

Society

By MOLLY BRUNK

THE Interior Decorating department of the Salem Arts League will meet tonight at the city library, the occasion marking the last evening spent on the subject of color. The members will devote the hour working out their plan of color schemes. They are asked to bring clippings of interiors from magazines. The next meeting will begin the study of balance and management of furniture.

last Saturday. Tonight Miss Parlow gave her first concert in Portland, appearing at the Hellig theater. The Parlows have been extensively entertained by friends while there, a trip over the Columbia highway being their Sunday's program.

The following item from the Albany Democrat is of interest: "An elaborate tea Wednesday afternoon given by Mrs. J. M. Hawkins at her home on West Sixth street, led the social events of the past week. Quantities of Oregon grape and daffodils were arranged in artistic effect about the rooms where during the afternoon nearly 100 prominent society women assembled. The dining room was decorated with flowers of many bright colors. A large basket of larkspur, daffodils, tulips, violets and greenery formed

Salem folk in Portland early in the week were Mrs. H. H. Olinger and Mrs. John Caughell, who went that far with Dr. and Mrs. B. C. Olinger of The Dalles, who spent the week-end in Salem.

Miss Kathleen Parlow and her mother, Mrs. Parlow are domiciled at the Multnomah hotel in Portland, since leaving Salem

the beautiful centerpiece used on the table, where glowing candles furnished soft light. "Those presiding at the urns and also assisting the hostess about the rooms were Mrs. C. E. Brandberry, Mrs. R. H. Harris, Mrs. I. A. McDowell, Mrs. Charles Wiedner, Mrs. T. A. Roberts, Mrs. H. Culp, Mrs. Victor Peterson, Mrs. George Peebler, Mrs. George Taylor, Mrs. Arthur Rahn, Mrs. Dan Johnston, Mrs. A. J. Van Waning, Mrs. Charles Showalter, Mrs. J. H. Ralston, Mrs. H. H. Hewitt and Mrs. John Simpson. Those who assisted in the serving were Mrs. Edwin Fortmiller, Mrs. Ed I. Hudson and Mrs. Harry M. Hawkins. Several out-of-town guests were present, including Mrs. T. M. Roberts, Mrs. Arthur Rahn, Mrs. Harry Hawkins, all of Salem, and Mrs. T. G. Hopkins of Corvallis.

Mrs. Mark Hathaway and little daughter Janez, arrived home Sunday night from Portland, where they had been since Thursday, accompanying Mrs. Hathaway's uncle and aunt, Mr. and Mrs. Joseph G. Startup, of Seattle, that far on their journey home after a several days' visit in Salem.

Mrs. Frank Davey is leaving tomorrow for Astoria, where she will enjoy a three weeks' visit at the home of her daughter Mrs. Edward Domagalla, and with other friends there.

Word received last week by Miss Laura Helst from Mrs. Esther Plummer Schreiber, from the orient, stated that she was about to leave for the states and would come direct to Salem. Mrs. Schreiber has passed several years in China, going over as an English teacher. For the past year or more she has been conducting a girls' school in the interior.

Mrs. Ray Chapter (Margaret Ostrander) and her children of Portland, are being entertained by friends and relatives in the city this week.

Mrs. and Mrs. L. N. Traver have returned to their home in Corvallis, after visiting at the home of Mr. and Mrs. H. Snook. Arriving yesterday from Eugene, were Mr. and Mrs. J. F. Traver, who stopped off at the Snook home on their way to their home in Newberg.

Mrs. Ralph Kellogg will go to Portland this morning, where she will remain until the last of the week as the guest of her mother Mrs. W. L. Wilson.

The Golden Hour club meets Thursday afternoon in regular session at the home of Mrs. Al Cleveland.

Mr. and Mrs. David Wright and their children were week-end visitors in Portland, going down to hear the Treble Clef club of Astoria, in concert Sunday afternoon at the Auditorium. Mrs. Wright's mother, Mrs. Eloise Roderick is an active member of the club.

Mrs. John Adkins of Portland is spending the week in Salem being entertained as the guest of Mrs. Lowell Tweedale.

Mr. and Mrs. James Sykes, Mrs. Ethel Tripp and Miss Humphreys, the two latter teachers in the Salem schools, motored to Portland over the week-end where they were entertained by Mr. and Mrs. Sykes' nephew and his wife, Mr. and Mrs. John Buhite. On their

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MARRIED FLAME'S DOUBLE WHILE DOING JAIL TERM



(By International News Service)

DENVER, March 1.—Mildred Gardner and Dolly Green met last November in Dallas, Texas. They looked as much alike as two peas in a pod and decided to "trade lives," each writing out her life story for the use of the other. Mildred had a sweetheart, Lawrence Kelly, and Dolly, posing as Mildred, joined him in Denver and he never knew it was another girl. Kelly was arrested on a charge of forgery and his sweetheart's double went to the city jail and married him in his cell as "Mildred Gardner" in the hope of securing his release. He was released but only to be rearrested by Boulder officials on a similar charge and is now in jail in Boulder. Dolly Green has now confessed to City Charlatan "Jim" Goodheart, who married her, that she palmed herself off on Kelly as his sweetheart, and if Kelly accepts the substitute sweetheart the pair will have to be re-married. Mildred Gardner, her double says, is now in San Francisco.

MY HEART AND MY HUSBAND

REVELATIONS OF A WIFE

CHAPTER 6

WHY MADGE HAD TO OVERHEAR DICKY'S TELEPHONE TALK.

I have had many occasions to bless the unusual memory which my little mother trained so faithfully in my youth, but I felt far more like having a mental anathema at it when Dicky's request for the telephone number of Edith Fairfax called it into use. However, there was no use pretending ignorance even if I wished to keep such a proceeding secret. Dicky knew that I hadn't forgotten the number, and I promptly helped him.

"You couldn't have found it under Fairfax," I said sedately as I came downstairs with little Mrs. Durkee in my wake registering alarm and disapproval of the whole procedure. "It is an apartment building 'phone, and you have to know the number and location of the apartment."

"Of course, I remember now," said Dicky ruefully. "But I couldn't have found it because I've forgotten the address of the apartment. So I'll have to depend upon you anyway."

This insouciant ignorance of the art student's address would have been balmy to my vanity if I hadn't realized that my part probably no emotion in the world strong enough to make Dicky remember dates, or addresses, anniversaries, birthdays, all are alike to him, and his forgetfulness concerning Edith Fairfax's number was no proof of his interest in her had waned.

When I had given him the number I walked away from the vicinity of the telephone, intending to go to another part of the house, that Dicky might not suspect any desire on my part to listen to his conversation. But little Mrs. Durkee, whether innocently or intentionally, settled herself in a chair near the telephone.

"Do sit down, Madge," she said petulantly. "You make me nervous walking around."

I obeyed her suggestion, there was no other course open to me, and so had forced upon my ears that most aggravating of all things, a one-sided telephone conversation.

Another Woman's Voice.

"That you, Edith?" I bit my lips at the familiar address. "This is Dick Graham. I see by the papers you are back in the city. You didn't tell me you were coming across so soon. That's so—it's the unexpected that happens over there. By the way I've got a ripping book to illustrate, a rush order, and the heroine is a southern girl. I'd like to have the other one—member?"

"What's that?—Yes, I thought you would."

Was it my imagination or had his voice taken on a softer tone? I stole a glance at Mrs. Durkee, saw her frowning at Dicky, and decided that for once I had not been wrong.

"Can you take this job over?" Dicky was saying. "I hope that you can for W—, the author has such a crush on artist—and model—of the illustrations in that other book that he's biting pieces out of the atmosphere, so Durkee tells me, for fear he won't have the same combination for his book. I've promised to do my little part, but I can't do justice to the thing without your help."

There was an interval of silence that seemed interminable, while Dicky listened intently. Then his words bubbled out enthusiastically.

"Oh, I say, you're a darling! That's mighty good of you to pass up a thing like that for me. I never can thank you enough, old girl. But here's one thing I've forgotten. You know I submit my studio when I went away, and I can't get possession of it for another month. Can you suggest any place where I could make the drawings? I'd have you come out here, but it's a long journey, and, you know, we have a baby any many other distractions here."

what's that? Wait a minute! Sure thing. It was less than a minute when a woman's voice, strident, high-pitched, seemed to fill the room. For a second I was startled, then I realized that the voice was one of those which can be heard at one end of a telephone as well as the other.

What Dicky Asked.

"For the love of Mike, Dicky, since when do you have to hunt a hole to draw in as long as my little shack is on earth? Just tell Edith when you want to use my studio and I'll see that you have every convenience, and if you're very good eats into the bargain. By the way, welcome home, old top. I'm dying to see you."

"Thank you, Rita." Dicky's voice was cordial, but a trifle constrained. "I appreciate your kindness I'm sure. But it's an imposition on you. However, if I can't rattle some place of my own I'll be mighty glad to accept. So long. See you tomorrow."

If I hadn't been so miserable myself I would have laughed at Mrs. Durkee's face it was so comically set with disapproval of Dicky at all his friends. But neither Dicky nor any of the rest of us referred to the subject again, save for Dicky's triumphant announcement to Alfred Durkee that "the little Fairfax would pose."

When at last the Durkees went home and Dicky and I were alone in the library I felt a strained silence between us. The knowledge that for weeks Dicky's work would be staged in Rita Brown's studio, with Edith Fairfax as his constant companion, weighed upon my heart.

I would not speak my anxiety. I could not talk commonplaces. Dicky paced up and down, occasionally glancing at me curiously. At last he came to a halt in front of my chair.

"Look here, old girl," he said half-tenderly, half-impatiently. "I know you don't like this Brown-Fairfax combination, but on the other hand I don't like your teaching under Mr. What's His Name over there in Bayview. I've taken my medicine in that direction, don't you think you can swallow this without making a face?"

His face was very close to mine. I put my arms around his neck with a rush of tenderness.

"I'll try to be sensible, sweetheart," I whispered.

But I couldn't help reflecting that my happiness was no longer so flawless that it frightened me. (To be continued)

Portland Woman Files Application For Water

Applications for permit to appropriate water have been filed in the office of State Engineer Percy A. Cupper by Mrs. Hannah E. White, of Portland, covering the appropriation of three second feet from an unnamed tributary of Eagle creek for irrigation of a small tract and development of 10 horsepower. Other application have been filed as follows:

By C. B. Zeek, of Sandton, covering the appropriation of 10 second feet from Cut creek for placer mining purposes in Coos county.

By E. H. Blodgett, of Nyssa, covering the appropriation of water from the Nyssa-Arcadia drainage ditch for irrigation of 40 acres in Malheur county.

By L. B. Menefee Lumber company of Portland, covering the appropriation of five second feet from Wolf creek for transporting lumber.

By Charles O. Maher, of Jordan Valley, covering the waters of Salt Lake reservoir on Stove creek for irrigation purposes in Malheur county.

By Thomas M. Chipman, of Myrtle creek, Douglas county, covering the appropriation of water from Myrtle creek for irrigation purposes.

By E. D. Stephenson of Grants Pass, for the appropriation of water from Democrat gulch for irrigation of 30 acres in Josephine county.

By Josephus Moomaw, of Williams, covering the waters of west

Another Big Bond Issue Wanted by Grants Pass

The Grants Pass irrigation district has filed with the state engineering department an application for certification of additional bonds in the sum of \$500,000 and guarantee of interest on the issue. Already bonds in the sum of \$890,000 have been certified by the irrigation and drainage securities commission of the state. The project embraces 12,000 acres and construction work is about half completed.

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TONIGHT

WURLITZER CONCERT

By MR. MacDONALD

VOCAL

Can't you hear me Callin' Caroline MacFarlane

Just A-Wearyin' For You Bond

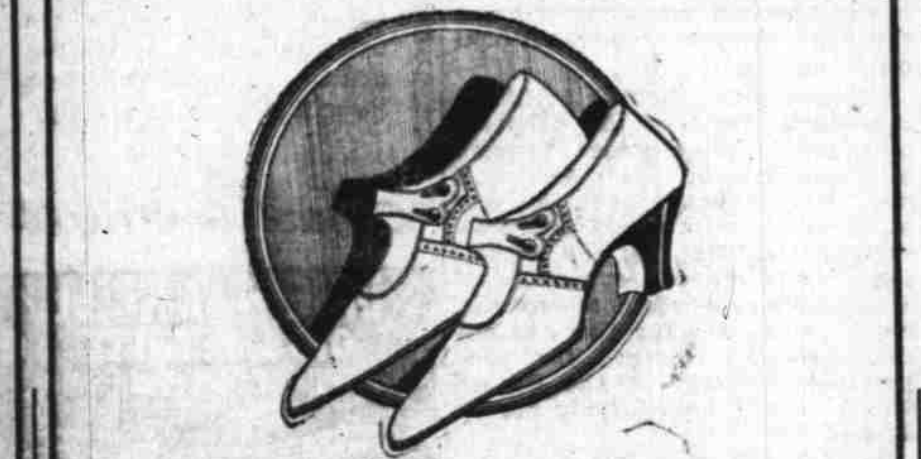
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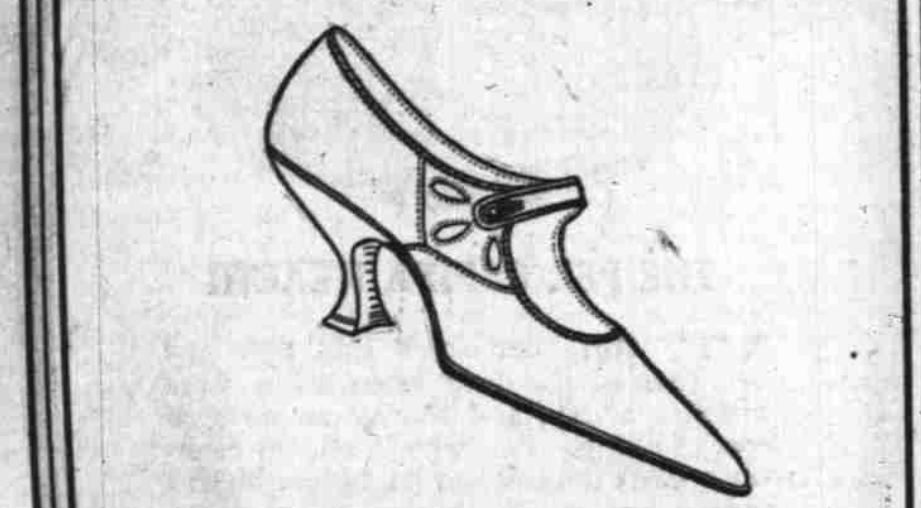
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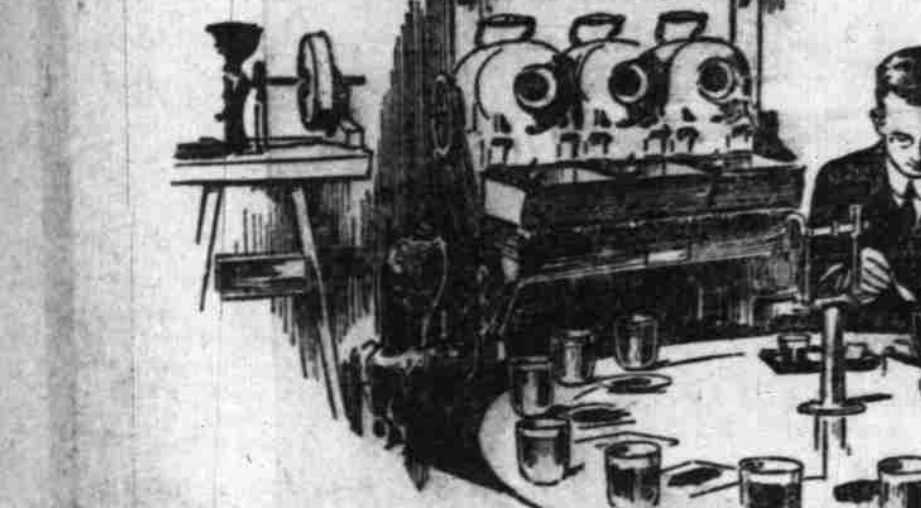


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Many stories have been told of certain women since they have received the ballot in regard to their seeming indifference to the use of it, but a Jay county woman had an unusual answer as to why she would not take advantage of the right of suffrage.

A young woman was taking the poll and on asking about political affiliation was somewhat surprised to hear the woman reply: "I am not going to register and I am not going to vote. I have two husbands dead—one was a Republican and the other was a Democrat, and I'm not going to vote against either one of them."

The poll-taker wondered what her dead husbands were running for.—Indianapolis News.