

# Society

About 50 children and their mothers were in attendance at the party given Friday afternoon in the parlors of the First Methodist church. All the small folk were members of the cradle roll Sunday school class of the church, of which Mrs. Shanks is superintendent.

The parlors were prettily decorated for the occasion, with the cradle roll colors, green and white which were artistically carried out in the floral ornamentation of the big room. Narcissus and tulips were employed with fern and pussy-willow.

Mrs. J. B. Littler gave a short address of welcome and Rev. Blaine Kirkpatrick followed with a talk on "Why We Have a Cradle Roll." The little Evans twins gave a pleasing piano duet and other numbers of an entertainment nature were the vocal solos by Mrs. Charles Maxwell and Miss Lorelei Blatchford.

Tea was served at the culmination of the evening. The committee in charge was composed of Mesdames Merrill, Wilson, Hollenberg, Young, Hale and Blatchford.

Mr. and Mrs. A. C. Carl entertained the members of the Center Street Methodist Epworth league Thursday night in their beautiful new home on North Fifth street, over 50 young people being present.

The occasion was marked by an interesting program consisting of a duet by F. W. Young and M. E. Grallap; a recitation by Esther Roeder; piano duet, Miss M. and Miss E. Miller; a Montana story, Louisa Schreiber; vocal solo, Mrs. Pfaff; vocal duet, F. Young and Lillian Jaquet. Seven

duets were given by Mr. and Mrs. Pfaff. After a late hour a dainty lunch was served by the hostess, assisted by Mrs. H. G. Carl and Esther Roeder.

An unusually large attendance marked the March meeting of the Highland Mother's club Thursday afternoon, the Nancy Hanks Mother's club of the Lincoln school being invited to attend in a body, the club responding with a large representation of members. Miss Bertha Davis, of the Home Economics department of O. A. C. was present and spoke in behalf of the Smith-Hughes bill, which provides a national appropriation of \$20,000, with a like amount from the state for the furtherance of vocational training in Oregon. Local women may share in this if they are so disposed, and may form in classes for sewing, millinery, nursing, cooking and various other subjects, and it is for the organizing of such classes that Miss Davis has been in the city this week.

Dr. Stetson, also of O. A. C., was present, speaking on general educational topics. Rev. T. G. Lee, representing the Salem Ministerial union, asked that representatives from the club be named to serve on the union's moral welfare committee.

An interesting program was given during the afternoon by pupils of the school. Helen Richards and Miriam Bretz appeared in a piano duet; seven pupils presented a playlet and there were dialogues by pupils from the older grades.

The picture under contest was awarded to the third grade. Announcement was made at this time of a St. Patrick's day program that is to be given in the evening at the school building.

An interesting surprise party of the week was given at the home of Mr. and Mrs. H. C. Hummel Thursday evening for the pleasure of their son, Ray Hummel, who was celebrating a birthday. Informal diversions filled in the early hours, the evening culminating with a collation served at a prettily appointed table, centered with daffodils.

Those participating were Ray Hummel, Ray Pease, Arthur Nicholson, Arthur Jones, Delwin Finley, James Smith, Lowell Carpenter and Lester Post.

The regular Christian Endeavor business meeting of the Bunslow Christian church was held Friday night in the church parlors. Several interesting reports were given by some of the members who attended the C. E. state meeting in Corvallis some time ago. The remainder of the evening was spent informally, games and refreshments rounding out the hours.

Geraldine Selig was a delightful young hostess Thursday evening, entertaining on the occasion of her birthday. The rooms of the Selig residence on Marion street displayed a pretty decorative touch, pink carnations combining with jonquils and greenery. Dancing was in order in the early part of the evening, a light supper following, with the hostess assisted in serving by Evangeline Powell and Helen Selig.

The invited guests were Mary Drager, Margaret Sawley, Mary McKinnon, Helen Pollock, Jane Hilpot, Genevieve Campbell, Ariel Gilbert, Genevieve Barbour, Evangeline Powell, Juanita Jarman, Darwin George, Frank Sandberg, Clifford Bollier, Eugene Kennedy, Raymond Siler, Oliver Kupper, Lawrence Schenley, Earl Yarnell, Everett Givens, Kola McClellan and Carl Newton.

Mrs. H. Glaycier and children, Edith and Herbert, motored to Portland the last of the week to attend a wedding anniversary celebration of relatives.

Mr. and Mrs. J. E. Scott are spending the week-end in Springfield as the guest of their daughter, Mrs. W. H. Adrian.

Miss Helen Corneilus, a talented violinist of Monmouth, is the week-end guest of Miss Joy Turner, coming over for the Parlow concert Friday night.

A number of Miss Turner's viola students from Woodburn were also here for the concert, including C. F. Peterson, Margaret Allen and Victor Hicks.

An interesting and pleasing social event of the past week was a gathering of the children and grandchildren of Mrs. Southwick Adams at her home on the Wallace road on February 27, in honor of her 78th birthday.

An elaborate luncheon was served from a long table beautifully decorated with daffodils and jonquils.

Mrs. Adams is the mother of 12 children, all living except the oldest daughter. Her first husband, Mr. Southwick, died about 31 years ago. Eleven years ago she was married to D. S. Adams of Corvallis.

Among the children present at the latest gathering were her three sons, A. R. Southwick, B. Southwick and Blaine Southwick and their wives, Mrs. Ada Lake,

Mrs. Emma Beckett, Mrs. Myrtle Putnam and Mrs. Edna White. The grandchildren present were Jean Southwick and family, Merle Putnam and family, Earl Beckett and family, Velma Bayer and husband, George, Ralph and Ellis White, Russell and Gaynell Beckett, Vera Southwick. There were six great-grandchildren present.

Mr. and Mrs. O. J. Scheel and their children motored to Portland yesterday to remain for several days.

Miss Alice Welsh and Miss Beatrice Dunsitt are spending the week-end in Eugene, going down for the Willamette-Oregon basketball game.

The Business and Professional Woman's club which was to have met Tuesday, has postponed the meeting until Friday night, owing to the Symphony orchestra concert. Friday night members of the club will motor out to the girls' industrial school where Lolo G. Baldwin of Portland will talk before the entire assemblage.

The Minerva corps of the Girl Reserves of the Grant school participated in a walking jaunt across the river Thursday afternoon, accompanied by Miss Eva L. Scott, girls' work secretary of the Y. W. C. A.

Those composing the group were Echo De Sart, Pearl Hill, Lois Hackett, Ruth Davison, Evelyn Churchill, Hazel Harper, Bernice Ragsdale, Bertie Watts, Alpha Holcomb, Lois Pruitt, Margaret Jobe, Marie Hitchcock, Fanny Lee, Bethel Johns, De Lois Hice, Edith Hardy, Fern Johnston, Bertha Bobel and Dorothy Hutchinson.

Terminating her first season's class in dancing in Silverton, Mrs. R. L. White will entertain with a large dancing party in the Silverton armory next Thursday night. Forty couples have been asked to participate.

Later a similar affair will be given for the benefit of the Silverton hospital.

Mrs. Charles Farrell was a hostess Thursday night, entertaining on a regular meeting date of her card club at her home on North Twenty-first street. Additional guests bidden to make up four tables were Mr. and Mrs. M. Innocenti and Mr. and Mrs. E. S. Patton. Prizes were awarded to C. E. Barbour and E. Angel.

Daffodils and violet lent their color and fragrance to the card rooms. Mrs. Fred Bozelle was an assistant hostess.

The next fortnightly session of the club will be at the residence of Mrs. Carl Nehren on South Commercial street.

What promises to be one of the largest girls' circles in missionary work in the state was organized Wednesday evening at the First Christian church. A beautiful supper was given at 6 o'clock to the girls by Mrs. Campbell's division of the C. W. B. M. The tables were very prettily decorated in spring flowers, the color scheme being yellow and white.

After the supper Mrs. Harry Styles, president of the C. W. B. M. of the church took charge of the meeting. She introduced Mrs. Riggs of Corvallis, the state secretary, who explained the work and its great value to the girls. Twenty girls signed to become members of the circle, and the following officers were elected: President, Margaret Evans; vice president, Anna Hrbacek; treasurer, Ruth Wallace; secretary, Helen Heidecke; literary secretary, Myrtle Hitchcock, executive committee, Mrs. Wenger, Mrs. Evans and Trista Wenger.

The first regular meeting will be held April 5, and a large attendance and good meeting is promised.

## MY HEART AND MY HUSBAND

Adele Garrison's New Phase Of REVELATIONS OF A WIFE

CHAPTER 4  
WHAT MRS. DURKEE SAID TO MADGE

Dicky and Alfred Durkee spent a long, busy afternoon over the manuscript of the novel which Mr. Durkee wished Dicky to illustrate. With an abundant allowance of pipe tobacco and cigars, with their feet elevated to the sun parlor windows, while their bodies rested luxuriously upon the base of their spines in the easy veranda chairs, they read and debated with all the gusto of men resuming congenial work after a long enforced absence.

Alfred Durkee has an unusual reading voice, and he likes the sound of it almost as well as Dicky likes to listen to him. In fact, Dicky always lazily asserts that he can get the spirit of a manuscript much better from Alfred's reading than from perusing it himself—many the manuscript in the pre-war days which I read aloud to him—so all through the afternoon the novel the noted author had written was clothed with dramatic beauty by Alfred Durkee's voice.

I should have liked nothing better than the opportunity of sitting quietly in a corner while the reading and the discussion went on. It would have been a rare treat to me—indeed, I always have the sitting-at-the-feet-of-Gamaliel spirit when I see Dicky absorbed in his profession—but the inexorable laws of courteous hospitality decreed otherwise.

For little Mrs. Durkee was not only patiently bored by the discussion, but I knew from experience that her presence had the same effect upon the two men as that of a fussy, noisy, little canary. There were times when they loved to have her with them, but not when they wished to concentrate their minds upon a subject.

"I say, Madge," Alfred Durkee looked up from the third page of the manuscript, which had been punctuated by his mother's inquisitive comments upon a wide variety of topics, "can't you lead the matter gently up to your book-drawer and turn her loose on clothes or something like that while I'm reading this? Goodness knows I love and revere her, but I always prefer worshipping her from afar when I've any business on hand."

"You needn't think I care anything about your horrid old story," his mother declared with affected petulance, but real good nature, rising with alacrity and shaking out her fluffy draperies. "It's dull as ditch water. I never could bear that W— anyway. Don't like his photograph. He looks too la-de-da for anything. Come along, Madge, I'm dying

to talk clothes. I haven't had anything new for ages, and I'm planning how to fix over my old ones. Maybe we can swap."

The laughter of our men followed us up the stairs—when Mrs. Durkee talks her childish nonsense she is irresistible in her appeal to the risibles—made my friend toss her head defiantly.

A Potent Distraction.

"Conceited things!" she muttered. "Think their old authors and manuscripts are the only things in the world. They'll chuckle to themselves about our gabbling over dresses, yet how would they like it if we went around like the old frumps? Just tell me that!"

"I wisely made no answer to this, affecting to be busied with the lock of my wardrobe door. And the next minute I began spreading over the bed my gowns of the vintage of two seasons back. I knew that nothing would quickly make Mrs. Durkee forget a real or fancied grievance as the sight of dresses, new or old.

I knew something else, also, something that made me welcome this opportunity of showing her my wardrobe. This little woman has a rare taste and discrimination in dress, and a positive knack in designing and "fixing over" things. That it would be only a matter of a week or two before Dicky would wish me to accompany him to dinner and a play in town I was sure. And I had

nothing modish to wear, for I had bought only the simplest, most necessary things during the war. My evening and afternoon gowns had the unmistakable look of being out of date, which while it bothered me but little, would, I knew, annoy my husband's fastidious taste.

Mrs. Durkee promptly seized the prettiest gown I had, one of ivory crepe embroidered in gold threads—and held it up critically.

"You lucky girl!" she said. "There's so much stuff in this that we can take it out here, add to the length, hide the joining right under this embroidered design, and swirl it tightly around your ankles in the most approved style. Have you still got those adorable slippers and embroidered hose you used to wear with this?"

"Look Here!"

"Almost as fresh as if they were new," I said. "You know I had this made not very long before Dicky went away. I've only worn it two or three times."

"Remember," she returned absently. "Let's see the evening coat you wore over this."

I brought out the darling of my heart, a blue velvet coat with a deep fur collar. It was a coat of several seasons' use, and the collar was distinctly shabby.

"H—m," commented Mrs. Durkee. "The velvet is still good in this—it sure says to buy good materials—but it's rubbed all

around the edges. You need a new fur on the collar and the edges of the sleeves, and a new lining. I can fix it up for you if you won't know it."

"But—" I stammered. "It will cost a good deal, I'm afraid, for fur of the right kind. I could not spend so much on it, and can wear it the way it is this season."

"Look here!" Mrs. Durkee set up and looked at me witheringly. "What are you going to do, sit back and twiddle your fingers and let Edith Fairfax or some other like her walk off with your husband?"

(To be continued)

Why is it that there are a number of people in this community who will not do a certain thing until they find that it is against the law? Such is the perversion of human nature.

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### BOOK REVIEW

"JINNY THE CARRIER", BY ISRAEL ZANGWILL

A book of unusual charm is "Janny the Carrier," by Israel Zangwill. It is a picture of rural life in England without, however, any of the stodge which such a setting suggests. Mr. Zangwill has departed from the literary convention which presents country people as mere insects toiling in the web of fate and has produced a book abounding in interest and delightfully humorous. He has started out with the avowed intention of writing a "bland" novel which he defines as one which may be "read in bed with the sore throat" and which conforms to Dr. Johnson's definition of a novel as "a story mainly about love." The character drawing and pervading humor is reminiscent of Dickens. Anyone who wishes a real treat should harken to make the acquaintance of sweet, plucky little "Jinny" who long before the days of "woman's rights" paraded that post made her own living and that of her grandfather, as a "Carrier."

The story has also the charm of the unexpected coming as it does from the pen of Mr. Zangwill from whom we have learned to expect a far different type of work.

A young man seated in a train was suddenly addressed by the woman in the seat behind him: "Pardon me, sir," she said, "but would you mind assisting me off at the next stop? You see, I am very lame, and when I get off I have to go backward, so the conductor thinks I am trying to get aboard and helps me on again. He has done this three times."

Mrs. Good—My husband always says a short prayer before each meal.

New Cook—Sure, there's no made of him dola' that while in graduate. O'm no cookin' school here. —Boston Transcript.



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