

HOLDING A HUSBAND

Adele Garrison's New Phase of REVELATIONS OF A WIFE

CHAPTER NO. 348

THE WAY DICKY GUESSED MADGE'S THOUGHT

"Time to change partners," Dicky called gayly as he came toward us. "I've just been telling Miss Foster that this moonlight is entirely too wonderful to waste on a staid old married man like me. Now Pettit, on the contrary, ought to be in just the mood to lead out into it. Nothing like an old bachelor for sentiment. How about it, Doc?"

Both tone and words were provocative. I saw that beneath Dicky's gayety lurked the antagonism toward the physician which is always his, and I trembled lest the nerves of both men might break into some sort of clash. That Miss Foster sensed the same thing without my knowledge to back her intuition I realized as her clear voice, followed close upon Dicky's gibe.

"Your husband isn't half as nice as you are, Mrs. Graham," she said rapidly, as if talking against time, and her lips pouted charmingly. "He almost matches you in looks, I'll have to admit, though reluctantly"—she cast a swift little glance at him beneath her lowered eyelids—"but he hasn't any manners at all. All he can do is to talk about his wife and her perfections—and this in a perfectly good moonlight on the sea effect that ought to be good for compliments by the million. Come along with me, Dr. Pettit, I warn you if you don't quote a sonnet to my eyebrows by the light of this moon I'm 'offenyou,' as the children say, forever and ever."

Dicky's Disapproval.

Her voice was gay, insouciant, as she snatched the physician's hand and drew him away with her over the sands. He said no word of farewell to us, only lifted his hat and bowed with a formality that appeared ridiculous under the circumstances. I fancied the girl was contrasting his stiffness with Dicky's charming ease of manner, guessed also that underneath her merriment she was a bit chagrined that Dicky had not chosen to remain longer in her company on the moonlit beach. But my heart was beating high with triumph.

"Gee!" Dicky's voice was full of disapproval as he watched the retreating couple. "What a girl like that can see in that jar of pickled cucumbers I can't make out! And yet, I don't know. Perhaps they'd strike an average if she always talks as much as she does tonight. She'd drive an ordinary man to drink."

"Because he'd want to talk himself?" I queried slyly. "Exactly," Dicky grinned. "I don't believe she missed a bet tonight, from Ireland's freedom to Einstein's theory. And, of course she knows everything there is to know. She's the cocksurest thing I ever saw. I got so dizzy in five minutes that I threw up my hands and pleaded an engagement with you."

So it was he who had suggested the return, after all. My heart beat faster still, and the glamour of the evening returned to me in a sweeping tide. Dicky tucked my hand under his arm and turned with me in the opposite direction to that taken by Dr. Pettit and Miss Foster.

"What's on Your Mind?"

"A truce to 'em!" he said. "That very nearly cheated us out of our evening, but they didn't quite accomplish it. Come along and let's forget everything and everybody but ourselves."

The next half-hour will always live in my memory as one of my most precious experiences. Talk about the thrill of love's first assurance! It is a weak emotion compared with that which comes to the heart of a woman several years married, when the husband she adores—and perhaps has doubted—makes her understand beyond all doubting or fearing that she is still the supreme woman in all the world for him.

This assurance Dicky gave me—with words, with kisses and caresses, with rapturous gaze which was in itself a caress. Intoxicated with the happiness of it, I forgot completely for a time that there was anything sordid in the world or any care or responsibility.

Then a chance remark of Dicky's broke the spell. "What a wonderful section of the world this end of the island is!" he said. "I'd like to live here forever."

Like a dash of cold water there came flooding over me the remembrance of the task I had before me—the gaining of Dicky's consent to the purchase of the old house and property next the Tier home. I had forgotten that I had planned this excursion deliberately with the idea of cajoling Dicky into consenting to the bargain I had made. My cheeks burned as the remembrance came to me. It seemed like a profanation of the moments just past even to speak of it.

WILL FIGHT DRUG EVIL.



Representative Stephen Porter of Pennsylvania, who has been selected by President Harding to head an official mission to fight for the suppression of the narcotic traffic to this country. Other members of the mission who are already at Geneva, where the conference will be held, are Bishop Brant and Admiral Blue, Surgeon-General of the Navy. Representative Porter is chairman of the Foreign Relations Committee. He will sail for Geneva May 12.

But stern necessity demanded that I take advantage of his softened mood. Yet I found that I could not do it. I must fight the issue out on its merits, not on my husband's fondness for me, I told myself sternly.

Dicky looked down at me as if in wonder at my silence. Then a mischievous smile crossed his lips.

"What's on your mind, old dear?" he asked. "You might as well spill it while I'm in my present mood. I can refuse you nothing tonight."

(To be continued.)

LETTERS FROM A SALEM FIGHT FAN (Continued from page 1)

and ducked and avoided it sent the crowd wild, and was one of the most interesting parts of the fight.

Oh, boy! I wish you could have seen it. The way Gibbons could box, and the way he could stand off and hit Dempsey on the jaw was wonderful. He did this again and again and the crowd went wild. By this time we were all wild; we had gone plumb crazy.

At the end of a round when it was in Gibbons' favor, the crowd would stand and yell and wave their hats. Even the women doing it, and then I would jump up and snap the camera.

After it had gone six rounds—when every body said it would end before that—we were not wild, we were not crazy, we were just plain lunatics. After that the crowd was yelling "A new champion, a new champion. Hit him Tommy, he is missing."

By this time we realized that Dempsey could not hit him, so we were not worrying, nor was Gibbons.

As the rounds went on and many of them in Dempsey's favor, it was not exciting as the crowd was not with Dempsey.

We could not realize that Gibbons was going to stay the entire 15 rounds and when it came to the last round, we were all surely scared for fear something might happen and Gibbons might go out.

Round 15—The two men jumped to the center of the ring. Dempsey started off fighting like a tiger, rights and lefts and uppercuts, and everything. He sure was fighting, the wonderful fighter that he is. What did Tommy do? Did he fight? No. He simply protected himself. Blocked this terrible onslaught from Dempsey and perhaps you think it was not

NOTICE OF IMPROVEMENT OF HIGHLAND AVENUE BETWEEN FIFTH STREET AND FAIRGROUNDS ROAD.

Notice is hereby given that the Common Council of the City of Salem, Oregon, deems it necessary and expedient and hereby declares its purpose and intention to improve Highland avenue from the west line of Fifth street to the west line of the Fairgrounds road at the expense of the abutting and adjacent property, except the street and alley intersections the expense of which will be assumed by the City of Salem, by bringing said avenue to the established grade, constructing cement concrete curb, and paving said portion of said avenue with a redress macadam base and a two and one-half inch asphaltic concrete wearing surface pavement in accordance with the plans and specifications therefor which were adopted by the Common Council July 2nd, 1923, and which are hereby referred to and made a part hereof.

The Common Council hereby declares its purpose and intention to make the above described improvement by and through the street improvement department of the City of Salem.

By order of the Common Council this 2nd day of July, 1923. M. POULSEN, City Recorder. Date of first publication hereof is July 7, 1923.

beautiful to see him do it. He knew he could not knock out Dempsey and his one thought was to hold on, protect himself and stay the 15 rounds and he did, holding his record of never being knocked down or knocked out.

In all justice to Dempsey, he is a wonderful fighter, and it will take a more wonderful man to ever knock him out.

Gibbons was superior in boxing and is a great ring general. He knows at all times what to do, used his head and is careful, but was too light for Dempsey, being 15 pounds lighter.

Dempsey was never in danger and both men were fresh at the end of the fight, but I must confess that if the fight had gone on, Dempsey would have knocked him out.

More in Round 10.

ROUND X

The day after, still excited and full of fight, I have heard it said that fights are brutal. Perhaps they are, but championship fights are not if they are all like the one I saw yesterday. There was not a drop of blood drawn.

Of course the attendance was disappointing but then it was all that could be expected after the uncertainty of the fight being held at all. Very few people from a distance excepting tourists who were in the vicinity.

I did not see one person from Oregon or did I see a car with an Oregon license, in fact have not seen one for two weeks, but four seats from me sat Mr. Jarritt of McMinnville, but for the last two months he has resided in Montana. He was in the grocery business in McMinnville and a customer of mine.

When the fight commenced the people in the rear seats, the cheaper ones, made a riot move, overwhelmed the ushers or guards and took ringside seats. Even the Indians followed. Not enough police protection to hold back that exciting crowd.

Outside at the gates \$55 ringside seats were selling at \$30, then dropped to \$20 and then Kearns himself appeared and passed out tickets through the wire fence for \$10. That brought in a crowd, and then those that did not have that to pay for a seat, decided they were going to see the fight anyway. They made a rush at that wire fence and went in for nothing. As one woman said to me, "it did not cost me anything; saw the crowd going in and I followed."

As I see it the only ones who made money out of the fight were Dempsey and Kearns. The concessions must have lost big. For instance, the program concession cost \$5,000. They sold at 50 cents each. Figure it out. The soda pop concessions cost \$2500. They may have come out alright as they sold soda pop at 50 cents a bottle and plenty of it. I paid more for soda pop in one day than all the rest of the days of my life put together. Hamburger sandwiches sold for 40 cents.

After the fight I took more pictures of the telegraph operators at the ring, and the Indians who were very interesting to me. I

WEDDING OF PRESIDENT EBERT'S DAUGHTER.



Miss Amelia Ebert, daughter of President Ebert of Germany, was married in Berlin to Dr. Wilhelm Jaenecke, a Foreign Office clerk. Photo shows the bridal couple leaving the little registry office. Note the simple bridal dress of the bride, wearing furs over her wedding gown and carrying a bunch of rhododendrons.

wandered down town through the dust and automobiles, found my train which did not leave until 8, and it was 1 a. m. before I was back in Great Falls. I sure was tired, and sleepy, and dusty and dirty and all I had to eat all day was sandwiches and soda pop.

Nearly everyone said it was hot sitting there in the hot sun for three hours, but I did not notice it much. Probably because I was expecting it to be worse and was prepared for it. It was only 86 in the shade.

Never will I write for a newspaper and my friends again. It cost too much. There's a whole day gone on these letters, but my friends have been writing to me, telling me how much they are enjoying my letters, so I just cannot stop, not for this trip anyway. But no more.

While here I went through the Anaconda smelter. All the ore from Butte is shipped here on ac-

count of the water power. I saw the ore melted into copper and zinc, and then made into copper wire. I sure saw some copper wire: carloads and carloads of it.

I went through the Mine saloon and saw the famous pictures, or rather paintings of Charles A. Russell, the cowboy artist. They were sure original.

"Tootsie" sure made a big hit here. I do not believe there is a man, woman or child in town who has not seen it, and been talking about it. They call it "The White Streak."

While here the Elks of Montana have been holding their state convention; have some good bands and drum corps, and you would think they had some drums as they would parade through the halls of the hotel at 2:30 a. m.

There seems to be plenty of liquor here, but as I do not drink it, I have not seen as much of

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it as I otherwise would, but it seems that about every time you meet a girl she says "I know where you can get some good beer." I have not accepted any of the invitations, or I might not have been here writing this letter, or if I had probably would have been minus my ring; my watch, and telephoning home for more money.

I have guarded my ring very carefully; have worn it wrong side out and took the precaution of having it insured before leaving home, so believe I am going to leave here tomorrow intact excepting for the money I spent for soda pop at Shelby.

At Shelby met Sam Josephson, formerly of Roseburg; now manager of the Shelby Chamber of Commerce.

Leave tomorrow morning for four days trip to Glacier National park and then have to return here.

Address Pocatella, Idaho, Hotel Bannock.

PORTLAND MARKETS

GRAIN AND HAY
PORTLAND, Or., July 7.—Grain futures: Wheat, soft white July \$1.09; August \$1.05; western, white July \$1.08; August \$1.05; hard winter July \$1.03; August \$1.01; western, red July, August \$1.

CORN
No. 2 eastern yellow shipment July, August \$0.50.
HAY
PORTLAND, Or., July 7.—Hay unchanged.

While centennial celebrations are being held in various quarters why not one celebrating the end of a generation, and the participants all people born 33 years ago. They have seen more than their share. The list includes electric cars, motor cars, airplanes and airships, submarines, wireless telegraph and telephones, talking machines, motion pictures and the installation of electricity in the home. Upon the farm has come the tractor, the telephone and the electric milker. Science has given up poison gas, the utilization of radium, the development of the X-ray and the identification of vermin carriers of malaria, typhoid, and yellow fever and the bubonic plague. What will the world witness the next 33 years?

Blacksmith Gets Letter From William Hohenzollern

ALTOONA, Pa., July 6.—The former Kaiser of Germany, William Hohenzollern, in exile at Doorn, has hopes that his luck will improve soon because of a gift sent him by Charles Gorsuch, the village blacksmith at Martinsburg, Blair county.

For years Gorsuch has forged tiny good luck horse shoes in his odd moments, and sent them to notables in all parts of the world. After forging his most recent "charm," Gorsuch reviewed the international situation in an effort to find the notable who was in need of "luck." He selected the former Kaiser and sent the shoe to Doorn.

Baron von Coren, marshal of William's household at Doorn, accepting the luck charm for his

master, sent this message to Gorsuch: "His majesty, the Kaiser and king, has very gladly accepted the good luck horseshoe you sent and gratefully thanks you for same." The reply was accompanied by an autographed photograph of the former emperor.

It is asserted that the government has a better right to fix a maximum wage than a minimum one. The first political party to demand a declaration for \$100,000 a year for all workers should have easy sailing.



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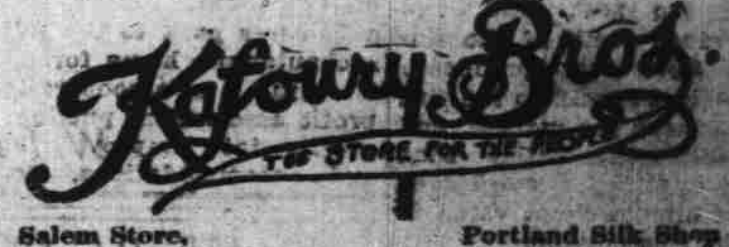
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