

Society

By MOLLY BRUNK.

At the second meeting of the Salem Woman's club, which will be held at the Salem Commercial club Saturday afternoon at 2:30 o'clock, delegates to the assembly of the Marion County Federation of Women's clubs, October 20, will be chosen. This is the first meeting of this body since its organization in May. Mrs. E. N. Hall of Woodburn is president.

Among Salem women to be represented will be Miss Mattie Beatty, chairman of the legislative committee, of the Salem Woman's club and the following women from the North Salem Woman's club: Mrs. F. L. Purvine, Mrs. W. F. Fargo, Mrs. Mason Bishop, and Mrs. J. F. Hutchason.

Two most appreciated visitors in Salem during the mid-week

and Mrs. Gustav Ebsen. Miss Hanna, whose home is in Epworth Iowa, filled a position similar to the Salem one in Southern college, Southland, Fla., last year.

Mr. and Mrs. A. B. Davidson, who have been making an extended visit with their daughter, Mrs. Mason Bishop, left Wednesday night for Brownsville, where they will spend the winter. Before their departure they entertained as their guests, Mrs. H. M. Cummings of Redondo, Wash.

Miss Ruby Wilson left Tuesday night for Pueblo, Colo., where she will spend the winter with Mr. and Mrs. Frank Hamilton, former Salem residents. During her sojourn with her hosts she will make a number of motor trips through various sections of the state, a visit to Denver being one of the first plans.

Mrs. C. V. Moore of Portland, returned to her home the first of the week, after spending a brief time in Salem as the guest of her brother and sister-in-law, Mr. and Mrs. H. E. Bollinger.

The Woman's Missionary society of the First Congregational church will meet in regular monthly session this afternoon at 2:30 o'clock, with Mrs. Ida M. Babcock, 749 North Commercial street. The members are taking up the study of "Ministers of Mercy," this winter. Mrs. E. E. Botsford to lead the program today. Mrs. J. J. Roberts will furnish music for the occasion. Miss Lillian Hartshorn to accompany her.

Miss Gertrude Hartman is entertaining Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Weinshank of San Francisco, who arrived Wednesday morning for a several day's stay. They are on their honeymoon, which will include points of interest in the northwest.

The C. W. B. M. of the First Christian church will hold its regular monthly meeting in the church parlors this afternoon at half past two o'clock, the hostesses to be Mrs. T. E. McCrosky, Mrs. Stephen Wolfe and Mrs. Gardner.

Friends of Mr. and Mrs. Stephen A. Stone will be interested to learn of their change of residence. They have purchased the attractive Robert Duncan dwelling, 373 Leslie street, removing from 611 South Commercial street. Mr. and Mrs. Duncan will occupy the place which the Stones have just vacated.

A business meeting followed by initiations was programmed for the Order of the Eastern Star, Tuesday evening. A social evening to

be given in a fortnight was discussed, the following committee being named to outline plans: Mrs. David Wright, chairman, Mrs. Mary Bellinger, Mrs. Cora Reid, Mrs. W. P. Powle, and Mrs. O. A. Olsen. Coming as it will, so near the holiday season, the affair will in all probability be suggestive of that time.

Earl Busselle, son of Mr. and Mrs. E. T. Busselle, has returned to the University of Oregon after a brief visit with his parents.

Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Holman and daughter, Grace Elizabeth, who left about a month ago for a trip to England and the continent, write to Mrs. Holman's father, George P. Litchfield, and friends here of the delightful time which they are having. Most of their time since arriving in London has been spent with kinfolk, near that city. They will see Wales, Greece, and other places before their return to the states, and before they reach Oregon again, which will probably be about the end of October. They plan to visit in Canada and the eastern and southern portions of the United States, coming home by way of California.

Mrs. T. L. Davidson and her two children, Leone and Thomas Lester, left last night for Fresno, Cal., where they will pass the winter, spending much of their time with relatives. Mr. Davidson expects to join them later, timing his visit during the holiday season.

Mr. and Mrs. J. H. McCorkle have returned to Salem after spending the summer, according to their annual custom, at their cottage "The Ellen," at Neskowin.

T. Riley Davis, son of T. R. Davis of Medford, who has spent the past year in Salem with relatives, is attending O. A. C. and has been pledged to Sigma Alpha Epsilon fraternity.

The October meeting of the Woman's Missionary society of the First Presbyterian church will be held in the church parlors this afternoon at half past two o'clock. It is rally day for the organization and all members are urged to be present. The Ladies' Aid society, as well as all feminine members of the church and congregation are invited to be present. "The Religious Training of the Young" is the subject of the lesson, discussion to be invited.

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not, although I had not the slightest idea what it was I was drinking. Then the hand of the nurse came past her shoulder and removed the cup, while Lillian wiped my lips with the serviette. My brain was quickening to memory. "Tell me," I began.

Thoughts That Perplex.

"Not a word," Lillian returned firmly, "until you wake up again. Everything is all right at home and everywhere, and you must be a good girl and mind me."

She smiled, the whimsical smile I knew and loved so well, but there was that in it which made me close my lips and eyes obediently.

But I could not control my thoughts, and as the effects of the potent steaming draught I had swallowed crept through my veins my memory went leaping back to the last moment of consciousness, and the scenes my eyes had left.

What had happened in the mo-

ments following my fall to the ground? Had Ernest escaped, or had the shot which I had fired with my last bit of strength found a mark in his body?

Otto must be dead, my instinct told me, because I was alive. The giant's brain had been so obsessed with the necessity for my death that I knew he would have carried out his intention to kill me if there had been breath

enough left in his body to enable him to crawl to my side.

My husband, my home and my mother-in-law—I dismissed them with a passing loving thought. My confidence in Lillian was such that just her words, "Everything is all right at home and everywhere," assured me not only that they were safe, but that she had saved them worry in that marvellously efficient manner of hers.

Curiously enough, all my concern centered around one person, and that one, a man whose name I did not even know.

Was the young army officer who had befriended me so wonderfully lying crushed in the ruins of the wireless or was the fact that I was alive and with Lillian a proof that in some miraculous manner he had escaped?

(To be continued)



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ADELE GARRISON

CHAPTER 713

WHAT MADGE HEARD AND SAW WHEN SHE OPENED HER EYES.

"Will you please come to this side of the bed now? I think she is waking, and I want her to see some face she knows first."

The voice, a strange feminine one, came to me as if it were far away, and yet in some fashion I realized that the owner of it was very near my side. I seemed to be struggling up from some great depth where I had been hopelessly floundering. My eyes were weighted so that I could not open them, and my voice refused to function when my slowly clearing brain bade it ask of the strange voice where I was and what was the matter.

In a queer, dazed fashion I realized my own identity, but beyond that I could not go. I was only conscious of an infinite weariness and weakness, and I vaguely resented the assertion of this unknown feminine voice that I was waking. I had no desire to awaken or do anything but rest.

Moments later—cons of eternity as far as my comprehension went—there crept into my brain a persistent, wondering little question as to the face I was supposed to know and see first. I tried to open my eyelids and this time they obeyed me. And my eyes looked straight up into Lillian's anxious loving ones above me.

"Go To Sleep Again."

"Everything is all right, dear," Lillian's firm, comforting voice said softly. "I'm going to stay right here beside you."

With unerring intuition she had said just the right thing, had put out just the support around which my awakening nerve tendrils could cling. I moved my hand slightly toward her, and the effort seemed as great to me as if I were trying to move some heavy article of furniture. Her strong fingers moved quickly to meet my weak straying ones.

"Don't—let—go—my—hand," I articulated painfully, with the childish feeling that nothing could harm me as long as that firm, loving hand clasped mine.

"I won't," she promised brightly. "Now," she glanced aside as a calm-faced woman in a nurse's uniform slipped a tiny hospital cup of something steaming into her other hand—"drink this for me and then go to sleep again. I'll tell you everything when you wake up."

She gently held the tube of the cup to my lips, an arrangement which enabled me to drink without raising my head so much as an inch, and I obediently swallowed, something hot and pleas-

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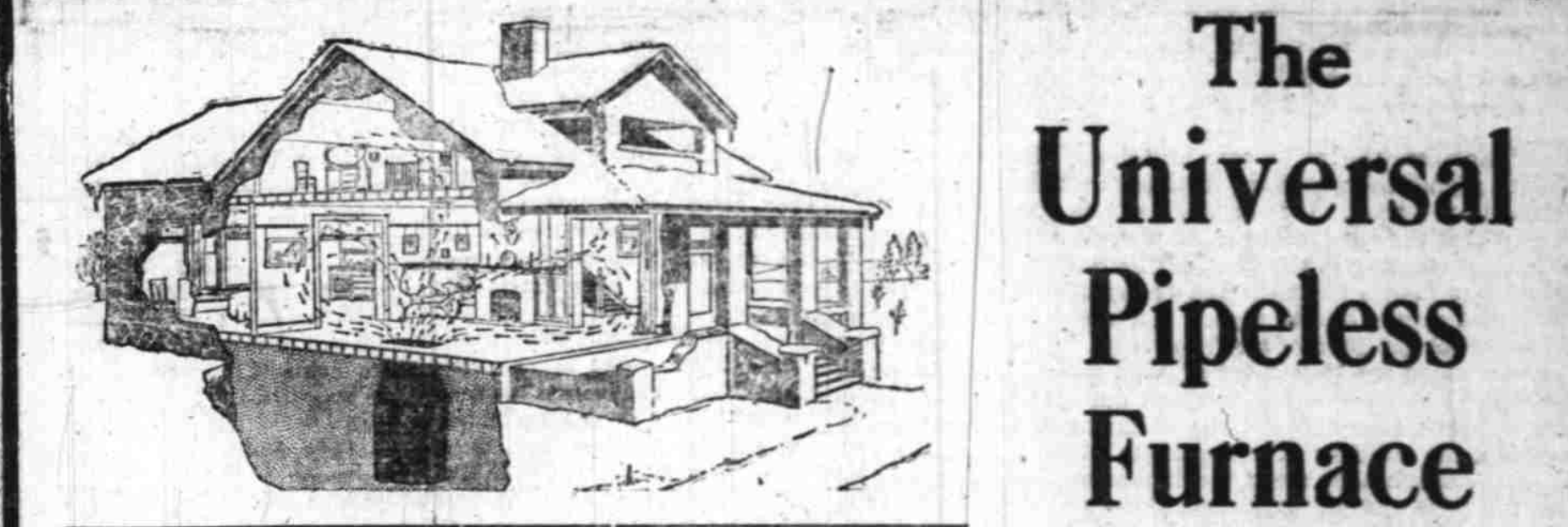
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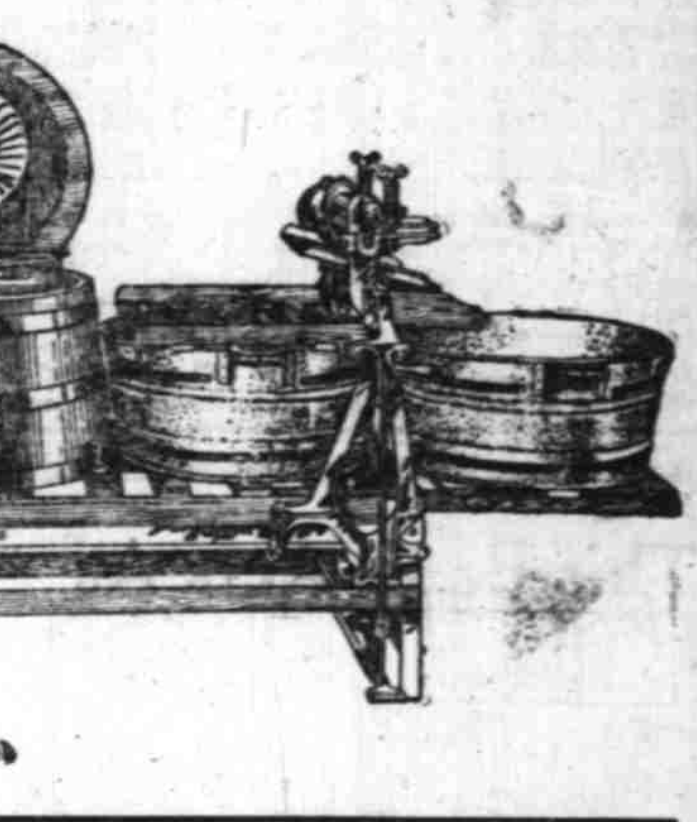
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