

SOCIETY

By La Von Coppock

Fulton, who has painted under Professor Shroff. The entire contribution from Eugene is not for competition, and the students of the university are showing rather unusual examples of design, interesting color schemes in still life, and valuable studies in real life from the nude done in charcoal.

A portrait of General Pershing by Mrs. C. B. Mathis of Portland

is attracting some attention, and is the gift of Mrs. Mathis to her husband who was closely associated with General Pershing overseas.

Miss Myrtle Helm has sent some exquisite flower pieces, whose merit lies not only in the color arrangement but also in the delicacy of handling, and the fact that they are painted in the technique of the day.

But the poster and illustration displayed by Elmer Young, a Salem boy, are singularly attractive, and show more than usual promise. Mr. Young, who is a student in Chicago, is a very clever young illustrator and his work is causing considerable favorable comment.

Sunday at 3:30 at the home of Dr. Carl Gregg Doney, in the presence of their immediate families and a few friends, Miss Anna Wallace and John Adams were quietly married, and Bruce H. Wallace, groomsmen, Mr. Adams is the youngest son of Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Adams of Bandon, Ore., an ex-service man, and at present affiliated with the Marshfield Electrical company. The young people will make their home in Marshfield after a brief wedding trip.

Mr. and Mrs. W. A. Liston returned Tuesday from a short visit with their son-in-law and daughter, Mr. and Mrs. V. C. Rush, in Tacoma.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles King and their daughter, Miss Nadine, of Grand Valley, are guests of the J. A. Humphreys for the week.

Miss Marion Hosford of Marshfield is the guest of Miss Catherine Dane for the week at her home on Liberty street.

Mrs. Andrew Durant arrived in Salem last night and will be the guest of Mr. and Mrs. James William Dent for a few days.

Mrs. S. D. Moberg and her son, Captain Stacy Moores are spending a few days with friends in the city and attending the state fair. They will return to Portland Friday.

Miss Carol Wise of Payette, Ida, is visiting her uncle, E. R. Wise, during the week.

The following account of the wedding of Miss Mildred Broughton and Allan C. Hopkins from Oregonian will be of interest to their friends here:

"Autumn foliage and large shaggy chrysanthemums artistically arranged enhanced the beauty and stately charm of the auditorium of the First Congregational church last night, and a large company of friends were assembled to do honor to the marriage ceremony that united Mildred Broughton and Allan C. Hopkins. To the inspiring and beautiful musical setting, with Mrs. Hart ridge Whipp at the organ, is due additional credit for the impressive loveliness of the wedding. The bride was gowned in ivory white satin trimmed with exquisite lace and the veil, cleverly and becomingly arranged and falling in graceful folds from a coronet of orange blossoms, was edged with fine handmade lace. The bouquet was a shower of orchids and white roses mingled with white bouvardia. Miss Marian Reed, maid of honor, was attired in a smart frock of embroidered tulle over pink metal cloth and her bouquet was of pink roses. A deeper shade of pink was worn by the two bridesmaids, Miss Ruth Cushing and Miss Florence Knapp, who were gowned in satin and carried pink roses. Barbara Pierce, a dainty little miss in a French frock of white organdie and lace with pink ribbons and bows, was the flower girl. Charles Lembke of Albuquerque, N. M., was best man and the ushers were William Simmons, Arthur Lee, Frank Davis, Edward C. Sammons, all of whom were overseas officers. Mr. Hopkins was a captain in the 91st division and it was his pleasure to have a coterie of his brother officers as his attendants at the wedding.

She came over to me, and with extraordinarily deft hands wound my wrists with cords and tied them together. She did the same to my ankles, and then, wrapping the piece of wood in cloth, she pried open my mouth and inserted the unprompted gag, tying the ends of the encircling cloth behind my neck.

I gathered fresh hope from the multiplicity of cords she used, and the fact that the cords nearest my wrists were comfortably loose. The knot behind my neck was a mere apology for one. I thought that I could almost work it loose by moving my head from side to side.

When Mme. Hofer had finished she stepped back and looked me over carefully. Then she gave a low laugh, in which I was sure I detected a note of malicious mischief.

"There!" she said triumphantly. "If Otto can detect anything wrong about those he is more clever than I take him for. Now for the other."

She bent over me, opened my coat, which, fortunately, I had slipped on when I had my service moved to the veranda, and felt around the lining until she found an inside pocket.

Laying Strange Plans.

"I thought there would be one in this make of coat," she muttered, and I made a mental note of the minute knowledge of trivial facts the remark betokened.

Into the pocket she thrust the tiny pistol, arranged the loose folds of the coat so they concealed the form of the pistol, and fastened the coat again.

"So-o!" she exclaimed. "Now I think we are ready for even Otto's eyes. He is very wise, but Sophie Hofer has wriggled out of too many bonds not to be able to manage him."

I felt a little tingle of excitement. Evidently this woman, whom I had known only as the efficient, somewhat stolid hausfrau of the inn, had a history and a personality worth one's study. She walked toward the door, but before she turned the key she raised her hands above her head wearily.

"Ah, Olga liebchen!" she murmured. "I do this for you."

She went down stairs, locking the door after her, and I relaxed the heavy breathing, for I knew that soon I must undergo the ordeal of Otto's searching eyes. Mme. Hofer's clever scheme was perfectly plain to me. She meant to exhibit me bound and gagged for Otto's inspection.

Then, if I succeeded in getting loose and escaping she would have the indisputable evidence of his approval of her work.

lifting my hands bound together, dropped them again carelessly.

"You have done very well," he said indifferently, too indifferently. I said to myself with a little contraction at my heart. Then, still with an elaborately careless air, said: "You are going soon, are you not?"

Madame Is Determined.

"Yes, as soon as I put a few things together. We are all going except Ernest, and—"

"But I was to give it to Ernest."

"And can I not give it to Ernest just as well? What is the matter with you, Sophie?"

His voice held menacing suspicion as he turned on her.

"There is nothing the matter with me," she flared, "except that I will not have this murder you are planning—oh, yes, you can't deceive me, Otto, you are planning to put her out of the way in spite of what Ernest said. And while I don't care a pinning what happens to the little pig, yet I do care what happens to my own neck. And I want to be away from this place at least 4 hours before you kill anybody. Then I'll be out of it."

I heard Otto take a step toward her, then a sound of quick, running footsteps.

"I am not afraid of you," she shrieked from the doorway. "And if you don't want me to leave this door unlocked you go downstairs first. I am going to give this key to Ernest myself. Oh, Ernest!" she called loudly, as if she had just caught sight of the ferret-faced youth.

Whether her call was a ruse or not I didn't know, and I am sure Otto shared my uncertainty. But it made him obey her, and I heard him swearing sullenly as he made his way to the door and down the stairs past her.

Then Mme. Hofer hurried noiselessly to my side, thrust something cold and hard down my neck, and went out of the room again locking the door behind her.

"It is a good thing for me this lock is an ordinary one," she soliloquized. "And it is a perfectly natural thing for a service woman to have a skeleton key. And—if I die, I die. That's all."

(To be continued)

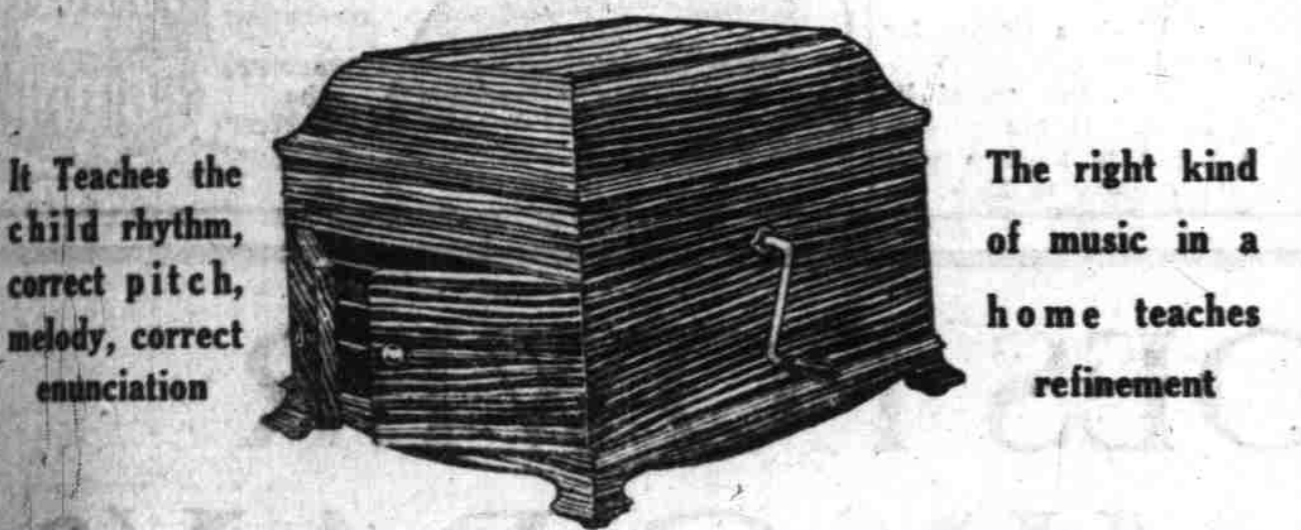
finding means of getting intoxicated," Chief City Magistrate William McAdoo declared in a statement tonight. He said that while the figures showed a decrease in the arrests during the latter half of 1919 and the first three months of 1920, there was an increase in May and June of this year.

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is an educational Tragedy. A child should hear good music from the day of its birth.



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Style—Quality—Service

BUSTER BROWN SHOE STORE

Headquarters for Family Footwear

CHAPTER 706
A BATTLE OF WITS WITH OTTO

The sound of footsteps on the stairs, stealthy, furtive, even though there was no danger of their being overheard, warned me that I must resume my stertorous breathing and prepare to face Otto's critical inspection of the bonds and gag Mme. Hofer had put upon me.

It was a comparatively easy task for me now for I was no longer hopeless, sick with terror as I had been when I was carried upstairs, and dumped into this room to wait for the arrival of the man with the scarred hand.

My heart was warm with gratitude to that strange woman, Mme. Hofer, who had arranged my bonds so that I could easily untie them, and had put the tiny pistol inside my coat. True, she had not known I was conscious while she was thus making it possible for me to escape the horrible fate awaiting me, but she had counted upon my having shrewdness enough to discover the looseness of the knots when I should awaken from the drugged stupor in which they supposed me to be lying.

Otto Inspects The Bonds.

Every nerve was vibrant with the determination neither to fall nor myself—I guessed what the discovery of her laxness would mean to her—and I settled a trifle deeper into the couch, as a drugged person naturally would and began again the heavy breathing which had deceived the conspirators before.

Otto strode into the room and over to the couch, Mme. Hofer's lighter footsteps following his.

"I wanted you to see for yourself," she said, her voice expressing nothing but meek submission, but I had a sudden psychic vision of her malicious mischief lurking underneath. "I have tied her up, the best I knew how, but, of course, you are wiser than I about those things, and I wanted you to look at her."

He put out a huge hand, and

REVELATIONS OF A WIFE

The Story of a Honeymoon

A Wonderful Romance of Married Life Wonderfully Told by ADELE GARRISON

CHAPTER 705

HOW THE STRANGE WOMAN OF THE INN GAVE MADGE "A SPORTING CHANCE."

The joyous relief I felt at Mme. Hofer's passionate declaration that she would not tie me up "like a calf for the butcher" was of short duration. For when the ebullition of emotion caused by my real or fancied resemblance to some one she had known and loved had passed her natural craftiness and very real fear of her associates returned.

"After all, I am a fool," she soliloquized. "The woman is nothing to me, and their hands will be heavy."

She paused, and with her eyes bent upon the floor, evidently thrashed out the problem of my treatment with herself, while I—with hopes sliding the gamut from hope to despair—watched her helplessly.

At last she threw up her head with a gesture of determination, her features fixed in resolve. I knew that my fate had been settled. Whatever decision she had arrived at was unalterable.

"I shall have to tie her up, that is certain," she muttered, "but I'll give her what those cursed English call a "sporting chance."

DRUNKENNESS INCREASES.

NEW YORK, Sept. 27.—Statistics of arrest for drunkenness in New York city during 1919 and 1920 indicate that "people who use alcoholic drinks are adapting themselves to the situation and

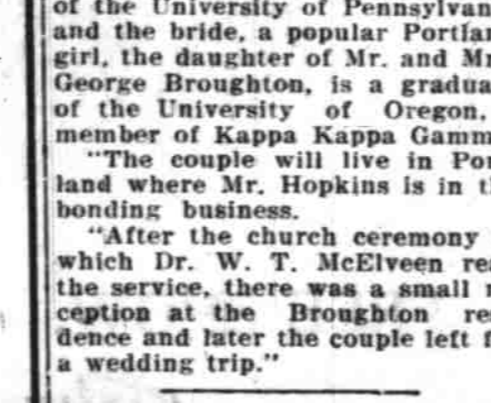
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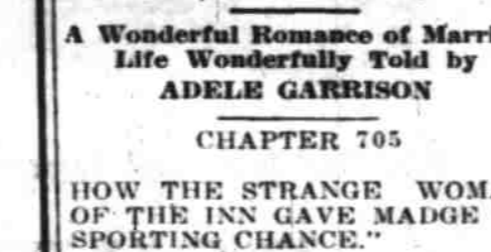


The house across the way

Beautifully attractive, isn't it? And yet no need for you to be envious. Beauty in a house is largely a matter of good painting. A coat of B-H Paint will work wonders in the appearance of your home, and in addition will add years to its life.

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Let us know your painting problems, and we will gladly solve them for you. Also we can supply you with brushes and other necessities.



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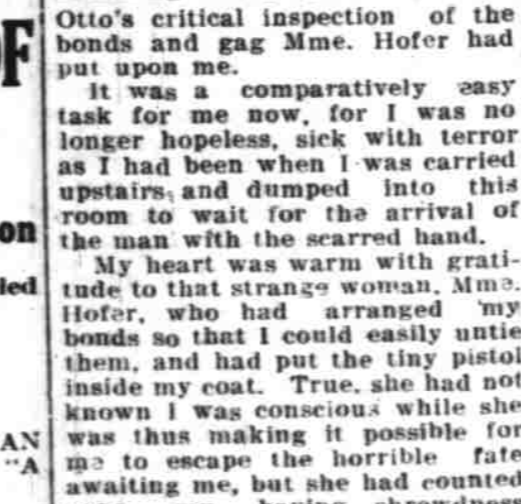
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