

SOCIETY

THE Women's Missionary circle of the First Baptist church will meet this afternoon at 2:30 on the lawn of the parsonage.

Miss Middle Compton has returned from Portland.

Mr. L. R. Springer left yesterday for a fortnight's outing at Bay View.

Mrs. Laura Dunn, of Oklahoma City, Okla., is the house guest of her sister, Mrs. W. E. Compton, with whom she recently returned from Tulare, Cal. Mrs. Dunn expects to remain in Salem about three weeks.

Mrs. S. W. Drake, with her sister, Mrs. J. W. Carr of Frankfort, Ky., her niece, Miss Rhoda Hall of Valparaiso, Ind., and Master Cloyce Drake left Thursday for a week's outing at Newport. Mr. Drake will join them for the week-end.

Mr. and Mrs. L. B. White are enjoying an interesting vacation. They liked from Detroit to Bristenbush springs, and intend to climb Mount Jefferson before they return to their home on South Church street.

Miss Elsie Shavelle of Portland, is the house guest of her sister, Mrs. J. E. Smith.

Rev. Charles Johnson of Dallas has returned home after a brief visit at the E. E. Gilbert home.

Mrs. Fay Townsend Barrick of Portland is enjoying a visit with Mrs. H. D. St. Helens.

Misses Margaret and Mary Gilbert are sojourning at Newport.

Little Miss Kathleen McCormack of West Woodburn is spending a fortnight with her grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Kuensking, 1395 South Commercial street.

Miss Halie Gibson returned yesterday from Newport.

Mr. and Mrs. L. B. Walse motored to Newport yesterday for a week's outing. While there they expect to be joined by their daughter, Mrs. Grace Petersen of Portland.

Miss Pauline Remington left yesterday to spend a fortnight with friends in Bremerton, Wash.

Miss Mildred Miles is spending a few days in the city as the guest of her aunt, Mrs. J. P. Hibler.

Miss Frances Gellatly of the state

board of control is spending her vacation at her home in Corvallis, and with friends in Portland.

Mrs. Gertrude Seyler of Carroll, Ia., and her sister, Mrs. Beatrice Timmins of Chicago, both talented musicians, arrived Wednesday to be the guests of the G. W. Laflairs.

Miss Violet Welborn and Miss Edith Welborn are spending a fortnight in Marshfield, visiting relatives.

Mrs. Lela Jones of Roseburg and little daughter are spending several days in Salem as the guests of friends.

FRECKLE-FACE

Sun and Wind Bring Out Ugly Spots—How to Remove Easily.

Here's a chance, Miss Freckle-face, to try a remedy for your freckles with the guarantee of a reliable concern that it will not cost you a penny unless it removes the freckles; while if it does give you a clear complexion the expense is trifling. Simply get an ounce of Othine—double strength—from any druggist and a few applications should show you how easily it is to rid yourself of the homely freckles and get a beautiful complexion. Rarely is more than one ounce needed for the worst case.

Be sure to ask the druggist for the double strength Othine, as this strength is sold under guarantee of money back if it fails to remove freckles.

REVELATIONS OF A WIFE

The Story of a Honeymoon

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

CHAPTER 667

WHY MADGE DETERMINED TO CONFIDE IN MOTHER GRAHAM.

Katie gave me a joyful welcome when I returned home after my work for Lillian had been finished. From her enthusiastic manner I might have been gone weeks instead of hours. "But her face and poor old William Trumbull's were the only pleased countenances I saw. Dicky was distinctly sulky, and avoided me as much as possible. His mother, whenever I entered her room, preserved a severe, reproachful dignity, which I had to admit, from her standpoint, was a justifiable attitude, because of my refusal to take care of her, while Cousin Agatha's countenance—words fall me when I try to describe the tipped venom of the glances she gave me or the few words she condescended to speak to me.

Her manner, however, troubled me not at all. I had long since given up Cousin Agatha's attitude toward me as hopeless of change; indeed, I didn't care to change it for I entertained an unconquerable aversion to Dicky's elderly kinswoman.

Dicky's sulkiness didn't affect me as it once would have done. I didn't know whether his manner had its roots in the conversation we had at the brook concerning his attitude toward the world war or whether he was half-remorseful, half-resentful and wholly puzzled concerning our unexpected meeting at the Fleur de Lis tearoom—he with Edith Fairfax accompanying him, I with Harry Underwood in my wake.

Of course, the icy formal courtesy with which Dicky chose to emphasize his displeasure made me uncomfortable, but I knew that my volatile husband could not keep up his pose long. He would either have one of his temperamental explosions or he would take advantage of some trivial incident to return to his usual rollicking care-free spirits.

What Lillian Said.

But the misunderstanding with my mother-in-law troubled me greatly. I knew that I had hurt her cruelly, and the sight of her pale face, which seemed to have grown whiter and more wan each time I saw it, haunted all my waking hours and even my dreams.

Before I left Lillian I had told her frankly of my domestic problem and she had placed the responsibility of its solution squarely upon my shoulders.

"You know your mother-in-law's temperament best," she said, "know whether it would be safe to confide to her the bare fact that you're helping me in this work. The question that looms in my mind is, 'Would she tell Dicky?' I am sorry to say it, Madge, but I don't wish Dicky to dream of your work with me. It isn't safe."

"But I can see that this complication of her illness will involve you in all sorts of difficulties if I have to call upon you again. So you must be the judge absolutely. But think it over very carefully first. I'll leave you alone for a few days, no matter what happens. When you've finally decided, let me know."

There was one barb in this conversational quiver which sank into my heart and festered there. I had known of Lillian's attitude toward Dicky's possible knowledge of my work, but she had never put it baldly into words before.

It isn't safe. The sinister, significant words rang in my ears almost constantly during the days following my return, days in which I kept rather closely to my room trying to rest after my exciting experiences, and to determine whether or not I would confide in my mother-in-law. Did Lillian feel Dicky's reality merely, or was there another reason for her injunction to keep him in ignorance of my work?

At this point in my mental conjectures I always shudderingly hid my face in my hands, remorsefully banished any further travel along that line of thought. I might believe my husband careless, garrulous, "unstable as water," but I must hold fast my belief in his honor and loyalty. Any other way madness lay.

Madge Waits and Waits.

It was almost a week before I came

to a decision, a week of mental torture that I shall not soon forget. But I saw clearly before the end of it that if I attempted any other work for my country some one in my house must know the reason for my absences. Katie and William were out of the question; Cousin Agatha, absolutely impossible; Dicky barred because of Lillian's prohibition. There remained only my mother-in-law. I knew her strength of will well enough to be sure she would keep my secret if only she gave me her word to do so. But how to break through the barrier of icy dignity which she held between us was a grave problem.

On one thing I was determined. I would allow Cousin Agatha no knowledge of any interview between my mother-in-law and myself. I hid my plans as carefully as any Machiavellian plotter. Cousin Agatha adhered rigidly to her daily "constitutional," a walk which she took in all sorts of weather. Katie had told me that in Cousin Agatha's absence she had instructions to sit within hearing of Mother Graham's room.

"But she never call," Katie said. "She different now vot she used to be. Den she yell all time, 'Katie, giveek, Katie.' Now she never say nothings. I tink dot old woman not live mooch already yet."

I didn't reprove the girl for her uncouth language. My heart was too heavy at her prophecy. And as day after day during Cousin Agatha's absences I sat with Katie, waiting for the summons which I meant to answer instead of my little maid, the fear grew upon me that her prophetic words perhaps were words that would come true.

(To be continued)

New Lumber Mill Rushed to Early Completion

DALLAS, Or., Aug. 12.—(Special to the Statesman.)—The new sawmill of the Willamette Valley Lumber company in Dallas, which replaces the old mill which was destroyed by fire last month, is being built with as much rapidity as possible, the framework for the first



Hoover

Good Riddance to Bad Rubbish

Let the Hoover with its Motor-Driven Brush, beat, sweep and suction clean all dirt, litter and dust out of your rug as they lie on the floor.

No dirt remains in "Hoovered" carpetings. Let us prove it in your home. Terms.

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story of the main building being already constructed.

The mill will be modern in every particular and will have a cutting capacity of practically 150,000 feet a day. Many new features in sawmill construction are being used in the building and the plant when completed is expected to equal any

manufacturing plant of its kind in the state.

George T. Gerlinger, general manager of the Willamette Valley company, is devoting his entire time to seeing that the building is being rushed to completion and it is expected that the big plant will be ready for operation by November 1.

PLANT DOUBLES CAPACITY.

PORTLAND, Ore., Aug. 12.—Brushes and brooms of every description are now being turned out by the Portland Brush and Broom company in twice the former quantity. New machinery just installed doubles the plant's capacity and makes it the most complete on the coast.

Girls! Buttermilk Turns Dull Lifeless Complexions to Radiant Beauty

No fuss—just try it this new way. Guaranteed. Simply ask your druggist for Howard's Buttermilk Cream

Summer Millinery Slaughtered

To make room for my new fall and winter millinery which will soon begin to arrive I am offering my entire stock of summer millinery at way below cost prices. This also includes my specialty—a large stock of children's summer hats.

All these pretty bonnets must go at once! You may have them at almost your own price.

Mrs. H. P. Stith

Now in my new location at 333 State Street

DIXIE GREEN APPLE PIE, 35c

Fresh Daily

Ask your grocer or phone the bakery

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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.

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Buy the Big Loaf for Quality and Economy

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Advance Showing of Fall Suits

At Advantageously Low Prices

The suits displayed are the result of weeks of careful buying, every one of them offering values that cannot be duplicated later. In some the savings are in the cloths that the makers owned below ruling market quotations; in others the savings are in silk linings and fur trimmings bought before the market reached its peak.

All Are New 1920-21 Styles

tallying in detail with advices from Paris and London and with the recent approvals of the New York Garment Exposition. The materials embrace tricelines, silvertones, serges, velours-de-laine, poplins, etc., tailored with exceptional skill—in a word, garments of character and distinction.

Note Especially the Suits at

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