

Society

By RUTH LENORE FISHER

THE missionary society of the First Congregational church will meet with Mrs. C. H. Fike at her home on Fairview avenue, this afternoon at 2 o'clock for the monthly gathering of the members. Dr. J. H. Cammack, a returned missionary from Africa, will be the guest of honor and will speak to the society. Mrs. Cammack and her husband, who is also a missionary physician, have spent 15 years at work in Africa and have been here on a leave of absence for several weeks. They are to return to Africa the last of June and continue their work.

Mrs. H. P. Chase will review the fourth chapter of the book on Christian Americanization which the society is studying. Mrs. T. H. Robertson will entertain the society with a vocal solo and Miss Lillian Harphorn, the new organist of the First Congregational church, will furnish

some piano numbers. Miss Harphorn has recently come here from Minneapolis and is a talented musician.

Mr. and Mrs. C. M. Walker, well known former residents of Salem, will arrive tonight from their Newport home to pass a week with their son-in-law and daughter, Mr. and Mrs. W. Connel Dyer.

Mrs. Fred Buchtel, Mrs. Guy Harris and Mrs. E. T. Busselle are forming a party to motor to Corvallis to spend the day with friends in that city.

Miss Greta Looney of Jefferson visited with Salem friends yesterday and returned to her home last night.

The Daughters of Veterans met Wednesday evening in their room in the armory for the monthly business meeting. During the business ses-

sion the organization obligated five new members into the organization. Miss Esther Davies entertained the society with a piano solo. After the business session a short social hour ensued.

Mr. and Mrs. Will B. Hall of Youngstown, Ohio, and Mr. and Mrs. B. C. Speese have left for Tacoma after being the houseguests of Colonel and Mrs. E. Hofer since February 1, and when they arrive in Tacoma will sell their motor car and return to their eastern homes by rail.

Cards have been received by the Salem friends of Mr. and Mrs. Harold Pitchford announcing the birth of a son to them on May 5. Mr. and Mrs. Pitchford left Salem last autumn for San Francisco where they have made their home since.

Among those who went to Portland to hear Mme. Amelita Galli Curci, the famous diva, were Prof. and Mrs. T. S. Roberts, who returned yesterday.

Miss Ruth Bedford returned yesterday from Portland after hearing Mme. Galli Curci's recital.

Mr. and Mrs. Irwin Griffith write friends from San Francisco that they are to leave for Salem the last of the week and will arrive home the first of next week after making one or two short visits. Mr. and Mrs. Griffith and Miss Harriet Griffith have been absent from Salem

all winter while they were sojourning in southern California.

Dr. and Mrs. John R. Sites were among the Salem contingent in Portland Wednesday to hear the concert of Mme. Galli Curci.

Mrs. Lawrence T. Harris returned yesterday afternoon from Portland where she went to hear Mme. Galli Curci's concert.

Professor and Mrs. William E. Kirk returned yesterday from Portland, having gone down to hear Mme. Galli Curci.

Miss Lena Belle Tartar, Miss Greta Phillips and Miss Bertha Phillips, were among those who returned to Salem yesterday after hearing Mme. Amelita Galli Curci in Portland Wednesday night.

Mrs. Carl Webb left Wednesday morning for Portland to pass a few days with relatives.

Mr. and Mrs. E. B. Brown of Auburn, Wash., are to arrive today to pass the week-end in Salem as the house guests of Mr. and Mrs. John W. Todd.

Announcements were received in Salem yesterday of the marriage of Raymond G. Williams of this city to Miss Catharine Marie Wright, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John Wright of Salisbury, Md., where the wedding occurred on May 6. Mr. and Mrs. Williams left soon after the service for their wedding trip which will bring them across the continent in their motor car, and will perhaps make their home in this city.

Mr. Williams left Salem with the old Company M and went with the company overseas, later being transferred to the 26th division. He was wounded and sent home and afterward re-enlisted in the aviation corps. He was discharged from the corps May 1.

REVELATIONS OF A WIFE

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CHAPTER 594

WHAT NEW MENACE IS CONTAINED BY THE NEW ANONYMOUS LETTERS?

"You look like a wreck, Madge. What have you been doing to yourself?"

This was Lillian's greeting as I came into her living room four days after Mother Graham's accident.

"I have been having rather a strenuous time," I admitted. "You see—"

"Not a word until you've had a cup of tea," Lillian's kindly imperious tone was one with which I was familiar. There was no combatting it. I watched her as she crossed the room to ring the bell for Betty with the feeling of restfulness, of transferring my problems to her, which the very sight of her always brings to me.

"Now you're going to lean back and shut your eyes and rest until the tea comes," she said, returning and taking off my hat and coat as deftly as a trained maid could have done, and putting me into a big chair.

I was glad enough to do as she requested. I knew there would be no interruption until the tea arrived. For Lillian has a series of signal rings for her huge colored cook that make it unnecessary for Betty to come to the living room except for very special instructions.

The silence of Lillian's wonderful white and scarlet living room seemed to enfold me like a garment. The troublous, worried days behind me slipped away, and my jangled nerves were stilled.

For the days since my mother-in-law had broken her arm had been full of worry for me. The shock of her accident had brought on the heart attack to which she was subject, and for 12 hours the physician, Cousin Agatha, Dicky and I had fought valiantly for her very life. And I had realized that Mother Graham had told no falsehood when she had praised her kinswoman's gift for nursing. Cousin Agatha was like a woman transformed—there was no room in her for the petty, malicious watchfulness that had made her presence in my home so disagreeable to me.

A pitying smile.

Dicky, filled with anxiety for his mother, hadn't left her since I had summoned him home with the news of her accident. And his constant presence in the house had kept me in a perpetual panic on account of the important secret paper concealed in the back of the specially designed wrist watch Lillian had substituted for the one Dicky had given me. I didn't know what minute he might take it into his head to examine the watch I wore and discover the substitution.

In desperation I had taken the paper from the back of the watch and had put it into a box in the bottom of my locked trunk until I had the chance to bring it back to Lillian. But my remembrance of Lillian's admonition concerning the paper kept me constantly worried for fear fire or thieves or accident would bring harm to it. I had lost so much sleep in worrying about it that

it was no wonder Lillian called me a "wreck."

I was thankful indeed to have reached her with the paper again held safely in the secret compartment of the wrist watch. Mother Graham had wished me to attend to some business for her in the city, and I had eagerly seized the opportunity to bring back the document to Lillian.

The entrance of Betty with the tea wagon and the muffin stand roused me from a daze into which the restful silence of the room had drawn me. I started up and looked at Lillian a trifle wildly. There was something infinitely pitying in the smile with which she answered my look, something intangible, too, as if she knew something which I did not. She gave me no time for speculation, however.

"Where is Lillian?"

"Drink this quickly," she said, handing me a cup of the steaming tea. "You poor child, you're dead upon your feet!" I think I shall put you to bed and take care of you. Dicky phoned that his mother had broken her arm, but is that any reason why you should be in a state like this?"

Lillian's tone was warmly indignant, as it always is when she imagines any one has been inconsiderate of me. I always feel when with her as if I had reached the side of a fiercely protecting older sister.

"Mother Graham has been terribly ill, Lillian," I said. "Her heart, you know. And then, besides—Where is Katherine?" I broke off abruptly in the query, for I didn't feel quite equal as yet to the long explanation about the wrist watch.

Lillian looked at me keenly, and again I fancied a pitying look came into her eyes.

"Katherine has gone to her former lodgings for the mail," she explained briefly.

"Have there been any more of those queer clippings sent to me?" I asked anxiously, for I hadn't dared to ask Lillian or Katherine over the

telephone about the anonymous envelopes containing newspaper clippings which had been sent to me at Marvin, and which I was pretty sure were still coming to me at Katherine's former lodging house, to which I had ordered my personal mail forwarded, fearing Cousin Agatha's prying eyes.

"Yes," Lillian's tone was incisive. I knew without her telling me that she didn't wish to say anything more about the matter. But my anxiety was too great for me to heed the suggestion.

"May I see them?" "When Katherine comes." Again the note of pity in eyes and voice. A feeling of terror crept over me. Had something happened of moment to me which I didn't yet know? (To be continued)

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