

Society

By MARGUERITE GLEESON

Claudine Gerth was hostess for a party last week at the home of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. W. B. Gerth in Kingwood Park. Dancing and games occupied the evening. Supper was served by Miss Mable Ruge and Mrs. H. J. Wolley.

Those present were Della Douglas, Waneta Wood, Lucy Needham, Lena Stanton, Ruth Patton, Francis Hunt, Latona Leach, Pearl Kessell, Mary Kirsch, Mary Iorns, Ernestine Moisan, Irene Killian.

Christmas Greeting Cards

Our large showing now here. Let us take your order now and insure complete satisfaction.

COMMERCIAL BOOK STORE
163 N. Commercial Phone 64

The Store for
Dinnerware
Glassware
Cooking Utensils

WM. GAHLSORF
The Store of Housewares

Margaret Barr, Thelma MacDonaid, Norma Myers, Edward Watzling, Marvin Lewis, Harold Watzling, Charles Needham, Robert Miller, Carol Robinson, Sydney Hawthorn, Arthur Hathway, J. Jacobs, Wayne Gries, J. Byers, Karl Byers, Clarence Ruge, Ben Arnold, Alton Killiam, Edward Myers, Addison Lane, Harold Filbert and Homer Phillips.

Mr. and Mrs. J. L. Harper of Portland spent the week end with Mr. and Mrs. G. W. Laflar. They left Monday for San Diego, Cal., where they will spend the winter. They are driving through in their car.

Mrs. William Brown and Mrs. Frank Spencer were hostesses for the Thursday afternoon club at the home of Mrs. Brown last week. The next meeting will be held at the home of Mrs. Henry J. Bean with Mrs. F. A. Elliott as assisting hostess.

Miss Edna May Kostenborer and Ernest Flake were married Sunday afternoon. The bride is the daughter of W. N. Kostenborer from near Salem.

Miss Winifred Byrd, who was a guest at the luncheon of the New England Conservatory of Music club yesterday at the University club in Portland, had the honor of cutting the club's birthday cake. The luncheon was given in honor of the 20th anniversary of the club's organization. The cake was ornamented with 20 candles.

The Well Dressed Woman

By AGNES AXLES.
Star in Paramount Pictures.

I have the very latest and loveliest thing of all in evening wraps from Paris. You see it in the sketch, and I am sure you will agree with me. Also it is practical. Could anything be more delightful and comfortable than to wrap one's self from ears to skirt hem in this great shawl of ermine, with its fascinating fringe of white silk and silver threads? And would not you know that it came from Paris?

It is true that the vogue for things Spanish is somewhat abating in the French capital, but not with us. Every day in the shops I see some new trifle, a comb or one of those charming shoulder shawls that make a slight draught nothing less than a pleasure.

I do not think we are apt to take violently to the hats trimmed with a Spanish comb, and I think the Spanish hat is going to prove a trifle too common, but Spanish lace, Spanish skirts for the formal gown and all the little touches I'm sure will persist.

Then, too, we are to have a new and exquisitely costumed Spanish play, and that, of course, will influence us.

It is not the Spain of Carmen that is affecting our fashions, but an older and much more artistic period—the time of Velasquez the painter—the time of skirts that were bouffant by virtue of their own stiff silks and fullness, of the fitted bodice, of the rumpance of the lace skirt and the fan and the flaming red rose.



MY HEART AND MY HUSBAND

Adele Garrison's New Phase of REVELATIONS OF A WIFE

CHAPTER 219
THE WAY LILLIAN ENDED HER "LECTURE" TO MADGE.

At Lillian's words I felt a hot flush spread over my face, knew that my neck and ears must be as red as were Dicky's at the caustic little reminder of his negligence she had given him a few minutes before.

The remembrance of that rebuke kept me from the anger I otherwise would have felt at my friend's intimation that I had been unwise in the manner in which I had atoned to Maj. Grantland for my rudeness—although I think if any other woman in the world but Lillian had uttered the words they would have ended our friendship immediately.

"Don't misunderstand me, child!" Lillian's voice had lost its mischievous intonation and became as tender and soothing as the strokes of the brush she was plying upon my hair. "I am not censuring you. It was a perfectly natural action, and if it had been almost any other man of your acquaintance I should not have a word to say. It is probably an impertinence to speak of it any way. But, my dear, I've lived a long while in this world of tears, long enough to recognize a cask of high explosive when I see one. And Maj. Hugh Grantland is as high an explosive as I ever wish to set eyes upon."

"Like him!" Lillian ejaculated. "My dear, I'm mad about him. If I were younger or he were older—" she broke off abruptly as if she realized the absurdity of her own nonsense. "But, seriously, Madge, I like him immensely, still that doesn't blind my eyes to the fact that he is a high explosive, who ought to be labelled with a danger signal where either his anger or his romantic affections are strongly concerned."

She gave my hair a dozen slow strokes with the brush before she spoke again. As for me I was silent because I did not know what to say.

"Of course, I know you think I'm an awful old fusser," she resumed at last, "but I'm sure you don't realize just how deeply Maj. Grantland feels concerning you. I wouldn't have told you this at the time when you first met him, because it would have set you speculating about him—and to speak plainly, for we might as well have this out right now and then never refer to it again—at that particular time you didn't need any extra incentive for thinking about him. Frankly, I was worried about your peace of mind at that time, never about your actions, because you have too high a sense of what

is due yourself to say nothing of your husband to lose your balance. But you rounded that corner beautifully, and Grantland's admiration for what Dicky was doing, his sense of justice because you were misjudging your husband, kept him sane. But now—"

"But you forgive—"

Another long silence. Evidently Lillian was framing her words carefully. I was breathless in attention by this time putting far away from me all the foolish resentment I had felt.

"Now you have literally been thrown into his life in a most romantic fashion, and to make matters worse he evidently has pressed the idea to his buzzum that Dicky is neglecting you. Of all the assinine times for the Dicky-bird to get restless! You and I know that is all his behavior means, but then, that's a man all over. If we could always depend upon 'em this world would be the semine-millennium!"

Her off-hand manner of assuming that neither my fault nor another woman's attractions were responsible for my husband's recent defection was balm to my wounded vanity. I suspected that she had shrewdly planned this very effect, but I was too happy in believing her to quibble at her method.

"That neglect notion is the dangerous one for the dear major to cherish," Lillian went on, "and I want you to realize not only that, but another thing, the fact that any unusual kindness or gentle appealing for pardon on your part is distinctly like a

match applied to the powder barrel. As I said, I wouldn't have told you this before for fear of the effect it might have upon your own imagination, but I know you have a pretty good balance wheel out there."

She indicated the lawn outside, where my small son, refreshed from his nap, was having a most glorious romp with Marton.

"You know that! Bless his baby heart!" I ejaculated fervently.

"Amen!" Lillian said with a touch of solemnity. Then she gave a little laugh, and I knew that her lecture was over.

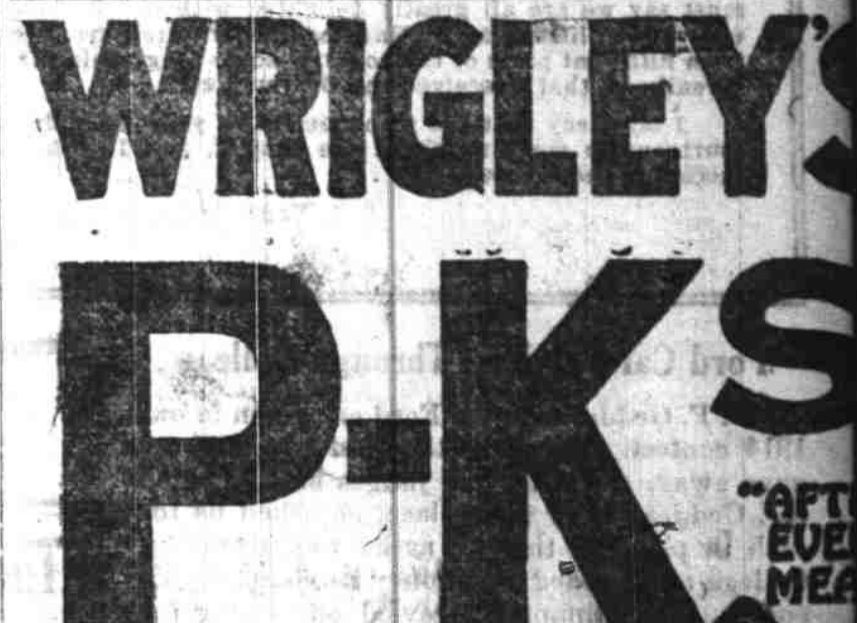
"But I don't need to go on with this farrago any longer," she said.

"I've warned you, and any more would be a superfluous pertinence. But you forgive, don't you?"

A lump in my throat made hard for me to reply in words. I think that I had resented the flattery of this wisest, most esteemed of friends! But with arms around her I think I my answer clear.

(To be continued)

St. Louis Post-Dispatch—old system of following the ership of party whips has abandoned in congress. O tions there are now direct bloc heads.



WRIGLEY'S P-Ks

WRIGLEY'S Newest Creation
10 for 5c

A delicious peppermint flavored sugar jacket around a permint flavored chewing gum.

Will aid your appetite and digestion, polish your teeth and moisten your throat.

The Flavor Lasts

ONE DAY LEFT



Tonight will end the two day special of our \$50,000 opening showing of a unique stock of furs. Now is the time to buy a beautiful fur for a Christmas present. A small deposit now holds the fur for you till Christmas.

Reductions
10% to 50%

West Fur Co.

521 Court Street Phone 1628

Friends of Mrs. Arthur Laflar will be sorry to hear of her illness. It is hoped she will be out in a few days.

Miss Velma Murphey of Eugene has returned to her home following a visit with Mrs. S. McElna.

Mrs. James Roberts spent a few days visiting in Salem last week, the guest of Mrs. W. J. Culver.

Miss Dorothea E. von Verg of Eugene visited with her sister, Mrs. F. C. Hickman, over the week end. Miss von Verg is a sophomore at the University of Oregon.

Mr. and Mrs. W. E. Compton will leave tomorrow for California by auto. They go first to Berkeley, where their three daughters, Miss Eddy, Miss Joan and Miss Hallie, will enter the University of California. They left last night on the Shasta limited for the south. Miss Eddy Compton formerly attended Willamette university.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank F. Shafer were hosts at a dinner party Friday evening celebrating Armistice day. Five hundred was played during the evening. Those present were Mr. and Mrs. O. P. Hoff, Miss Dorothea Buchner,

Mrs. J. LaFore, Miss M. Moeler, Miss Teresa Powle, F. Shafer and Frank E. Shafer, Jr.

Celebrating his sixty-fourth birthday, friends and relatives of W. R. Cross surprised him Friday evening. A supper was served during the evening and music and conversation occupied the later hours.

Those present were: Mr. and Mrs. R. B. Cross, Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Cross, Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Cross, Mr. and Mrs. Ed D. Johnson, Mr. and Mrs. Elwood Ligon, Miss Edith Swanson, Miss Robbie Ligon, Miss Gladys Cross, Miss Mildred Cross, Miss Arline Cross, Miss Elva Cross, Wayne Bowman, Edgar E. Lee, Melvin Cross, Olin Cross, Fordford Cross, Raymond Cross, Harley Cross, Wendell Cross, Billie Cross, Hal Cross, Quay Cross, and Ira Cross.

CLUBS AND WOMEN'S ACTIVITIES

MISS CORNELIA MARVIN, state librarian, who is taking a great interest in children's book week, November 13 to 19, inclusive, has issued a list of new books for mothers just received by the Oregon state library. Miss Marvin is co-operating with clubs and parent-teacher associations in promoting interest in children's books. The new books announced by Miss Marvin include: McMillan, "The Nursery School." This book gives a simple description of a nursery school in the English slums which trains a limited number of teachers to care for the need of children from 1 to 7 years of age.

Petersen's "Educational Toys," which gives patterns, pictures and directions for scroll-draw toys to be made by small children themselves.

Cabot's "Seven Ages of Childhood," which contains the answer to many puzzling phenomena mothers view tragically if they do not recognize the stages through which children grow.

Chrisman's "The Historical Child," which deals with the various phases of child life in various countries of the new and old worlds.

The women of St. Paul's church are planning for a bazaar to be held for the benefit of the church in the near future.

Mrs. W. L. Cumming will entertain the South Central circle of the First Methodist church tomorrow at her home, 333 Mission street.

CLUB CALENDAR
Today
Modern Writers, with Miss Renska Swart, North Front street.
Wednesday
South Central circle, First M. E. church, Mrs. W. L. Cumming, 333 Mission st.
Thursday
O.A.C. club, J. W. Chambers, Court street.
Friday
Thimble club, with Mrs. Roberta Knightlinger.

State Traffic Officers
Report on Work for Month

Inspectors of the state traffic department during the month of October covered 158 cities and towns in the state and traveled in excess of 10,430 miles, according to a report to the secretary of state.



Sealed pure-keeps fresh
With the cream left in!

MILLIONS OF POUNDS BOUGHT BY THE GOVERNMENT

KC Baking Powder

SAME PRICE

For more than 30 years

25 Ounces for 25¢

WHY PAY WAR PRICES?

FINAL CLEAN-UP OF ALL ODDS AND ENDS

that have been accumulated during our great history making Anniversary Sale that ended last night

In Every Part of Our Store

you will find items of extraordinary values marked in most cases even lower than our sale prices. Just to complete the windup of this great buying feast, don't miss them for they go

At a Fraction of their Real Worth

"SHOP WHERE THE CROWDS BUY"

Watch Announcements For Our Thanksgiving Offerings



Watch Announcements For Our Thanksgiving Offerings