

NEWS of SOCIETY

Showers Featured Island City Week

Two recent affairs of the Island City Ladies' Aid society were showers. The first was given at the home of Mrs. John Brower in honor of Miss Ruth Brown and Miss Garnet Bowery, who are leaving soon for Monmouth where they will attend the Oregon Normal school. The girls were delightfully surprised and received many pretty gifts. During the afternoon a flower bowl, as a friendship token, was also presented to Mrs. Ray Patton, who is moving away from Island City.

This was the regular day for election of officers and the following were chosen for the coming year: President, Mrs. Wayne Wade; first vice president, Mrs. C. A. Smith; second vice president, Mrs. A. Blokkand; secretary, Mrs. A. D. Davis; treasurer, Mrs. J. O. Anson and chapter, Mrs. H. K. Wells.

The other shower was a meal-luncheon one given at the home of Mrs. Alice Blockland honoring two brides elect, Miss Wyneth Wade and Miss Lois Bryant. Many beautiful and useful things were shown and with loving good wishes upon these young ladies.

Clio Club Members Are Entertained

Members of the Clio club spent a delightful afternoon Saturday, when Mrs. W. H. Bohnenkamp Jr. was hostess. A delicious three-course luncheon was served at 1:15 o'clock after which bridge was at play. Mrs. Earl Stoddard won high honors.

The luncheon table was artistically decorated with a beautiful mixed bouquet.

Children Honor Little Miss Clark

Honoring the fifth birthday anniversary of her little daughter, Juanita, Mrs. George Clark entertained a number of children at her home yesterday afternoon. The home was decorated with bouquets of asters. Fourteen children were present.

After an enjoyable time at games a dainty luncheon was served. The centerpiece was a birthday cake lighted with candles and the placards were in the form of small baskets.

Mrs. Kline Entertains Ladies of Mooseheart

The Ladies of Mooseheart Legion met at the home of Mrs. J. L. Kline Thursday afternoon. Games were the feature of the afternoon with Mrs. Shanks and Mrs. Klinghammer winning prizes.

Before adjournment refreshments were served by Mrs. Kline, assisted by Mrs. Collins.

Announcements

Social announcements may be printed in this column free of charge. Any announcements pertaining to any functions such as cooked food sales, etc., will be refused. Announcements to be printed the same day, must be in society editor's hands by 9:00 o'clock. — News editor's note.

The Past Matrons' club will meet this evening at the Masonic parlors. Mrs. C. W. Noyes and Mrs. Synthia Schroeder will be hostesses.

Mrs. W. H. Bohnenkamp will be hostess at an evening meeting of

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New Styles and Materials
25% Less
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Retrimming given
Special Attention

WALLING'S

MINERVA SAYS:

We have just a few of the Children's Shoes left. These we must close out in the next two weeks. Size 1 to 4, First-Step at 45c; 5 to 8 at \$1.25, and 9 to size 2, \$1.75.

If you don't get yours in two weeks, you'll be too late.

A new shipment of Men's Dress Shoes on the road, including Just Wright Arch Protectors for fallen arches and callouses. There is no better shoe on the market.

Boys' Dress Shoes, size 21 to 5 at \$3.50 (discontinued lines). Were \$5.00 and \$5.00 — not many left in this lot.

THE BOOTERY

GAY HAYDEN, Mgr.

Effective



The shoulder bouquet is now often a combination of ribbon and flowers or fruit and both. This one is of white velvet ribbon and bright red cherries. The result is very satisfying.

The Clio club Wednesday evening, September 23.

The Westminster society will meet Monday evening at 7:30 at the home of Mrs. L. A. Bohnenkamp, 1704 First street. All members are urged to attend this first meeting of the season.

Sister Mary Says:

(By Sister Mary)

Breakfast—Orange juice, cereal, thin cream, soft-cooked eggs, crisp rice toast, milk, coffee.

Luncheon—Scalloped spinach and eggs, graham bread, apple Charlotte, milk tea.

Dinner—Roast of lamb, brown gravy, mashed potatoes, mint jelly, creamed carrots, fruit salad, toasted crackers, Camembert cheese, milk, coffee.

If a more elaborate dinner is wanted hot or chilled bouillon or a tomato canape can be served as the first course and a frozen dessert used making the salad a separate course and the crackers and cheese the last course served with the coffee. Wafers of some sort should be served with the salad.

Scalloped Spinach and Eggs
One-half peck spinach, 2 tablespoons butter, 1/2 teaspoon salt, 1/2 teaspoon pepper, 4 tablespoons grated cheese, 4 hard-cooked eggs, 1/2 cup white sauce.

Wash spinach through many waters. Cook in its own juice and the water that clings to the leaves until tender. Drain, saving the juice, and chop very fine. Season with butter, salt and pepper. Put half the spinach in a well-buttered baking dish. Cover with all the cheese and add the eggs cut in slices. Add remaining spinach and pour over white sauce made with milk and the spinach juice. Cover with buttered crumbs and bake 15 minutes in a hot oven. The oven should be hot enough to brown the crumbs.

Miss Rogers Gained 15 Pounds in Six Weeks

Slender Men and Women Gain 5 Pounds in 30 Days or Money Back

My dear friends:
After my attack of flu I was thin, run-down and weak. I had a sallow complexion, my cheeks were sunk in and I was continually troubled with gas on my stomach. I felt stuffy and had lost my appetite. I had read about McCoy's Cod Liver Oil Compound Tablets and decided to give them a trial. At once, I began to pick up an appetite, my cheeks filled out and my complexion became healthy looking and I gained 15 pounds in six weeks and am very thankful for what McCoy's Cod Liver Oil Compound Tablets did for me.

Miss Alberta Rogers, 264 W. 3rd St. Decatur, Ill.

To take on weight, grow strong and vigorous, to fill out the hollows in cheeks and neck, try McCoy's Cod Liver Oil Compound Tablets for 30 days. 60 tablets—60 cents at Red Cross Drug Store, Glass Drugs, Inc., L. & L. Drug Co., and druggists everywhere. If they don't give you wonderful help in 30 days, get your money back—you be the judge. But be sure and ask for McCoy's, the original and genuine.—Adv.

If you are going to need a HEATING STOVE, come in and buy it now and pay for it later. Pay by the month.

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Phone M-85

Jail Honeymoon



The iron bars of prison couldn't stop the romance of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Fann. While in jail at Potomac, Mo., awaiting trial on liquor charges, they fell in love and were married. The 31-year-old Fann is now in the state penitentiary at Jefferson City to spend his honeymoon in separate cells. They will see each other for the first time since their sentences during Christmas week.

Storm Cloud Has Real Silver Lining for Nevada Resident

TONOPAH, Nev. (AP)—A recent cloudburst on the land of L. L. Loony, of Rochester, Nev., washed away a good portion of the ground around his house. When the storm was spent, a vein of mineral was exposed.

He started to dig. At a depth of 20 feet he opened up a vein of ore amounting \$50 to the ton. He was soon on his way to the smelter with the first carload.

Cloudbursts are common on the Nevada desert and are generally considered plagues.

In Romance



Mrs. Thelma Morgan Converse of New York (above), now in Paris awaiting a final decree of divorce from her husband, will become the wife of Lord Furness (below), one of Britain's wealthiest peers, according to reports from the French capital. The statement by Richard Bennett, actor, that Mrs. Converse is engaged to him is denied by Mrs. Converse's mother.

CHANCE

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THE STORY THIS EAR

Pierce Phillips, in Alaska with the first rush to the newly discovered gold fields of the Yukon, hires himself out to carry packs across Chilkoot Pass to Linderman.

On the treacherous, back-breaking trail he meets Poleon Doret, a tall French-Canadian, who offers him words of encouragement. Further along he meets up with Tom Linton, an off man, whom he helps across the Pass. Tom asks him to share his tent at Linderman. Arriving there they find it occupied by a beautiful woman, Countess Courteau, she says she is. She asks that she be allowed to share their tent until the morning, on her way back to Doret for more provisions.

Phillips is hired by the Countess to carry her small pack back down the Pass to Doret. The Countess has a strange fascination for him. She is beautiful and has the most matter-of-fact manner he has ever encountered in a woman.

CHAPTER III. (Continued)

They picked their way down the drunken descent to the Seales, then breathed the sluggish human current to Sheep Camp.

A group of men were reading a notice newly posted upon the wall of the log building which served as restaurant and hotel, and after scanning it three explained:

"It's another call for a man's meeting. We're having quite a time with cache-robbers. If we catch them we'll hang them."

The Countess nodded. "Right! They deserve it. You know we don't have any stealing on the inside." Now then, I'll say good-bye." She said Pierce and extended her hand to him. "Thank you for helping me across. I'll be in Doret by dark."

"I hope we'll meet again," he said, with a slight flush.

The woman favored him with one of her generous, friendly smiles. "I hope so, too. You're a nice boy. I like you." Then she stepped into the building and was gone.

"A nice boy!" Phillips was pained. A boy! And he the sturdy packer on the pass, with perhaps one exception! That was hardly just to him. If they did meet again—and he vowed they would—he'd show her he was more than a boy. He experienced a keen desire to appear well in her eyes. He appeared mature and kind. To ask himself what kind of man Count Courteau could be, he wondered if he, Pierce Phillips, could fall in love with such a woman as this other woman's woman who had been married. It would be queer to marry a countess, he reflected.

As he walked toward his temporary home he beheld quite a gathering of citizens, and paused long enough to note that they were being harassed by the confidence-man who had first initiated him into the subtleties of the three-shell game. Mr. Broad had climbed upon a raised tent platform and was presenting an earnest argument against capital punishment. Two strangers upon the fringe of the crowd were talking, and Pierce heard one of them say:

"Of course he wants the law to take its course, inasmuch as there isn't any law. He's one of the gang."

"The surest way to flush a covey of crooks is to whistle for old Judge Lynch," the other man agreed. "Listen to him!"

"Have they caught the cache-robbers?" Phillips made bold to inquire.

"No, and they won't catch them, with fellows like that on the committee. The crooks hang together and we don't. If I had my way that's just what they'd do—hang together. I'd start in by bending a limb over that fence!"

Phillips had attended several of these indignation meetings and, remembering that all of them had proved purposeless, he went on toward the McCaskey brothers' tent. He and the McCaskeys were not the closest of friends, in spite of the fact that they had done him a favor—a favor, by the way, for

which he had paid many times over—nevertheless they were his most intimate acquaintances and he felt an urgent desire to tell them about his unusual experience. His desire to talk about the Countess Courteau was irresistible.

But when he entered the tent his greeting fell flat. For Joe, the older McCaskey, addressed him sharply, almost accusingly.

"Say, it's about time you showed up!"

"What's the matter?" Pierce saw that the other brother was stretched out in his blankets and that his head was bandaged.

"Hello," he cried. "What ails Jim? Is he sick?"

"Sick? Worse than sick," Joe grumbled. "That money of yours is to blame for it. It's a wonder he isn't dead."

"My money? How?" Phillips was both mystified and alarmed.

Jim raised himself in his blankets and said, irritably: "After this you can run your own pack, kid. I'm through, d'you hear?"

"Speak out. What's wrong?"

"Jim was stuck up, that's what's wrong. That's enough, isn't it? They bent a six-gun over his head and grabbed your coin. He's got a dent in his cranium the size of a saucer!"

Phillips' face whitened slowly. "My money! Robbed!" he gasped. "Jim! Who did it? How could you let them?"

The younger McCaskey fell back weakly; he waved a feeble gesture at his brother, "Joe!" he said. "Jim says my head ain't right yet."

A stranger stopped him—asked him something or other—and another guy flattened him from behind. That's all he remembers. When he came to he found he'd been frisked. He was still dippy when he got home, so I put him to bed. He got up and moved around a bit this morning, but he's wrong in his head ain't right yet."

Phillips seated himself upon a candle-box, "Robbed!" he exclaimed, weakly. "Broke—against! Gee! That was hard money! It was the first I ever earned!"

Joe McCaskey's dark face was doubly unpleasant as he frowned down upon the youth. "Thinking about nothing except your coin, eh? Why don't you think about it? If it did you a favor and 'meat lost his life'—"

"Oh, I'm sorry—of course!" Phillips rose heavily and crossed to the bed. "I didn't mean to appear selfish. I don't blame you, Jim. I'll get a doctor for you, then you must describe the hold-ups. Give me a hint who they are and I'll go after them."

"The younger brother failed him held in mention and mumbled, suddenly: "I'm all right. I don't want a doctor."

Joe explained for him: "He never saw the fellows before and he don't seem to remember much about them. That's natural enough. Your money's gone clean, kid, and a yelp won't get you anything. The crooks are organized and if you set up a holler they'll get all of us. They'll abduct anybody you accuse—it's no trick to abduct a pal—"

"Isn't it?" The question was uttered unexpectedly; it came from the front of the tent and startled the occupants thereof, who turned to behold a stranger just entering their premises. He was an elderly man; he possessed a quick, shrewd eye; he had poked the tent flap aside with a barrel of a Colt's revolver. Through the door-opening could be seen other faces and the bodies of other men who had likewise stolen up unheard. During the moment of amazement followed his first words these other men crowded in behind him.

"Maybe it'll be more of a trick than you figure on," the stranger's gray mustache lifted in a grin that was not at all friendly.

"What the blazes?" Joe McCaskey exploded.

"Go easy!" the intruder cautioned him. "We've been laying around, waiting for your pal to get back." With a movement of the revolver muzzle he indicated Phillips. "Now then, stretch! On your feet and reach high. You're good!" He addressed himself to

Jim, who rose from his bed and thrust his hands over his bandaged head. "That's nice!" the stranger nodded approvingly. "Now don't snarl me; don't make any quick moves or I may tremble this gun off—she's easy on the trigger." To his friend's he called, "Come in, gentlemen; there's gentle."

There were four of the latter; they appeared to be substantial men, men of determination. All were armed.

Pierce Phillips' amazement gave way to indignation. "What is this, an arrest or a hold-up?" he inquired.

"This is an outrage!" Jim McCaskey complained. "I'm just getting over one attack-up. I'm a sick man."

"Sure!" his brother exclaimed furiously. "You're a pack of fools! What d'you want, anyhow?"

"We want you to shut up! See that you do." The old man's eyes snapped. "If you've got to say something, tell us how these happen to be a trail of rice from this man's cache"—he indicated one of his companions—"right up to your tent."

The McCaskeys exchanged glances. Phillips turned a startled face upon them.

For a few moments nothing was said, and meanwhile the search of the tent went on. When Pierce could no longer remain silent he broke out:

"There's some mistake. These boys packed this grub from Doret and I helped with some of it."

"Aren't you partners?" some one inquired.

Joe McCaskey answered this question. "No. He landed broke. We felt sorry for him and took him in."

Joe was interrupted by an exclamation from one of the searchers. "Here it is!" said the man. He had unearthed a bulging canvas sack which he flung down for inspection. "There's my mark, W. K., and there's the rip. I knew we had 'em right!"

After a brief examination the leader of the posse turned to his prisoners, whose hands were still held high, saying:

"Anything you can think of in the way of explanations you'd better save for the miners' meeting. It's waitin' to welcome you. We'll put a guard over this plunder till the rest of it is identified. Now, then, fall in line and don't crowd. After you, gentlemen."

(To Be Continued.)

That's the trouble with having too many laws. They have a tendency to arrest progress.

Any blame (of course) can see a wise man's mistakes.

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