

We want the people of Salem to be the first buyers of the

PHEZ JELLIES and JAMS

Made of our finest Oregon fruits and fruit juices with pure cane sugar.

Visit our sanitary factory, the most modern preserving plant in America capable of preserving fifty thousand tumblers of finished Jellies or Jams daily.

Buy in Salem this week. Phone any of the below listed grocers your order for a case of assorted PHEZ Jellies and Jams today.

The Phez Company

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ROTH GROCERY CO.,
134 N. Liberty, phone 1885

WELLER BROS. GROCERY,
155 N. Commercial, phone 48

C. M. EPPLEY,
1900 E. State St., phone 93

W. H. CLARK,
2290 State St., phone 670

E. ROCKS,
1587 Center St., phone 269

LEBOLD & CO.,
1244 State St., phone 649

C. M. ROBERTS,
456 Court St., phone 256

NO-VARY GROCER,
383 Court St., phone 409

PURE FOOD GROCERY,
Commercial St. Station, phone 209

FOSTER & BAKER,*
339 N. Com'l, phone 259.

J. L. BUSICK & SON,
456 State St., phone 185

J. L. BUSICK & SON,
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BUSICK'S CASH GROCERY,
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HAVE A SEAT



REVELATIONS OF A WIFE

The Story of a Honeymoon

A Wonderful Romance of Married Life Wonderfully Told by ADELE GARRISON

CHAPTER CCLXXIX

WHY DICKY'S MOTHER SAID, "DO YOU KNOW THAT MAN?"

"You must have had a long session," my mother-in-law commented, acidly, when I finally arrived at the room which we had taken for her in the Sydenham Hotel.

"I went over to Lillian's to get the hat and suit I am going to wear on the boat tomorrow," I returned quietly. "You remember I had this hat sent to Lillian's from the shop, and went over there to get it before I went to the club meeting today."

"I'll bet you made those old frumps over there look like a collection of hand-me-downs," Dicky put in from the chair in which he was tilted back comfortably. "That sky piece is certainly a winner."

Whether because of his natural love for teasing, or because my work with the Lotus Study Club really annoys him as much as he pretends it does, Dicky loses no opportunity to belittle the women of the club before whom I talk each Wednesday. But I never need to answer his strictures when they are made in the presence of his mother. It is the one subject on which she is invariably sure to side with me against Dicky.

"It's Becoming Enough."

She turned upon him angrily as he spoke: "Richard," she said testily, "if you cannot speak with respect of the intelligent, progressive women whom your wife addresses each week, I wish you would not discuss them at all."

"It's becoming enough, and pretty enough," with exaggerated meekness, he winked at me as he spoke, a wink which his mother fortunately



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ly did not see, and which I did not dare to return, for she was looking directly at me.

"I'm to infer then that the new hat meets with your approval?" I said to him, with a grandiose little flourish.

"You bet," Dicky returned enthusiastically, "most becoming thing I ever saw on you."

My mother-in-law sniffed.

"It's becoming enough and pretty enough," she admitted grudgingly, "but it looks to me like a very extravagant piece of hearage."

I flushed and turned away sharply. It was absurd to care for such a thoroughly feminine pin prick, but I could not help resenting it.

"I hope it is," Dicky struck in sharply. "It looks like a \$50 lid to me; that's what I wanted you to get, and if you paid anything less for it I shall be disappointed."

"Fifty dollars!" gasped his mother, in horror.

"Don't Consider Me."

It was foolish, I know, but I could not help tantalizing her.

"Well, it wasn't over \$50," I smiled at Dicky as I spoke, remembering the \$35 I had paid for the hat.

"Good," he said heartily. "But I wouldn't have cared if it was."

"That isn't extravagance, that's criminal folly," the elder Mrs. Graham snapped. "I hope the day will come when you will go hungry for food which the price of this hat will buy."

Like most pious wishes, her tone said that she would really enjoy witnessing our hunger-driven repentance some time in the future.

"You don't need to wait to see me hungry, mother," Dicky returned good-humoredly. "I'm like a ravenous wolf now. If you'll just postpone your worrying over the price of Madge's hat till some other time I'll be much obliged. Let's go down to dinner."

"I've been ready for dinner for an hour," my mother-in-law rejoined tartly.

The look which accompanied the words told me that she was in one of the capricious disagreeable moods in which she indulges herself occasionally. I knew that it behooved me to steer my way warily through the evening's conversational breakers.

I flashed a whimsical look at Dicky, a look which he returned with a tender smile that did much to hearten me for the evening.

"I'll be with you in one minute," I promised, hurrying into the room adjoining my mother-in-law's, which Dicky and I were to share for the night.

I had nothing to do save take off my hat and coat, brush up my hair a bit, and bathe my hands, and I was back in the other room again almost in the minute I had promised.

Dinner with Dicky in a public dining room is almost always a delight to me. He has the rare art of knowing how to order a perfect dinner, and when he is in a good humor he is most entertaining. He knows by sight or by personal acquaintance almost every celebrity of the city, and his comments on them have an uncommon fascination for me because of the monotony of my life before I met Dicky.

But the very expression of my mother-in-law's back as I followed her through the glittering grill room of the Sydenham told me that our chances for having a pleasant evening were slender indeed.

"Well, mother, what do you want to eat?" Dicky began genially, when an obsequious waiter had seated us and put the menu cards before us.

"Please do not consider me in the least," my mother-in-law said with her most Christian-martyr-like expression. "Whatever you and Margaret wish will do very well for me." Dicky turned from his mother with little impatient shrug.

"What about you, Madge?" he asked.

"Chicken à la Maryland in a chafin dish and a combination salad with that anchovy and sherry dressing you make so deliciously," I replied promptly. "The rest of the dinner I'll leave to you."

In the Restaurant.

My mother-in-law glared at me.

"It strikes me there isn't much left to leave to him after an order of that kind," she said tartly.

"You haven't eaten many of Dicky's dinners then," I said audaciously, with a little moue at him. "He orders the most perfect dishes of any one I know."

"Of course, with your wide experience you ought to be a critical judge of his ability," my mother-in-law snapped back.

Her tone was even more insulting than her words. It tipped with cruel venom her allusion to the quiet, almost cloistered life of my girlhood.

I saw Dicky's face flush hotly, and I feared that he was about to utter an angry retort in my defense. I knew his mother's mood so well that I was sure any angry speech of his to her in her present state of mind would be like dropping a match into a powder magazine. So I spoke quickly, managing to shake my head at Dicky, unobserved by his mother.

"Please decide upon your order as quickly as you can, Dicky," I said. "I don't know that I ever was so hungry before in my life."

"You haven't any idea what hunger is," Dicky said, banteringly. "Wait till you've been through a day's fishing with me."

I drew a long breath as I saw my mother-in-law adjust her large, critical hauteur at the other diners. I hoped that her curiosity and interest in the things going on around her would make her forget her imaginary grievances, but my hope was destined to be cruelly

It was while we were "sampling our oysters, the very first offered

Willamette University lost one of its faculty members late yesterday afternoon when Professor Albert E. Egge succumbed at the Good Samaritan hospital in Portland, following two major operations for cancer. A hemorrhage set in at 5:30 and he died shortly after.

For 20 years, Professor Egge was connected with the English department at Washington State college, coming here last fall to take up similar work. He remained through two semesters, leaving Salem on account of ill health about a month ago.

The deceased was 62 years of age and is survived by his wife and several children, living at Pullman, Washington. He was a graduate of Luther college in Iowa, and took his doctor's degree at Johns Hopkins.

Chaos is said to be reigning at Budapest. And, at that, it is an improvement on William Hohenzollern.

STILL NTESTS

Haz

Watch Your Child's Tongue!

Constipated Children Gladly Take

"California Syrup of Figs"

For the Liver and Bowels

Tell your druggist you want genuine "California Syrup of Figs." Full directions and dose for babies and children of all ages who are constipated, bilious, feverish, tongue-coated, or full of cold, are plainly printed on the bottle. Look for the name "California" and accept no other "Fig Syrup."—Beware!

of the season, that she spoke to me, suddenly, abruptly: "Margaret, do you know that man at the second table back of us? He hasn't taken his eyes from you for the last ten minutes." (To be continued)

STREET TRAVEL RULES FRAMED

Pedestrians May Be Regulated by Proposed City Ordinance

For the regulation of pedestrians in the streets within the fire limits of Salem as a means of protection against automobile and other accidents, a new ordinance is understood to be in course of preparation for submission to the council at an early meeting.

By the provisions of the proposed ordinance pedestrians will be required to cross the streets at right angles only and within an area marked by white lines painted on the pavement. Crossing other than at intersections or crossing diagonally at intersections will constitute violations of the ordinance.

Provisions for a fine of \$2.50 for the first offense and \$5 for subsequent violations are incorporated in the bill, as tentatively formulated.

FEW FOLKS HAVE GRAY-HAIR NOW

Druggist Says Ladies are Using Recipe of Sage Tea and Sulphur.

Hair that loses its color and lustre, or when it fades, turns grey dull and lifeless, is caused by a lack of sulphur in the hair. Our grandmother made up a mixture of Sage Tea and Sulphur to keep her locks dark and beautiful, and thousands of women and men who value their even color, that beautiful dark shade of hair which is so attractive, use only this old-time recipe.

Nowadays we get this famous mixture improved by the addition of other ingredients by asking at any drug store for a bottle of "Wyeth's Sage and Sulphur Compound," which darkens the hair so naturally, so evenly, that nobody can possibly tell it has been applied. You just dampen a sponge or soft brush with it and draw this through your hair, taking one small strand at a time. By morning the grey hair disappears; but what delights the ladies with Wyeth's Sage and Sulphur Compound is that, besides beautifully darkening the hair after a few applications, it also brings back the gloss and lustre and gives it an appearance of abundance.

PROFESSOR DIES OF OPERATION

Albert E. Egge of Willamette University Faculty Passes in Portland

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"FAKE" ASPIRIN WAS TALCUM

Counterfeiter Caught! The New York health authorities had a Brooklyn manufacturer sentenced to the penitentiary for selling throughout the United States millions of "Talcum powder" tablets as Aspirin Tablets.

Don't ask for Aspirin Tablets—Always say "Bayer."

Don't buy Aspirin in a pill box! Get Bayer package!

Always say, "Give me genuine

"Bayer Tablets of Aspirin." Insist

you want only the Bayer package

with the "Bayer Cross" on the

package and on the tablets.

The genuine "Bayer Tablets of Aspirin" have been proved safe by millions for Pain, Headache, Neuralgia, Toothache, Earache, Rheumatism, Lumbago, Colds, Grippe, Influenza Colds, Joint Pains, Neuritis. Proper dose in every "Bayer" package. American owned!

Boxes of 12 tablets—Bottles of 24—Bottles of 100—Also Capsules.

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"Cash" builds Credit.



Salem Oregon

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This is a good time to buy rugs and other home furnishings. We are making special prices on all rugs in stock. You can make a big saving in buying now.

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