



By MARGUERITE GLEESON

Mrs. W. W. Hoigate of Corvallis was a brief visitor in Salem yesterday, bringing her grandson, Willis Pearcy, with her. Mrs. Hoigate was on her way to the state convention of the auxiliary of the American legion which is meeting in The Dalles. Willis Pearcy, who is a son of Mr. and Mrs. Knight Pearcy, has been in Corvallis for some time.

Mr. and Mrs. U. G. Shipley will return today following a vacation spent at McCreedie Hot Springs.

More than 1000 persons are expected to be served each afternoon during the convention of the Episcopal church in Portland. The service will be in charge of churches in and out of Portland. Mrs. E. T. C. Stevens is chairman of the general committee in Portland. Mrs. Russel Catlin and Mrs. H. B. Thilens of Salem are in charge of the local committee. The afternoon teas are to be given in the basement of the municipal auditorium.

Mr. and Mrs. A. O. Condit are spending a few days at the Coos Bay beaches. They will return to Salem Monday.

Miss Thelma Dykes of Portland visited in Salem for a few days and has gone to Newport for a short stay.

Mrs. Walter L. Spaulding, state secretary of the auxiliary of the American legion and Mrs. H. J. Eberly, secretary of the local auxiliary and delegate to the state convention, left yesterday for The

Dalles to attend the state meeting. Mrs. H. McInturff of Marshfield accompanied Mrs. Spaulding to The Dalles. Both were delegates to the national convention in Kansas City last winter.

A movement has been launched for the organization of a chapter of the Daughters of the American Revolution for Cowlitz county. Wash. Mrs. J. H. Quick of Castle Rock and Mrs. E. W. Ross of Kelso are taking the lead in the organization.

Mr. and Mrs. James Fordes of Portland with their sons James and Lewis, were guests at the home of Mr. and Mrs. William McElchrist Tuesday.

Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Bowen were hosts Tuesday evening at a dinner party honoring Mrs. Will Caldwell of Fallon, Colo. The guests attended the dance following the dinner party.

Guests invited to honor Mrs. Caldwell included Mr. and Mrs. Louis Mishle, Mr. and Mrs. E. A. McElvain and Mrs. F. G. Delano and little daughter, Cynthia.

The Marion County Veterans' association will meet next week, Thursday, August 3, in the park at Silverton. This is the second meeting of the year and officers will be chosen for the coming year. The last meeting was held in Woodburn in April. The December meeting was held in Salem. A. B. Huddleson of Salem is president of the association.

Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Moore and daughter, Miss Ruth Moore, spent the week-end in Cascadia. Miss Helen Moore of Corvallis joined them for the holiday.

Mr. and Mrs. George G. Brown and Mr. and Mrs. Frank Cerini of Oakland, Cal., left yesterday for Seattle. They will return to Salem Sunday.

Miss Helen Moore of Salem, who was one of the June graduates in commerce from Oregon Agricultural college, is one of the recent appointments to the faculty at the college, according to an announcement made by the president's office this week.

Miss Moore has been given the position of secretary to the dean

of the school of commerce, J. A. Bexell. She has occupied the position temporarily since the vacancy occurred the early spring.

## HOLDING A HUSBAND

Adelle Garrison's New Phase of REVELATIONS OF A WIFE

CHAPTER 52

THE REASON RITA BROWN ASKED HOW MADGE FELT.

When I awakened it was to the consciousness of Dicky's face close to mine, his arms still clasping me. Some one—his mother most probably—had piled pillows behind him to relieve the strain of his position, and his eyes were closed.

I guessed that when he had finally seen me sound asleep he had dozed off himself, and I debated for a moment upon the advisability of waking him. The thought of the strained arm muscles which must be his from the long vigil quickly decided me, and I stirred in his arms and spoke softly: "Dicky!"

His eyes flew open instantly, and he started convulsively. Then he looked anxiously at me. "What is it, sweetheart? In pain?"

From the couch where she had been sleeping my mother-in-law sat up quickly.

"What's the matter? Is she feeling worse?" she demanded.

For an instant I revelled in the luxury of being the object of so much solicitude, then answered cheerily and truthfully: "I am feeling ever so much better, but—I am hungry."

Dicky consulted his watch.

Mother Graham Commands.

"It's after 11. I'm sure the dinner must be on by this time. What do you want?"

"It isn't a question of what she wants," my mother-in-law struck in firmly. "It's what she can have. You order a pot of weak tea and two slices of dry toast without butter, and tell them to put a salt cellar on the tray. If she stands that all right we'll see about something else after a while."

I knew better than to question her dictum, even if I had reason for more substantial fare than that which she had outlined. When Mother Graham is in charge of a sick room she is a martinet whose slightest word must be obeyed. Dicky says she is more rigid than any trained nurse who ever stepped.

"That sounds very tempting," I said cheerily, but Dicky snorted as with infinite care he raised himself from his cramped position and put me tenderly back upon my pillows.

"Yes, about as tempting as old what-do-you-call-him's feed of grass—the one they tell about in the Bible," he said ironically. "Nebuchadnezzar?" I ventured demurely.

"That's the guy," my husband said. "Go, but you've got the long tongue and memory. Madge, to be able to spell that collection of sneezes off like that."

"Richard!" his mother interposed sternly, "don't be irreverent."

"Who's irreverent?" her son demanded. "What did that lad ever do to be treated with lowered breath and respectful accents?"

"He's in the Bible," his mother replied, but I saw the corners of her mouth twitch, and I knew that her protest was only the perfunctory one she felt called upon to make whenever Dicky alluded in any manner to the Scriptures. It was a sort of automatic brake, which from long experience of applied involuntarily.

"So's the devil," Dicky began argumentatively, but his mother cut him short.

"Will you go and order that tea and toast or must I?" she demanded acidly.

"I fly!" He dashed to the door dramatically, turned and grinned impudently at us both.

"Sure I can't make it a little steak?" he said insinuatingly. I shook my head weakly at him, but his mother snorted, and Dicky scuttled out of the door.

Mother Graham bathed my face and hands, rearranged the covers of my berth, lifting from me the wonderful cloak belonging to Maj. Grantland, which with my returning strength and the increasing warmth of the room was becoming a bit oppressive, and laying it across the foot of the berth where it could be reached quickly if I experienced another chill.

"I hope Richard will make tracks with that tea," she said worriedly. "You ought to have something hot without delay."

"He'll get it here in the earliest possible time," I said confidently.

"(Continued on page 4)



# HOME BUILDERS

The STABILITY of any community is measured by the number of citizens owning their own homes. In the HOMES OF A CITY are reflected its prosperity, its vision and good citizenship. Ours is a good city in which to own a home. Thousands of beautiful homes testify to the stable value of property here and the advantages of home ownership. Within our city and adjacent to it, are many available sites that may be purchased at surprisingly low figures. Real estate in this city is one of the most attractive investments to be found in the country—an investment in property that will steadily increase in value from year to year.

The cessation of building activity has put a premium on available dwellings. The need of building homes right here in our own city is imperative. It is squarely up to the individual citizen. In home ownership is found comfort, contentment, and enduring satisfaction. Suppose building is higher now than four, or five years ago—it may or may not be—but one thing from which you cannot escape is that you are NOW paying higher rents. Ask your banker or any business friend in whom you have confidence whether to build now or wait. He will tell you to BUILD NOW—Get a home of your own. Live while you live—Have the enjoyment of your home and at the same time stop paying high rents. Are you going to continue suffering from high rents or will you secure your peace and happiness by building your own home, and add to the city's growth, property and good name. You also help your fellow workers by giving them work.

Make a decision today. Call upon any of the undersigned, and discuss with them the whole question of home building and ownership.

## WHY I LIKE MY HOME

Story Contest for Children Under 16

- \$2.00—First Prize
- 1.50—Second Prize
- 1.00—Third Prize
- .50—Fourth Prize

HERE'S your opportunity to see whether you have in the family an embryonic Mark Twain, a Francis Hodgson Burnett or an advertising man or woman. Through the generosity of a number of our merchants several prizes have been offered on "Why I like my home"—and it gives the children a chance to tell in their own words just why they like their home surroundings.

We don't want to make too many suggestions about the essays for it tends to limit the imagination of the child, but we want to emphasize the fact if there is a romping dog, or a friend of the child's, he might very well find a place in the story. Same way with the cat—sweetheart next door—the child's garden—play room—dad's garage—the family automobile—the interior of the house, the attic, papa, mama, aunts and grandparents are all proper subjects for partial discussion.

In other words, have your child or child friend write on "why he loves his home"—why his home is dear to him—all of us grown ups know what "Home Sweet Home" means—but few know the child's idea of it.

The best stories will be paid for with prizes enumerated in the heading—every child has a chance—for the age of the kiddie will be taken into consideration. The best stories will be published in the Statesman.

This is the third of a series of ten advertisements which will appear weekly in The Statesman. The "Own Your Home" movement is nation-wide in its scope and these advertisements are printed to stimulate home building in Salem.

THIS ADVERTISEMENT MADE POSSIBLE BY THE FOLLOWING FIRMS IN THE INTEREST OF THE HOME BUILDERS' CAMPAIGN:

- HUTCHEON PAINT CO.  
Paints, Oils, Varnishes
- SPAULDING LOGGING CO.  
Building Materials of all kinds
- FARMER HARDWARE CO.  
Everything in Builders' Hardware
- HEYSER & FOLLRICH  
Real Estate, Terminal Building
- ELECTRIC FIXTURE & SUPPLY CO.  
Electric Wiring and Fixtures, 222 North Liberty Street
- T. M. BARR  
Plumbing and Tinning, 164 South Commercial Street
- PORTLAND RAILWAY LIGHT AND POWER COMPANY
- FRED A. LEGGE, KENNETH C. LEGGE  
Architects and Engineers, Murphy Building
- OREGON GRAVEL CO.  
Face Brick, Sewer Pipe, Sand, Gravel, Cement, Foot of Hood Street
- NELSON BROTHERS  
Plumbing, Tinning, Furnaces, 355 Chemeketa Street
- BECKE & HENDRICKS  
Real Estate, Fire Insurance, U. S. Bank Building
- DR. O. L. SCOTT, Chiropractor  
U. S. Bank Building

**Dandruff? Apply Sepol—See the Result!**  
Dandruff—the sign of a neglected scalp—retards the natural beauty and lustre of the hair—often causing complete baldness. Use SEPOL—the wonderful "Shampoo Dip" Shampoo—and give your hair a new life—a beautiful lustre. Endorsed by scientists and bacteriologists. As all good drug stores.

**"LANGWOOD"**  
FOR WOOD ONLY

POSSESSES all of the requirements of the modern kitchen range. Its construction is embodied around the famous LANG Hot Blast Principle, enabling it to utilize every particle of fuel consumed. The Langwood was designed as a special wood burning range and has been found thoroughly successful by thousands of housewives.

LANG'S Langwood is guaranteed to burn TWICE as long with ONE-HALF the wood required by any other range on the market. The purchase price will be refunded if the LANGWOOD Range does not do just as it is GUARANTEED. Come in and see the LANGWOOD on display in our store.

Ask Us About Them—  
**PEOPLE'S FURNITURE STORE**  
SALEM, OREGON

"Why not Buy the Best When It's Made in the West"