CITY NEWS IN BRIEF

More Delicacies Needed—
Today and Saturday are the last days that donations of jams and jellies may be left at the armory for the tuberculer soldiers at Fort Bayard, N. M. The American War Mothers are backing the movement and are asking every Salem woman who has not contributed to do so at once. A large number of jars has been received, but as there are nearly 1000 soldiers in the government hospital, it will take a large amount to make a creditable showing.

Louisiana Waltz—
This record now on sale at Stiff Furniture Co.

A Real Dance—
At Macleay Saturday, Nov. 13.

Will Lecture On Ireland—
At the Jason Lee Methodist Episcopal church tomorrow night at 7:30, the pastor, Rev. Thomas Acheson, will give a lecture on political conditions in Ireland entitled "Ireland as I Saw It." The public is invited.

Come to Macleay—
Some dance. Saturday, Nov. 13.

Alleged Drunk—
Sidney Morley of Silverton, was arrested on the street yesterday charged with drunkenness, and also for driving a car while in that condition. He was released on a bond of $25 and will be given a hearing this morning at 10:30 o'clock.

Love, Watchmaker and Jeweler—
337 State street, Salem.

Marrel Arrested—
Al Marrel was arrested Wednesday night on a charge of drunkenness, and given a night's lodging in the city jail. He put up a bond of $20 for his appearance to answer to the charge before Judge Race today.

Boy Wants Home—
One boy, 15 years old, wants to do chores for board and room while attending high school. Phone 188.

Legal Blanks—
Get them at The Statesman office. Catalog on application.

Salem Musical Bureau—
Presents Harold Henry, pianist, this Friday, Nov. 12; Kathleen Parlow, violinist, Feb. 27; Margaret Matzenauer, contralto, April 15. Box office open Grand, seats now selling. Single admission to first concert, $1, $1.50, $2. Concert begins at 8:15 sharp.

Cabbage 1½c lb., Delivered—
Ward K. Richardson Phone 494

A Good Beginning—
Can be made in shorthand before Christmas, if you start now in the class, beginning Monday, November 15, at the Capital Business college. Call—let's talk it over.

Cabbage 1½c lb., Delivered—
Ward K. Richardson Phone 494

Meet Friday—
The Woman's Mission circle of the First Baptist church will meet Friday afternoon at 2:30 in the church parlors.

Rigdon and Son—
Reliable funeral directors.

Cory To St. Louis—
H. H. Corey, member of the public service commission, left yesterday for St. Louis, Mo., where he has been summoned to attend a conference of representatives of all state utility commissions with the interstate commerce commisson for the purpose of fixing uniform minimum weights for carload shipments of grain and grain products. Uniform regulation of state and interstate traffic is also an object of the conference. The meeting opens Monday, Nov. 15.

"Uncle Sam's Neices"—
This entertaining production will be staged at the Elks temple Friday night, Nov. 12, under the auspices of the Elks for all Elks and their wives or sweethearts beginning at 8:30 o'clock. It is the first of a series of six entertainments under the Menley Lyceum course of Chicago, which has been contracted for by the Elks. No charge for admission.

Mrs. Palmer Dead—
News was received in Salem yesterday afternoon of the death in Berkeley, Cal., of Mrs. A. D. Palmer, which occurred Monday, November 8 of pneumonia. Mrs. Palmer and daughter, Miss Emily Palmer, a former high school instructor, made their home in Salem about 10 years, going south two years ago. She had a host of friends here who will be deeply grieved to learn of her death.

Fresh Salmon 7 Cents—
Fitts Market, phone 211.

NEWMAN WINS MOST FIRSTS

Professional Leads Motor Events, but Salem Amateur Thrills Crowd

Bob Newman, Portland professional, carried away most of the prize money in the motorcycle hill-climbing events on a Canyon road bluff three and one-half miles south of Salem yesterday afternoon. However, Delbert Cooper, Salem amateur, riding the same machine in all events, was probably the spectacular entry of the day, capturing one first, two seconds and one third. In three events he was pitted against Newman.

Thee meet was replete with thrills. The pitch of the grade ranged from 30 to 65 degrees, and time after time the motorcycles turne dover backward and tumbled riderless down the hill, causing intense excitement among the spectators, who probably numbered 1000. Hundreds from Salem witnessed the events.

The hill was 300 feet from start to finish, and over a pasture course, enough stumps having been removed to give the cycles thoroughfare. Three times Newman drove his cycle a distance of 200 feet, the longest distance made during thecontest. Once Delpert Cooper was only an inch short of the Portlander. In all 22 riders competed.

The results were as follows:

For 37-cubic inch motors — First, B. W. Rice, Portland, 155 feet four inches; second, Homer H. Best, Salem, 150 feet; third, Charles Thomas, Salem, 139 feet four inche.

For novice riders—First, Delbert Cooper, Salem, 196 feet 3 inches; second, C. V. Hinshaw, Salem, 1j4 feet 5 inches; third, Earl Hutchinson, Newberg, 180 feet 11 inches.

For 61-cubic inch motors — First, Bob Newman, Portland, 200 feet; second, rFed Gilbert, Portland, 191 feet 5 inches; third, Delbert Cooper, Salem, 191 feet 4 inches.

For 74-cubic inch motors — First, Bob Newman, Portland, 200 feet; second, Delbert Cooper, Salem, 199 feet 11 inches; third, Harry Eppenstein, Portland, 193 feet 4 inches.

For 80-cubic inch motors, open to any traction device — First, Bob Newman, Portland, 200 feet; second, Delbert Cooper, Salem, 199 feet; third, Fred Gilbert, Portland, 176 feet 6 inches.

INDIANS BEAT SALEM ELEVEN

In Hard Battle Chemawa Makes Touchdown Against High School

The Chemawa eleven yesterday defeated by a score of 7 to 0 the red and black gridsters of the Salem high school in a closely matched battle on Sweetland field. The game, which was witnessed by over 2000 spectators, was characterized by hard fighting and the inability of either team to make yardage.

Chemawa's kickoff was received by Socolfsky, who took it for eight yards. After being penalized five yards Salem was forced to punt on fourth down. Chemawa failed in center line bucks and was forced to surrender the ball. Bittels punted for 50 yards, Socolofsky returned it for 10 but Salem was unable to make yardage and lost the ball on downs. Neither side made yardage until the latter part of the first quarter when Chemawa by a pass made the first of the game.

Line Not Punctured

The second quarter was played practically the same as the first. Salem was unable to penetrate Chemawa's heavy line and Chemawa's passes were continually blocked. Ashby and Purvine carried the ball most of the time for Salem while Biddel starred for the Indian team. Adolph of the red and black squad punted for 65 yards in the latter part of the half.

Chemawa returned Salem's kickoff in the beginning of the second half for 30 yards but soon lost the ball on a fumble. Center plunges by Socolofsky and Ashby yielded five yards each and in a series of fast plays through the line Salem took the ball within 55 yards of the goal. An attempted place kick by Purvine was blocked. After two unsuccessful passes Adolph prepared for another place kick. Kicking over 50 yards the ball hit the bar squarely in the center of the goal. After 12 downs Salem regained the ball only to lose it when a Chemawa man caught a pass. The fourth quarter saw the only score made during the game. Chemawa in possession of the ball at the beginning, slowly worked down the field. They attempted a drop kick but were unsuccessful.

Bittel Makes Touchdown

Salem was not able to hold the ball for long and Adolph was forced to punt. By passes Chemawa again pushed the Salem squad to within their 10-yard line when Bittels in a run around end made the touchdown. They were successful in their goal kick and the score with only five minutes to play stood 7 to 0. For the remainder of the quarter Chemawa played for time and the game was finished before either had another chance to score.

Throughout the whole game the playing was kept up to a high pitch. The teams were so evenly matched that every man had to play to the best of his ability to hold his opponent.

Chemawa brought about 75 rooters with the team including the Indian band.

The lineup of the two teams was as follows:

Salem		Chemawa
Jones	LER	Green
R. Reinhart	LTR	Thomas
M. Jones	LGR	Ell
Gosser	C	Whiiams
Blow	woaheth	vmlme
White	RGL	Searson
E. White	RTL	Racine
Dailey	REL	Kennedy
F. Reinhart	Q	Bittels
Purvine	RHL	Colby
Ashby	FB	Buchert
Socolofsky	LHR	Wielder

REVELATIONS OF A WIFE

The Story of a Honeymoon

A Wonderful Romance of Married Life Wonderfully Told by ADELE GARRISON

CHAPTER 743

"ALL DAYS ARE ALIKE TO ME."

Captain Grantland did not leave the hospital, after all, upon the day he had set for himself. His imperious will, which had so enabled him to triumph over his weakness and delirium, had in turn been conquered by the consequences of his own indiscretion.

He had insisted upon being allowed to talk to me undisturbed, had told me the story of the dramatic happenings at the inn, and had in turn listened to my tale of the events before his appearance. He had done this against the protests of his nurse, and he paid for his disobedience by an extra day or two of pain and weakness.

Therefore it was four days after our conversation instead of the two the interne had promised him when he finally said adieu to the hospital.

He had bidden me good-by the day before, for—when I was assured that his talk with me had done him no lasting injury—I knew that there was no further need of my presence at the hospital. And my wound had healed so far that there would be no difficulty in bolstering to Cousin Agatha the statement that my injury had been caused by being struck by an automobile.

"When—You—Do."

I found out something else when I went to bid the convalescent hero—I could think of him in no other terms—good-by. I realized that it was high time I went home and had certain things out with my own soul.

For I found that I was going home with the greatest reluctance. And it was reluctance based on no other feeling than the awed and admiring enjoyment I had had in the society of the officer who had saved me from death.

Curiously enough I did not sense any disloyalty to Dicky in the feeling I was experiencing, even though the contrast between my husband's attitude toward the world war and that of this dashing, heroic figure kept forcing itself upon me in spite of my strenuous efforts to bury it so deep that I should never be able to think about it.

My feeling resembled my shy hero-worship of a schoolgirl rather than any other feeling, and I blamed myself bitterly for my weakness when the full force of it burst upon me at the moment of my parting with the wounded officer.

Whether or not he had asked the nurse to leave the room I do not know. At any rate, I had no sooner entered, dressed for my trip home, than she rose, and with a formal word of salutation and excuse, went quietly away. The officer, evidently determined to be a sick man no longer, was dressed in his uniform and seated in an easy chair by the window.

As I came into the room he rose to his feet and drew a chair for me near him. The nurse did not seem to notice this unwise proceeding on the part of a man with so little strength—indeed, I had a quiet conviction that she had washed her hands of responsibility for her refractory patient—but as she closed the door behind her I took the chair from his hand.

"You mustn't exert yourself like this," I admonished him. "Please sit down."

"When—you—do," he said weakly but obstinately, and as he spoke I saw the tiny beads of perspiration betokening weakness start upon his forehead.

I sat down quickly for evidently there was no disputing him, and he sank back into his own chair with a little involuntary sigh of relief, and drew his handkerchief across his damp forehead.

"So you're going home?" he said abruptly, and I saw that he wished to hide his physical weakness as much as he possibly could.

"Yes, in just a few minutes," I returned. "It's a wonderful day outside. I hope you will have as good a day tomorrow. I would hate to go home on a gloomy, rainy day."

A Strange Reply.

I knew that I was patently "making the conversation", but I was tryng to fall in with the convalescent man's evident desire to keep the conversational ball rolling. I was startled and remorseful, however, to see the same tiny little spasm of pain cross his face that I had noticed before when I had alluded to his "word as an officer and a gentleman."

"Oh, what have I said this time?" I asked myself, but I had no time for retrospection. His vis-a-vis was answering me, and it behooved me to pay attention to his words.

"All days are alike to me," he said mournfully. "I guess they are to all the poor devils who have no home worth speaking of."

(To be continued)

Customer—See here, you haven't put any pockets in these trousers!

Tailor — No, Mr. Badpay. I judged from your account that you never had any use for them.