

SOCIETY

By RUTH LENORE FISHER.

MRS. Etta Squier Seley, one of Oregon's magazine writers has gone to Seattle where she intends to make her home. She was accompanied by her daughter, Miss Marion Seley, who will return to Salem after a fortnight's vacation with her mother.

Mr. and Mrs. H. E. Deckebach and family left Monday for their home in Cincinnati, Ohio. They were guests here at the home of F. G. Deckebach.

Mrs. Page R. Boyles, who will be remembered by many Salem friends as Miss Jessie Bond, is the house guest of Mrs. W. Carlton Smith.

Mrs. Boyles was formerly employed by the state tax commission.

Mrs. T. D. Walker is expecting her daughter, Helen, home from La Grande, where she has been visiting Mrs. E. S. Cramer since June.

Mr. and Mrs. R. Andrestrom, of Yakima, Wash., are house guests of the T. D. Walkers this week, having arrived in the city yesterday.

Considerable interest centers around the annual picnic of the Missionary society of the First Presbyterian church which is to be this evening at the fairgrounds. Singing,

led by the young people, and a talk by Dr. Ross McIntyre on his experiences in the far east will be features of the affair. A picnic dinner will be served at 6:30.

Mrs. F. G. Deckebach entertained a few friends Sunday evening in honor of the H. E. Deckebachs who have been here from Cincinnati during the last three weeks.

Miss Edna Satterlee is spending her vacation in Canada. She will be gone a fortnight, visiting friends in Medicine Hat, her former home.

Misses Annabelle Golden, Isabelle George and Ruth Mase will leave Friday for a fortnight's outing with friends at Astoria and Seaside.

Rev. and Mrs. W. C. Kantner left Monday afternoon for Seattle where they will remain throughout the month of August at the home of their daughter.

Mrs. Oswald Empey and baby Orma, with Mrs. Empey's father, William Kuhnke, left Wednesday for a visit of several months with relatives and friends in Alberta, Canada, their former home.

Mr. and Mrs. W. F. Davies returned from Eugene Thursday. They have as their house guest Harry Hutton, director of the Anderson Draft company of Eugene.

Mrs. K. James Morrison of Portland is a guest at the L. W. Phillips home.

Miss Lucile Jackson has returned to her home in Portland after a week's visit at the home of her aunt, Mrs. Bruce M. Daskam.

Mrs. Helena Parsons of Boise, left for her home in Idaho after spending a week with her sister, Mrs. James Dalton.

Mr. and Mrs. Perry Willam who have been guests at the William Norwood home will leave today for a

Cocoon Oil Makes A Splendid Shampoo

If you want to keep your hair in good condition, be careful what you wash it with.

Most soaps and prepared shampoos contain too much alkali. This dries the scalp, makes the hair brittle, and is very harmful. Multisifted cocoon oil shampoo (which is pure and entirely greaseless), is much better than anything else you can use for shampooing, as this can't possibly injure the hair.

Simply moisten your hair with water and rub it in. One or two teaspoonfuls will make an abundance of rich, creamy lather, and cleanses the hair and scalp thoroughly. The lather rinses out easily and removes every particle of dust, dirt, sand, and excessive oil. The hair dries quickly and evenly, and it leaves it fine and silky, bright, fluffy and easy to manage.

You can get Multisifted cocoon oil shampoo at most any drug store. It is very cheap, and a few ounces is enough to last everyone in the family for months.

REVELATIONS OF A WIFE

The Story of a Honeymoon

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

CHAPTER 66

HOW ALLEN DRAKE ARRANGED TO DECIPHER THE MESSAGE.

A large, rambling structure, reminiscent of the days of the revolution, with lights gleaming brilliantly from one wing, and the rest of the house in darkness save for a stray lighted window or two—this was Craigie Manor as I saw it when Allen Drake's motor turned in at its quaint old arched gateway and drew up at the broad porch.

George, Mr. Drake's chauffeur, sprang from his seat and opened the door for us. As he did so the door of the old hostelry was flung open by a powdered flunkey in the fashion of a century ago, and just behind him, dominating the whole hall by his mere presence, was a man at sight of whom I involuntarily murmured:

"Mine host of the inn!"

"I thought you'd enjoy him," Mr. Drake replied in an undertone, evidently much pleased by my appreciation of the picture.

The man was a giant in stature, and broad of chest. His massive head, bald at the crown, and with gray, slightly curling hair covering the rest of it, matched his figure and from his rubicund face looked out a pair of gray-blue eyes, twinkling now with kindly humor, but which I was sure could be stern enough on occasion.

His eyes alone, conventional evening attire was disappointing. One felt that he, too, should wear the garb of colonial days.

He advanced to meet us, bowing with a slow, deferential grace, obsolete now in these modern hurried times.

"Ah, Mr. Drake!" he said. "This is a pleasure, indeed, to see you again, and your lady," he bowed again to me. "Will you have the usual table?"

Some Very Careful Plans.

"Thank you, yes," Mr. Drake returned, and turning, the man impressively led the way to the extreme corner of the room to his left, a wonderful beamed ceiling apartment, almost the whole side of which was taken up with one of the fireplaces—all too rare nowadays—in which a man could stand upright.

One corner of the fireplace made a third wall for the little alcove in which our table was placed. We could see everything that went on in the room, as well as the approach of the waiters from the kitchen, while our own table was fairly well screened from observation from the occupants of tables directly opposite us.

"The usual arrangements?" asked "mine host," as he himself drew out our chairs.

"Yes, only more so," Mr. Drake replied.

The man smiled.

"I hope you will not be disappointed when I tell you that I have to wait upon you myself," he said. "It is a light night, and my best waiters have a holiday. I couldn't trust you with the ones I have left."

Mr. Drake gave him an answering smile.

"We'll try to bear up," he retorted, and the significance of the conversation struck me. Mr. Drake meant that this man and no other should come near our table.

What Does It Contain?

I looked out into the almost empty room curiously. Only two tables had occupants, and those most common-place looking persons. The landlord, for so Mr. Drake had told me in a low voice he was, busied himself for a moment or two in putting chairs against the tables which were anywhere near our own, thus stampering that they were engaged. Then he came back to us, took our order and disappeared.

"He's a trusted man of the service," Mr. Drake explained, "and his house has seen many an important secret conference. He has private dining and sitting rooms, but I thought you might not care to go in to one, and with the precautions he has taken this is practically as secluded and safe."

"Thank you," I murmured, and I did feel grateful for his thoughtfulness. But my vague pique at him did not vanish. There was something elusive about his demeanor which I didn't like, something which I had a premonition would betray itself sooner or later.

"And now to business," Mr. Drake returned, producing two small pads of paper and a couple of pencils from his pocket. "I've got to do some figuring, and I may want you to help me out, matching figures or something of that sort. You can easily slip it one side when our food comes but don't lose any of the sheets."

I was as mystified as I shrewdly guessed he wished me to be when he laid one of the pads and the pencils by my plate, and then drew from his pocket the notebook to which I had seen him transfer the important paper from my father, and which he opened to the page where the slimy rice paper was fastened.

At the sight of that tiny paper which I had so recently delivered to him my heart began to beat wildly. What message for Allen Drake would it contain? What hidden secret of my father's life would it reveal to me?

(To be continued)

STAYTON NEWS

STAYTON, Aug. 5.—Herbert Maag and wife of Mill City spent Saturday in Stayton.

One Titus and Lawrence Siegmund went to Salem Monday.

Mr. and Mrs. H. Lilly in company

with V. H. Massey and wife spent the week-end at Newport.

F. H. Down and family, and Loyal Sarove, returned to their home last week, after a 10-day visit at the home of J. P. Dawle and wife in Stayton.

Quite a number of Stayton people attended the Epworth league institute at Jefferson Sunday.

Frank Foster and wife are enjoying a series of pleasant drives through the country while learning to handle a new automobile which they purchased lately.

Mr. and Mrs. Sam Pressler returned home Friday from Portland where they enjoyed a week's sight seeing around the city and a trip out over the Columbia River highway.

Mrs. Frank Leslie and son, Wilbur, left Friday for Cascadia where they will enjoy the pleasure of camp life for a couple of weeks.

Mr. Rambeau who recently sold his farm on route 1, has leased the I. A. Thomas property and is moving his family into town.

Quite a crowd of people from Stayton and vicinity enjoyed a days outing at Willott Springs Sunday.

Among them were Mr. and Mrs. Fe-

lix Van Erman, E. C. Titus and his mother, Mr. and Mrs. Henry Frank, Mr. and Mrs. John Boedighelmer, Mrs. Elsie Miller and Cora Cooper.

Mr. Matheny of Union Hill was in Stayton Friday looking for a place to rent. He expects to move his family into town where they will receive the benefit of the Stayton school.

George Davie with his family and Mrs. F. H. Lamborn, left Sunday morning for Nestucca where they will spend a week in fishing and other coast sports.

Dr. H. A. Beauchamp and family, Mr. and Mrs. C. A. Beauchamp and his mother, Mrs. Carie Beauchamp and A. L. Thomas, wife and daughter Louise went to the coast Sunday for their annual outing trip.

Miss Stella Hunter has accepted a position on the Stayton switchboard and will act as "hello" girl for this part of the country.

Miss Winnie Taylor who has been suffering health for the past year has sufficiently recovered as to appear upon the streets again.

Frank Cremer is erecting a new dwelling on the south entrance to

completed will be both commodious and comfortable and will be much nearer town than where the old house stood.

Miss Edna Buckner of Jefferson who is well known in and around Stayton has accepted a position as teacher in the Stayton schools for the ensuing school year.

The public debt of the world amounts to \$130 for every individual. Let us begin to take up the collection.

Girls! Howard's Buttermilk Cream

An old-fashioned beauty recipe brought up to date—contains true buttermilk in the form of a wonderful vanishing cream. Sold by all first-class drug and dept. stores on the money back if dissatisfied plan.



Great for Children

and children think it is great, too. There isn't a healthy, romping, growing boy and girl in this city that doesn't just love a big thick slice of

HOLSUM Bread

Made Clean—Sold Clean—Delivered Clean—and my how good it is for them. Contains the very elements that their growing bodies need. Provides the great nourishment of wheat in its most appetizing form.

HOLSUM is economical too—the big loaf has more moisture and less crust. It is eaten and relished to the last crumb.

"TAKES YOU BACK TO YOUNGER DAYS"

Buy the Big Loaf for Quality and Economy

CHERRY CITY BAKING CO.



Who Says Pancakes?

Everybody does. Nothing strikes the inner camper like crisp, brown PANCAKES frying-pan size.

With FISHER'S PANCAKE FLOUR you don't have to tinker with the batter. You just add water from the nearest spring and there's a big bowlful of perfect batter ready—enough for the hungriest campful of campers.

We mix sweet, powdered milk and corn sugar right in with the choice buckwheat, wheat, corn and rice. That saves you adding milk and sugar and makes the fluffiest, richest flavored pancakes you ever tasted.

Be sure FISHER'S PANCAKE FLOUR goes into the next camp commissary.

ASK YOUR GROCER FOR IT

FISHER FLOURING MILLS COMPANY

PORTLAND



Just add water it's ready

PANCAKE FLOUR

Good Baking

From Mother to Daughter

From the good cooks of the past generation, our good cooks of today learned the "secret" of successful baking with OLYMPIC Flour. Its satisfaction goes back thirty years. It has reason to be even better today.

Wafers that melt in your mouth are made from OLYMPIC Pancake Flour. You will enjoy OLYMPIC Wheat Hearts, too.

Your grocer will tell you so. He sells it in 10, 24½ and 49½ pound sacks.

Try This Berry Pie

CRUST: 2 cups OLYMPIC flour; ½ cup shortening; pinch of salt; water.

Work shortening well into the flour and mix; add berries; cold water to hold together (about one-fourth of a cup). Roll out on a cool, floured surface.

FILLING: Sprinkle a little flour and sugar on berries; add berries; add enough OLYMPIC flour to make a stiff dough; use berries; roll out on a cool, floured surface. Put on top crust and bake in moderate oven.

OLYMPIC FLOUR

CAR of GASOLINE ARRIVED!

We have received our second car of Gasoline and are ready to serve everybody.

All makes of cars may get gasoline in unlimited quantities

Those having tanks, drums or containers, may have them filled from the tank wagon, by securing written order at our

FORD SERVICE STATION

On High Street, opposite City Hall

Our last car only lasted 48 hours YOU MUST ACT QUICK

Valley Motor Co.