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TO-DAY



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THIS PRODUCT SOLVES A PROBLEM FOR HOME LOVING AMERICANS

Wherever there is an unsightly worn floor there is an opportunity for this fine product to show its worth.

Just Dip the Brush!

Easy—simple to apply, it dries overnight with the most beautiful gloss you ever saw. It's absolutely waterproof and can be washed repeatedly without injury.

Positively will not stick to furniture placed upon it and the eight colors in which it comes are handsome and fade-proof.

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We want you to try it and if it is not the most satisfactory coating for an old floor that you ever used bring back the empty can and we'll refund the price you paid for it.

HERE'S OUR OFFER TO YOU.

Cut out this advertisement, bring it to our store and pay 40 cents for a good brush to apply it. We'll give you free of charge a full half-pint can, enough to do over your pantry floor or shelves. Choice of 8 colors.

W. J. PORTER, 455 Court St.

Phone 495

Indian Appropriation Bill Passed by the House

WASHINGTON, June 10.—Enactment of the Indian appropriation bill carrying \$15,000,000 was completed today with adoption by the house of a conference report. The measure is the first of the unpassed appropriation bills of the last congress to be sent to the president. The bill included a rider authorizing

the secretary of the interior to lease for the mining of metalliferous minerals, 30,000,000 acres of unallotted Indian lands. The leases will run for 20 years and the government will receive a royalty of five per cent on the net returns of the mines.

Send a copy of the Peace edition to the boys in the service. Only a limited number of copies left, so order early. 25 cents per copy.

Quota of Men for Hawaii Is Completed by Oregon

PORTLAND, Or., June 10.—The quota of coast artillery men for service for Hawaiian posts.

Twenty-five enlistments were taken at local headquarters during the past week, setting the record since the close of the war.

REVELATIONS OF A WIFE

The Story of a Honeymoon

A Wonderful Romance of Married Life Wonderfully Told by ADELE GARRISON

CHAPTER CXXV

WHO WAS IT "TIPPED OFF" THE CONSTABLE TO DICKY'S "QUIT-FISHING?"

"Dick, I think we ought to tell the Cosgroves of our suspicions now before waiting any longer."

"Why the sudden qualms?" Dicky looked up at me wondering, from the rocking chair in his bedroom in which he had ensconced himself with bathrobe, slippers and book.

"I thought you had agreed with me Dicky went on querulously, 'that we were to carry this thing through on our own. I, for one, want the chance of spoiling this little game myself. Time enough to let the Cosgroves in on it when we have the villain's corralled."

Dicky's tone held the set obstinate note which I knew there was no use in combatting unless I wanted a scene. So I did not answer him, only sat down close to the stove and warmed my hands, which were trembling as much with excitement as from the cold.

When I looked up I found Dicky watching me narrowly.

"Something's troubling you," he said. "What's the great idea?"

"I'm afraid of that woman in there, Dicky," I returned. "She had such a queer look in her eye when she found out I wasn't coming in for tea."

"She'll have a queerer one when we catch her red-handed, trying to get those pictures," Dicky said grimly.

"I've got everything doped out for tomorrow night. We'll throw her off the track completely. I'll plead a headache, and you go in and ask her politely for two cups of tea, saying that you think one will do, me good, and that you'll drink your with me. Look at something in the room so as to give her a chance to fix up the cups, and then bring them back in here and we'll empty them and return her the empty cups. She'll think we're doped for fair. It will throw her completely off her guard."

A Long Night

"I hope so," I returned, making a mental reservation, however, to the effect that it would be very hard to pull the wool over Mrs. Allis' eyes.

Dicky and I spent the night as we had planned in alternate watches of three hours each. When the first rays of light came we were both awake—Dicky because it was his

watch, and I because the excitement of waiting for we knew not what, had caused me to waken.

"I'm sure there hasn't been a mouse stirring," said Dicky, "but I'll just take a look downstairs. I can pretend to be finding out what kind of weather it is."

He went down stairs without any attempt at concealment. I heard him open the front door, go out on the veranda, and a moment later come back in again. I knew he had stopped in the living room and a moment later he came nonchalantly upstairs again.

As he reached the top of the stairs I heard his voice and that of a woman—Mrs. Allis' I was sure—and then he came into the room, closing the door quietly after him.

"I wish I knew what that woman was up to," he said thoughtfully.

"Why?" I asked.

"I just met her fully dressed, going down the stairs. She said she had to make a trip down to Kingston, wouldn't be back until late, and that she was going down into the kitchen to get some breakfast. I heard the rattling of the kitchen stove, so I suppose some of the Cosgroves are on the job."

Something Tells Me—

"But if I ever read divilry in a woman's eyes it was in hers," Dicky went on thoughtfully. "The pictures are all right so far. I just took a look at them. But that stunt will be pulled off tonight I'll bet a cook-

ie. "And something tells me she'll pull some little private game of her own on us. I don't know why I have that impression, but I have."

It was in the middle of the forenoon when Dicky's words were brought back to my remembrance in a manner that I shall never forget. The forenoon had been a dreary one, with a cold, drizzling rain effectively preventing our leaving the house.

Mr. Cosgrove had built a glorious fire of logs in the living room, and Dicky and I and our two young masculine fellow boarders loafed around it reading after breakfast.

It was I who caught the first glimpse of the spare, stern-looking countryman in conversation with Mr. Cosgrove upon the veranda. As they turned and came through the front door Mr. Cosgrove's voice was pitched louder than I had ever heard it.

He kept the man in conversation for a long minute in the hall before

he brought him into the living room, and as I caught his first words I knew intuitively that he was giving Dicky and me a covert warning.

"I tell you, Drake, you're barking up the wrong tree," he said. "Of course, Mr. and Mrs. Graham are stopping here. I'll take you right in to see them in a minute. But they haven't been breaking any laws or doing any trouting that I know about, and I guess I'd know if anybody did."

"Tie a can to that line of talk, Cosgrove," the other man admonished grimly. "I've got the goods on these folks. I've got a warrant for their arrest and I want 'em."

(To be continued)



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Dainty Georgettes and Crepe de Chines, New Chiffon Taffetas with that dainty chiffon finish in all the wanted popular shades.

Our silks are bought direct from the manufacturers at New York and represent the best in quality. You are assured of fresh goods, a very important thing in buying silks.

OUR PRICES ALWAYS THE LOWEST

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Cooking Club at Noble Holds Competitive Meet

NOBLE, June 11.—(Special to the Statesman)—The cooking club held an exhibit Thursday morning at which time six plates of biscuits were displayed in the competition for prizes. Lorraine Hogg won first prize, Grace Dunagan, second and Averitt Dunagan third. Mrs. Charles Jones, of Salem, judged the contest. A picnic was held after the exhibit for the pupils of the school. Mrs. M. L. Falkerson, school supervisor, and Mrs. Jones enjoyed a good time with the pupils.

Friday evening the closing exercises were given at the schoolhouse, the following program being given: Song: "June Song", by the school. Recitation: "The Dear Old Flag" Dillie Richter. Dialogue—Bertha, as teacher. Recitation—"The Story of the Little Red Hen"—Irene Dunagan. Song: "I'll Take My Toys and go Home," Lorraine Hogg. Recitation: "My Dog," Joe Gersh. Dialogue: "The Yankee Aunt." Recitation—"The Second Table," Averitt Dunagan. Instrumental piece: "The Mocking Bird," Lorraine Hogg. Recitation: "Ma Just Laughed," Ruby Richter. Reading of Club story, Averitt Dunagan. Recitation: "Valedictory" Vernon Richter. Song: "For Vacation's Here," by the school.

The following children in the school are entitled to certificate for not being absent or tardy the entire school year. Vernon, Dillie, Ray and Ruby Richter and Lorraine Hogg. Mrs. Leah Bellinger and foster son Franklin Shepherd, who have been visiting relatives the past three months in Los Angeles, Calif., returned home Sunday evening.

Mr. and Mrs. L. H. Lewis are visiting their daughters in Salem.

Mrs. E. S. Lutgen who has been in Eugene the past winter with her daughters has returned home.

H. E. Magee and children visited relatives in Portland on Saturday.

Mr. and Mrs. James Gray and family went to Woodburn Friday to see their son Floyd, who passed through there on his way to Bremerton, Wash. Floyd is in the navy and expects to be discharged before long.

E. W. Coulson went to Portland Sunday to visit his wife who is in a hospital there.

Anton Semolke returned home last week from overseas, where he has been for several months. Leo Wellman has also arrived home. He was never sent across being in Washington, D. C., and New York most of the time.

Mrs. Roxie Trask and two children of Lyons are visiting relatives at Crooked Finger.

Mrs. Gill Giger who was operated on at the Silverton hospital last week is getting along nicely.

Tom Makoy of Portland is working on his place above Scotts Mills.

H. E. Magee carried the mail to Wilhoit Friday in Mr. Gray's place. Mr. and Mrs. E. R. Lawrence and son, Willie, and Miss Goldie Davidson, visited at Molalla last Sunday.

Mrs. L. S. Rice attended the W. C. T. U. convention held in Salem last Thursday and Friday.

Alfred Eggeldinger of Butternut-Wisconsin, is visiting Mike Landwing.

HELPED HER LITTLE GIRL
Children need all their strength for growing. A lingering cold weakens them. Mrs. Amanda Flint, Route 4, New Philadelphia, O., writes: "Foley's Honey and Tar cured my little girl of the worst tickling cough." Gives immediate relief from distressing, racking, tearing coughs; soothes and heals. J. C. Perry.

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The Greatest Story of the Year picturized into the Greatest Motion Picture the Screen has ever seen! THE MOST IMPORTANT MOTION-PICTURE EVENT THIS SEASON



The Mother Instinct

HARRY GARSON Presents

An All Star Cast with
Matt Moore-Mary Alden
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BLANCHE SWEET in MAJ. RUPERT HUGHES' Astounding Story

The UNPARDONABLE SIN

Directed in Person by **MARSHALL NEILAN**

And the public has acclaimed it by the rapturous throngs that have flocked to the theatres in every city in which it has been shown.

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Matinee 25c; Evening 35c; All Children under 12, 10c. Shows start at 2 p. m., 4 p. m., 7 p. m., 9 p. m.



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THEODORE ROOSEVELT Liked It !!!



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BLANCHE SWEET Starred in It !!!



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