

# SOCIETY

By MOLLY BRUNK

THAT Marion county's federated Women's clubs are up to the minute as well as persistent in their efforts to further better social and civic conditions, and thereby a better commonwealth is attested by the ready and enthusiastic response and co-operation with the recently organized Mar-

ion County Federation of Women's clubs, which holds its first regular session in Woodburn today, the initial meeting for organization being held in Salem last May.

The session will open with a 12 o'clock luncheon, Mrs. E. N. Hall, president of the Woodburn Wo-

man's club and also president of the county federation to preside. The various other officials of the club are Mrs. D. H. Looney, Jefferson, vice-president; Mrs. Compson, secretary; Mrs. Callister, of Silverton, auditor; H. J. Ottoway of Aurora and Mattie Beatty of the Salem woman's club, directors.

The clubs represented in the session are The Salem Woman's Club, North Salem Woman's club, those of Silverton, Aurora, Wood and Jefferson.

Delegates from the Salem Woman's club are Mrs. Z. J. Riggs, Mrs. La Moine R. Clark, Mrs. Homoulet, Mrs. George J. Pearce and Mrs. James Elvin. From the North Salem Woman's club are Mrs. E. A. Toothacre, Mrs. Fisher, Mrs. F. L. Purvine, Mrs. W. W. Fargo and Mrs. P. Graber. Others from the Salem woman's club who will drive down to be in attendance are Mrs. W. Kirk, Miss Mattie Beatty, Mrs. N. Bush and her guests, Mrs. Warren Truitt of Moscow, Ida and Mrs. John Hughes of Portland, Mrs. Lawrence T. Harris, F. A. Elliott, Mrs. C. A. Rich, Mrs. W. F. Anderson and Eva Scott.

Mrs. M. Hamilton and Mrs. Masson, presidents of the two clubs, will respond to the mess of welcome made by Mrs. and the following will speak on the subjects named: Mrs. Z. J. Riggs, "The National League of Women Voters"; F. A. Elliott, "Women in Clubs"; Mrs. Mason Bishop, "Women and Professions"; and Miss Scott, secretary of the girls' work of the local Y. W. C. A. will explain the activities of the "Girls' work."

The session was organized for the purpose of securing wider co-operation in county projects, and although the body is too young yet to have a definite program mapped out, tentative plans, however, reveal a great deal of work, outstanding of which will be the securing of medical care for crippled children. This work necessarily must come through county court, and in this way local organizations will be able to aid in a specific way in the work of the county clubs. A library system is another matter of importance that is pending.

## Combination's Rid Of Dandruff

The only way to get rid of dandruff dissolve it, then you destroy it. To do this get a few ounces of ordinary hair cream; use at night with the fingers enough to massage the scalp and rub it in with the finger tips.

Do this to and by morning, most, if all, of your dandruff will be gone and three or four more applications will completely dissolve and trace of it, no matter how dandruff you have.

You will find that all itching and digging the scalp will stop at once, your hair will be fluffy, just glossy, silky and soft, and feel a hundred times better.

You can get it at any drug store, is inexpensive and never fails to do the work.

Mrs. Homer Goulet and Mrs. Seymour Jones are entertaining with a large tea Saturday afternoon at the country home of Mrs. Goulet, the occasion marking the annual meeting of the Daughters of the American Revolution.

Salem women eligible to membership in the organization will be issued invitations, and a large number of Portland Daughters are to be included as guests. Motor parties will form for the afternoon, and others will take the 1:30 Oregon Electric train, stopping at Hopewell.

The first meeting of the Daughters of the American Revolution this year was on Constitution day, September 17.

Mr. and Mrs. G. W. Laflar had as their guests from Friday until Monday, Mr. and Mrs. M. C. Wilcox of Los Angeles, Cal., who have recently taken up their residence in the south, removing from Vancouver. They were frequent guests of the Laflars during the time that they made their home in the latter place.

Mr. and Mrs. James Sykes entertained as house guests over the week-end, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Drake of Modesto, Cal., who were on their way home from the C. A. B. encampment in Indianapolis, Ind. They left for California Monday afternoon.

This week Mr. and Mrs. Sykes have with them Mr. and Mrs. G. W. Sykes of Sykesville, Pa., who arrived Monday.

Mrs. C. P. Bishop and Mrs. George M. Brown returned from Portland yesterday where they went to attend the luncheon at the Potanant hotel Monday, honoring foremost women of the Republican party. Of the event the Oregonian had the following interesting account:

"The biggest and most important social event of yesterday wasn't in reality a social event. It was a political gathering, and yet it was attended by some of the most prominent society folk in the city and state and did honor to some of the most interesting visitors. The affair in question was the luncheon given by the Republican state central committee at the Portland hotel, honoring Mrs. Raymond Robins of Chicago, Mrs. Katherine Phillips Edson of California and some men of great distinction. The tables for the luncheon were adorned in choicest and most gorgeous dainties. Mrs. Robins wore a simple and becoming gown of black trimmed with lace. But the gown, the social charm and loveliness of the honor guest were not the main attractions. The great message that Mrs. Robins gave was that which caught the attention and held the interest of those who heard her. It was especially delightful to have attended the meeting because the chairman, Thomas Tongue, took occasion to pay just tribute to Mrs. Solomon Hirsch, one of the foremost Republican women of the west.

Miss Lucille Ross and Harold Eakin go to Portland today to assist at the marriage of Miss Agost Lassen and Kenneth Martin, the latter a former Salem high school boy. Miss Ross will play the wedding march and Mr. Eakin will stand with Mr. Martin as best man.

Mrs. Guy O. Smith and her two small sons who went east about six weeks ago, are at present visiting friends and relatives near St. Cloud, Minn.

Mrs. E. E. Gilbert will open her home at 360 Leslie street this afternoon to the members of the South Central Circle of the First Methodist church, the subject of Oregon which the members are taking up this winter, to be continued. Mrs. N. T. Hellyer, to contribute a paper on Lewis and Clarke.

Mr. and Mrs. A. N. Moores are spending several weeks in Astoria as the guests of their son-in-law and daughter, Mr. and Mrs. Robert E. Kinney.

Mr. and Mrs. Walter Kirk are entertaining as their house guest for a week, their father, J. B. Howe of Brownsville, who arrived Monday.

Mrs. Paul R. Hendricks was a week-end visitor in Portland, going down to be the guest of Miss Helen Houghton, a Gamma Phi Beta sorority sister.

Mrs. C. A. Downs and her mother, Mrs. Louella Stowe will be hostesses for the Lucy Ann Lee circle of the First Methodist church at the Downs home, this afternoon, at half past 2 o'clock. An informal tea will follow the business meeting and short program.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Breckenridge returned yesterday from Albany, where they were guests over the week-end with friends.

One of the outstanding events of the week will be the large reception Friday night honoring Rev. and Mrs. Thomas Acheson (Miss Mary Cone), who returned from their honeymoon trip to Ireland. The affair will be given in the parlors of the Jason Lee church, members of the congregation and friends of the pastor and his bride to be invited.

The receiving line will include, Dr. and Mrs. E. E. Gilbert, Rev. and Mrs. Thomas Acheson, Mr. and Mrs. C. M. Roberts, Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Warrell and Rev. and Mrs. A. S. Mulligan.

The committee in charge of the reception is composed of Mrs. W. F. Campbell, Mrs. E. McWilliams, and Mrs. P. C. Rosenberger.

During her sojourn in the orient, Miss Foster is the guest of her brother and sister-in-law, Lieutenant and Mrs. A. D. Foster.

Mrs. D. C. Sherman has home from Portland where she went to her daughter Miss Minnette Sherman and son, Edgar J. Sherman, both well-known here. It will interest friends of Miss Sherman to learn that she has opened an exclusive dancing studio in Portland.

A group of well-known folk will present the program at the first open forum meeting of the year for the Salem Commercial club this evening. Mrs. John J. Roberts and Albert Gilie will appear in solos and duets, Miss Lillian Hartshorn to accompany them and Miss Lulu Rosamond Walton of the Salem School of Expression will give readings.

At the specially called meeting Monday afternoon of the Mothers' club of the Y. M. C. A. several business matters of importance were taken up. Women of the organization will assist at the weekly and fortnightly banquets in the Y. M. C. A. building for the boys of the high and junior high school. Y. M. C. A.'s Mrs. Charles Wilson and Mrs. J. B. Litterer to serve initially.

These banquets were a feature last year, and then as now were served by girls of the domestic science department of the high school, Miss Letha Wilson, filling a managerial capacity in an especially efficient way.

Rev. H. N. Aldrich will address the organization when it meets in regular session again, using as his subject his own experience with boys during his years as a pastor. Meeting dates are every second and fourth Thursdays.

## REVELATIONS OF A WIFE

The Story of a Honeymoon  
A Wonderful Romance of Married Life Wonderfully Told by ADELE GARRISON

CHAPTER 723

WHY MADGE FELT STRANGELY EMBARRASSED UNDER THE QUIZZICAL EYES OF THE WOUNDED OFFICER'S NURSE.

There was no mistaking the quizzical light in the nurse's eyes this time. I had fancied it when the wounded officer refused childishly to take his medicine or to go to sleep unless I promised to keep on holding his hand. But I was certain—and resentful—of its presence when at her suggestion that I was needed no longer I protested that I would keep my vigil until our patient awakened.

She was careful, however, to let no hint of her amusement appear in her voice or manner. "Of course, you must decide that," she said quietly. "If you become fatigued just call me." She moved noiselessly to a table at the other side of the room and busied herself with the chart and notebook upon it. It was the sheerest absurdity, of course, but I could not help imagining that there was not only amusement, but a tinge of disapproval in her attitude.

I soon forgot her, however, in my absorption in the vigil I had set myself. For I found that I had underestimated my strength. The kneeling posture which I was compelled to keep was a most fatiguing one, and the hand that clasped the fingers of the wounded man soon began to feel numb. But my pride wouldn't let me admit my weakness. Not for worlds, I told myself, would I ask aid of the nurse after declaring so firmly that I would remain at my self-imposed task.

Minute after minute passed, each succeeding one seeming longer, more physically unendurable than the last. How long I knelt there I do not know, nor can I explain how the wounded man came to awaken so suddenly. Perhaps my weariness communicated itself to his unconsciousness. At any rate, he opened his eyes so unexpectedly to me that my own eyes, which were fixed upon his sleeping face, must have reflected my half-frightened dismay.

"What is the matter?" he demanded, his voice still weak, but having something of its old ring of authority.

## LADIES! DARKEN YOUR GREY HAIR

Use "Grandma's Sage Tea and Sulphur Recipe and Nobody Will Know"

The use of Sage and Sulphur for restoring faded gray hair to its natural color dates back to grandmother's time. She used it to keep her hair beautifully dark, glossy and attractive. Whenever her hair took on that dull, faded or streaked appearance, this simple mixture was applied, with wonderful effect.

But brewing at home is messy and out of date. Nowadays, by asking at any drug store for a bottle of "Wyeth's Sage and Sulphur Compound", you will get this famous old preparation, improved by the addition of other ingredients, which can be depended upon to restore natural color and beauty to the hair.

A well-known downtown druggist says it darkens the hair so naturally and evenly that nobody can tell it has been applied. You simply dampen a sponge or soft brush with it and draw this through your hair, taking one strand at a time. By morning the gray hair disappears, and after another application or two it becomes beautifully dark and glossy.

"Nothing," I returned mendaciously. "Nurse!"

The word was a command, but the nurse had already anticipated it. At his first word to me she had arisen, and as he spoke her title she bent over him.

"Yes?"

"This lady is ill, can't you see it?"

"Oh, no," she returned soothingly. "She is simply very tired because she has remained in the same position so long. She will be all right in a moment or two."

As she spoke she slipped a strong arm around my waist and fairly lifted me to my feet, my hand relaxing its stiff clasp of the officer's as she did so. Then she put me in an easy chair drawn close to the bedside and turned back to her patient.

"Do you mean to tell me," he said, and his voice quavered weakly with excitement, "that you allowed her to fatigue herself in this manner?"

"I rose from my seat and bent over him, motioning the nurse to one side.

"Please," I said, smiling to assure him that I was all right, "let me do no more to blame but myself. I wanted you to have a good sleep, and I feared you might awaken if I went away, so I refused the nurse's effort to have me leave you."

I knew that he had forgotten his half-delirious wish for me to hold fast to his hand while he slept, knew also that in his weakened state he would probably reproach himself bitterly for making the request if he learned that he had done so.

I was startled at the look that flashed into his eyes at my words. Amazement, gratitude, something else, intangible, indefinable, flashed out at me.

"And you did this for me?" he said, half to himself. "You ought to be in bed yourself!"

"Promise me—"

His gaze, his words, his extravagant gratitude embarrassed me greatly. I didn't dare refer to what he had done for me, for fear that any reference to his strenuous adventure would excite him dangerously. This time I was glad instead of resentful when the nurse intervened.

"There's just where she's going this minute," she said brightly. "That is, if you'll promise to obey orders until she comes back to see you again."

He didn't turn his head nor show that he had heard her. His eyes held mine.

"Promise me to go and rest," he said tensely.

"Very well," I returned, disturbed by the knowledge that the nurse was watching us both.

"And you will come back again?"

"Of course," I returned, with only one feeling within me—that of longing to be out of range of the nurse's clear, blue eyes.

(To be continued)



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