

Salem's Greatest Women's Apparel Store

ANNUAL UNLOADING SALE

Begins Friday, November 21 at 10:00 A. M.

What It Means

It means a saving of 25 cents to 50 cents on the dollar on Coats, Suits, Dresses, Millinery, Furs, Waists and Skirts. It means that we must unload a large surplus stock of this season's merchandise. Of course the reductions will seem ridiculously low, but there's a reason for it.

Watch Our Ads and See Window Display for Remarkable Bargains

Portland Cloak & Suit Co.
COURT & COMMERCIAL STS.

(The Old White Corner)
Salem's Greatest Women's Apparel Store

OVERCOATS

\$17.95

THIS WEEK

Our eastern representative has secured a special reduction—75 Overcoats—all sizes, all patterns. All heavy winter woolens—cheviots, tweeds, Shetlands.

Regular Value
\$25 to \$35

It is not our policy to carry men's overcoats so we are cleaning them out at this price.

\$17.95

This Is Your Chance—Our Prices Always the Lowest

Gale & Co.

The Store of Public Service

Court and Commercial Sts. Formerly Chicago Store



REVELATIONS OF A WIFE

The Story of a Honeymoon

A Wonderful Romance of Married Life Wonderfully Told by
ADELE GARRISON

CHAPTER CCCXLVIII

WHAT HAPPENED WHEN MADGE TOLD ROBERT SAVARIN THE LIFE STORY OF LILLIAN UNDERWOOD.

I fairly held my breath while Robert Savarin studied the pictured face of Lillian Underwood which he held in his hand. I had told him of the wonderful success she had had in her work, and of the gratitude which was hers to the man who had long ago helped her to realize her ambitions. He had replied with a tender exclamation, "the dear, plucky child!" and the carressing intonation with which he pronounced the words had started me with its suggestion of long hidden romance.

Could it be that this man so cruelly buffeted by fate had once been attracted by the friend I loved so

dearly I knew that Lillian with characteristic self-deprecation, believed that the gifted artist who had aided her early ambitions had no thought of other than as one of the recipients of his many kindly acts. I had shrewdly imagined that the consciousness of this indifference had added to the hurt she experienced in putting away from her the girlish romantic adoration she had felt for the artist in that long ago time.

I don't know exactly what I expected to hear from Robert Savarin's lips when he should have finally finished his inspection of my friend's picture—perhaps an impulsive little confidence concerning his own feeling. But he put back the photograph without comment and seating himself by the fire, fell into a brown study which I did not venture to break.

When at last he spoke it was with an earnestness that startled me.

"Who is this Mr. Underwood?"

"Happy!" The scornful exclamation broke from me without me realizing it. And I didn't know whether to be sorry or glad I had spoken when I saw the look which flashed into the eyes of the man before me. I felt vaguely as if I were rousing from slumber something which would not be easy to put to sleep again.

"If You Don't Wish—"

But there was one point which I decided in an instant—I would not shield Harry Underwood. The truth might be dangerous to the peace of mind of Robert Savarin, but the truth I meant to tell.

The artist himself bluntly aided my decision by the words with which

he greeted involuntary explanation.

"I can see that he has failed to make her happy," he said slowly. "Would you be breaking any confidence in telling me a little about it? I have a very grave reason for asking."

I waited a long minute before answering, for I was debating how much or how little of Lillian's life story I should relate to the man waiting so eagerly for any particulars concerning her. If Lillian's affairs had not been made the subject of so much unfortunate publicity I should not, of course, have felt free to give Robert Savarin any confidence concerning her. But I knew that when he re-entered his old world of art and artists it would only be a question of story, not in the loving light in which I could tell it, but tinged with all the breezy cynicism of the studios.

He broke abruptly into my meditations.

"Of course," he said gravely, "if you don't wish to speak of it, please consider my request not made."

There was a pathetic cadence in his voice that roused me, and when I raised my eyes and met the hurt

Dermatologist Gives Complexion Secret

"The great secret of keeping the face young is to keep off the dead cuticle," says Dr. J. Mortimer Mitchell. "It is well known that the surface skin is constantly dying, falling off in imperceptible particles, except in some diseased conditions, when the same appears like dandruff. But the particles do not all drop off immediately they die, being held for a while by the live skin."

"To have the dermatological surgeon peel off the entire outer skin at one time is a painful and expensive operation. The same result is obtained by applying ordinary mercurized wax, as you would cold cream, allowing this to remain on over night, then taking it off with warm water. One ounce usually suffices. The process is both painless and inexpensive. The wax, which is procurable at your drug store, hastens the natural shedding process, it gradually absorbs the dead and half-dead skin revealing the new, healthy, youthful-looking skin underneath."

disappointment of his own, I made a swift and startling decision.

Was It Wise?

I would tell Robert Savarin the whole of Lillian Underwood's story as I had heard it from her, from the time that, helped by her generosity, she had gone to Paris to study. I meant to draw such a portrait of the woman as she really was, with all the brave self-sacrifice that was hers, that he never would be able to accept any other portrayal of her, no matter from what source.

"But I do wish to speak of it," I answered his tentative question with decision. "I am Lillian Underwood's dearest friend, and I know and understand her as few people do. She has had a tragic life in many respects, and she has been wonderful in the way she has met and borne everything."

"She could never be anything else," he interpolated tensely.

"I know," I nodded assent to his assertion, and then, taking my courage in my hands I began Lillian's story.

Never had raconteur so attractive a listener before. In fact, his interest in my words was such that before I had progressed far I began to feel decidedly uncomfortable. His eyes fairly blazed into mine as I told him of Morton's unspeakable cruelty to Lillian, and of her giving up her little girl because she thought honor demanded it. He started to speak two or three times, but evidently thought better of it, and so listened in silence to the end of the narrative. Then he spoke with a cold, tense anger that vaguely alarmed me.

"This Morton, he is dead, you say. Did he die without suffering much as he deserved?"

"I think he died an ordinary death from illness," I returned quietly.

"But this man, Underwood, he isn't dead yet," he said, and the words were less a question than an assertion.

I didn't answer him, for I saw that his thoughts were far from me. But I shivered as I saw the look upon his face, and became exceedingly doubtful of the wisdom of telling him Lillian's story.

(To be continued)

"Thelma" Individual Chocolate—A Salem product—made by The Gray Belle—distributed by George E. Wate's—for sale everywhere, 5c

Motor Vehicle Fuel Hits High Total in State Sales

Dealers in motor vehicle fuel who sell their product in Oregon report to the secretary of state that for the month of October they sold a total

of 3,673,268 gallons of gasoline and 527,898 gallons of distillate in the state, and that on this amount a tax totaling \$39,372.17. From February 26, when the law assessing a tax of 1 cent a gallon on gasoline and 1-2 cent a gallon on distillate became effective, to October 31, dealers in the

fuel have paid the state a total of \$290,795.49 on total sales of 26,979,786 gallons of gasoline and 4,199,526 gallons of distillate.

Did you ever notice that when the parade gets opposite you the band quits playing?

This Valuable HOUSEHOLD REMINDER

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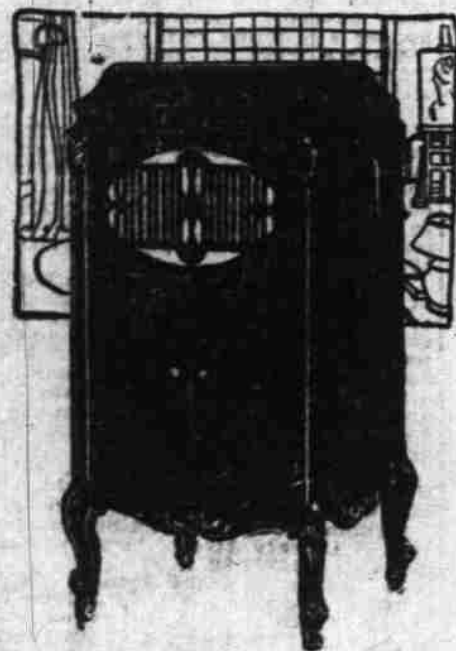
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C. S. HAMILTON

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