

HOLDING A HUSBAND

Adele Garrison's New Phase of REVELATIONS OF A WIFE

CHAPTER 264

THE VERDICT DR. PETTIT GAVE TO LILLIAN AND MADGE

"Marion!"
The name of my friend's child came in an awe-stricken murmur from my lips, as, at my mother-in-law's behest, I turned from my own injured son to the couch where Lillian's idolized daughter lay so white and still that I feared the life had fled from her.

Lillian neither spoke nor looked toward me, and I followed her strained eyes to Dr. Pettit's face. It was professionally non-committal, but I saw with an icy little chill at my heart that he was making the usual tests to determine the existence or non-existence of the vital spark itself.

With Lillian's pallid, anguished face before me I felt guilty at the joy and relief which were surging madly through my veins. My child was safe, apparently, but hers—I who knew better than any one else how closely knit were the hearts of Lillian and her adorable young daughter, felt my own heart chill as I watched the physician's long, slender, marvelously efficient hands at work.

"Ma—ma— tum Dooner. Dooner feel so-o bad."

The plaintive little cry tore at me. If any one ever had told me that I could refuse to go to my baby when he was injured and crying for me, I would have laughed scornfully, unbelievably at the idea. But so long as he was in no danger, and in his grandmother's royally tender care, I could not desert my friend in her bitter hour.

Dr. Pettit straightened himself, and Lillian swayed toward him. "Is—she—" the words were a raucous whisper from lips almost too stiff to frame them.

"Be Ready to Help."

"She is alive." He uttered the words with quick, crisp emphasis, put out his arm as he did so, and grasped and supported for a needed second Lillian's swaying, trembling figure. Then as I moved forward, he put her into my arms and she leaned against me for an instant with quick, labored breathing, as if she had been running. I remembered the attacks she had recently suffered, and I wondered how most quickly and quietly I could get the remedies she used, when she spoke tensely under her breath: "I'm all right. Be ready to help."

She stepped away from me, and stood like a soldier at attention while the physician bent over Marion again. Even through the terror of the moment I could not help contrasting Dr. Pettit's professional aspect with his demeanor at other times. In any illness or accident he is a tower of strength, and one feels as safe as is humanly possible in his hands.

"Mr. Graham!" Dr. Pettit's voice, though low, was like a pistol shot, and Dicky came quickly forward.

"Yes," he said incisively. "Can you drive my car?"

"Yes."

"The Utmost Haste."

"Then go to the nearest tele-



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phone—take Jerry Ticer with you, he will know where to go—tell the Southampton Hospital to send an ambulance here for me, with accommodations for two patients and one nurse. Tell them I said the utmost haste was imperative."

"Two patients," Dicky demanded, even as he turned toward the door. "Then the baby—"

"I must have my arm X-rayed," the doctor replied curtly, "but he is in no danger whatever."

Dicky hurried through the door and Lillian's anguished eyes rested on the physician's face. He had said the utmost haste was imperative. I knew what that meant, and so only too clearly did Marion's mother.

"I wish I could tell you anything definite, Mrs. Underwood," Dr. Pettit's voice was filled with infinite tenderness and compassion. "There is concussion, and the extent of that no one can tell now. There does not appear to be fracture, but I must have the radiograph's verdict upon that."

"Internal injuries? There were several bruises upon her body." Though Lillian's lips were still white and stiff, yet I saw that with the assurance of her child's being alive had come the rallying of her pulse and efficiency. If there were anything to fight for she would be at Dr. Pettit's side, unflinching, till victory or utter defeat.

"I saw them. You did good work in getting her undressed before I came," he commended. "They do not indicate any serious injury, but that is another matter which can only be determined later."

"Then there is nothing to do but wait?" Lillian asked, and there was despair in her voice which comes to those who can do nothing for loved ones in danger of death.

"Yes, you and Mrs. Graham must get ready at once to go to the hospital in the ambulance with the children. And you must take these. Mrs. Graham will give them to you."

He held out some pellets to me, and as I took them I knew that his shrewd eyes had seen the physical weakness Lillian was heroically concealing, and had given a spur for her flagging energies.

(To be continued)

DUNDEE DECISION RETURNS CHAMPIONSHIP

(Continued from page 2)

his ground and sent back two lefts. Dundee sent Criqui to the floor for a count of seven. The Frenchman came up and Dundee went at his man, but Dundee spilled him with another and Criqui too the count of nine. Dundee laid back for a knockout, punishing Criqui severely. Although

he was wavering, Criqui fought back, taking left after left and clinching when his blows failed to land. They were sparring lightly in the center when the bell ended the round.

Round 3—Criqui looked good enough as he sat in his corner listening to the counsel of his handlers. Dundee punched his body in the first attack and then landed left. Dundee repeated with his left and forced his right solidly. Criqui came in for more punishment, wildly with his left, but always advancing. Dundee was much too fast for the Frenchman, easily evading his futile attack and punching accurately with both hands. Dundee fell back to his old trick of bouncing off the ropes, but it netted him nothing except laughs from the crowd. Dundee repeated his trick twice, this time to good advantage, sending a left into the Frenchman's ribs. He was starting the trick again when the bell ended the round.

Round 4—Criqui started the attack, but he was short or over and a series of clinches resulted. Dundee was a little slower and they sparred more, but when he chose to whip his left it came out slowly. The challenger dodged a half dozen leads and left jabs as he kept on the defensive. Dundee started bounding off the ropes, advancing. Criqui struck at the flying target, but it was no use. They were in a slight clinch when the bell rang.

Round 5—Criqui spat up blood while his handlers worked feverishly. Dundee wasn't fanned. Johnny landed half a dozen lefts and they fell into a wrestling clinch. Criqui landed a wide right, but was wide too with his next ally.

Dundee pounded the champion's kidneys and they clinched and slashed over three stiff lefts. Criqui poked his stiff left to Dundee's head. The pace had slowed, but still Criqui couldn't solve his opponent. He was warned for hitting on the break-away. Dundee began chopping uppercuts when the gong sounded.

Round 6—They came together fighting. Criqui taking the lead. Dundee battled toe to toe and his left had the better of it. Dundee was hustled by Criqui's maneuvering, but occasionally he slipped over that pop gun left. They exchanged punches, but there was not much to choose from. Criqui was getting the better of fighting. They were sparring at the gong.

Round 7—Dundee came out furiously, landing his left so rapidly that it was impossible to count. The crowd booted the Frenchman for hitting low in a clinch. Dundee kept whipping over his left like a piston. Dundee made several attacks with his left, but Criqui only kept crowding him. They were in a clinch at the bell.

Round 8—Dundee landed a left

and right and Criqui hooked a right to jaw. Dundee resumed his jumping tactics, whipping his left to head as his feet left the floor. Criqui sent rights to body in a clinch. Dundee hooked both fists into the stomach, but still Criqui kept coming in. Dundee began to lay back. He hit Criqui with a right to the ribs and then staggered him with blows with both hands. Criqui was groggy, blood spouting from his mouth and splattered both fighters. Dundee pounded him severely with both hands, but the challenger began to slow down when the bell ended the round.

Round 9—Criqui was in probably bad condition as he could be, but Dundee seemed to be fresh. They fought in the center, then Dundee stepped back and began pummeling with his long left. With marvelous grit Criqui continued stepping in, though his legs were so wobbly he could hardly stand. The Frenchman vainly shot out his left, but he was very tired. Dundee's repeat left tapped him a half dozen times and he clinched. Dundee now came in with both fists, tearing away, but still Criqui walked on, striking wildly and ineffectively covering up. They fought toe to toe in a slashing body exchange and Dundee, as he walked to his stool, was plainly perplexed.

Round 10—Criqui sent a left to the face and in return got a left to the stomach. Criqui was leading with his left, but it was invariably wide and he fell into Dundee's arms. Dundee pounded his head with both hands in a neutral corner. The crowd then cheered Criqui as he resumed his undaunted advance, but his blows were woefully feeble. He nearly fell over the challenger when he swung a hard right and Dundee swayed back to measure him, but they clinched. Dundee fell back from the advance, shooting his left up and over as Criqui gamely came into the slaughter. Dundee was at it as the bell ended the round.

Round 11—Criqui was wide with a left, but he hooked a short left to the head and jabbed with it three times. Dundee, who was less affected now, went grimly to his work, retreating now and hammering again. He landed both hands to the jaw in a clinch. Dundee was falling against the ropes and bouncing out when Criqui stood by with glassy eyes. All he could do was wave his hands at his opponent. Criqui missed a wide uppercut after Dundee was short with lefts.

Round 12—Criqui tried to smile with his shattered jaw and still was leading, but Dundee was getting in the blows, hefty lefts. Dundee rocked the champion with two-fisted attacks that would batter down a post but Criqui, wobbling on his feet, stood his ground. Criqui weathered that storm and lowered his head for another advance. The action slowed for a minute, then Dundee placed both hands again, hitting Criqui in every vulnerable spot, but the Frenchman smiled derisively and tried to put over an uppercut. The crowd was on its feet in a tempestuous roar as Criqui gave another derisive smile, going to his corner at the bell.

Round 13—They clinched, Dundee began his attack earnestly, but Criqui fought back and Dundee clinched. Criqui backed Dundee into a neutral corner, but had difficulty in keeping his blows high. Dundee staggered him with a right cross, but Criqui advanced again, heaving a great sigh. The Frenchman ducked a wide left and was wild with two more. Dundee planted his feet and ploughed with his left, but he kept waiting and Criqui was leading another advance when the bell ended the round.

Round 14—They sparred a full minute. They fought at long range and danced about before Dundee whipped over two lefts that forced a clinch. Criqui caught Dundee flush as he bounded from the ropes, but Criqui couldn't break an egg now. He didn't refrain from the attack, however, and was mixing with his adversary when the bell sounded.

Round 15—Criqui nodded his head negatively to a friend at the ringside, showing he knew it was hopeless. Dundee came from his corner very determined, but they clinched three times, Criqui was trying hard for a knockout, as was Dundee. The challenger got in another two-fisted attack to the head and Criqui sighed again before he clinched. They sparred a minute, exchanging at arms length and then clinched before Dundee began his next foray. He swung both hands to the head with all he had and Criqui could not hold his gloves against his face, but he had strength enough in his legs to walk in again. Dundee thugged the Frenchman's body and Criqui danced away. Dundee pounded his head unmercifully with both hands and was whalling away when the bell rang.



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READ THIS AND SEE WHAT INTERESTS SALEM PEOPLE

Some idea of what the Salem reading public reads may be gathered from the statement by Louis Cohn of The Ace, magazine stand on North High street. It may astonish those who haven't really thought of how big the magazine business is.

The Ace handles approximately 100,000 magazines a year. The average price is close to 15 cents, or possibly more, for the really big sellers are mostly of a higher price. Rather curiously, the sales of the Saturday Evening Post and The Country Gentleman, both 5-cent magazines, are comparatively small: only about 85 Posts and a dozen Gentlemen. The heaviest sale of all, 150 copies a month, is credited to The American Magazine. Next to this comes McCall's and The Woman's Home Companion. They sell 140 each. True Stories circulates 125 a month, and there are never enough to go round.

The Red Book and Pictorial, the latter a publication that claims to pay the highest rates of all magazines in America, sell 100 each. The Ladies' Home Journal sells in an equal number, and so does Good Housekeeping, the rather exclusive Hearst home publication.

The Argosy and All Story combination, a weekly publication, selling for 10 cents, is popular enough. Eighty magazines go out each week under this name. Western Stories, the verbal picture-book of the lurid west that once was—maybe—interests about 57 buyers each issue. Almost as many rogle-eyed students carry home the Literary Digest every week. Live Stories and The American Boy, as different as gunpowder and water or fish and desert camels, sell 40 apiece, and Hearst's, a risque sophistication, interests 35 buyers a month.

There are almost no "radical" magazines called for, such as Pearson's, The Nation and The New Republic. The casual reader may damn the government on his own hook, but when he buys something to read he wants to buy lighter, brighter thoughts than his own, and the professional viewer-with-alarm gets thumbs down at the news counter. The frivolous movie publications have a surprising sale. Two of them, Moving Pictures and Photo Play Magazine, reach a total of more than 80 copies, and the Movie Weekly has a good sale also.

The scientific magazines have a good sale. Thirty-five copies

of Popular Mechanics go to The Ace counters each week, and 30 of Popular Science, most as many of Science and Invention are sold, and the reliable Scientific American, a new monthly form, is fast making up in sales.

Only one magazine is printed in any foreign language—Deutsch-Amerika, of which copies are sold at 10 cents apiece. There is no big foreign market in Salem to demand of read anything made abroad.

With a number of other magazine agencies selling this reading, it isn't hard to see that Salem is near the pinnacle of culture as a "literary" city.

Praise Bulgarian Schools After Studying Meth

SOFIA, Bulgaria, July 2.—American educators, studying schools of Bulgaria, have reported that they show marked progress in combining practical with ethical education, and King was gratified at this comment when the investigators called on him recently in this city.

Professor Paul Monroe, director of the International Institute of Teachers College, New York, Dr. William F. Russell, associate director, were the king's visitors, and they were impressed by the democratic demeanor and intelligent interest in matters educational.

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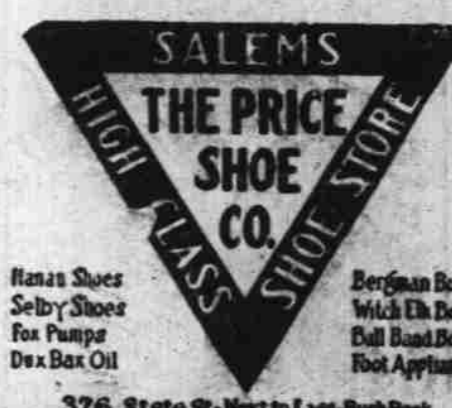
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