

REVELATIONS OF A WIFE

The Story of a Honeymoon

A Wonderful Romance of Married Life Wonderfully Told by ADELE GARRISON

CHAPTER CCCCLXIII

WHOSE IS THE MYSTERIOUS VOICE ON THE TELEPHONE?

A chill like the grasp of cold fingers clutched my heart when Robert Savarin said solemnly that there was but one thing he could do for Mrs. Underwood. What he meant I did not know, did not dare ask, did not want to ask.

Indeed, I pushed away from me the very breath of suspicion as to his meaning which lay beneath my consciousness. It was too terrible even for me to contemplate and I scolded myself roundly for indulging in such a far-fetched question.

Mr. Savarin himself changed his demeanor completely after his utterance of his vow, for such was the

nature of the solemn words he had said concerning Lillian.

"Come," he said, holding out his hand to help me down from the bridge where I had sat during his rehearsal of his early love for Lillian Underwood. "You must be nearly frozen. Now, it is your turn to talk about yourself. I have discussed my troubles long enough.

"Tell me, what most interests you out here?"

I saw that any further talk about Lillian would be painful to him, and sought his cue promptly.

"Our new home," I said enthusiastically, and then at his puzzled look, "didn't Dicky tell you that we have bought a new home, but not a new house by any manner of means? As soon as it has been redecorated we are going to move. Don't you want

to go down and look at it? It isn't so very far from here."

"I shall be charmed," he said perfunctorily, but I saw that his thoughts were elsewhere. With the intuition which Dicky and Lillian sometimes form clairvoyance I realized it was Lillian he was thinking, but of some subject connected with Dicky and me, something vitally affecting us, but of which he was not yet ready to speak.

What Mr. Savarin said.

We walked briskly down the road to the house we had finally bought after much discussion and not a little heartburning on my part because of the utter indifference to wishes concerning the home which Dicky had displayed. Robert Savarin grew enthusiastically admiring, as I knew he would, over the artistic possibilities of the old place, but after a little he fell strangely reticent again.

"There's something about this place that you do not approve," I challenged at last, provoked by his silence.

"It isn't the place," he answered.

"Farce A Delicate Thing But A Good One Will Live A Generation," Says George Broadhurst



PAUL NICHOLSON AND FRANCES WILLIAMS In the Big Laugh Play, "She Walked in Her Sleep," at the Grand Opera House, Friday, December 12.

The success of Mark Swan's farce, "She Walked in Her Sleep," which appears at Grand Opera House Friday, December 12, with Miss Norton-Paul Nicholson, has induced George Broadhurst, himself an adept at farce writing, to disclose some of his views on that interesting subject.

"A farce is a delicate thing," says Mr. Broadhurst. "It has not a strong constitution. It is a bundle of nerves and the least little thing that goes wrong upsets it, yet when everything is right in the play with the production and the acting, what a delightful form of dramatic entertainment it is!

"Farce is the melodrama of comedy. It is the most difficult form of drama. Writing farce is really hard work, intensified brain work and careful calculation. The playwright naturally does not elect to write the most difficult kind of play. He prefers to write the easiest, which is quite natural, all things considered. I do not mean to infer that there is no characterization in farce for that would be quite absurd, but I do mean that the situations and plot or story of farce absolutely dominate the characters, no matter how well drawn or humorous those characters may be and some of the characters in the well known farces have made stage history at that. But if those farces had been written only with regard to the development of the humorous characters they would have died young.

Not only is farce the most difficult form of drama to write, but it is the most difficult form of drama to act. It requires more skill, sincerity, technique and pep on the part of the actor to make a success in farce than it does in the classic drama. A really great farce bit will live through a generation of theatre-goers and survive to entertain the next."

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Irrigation district of Lake county conferred with the state irrigation securities commission yesterday relative to a request for certification of a bond issue of \$300,000. The district comprises 8000 acres. The representatives here yesterday were T. J. LaBrie, Gus Schroeder and O. Osmundson. It is understood the district also will ask the state to guarantee interest on the bonds in event the issue is approved.

Wife (complainingly): You're not like Mr. Knagg. They've been married 20 years and Mrs. Knagg says her husband is so tender. Husband: Tender! Well, he ought to be after being in hot water all that time.—Portland Telegram.

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| \$35 and \$40 value, Men's Clothing \$17.38 up | \$15 value.....\$4.98 up |
| \$30, \$35 Overcoats, small sizes...\$9.98 up | Mackinaws.....\$5.98 |
| Woolen Mackinaws reduced. | Overcoats.....\$5.48 up |
| Men's Heavy Sweaters.....\$1.25 up | Sweaters......65c up |
| Men's Woolen and Cotton Underwear at big reductions. | Union Suits......65c up |
| Heavy Wool Socks......39c up | Caps......49c |

Rubber Sale

KEEP YOUR FEET DRY AND WARM

- | |
|----------------------------------|
| Men's Rubber Boots.....\$3.10 up |
| Men's Rubbers......98c up |
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PHONE 453

"Then what is it?" I persisted.

"I don't think you will like my answer," he said with a covert rebuke of my insistence. "I did not mean to speak of it at all, but you seem really to wish my opinion. Tell me, is your purchase irrevocably made?"

"Yes. Why?"

"Only that in my opinion it is very unwise to buy your property just now when we are so near war."

"You really think we shall be dragged into it?"

"I am sure of it," he returned with a decision which in a man so gentle. "Sometimes you know a person out of the world sees things more clearly than do those close to the heart of things. Now this is March, I am sure that inside of a month we too shall be involved in this awful war."

His tone was solemn, and I shivered as there swept over me the full realization of what war would mean to Dicky and to me. That Dicky would go, I was certain, and—

Katie Has a Message.

I felt a sudden rush of anger against the quiet man at my side. I anathematized him mentally as a solemn old raven who had frightened me twice during the mornin's outing, once at his vague reference to something he intended to do for Lillian, and now at his prophecy of war coming to our own country. With feminine inconsistency my real liking for the man swallowed up my childish resentment against his disturbing of my peace.

"I am sorry to have troubled you," he said, correctly interpreting my silence. "Let us talk of something more cheerful.—Mrs. Underwood's dinner tonight, for instance. Tell me about the people who are to be there."

"You and I and Dicky," I returned promptly and cheerily, for my social conscience smote me with the reminder that the man was my guest, and that I must hide any resentment I felt toward him. "Mrs. Durkee and her son, Frank Lester, an artist friend of Dicky's and his wife, Jack Bickett, a cousin of mine, in fact my only relative, and his fiancée, Katherine Sonnot, and two other persons whose names I don't know. Lillian said she was to have 12 covers, and I knew the names of but nine guests."

"Twelve covers," he commented as if the number rather frightened him, and then he scarcely spoke again until we reached home. Katie met me at the door and as I listened to her rather incoherent message, I heard the insistent ringing of the telephone. "Oh, Missis Graham, some lady she ring you two, tree times, say she have a most important message from Meester Graham. She no would give it to me. I tink dere she is again."

(To be continued)

"Every now and then somebody tries to send a baby through the post-office," laughed the clerk.

"Heartless parents. Don't they care whether their children are lost or not?"—Washington Star.

COMB SAGE TEA INTO GRAY HAIR

Darkens Beautifully and Restores Its Natural Color and Lustre at Once

Common garden sage brewed into a heavy tea, with sulphur and alcohol added, will turn gray, streaked and faded hair beautifully dark and luxuriant. Mixing the Sage Tea and Sulphur recipe at home, though, is troublesome. An easier way is to get the ready to use preparation improved by the addition of other ingredients a large bottle, at little cost, at drug stores, known as "Wyeth's Sage and Sulphur Compound," thus avoiding a lot of fuss.

While gray, faded hair is not sinful, we all desire to retain our youthful appearance and attractiveness. By darkening your hair with Wyeth's Sage and Sulphur Compound, no one can tell, because it does it so naturally, so evenly. 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 all gray hairs have disappeared. After another application or two your hair becomes beautifully dark, glossy, soft and luxuriant and you appear years younger.

Big Bond Issue Sought by Irrigation District

Representatives of the Silver Lake