

# REVELATIONS OF A WIFE

## The Story of a Honeymoon

A Wonderful Romance of Married Life Wonderfully Told by ADELE GARRISON

### CHAPTER XIII.

DOES DR. PETTIT KNOW SOMETHING ABOUT 'DICKY' THAT MADGE DOESN'T KNOW?

"I wonder if you will ever understand what this kindness of yours means to me?"

The words, the first beyond the merest commonplaces which Dr. Pettit had uttered since we sat down to the farewell luncheon were eating at the table in the unobtrusive alcove at the end of the main dining room at Ristori's were tense with repressed feeling. They rushed from his lips as if they were sentent things long locked up and eager to be free.

There was something about them that disturbed me. I made no wonder whether after all I had done the wise thing in yielding to the force of circumstances and remaining in the alcove, to which the head waiter's mistake had assigned us, instead of

to the table in the public grill which Dr. Pettit had ordered.

I knew—could not help knowing—that the man on the other side of the table cared for me. In fact, he had given me to understand that his hopeless feeling for me was the reason he was resigning his practice in the city and accepting the very splendid offer which had been made him in South America. But I had no desire and certainly not the least shadow of right to listen to any more such protestations from him.

I acquitted him of any premeditation in the words which I feared were on his lips, as I exonerated him of the suspicion I had entertained for a moment that he had planned to arrange our luncheon in this quiet corner, but eyes less concerned than mine could have seen that the man's iron self-repression was falling from him.

"Your Father?"

I scolded myself fiercely for consenting to this farewell luncheon, forgetting for the moment the real reason for my presence there. Then I remembered that I had come in the face of Dicky's prohibition, the certainty of his anger, to say good-by to Dr. Pettit and to ask him, if possible, to aid my father, who was surrounded by some terrible mysterious danger in the very country to which the young physician was going. I seized upon the topic as a safeguard, introduced it clumsily, as I would have held up a shield in battle.

"It isn't any kindness that we're going to talk about but yours," I said hastily. "Will you let me tell you about my father in South America?"

"Your father?" he repeated, bewildered, and I remembered that he knew nothing of my father's romance

# Children Mourning Behind Coffin of Fire Dog Killed While on Duty



Chicago children mourned deeply when Rags, mascot of Hook and Ladder Company No. 36, was killed while on duty. This dog, that never missed an alarm, dashed out with the apparatus recently and was run over and crushed under the wheels of a fire truck. Scores of children followed the four little pall bearers and one of them carried Josephine, another fire department dog; and mother of Rags.

tic quest for me, or of his identity as Robert Gordon.

What Does He Know?"

"It's quite a long story," I returned, and immediately plunged into the narrative, resolved if possible, to fix his attention upon it, to the exclusion of any other thought. I told him my father's whole story from the beginning, going back even to that long ago day in my babyhood when my father had run away from my mother and me, taking with him in his flight my mother's best friend. I showed him the rancor which I had so long cherished against my unknown father, and of my mother's request that if he ever came into my life I should forgive him and give him dauntlessly affection.

"Ah, now I see where your divine, mistaken patience and forgiveness come from," Dr. Pettit interposed, much to my bewilderment. "Divine, mistaken patience and forgiveness?—what could the man mean? I knew that I possessed no such qualities, and if they were a part of my nature, Dr. Pettit would have no opportunity of observing them. But I knew better than to comment upon the remark, and went on with my story as if he had not spoken.

I touched as lightly as possible upon the part of the story bearing upon my father's discovery of me, and Dicky's jealousy until he found out the truth. I felt compelled to tell him of my husband's mistake because he had known of the separation between us which Dicky's mad jealousy had caused. "So that was what he thought. That was why he went away," he exclaimed. "The—"

He broke off sharply, but I knew that smothered on his lips was an oburgation of Dicky, and I frowned in displeasure, for, while I was royally angry at Dicky myself for the shabby manner in which he had treated me that morning, woman like, I could not bear to hear anyone else criticize him.

Dr. Pettit saw the frown and re-sented it. I knew it by the tight, white line around his mouth.

"I beg your pardon," he said quietly. "I had no right to make such a comment. But if you only knew—"

(To be continued)

# "SYRUP OF FIGS" CHILD'S LAXATIVE

Look at tongue! Remove poisons from stomach, liver and bowels



Accept "California Syrup of Figs" only—look for the name California on the package, then you are sure your child is having the best and most harmless laxative or physic for the little stomach, liver and bowels. Children love its fruity, delicious taste. Full directions for child's dose on each bottle. Give it without fear. Mother! You must say "California."

# COUNT FIFTY! NO NEURALGIA PAIN

Don't suffer! Instant relief follows a rubbing with old "St. Jacobs Liniment"

Conquers pain—never fails. Rub soothing, penetrating "St. Jacobs Liniment" right on the ache or pain, and out comes the neuralgia misery.

Here's a joyful experiment! Try it! Get a small trial bottle from your druggist; pour a little on your hand and rub it gently on the aching nerves, and before you realize it—in just a moment—all pain and neuralgia disappear. It's almost magical, but the joy is that the misery doesn't come back. No! The nerves are soothed and congestion is relieved and your neuralgia is overcome.

Stop suffering! It's needless—neuralgia and pain of all kinds, either in the face, head, limbs or any part of the body, is instantly banished. "St. Jacobs Liniment" is perfectly harmless and doesn't burn or discolor the skin. In use for half a century.

# GASOLINE USE SHOWS SLUMP

Amount Sold in December Smallest of Year Excepting Month of March

December sales of gasoline and distillate in Oregon for the month of December were much smaller than for any other month of the year since the law became effective, with the exception of March, a statement made by Sam A. Kozler, deputy secretary of state. This is attributed to cold snap in December when many automobiles and trucks were kept in the garages.

Reports of the dealers for December show a total of 2,192,982 gallons of gasoline sold in the state during that month and 137,583 gallons of distillate. The tax amounted to \$21,717.72.

In a statement yesterday, Sam A. Kozler, deputy secretary of state, said:

"From February 26 to December 31, 1919, the reports on file show the sale of 31,853,988 gallons of gasoline and 4,680,747 gallons of distillate, on which tax paid aggregates \$24,194,358. As the law providing for the payment of a tax on gasoline and distillate consumed in the state of Oregon did not go into effect until February 26, 1919, it will not be possible to show a full year's consumption of these commodities until the reports for January and February, 1920, are received. On the basis of the sales during the past month it is not unreasonable to assume that the total for the year will be in excess of 35,000,000 gallons of gasoline and 5,000,000 gallons of distillate, on which the tax will doubtless approximate \$385,000.

Under the provisions of the law imposing the tax the moneys received therefrom are upon conversion into the state treasury credited to the state highway fund for the improvement of roads and highways throughout the state under the direction of the state highway commission. For the year ending December 31, 1919, there were 83,332 passenger and commercial cars licensed and 3,569 motorcycles. Not all the gasoline is used in the operation of these vehicles, but undoubtedly the greater proportion. The distillate has been used principally in the operation of tractors and stationary engines.

# Albany Legion Team Meets Defeat by Dallas Quintet

DALLAS, Or., Jan. 21.—(Special to THE STATESMAN)—The basketball team of the American Legion post at Albany went down to defeat last night at the Dallas armory at the hands of the Dallas legion team by a score of 48 to 15. The game was a walk away for

# "America! America!!" the Millions Cry In Sad Armenia, Land of Stalking Death

Melville Chater, home from Near East, Tells Harrowing Story of Human Misery There—Beetles and Straw for Food.

WHERE CHILDREN DIE IN THE STREETS

"CROUCHING by herself in a corner, a little seven-year-old girl was cracking something between two stones, says Melville Chater in an article, 'The Land of Stalking Death,' in the National Geographic Magazine, describing conditions in Armenia. 'I looked closer and found the child was eating the marrow from a bone.' 'Where did she get it?' I asked the interpreter who accompanied me. 'Yonder in the grave yard,' he replied, after questioning the girl. This child, according to Mr. Chater, was subsisting solely on a small dose of rice furnished daily by the Near East Relief representatives in her native city, Igdir. There was not sufficient food in the town to even give one meal a day to all of the children and shortly after they had received this bare pittance of food all were searching for any bit on which they might chew to appease their hunger. They picked up beetles, straws, and one piece of a horse's hoof, says Mr. Chater.

**Root and Grass Diet.**  
Conditions at Igdir are horrible almost beyond belief. People live chiefly on roots and grass, but occasionally the diet is varied by the killing of a dog or a cat. Workers sent out by Near East Relief, the former Committee for Armenian and Syrian Relief, who are furnishing the only sustenance to these people, told Mr. Chater that it was impossible to remove at once the bodies of those who had died from starvation, and when they were taken out for burial, an arm or a leg of the body had been eaten by the famished survivors.

Mr. Chater tells of a visit to the burying ground when graves were torn open and bodies exhumed by the famished inhabitants. "We had taken a short cut," he says, "toward where our car waited and by chance we were skirting the cemetery. Our guide pointed thither and said: 'It is not a pleasant sight. You must understand that the Turks left this country square bare that there were not even spaces. Graves must be dug with any available thing, even with human bones. If the dead has a relative strong enough to carry a weight—big stones are placed on the grave; but if not—' he shrugged significantly. "I asked, hardly knowing how to frame my question, 'Exactly what—exactly, whom do you mean?'

**Men Stalk Dogs.**  
"I mean," he answered, "the parish dogs by day and under cover of night—well, come and see for yourselves." "I will never forget that terrible scene of earth—the low-boulder-strewn mounds, and those others, the unprotected graves, now reeking as empty, scooped-out holes whose brinks were strewn about with remnants of torn-off garments, among which lay blackened simulacra of humanity. As we turned away the apparition of a stark, yellow pariah dog, pawing among the graves, drew from us a volley of stones. Then as he slunk off a skeleton-like man sprang up from behind the wall (under cover of which he had been stalking his prey) and, braining the beast with a club, disappeared, carrying its carcass with him."

Other harrowing stories of this capital of the new Armenian republic, are told by the author in his account of his visit to this desolated region. "Up goes a childish wail," says Mr. Chater, "no other nation in the war; yet 'which leads us to one of those here which would rehabilitate the common tragedy. Here on the Armenian nation of tomorrow."



A lone mother in the doorway of her empty house—her husband was murdered before her eyes by the brutal Turkians (shown below), starving by the wayside in Igdir, Armenia.

The only hope on all Armenia—A girl of four, from the Near East Relief.

upon reaching our car we found it blocked by a host of humanity, who, having learned Armenians were in the town, had hurried in from every village to plead their cause.

**Prayer of the Dying.**  
"I shall never forget what followed. There arose a cry coming from thousands of starved lips, not a cheer, not a welcome, not a God-speed; but the last prayer of a dying people. It was addressed through us to that far-off land of generous hearts; and under the twilight, with Ararat gleaming overhead, it rang endlessly out through the death-smitten town: 'America! America!! America!!' Armenian refugees, selling the last souvenirs of their beloved dead at a bazaar in Erivan are vividly described.

"Behind the market stands the second bazaar," says Mr. Chater. "Penetrate the tattered throng that revolves unceasingly in its quest of purchasers and you recognize the husband selling his wife's head-dress, the wife selling her husband's coat, the son his sister's earrings. Thus laden with mementoes of broken homes and of the dear dead ones, these emaciated creatures pass by, silent as funeral mutes, profoundly solicitous; but though starvation may bring a man to dispose of his wife's burial clothes, he will not cry them for sale."

**Children Wail with Dead.**  
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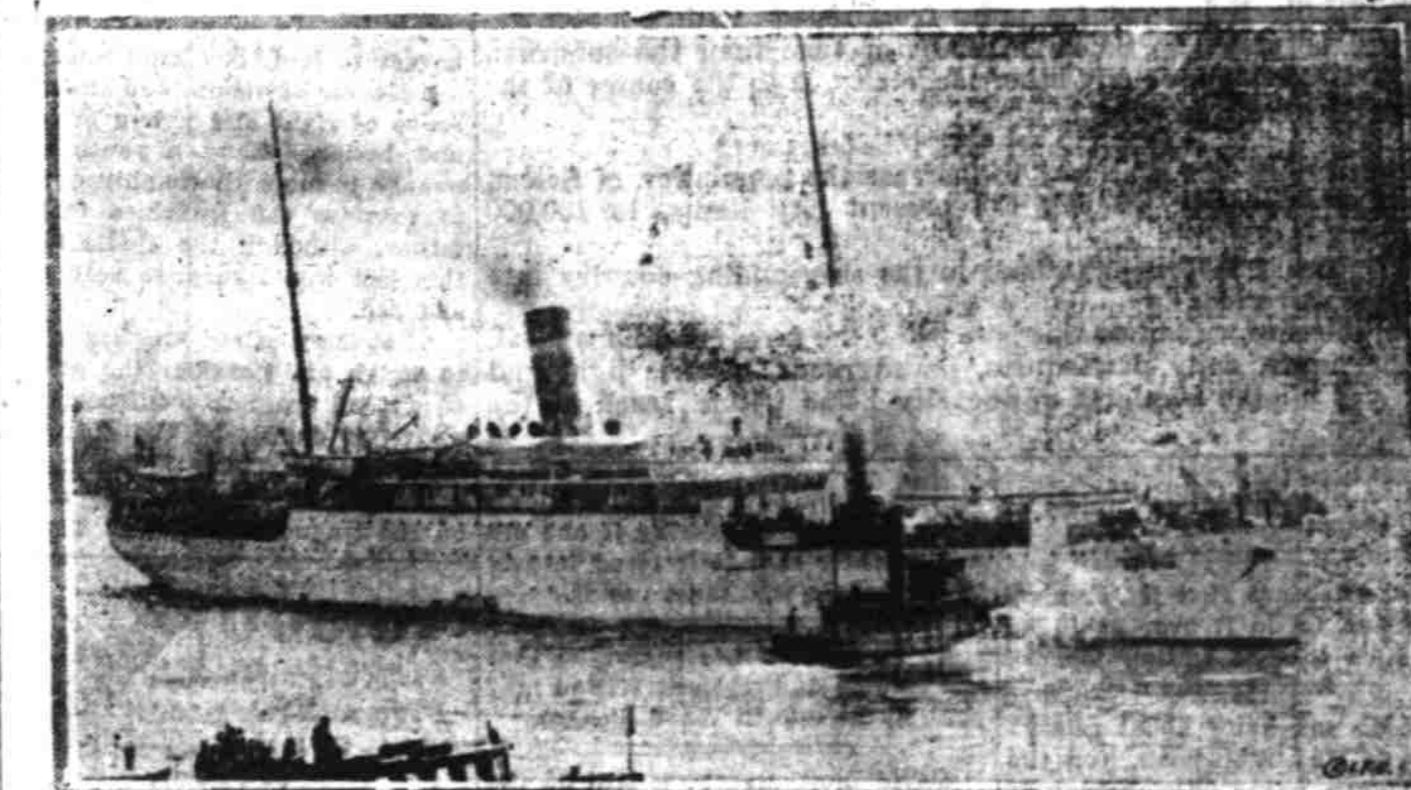
ers who have been in the contracting and building business in Dallas for a number of years, have disposed of their interests here and left for Ashland where they will enter the sawmill business. The machinery for a box factory to be run in conjunction with the sawmill has been shipped from their plant here and will be installed immediately.

Washington Junior high school team of Salem and the Dallas Boys' club, the latter being victors in the game by a 28 to 8 score.

# ENGAGE IN LUMBERING.

DALLAS, Or., Jan. 24.—(Special to THE STATESMAN).—Barham broth-

# "Soviet Ark" Leaving New York Harbor With 249 Deported "Reds"



This photograph shows the "Soviet Ark," the United States transport Buford, getting under way in Gravesend Bay, New York Harbor, after the last of 249 "Reds," including Emma Goldman and Alexander Berkman had been placed on board for deportation. Captain Hitchcock sailed with sealed orders but it is understood that he is given considerable latitude so that he may be governed by conditions. It is the general opinion that the Buford will not go direct to Cronstadt, the only feasible port in Soviet Russia, but will touch at some neighboring country—Finland, Estonia or Courland—from where the undesirables will be given safe transfer over the Russian border. There is a heavy military guard to suppress any attempts of the 246 men and three women to cause trouble.