

## SOCIETY

By MOLLY BRUNK

INTEREST in club and social circles centers in the luncheon today at the home of Mrs. W. H. Byrd on Court street, which the local chapter G. of the P. E. O. Sisterhood is giving in compliment to chapter J. of Woodburn.

Aside from the luncheon, the regular session of the chapter will be held. Art is the subject studied this winter by the Salem women, a paper on the Mona Lisa to be presented today by Mrs. A. T. Woolpert. An informal reception will follow.

Mrs. Hal D. Patton and her small daughter Jeanette is expected home from Portland today where they have been spending a brief time with friends.

At the noonday luncheon yesterday of the Salem Rotary club at the Hotel Marion, local members authorized a telegram of congratulations to be sent to Estes Snedecor, president of the International Association of Rotary clubs, whose marriage to Miss Rachael King, daughter of Dr. and Mrs. J. C. Elliott King of Portland was an event of Monday in Chicago.

Mr. Snedecor, who is an attorney of Portland, has a wide acquaintance in the state. He was a guest of honor on Booster's day at the state fair this year. After a honeymoon trip to Florida Mr. and Mrs. Snedecor will be at home to friends in Portland.

Miss Miriam Woodberry of New York city, who addressed members of the Central Congregational church Tuesday afternoon and evening, was entertained as the guest of Rev. and Mrs. H. C. Stover.

Mrs. Z. J. Riggs is spending the day with friends in Portland.

Arriving in Salem yesterday were Rev. and Mrs. Blaine E. Kirkpatrick, the newly appointed pastor of the First Methodist Episcopal church, his wife and two children, Truman, aged 7, and Mary Esther, nearly 2 years of age, from Greencastle, Ind. Mr. Kirkpatrick fills the vacancy made by the change of pastorate of Dr. Richard N. Avison, and with his family will occupy the parsonage on State street.

A large delegation of officials of the First church, headed by Dr. E. E. Gilbert, met the family

at the train, forming a reception committee. Luncheon at the Hotel Marion followed, covers being placed for Rev. and Mrs. Kirkpatrick, Dr. E. E. Gilbert, Mrs. H. H. Vandervort, Mrs. E. E. Upmeyer and A. Lee.

The new pastor and his wife are young and charming folk and that they will be warmly welcomed by Salem is without question.

Mr. and Mrs. W. C. Franklin were hosts Saturday night entertaining members of their card club and several additional guests making up five tables for the games.

Some of the most beautiful specimens of gladioli, of which the Dibble & Franklin farm boasts were employed in embellishing the rooms, blooms in rainbow color intermingling. Following the awarding of the trophies, which went to Mrs. A. H. Steiner and James Inliah, a collation was served, with Mrs. Steiner assisting the hostess.

Club members are Mr. and Mrs. A. H. Steiner, Mr. and Mrs. M. C. Petty, Miss Helen Taylor, Mr. and Mrs. K. C. Kugel, Mr. and Mrs. James Imiah, Mr. and Mrs. M. P. Adams, Mr. and Mrs. Franklin, and Mr. and Mrs. Frank Mapes. Additional guests of the club were Mr. and Mrs. Blodgett, Mr. and Mrs. Upley, Miss Jones and Mr. McCall. Mr. and Mrs. James Inliah will be the next hosts for the club.

The rooms of the Order of the Eastern Star in Masonic Temple were filled to capacity Tuesday evening, the occasion being the regular social session of the order. The handsome interior was decorated with the insignia of Halloween, jack-o'-lanterns and numerous big, wise-looking owls blinking down upon the participants. Golden-budded marigolds added a further decorative touch, and the supper also bore out the seasonal suggestions, doughnuts, coffee and apples replacing the usual repast of cakes and ices.

An attractive program was presented for the most part by a group of young children who performed remarkably well. There were songs by little Miss Frances Sands; a duet by Albert LaChelle, pianist, and Leonard Chadwick, violinist, and a vocal number by T. M. Blankensop, a student at Kimball college.

General and Mrs. W. H. Byars have as their house guest Mrs. L. A. Allen of Roseburg, who arrived Tuesday night for a several day's stay. She is on her way home from Newport, where she has been sojourning at her summer home, and also visited briefly with her sister, Mrs. Fred Schaeffer, in Amity, before coming to Salem.

The members of the Kappa Gamma Rho fraternity were delightfully surprised last night by their neighbors who gave them a real shower including many useful gifts. An informal program was rendered as follows: Unpacking of gifts and expression of appreciation by President Kay.

mond Schmale, a reading by Miss Lulu Walton, W. E. songs there was that in her words which steadied and strengthened me. I braced myself mentally and physically to be worthy of her confidence.

"Would you like to drink a bit before receiving your caller?" Lillian asked mischievously, and I realized gratefully that with her usual tact she had changed the subject without any apparent effort to do so.

"Oh, I don't believe William will be critical," I returned, as zany. "Do have him come at once."

He must have been waiting in the hospital corridor, for when Lillian returned from the door he was following in her wake.

Mrs. J. Forbes, of Portland, who has been the house guest of Mrs. Eugene Eckler, Jr., for a week, returned to her home the first of the week.

Miss Moselle Hair, of the extension department of the University of Oregon, left last night for Eugene, after spending a week in Salem as the guest of Dr. and Mrs. M. C. Findley, during the time that she was engaged in research work for the department of psychology of the university.

Mrs. L. K. Page returned home the first of the week from Donald, where she was the guest of friends. Over the week-end she entertained J. C. Moore and Mrs. O. O. Freeman, of Donald, accompanying them home.

Mrs. Elizabeth Zellars, and son Archie Zellars arrived yesterday from Montana, and will make their permanent home here. Until their location they will be entertained by Mr. and Mrs. Charles C. Concomby, of Concomby, by Mrs. W. H. Frank, by Mrs. Sarah E. Burbanks has returned to her home in Albany, after spending a month with Salem friends.

Another out-of-town wedding that is of interest to a coterie of Salem friends is that of Miss Alta Geneva Davis, and Lewis A. Hall which took place at the home of the bride's parents, Mr. and Mrs. B. H. Davis in Silverton, Sunday, October 17. Miss Louise Dornberger of San Francisco, who visited in Salem last week, as the guest of Mrs. A. E. Heuckestein, Jr., was maid of honor. The bride formerly attended school in Salem, and is well-known here, as well as in her home town.

Word has been received by Dr. and Mrs. M. C. Findley from their son Bayard Findley, that he has arrived in Seattle and will, in all probability, be home some time during the coming week. With his sister, Miss Mary Findley, he went east about two months ago, accompanying her to New York City where she entered Columbia university. On their way they stopped off in Denver, Kansas City, Baltimore, Washington, D. C., and other places, visiting relatives and friends. Mr. Findley is returning home over the Canadian route, and has made stops in Boston and Chicago, now remaining over for several days in Seattle.

"Oh, but you can, and you must!" she said brightly, and there was that in her words which steadied and strengthened me. I braced myself mentally and physically to be worthy of her confidence.

"Would you like to drink a bit before receiving your caller?" Lillian asked mischievously, and I realized gratefully that with her usual tact she had changed the subject without any apparent effort to do so.

"Oh, I don't believe William will be critical," I returned, as zany. "Do have him come at once."

He must have been waiting in the hospital corridor, for when Lillian returned from the door he was following in her wake.

And such a resplendent William! I could hardly control my visible muscles at the old chap's appearance. Where he had uncially composed his wardrobe I hadn't the slightest idea. His hat was of the type which William would himself term "copy," but it was so frayed and dented and shiny, and of so ancient a vintage that I mentally put the performance at which it made its debut a decade or so before.

"How do you do, William," I said, shaking the old fellow's hand cordially. "How nice you look."

His face absolutely glowed.

"Howdy, Miss Grammie," he returned. "This suit hasn't nothing. You should see some of the clothes I've got, but I couldn't get 'em fixed up in time to come today."

His coat was a glaring plaid, his waistcoat and pleated shirt—both much worn—were of the conventional evening type, while his trousers were of the dearest.

heaviest black stuff I'd ever seen. His shoes had once been tan, and the old fellow had evidently had them colored in some fashion, for they shone like varnish.

He took off his ancient hat as he came through the door, and bobbed his funny little bow at me, his face filled with pleasure at seeing me and with pride in his get-up.

"How do you do, William," I said, shaking the old fellow's hand cordially. "How nice you look."

His face absolutely glowed.

"Howdy, Miss Grammie," he returned. "This suit hasn't nothing. You should see some of the clothes I've got, but I couldn't get 'em fixed up in time to come today."

His coat was a glaring plaid, his waistcoat and pleated shirt—both much worn—were of the conventional evening type, while his trousers were of the dearest.

His tone was that of an opulent sartorial light, yet I knew that the poor old chap's coins were few. I waited, making no comment, sure that William's loquacity would betray the secret in another moment or two.

"Would you like to know where I got such swell things, Miss Grammie?" he asked.

"Of course, William," I returned.

"Well, there's a feller in Jamaica keeps a second hand store and pawnshop that I used to work for. He always saves me bargains and lets me work 'em out. I worked pretty near two weeks for these things, hard, too. Of course, he give me my eats, an' let me sleep on the floor, so I wasn't anything out except my work."

His tone was that of an opulent sartorial light, yet I knew that the poor old chap's coins were few. I waited, making no comment, sure that William's loquacity would betray the secret in another moment or two.

"Would you like to know where I got such swell things, Miss Grammie?" he asked.

"Of course, William," I returned.

"Well, there's a feller in Jamaica keeps a second hand store and pawnshop that I used to work for. He always saves me bargains and lets me work 'em out. I worked pretty near two weeks for these things, hard, too. Of course, he give me my eats, an' let me sleep on the floor, so I wasn't anything out except my work."

His tone was that of an opulent sartorial light, yet I knew that the poor old chap's coins were few. I waited, making no comment, sure that William's loquacity would betray the secret in another moment or two.

"Would you like to know where I got such swell things, Miss Grammie?" he asked.

"Of course, William," I returned.

"Well, there's a feller in Jamaica keeps a second hand store and pawnshop that I used to work for. He always saves me bargains and lets me work 'em out. I worked pretty near two weeks for these things, hard, too. Of course, he give me my eats, an' let me sleep on the floor, so I wasn't anything out except my work."

My heart was hot within me at the rapacity of the second-hand man who had exacted so great a toll for the bizarre clothing. I opened my lips to remonstrate with William, to show him his folly, then a sudden flash of insight clouded them effectually.

William's clothes made perfect happiness for him. No price was too great for him to pay when one considered the result to him.

(To be continued)

My heart was hot within me at the rapacity of the second-hand man who had exacted so great a toll for the bizarre clothing. I opened my lips to remonstrate with William, to show him his folly, then a sudden flash of insight clouded them effectually.

William's clothes made perfect happiness for him. No price was too great for him to pay when one considered the result to him.

(To be continued)

My heart was hot within me at the rapacity of the second-hand man who had exacted so great a toll for the bizarre clothing. I opened my lips to remonstrate with William, to show him his folly, then a sudden flash of insight clouded them effectually.

William's clothes made perfect happiness for him. No price was too great for him to pay when one considered the result to him.

(To be continued)

My heart was hot within me at the rapacity of the second-hand man who had exacted so great a toll for the bizarre clothing. I opened my lips to remonstrate with William, to show him his folly, then a sudden flash of insight clouded them effectually.

William's clothes made perfect happiness for him. No price was too great for him to pay when one considered the result to him.

(To be continued)

My heart was hot within me at the rapacity of the second-hand man who had exacted so great a toll for the bizarre clothing. I opened my lips to remonstrate with William, to show him his folly, then a sudden flash of insight clouded them effectually.

William's clothes made perfect happiness for him. No price was too great for him to pay when one considered the result to him.

(To be continued)

My heart was hot within me at the rapacity of the second-hand man who had exacted so great a toll for the bizarre clothing. I opened my lips to remonstrate with William, to show him his folly, then a sudden flash of insight clouded them effectually.

William's clothes made perfect happiness for him. No price was too great for him to pay when one considered the result to him.

(To be continued)

**Hair Grown on Bald Head**  
After being almost bald, a New Yorker recently found something which brought out a new growth of hair of which he is so proud that he will send the information free to anyone who asks for it. Write to Dr. E. E. Gilbert, 100 E. 10th St., New York, N. Y. Most women and a few men have hair after all time failed. Get the real, new hair, like to grow.

## Prune Men Attention

By all working together, we can stabilize the prune market, and save thousands of dollars to Oregon prune growers.

The unaffiliated prune grower now has a real opportunity to aid the industry by joining the Oregon Growers Co-operative Association.

In order to help the prune men needing assistance, and at the same time greatly aid the industry, we are reopening our pools until November 1st.

We have made financial arrangements to make advances to all our members on prunes at delivery.

Help Us Stabilize and Advertise the Oregon Prune

Our field men may not have an opportunity to interview you.

Communicate with our home office, Salem, Oregon.

REMEMBER: November 1st is the closing date.

Oregon Growers Co-operative Association



**MAZOLA**

No smoke in your kitchen

MAZOLA does not smoke up your kitchen when frying—as do lard and compounds.

Besides its economy, Mazola is more readily digested than any hard fat.

It is a pure vegetable fat and absorbs no odors nor flavors from the foods fried in it. It can be used over and over again; even after frying fish. Merely strain, and it is fresh as just bought.

Once you try Mazola you will prefer it to lard and compounds.

Selling Representatives  
JOHNSON-LIEBER COMPANY  
Portland

FREE Write for handsomely illustrated 64-page Corn Products Cook Book. Corn Products Refining Company, P. O. Box 161, New York City.

**REVELATIONS OF A WIFE**

The Story of a Honeymoon

A Wonderful Romance of Married Life Wonderfully Told by ADELE GARRISON

CHAPTER 724

MADGE RECEIVES A CALL FROM A RESPLENDENTLY DRESSED ADMIRER.

"Well, miss, do you feel equal to seein' a gentleman caller? He says he's a particular friend of yours."

Lillian's lips were twitching with laughter, her tones were full of the old familiar rallery. I shook myself free from a painful brown study, tried to meet her mood, although I had no idea whom she meant.

"I have some 'swall gentlemen friends," I returned demurely, "but I can't imagine which one of them you mean."

"He's a most devoted cavalier. I can tell you that," Lillian commented. "And he seems most certain of your affection in return. He says 'He jest knows if Miss Grammie knowed he was here he wouldn't have to wait very long.'"

Lillian's mimicry was perfect. I gave a little gasp of recognition. "William Trumbull!" I exclaimed. " Bless his dear, faithful old heart. To think of his coming clear over here to see me!"

Then a panic-stricken thought seized me.

"I hope there's nothing wrong at home," I faltered.

"Do you think if there were I should leave you to hear all the news from William Trumbull?"

"Forgive me," I said contritely. "Of course I know better than that. But I can't help being nervous."

A Transformed William.

Almost any other woman would have said soothingly: "Of course, you can't." But that wasn't Lillian Underwood's way.