

SIXTY-NINTH YEAR

SALEM, OREGON, THURSDAY MORNING, FEBRUARY 26, 1920.

REVELATIONS OF A WIFE The Story of a Honeymoon

A Wonderful Romance of Married Life Wonderfully Told by
ADELE GARRISON

CHAPTER DXXVIII

WHY DICKY SAID TO MADGE, "THE GOALS OF FIRE ARE CERTAINLY SCORCHING MY TOPKNOT."

When I came downstairs I found Dicky looking ruefully at the living room, which was literally covered with piles of books, magazines and old papers.

"What the devil's to be done?" he said as soon as he saw me. "Mother and Cousin Agatha will have a fit when they see this mess."

His tone held a distinct appeal to me. I couldn't help contrasting it with the gruffness of his response but a few hours earlier to my protests against his bringing the stuff

from the attic into the living room. By adroit management I had been able to get Dicky's mother and her cousin, Agatha, past the closed living room door and up the stairs without their noticing the room's condition. Since then both my mother-in-law and I had been very busy straightening out the domestic unpleasantness caused by Cousin Agatha's verbal attack upon Katie. I knew that Dicky's mother would be occupied for some time to come with her cousin, who had gone to bed with a nervous headache, so that if I chose I could put the room back in order.

A Wistful Note.

But a remembrance of the arro-

gance with which Dicky had taken possession of the room, giving me the alternative of removing all the furniture and rugs or having them ruined by the dusty accumulation from the attic hardened my heart.

"Why? They know we're moving." I said nonchalantly. "Of course they expect us to be torn up. We'll just keep this room shut until we go, and sit in the library."

"You know Mother hates that library," Dicky said despondently. "and more than anything else she hates to have old things around. She never allowed any collections around her house. I always had to sneak my things outside. Mother was what they call a crackerjack housekeeper, and while she spoiled me in everything else, she never allowed me to litter the house with anything."

There was a wistful note in his voice that went straight to my heart. I could see the child he had been grieving because he could not enjoy his "collections" in peace. Then I realized again the child he is, and knew that I must mother my Peter Pan, for in the doing so lay my only chance of happiness. I had a swift vision, gone as soon as it had come, of a wide-eyed lad, mine, who should never have to "sneak" his "collections" out of the house, and the thought of the shadowy dream child who might not be mine curiously enough made my voice tender to my husband, although in strict justice the vision should have made me bitter against him.

I moved nearer to him, and put my hand on his arm.

"If you'll bring Jim in and promise to 'work like sixty,'" I said gaily. "I think we may be able to put all this stuff to rights again before your mother comes down stairs."

Dicky had the grace to look ashamed of himself.

"You're a trump, Madge!" he exclaimed, "especially after my grouch this morning. But you 'know' I don't mean things I say, don't you, sweetheart?"

"I ought to," I smiled, "by this time. Now hurry up and get Jim."

I paid a flying visit to Katie in the kitchen while Dicky went in search of Jim, and found her much more composed than when I left her. I assured her that the much dreaded Cousin Agatha was in bed and in all probability would not come down to dinner, so that the problem of waiting on table was solved for my little maid.

How Dicky Repays.

"Vot you say to her dot she go to bed," she asked slyly as I left the kitchen?

I shook my head at her reprovingly and went on, with the resolution to take Katie in hand. I was afraid she was taking advantage of my kindness to be familiarly impertinent.

Then for a feverish half-hour, Katie, Cousin Agatha and all other pro-

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blems were forgotten in our rush to get the living room settled. And so well did I labor that long before my mother-in-law came downstairs everything was in perfect order again.

"In a few minutes, Jim, I want you to come upstairs and help me to put up my bed again and get the furniture and rug rearranged," I said when we had finished.

"What's that for?" Dicky asked. As Jim went slowly away, every line of his back spelling protest against undoing so much work already counted down.

"Why, Cousin Agatha has to have a room to herself. You know your mother cannot have anyone sleep with her, and as I am sleeping very comfortably on an army cot anyway, it doesn't matter to me where I put it. I'll bring it down in the library."

"You'll do no such thing," said Dicky. "Is there room for two army cots in your room?"

"Yes, indeed," I replied.

"Well, tell Jim to put another one in. I'll give up my room to Cousin Agatha—confound her—and we'll camp out in your room."

He drew me to him and kissed me.

"I was no end of a beast this morning, sweetheart," he said, "and the coils of fire are certainly scorching my topknot."

(To be continued)

Eric—May I go out and look at the comet, mummy?
Mummy—Yes, dear, but don't go too close.—Lone Scott.

WARNING

In keeping your bowels regular do not become addicted to weakening purgatives or mineral laxatives such as KATHARIN, castor, senna, wholecum, and other foodless. Obtainable at drug druggists, everywhere. KATHARIN is relief for many ailments, including constipation, headaches, dizziness, indigestion, gas, heartburns, torpid liver, bad breath, nervousness, depression, indigestion, obesity, neural and physical distress.

STUDENTS TOLD TO STRIVE FOR PROPER HABITS

Superintendent Hall of Indian School Delivers Strong Address in Chapel

HIGHER IDEALS ARE AIM

Institution Head Warns Students That Life Is Well Filled With Pitfalls

Cultivating strength in the formation of proper habits was emphasized by Superintendent Hall of the Chemawa Indian school in an address delivered recently before the students of that institution.

"Every one of you students who have reached the age where you can think rightly have a well-defined idea that you would like to attain success, honor, influence," said Mr. Hall.

"In fact, all young people have this idea. But practically 90 out of every 100 fail because they lack the backbone to overcome difficulties, the hard things which present themselves on the way. And why is it a fact that so many dodge the difficult things as they come up? Because it is the easy way.

"Judging by my own experience when I was a school boy, the first thing that occurred to me in the morning was an intricate problem in mathematics, science or translation, which I found difficult to handle, or some knotty question concerning my work. In order to solve the problem or master the lesson it would take a couple of hours or more, while it would take but a few minutes to get my parents or a teacher to help me out.

"To yield to the latter method was mighty easy; to resist and do the work myself was hard. It follows that the surrender to obstacles and hard work is the general rule and successful resistance the exception. However, here and there you find boys and girls who do overcome obstacles, and who keep it up in nearly everything that presents itself to them and who triumph over difficulties. In these students we recognize masters, those who acquire the conquering habit, and we find this class of students rejoicing in their strength, which comes from repeated victories.

Habitually mastering difficulties places a student on a sure road to overcome all obstacles in whatever vocation he engages, and the large majority of fellows who meekly yield when difficulties arise are the very material on which the conquering man builds. There are two ways to deal with hard things: One is to give up, yield to that lazy feeling; give up mathematics on account of the study being hard; pass your lessons up generally, and give up a fight which would have placed you at the top because it took too much effort. Follow this line surrender for a year or so and where are you?

"Just examine your backbone, test your mind, your moral strength, your conscience also. See how your whole capacity for achievement has been weakened until you are incapable, probably forever, like the great mass of lunk heads that you see around you.

"It appears to me that a boy or girl with any sense at all will first try the other way, which is to tackle the difficulties as they come and be their master instead of their servant. Master the problems or knotty questions in your school work and realize the joy of victory—see how strong you will be for the next day's work. Master those hard things faithfully until it becomes a habit. Then see how strong your mind has become, how you jump ahead in your work, how you grow to be a master instead of a nonentity.

"Try this habit of honest effort; commence right now this obstacle-conquering habit, and if it fails you then, go back to the weak method of surrendering to difficulties and take your place with the great mass of people who accepted defeat for being helpless, as this helpless habit begins early and it grows. It commences by dodging responsibility, with a desire to unload your work onto someone else; by never doing a thing that is not required of you. Never broaden your mind by study or proper reading, but just drift along. In time you will wonder why other boys or girls are getting to the front while you are in the rear.

"Your mind may have become so stunted through laziness and lack of ambition, and inability to think right, that you lay all the blame for your failures on your teacher, your department, your school, for you will not have enough discernment to know that it is absolutely all in yourself and you alone.

"So, students, cultivate strength, determination rather than weakness, and in time take your places in the company of the strong men and women—the world's helpers of today.

"I suppose now your husband will come home sooner of nights. 'I don't know. This allowing prescriptions of liquor for illness will make him want to sit up with sick friends more than ever.'"—Kansas City Journal.

HEROIC GIRL SUFFERS TO SAVE HER PATIENTS



A telegraphed picture of Miss Mabel Hazen, student nurse, who saved a million dollar hospital from destruction and a hundred patients from panic here Sunday night. Flames caused by chemicals where she was working enveloped her as she dashed up the stairs and down the halls in an effort to give the alarm quietly to the officials. Suffering the scorching flames and untold terror she sped through the building never releasing the screams that the agony was bringing. Another nurse and a switch board operator caught her in a rug and smothered the flames of the suffering girl's clothing. One of them then dashed to the nearest alarm box and turned in the alarm. All the nurses were notified of the cause of the smoke and told that everything was being done. The patients never knew of their danger and the hospital was saved but the heroic Miss Hazen now lies on a cot in the hospital swathed in bandages. Her physician has not predicted the outcome of her injuries not knowing yet whether she inhaled any of the flames.

—Leishman Telegraphed Picture Service.

Wood Resigns Senator; Better Job Is Sought

W. D. Wood, senator from the eleventh senatorial district with headquarters at Hillsboro, has filed his resignation with Governor Olcott. In an accompanying letter Senator Wood said he had decided to enter the contest for secretary of state at the Republican primary election in May and probably would file this

formal declaration with the state department within the next few days. Mr. Wood's successor in the senate will be chosen at the 1920 election, and will be appointed by the executive.

"That woman seems soured on life."

"Yes, she married once for love and once for money, and she didn't get either."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

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