



"THE YELLOW TYPHOON"

Last Day
Thursday
LOVE, HONOR AND
And
The Original Monk
JOE MARTIN
YE LIBERTY



REVELATIONS OF A WIFE

The Story of a Honeymoon

A Wonderful Romance of Married Life Wonderfully Told by
ADELE GARRISON

CHAPTER No. 759.

WHY MARGE SMILED AT MOTHER GRAHAM'S EAGERNESS.

My mother-in-law's proposal to have me go away from home, leaving her to cope with the menace of the men next door touched me deeply. It was not the first proof I'd had of the indomitable spirit that is hers—I have learned to revere her dauntless soul—but the thing she spoke of doing was so hard a task that her cool assumption of it left me a bit agast.

"But, mother!" I faltered. "I cannot leave you alone to face this danger—"

"Danger, fiddlesticks!" she interrupted. "There isn't any danger to anybody or anything except yourself and that paper you are guarding. One or the other is what they're after, and the sooner both are away from the

house the better. I'll have more bars put on all the windows and doors, and with William and that cur of his inside the house at night and prowling around outside in the daytime I think Agatha and I will be able to match any set of fool conspirators going.

"Katie's callopie voice is something of an asset, too," she added with a grim smile. "Just get her to shrieking good and hard and I think the most hardened criminal would take to his heels."

I couldn't help smiling at her characterization of Katie, for whom I knew she had a sincere liking despite the half good humored, half irritated contempt with which she generally regarded her flamboyant ways. But one reference of hers disturbed me.

"It surely won't be necessary for Cousin Agatha to—" I began, but I never finished the sentence.

BUT ONE CONSIDERATION.

"What on earth do you take me for, Margaret?" she demanded, irritably. "The only thing Agatha will know is that there is a burglar scare in the village, to cover with a hint that the men next door are under suspicion. That is all that will be necessary. She'll be on the job night and day until she believes the danger is over. It'll be a good thing for her, too. She'll have something real to snoop around about now."

I saw that she had forgotten or had put behind her the petty humiliations to which her cousin had subjected her only a few moments ago. My mother-in-law's mind is essentially of the one-track variety. There was but one consideration before her now, the baffling of the men next door, and I saw with relief that instead of the unexpected task being a burden to her it was a zealous treat. She looks ten years younger than when, hurt by her cousin's petty meanness, she had come into my room.

I could not help one inquiry, however, although I knew that I risked another my mother-in-law's irascibility by making it.

A PERPLEXING PROBLEM.

"But how will you manage to keep my absence a secret from the men next door if they are watching the house so closely without arousing Cousin Agatha's suspicions?" I asked.

My fears were justified. My mother-in-law fairly glowered at me before she answered.

"Of course, wisdom will die with you, Margaret, and I'm only a back number," she snifted at last, "but I fancy I can figure out a thing or two yet if I'm nearly ready for the home for the feeble-minded."

I had hard work to keep from laughing aloud, her indignation was so intense. Fortunately she was so interested explaining her own plan that she didn't notice my face.

"You will explain that you have been called suddenly up to the city," she said. "I think Agatha has her own weird notions about your trips to the city—thinks you are secretly studying to be an actress or something like that. Then I shall call a consultation of the whole household and caution all of them to pretend that you are still here, so that the burglars will think there are so many of us it is useless to try any stunt around here."

I had a sudden mental vision of the consultation with Katie, William and Cousin Agatha in solemn attendance, and again had hard work to stifle my mirth. But my mother-in-law evidently fancied herself a past mistress of intrigue and diplomacy, and I couldn't find it in my heart to disturb her belief.

Besides, I had a shrewd thought that once her intoxication in the idea of being a real sleuth had worn away her hard-headedness would take care of the situation.

At any rate, there was but one thing for me to do, and that was to take the precious paper which had been entrusted to me, and get away from the house as quickly as possible.

But how to do it unobserved? That was the question. Of course my destination was a settled fact. I would go to Lillian's first, and let her decide my next step, as it was her right to do. Leaving my home without the knowledge of the eagle-eyed men next door was a problem in itself, and to which I did not see the answer.

(To be continued.)

ALASKAN BOAT LAUNCHED.

KETCHIKAN, Alaska, Nov. 27.—The gas boat U. S. Fisheries No. 5, the first boat to be constructed for the federal government in Ketchikan, has been launched. It is of novel construction, being intended for use as an ice-breaker during the winter months at the government fish hatchery at Lake McDonald. The lower part of the hull is sheathed with iron bark to resist ice.

The boat is 28 feet long. The forward part of the hull is built somewhat on the lines of a sled so it will rise upon a sheet of ice and crush its way through.

FIRST HARDING POSTOFFICE.

TACOMA, Nov. 27.—The first postoffice in the United States named after President-elect Harding may be located in this county. The residents of a small community on the Milwaukee railway have named their locality Harding and have requested the postal authorities to establish an official postoffice under that name. At present, according to the postal guide, there are postoffices under the name of Harding in Massachusetts, West Virginia and South Dakota, but it is believed that none was named for Senator Harding.



SODA NITROGEN FERTILIZER

An All-American product manufactured by our electrical process, containing fully as much nitrogen as the imported Chilean nitrate of soda, and a valuable lime content in addition.

Packed ready for use in finely ground, dry condition in 140-pound burlap bags provided with water-proof paper liners, a handy package.

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GREAT SHIRLEY FETE TONIGHT

Concert and Dance to be Evening's Feature at Armory—Auspices Legion

The Great Shirley company, which is to be presented in a concert and dance at the armory this evening under the auspices of Capital post No. 9, American Legion, telephoned from Oregon City late last evening that they would arrive in Salem early this morning prepared to give a selection in Willamette chapel in the forenoon and in the high school auditorium in the afternoon.

This evening, of course, they will appear in the armory, where they will not only constitute the principal entertainment but will also furnish the music for the dance which immediately follows the concert.

Mr. Shirley is known as the saxophone king, and is pronounced everywhere to be the greatest saxophone soloist in the world. He is also expert on other instruments, among them being the cornet, piccolo and xylophone. Many years' experience on the concert stage and the best vaudeville circuits has taught him how to arrange a program to suit the many different tastes of the public. He is supported by a ladies' orchestra under the leadership of Madam Shirley, each one being an artist of true merit. Madam Ardele is a singer of experience both in concert and vaudeville. The saxophone quartet will be especially good and entertaining, as well as the string trio. There will be many other specialties too numerous to mention. Don't forget the time and date.

The executive committee and all subcommittees met Monday evening in the office of Attorney Allan Bynon, who is managing the big show, and arranged all details for the several features of the entertainment. There will be, among other special features, an electrical pageant dance under the direction of George Cherrington. It promises to be a very beautiful affair.

Tickets for the concert and dance are \$1 (including war tax) and the number of tickets already sold presages a packed house. There will be no reserved seats, so it behooves every one to come early.

Fiend Molests Child, Is Hunted by Police

A fiend in the form of a teen is being hunted in this city charged with attacking a little girl on Salem Heights yesterday morning. Threatening that he would shoot her if she made any fuss, the man wanted the child to go with him into the brush. Beside herself with fright, the child screamed and her would-be assailant fled.

Previous to the attack some boys said they had seen the man who had informed them that he was figuring an catching a car going to Albany. It was also reported that he was seen about 4:15 o'clock in the afternoon and Police Officer Moffitt was sent to investigate but reported he was unable to locate him.

Don Wiggins of the Salem Heights store, who reported the case to the police department, described the man as being about

5 feet 8 inches tall, smooth-shaven and wearing glasses. He was said to weigh about 150 pounds and to be 30 or 35 years old. He wore a soft dark hat and long grey overcoat.

There is hope that the fellow who is apparently a stranger in the city, may yet be apprehended by the police who were busy on the case last night.

Expert Mechanic.
With a wall of distress she threw the horrible thing from her. It was too much—too much.

Her recently acquired husband heard her sobs and rushed into the kitchen.

"What is it?" he asked tenderly.

is, as he put his arms around her, "I can't do it!" she cried. "I can't do it!"

"What?"

"Get that chicken apart," and she pointed to a fowl which lay on the table.

A light of stern resolve shone in the man's eyes as he raised up his sleeves.

"I'll do it!" he vowed. "I've never tackled one before, but I seem to me that if I can take a motor car to pieces I should be beaten by a mere hen. Anyway, I won't have to put it together again."

Of course, President-elect Harding lingered momentarily in the Colon.

Ladies' New Neckwear

Just received a new shipment.

Fine Swiss embroidered collars and collar and cuffs sets. Venice lace collars. Filet lace collars. Venice and filet lace points for the round neck dresses.

Prices

49c, 69c 95c and \$1.25

Our Prices Always the Lowest

GALE & CO.

Commercial and Court Streets
Formerly Chicago Store



Shorty drops in on New York!

HERE WE ARE, PETE!

Camped once more in the plumb centre of our old stamping grounds—rubbing elbows with the roaring racket and running flush into more electric displays, blazing posters and smashing signs that sound the joys of Camel Cigarettes than you'd ever believe could be jammed into one town!

When I hit Broadway this p. m. I'd said the Reynolds folks had transplanted "Camel City" right up here!

It seems like all New Yorkers have adopted Camels as their own personal brand! And, Pete, since this is the original speed town it's only what you expect when you see 'em carry a package of Camels in each coat pocket. If their right hand is busy, they dig out their left hand deck—they just won't lose time getting a Camel lighted! That's the gait around here, old thorobred!

And, Peter, the New Yorker has his own A-1 pet reason why he's so keen for Camels. For instance, Doc Marshall will bet his car on Camels quality against any cigarette in the world! Bill James says to me—"Shorty, there never was mild, mellow body like Camels." And, as for Dan Boggs—he spills it that Camels are the only cigarette free from any unpleasant cigarette aftertaste or cigarette odor! And, he knows! Frank Frazer will tell you it's Camels wonderful Turkish and Domestic blend! And all of them are right!

And, Pete, old proof-of-the-pudding—you tell 'em that Missouri hasn't anything on little old New York when it comes to that "show me" stuff, on cigarettes or anything else!

Sincerely

Shorty.



Camel
CIGARETTES

ADEQUATE TELEPHONE RATES

In pre-war days all that was necessary to secure telephone service was to place an order. The telephone plant was there and ready for you. No one expected any other condition and it was natural that it should be so. The war came and the equipment ordinarily used to provide for your needs was taken to supply the urgent requirements of the nation. Men, money and materials became scarce. Telephone construction practically ceased. Almost immediately the resultant pinch was felt. Telephone service in some localities could not be secured at all; in others only after indefinite delay. Such conditions grow rapidly worse—a telephone plant MUST be constantly extended.

It has been impossible to catch up with the accumulated demand, much less restore the normal condition of having plant ready for service as orders are received. This is our problem today.

We must build millions of dollars worth of plant in order to satisfy your service requirements. We are operating today in Oregon at a deficit. We are not even earning the interest and dividend charges on the present plant. We cannot secure the money to fulfill your service requirements and build the plant necessary unless we can show a fair return on the investment.

We are asking for rates that will give such a return and permit the securing of money to build the plant you require. We believe you are as greatly interested in this matter as we are and we ask your support towards this end.

You are interested in good and sufficient telephone service. We must have adequate revenue to provide it.

The Pacific Telephone and Telegraph Company