

SOCIETY

Allen Jones is spending the week-end at Newport.

Miss Gene Belle will return today from Tacoma and Seattle, where she has been visiting friends for two weeks.

Mr. and Mrs. S. E. Edwards, Mrs. D. Christensen and C. H. Stevenson left Thursday for a motor trip to Vancouver, B. C.

Mrs. Mary Crawford and daughter Joyce, of Alton, Ill., are guests at

the home of the former's parents, Mr. and Mrs. W. D. Henry.

Mrs. T. E. Abrams and daughter Hazel have returned to their home in Roseburg after spending a month visiting relatives and friends in Salem and Portland. On their return they were accompanied by Miss Elizabeth, the little daughter of Colonel and Mrs. Carl Abrams, who will spend the month in Roseburg.

Miss Dorothy Palmer of Medford is visiting Miss Florence Young at her home on High street. Other recent guests were Mrs. Mildred Young of San Francisco, who returned to her home last week, and Mr. and Mrs. J. E. Eichelberry of Sacker, S.

D. and H. P. Anderson of Roseburg.

403,391 MORMONS IN U. S.

SALT LAKE CITY, Utah, July 25.—Census of the membership of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-Day Saints (Mormon) is to be taken this fall, church authorities announced recently. The last census taken in 1914, showed 403,391 members in good standing.

Taking of the census includes counting Mormon peoples in Mexico, Canada, England, Hawaii and other parts of the world. Church officials will not forecast the estimated growth since 1914.

REVELATIONS OF A WIFE

The Story of a Honeymoon

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

CHAPTER 663

WHY MADGE SET ABOUT MEMORIZING WHAT DRAKE WROTE.

I was surprised at the strength of the resentment I felt toward Allen Drake when I finally realized the belittling attitude in which he held my mentality. My fingers clenched, and I bit my lips savagely for fear I might utter some word which would betray my anger to the eyes of my husband.

It couldn't be, I told myself fiercely, that I cared what this man's opinion of me was. He, like myself, was merely a pawn in a tremendous game, but I couldn't hide from the eyes of my own brain the humiliating fact that his opinion did matter to me.

While vaguely disliking and fearing him I had been much impressed and fascinated by the man's powerful personality. I had thrilled, despite myself, at his praise of my pluck and presence of mind when he was wounded. To realize that he regarded my intellect as little more than that of a precocious child jarred my self-esteem, even though I knew his opinion was that of an impersonal executive who was impatient of feminine assistance.

There was no escape for me, however, from the humiliating position in which I found myself. I must go on jotting down interminable figures at his behest until he had finished whatever task the receipt of my father's secret message seemed to have set him.

"Good Locks and Bolts?"

But one consolation my wounded vanity promised itself. I had preserved a machine-like attitude of mind toward the task in hand, thinking that in this manner I would better aid the man opposite me. I now made up my mind that I would set my wits to work and find out, if possible, the meaning of the seemingly foolish computations he was setting me.

So between the courses of our dinner—an unusually good one, which, however, I had neither spirits nor appetite to appreciate—I kept on jotting down the figures Mr. Drake gave me, with clerk-like regularity, while mentally, with mounting excitement, I was carrying on another calculation in my mind, and fixing firmly in it for remembrance the matching "answers" which Mr. Drake recorded so carefully.

For it had taken but a short time to discover that the rice paper containing my father's secret message which Mr. Drake had fastened to a page of his notebook, must contain a cryptic code of some sort, a code which Mr. Drake was trying to decipher by means of secret formula scattered in innocent looking figures on many pages of the notebook he carried. I shrewdly suspected that this arrangement of figures he had was one so distributed that no one save himself could possibly use it, and that if his notebook were stolen it would be of no use to any one except its owner.

My little mother began the training of my memory when I was a small girl, and I kept up her methods after I grew to womanhood. It is no task at all for me to memorize at sight lists of words or groups of figures, so, although I found the task I had set myself the hardest of its kind I'd ever encountered, yet by the time our dinner was ended I had firmly fixed in my memory every figure and letter I had seen Mr. Drake write down in his notebook.

Of course, the collection was so much Greek to me. But I was sure that if I ever had the chance to look at the rice paper on which my father's cryptic message was written I would be able to read it. And I had a sort of childish satisfaction in fooling Allen Drake, who, I knew, believed me to be ignorant of the real meaning of the mathematical maneuvers.

It was after the coffee had been served that I saw his eyes glisten with subdued excitement, heard him draw a deep breath, and knew by the suppressed exultation and amazement with which he stared at the rice paper that its secret lay at last before him.

"Look here," he said frowning, when he had finally closed the notebook and put it into his pocket. "How many people are in your house now?"

"Six," I answered laconically. "Who are they?"

"Myself, my husband, his mother, an elderly cousin, the maid, and a man-of-all-work, who sleeps in the barn."

"Good locks and bolts on your house?"

"Only ordinary ones."

A Very Frank Phrase.

"Do you keep this paper within reach of your hand all the time?"

"Always." I suppressed the excitement rising within me at his questions. Was it possible that perhaps I should once more hold in my hand this mysterious cryptic paper of my father's sending?

"Unfortunate," Mr. Drake went on. "I don't dare keep this paper upon my person. There are reasons why it wouldn't be safe for me to do so. As soon as possible I shall send some one to you for it, for it is preposterous that anything so vital as this should be cared for by a woman. But for the present I have no alternative."

(To be continued)

"Salem" or "Naumkeag?" (From Spokesman-Review.)

Salem, Or., chuckled for weeks, or years, over the inarticulate rage of Salem, Mass., when she was some time ago politely and officially invited to change her name to avoid postal and other confusion with a live and growing town.

The invitation and the fury may be repeated. Salem, Or., capital of a great state, Zenith city of the Willamette, has increased its population by 25.4 per cent, reaching the respectable figure of 17,769, while the

Massachusetts town that has not yet convinced the country that it never burned a witch, has decreased by 2.7 per cent, to 42,516. A few more decades like that and which Salem will smile supreme?

Really, the suggestion is not so preposterous. By the setting off of the towns of Veverly and Danvers, Salem, Mass., has lost most of its territory, including the best witch section. It retains the "pleasant and fruitful neck of land" on which the city was set, whose Indian name, "Naumkeag," is, in the nasal intonation of the east, music's second self. There is now no "Naumkeag"; there are 14 "Salems" besides a dozen derivative "Salem Centers"

and the like, and a hundred east, south, north and west Salems. Distinction beckons plain.

The 41 do not include Winston-Salem, N. C. Southern courtesy may torbid local stressing of the fact to an elder Salem's distress, but observers at a distance must note that the Wonder city of the Yadkin has grown 113.2 per cent in the decade and is now, with 48,395 souls, the greatest aggregation of human beings on the globe bearing the ancient name—except, of course, the original Salem of Palestine, parent of them all.

NEW MINERAL FOUND.

TONAPAH, July 26.—New mineral substance resembling asbestos, has been found in an eight-foot vein near Coaldale, Nev. Officials of the federal bureau of mines have indicated their intention of sending experts to study the material.

Experiments have proved the new substance is excellent for insulation and is also a good polish for diamonds, rubies and other precious stones. It will also serve as soap, being so gritty it will cut grease. It is also said to be fireproof. Although resembling asbestos, it is said to be too light for asbestos.

Read the Classified Ads.

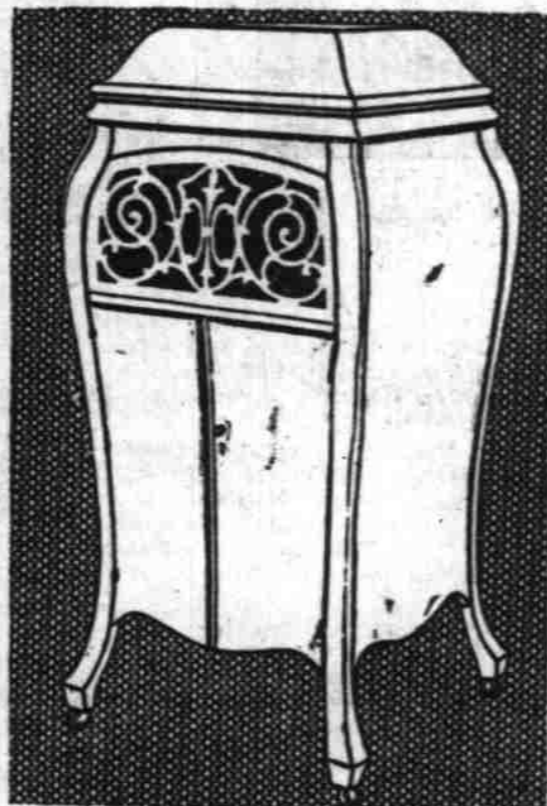
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| Ladies' Fine Vici Kid Oxfords in black and brown, with welt soles and high heels at \$6.50 | Children's Elk Skin Button Shoes, broad toes and extension soles at 5 to 8 at \$2.65 and 8 1/2 to 11 at \$2.95 |
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