

Society

By RUTH LENORE FISHER

MRS. A. C. BOHRNSTEDT was hostess yesterday afternoon to the aid society of the Leslie Methodist church for its regular monthly meeting. After the business of the society was finished the afternoon was pleasantly spent with a social time. At the close of the afternoon Mrs. Bohrnstedt served refreshments.

Mrs. Alfred Lunn is a house guest at the home of her sister, Mrs. Ray Burton. Mrs. Lunn is a former Salem woman for the past few years making her home in Vancouver, British Columbia. She is enroute to Corvallis where her husband has accepted a position with the Oregon Agricultural college.

Mrs. Ray L. Farmer entertained the children of the primary department of the First Methodist church Saturday afternoon in the Epworth hall. The afternoon was merrily spent by the youngsters frolicking over games and music. In serving a dainty lunch Mrs. Farmer was assisted by Misses Esther Parnoungian, Genevieve Findley and Mary Spaulding.

Mrs. Charles Bowen left yesterday for Eugene where she will spend several days with her husband who is doing evangelistic work in that city.

Miss Muriel Steeves has returned from spending a short time in Portland where she visited with her brother and sister in law, Mr. and Mrs. Laban Steeves.

Over in Siberia a staff of Young Women's Christian Association workers are slowly but surely making headway in organizing an association and in interesting girls in the various activities planned for their benefit. Overcoming the mountains of difficulties which have beset the abnormal educational and social situation in Vladivostok has been a problem to be approached slowly and with eyes open.

The workers report finding a few people interested in the things which have to do with girls and with whatever information they have gathered they are carefully developing their activities. There are sewing classes and one of the workers is conducting classes in spelling and letter writing. The girls who are studying English

are particularly loyal in their attendance at classes. On one day when there was a heavy rain leading questions brought on the fact that not one of the girls had an umbrella; one only had a raincoat, and one or two had overshoes. In spite of these few difficulties the girls manage to attend their classes regularly.

Miss Faye Perringer returned Tuesday from Bellingham, Wash., where she spent the holidays with her parents.

The Elite Embroidery club met for its regular meeting last Friday afternoon with Mrs. Fred Borker. The afternoon was spent with fancywork and social chat. At the close refreshments were served.

Mrs. George Scott and small sons, Doris and Vera, are the house guests of Mrs. Scott's sister, Mrs. Ralph Thompson.

Mr. and Mrs. Warren F. Powers and small child have returned to their home in Seattle after an extended visit at the home of Mrs. Powers' parents, Dr. and Mrs. J. N. Smith.

One of the pretty dinners of recent date was the one at the B. E. Carrier home when Mrs. Carrier and Mrs. William E. Kirk entertained the members of the Potlach club. Red was the predominating color and a large jardener of long stemmed poinsettias formed the centerpiece for the long table. At each end of the table a basket of Oregon grape was placed, the handles of the baskets being tied with red tulle. Red candles finished the pretty appointments. Plates were laid for 16 members of the club.

Mr. and Mrs. L. M. Reeder have as their house guest, Mrs. Reeder's brother, Edd D. Merrifield of The Dalles who is spending a several days' visit in this city.

Mrs. E. Northrup and Mrs. Flora A. Wolfender of McMinnville arrived in Salem yesterday for a several days' visit as the house guests of Mrs. F. L. Purvine and Mrs. W. F. Fargo. Mrs. Wolfender will go from here to Eugene and Roseburg for a visit in those cities with relatives.

Mr. and Mrs. Gus Mankurtz of Portland are visiting at the home of their daughter, Mrs. Fred Kurtz, while Mr. Kurtz is in San Francisco for several weeks.

Miss Alice Seeley of Portland has returned to her home after being the house guest for several days of her cousin, Miss Florence Elgin, of this city.

"That picturesque old gentleman there under the tree must be at least an octogenarian," commented the motorist who had stopped for a drink of water.

"Say, looky yur!" truculently returned Gabe Yaw of the Sandy Mush, Arkansas, region. "You're talking about my uncle Rip. He's 82 years old and can't take up for himself, but I want you to understand, by thunder, that he hasn't no part nigger."—Argonaut.

"PLEASE MOVE"



REVELATIONS OF A WIFE The Story of a Honeymoon

A Wonderful Romance of Married Life Wonderfully Told by ADELE GARRISON

CHAPTER CCCLXXXVII

HOW KATHERINE SAVED MADGE FROM MRS. ALLIS

All the terrible stories of acid throwing of which I had ever read or heard rushed into my brain as I heard Mrs. Allis' threat that "my husband wouldn't want to spend much time looking at my face when she got through with me," and saw her draw a small bottle from a pocket in her dress. If she had acted with her usual cat-like quickness she would have accomplished her purpose, for I was too paralyzed with fear to move. But she was evidently possessed of an insane inclination to taunt me

with her purpose. She held the bottle aloft before uncorking it and laughed into my colorless face. "I don't wonder you're pale, my dear," she mocked. "But your face will have color enough in a few moments. This is the most effective rouge known."

She was so absorbed in her gloating that she didn't hear what I did, the faintest grating as of a key turning in the lock of my door, the door from which she had removed the key. The sound roused me, made me tense, ready to act, gave my paralyzed muscles strength to move.

Without taking my eyes from the bottle which she held, I could see that behind her the door was slowly, noiselessly opening, and in the opening stood Katherine Sonnot, her eyes black with excitement, her face white, her whole figure poised, ready for action. In one hand she held something which to my frightened eyes looked like a pistol.

"Drop that!" she commanded, and her voice was such as I never had heard from Katherine's daintily curved lips before. It was the voice of a woman used to deal with any kind of an emergency, and even through the horror of the moment I remembered hearing Katherine say once that she had spent six months in the "dope fiend" ward of a hospital.

"Oh, Katherine!"

Mrs. Allis whirled, and even as she did so I saw her fingers uncork the bottle she held in her hand. Then fear for Katherine gave me strength to spring, to seize the hand with the bottle and to force it downward even as she threw her hand back to hurl it at Katherine.

The next moment Mrs. Allis wrenched her hand free, put both hands to her eyes with a gasping cry and staggered to the bed, falling upon it and clawing it with her hands. Before she could shriek again Katherine had stuffed a portion of the sheet into her mouth, and coolly sat down beside her, holding her down with fingers of steel. In another moment a shudder ran through the prostrate woman's figure and she relaxed, her fingers unclasp and resting quietly upon the coverlet while her face grew colorless, Katherine bent over her, listened to her breathing, tested her pulse, and then straightened her contorted figure on the bed. A pungent odor filled the air, making me cough.

"Oh, Katherine!" I wailed. "Is she dead? You didn't kill her?"

For into my mind leaped the thought that the weapon Katherine had held in her hands must be a "silencer" pistol.

"Kill her? No! Katherine said explosively. "She's simply fainted with the pain. She'll come around again in a few minutes, then I'll have to tie her up to keep her from screaming. Shall I call Mr. Graham?"

"Oh, no, no," I protested, and wondered at myself at the dread which rose in my heart at the thought of having Dicky a witness of

the terrible experience through which we were passing. "Don't do anything he will hear. Do you suppose he heard her cry out?"

"Won't hurt you."

"Judging from the way he was snoring when I was getting into your room, I should imagine it would take more than one shriek to rouse him," Katherine returned dryly. "His door was closed, but his slumber was audible through it."

"What made her shriek and faint, Katherine?" I persisted. "Did she spill that stuff she had on herself, or did you shoot her?"

"I suppose you might call it shooting, yes," Katherine returned, holding out to me the object I had thought was a pistol. "Take it—it won't hurt you."

I looked wonderingly at the thing

LOOK BACKWARD, LOOK AHEAD AND THEN LOOK BELOW AT THE PRICES OF ARTICLES AT Hauser Bros' Inventory Sale

IT STARTS TODAY

- Oregon City Woolen Shirts, \$5.50 value.....\$3.95
- Knit to Fit Sweater Coats, \$4.00 Value.....\$2.85
- "V" Neck Sweaters, \$7.50 values.....\$5.65
- Saxony Knit Jerseys, \$4.50 value.....\$3.45
- Kamp-It Norfolk Coats, \$6.50 value.....\$4.25

ROPER KNIT SWEATER COATS, VESTS and SLIPOVERS

The newest and classiest thing in town for men and women. The goods arrived too late for Christmas sale. Finished in rough wool, leather, green in color. \$11.00 value, special during this sale.....\$9.35

Odd Lots in Brushes, Leather Goods, Traveling Kits are included in this sale

NO CHANCE FOR ARGUMENT THIS IS A SALE!

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"Diamond Dyes" Add Years of Wear To Discarded Garments.

Don't worry about perfect results. Use "Diamond Dyes," guaranteed to give a new, rich, fadeless color to any fabric, whether it be wool, silk, linen, cotton or mixed goods—dresses, blouses, stockings, skirts, children's coats, feathers, draperies, coverings.

The "Direction Book" with each package tells so plainly how to diamond dye over any color that you cannot make a mistake.

To match any material, have druggist show you "Diamond Dye" color card.

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NEW SUIT Extra Pants Free

These are strictly 1920 suits—and at the 1919 price—with an extra pair of pants thrown in for good measure. They're strictly all wool of the very best quality, made to your measure, according to the latest approved styles. Positively the biggest suit value you have ever been offered.

Come in today—look over our hundreds of suit patterns—select one you like—let us take your measure—and we'll deliver you a suit that you'll be proud to wear. Don't wait until the very material you want is sold. Come in today.

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These creations are up to our usual standard quality. Material Tricotines, Serges, Silk, Crepe de Chine, Wool, Jersey and Taffeta. They are much below our usual prices

\$24.50

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