

EPWORTHIANS GATHER HERE FOR SESSION

Annual Convention of Salem District Opens in Salem Tomorrow

HOMES THROWN OPEN

Hospitality Extended by Resident Methodists and by University

Meeting in annual session in Salem tomorrow, and continuing until Sunday night, will be the Salem District Epworth league convention, which is to this organization, what the Salem district of the Methodist church, is to the Oregon conference and which includes the territory north from Albany to Portland, and east from the coast to Molalla. The combined membership includes nearly 1300 young women and men, and it is expected that a large percentage of this number will be in Salem for the week-end.

Frederic D. Aldrich of Salem is district president, and under his direction a strong program has been mapped out.

Delegates, who will begin arriving at noon tomorrow, will be met by members of the Methodist churches and Willamette university students, and will be escorted to the First church where assignments will be made for their entertainment. Methodist homes all over the city, and the sorority and fraternity houses to extend hospitality.

At 8 p. m. Friday will take place the formal reception to the



Frederic D. Aldrich, president of the Salem District Epworth league.

visitors in the parlors of the First Methodist church, the remainder of the three-day program to be as follows:

Saturday, November 6
8:55 a. m.—Doxology; prayer, Frederic D. Aldrich.

9 a. m.—"The Epworth League President," Mr. Floyd H. McIntire, 4th vice president, Leslie Methodist league.

9:15 a. m.—"The Department of Spiritual Work," Edward H. Norene, 1st vice president Epworth league; Solo Mrs. Sadie E. Pratt.

9:30 a. m.—"The Challenge of World Evangelism," Robin Fisher, chairman missionary committee, Willamette university.

9:45 a. m.—"Christian Social Service," Edwin Sociolofsky, First Methodist church Epworth league; Solo, Floyd H. McIntire.

10 a. m.—"Christian Recreation and Culture," Raymond Rarney, First M. E. church Epworth league.

10:15 a. m.—"Business Efficiency in the Epworth League."

10:30 a. m.—Recess.

10:40 a. m.—Mixed quartet: Misses Sadie Pratt and Helen McIntire; Messrs. Floyd H. McIntire and Oren Thomas.

10:45 a. m.—"Religious Education of Children," Hubert Wilken, president Y. M. C. A. at Willamette university.

11 a. m.—"The Epworth League Institute," Rev. Ernest M. Smith, president Oregon Epworth League institute.

11:30 a. m.—Hymn No. 306, convention; Benediction, Frederic D. Aldrich.

2 p. m.—Business meeting of the convention; Annual reports of the Epworth leagues of Salem district; Report of district treasurer; report of resolutions committee; Report of nominating committee; Election of officers.

3:30 p. m.—Solo, Miss Gertrude Aldrich; Installation service for district officers: Duet, Misses Sadie Pratt and Gertrude Aldrich; Address, Rev. E. E. Gilbert, D. D., Salem district superintendent Solo, Miss Mildred Streyve; Hymn No. 530, convention; Benediction, Rev. E. E. Gilbert, D. D.

7:30 p. m.—Pipe organ concert, Prof. T. S. Roberts; Solo, "Gloria," (Buzzi Peccia) Prof. E. W. Hobson of Willamette university, dean of the school of music.

Address—"Mohammed, Buddha, or Christ," Rev. George H. Parkinson, D. D., dean Oregon Epworth League institute; Piano solo, "Valse in E Major" (Moszkowski) Miss Ruth Bedford.

Sunday, November 7

7:30 a. m.—Holy communion.

9:45 a. m.—Sunday school.

11 a. m.—Morning worship, sermon, Rev. B. E. Kirkpatrick, D. D., pastor First Methodist Episcopal church, Salem, Oregon.

The public is to attend any of the sessions, especially the lecture and concert Saturday night, and the Sunday services. All will be held in the First Methodist church.

"Tommy, mother has letters to write. Won't you please be quiet?"
"Yes, muvver, if you'll give me my drum to play with."

REVELATIONS OF A WIFE

The Story of a Honeymoon

A Wonderful Romance of Married Life Wonderfully Told by ADELE GARRISON

CHAPTER 736

IS YOUR HUSBAND ALIVE?

I am afraid I pushed past the nurse rather abruptly as I entered the room of the wounded officer who had been asking for me. Twice within the last two or three minutes I had heard a bit of attempted humor concerning the dependence of the young officer upon my visits. I could not resent Lillian's little speech, but it was a different matter with the nurse. A coldness which was entirely foreign to my usual manner toward her crept into my voice and demeanor almost without my volition.

"You sent for me," I could not help the curt reminder. "It there anything especial you wish me to do?"

She was quick to take the cue. I could not help but admire the way her head went up, the quickly veiled gleam of resentment in her eyes, although there was no trace of anything but professional calmness in her voice as she replied:

"Forgive me."

"Nothing at all, thank you, save talk to my patient and listen to him. I should never have presumed to call you save for the fact that he was repeatedly asking for you."

Her manner was perfect. It put me at a disadvantage at once. I was practically certain that she had been making a convenience of me; that many times she could have managed her difficult patient without calling upon me for the assistance she had asked so often during the days since the young officer had brought me to the hospital. But her little speech not only provided an indisputable answer to my suspicion, but subtly gave me to understand that she had read my doubts of her.

I took refuge unworthy in a faint shrug of my shoulders—of which I was ashamed the next moment—and, turning, walked steadily toward the bed upon which the young officer was lying or, rather, half-sitting, for pillows were propped all around him.

He was gazing intently at me, and his eyes seemed fairly to burn into mine as I held out my hand and his uninjured one clasped it tightly.

"I thought you would never get here," he said, and there was feverish impatience in his manner.

"I came as soon as I could," I returned, gently.

"I know—of course—" he muttered half apologetically—then

with a fresh burst of impatience he fairly shouted at me: "Tell me quickly, did you ever get that dog?"

He had but just thought of Pete! I saw that in an instant, saw also that from the moment he remembered that the poor brute had been left—as he supposed—shut up in a shed at the deserted inn, he had been suffering tortures for having forgotten the faithful animal.

I thanked my stars that William had just brought me news of Pete. I hastened to quiet his nervous fears.

"Pete is all right," I said quickly.

"Thank goodness!" he ejaculated fervently, then with the inevitable quick suspicion of the sick, "You're not saying that just to make me feel better, are you? How do you know he's all right?"

"What nonsense!" I retorted, answering his first question, and judging that treating it with levity would be best. "I don't tell fibs, sir, if you please." I gave him a little mocking nod. "And I know he is all right, because our man-of-work just came from home and said that Pete had come home. He had been hurt, but would soon be all right again."

There was no levity in the burning eyes that looked up into mine.

"Forgive me for my rudeness,"

he said piteously. "But I was so anxious about the dog."

"You were not rude in the least," I assured him. "Indeed, if anybody was guilty in that direction, it was I. But suppose we forget all about rudeness and Pete and talk about something else. Would you like me to read to you?"

He looked at me gravely, intently, for a long minute.

"Not today, he said at last. "I want you to talk to me, to tell me about yourself."

The simple statement confused me unexpectedly. To hide my embarrassment I said the first thing which came into my head.

"Talk To Me."

"Well, what shall I tell you first; what do you most want to know?" I asked with a sorry attempt at gaiety.

I was amazed to see a flush spread over his face.

"This is what I most want to know," he said with a tremor in his voice. "They call you 'Mrs. Graham.' Is—is—your husband living?"

(To be continued)

"What are you treating me for, doctor?"

"Loss of memory. You have owed me a bill of \$60 for two years."—Boston Transcript.



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These shoes equal in quality any shoe that sold six months ago at \$15.00 and better; then some	\$15.00 All Brown Kid, French heels \$12.66
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Dark Brown Brogue effective welt \$8.78	\$11.75 Brown Brogue Shoe, military heels \$10.29
Stetson Brown Kid Lace, \$18 grade \$12.53	\$9.25 Brown Calf, school heels \$8.46
(Our price on this shoe has been \$15.00) Regal Norwegian Grain, \$13.50 value at \$11.95	\$13.50 Black Patent, turn French heels \$9.96
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Black Kid, Blucher Kid, lined welt \$7.95	(Not all sizes in this last lot)
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