, all we need now for a real love-nest is some furniture, which of course I shall leave entirely to your selection."

"What was she doing in a real estate office?"

"She has gone in the interior decorating business and has a department of her own in Bradley's."

"But you said she went to Ogontz—"

"Oh, her Dad's quite wealthy—in fact he's probably the richest man in the state—ought to be because he still has his first dollar—but Letitia craves luxury—has to have it and so she hit on this scheme to play with and amuse herself and incidentally to make money. I hear she's done quite well with it, but she's that type—she would have succeeded, in a way, in any line of endeavor. She could sell icicles to an Eskimo and have him pleased with the transaction. Wait 'til you see her, Sallie."

I was consumed with curiousity. I think there was a tiny bit of jealousy brewing because, in spite of Curtiss' avowed disapproval fo Letitia Evans she now sounded alarmingly attractive.

"When will I have that pleasure?" I asked, feigning indifference, "I'm interested in meeting all your old, er,—friends, you know, Curtiss."

"She says she's having us over tonight for dinner. I accepted because I couldn't plead another engagament when you weren't even here, you see, dearest."

A shadow crossed my face, which I hoped was unobserved by Curtiss. All the way home on the train I had thought about our first evening together—had looked forward to a cozy chat at dinner—the thousand and one little incidents of the trip to be related.

(Continued on Page 6)



SIMPLE as one and one. Just add *one* gallon of linseed oil to *one* gallon of Stag semi-paste Paint and you have *two* gallons of the finest paint you can get. Bright, permanent colors, beautiful, lustrous finish. And you save one-third the cost!

Not only that, but this fresh-mixed paint spreads easier and goes further. You add the linseed oil yourself so you know it's all fresh linseed oil paint. Make it any consistency.

There's a "Stag" dealer near you. See him—or write us for literature and name of dealer.

STAG semi-paste PAINT



Made by HIRSHBERG PAINT COMPANY, Baltimore, Md.
Sold by

Nuttle Hardware Co. Denton, Md.

Sitting pretty and no mistake!



LIKE the chap in the song, I'm sitting on top of the world. And it's not a bad world when you look at it from all sides. I've hit some rough spots, but managed to keep my seat. I want to let it be known that the road has been a heap smoother since I discovered Prince Albert. Here *is* tobacco!

My old jimmy-pipe and Prince Albert and I go along just singin' a song from morning to midnight. Whenever I get to feeling low, I take out my pipe, tamp a load of good old P. A. into the muzzle and light up. Old Man Trouble takes French leave the minute that wonderful smoke starts up the stem.

Prince Albert is friendly in spirit and friendly in fact. It never bites my tongue or parches my throat. They tell me the Prince Albert process fixed that for me and millions like me. I only know that P. A. is cool and satisfying as spring-water on a hot afternoon and that it suits me to a T.

You're welcome to this leaf out of my book. If you're not smoking P. A., you're not getting full enjoyment out of your pipe. Just get yourself a tidy red tin of Prince Albert. Load up your old jimmy-pipe and light up. Nothing complicated about that, is there? Well, that's *my* formula. It always works for *me*.

P. A. *is sold everywhere in tidy red tins, pound and half-pound tin humidors, and pound crystal-glass humidors with sponge-moistener top. And always with every bit of bite and parch removed by the Prince Albert process.*



PRINCE ALBERT

—no other tobacco is like it!

©1926, R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company, Winston-Salem, N. C.

©Maryland State Archives, msa_sc2929_scm3549-0150.jpg