

SOCIETY

By RUTH LENORE FISHER.

All news for the Sunday society pages must be in the Statesman office by 9 p. m., Friday. Phone 23 or 383.

MR. and MRS. ROYAL SAWTELLE of Pendleton and Clarence, Bishop of Portland have left in their motor car for Eureka, Cal., after passing a short visit in Salem at the C. P. Bishop home. The trip to Eureka is combining business and pleasure for Mr. Bishop and Mr. Sawtelle are going on business for the Bishop woolen mills.

Miss Mary Capper, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Percy Capper, entertained a few of her friends Saturday after-

noon with a merry little party at her home. The rooms were attractively adorned for the occasion with marigold and blue delphinium which were arranged in large baskets. Games made the afternoon hours happy and at the close refreshments were served. About 16 of her close friends were invited to spend the afternoon.

Miss Joy Turner presented her violin pupils of independence in a recital there Monday evening. Several Salem folk motored over and assisted Miss Turner. Mrs. F. J. Bennett whose son Gordon gave a violin solo, motored over with Miss Turner.

Mrs. Ralph Jacobs left last night for Portland to visit her brother-in-law and sister. Mr. and Mrs. E. Strahors.

Mrs. Richard Robertson returned yesterday afternoon from a short visit in Portland with relatives.

Miss Grace Maurer of Beatrice, Neb., will arrive this morning from her home and will visit in Salem for a month with her sisters, Mrs. E. B. Fleming, Mrs. Harry Weidmer and her brother, H. E. Maurer.

Mrs. Bertha Darby Junk and Miss Irene Keefe returned Saturday night from Portland where they attended for a week the Louis Victor

Saar normal course in piano. While there they attended a banquet for the instructors given by the students at the Benson hotel Friday night.

Mr. and Mrs. Lee Canfield have returned from a motor trip to Crater lake. They were accompanied by Mr. and Mrs. Sam Howard of Portland.

The Marion County Women's Republican club met Monday afternoon in the city hall for the regular meeting of study. The Republican and Democratic platforms were studied and an editorial from Sunday's Oregonian giving the two party issues and telling of the two candidates was read.

Mr. and Mrs. A. J. Rahn are passing a short sojourn at Rockaway beach.

Mrs. Howard Hulse, who has been in San Francisco for a month with her sister, returned home yesterday.

Mr. and Mrs. E. R. Sawyer of Muncie, Ind., who have been visiting Mr. and Mrs. C. W. Brasher left last night for California. They have been touring the Pacific coast and Canada and are delighted with Salem and its fruit and climate.

Mrs. Romeo Hunter and daughter, Marjory, are spending an outing of two weeks at Gearhart.

Mrs. E. S. Tillinghast returned last night from Portland where she has been at the home of her parents, during the serious illness of her father.

Dealers' Motor Association

Sends Gasoline Statement

The gasoline committee of the Dealers' Motor Car association is the first organization aside from the oil companies to sell gasoline in Oregon and be subject to the tax of 1 cent a gallon imposed by chapter 153, laws of 1919. A statement received by the secretary of state from the association covering sales for June shows that \$6,385 gallons were sold and a tax of \$63.85 paid the state.

Don't Spoil Your Hair

By Washing It

When you wash your hair, be careful what you use. Most soaps and prepared shampoos contain too much alkali, which is very injurious, as it dries the scalp and makes the hair brittle.

The best thing to use is Mulsified coconut oil shampoo, for this is pure and entirely greaseless. It's very cheap and beats anything else all to pieces. You can get this at any drug store, and a few ounces will last the whole family for months.

Simply moisten the hair with water and rub it in, about a teaspoonful in all that is required. It makes an abundance of rich, creamy lather, cleanses thoroughly, and rinses out easily. The hair dries quickly and evenly, and is soft, fresh looking, bright, fluffy, wavy and easy to handle. Besides, it loosens and takes out every particle of dust, dirt and dandruff.

REVELATIONS OF A WIFE

The Story of a Honeymoon

A Wonderful Romance of Married Life Wonderfully Told by ADELE GARRISON.

CHAPTER 641

WHAT HARRY UNDERWOOD SAID WHEN MADGE TOLD HIM ABOUT THE CLIPPINGS.

"Same old p-r-o-u-d b-e-a-u-t-y, aren't you, girl?"

Harry Underwood leaned across the table as the sad-eyed French waitress whose cause he had championed so royally at my request disappeared into the kitchen, and held my eyes with his quizzical ones, in which, however, there was a shadow of something deeper.

"I—don't know what you mean," I stammered.

"Oh, yes, you do," he returned. "You had a real warm human impulse a moment ago to 'clasp me hand,' because of the little waitress, but that iceberg of propriety and reserve that encases your heart made you draw it back."

Was the man clairvoyant? I was sure my hand hadn't moved an inch from its fellow. If he could read my very thoughts I must be on my guard indeed, in this interview, and the others to follow on which Lillian was depending so much.

I shrank back in my chair a little. He saw the movement and the quizzical light died out of his eyes.

"Pardon me," he said quickly. "I'm forgetting part of my bargain. I'll can the persiflage, and suppose you start telling me what's troubling you, as you agreed a few moments ago."

"I have received a series of anonymous clippings which have alarmed me terribly," I began.

Harry Underwood straightened himself in his chair and into his eyes flashed an unfathomable look.

"Anonymous clippings?" he repeated sharply. "What about?"

How Madge Told Him.

"The first ones were newspaper clippings," I said slowly, for the horrified terror of the abominable things which were gripping me anew as I recalled them to memory. "Each was an account of some mysterious murder with horrible cruelties attached, and the victim in each case was some person suspected of having betrayed some secret organization to which he belonged."

"I heard Harry Underwood mutter between his teeth, and the expletive was filled with anger. I hurried on without raising my eyes."

"The last clipping came almost two weeks ago," I said, my voice faltering as I thought of that last sinister terror. "It had a broad black border which surrounded words cut from a newspaper. They were—"

I stopped abruptly, almost choking with emotion. Harry Underwood spoke quietly, warningly.

"Better sit you're hot coffee before you go on. You're pretty white, and we don't want anybody to notice you're upset, you know."

I picked up my cup obediently and drank mechanically. Then I took a firmer grip upon my nerves and went on:

"You—can't mean—"

"The words were these," I said. "The late Robert Gordon, alias Charles Spencer. Better not to guess how he died. Au revoir for two weeks."

"Good heavens!" breathed Harry Underwood, and in the words was unbelieving horror, and something more—a rising, awful wrath. I took another draught of my coffee and then ventured again to raise my eyes to my companion's face.

It was as colorless as I was sure my own was. But his eyes were like glowing coals, and the fingers of the hand that gripped the table were white with the strain of the muscles.

"You—poor—little—devil!" These were the first words he uttered, and there was that in his voice which made of the uncouth epithet almost a caress. Then his fingers relaxed their tenseness and he gave a slight shake of his tremendous shoulders as if pulling himself together to face something that had found him unprepared. Forcing his lips to a smile he signalled our waitress.

"Another pot of coffee, please, quickly, and have it piping hot," he ordered.

"Yes, sir," and she was gone as if her feet were winged.

"Now, tell me quickly," he said, and there was a tone in his voice which impelled obedience. "Where were these things mailed?"

"From different suburbs and boroughs of New York," I replied. Brooklyn, Staten Island, Flushing—there was one from a village in Jersey."

He pondered a moment, then shot a rapier-like glance at me.

"Look here!" he said. "Have you guessed at all who was behind them?"

I hesitated. It was one thing to tell him the story of these clippings. It was another to implicate the woman who had accompanied him from South America.

"That means you do suspect someone," he returned, and I can pretty well guess the name." He stopped short as if some thought had struck him suddenly, and then he stared at me in horror-stricken awakening.

"You—you—can't mean you think

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