

Society

By MOLLY BRUNK

Mrs. W. C. Conner and son, Clare, went to Cottage Grove yesterday to spend a week with relatives and friends and look after some property interests in that city. They were accompanied by Jack Donald of the Phez company.

Pledging for the second semester at Willamette university was completed yesterday, when the following names were announced for the Beta Chi house: Carolyn Stober, Mabel Davis, Elaine Oberg, Margaret McDaniel, Fhyllis Palmer and Dorothy Owen.

New names added to the Delta Phi are: Audrey Bunch, Kathleen La Roub, Eva Leadbetter, Irene Brainerd, Marjorie Minton, Edith Brooks, Ruth Hill, Pauline McClintock and Irene Pratt.

Mrs. Hattie Gutes, Mrs. C. T. McIntire and Mrs. Bokrud were joint hostesses Wednesday afternoon at the home of the former on West Nob Hill, the occasion being a silver tea for the benefit of the missionary work of the Leslie Methodist church. During the afternoon Mrs. A. S. Mulligan told of the activities and various branches of the work of the Deaconess Training school in San Francisco, which her daughter, Miss Vera Mulligan is at present attending.

The Nancy Hanks Mothers club of the Lincoln school will hold a meeting at the McKinley school

building at 3:15 Monday afternoon. At this time Miss Bertha Davis of the vocational department of the Oregon Agricultural college will be present to organize sewing classes among adults. Rev. James F. Elvin will talk on "Boys," and Mrs. LaMoine Clarke will also be heard, using as her subject "George Washington." Entertainment numbers will be given by pupils from both the Lincoln and McKinley schools. All parents and patrons of the district are urgently invited to be present.

The Woman's Missionary society of Astoria gave a social evening at the home of Miss Mabel Williams Wednesday. About 65 were present, those attending from outside Astoria being: Mr. and Mrs. W. A. Peebles, Mr. and Mrs. George Cummings of Salem, and Mr. and Mrs. DeVries of Pratum.

After a devotional service, the study of the lesson was taken up. Mrs. William Sneed read a paper on the work of the early missionaries finishing with a poem by James Burton Adams, entitled "The Circuit Rider." Mrs. Claude Armstrong read a pamphlet, "Omitting the Fourth Stanzas." Mr. DeVries gave a short talk on the organization of adult Bible classes in the Sunday school. The choir was heard in two special numbers. Mrs. Charles Dowd contributed three violin selections accompanied by Miss Mabel Williams and Miss Georgia Sneed. Miss Marie Case and Miss

Sneed each gave piano selections. Refreshments were served by the members of the missionary society.

Henry Broadmaker was a host at the home of his parents 895 Cross street, in honor of Washington's birthday. The house was decorated with patriotic insignia. The hours passed with music and informal entertainment, a light supper culminating the evening. The following were guests: Edith Sealfter, Madeline Watson, Gladys Hammon, Ella Johnson, Birda Hammon, Lillie Darba, Anna Darba, Cella Henderson, Palmer Beck, Noby Zellner, Hal Larson, Oscar Miller, Robert Seamster, William Sherwood, Paul Sherwood and Emory Henderson.

REVELATIONS OF A WIFE

The Story of a Honeymoon

A Wonderful Romance of Married Life Wonderfully Told by ADELE GARRISON CHAPTER 833

HOW MADGE MET HER HUSBAND AND DICKY CAME BACK TO HER FROM THE SHADOW OF DEATH.

Dry-eyed, silent, shrinking from each other's soul, yet clinging to each other's hands like frightened children, Edith Fairfax and I waited outside the operating room of the camp hospital for the verdict of the surgeons upon Dicky.

Little Mrs. Durkee had disappeared with the whispered word that she would be back soon. I had asked her to 'phone Lillian that the news of Dicky's accident might be kept from his mother as long as possible. I guessed, dully, that my little friend meant to go to my home herself and bring Lillian back with her. But I had no desire either for Lillian's presence, or, indeed, for anything else in the world save the word which waited behind the closed door.

Even Edith Fairfax's intrusion upon these awful moments—something which I would fiercely have resented had I been even the least bit normal—mattered nothing to me. She had gone into the hospital by my side, because in answer to an officer's question I had declared that she was my sister. I think in that hour I could have found courage, if the He had been necessary, to say that she was Dicky's wife, to give him up to her, so abased was I before the consciousness of the horrible injustice I had done my husband.

Atonement—this was the one thought that obsessed me. If a merciful heaven would only give Dicky back to me I felt that life itself would not be long enough for my reparation.

The minutes slipped away relentlessly, seemed to stretch into eternity. Lillian and Mrs. Durkee came into the room, and I felt my friend's strong arms around me, her pitying face above mine.

Then the door of the operating room opened, and one of the young surgeons came out. "Mrs. Graham?" he said inquiringly, but I could not speak.

"Your husband will live."

Lillian indicated me by a gesture. "I am glad to tell you that your husband will live," he said kindly. "But it will be impossible for any one to see him for some time," he added to Lillian. "So if you will take her away at once—we have to come out this way."

I followed Lillian obediently, every emotion, every sense fused into one pean of joy. Dicky lived!

Everything else in the world could wait. It was Lillian who gathered the missing threads of the story together from Edith Fairfax and put them into my hands in the hours that elapsed before I was permitted to see my husband.

"Dicky, with that foolish undue sensitiveness of his, wanted to get his commission before you or I or his friends knew that he was training at the aviation camp," Lillian said. "I know him well enough to realize that it would have simply killed his pride to have failed for his commission if we knew about it."

"But Edith Fairfax knew," I said dully. "She stumbled upon it by accident," Lillian returned. "Her cousin from Virginia—you know cousins are the same as brothers down there—was at the same camp unknown to Dicky. She went up to see her cousin and accidentally saw Dicky, who sorely needed a friend and confidant just about that time, and ever since she has been in his confidence. But you needn't worry about her and Dicky's child. She's hopelessly in love with him, of course, but from what I have learned from the girl herself, Dicky has her one thought and that is you."

"I know," I said remorsefully, feverishly anxious to hear the rest of the story. Lillian hurried on after one comprehending glance at me.

Dicky Guesses Madge's Secret.

"How Grace Draper learned that Dicky was in training I don't know, but know it, she did, and a devil's life she led him. You know of Dicky's fantastic ideas of chivalry—he didn't like to turn her over to the authorities and nothing else would have stopped her constant hovering about the camp, the meetings she managed with him, the efforts she made to worm herself into his confidence. Finally, alarmed by some of her questions, he threatened to denounce her to the military authorities. Then, I fancy, all the devil in her broke loose, and from that moment she plotted his death."

A spasm of pain crossed Lillian's face for a fleeting instant. Then it was calm again.

She couldn't manage it in the camp upstate, but this man, Dawson, was in their service from the beginning. And—there was the go-between, the man who ar-

Beginning Tuesday Don't Miss It!
My HEART and My HUSBAND
Adele Garrison's New Phase of
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Dicky, Lillian Underwood and Robert Savarin, Dr. Pettit, Kenneth and Mrs. Stockbridge, Jack Bickett and Katherine, Katie and Mother Graham—all your old friends and new ones—will be found in this gripping story of real life, the romance of a HUSBAND and the HEART of a WIFE

ranged details with Dawson. To do Harry justice, he only consented because Draper offered to let you alone after she had secured the paper if he would attend to Dicky's accident. Harry has been drinking heavily for weeks, and I think he had some sort of idea in his drink-maddened brain that Dicky was false to you, and that if he were out of the way there might be a chance for him.

"I have all this from Edith Fairfax, to whom Harry rushed when he found out that Draper had tried to have Lillian kill you. The shock wakened his conscience, and he hastened to try to undo what he had done. You know the rest, except—" she hesitated, then went on with a rush:

"Harry has disappeared as if swallowed up by the ground. An officer with an escort was taking him to one of the big inquisitors in the city, and when they were passing one of the rabbit warrens in the East side, Harry took advantage of a momentary stop of the machine to dive into one of the doorways. The men followed him, shooting, but it must have been a locality he knew—there is no part of the city with which he isn't familiar, hardly a crook but knows him, and I imagine he found shelter, although fresh bloodstains in the place he first entered, showed that he had been hit.

"But enough of horrors. That's all I know, and we'll not speak of this again."

There was but one question in my mind. Who had sent me the letter which had led me to the aviation camp upon that particular day? But the answer to that didn't come until Dicky's slow

convalescence had progressed to the extent of justifying us in bringing him home.

Then, in his room at last, together and alone, we spoke for the first time of the things nearest to us. Tacitly we had avoided them, for from the first moment that I had been permitted to see him in the hospital, and we had given and had received the first long look, the first tender kiss, with the shadow of death not yet wholly gone, we had known that all doubts, all quibbles had been cleared out of our love.

"Sweetheart," Dicky said, smoothing back my hair from my forehead, "there is so much I have to tell you, so much of which I am ashamed to speak."

I put my hand upon his lips, from my kneeling position by the side of his couch.

"I know most of it already, dear," I answered, "from Lillian, in whom Edith confided. So let us not waste time speaking of it again."

"Agreed," he said with a travesty of his old, merry smile. "Only you must tell me you forgive me for that fool anonymous letter. I don't know why I sent it, and to think that you had to witness—"

I stopped him again, this time with a kiss. I knew why he had sent it, but I didn't wish to dwell, even in momentary fleeting thought upon the childish, gloating temper it betrayed, which probably Dicky would never lose.


"Why think of that?" I whispered, "when I have been waiting all these weeks to tell you to tell you—"

My voice faltered, and I hid my burning face against him.

I felt him start—then hold me closer. "Tell me, little wife," he murmured, oh, so tenderly, "or, can I guess? Let me see your eyes? Ah, I thought so! Is it the great-

est news in the world for you and me?" And with his words, his kisses, the secret terror of his displeasure vanished utterly, and at last we entered into our kingdom.

Ice cream soda, it is announced will be back to the old price in about two weeks. It ought to do much toward crowning the marriage clerk's office. Los Angeles Times.

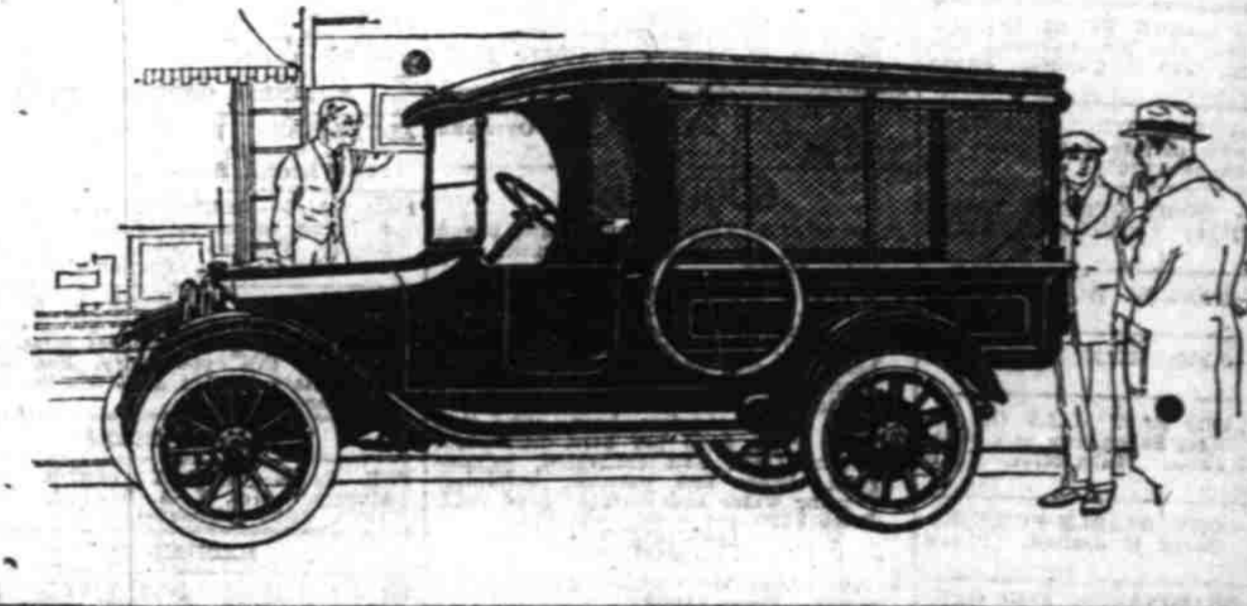



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