

REVELATIONS OF A WIFE

The Story of a Honeymoon

A Wonderful Romance of Married Life Wonderfully Told by ADELE GARRISON

CHAPTER DXXII

WHAT HAPPENED WHEN KATIE MET COUSIN AGATHA.

"Oh, Missis Graham! Dear Missis Graham! Hide me somever qveeck. Call Jim. He take me away someveres. Don't let dot skinny old devil coom by me any more. Oh, dear! Oh, dear!"

In a passion of tears and sobs and frenzied ejaculations Katie burst into the kitchen, which she had left with a chuckle and jest but a few minutes before, and frantically shot the bolt in the door behind her as if she feared pursuit. She caught hold of me with her quivering fingers and poured out her wailing plea with her head against my shoulder.

I wasn't particularly shocked at her tempestuous entrance, for I am used to Katie's emotional outbursts. But the vehemence of her sobs alarmed me on account of her condition. I knew that such emotion must be injurious to her.

"Nothing shall harm you, Katie," I said, putting her bowed head as I would that of a frightened child. "You know you're safe here with me. Now stop crying, like a good girl, and tell me what has happened."

But it was several minutes before my little maid could control herself sufficiently to tell me what had occurred while she was helping my mother-in-law and Cousin Agatha unpack after their unexpected arrival at our home. And when she did begin her story there was a wildness in her eyes, a choking in her voice that told me she had been subjected to some unusually severe emotional

ourel during the time she had been absent from me.

How Cousin Agatha Erred.

"Your mudder-in-law she not so bad dis time," Katie began. "She say, 'flow-do, Katie; you bin a good girl vile I bin gone;' and she smile. I not know vot to tink, she so nice. an' I say, 'Yes, tank you; I try to be good girl. Vat you like me to do?'"

"She say, 'Unpack dis, and put dese tings away,' and I vork qveeck and careful jooost de way she always liked me to do. Den she ask me if dere was clean towels in de bathroom, and I say, 'Sure!' and she say I ought to say, 'yes, Missis Graham,' and I say I sorry I forget, and she say for me to remember next time, and she go out to bathroom to vash her face and hands."

"But there is nothing terrible in all this, Katie," I interrupted.

"Jooost you vait," she returned solemnly, and I felt her trembling in my arms again.

"Ven mudder-in-law vent away," she went on. "I say to udder one, 'You like me to unpack your tings?'"

"She look me all over from head to foot, soech a look, and she say, 'I no tink I vant you in mine tings. Are you sure you tell tru?' ven you say you bin good girl vile Missis Graham away?"

What Katie Said.

"I not know vat she mean at first, and I say, 'Of course I bin good girl, and den she say, real slow, 'You may tink you hide it from your mistress, but I bin superintendent long time in home for girls like you. You no fool me. Ain't you 'shamed to pretend you good girl?'"

I started in anger and held Katie closer as I mentally anathematized the meddlesome cruelty of Cousin Agatha. I had seen her type of charity worker before, and had known of the mental tortures they were capable of inflicting upon the helpless girls in their charge. It takes the work of a dozen of the wonderful self-sacrificing women who give themselves to labor for erring girls to compensate for the harm done by the harsh, morbidly inquisitive women like Cousin Agatha.

"What did you do, Katie?" I asked, as she burst again into tempestuous sobbing at the thought of the scene through which she had passed. I knew how easily her attention was diverted, knew that if she began talking again she would gradually quiet herself.

"I jooost look at her at first," Katie replied, choking back her sobs. "I not know for a minute jooost vot she mean. Den I get so mad I could keel her. I 'fraid I say something awful bad to her. I know you never let me stay now, but I so mad by her, I not care vot I say!"

"What did you say to her?" I queried. "I valk oop to her," Katie answered, "and I look her straight in eye, and I say: 'You van old liar!'"

(To be continued)

Escaping From Turks Armenian Priest Led Regiment Against Them



Wearing three war decorations, the Rev. Yeghishe Der Barsamain, an Armenian priest, has come to this country as the guest of Bishop Arsen Vehounis, head of the Armenian Church in New York. Father Barsamain escaped from an abbey in Moush, Armenia, when it was besieged by the Turks. Nearly five hundred other priests were captured and slain. After his escape he helped organize the Armenian army and personally led a regiment against the Turks. Father Barsamain tells of horrible atrocities committed by the Sultan's troops.

"It was a hard life, but a good life, and a life that built MEN"

THE 14 ARMS OF THE SERVICE

The Recruiting Sergeant can give you the information that will help you decide which branch fits you best. In all of them you will get the fine training as a soldier that the United States offers all its men—in many branches you can get highly specialized training.

INFANTRY—The men who have made the name of "doughboy" feared and respected throughout the world welcome you to the comradeship. Fine fellows—good fun and good training in any school at the post you go to.

CAVALRY—When the horses are champing at the bit and the "yellow legs" mount up and the troop rides forth, there is a thrill that no old cavalryman can ever forget. A horse of your own—a good outdoor life and training for future success.

FIELD ARTILLERY—"Action Front" comes the command—then watch the boys with the red hat cord snap into it. A happy outfit—with the dash of mounted service added to interesting work that calls for head and hand. Motors if you wish.

CORPS OF ENGINEERS—Army engineering is known the world over for its excellence, and an enlistment in the engineers can be the start of a young man's training in the various branches of engineering and in many of the mechanical and building trades.

COAST ARTILLERY—Living on the sea coasts, guarding big cities with big guns, getting time for study and a wide and good technical training, the C. A. C. man is preparing for a useful life and good pay and is having a good time while he's learning. The C. A. C. also mans the mobile big gun regiments throughout the country.

AIR SERVICE (including BALLOON CORPS)—The man who gets the early edge in experience with aeroplanes and balloons has a chance to cash in big on his army training. For flying is only in its infancy and it's going to be a profitable business for men with the right experience.

ORDNANCE DEPT.—The ordnance is appealing to the studious young American. To wide opportunities for study, it adds a business as well as a technical training.

SIGNAL CORPS—Whether it's laying a wire from a reel-cart at a gallop or installing a wireless station that will flash its message half around the world, the Signal Corps is there, and a man who learns radio telegraph and telephone work in the Signal Corps is always valuable.

MEDICAL DEPT.—Good experience, good pay, and training in all branches of hospital work. Excellent opportunity for future success. The Veterinary Corps teaches the care of horses as well as meat and milk inspection.

TANK CORPS—The man who knows gas motors and tractors or who wants to know them is invited to join the Tanks. Radio, machine gun and ordnance work are all parts of the Tank Corps work.

QUARTERMASTER CORPS—The Corps that feeds and clothes the Army offers a valuable training for future business. Interesting work for the man who likes horses in the Remount Service.

CONSTRUCTION DIVISION—Practical work in the many trades is part of the every day life of the Construction Division. Many opportunities to learn the trades of highly paid specialists.

CHEMICAL WARFARE SERVICE—For a man with a little knowledge of chemistry or for any ambitious young man who would like to get that knowledge, there is interesting work and rapid advancement in the C. W. S.

MOTOR TRANSPORT CORPS—A thorough practical training in motors and their accessories, and in driving as well, is given in the well-equipped schools of the Motor Transport Corps.



WHEN I got out of the Army, I raised my right hand over my derby and said, "Never again, I hope!"

And I am here to state that I was just one of about 3,000,000 who felt like that—only stronger.

It was my privilege to kick and believe me, I did. I couldn't get out too quick—I wanted a feather bed, restaurant food and trousers that flapped around my ankles.

But now that I'm out, civil life is not all that we cracked it up to be! And the Army looks like a pretty good place, after all.

I've been and seen and done things that I wouldn't give up my memories of, for anything.

I had a fine crowd of buddies—two-fisted men with a regular man's outlook on life.

I learned how to take care of myself and all comers—to hold my own with the best and with the worst.

And I learned the sort of discipline that makes a man able to handle men.

I got pretty fair clothes—not as good as the Army gives in peace time but warm and plenty of them—and they didn't set me back sixty a suit, either.



Meals—well, did you ever see a hungry looking soldier? We all kicked then. Some of the rear-rank generals will always kick. You can't please some birds ever.

The Army never was a bed of roses—it was not meant to be. It is a powerful fighting machine. And even right now, with the peacetime lack of hardship, it's still no place for the lad who won't "play ball."

But, the man who does his duty, who snaps into the spirit of the game, who stands on his own feet, who plays hard and plays clean—there is the chap who gets along and eats up the Army life.

He learns how to handle men, he rises in rank as fast as he proves himself.

He is intrusted with important and interesting work.

He gets more money clear than he could save in civil life.

He comes out with a better education—he has a real time with a good crowd of regular he-men.

He's seen something and been something and done something for the little old U. S. A.



Where the U. S. Army Serves American troops are serving in Panama, Hawaii, the Philippines, Alaska, China, Germany, Siberia and here in the U. S. A. The Recruiting Sergeant will gladly give you all the details. Like every one else in the Army from General to Duck Private, you're under orders and if your outfit moves and you're needed elsewhere, your duty is to go.

The Nearest U. S. Army Recruiting Stations Are:

Main Station of the District, Third and Oak Streets, Portland, Oregon Salem Recruiting Office, 462 State Street

A personal interview involves no obligation

UNITED STATES ARMY

LAND GRABBERS BEAT EDDY BILL

Private Interests Said to Be Taking Unfair Advantage of State Rights

ACREAGE IS INVOLVED

Many Persons Are Located on Lake Beds Under Guise of Homesteaders

Land speculators and locators of Portland, who continued their lobbying activities in the special legislative session last month until the very last hour of adjournment, are held responsible for the defeat of Senator

Eddy's bill No. 24, which declared all lakes of 160 acres or more area to be navigable waters and their beds to be lands belonging to the state. Passage of the bill meant the saving of many hundreds of thousands of dollars to the state.

It got safely through the senate and was killed in the house about the hour of midnight on the closing night of the session after members had been deluged with letters and telegrams from private interests and lobbyists representing the interests had busied themselves among the members up to the minute the bill was voted on.

Suspicious Are Confirmed

These facts, though suspected at the time, are now known beyond doubt, and there is said to be a strong probability that the attorney general's office will institute investigations relative to the operation of speculators in the beds of some of the receding lakes of the state. Further legislation will again be introduced at the next session of the leg-

islature to settle title to the lands upon the state.

At the present time there is doubt on the question of title. But the private interests not only are assured the right to grab off lands barred by the receding waters of the lakes, but are even taking artificial means to drain the lakes and obtain the reliction lands before they can be halted by considerate legislation.

Much Acreage Involved

The lakes involved are in all parts of the state. Two of them alone total an area of 40,000 acres, and much of the land is highly productive. The waters of some of the lakes are receding rapidly by natural processes. Silver lake has dried up completely in the last two years and the reliction has uncovered 10,000 acres of land. Portland individuals have located persons on this lake-bed and brazenly term them "homesteaders."

Through an act of the 1919 session of the legislature appropriating \$25,000 for use of the attorney gen-

eral in conducting land fraud litigation. The act provides that part of this may be used for investigations, and it is possible that some of the operations of the speculators in the lake beds.

STATE CHARGES MAKE GET-AWAY

Two Boys at Training School on Unexpected Leave Reports Superintendent

The superintendent of the boys' training school yesterday reported that on Tuesday afternoon, about 2 o'clock, two boys who were working at loading a car of wood escaped from the institution. Search was begun at once and the

customary offer of \$5 reward for information leading to arrest was offered.

The boys were Clarence Bland, of Bend, 15 years old, blue eyes, light complexion, 125 pounds weight and 5 feet, 7 inches tall; Edward Dunn of Mount Vernon, light complexion, 5 feet, 8 inches tall, slightly stooped shouldered.

It was conjectured that the boys had started out in the general direction of the Silverton rail road to the eastward.

Grow Your Hair FREE RECIPE

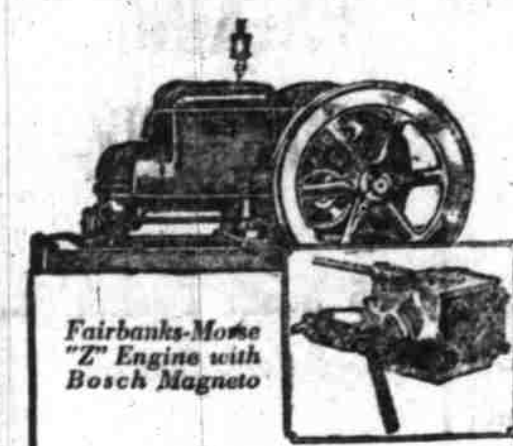
After being almost totally bald a New York business man grew hair—has a prolific growth at age of 66—for which he will send the genuine recipe free on request to any man or woman who wishes to overcome baldness or gain new hair growth. Or stating box of the preparation, Kestel's, will be mailed with recipe if you send 10 cts. stamps or silver. His address is John H. Kestel, BT-901, Station F, New York, N. Y.

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