

IN KEEPING with the New Year spirit we wish to express our appreciation and gratitude to those who are our friends and to wish them a Happy and Prosperous New Year.

W. W. Moore
FURNITURE STORE

STATESMAN CLASSIFIED ADS—ONE CENT A WORD

REVELATIONS OF A WIFE

The Story of a Honeymoon

A Wonderful Romance of Married Life Wonderfully Told by ADELE GARRISON

CHAPTER CCCCXXXI

HOW DICKY EXPRESSED HIS DISLIKE FOR DR. PETTIT

We encountered no sign or trace of Mrs. Allis on our way home from Lillian Underwood's dinner in honor of Robert Savarin. Whether she had been frightened by the sight of the private detectives Lillian had put around her house, or had lost track of us by our ruse of going to the Brooklyn terminal instead of to the Pennsylvania station, we of course had no means of knowing.

But to me, at least, the mere fact of her absence did not argue that she had given over her malicious pursuit of me. The menace of her presence was in every lurking shadow. I tried to argue myself out of the nervous terror the very thought of the woman gave me, but failed miserably. I succeeded, however, in concealing my fright from Dicky and Robert Savarin, perhaps the more easily because neither of them gave me but the most perfunctory attention on the journey home.

Robert Savarin's silence I could pardon. I knew that he was absorbed in thoughts of Lillian Underwood, whom he loved when she was a young girl, and whose reappearance in his life had caused all his romantic feeling to return intensified a hundred fold. He had shortened his intended visit with us, had not even traveled over the city from which he had been banished for so long, and was to go back to his lonely home in the Catskill mountains the next day, because he couldn't remain near her and not tell her of his love, a hopeless thing to him because of Lillian's marriage ties. He had just said good-bye to her, and I, who had caught a glimpse of his eyes when he did so, knew that he was suffering and that the effort to talk to any one would be torture to him.

"Come In Here."

But Dicky's sulkenness was another matter. He sat with folded arms during most of the journey home, and upon his face was a scowl which lifted only when the changes of the journey made it imperative for him to address Robert Savarin. Then he was the soul of courtesy, but his manner to me was icily punctilious and formal. I knew the cause of his pique. He had watched me carefully when Dr. Pettit had been telling me of his projected trip to South America, and his angry jealousy of the young physician, always smoldering, had been fanned again into a flame by the sight of my evident interest in Pettit's words.

I hoped that I would be able to slip off to bed without giving Dicky a chance to vent his anger, but Robert Savarin unwittingly spoiled my plan.

"May I ask you to excuse me at

once?" asked he as we reached the house. "I must go into the city early tomorrow. I have a business errand to attend to before I start for home, and I am very tired."

His voice was weary, dispirited, and my heart ached for him, as when I had given him the conventional assent, he climbed the stairs slowly to his room. The door had scarcely closed behind him before Dicky turned to me, his face like a thundercloud.

"Come in here!" he said, throwing the door of his living room open. The fire had burned almost down and the room was cold. I shivered and drew my wrap closer about me.

"The Society of a Goat."

"Never mind doing the baby act," Dicky said, and I knew by his voice that he was in one of his worst moods. "You're not too cold to listen to me. You weren't so shivery when that blasted sawbones was talking to you. What was he saying to you, anyway?"

My first impulse was to turn my back upon him and go directly to my room, accomplishing my departure with as much dignity as I could manage. I knew that his rudeness richly deserved such treatment, and all my pride and self-respect called to me not to answer him.

But in another moment, the thought of my father, alone and in danger, came to me like a restraining hand. By a coincidence that to me seemed almost providential, Dr. Pettit had been offered a position in the very country where my father was in peril. I had yet to decide whether I wished to assume the responsibility of asking the young physician to aid my father and I did not wish to complicate my actions by making Dicky any angrier than he was. So I said quickly, and as innocently as possible:

"Why, he was telling me he was going to leave New York for good. He has a splendid opportunity in South America. In the very country where father is. It will be very nice for both of them, if they should happen to meet."

"Yes, I can imagine how happy dear father would be with the society of a goat like Pettit unloaded on him. I always feel like saying 'Ba-a! Ba-a!' when I see him."

If I had dared I could have laughed aloud at Dicky, he was so absurdly childish. I held my breath, however, at his next words:

"I'm glad he's going, for I certainly should have yielded to my natural impulses and have kicked him soundly if I had happened to see much more of him. And just let me tell you that you'd better cut out any farewells or messages to father or any of that bunk, I've had just about as much of Dr. Pettit and his d-d impudence as my aching right foot can stand."

(To be continued)

A HAPPY NEW YEAR

TO ALL

The Doctor

Noble Schoolhouse Scene of Merry Christmas Party

SCOTTS MILLS, Or., Dec. 29.—A Christmas program was given at the Noble schoolhouse Tuesday evening to a crowded house. After the program Santa Claus made his appearance, much to the delight of the children, and distributed the presents and treat for all.

The program was as follows: Song, "Joy to the World"—Noble Glee club. Recitation, "Welcome"—Ray McKillop. Recitation, "Why Do Bells for Christmas Ring"—Irene Dunagan. Recitation, "Just Before Christmas"—John McKillop. Dialogue, "Santa Calls the Roll"—Sax, "Bethlehem Babe"—Noble Glee club. Recitation, "Shoe or Stocking"—Otis Shepherd. Recitation, "Merry Christmas"—Mary Gersch. Dialogue, "Christmas Crazy Class"—Recitation, "Hang up the Baby's Stocking"—Lorraine Hogg. Recitation, "Why We Give Gifts"—Clyde McKillop. Song, "Away in a Manger"—Herman Giger. Recitation, "Santa's Mistake"—Deryl Royce. Dialogue, "Trouble in Santa Claus Land"—Recitation, "Poor Santa Claus"—Frank Shepherd. Recitation, "Vice Vem"—Joe Gersch. Recitation, "Under the Mistletoe"—Ambrose Gersch. Song, "Good Night"—by school. Recitation, "Better Late Than Not at All"—John Gersch. Letter Drill by school. Song, "Jingle Bells"—Noble Glee club.

John Brougher who is attending the university at Salem is spending his vacation with his parents. Allan Bellinger was a Salem visitor Wednesday.

Mr. and Mrs. scar Davidson and children of Molalla spent Christmas with Mrs. Davidson's parents, Mr. and Mrs. E. R. Lawrence.

Mrs. Henry Platt of Abiqua Heights returned home Monday after visiting several days in Portland.

Beck Dunagan of eastern Oregon is visiting his brother, Bennett Dunagan, and family.

Mrs. C. A. Dunagan and son, Shirley, were Silverton visitors Monday.

Frank Wilson left for eastern Oregon to be gone several weeks.

Mrs. Mike Landwing left Tuesday for Seattle to visit her daughter over the holidays.

Miss Enid Lamb who is attending the University of Oregon at Eugene, is visiting her parents during the holidays.

Albert Hettwer left for Minnesota Monday to be gone a month.

Miss Lella Reed, accompanied by Grace Dunagan, has gone to Hood River to visit her parents during the holidays.

Miss Clare Larson of Silverton visited her sister at Noble Tuesday.

Mrs. W. T. Hogg and children are

visiting Mrs. Hogg's parents in Salem over the holidays.

The Royal Neighbors of America at their regular meeting Wednesday, Dec. 17, elected the following officers for the ensuing year: Oracle, Rhoda Barkhurst; vice oracle, Jennie Lawrence; chancellor, Nellie McConnell; recorder, Edith Hogg; inner sentinel, Blondina Sanders; outer sentinel, Harriet Gresham; manager, Evelyn Rice; physician, A. E. Wright man.

Gene and Harry Aitkens went to Portland Tuesday to spend Christmas with their parents.

Richard and Daniel Lawrence were Salem visitors Monday.

Miss Emma Larson, teacher of the Noble school, is spending her Christmas vacation with her parents in Silverton. School begins January 5.

Lowell Hirtzel carried mail on route No. 1 the past week during the illness of his brother.

Mrs. W. O. Royce visited her mother in Silverton Saturday.

Mr. and Mrs. Floyd Shepherd were Silverton visitors Saturday.

Revival meetings are being held at the Christian church in Scotts Mills. The Friends church had a Christmas program Wednesday night.

Sis—What you crying for? Bud—I g-got a lickin'!

Sis—Well, don't you mind. Bud—Aw, gwan! That's what I got licked for!—Cleveland Leader.

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SALEM, OREGON



Chauncey Oleott will open at the Grand theatre on Friday, Jan. 2, for one performance in his beautiful Irish comedy, "Macbeth," by Rida Johnson Young.

The story of "Macbeth" is well known and needs no comment at this time.

A. L. Brianger, the noted New York producer, is producing Mr. Oleott on this tour, and the company selected by him will fit every character.

A new production is promised with new costumes by Mme. Freisinger. Four new singing numbers will be introduced by Mr. Oleott, and we can vouch for our readers an evening of the most wholesome enjoyment. Seats are now selling for this engagement at the Opera House pharmacy.