

HOLDING A HUSBAND

Adèle Garrison's New Phase of REVELATIONS OF A WIFE

CHAPTER 327

THE REASON MADGE THREATENED LILLIAN WITH "THE IRON HAND."

I tried hard to answer Lillian's question concerning Dr. Pettit's apparent interest in Miss Foster with as casual a manner as she had employed, but I was miserably conscious of a heightened color and embarrassed eyes, though my words were indifferent enough.

"He is quite mad about her as far as I can judge," I replied, "and I don't wonder at it. She is very attractive."

I had overdone it. I saw that by the amused look which flashed into Lillian's eyes and out again, an expression so transcendent that one less used to her every lineament than I never would have observed it. And her answering words held a distinct sting.

"That is most fortunate, isn't it?" she said. "You'll not have to bother about him here. He always has seemed to me such a nuisance."

From any other woman in the world I should have resented this speech as impertinence. But I knew that Lillian always scrupulously held aloof from any comment upon affairs not her own, and that she would not have spoken as she had unless she had observed something in my demeanor which she felt called for a fillip to my common sense.

"My reaction to her attitude was prompt."

"He was all that," I said. "But I imagine Miss Foster will have him reduced to a pulp before she gets through with him."

What Lillian Intended.

"She looks capable of doing the job thoroughly," Lillian replied, then changed the subject abruptly, an action for which I mentally thanked her.

"What are your plans for tomorrow?" she asked.

"To investigate every possible renting prospect within ten miles of Sag Harbor," I replied promptly. "I mean to be in the saddle at daybreak or shortly thereafter."

"So early?" she replied, and I turned and scrutinized her closely, struck by something odd, indefinable in her tone.

She was smiling faintly, but her lips were pulled, and there

was the exhausted, pain-stricken look in her eyes which I had seen there once before when she frightened me by her sudden change in Marvin. I realized with sudden conviction that the journey and the excitement attendant upon the removal to the hospital of the woman across the road had sapped her strength, and that I must guard her against a recurrence of that collapse.

"Yes, just so early," I replied. "But I'm going to steal out so quietly you'll never hear me, and I want you to promise—"

"Never hear you?" she interrupted scornfully. "Why, I'm going with you!"

"Not in a million Sundays," I retorted with determination. "I'd like to take Marion along if you'll let me have her, and I'm going to extract a triple-locked promise from you that you'll rest all day."

A Hopeful Toast. There was no surer proof to me of Lillian's poor physical condition than her answer to my little speech. If she had possessed half her usual strength and self-control she would have paid no attention whatever to my ultimatum. She would simply have announced her determination to go with me in a manner which would have admitted of no argument. But instead, her protesting words were faltering, half-hearted.

"A good night's sleep will set me up," she said, and I noticed that she did not deny her patent need of rest. "And you'll need me tomorrow—"

"Not one-tenth so much as I'll need you a little later," I struck in ruthlessly. "Look here, mulish lady, I want to tell you something. If you don't rest tomorrow you're positive that you'll be really ill—there's every indication of it right now. And will you kindly explain what I would do with you down sick this particular week with all the moving on hand? Tomorrow will simply be the preliminary skirmish, the sifting out of the impossible places as we did at Hempstead. There's really not much in which you could help me until I get the impossible places weeded out. Then I shall need your advice, and I want you in shape to give it."

She put her hand to her eyes uncertainly. When it came away I saw that tears were standing in her eyes.

"I suppose you are right," she said falteringly. "But oh! Madge, this is awful! I'd rather be dead than not able to do things as I used to do."

I looked at her purposefully with a grim, mocking, little smile. "You're talking now exactly

as the good Lord had removed nine-tenths of your gray matter and put the rest in the wrong place," I said sternly. "I need no further proof that you'll have to have an iron hand over you, and that—"

"Yours is the mitt, I suppose," she countered with a smile. "Lillian will have ceased to breathe when she cannot make a jest over her own hardships."

"Exactly! Go to the head of the class," I retorted. "And now, as the first instance of the iron hand's rule, you will go directly to bed. I'll attend to Marion when she comes in, or rather I'll go and drag her from that fascinating cow in the barn yard. I expect a rather strenuous day tomorrow, and I'd like to get to bed early myself. Here's a toast in this nice cold water. To the home I'm going to find tomorrow."

CHAPTER 328

WHY MRS. TICER BEGGED MADGE NOT TO WORRY

Alas! for both my boast and my toast. My next day's quest for a home was a fruitless affair, from which I returned fatigued and disheartened.

On account of Marion I had not fulfilled my threat to start at daybreak but it was at an extremely early hour that the child and I, fortified by one of Mrs. Ticer's excellent breakfasts, turned out of the farmhouse gate into the road. I had persuaded Lillian to let Marion sleep with me, so that we got off without awakening her from the profound restful slumber into which she had fallen soon after I had insisted upon her going to bed.

"Oh, Auntie Madge!" the little girl exclaimed as the car sped down the road. "I think this is wonderful to go hunting houses for you. It will have to be a big one, won't it? For you have to have so many bedrooms. And are you going to have a playroom for Junior? He's most big enough now for a playroom. He's just getting lots of toys. And if he had a playroom I could come over and take care of him when you were busy, and you wouldn't have to know he was in the house."

"I hope we can promise the playroom, Marion," I said smiling at her pretty enthusiasm, but before I had proceeded far upon my quest I began rapidly to revise downward my rather exacting requirements for comfort in a home, and the playroom was one of the first things I mentally threw overboard.

Without Luck.

For I soon found that the housing conditions near New York were reproduced in this east end of the island. During my quest, I learned that many families, finding it impossible to get decent living quarters within the commuting zone had seized the opportunity to give their children the many advantages of the wonderful section, and had rented or bought all the available houses in every village. True, the breadwinner of the family, with business or profession in the city could only join his loved ones at weekends, but most of the people left stranded by the sudden demand had no choice in the matter. They simply were driven like the dove forth from the ark of their old-time security, and traveled until they found a resting place.

My sympathy with that Biblical dove approached the tory point as the day wore on, and I found no trace of any place to rent either in Sag Harbor or any of the neighboring villages. Determined to leave no stone unturned, I conscientiously investigated the places for sale also, realizing that I might be compelled to purchase a place if I could not rent one, but I soon found that all

the homes suitable for a family such as mine had been taken. The ones that were left were either country estates, prohibitive in size and cost, or tiny cottages, utterly impossible from my standpoint.

"Don't You Fret"

"As I turned toward the Ticer farm at last reluctant to give up the quest, but warned by the sun that it was growing late, I felt utterly beaten, and more than a little frightened. What in the world was I to do? If I could find no place at all I would be compelled to auction all my cherished household belongings, and face the prospect of boarding for an indefinite time.

Marion nestled close to me and spoke softly, reassuringly.

"Don't you worry, Auntie Madge. Jerry Ticer will find you a place. He said if I didn't find anything to come to him, and he'd tell me where there was a house that would be just right for Miss Graham, but it would need considerable fixing up."

Her childish, unconscious imitation of Jerry Ticer was immitable. I paid no serious attention, however to her words, for I knew Jerry to be—as his mother expressed it—"chuck full" of the most ridiculous and far-fetched schemes. If he had a building in his mind for me it was probably of the general dimension of an abandoned hen coop.

But, of course, I did not wound Marion with any derogatory reflection as to Jerry's ability to produce a home upon a minute's notice. In Marion's childish eyes, Jerry Ticer is a hero, and there is nothing impossible for him to perform.

"All right, Marion," I said, smiling down at her eager, upturned face. "We'll try once more tomorrow, and then we'll see what Jerry has."

But I knew that there would be no shadow of use to try again on the morrow. I had exhausted every possibility, and I was so fatigued myself that even the terrifying problem before me was beginning to be dwarfed by need of rest and a warm supper.

As the car turned in at the gate Lillian and Mrs. Ticer appeared upon the veranda.

"Did you get anything?" Mrs. Ticer called as they started to walk toward me.

I shook my head dumbly, for I was feeling more strongly every second the reaction from my long and fatiguing day. Mrs. Ticer and Lillian looked at each other, then Mrs. Ticer spoke.

"Now, don't you fret. I've been telling Mrs. Underwood about a place you might get. But you shan't hear one word about it till you have had a chance to lie down a bit and eat your supper. Get right out and go in and lie down till supper. It's almost ready. Ticer will put the car in the barn."

(To be continued.)

No Work On Natron Cutoff Until Meeting at St. Paul

SAN FRANCISCO, June 14.—In response to inquiries as to when the Southern-Pacific company would start construction of the Natron Cutoff, President William Sproule today made public a statement wired from New York by J. Kruttschnitt, chairman of the executive committee of the board of directors, as follows:

"Your message twelfth district court has decided that we are entitled to relief under commission's order, but the form and extent of relief will not be known until the form of decree has been settled. Hearing as to form of decree is fixed at St. Paul for June 18th. Until the decree has been entered, and the intentions of the United States ascertained as to whether it will acquiesce therein or seek to reverse same by appeal, it is not possible for me to say whether our title to the Central Pacific has been so confirmed by the courts that we can proceed with the constructions of the Natron Cutoff."

A copy of the message has been transmitted to the Klamath Falls county chamber of commerce.

Golf Trophy May Return To U. S. Britains Fear

TROON, June 14.—(By the Associated Press.)—Britons are fearful tonight over the possibility that their long-lost open golf championship trophy is going to start back to America tomorrow for the third successive season.

Walter Hagan who carried it over the Atlantic last year to the United States, is threatening in a most impressive way to do it again. Tonight, with half of the struggle over he stands just one stroke behind two British players who are tied for first place.

MacDonald Smith of California still has a chance to win the cup but it is a woefully weak one. He got an ugly 80 on the morning card, and though he played a flawless game after lunch, he could do no better than 73.

PICNIC PLANNED BY REALTY FOLK

Outing Will Be Substituted for Luncheon at Hotel Next Thursday

Suggestion that the Realtors dispense with the noonday luncheon next Thursday and substitute a picnic was approved by members of the organization at their regular weekly luncheon at Marion hotel Thursday. Final arrangements, including location, were left in the hands of the entertainment committee.

Replete with descriptive passages, the features and benefits that could be derived from the Willamette valley were outlined by Mrs. W. Pettyjohn in a short talk to the association. She spoke of the number of diversified crops, the 10,000,000 acres of tillable lands, the 12,000,000 feet of timber adjacent to Salem, the annual payroll of \$5,000,000 said to be the largest per capita of all cities in the northwest, and of the undeveloped 2,000,000 horsepower of the streams in Oregon, much of which is in Marion county.

Bank deposits, she declared, had nearly doubled within the last 10 years and were now in excess of \$5,000,000. Twenty-eight churches, numerous trade and public schools, academies and a university provided the best of home conditions and opportunities for education, Mrs. Pettyjohn said. The fact that the coast or mountains could be reached

with equal facility within a few short hours was also emphasized. Salem was personified by Rich Keiman, with the features and beauties of the city being substituted for clothing. He stressed its favorable climatic conditions and geographical situation. The speaker pointed out that the hills were covered with valuable timber, covered untold mineral resources and the streams were filled with quantities of fine fish of several varieties. Marion county orchards and farms are the finest in the country, he declared.

An outline of the meeting of representatives of the Federated clubs, which are behind the playground for the summer, was given by D. D. Sociolesky, who urged that each member contribute his share toward the expenses for the summer season.

A plea for the Chautauque, which opens next Tuesday, was voiced by Otto Paulus, who explained why a guarantee was necessary to obtain the fine speaker who will visit Salem next week.

Whether or not the Realtors, as a body, will attend the Northwest Realtors convention in Portland on July 18 was not definitely settled. A rising vote was asked, resulting in about half of those present signifying they would be present. An effort will be made to have every member in attendance at the convention.

Eugene Rancher Killed In Automobile Accident

EUGENE, Ore., June 14.—Fred Snell, 50, was killed this afternoon at 5 o'clock when an automobile in which he was riding plunged down an embankment near Mapleton in the western part of Lane county. Snell was riding with a number of other men

who had been working on a country road when a horse in front of the car became frightened and backing into the car pushed it off the grade. The other men were uninjured. Snell was a rancher, unmarried, and lived alone.

Joe McGinnity, the former "Iron Man" of New York Giants is 52 years of age, but the other day he shut out the Marshall town, (Ia.) baseball team with four hits. Here is a big lesson for those who play the game of life. Age cannot be stayed, but it can be made efficient and worth while.

United Army Stores for TENTS

Our tents (all new) are out on a 23-inch basis (instead of 34 inches). Therefore our 8 and 10 ounce are as heavy as some 10 and 12 ounce tents. They are one-third, pitch and have ten reinforcements at corners and poles. The rope cables are a special feature of our tents and prove especially useful in preventing severe winds from tearing the tent. We also have a full line of automobile tents.

- Army lockers, (trunks) . . . \$9.95
Automobile trunks . . . \$2.50
Trench shoes . . . \$2.75
Men's Ball Band Hip Rubber Boots . . . \$5.50
Reclaimed O. D. Army Blankets . . . \$2.50
All kinds of Army shoes, folding cots, beds, mattresses and all kinds of camping goods. Army leather harness (double) \$22.00 and \$49.00.

United Army Stores 250 South Commercial St.

Gale & Co.'s BIG SALE ENDS

Tomorrow evening the doors close on the greatest feast of bargains that Salem has ever known. Monday morning this gigantic event will be but a memory and all prices will be back to normal.

- 42-inch "Pequot" Brand Pillow Tubing, yard . . . 39c
Ladies Polo Coats, new and tan models, special each . . . \$7.95
Ladies' Fancy Plaid Coats Each . . . \$11.75
Silk Pongee . . . 88c

- Silk Dress Goods
36-inch Silk Poplin, all colors, Sale Price . . . 98c
per yard . . .
36-inch Black Chiffon Taffetas, Sale Price . . . \$1.19
per yard . . .
36-inch Black Silk Messaline, Sale Price . . . \$1.19
per yard . . .
Imported Silk Pongee, a rare bargain for . . . 88c
40-inch Silk Georgette Crepe, Sale Price . . . \$1.59

- Turkish Towels
15x26-inch size hemmed Towels, Special, Sale Price . . . 9c
27-inch Fast Color Gingham 12c yd.
Men's Knitted TIES 33c
MEN'S HOSE Black or Brown 11c Pair
Ladies' Bungalow APRONS 98c

- Dress Fabrics
38-inch All Wool Dress Serge, Special Sale . . . 98c
Price . . .
44-inch All Wool Serge, Sale price, per yard . . . \$1.48
42-inch All Wool French Serge, Sale Price . . . \$1.48
44-inch All Wool Poplin, Sale Price . . . \$1.88
40-inch All Wool Cream Serge, Sale Price . . . \$1.58
55-inch All Wool French Serge, Sale Price . . . \$1.98
52-inch All Wool Cream Serge, Sale Price . . . \$1.79
46-inch All Wool Poiret Twill, Sale Price . . . \$2.48
55-inch All Wool Tricotine, Sale Price, yard . . . \$2.68
56-inch All Wool Poiret Twill, Sale Price, yard . . . \$3.19

- Domestics
22-inch Dress Gingham, Sale price . . . 19c
26-inch Percales, Sale Price, per yard . . . 19c
36-inch Cotton Challies, Sale Price . . . 18c
36-inch Curtain Marquessette, Sale Price . . . 19c
27-inch Outing Flannel, Sale Price . . . 19c
30-inch Fancy Batiste Sale Price . . . 24c
30-inch Lingerie Crepe, Sale Price . . . 33c
39-inch Permanent Finish Organdy . . . 59c
45-inch Imported Swiss Organdy . . . 79c

- TABLE LINENS
18x18 Napkins, Sale Price . . . 14c
60-in. Table Damask . . . 59c
per yard . . .
65-inch Mercerized Damask . . . 98c
65-inch half-linen Damask . . . \$1.48
70-in. heavy pure linen Damask . . . \$2.98

GALE & COMPANY COMMERCIAL and COURT STREETS



Is HE ready for another day?

A MAN MUST WORK in spite of warm weather. It requires extra thought on your part to give him breakfasts that look so good he will start eating, and taste so good he will finish the meal. He will enjoy.



Keep a side of Frye's Delicious Bacon hanging in your cooler ready to add flavor to such plain dishes as hammy, fried apples or spaghetti and tomato. It's tender, and delicious because just the choicest young pork is cured and smoked under rigidly sanitary conditions by the exclusive Frye process.

FRYE & COMPANY Ask your dealer

Advertisement for Smith & Watkins Automotive Supplies, featuring 'The Sayings and Doings of Speedy Jim and Bill' and 'An Extra Tire is an Extra Precaution'.

Advertisement for The C. & C. Store, 254 North Commercial, listing various grocery and household items for sale.