

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 583.

MISS Thelma Mae Blessing and **Earle T. Anderson** were united in marriage yesterday at a charming home wedding when only the immediate relatives and a few close friends were in attendance. Rev. Horace N. Aldrich of the Leslie Methodist church read the impressive ring service at 3:30 o'clock yesterday afternoon, while the bridal party stood before a beautiful altar fashioned of palms, white carnations and jaspur. In the dining room, where a dainty wedding dinner was served, following the ceremony, white sweet peas and Carolyn Testout roses were placed attractively in baskets. Mr. and Mrs. Anderson left for a wedding trip to Portland and Newport and will be at home to their friends after August 1, at 1335 State street.

Mrs. Anderson is the only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. E. F. Blessing. She is a graduate of Salem high school and is an accomplished musician. For the last two years she has been at the Wills music store. The groom is a graduate of the electrical school at Mare Island. He served two and a half years in the navy and is now in the commission business with his father, P. Anderson on South High street.

few months have passed their 80th birthday anniversaries. Dr. D. D. Keeler, whose birthday anniversary fell on that date, and Mrs. Charles Townsend and Charles Baldwin were the honored guests. Sweet peas in rich colors formed the centerpiece for the attractive board. Covers were laid for 14.

Mr. and Mrs. Leo Bornstedt left Tuesday for their home in Galesville, Wis., after visiting for three weeks with their uncle and aunt, Mr. and Mrs. A. C. Bornstedt. While here Mr. and Mrs. Bornstedt took their guests to Big Elk ranch, their farm near Philomath, for a week.

Mrs. James Elvin left yesterday for Oakridge, McCredie Springs, to act as official chaperone for the V. W. C. A. summer camp which will last for eight days.

Mr. and Mrs. H. C. Marvin and small daughter Virginia have returned from an outing spent in southern Oregon, below Roseburg.

Dr. R. B. Kuhn of Lewiston, Ida., has left for his home after a visit at the home of his brother, V. E. Kuhn, for a few weeks.

About 30 little children of the Sunday school class of Mrs. Ray L. Farmer enjoyed a frolic in Willson park Friday afternoon when Mrs. Farmer entertained the party with games. Late in the afternoon Mrs. Farmer served dainty refreshments to the little tots and 12 of their mothers.

Interesting additions to Salem are Mr. and Mrs. Thomas S. Donnelly and their three daughters who have recently come to Salem from Cedar Rapids, Iowa, and will make their home here. They have purchased the Bray property at 549 North Cottage street and are remodeling the residence.

Mr. and Mrs. N. S. Noll of Ider Grove, Iowa, will visit at the home of Mrs. L. K. Hage this week after visiting at the home of their daughter, Mrs. E. Jordan in Eugene. The Nolls have large farm holdings in Iowa.

Mrs. Alice E. Miles has gone to Olympia, Wash., for a month's visit with relatives.

The marriage of Mrs. Luella Werner and D. A. Harris of this city took place yesterday at noon at the Chemeketa St. Evangelical church. Rev. F. L. Launer officiated at the service with only a few close friends present. Mr. and Mrs. Harris left for a wedding trip to Willhoit Springs

and other summer resorts and will be at home to their friends after September 1, on the Harris farm east of Salem.

Mr. and Mrs. Guy Frink of Philomath have returned to their home after being guests at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Harry Roew for a few days.

Mrs. Elbert Thompson, her small daughter and Miss Catharine Rowe returned yesterday from a visit of two weeks with friends and relatives in Corvallis and Philomath.

Miss Sylvia Thomas is visiting for two weeks with her grandmother, Mrs. C. D. Thompson, in Lebanon.

Mr. and Mrs. R. F. Tuters and small sons, Marshall and Meyrell, of Hoquiam, Wash., who have been visiting for two weeks at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Owen Catterman on Highland avenue, left yesterday for their home.

Dandruff Soon Ruins the Hair

Girls—if you want plenty of thick, beautiful, glossy, silky hair, do by all means get rid of dandruff, for it will starve your hair and ruin it if you don't.

It doesn't do much good to try to brush or wash it out. The only sure way to get rid of dandruff is to dissolve it, then you destroy it entirely. To do this, get about four ounces of ordinary liquid arvon; apply it at night when retiring; use enough to moisten the scalp and rub it in gently with the finger tips.

By morning, most if not all of your dandruff will be gone, and three or four more applications will completely dissolve and entirely destroy every single sign and trace of it.

You will find, too, that all itching and digging of the scalp will stop and your hair will look and feel a hundred times better. You can get liquid arvon at any drug store. It is inexpensive and four ounces is all you will need, no matter how much dandruff you may have. This simple remedy never fails.

REVELATIONS OF A WIFE

The Story of a Honeymoon

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

CHAPTER 642

HOW HARRY UNDERWOOD RAN-ISHED ONE FEAR FROM MADGE'S MIND—HOW ANOTHER CAME TO FILL ITS PLACE.

If I had had any last lingering doubt concerning Harry Underwood's innocence of the personal plots against my peace of mind it must have vanished as I saw the horror depicted on his face when the idea that I might suspect him first dawned upon him.

It might be acting, but if it were his emotion was so skillfully simulated it would have taken a person much more experienced than I to detect it. But I was sure that it was not acting. I hastened to reassure him.

"If I had thought you had anything to do with those anonymous clippings I should hardly be telling you about them," I said quietly.

A look of relief flashed into his eyes. "Thank you," he said earnestly. But the look of wrath still lingered in his eyes, which I was certain had a definite object. He bent his eyes on the table, tracing vague lines on the cloth with his fork, and I saw he was pondering something deeply.

"Look here," he said suddenly glancing up, and there was a world of pained humiliation in his eyes. "You've given me a confidence and I'm going to give you one. And I'm not going to exact any promise of secrecy either. I'd advise you not to tell old Dicky about it, but it might be worth while to code in L. I. who is the one best bet for you to tie to. But I'll leave that to your own judgment."

"I will not abuse the confidence," I said quietly.

Harry Underwood's Promise.

It gave me an eerie sort of feeling to hear this man speak Lillian's name in such a confident, friendly fashion after offering her the supreme insult a husband can give a wife—caddish desertion for another woman. But I put the emotion down. I felt sure that Lillian would approve what I had accomplished so far. Harry Underwood was on the brink of a confidence, which I felt sure, concerned Grace Draper. It might eventually lead to the knowledge of the plots against the country, in which Lillian was so confident. Grace Draper was involved.

This hellish business is an absolute surprise to me," Harry Underwood began slowly. "But notwithstanding that, I think I know who is responsible for it, and I think you know the person I mean."

He stopped, looked at me fixedly, and there must have been something almost hypnotic in the gaze, for my lips moved, involuntarily, and breathed the name I had no intention of mentioning directly to him. "Grace Draper?"

"Exactly," he returned, "and a lucky thing it is that you happened to tell me this today. Au revoir for

two weeks' that thing said, didn't it?"

I bowed my head in assent. "And you said the two weeks are almost up," he mused. "Well, I'll have my work cut out for me to keep her from any more beastly tricks like that, but I give you my word that I'll keep her in order for a while at least."

My lips and tongue were parched, feverish with suspense. It wasn't the letters themselves, but the awful uncertainty concerning my father's contents breathed that primarily had brought me to this tea room with Harry Underwood. And so far I had learned nothing. The promise to keep Grace Draper from further annoying me was reassuring enough in its way, but it didn't relieve my most poignant anxiety. I looked up at the man opposite me pleadingly.

Others Came To Lunch.

"Is there nothing you can tell me about my father's fate?" I asked. Across his face flitted an expression which I couldn't fathom. It might be pain, remorse, fright. Whatever it was, it was gone in an instant, and he bent toward me, his usual courtly imperiousness self.

"Dear child," he said, "I wish I knew the truth concerning your father. Where he is now I haven't the faintest idea, or whether he is alive or dead. But one thing I do know, although I am practically taking my life in my hands by telling you. The woman that sent you those letters believes his fate to have been what she pictured to you. But I know what she doesn't, that he escaped from just such a peril as she outlined. So you need pay no attention to the anonymous clippings."

The truth flashed upon me in an instant, revealed by that subconscious self of mine, which Lillian declares to be almost clairvoyant. The man across the table had been intrusted with the fate of my father by the terrible organization in which Grace Draper must hold a high place, and with which he, too, must be connected. Instead of carrying out the awful commission he had aided my father to escape!

I knew it as well as if he had told me in so many words.

I don't know in what words I would have couched my grateful acknowledgement of what I had read between the lines of his story, for even as I leaned toward him my eyes were drawn to the opening door of the cafe. The next moment I had

cowered in my chair in an unreasonable panic. For entering the cafe were Dicky and Edith Fairfax!

(To be continued)

At the end of six weeks of married life a southern dandy returned to the minister who had performed the ceremony and asked for a divorce. After explaining that he could not give divorces, the minister tried to dissuade his visitor from carrying out his intention. "You must remember, Sam, that you took Lize for better or for worse."

"I knows da, boss," rejoined the dandy, "but she's wuss than I took her for."

ENCIRCLING MOVEMENTS

He: You look cold. Shall I take off my coat and put it around you? She: Why take it off?—Cartoons Magazine.

WARNING

In keeping your health regular do not become addicted to weakening poisons or mineral laxatives; just by KIDNEY PILLS, gentle, wholesome, sweet and safe, harmless, reliable for every ailment, including constipation, headache, dizziness, indigestion, gas, heartburn, torpid liver, bad breath, nervousness, dropsical swellings, rheumatism, neuralgia and physical debility.



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