

REVELATIONS OF A WIFE

The Story of a Honeymoon

A Wonderful Romance of Married Life Wonderfully Told by
ADELE GARRISON

CHAPTER 644

MOW MADGE "MANAGED THE SITUATION WITH EDITH FAIRFAX."

I could have wept at the look of relief, of restored confidence which flashed into Dicky's face at Harry Underwood's explanation of my

presence with him in the Fleur de Lis—wept not because I cared much in that moment what Dicky thought, but for the humiliation of spirit that was mine.

All through my childhood and girlhood, truth-telling was almost a fetish of mine. And the unhappiness which a lie or even a subterfuge causes me has been one of my great

sources of misery since my marriage with Dicky.

For Dicky's code is one summed up in his own careless words: "What a woman doesn't know doesn't hurt her." Because of his numberless petty deceptions I have been driven often to the desperate attitude of pretending to believe all the excuses he gave me for his numerous absences from home.

But it has been my pride that my own conduct has been free of even the suspicion of a deception. Only once, on account of my father, had I done something I had known would displease my husband. I had dined with Dr. Pettit when he left for South America. But at least, when Dicky had met us, I hadn't lied out of it. He had been given the true explanation, of the incident. But now I was compelled to acquiesce in Mr. Underwood's explanation, because of my promise to Lillian.

It seemed like the "long arm of coincidence" that Edith Fairfax—the girl from Virginia who had been Dicky's companion at the same restaurant at which Dr. Pettit had dined—should be with him now. I had been too dazed in the first seconds following their entrance into the tea room to grasp the significance of their presence there together.

Madge Strikes Home.

Then a flood of jealous imagery overwhelmed me to the exclusion of all other sensations. The presence of this girl here at Dicky's side meant that their friendship had never lapsed, as I had thought after the memorable day at Lillian's, but was still active. I looked at the girl sharply, and I couldn't keep my aversion to her out of my face.

To my surprise I caught her regarding me furtively, timidly, from under the shadow of her drooping-brimmed hat. As she met my gaze her eyelids dropped over her eyes, and a burning flush crept over her cheeks.

But I had caught and interpreted with rising excitement the look in her eyes. The girl was afraid of me! She was also overwhelmed by humiliation and distress at the ambiguous position in which she found herself.

Dicky, embarrassed, angry, puzzled, tried to make conversation. "I didn't know you had met Miss Fairfax, Madge," he said, and his manner was awkward for Dicky.

I knew he referred to the fact that I had nodded and smiled to the girl when she and Dicky had come to our table at Harry Underwood's invitation. There's latent ferocity in every woman I have heard. At any rate, it surged up in me. I tried to make my voice as soft and pleasant as possible, the while I searched my vocabulary for words that would sting.

"No, I have never met her," I said slowly, keeping my eyes fixed upon the girl's downcast face. "but really, Dicky-bird, I ought to know her, don't you think? I have seen her so often with you, and heard so much about your delightful friendship with her."

I heard a sound like a subdued chuckle from Harry Underwood's direction, but his face when I glanced quickly at him was imperturbable, and the sound was so slight that I concluded I had been mistaken. Dicky's face was a study, a crowning picture of angry chagrin. He never had heard me call him "Dicky-bird" before, neither had he ever seen me in exactly the mood that now possessed me.

He didn't answer me, and as Miss Fairfax also remained silent, I addressed him directly.

"I am sure we don't need a formal introduction, do we, Miss Fairfax?" I inquired.

"You Cannot Know"

She started, made a brave attempt to look up at me, could not manage

it, then murmured in a characteristically southern drawl:

"Oh, indeed, I am sure not, Mrs. Graham."

"Formality is such a bore, anyway," I returned, looking around as if all three were expecting to hear the last word on the subject. "You cannot know," Miss Fairfax, in the care-free, unconventional life of the studios—I delicately emphasized the adjectives—"how deadly dull life may be at the opposite end of the world, the home bedside of the artists. Do you know, I sometimes actually come to the point of wishing I could change places with the young women who pose for my husband."

NOTICE

I have taken up about 20 head of sheep on the Judd farm near Aumsville. Owner call M. D. McCallister, Salem, Or.

AT THE LIBRARY

"Adventures of the Fourteen Points," vivid and dramatic episodes of the peace conference, by Harry A. Hansen.

"Psychology of Nationality and Internationalism" with a chapter on the "Nationality in the League of Nations," by Prof. W. B. Pillsbury.

"From Mud to Mufu," a successor to "Bullets and Billets" with the same clever humor in illustrations, by Bruce Bairnsfather.

"The Vital Message," a conception of our relations with the Unseen as understood by Arthur Conan Doyle, Raymond, or "Life and Death," with examples of the evidence for survival of memory and affection after death, as told by Sir Oliver Lodge.

"The Girl and the Job," simple discussions of vocations open to girls by Helen C. Hoerle.

"The Grand Canyon of the Colorado," studies in impression and appearances, well illustrated by John C. VanDyke.

"Ladies-in-Waiting," a novel by Kate Douglas Wiggin.

"Mist of the Morning," by Isabel E. Mackay.

"Man With Three Names," by MacGrath.

Boys' Books.

"Bob Thorpe, Sky Fighter," by Austin Bishop.

"Boy Scouts in the Wilderness," by Samuel Scoville.

"Rising Wolf, the White Black-foot," by James W. Schultz.

"The Boy With the U. S. Trapper," by Francis Roll-Wheeler.

"The Boy Scouts' Book of Stories," edited by Franklin Mathews, chief scout librarian, Boy Scouts of America.

"The Boy Vigilantes of Belgium," by George E. Walsh.

"High Benton," by William Heyliger.

A FORGETFUL MAN.

Walter: Mr. Smith's left his umbrella again. I do believe he would leave his head if it were loose.

Robinson: I dare say you're right. I heard him say only yesterday he was going to Switzerland for his lungs.—Tit-Bits.

Beef, Pork, Veal, Lamb, Mutton!

FISH OF ALL KINDS, FRESH EVERY DAY

WHEN you trade at the Midget you get more for your money and not supporting the beef trust.

NOT IN THE COMBINE

Midget Market

ORIGINATORS OF LOW PRICES

351 STATE STREET

Those who advertise in The Statesman always get results

U. S. Government-Inspected

MEATS

Steusloff Bros. Market

Court and Liberty Sts. Phone 1528

Good Quality

FRESH BEEF

Boiling Pieces 14c and 18c lb.
Pot Roasts 20c lb.

FINE LOT BROILERS AND YOUNG HENS

FINE MUTTON

Stew, lb. 10c
Loin Roast lb. 25c
Shoulder Roast, lb. 20c
Leg, lb. 25c

MILD, SUGAR CURED

FANCY SMOKED MEATS

Bacon Squares, lb. (Wrapped 1½ to 3lbs.) 30c

PIC-NICS, COTTAGE ROLLS, BACON BAX

Choice Rendered Edible Tallow, lb 10c
(Moulded in Cakes about 2 lbs. each)

"MARION," "BUTTERCUP" and "4 C"

Creamery Butter

"NUCOA" NUT BUTTER

Complete Line of All Kinds First Class Quality

FRESH, CURED AND SMOKED MEATS

PURE LARD, SAUSAGES, Etc.

Steusloff Bros. Market

Salem, Or.

The only ones who don't praise Chautauqua are those who do not attend. Opens tomorrow. Ask about it.

SALEM BUSICK'S ALBANY

State Street at Commercial

Commercial at Chemekata

"The Quality Coffee of America!"



Remember We Stand Behind It.

There is no better coffee than M.J.B. Coffee regardless of price—WHY?

5-lb. tin per lb. 52c

3-lb. tin per lb. 53c

Single Pound Tin

We Recommend That You Buy the 5-lb. Size

— "You Save More Money" —

6 lbs. Crisco	\$1.89
3 lbs. Crisco	96c
No. 5 Pure Lard	\$1.20
No. 10 Pure Lard	\$2.35
2 cans Libby Milk	25c
12 Libby Milk	\$1.45
Pint Wesson Oil	42c
Quart Wesson Oil	82c
Half Gallon Wesson Oil	\$1.60
Pint Mazola Oil	40c
Quart Mazola Oil	78c
Half Gallon Mazola Oil	\$1.53
Pint Douglas Oil	36c
Fancy Bulk Coffee, lb.	33c
Fancy Bulk Coffee, 3 lbs.	93c
2 cans Standard Tomatoes	25c

2 cans Fancy Tomatoes	33c
2 cans Corn	35c
2 cans Peas	33c
Alaska Pink Salmon, lb. can	19c
2 cans Clams	37c
Monopole Syrup, gallon	\$2.98
Fresh Peanut Butter	17c
Folger's Shasta Tea, half lb.	26c
Folger's Shasta Tea, 1 lb.	49c
Tree Tea, pkg.	35c
Fresh Crisp Soda Crackers	18c
Fresh Crisp Grahams	22c
100 lbs. Stock Salt	95c
5 lbs. Net Vegetate	\$1.50
2 Grape Nuts	35c
2 Poast Toast	27c
2 Shredded Wheat	31c
Large pkg. Armour's Oats	35c
Large pkg. Alber's Oats	35c
Large pkg. Mother's Oats	35c
Large pkg. Quaker Oats	35c
10 lbs. Bulk Oats	70c
50c Postum	42c
30c Postum	26c
25c Postum	22c
5 lbs. Baking Powder	90c
12 lbs. White Navy Beans	\$1.00

These Beans are fancy recleaned Navy.