

SOCIETY

By RUTH LENORE FISHER.

THE Apollo club concert tonight and the appearance of Mme. Winifred Fahey as soloist for the club, makes today the all-important day of the week, socially. Mme. Fahey in her concert in Salem before has made a host of admirers who are looking to the concert tonight with keen interest. The club itself could give a most delightful evening of entertainment. It is giving the concert this year in the Grand theater and because of the large patronage which the concert always receive, two concerts are given. The concert tomorrow evening will be the same program as that tonight.

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hostesses to the second of a series of dinners for the faculty Monday evening. The guests were assembled in the dining room of the university. On this occasion the guests were Mrs. Alice H. Dodd, Mr. and Mrs. L. L. Clark and Professor and Mrs. William E. Kirk.

Miss Lucile Beckley of Klamath Falls has arrived in Salem and is visiting for several weeks at the home of Mr. and Mrs. A. J. Davidson.

Miss Cornelia Marvin, state librarian, went to Corvallis yesterday to attend a library board meeting and to address a large class of girls in the home economics department.

Miss Jessie L. Vass of Seattle has arrived in Salem and is visiting friends and relatives. Miss Vass formerly lived in Salem and her presence here is a source of much delight to her friends.

Mr. and Mrs. A. Moore of Fort Townsend, Okla., have arrived in Salem to make their home. Mr. Moore is a sister of Mrs. Charles Cochrane and an uncle of Mrs. W. H. Prunk of this city.

Mrs. E. S. Tillinghast returned last night from Portland where she visited for the week-end with her mother.

Miss Martha Swart will appear on the Memorial day program at McMinnville, giving a cornet solo. Walter L. Toose, Jr., of that city will be speaker of the day.

Mrs. Ipha Knox and small daughter of Cottage Grove are guests at the home of Dr. and Mrs. C. E. Cashatt. Mrs. Cashatt and Mrs. Knox are sisters.

The Salem Philharmonic orchestra, of which Miss Martha Swart is director, has been engaged to give a concert at the Majestic theater at Dallas on Tuesday, June 1.

In last night's Portland Journal appears a picture of Mrs. A. H. Leavitt, wife of the potentate of Al Kader temple, who is chairman of the Imperial Divan auxiliary, for the entertainment of the many women who will be Oregon visitors this summer for the imperial conclave of the Mystic Shrine in Portland.

As a compliment to two Willamette university visitors, Miss Mabel Hersinger and Miss Wilma Wade of La Grande, who are the guests of Miss Ruby Leadbetter at Lausanne hall, a company of college folk motored out in the country several miles from Salem yesterday afternoon to "Fussers' Woods" for a picnic supper and an evening of song and merrymaking. Mrs. John R. Sites chaperoned the party of eight couples.

REVELATIONS OF A WIFE

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GARRISON
CHAPTER 603

WHAT MADGE READ INTO LILLIAN'S PRAISE OF HER

When Lillian returned to Katherine and me in the library after her hurried expedition to the house next door her face was troubled, and I saw the little fine lines around her mouth that always betray to my eyes her mental suffering.

She sank into a chair opposite us, and it was characteristic that with no immediate task confronting her, she put herself and her own worries into the background and began to fuss over me.

"Are you sure Madge is all right, Katherine?" she demanded, and without waiting for an answer turned to me. "You plucky thing," she said warmly.

I flushed with happiness at her approval. Katherine glanced at me mischievously as she answered:

"If you had heard her doing a Sherlockian deducing stunt just now you'd be sure she's all right."

Lillian glanced at me sharply, then at Katherine.

"Let's hear it," she said.

I forestalled Katherine's reply. "Don't mind her nonsense, Lillian," I begged. "She's exaggerating an idle remark."

"Did I ask you to speak?" Lillian returned with mock severity. "Now, Katherine."

There was an almost imperceptible note of command in the last two words, which told both of us that the personal note was dropped from our conversation for the moment.

that our superior officer wished information, and that it behooved us to give it to her.

Katherine, whose intuitions are wonderfully quick, changed her manner instantly.

"Madge believes that the disturbance downstairs was a ruse to draw our attention from this effort to get into the library through the closet door," she said quietly.

"Of course it was," Lillian returned promptly, and then with the resumption of the playful personal note:

"Good little Sherlock! Do it again."

I read more into the words, perhaps, than Katherine did, and my reading comforted me. That Lillian, although she loved me dearly, had been secretly a bit doubtful as to my fitness for the secret service in which she had enlisted me as her aid, I was sure.

Her manner now, together with her exclamation of pleasure at discovering the way in which I had thwarted the man who was trying to effect an entrance into the library reassured me, took away a tiny gnawing at the cords of my self-esteem.

The First Attack.

Lillian didn't speak again for two or three minutes. With her chin

cupped in her hands—her accustomed attitude when thinking deeply—she stared straight before her, and Katherine and I sat quietly awaiting her word. The affection and admiration with which I watched her was tinged with something akin to fear. Katherine had told me that when the men posing as officials sent to take out her electric meter had disregarded her warning not to batter down her kitchen door, Lillian standing on the inside of it, had not hesitated to shoot through the door with her silencer pistol. She had purposely shot low so as not to hit any vital part, but that her aim was good the groans of two of the men testified. The others made a hasty exit, supporting their wounded comrades. Lillian had counted upon the fact that the men would be anxious to avoid any meeting with the police, and that their bluff having failed would lose no time in getting away from the vicinity of her home.

What Happened Next Door.

The obsession of mine which the thought of Lillian's silencer pistol always brought me seized me again. A premonition crept over me that some time, some where, her skill with the weapon and her readiness to use it when her work was endangered would involve her in tragedy.

I tried to shake the thought off, but the sight of Lillian's sombre face with its lines of suffering about the mouth was not conducive to pleasant meditation. As if my scrutiny had suddenly become vocal she looked up at Katherine and me.

"Pardon me, girls," she said con-

sciously. "Of course you're eager to know what I found out next door. The head of the establishment and I checked up the operatives, and the only one unaccounted for had but a moment before left the building hurriedly, saying he had to get a certain tool before he completed some work he was doing."

"He's a skilled artisan, and was ostensibly engaged in making repairs in a room opposite the one adjoining this. He was a trusted man, however, and it so happened—or what was more probable, he had ingeniously timed his work, or seized his opportunity—that he was alone on the floor, to make his daring attempt on this room, which you so cleverly foiled, my dear."

She smiled at me, and the expression of her face compensated me for the horror I had felt of myself after emptying the bottle of carbolic acid over the head of the man attempting to enter her library.

"It's a splendid thing you were able to mark him, Madge," she said. "He's a dangerous man. He is one of the trusted operatives of the service, and has just returned from South America. It is vitally necessary that he be captured at once."

(To be continued)

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