

REVELATIONS OF A WIFE

The Story of a Honeymoon

A Wonderful Romance of Married Life Wonderfully Told by ADELE GARRISON

CHAPTER CCLXXXVII

WHY THE CHANGING OF TWO BAGS CAUSED DICKY DEEP UNHAPPINESS.

My worry over the possibility of getting our traveling bag mixed with the one so near like it, which the waiter had carelessly placed next our under the serving table, spoiled my enjoyment of our luncheon. I was thoroughly provoked at myself for being so disturbed, but the thought of having a third clash with the owner of the other bag, the middle-aged woman who already twice scored Dicky roundly, made me nervous.

Dicky, on the contrary, was in high good humor. Having relieved his irritation at me for my delay in the dressing room by one of his characteristic exposures of temper, and having outwitted in her rush for a table the woman who had rebuked him, Dicky felt very much satisfied with himself, and proceeded to prove himself a valiant trenchman in his attack upon the viands put before him.

When I had left the upper deck I had been really hungry, but Dicky's temper and my worry over the traveling bags effectually took away the zest from my appetite. I ate what was put before me, but for any enjoyment of the meal, I might have been dining on bread and water.

When I had finished and Dicky

had paid our check, with a liberal tip, the waiter brought a bag and handed it to him. I did not get a good look at it until we were almost out of the dining room, and then, with a horrified little thrill, I realized that the bag the waiter had given Dicky, although almost identical in appearance with our, was still not the one we owned.

"Dicky!" I gasped, "wait; that man has given you the wrong bag."

"If you say another word about this bag," Dicky rejoined irritably, "I'll throw the blasted thing overboard. Do you suppose I don't know my own property when I see it?"

I shut my lips tightly and walked on after him, grimly repeating my former resolve to say nothing, no matter what happened.

"That's the Man!"

As we reached the lower corridor on our way to the checkroom I thought I heard the voice of the woman who I knew owned the bag, in angry expostulation, but I did not tell Dicky of my impression.

If the square jaw and thin lips of the woman whose appearance Dicky so disliked denoted anything, they surely evidenced the ability of the lady to take care of herself and her possessions.

I knew that before we left the boat she would find us and get her property back. I did not relish the thought of the encounter, but I told

WORSE THIS SPRING

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Anxiety and worry have a bad effect on the nervous system, and derange the bodily functions, especially digestion and excretion. Who escaped them during the war? They have made nervousness, paleness, lack of vitality worse this spring.

The very best medicine to take now is Peptonin. It strengthens and tones the nerves. It gives good color to the lips and cheeks. It is the great vitalizer, giving healthy activity to all the vital organs.

This good medicine, which is a real iron tonic, makes the blood rich in red corpuscles, an abundance of which is indispensable to perfect health. It promptly relieves mental and physical exhaustion, creates an appetite, and promotes sweet, refreshing sleep. Peptonin is the form of chocolate coated tablets, and is pleasant to take.

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myself that Dicky certainly deserved any unpleasantness that might arise as a result of his obstinacy.

We went back on the top deck again, but the beautiful scenery of the upper Hudson had no more appeal for me. I might have been traveling on the subway for any notice I took of it.

Every faculty was keyed to receive the first hint of the scene I knew was inevitable. But as the steamer moved majestically onward and, finally turning, swept into the smaller stream upon which Kingston, our landing place, is situated, my dread of a scene gave way to a fear that the woman might not find out her mistake after all, and that

through Dicky's obstinacy our traveling bag and belongings might be lost to us.

This fear obsessed me all through the bustle of landing. Dicky had taken the bag and our suitcase from the checkroom, and as I followed him meekly down the gangplank I was miserable indeed.

"There he is! That's the man! Stop him!"

A shrill, familiar voice sounded behind us. The next instant the angular, militant woman, with whom Dicky had already had two encounters, appeared before us. Nervously following in her wake was the waiter who had served us at dinner.

"I sure youse mistaken, lady," he was saying over and over; "dat must be your bag, I'm sure I didn't make no mistake."

The woman paid no attention to him, but confronted Dicky sternly. "What business have you with my traveling bag?" she demanded, making a snatch at the one Dicky carried.

Dicky drew it away from her. I saw his eyes flash and his lips set in the thin line which I have learned means one of his obstinate streaks.

"You must be saving, madam," he said, icily. "The bag and suitcase in my hands are my own. Your property is in the hands of the waiter behind you."

"All Your Fault!"

Quick as a flash the woman whirled snatched from the hand of the trembling waiter the traveling bag, which I felt certain was ours, and with a quick twist of the catches threw it open, and before my horrified eyes drew out a rose pink crepe alikidress of mine and Dicky's blue silk pajamas, and flourished them before the delighted eyes of the giggling onlookers.

"Do you think for one moment that I would wear anything like this?" she demanded. "Fortunately this thing wasn't locked or I suppose I never would have been able to prove it to you. You probably did not want to have it proved."

Her words and manner pointed the insinuation that Dicky knew of valuables in her bag, and was trying to steal it. With blazing eyes, Dicky turned on the luckless waiter.

"You blasted idiot!" he exploded. "This is all your fault; I've a notion to drop you into the river. Here, change these bags, and be quick about it."

He fairly threw the woman's valise at the frightened colored men.

The militant owner stepped forward, took her property, and ran her fingers over the lock.

"How fortunate I was that this was locked, she observed to her companions, with a last withering look at Dicky, expressive of her opinion that he would not have hesitated to loot the bag if he had had the opportunity.

With a muttered oath, Dicky grabbed up ours, crammed in our night attire, which the woman had left bulging from the top, snapped it shut and, not waiting to see whether I was following or not, strode swiftly out of the crowd. As I caught up with him he was looking wildly up and down the street, evidently in search of a taxi to bear him from the scene of his humiliation.

I said nothing to him, in the hope of averting any further unpleasantness, but the sight of me at his elbow evidently brought up his grievance afresh.

"I hope you're satisfied," he growled, "making up the laughing stock of that whole fool crowd up there."

I opened my mouth in amazement. "Why, what did I have to do with it?" I asked indignantly.

"Do with it?" he snarled back. "Why, everything! If you hadn't insisted on fixing up before dinner, none of this would have happened."

Not knowing whether I deserved most to laugh or to cry, I realized that I had learned another lesson as to Dicky's propensity to put the blame upon me, no matter what happened.

(To be continued)

CUT THIS OUT—IT IS WORTH MONEY

DON'T MISS THIS. Cut out this slip, enclose with 5c to Foley & Co., 2835 Sheffield Ave., Chicago, Ill., writing your name and address clearly. You will receive in return a trial package containing Foley's Honey and Tar Compound, for new Pills and Foley Cathartic Tablets, coughs, colds and croup. Foley Kidneys. J. C. Perry.

EDITORIALS OF THE PEOPLE

(The Statesman is pleased to print communications upon topics of general interest at any time. There is scarcely any limit to the topics of general interest. It is asked only that correspondents refrain from personalities and use care that nothing be written of a libelous nature. Letters must have writer's name and address, though not necessarily for publication.—Ed.)

About Stock Food, To the Editor—Permit me through your valuable paper (taken by many farmers in this valley and I wish it were taken by many, many more) to say to them: plant all the acreage for hay you can spare for that purpose. Then determine to make the best kind of hay you can from what you raise so your milk cows will come out a year from now in good shape. Most of the cows I have seen and I have seen quite a number, look bad. I think the farmers have tried hard to keep them up but have been handicapped by having to purchase a good deal of their feed, especially grain feed—if we can call mill-run a grain feed which I hardly think we can. Take the hulls from wheat commonly called

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Crisco	Coffee	Fresh Crisp Crackers
Large\$2.00	1 lb. Power coffee33c	Fresh Crisp Crackers17c
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Medium75c	3 lbs. bulk\$1.10	2 20c pkgs. Cookies35c
Shrimp (new stock)17c	These prices on Royal Club and G. A. Coffee are 4c a pound less than present wholesale price. We have a limited quantity. We will sell at these prices:	1 50c pkg. Cookies45c
Clams18c	50c Postum43c	2 cans Blue Jacket Sardines25c
Bulk lard, lb.33c	30c Postum24c	5 cans Deviled meat25c
Jiffy Jell, pkg.11c	25c Postum22c	2 cans Oysters35c
Jell O', pkg.10c	Ghirardelli's Chocolate32c	10 lbs. Karo\$1.00
Hershey Cocoa, 1/219c	2 cans Borden's milk25c	5 lbs. Sugar\$1.00
12-oz. Royal Baking powder35c	2 Carnation25c	Flour, sack\$2.95
No. 1 Fancy Pineapple20c	Peanut Butter, lb13c	Valley flour\$2.60

LARGEST GROCERY DEALERS IN WILLAMETTE VALLEY--5 STORES

bran and the hulls from oats and barley and grind them together and it seems to me we would have but little life supporting substance in the mixture. Farmers and stock men did the best they could with this food, giving their stock mostly a bountiful supply and wondered why their stock did so poorly.

This is one of the reasons I am admonishing them at this date to look out for their feed another winter. A little care now may save them from having to rely on such stuff, costing them this past winter \$28 to \$46 per ton. Much more might be said on this matter of food but I deem a word to the wise is sufficient.

D. D. KEELER, V. S.

Robert Explains To the Editor: In your issue of 8th day of May you had in your city news an article headed "Portland Man Arrested" charged with selling a business that never existed. The charge was conducting a business under an assumed name without requesting same of county clerk. I paid my \$25—and am that much wiser.

A. A. GOBERT.

Butteville Man Puzzles Accident Commissioners The state industrial accident commission frequently has some puzzling

questions to solve, but one that originates at Butteville, Marion county, is a little more puzzling than any other that has been before the commission for some time. While drilling in a rock in the middle of a stream a workman fell into the stream. He was allowed to go home and change clothing and then returned to work, completed the day and worked part of the following day when he became ill. His illness proved to be Spanish influenza which was prevalent in the community at

that time. He filed a claim for compensation with the accident commission. Much correspondence has been exchanged with physicians and others having knowledge of the case. There doctors say there was no connection between the attack of influenza and the fall into the river.

"You shouldn't cry over spilt milk."

"My friend, that remark originated when milk wasn't 10 cents a pint."—Washington Star.

HIPPODROME VAUDEVILLE TODAY BLIGHTHEATRE

THE NEW AMERICAN FIGURE

MORE and more young men are getting off the side lines and stepping into the game. They're developing their bodies, not their voices. The war produced the *New American Figure*, and the fellows who built up these powerful physiques want to hang on to them. The new models from

THE HOUSE OF KUPPENHEIMER

anticipated this development. They drape without a wrinkle over broad shoulders, down to the narrowed waist. These athletic models represent a delicate application of style niceties upon a rugged frame.

Here you will find these models in abundance, styles, fabrics and patterns to fit and please you, rare values, \$40, \$45 and \$50

Others \$25, \$30 and \$35

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Electric Cooking Cuts Meat Bills

THE Hughes Electric Range effects a wonderful saving over other fuels in meat shrinkage—frequently as much as a pound on a single roast. With meat at from 25c to 35c a pound the saving on meat bills each week is a very appreciable one.

The remarkable oven, with walls as heavily insulated and heat-conserving as a fireless cooker, retains all the rich juices of the food usually carried off by air currents, and the delicate flavor often spoiled by gaseous fumes.

This is but one of the many unusual cooking advantages of the Hughes Electric Range. You can bake bread evenly without turning it; roast meat without basting; brown cake as evenly on the bottom as the top; cook cabbage and onions in the oven with very little water and no odor—at the same time obtaining better flavored food than you have ever before known.

Think what it means to get results like this, with *even less work* than any other method of cooking requires. Think what a relief it is to be freed forever from the danger of flames or the bother of carrying dirty fuel, to be rid of the film of soot or gummy deposits on range, walls and woodwork—to have a dirtless range and an immaculate kitchen. The Hughes Electric Range will give you all these conveniences; and, in addition, a cooler kitchen, purer air, more time away from your kitchen.

The Hughes Range has been used and endorsed by the country's greatest cooking authorities, Marion Harris Neil, Janet McKenzie Hill, Alice Bradley, Mrs. Lemcke-Barkhausen. It has been approved by Good Housekeeping Institute, and given the world's highest official award, the Panama-Pacific Gold Medal. Let us tell you why it has won all these distinctions.

PORTLAND RAILWAY LIGHT & POWER CO.

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