

HOLDING A HUSBAND

Adele Garrison's New Phase of
REVELATIONS OF A WIFE

CHAPTER 416
THE WAY GRACE DRAPER
ANTICIPATED DICKY'S
REQUEST

Dr. Pettit started violently at my words, and repeated the name I had uttered.

"Grace Draper!" he said hoarsely, then cast a quick, apprehensive, protecting glance toward Claire Foster. It was the sort of mid-Victorian male attitude—I will let nothing—unseemly—come—near—you—thing—which, applied to the up-to-date, thoroughly sophisticated western girl, made me smile to myself, even through my anxiety as to the physician's reaction to my news.

Then he turned to me with dignified sternness.

"You have brought me here under a misapprehension, Mrs. Graham," he said. "I will not sit at dinner with Grace Draper, nor permit Miss Foster to do so. You will please excuse us."

He was turning away, when I laid my hand upon his sleeve.

"Just a moment," I said sulkily. "May I remind you that your only knowledge of Grace Draper has been gained through your office as a physician? Apart from that you know nothing of her. May I ask what reason you will give Miss Foster, or what explanation you imagine I will give her if you do so outrageous a thing as betray a professional confidence? I certainly shall not permit her to go home unenlightened."

"Are You Not Afraid?"

He started again and looked at my face searchingly. I knew that in his preposterous conceit he was afraid I might reveal to Claire Foster the history of his long and arduous devotion to me before he met her. And I am afraid I meant him to think precisely that very thing, impossible as the carrying out of my implied threat would have been.

Even his self-control could not hide the battle that followed between his desire for my revelation and his desire to leave. But fear finally conquered, and he replied grimly:

"I am at your mercy, of course. But are you not afraid?"

Claire Foster's gay voice interrupted us with a merry sally, and from that moment until, having summoned Grace Draper from her room, we sat down to the prettily lighted table stationed in a screened wing of the veranda looking out over a tiny moonlit lake, I had no time to think of his unfinished sentence. Then I acknowledged to myself that I was afraid, horribly so, of this experiment which

MAKING LONGEST WATER JUMP IN THE WORLD.



Photo shows horses making the widest water jump in the world in the international military steeplechase at Waerghem, Belgium, on August 28.

brought Grace Draper back into our lives again.

But I was determined that go hint of my feeling should escape me, and for two hours, which seemed an eternity, I furnished the conversational background against which Claire Foster and Dicky acclimated in talk always merry and interesting, and at times positively brilliant.

Disturbing Thoughts.

How Dicky would manage his invitation to Miss Foster to pose for his illustrations to Pennington's book I did not know, but after dinner he proposed a stroll down to the lake. Adroitly leading the way with the girl, he left Grace Draper and me to Dr. Pettit's escort. When we all returned to the lighted veranda, I saw by the girl's delighted, excited face that he had made the offer, and she had accepted it. I saw Grace Draper covertly watching, and feared that she, too, had read the story of the doctor's proposal, wondering uneasily how she would act upon her knowledge.

I had forgotten her wonderful poise. When Dr. Pettit had driven away with Miss Foster, Dicky lagged behind. I knew he did this for the purpose of breaking the news to Grace that he must have another face than hers for his poses. Suddenly she rose, crossed the veranda to a pillar which partly shaded her face, and asked quietly:

"Did it ever strike you that Miss Foster's profile is much like what mine used to be?"

Dicky started, then returned as quietly.

"Have you seen it, too? It is quite startling."

"Do you know, honestly, Dicky, if you can get her, I think you ought to have her do those poses instead of me. I'm older, you know, and my mirror tells me how I've changed."

There was not a break in her voice, but something hopeless in it made my heart ache. Dicky's response was prompt if stammering:

"Look here, old girl! Nobody in the world can beat you at posing, and you know it. Miss Foster doesn't know the rudiments of the thing. I need you for every thing but just one thing, and—and—if you don't mind I would like to have her—"

"For the farce?" The words were almost a whisper.

"Only for the flesh curves. They're just what yours were. But that's absolutely all. I must have you for all the postures, and to wear the smart clothes—and—"

"I'll be glad to help you in everything even when helping you means keeping out of the picture," she returned with what was evidently an attempt at lightness. But she kept her face persistently in the shadow, and long after we had left her I wondered what had been in her eyes, as she watched Dicky from that steady, masking shadow.

(To be continued)

Statesman Bring Results
Read the Classified Ads.

TWO RUNNING RACES MONDAY

Snow Cap and Bonnie Bell
Take First Places in
Running Events

Only two running races, with three horses in each, were on the racing program yesterday at the state fair. The track was muddy and only a handful of people was in the grandstand.

Because of the soggy track an entertainment program by the McCleave show horses of Victoria, B. C., was transferred to the stadium. Music was furnished by the La Grande Municipal band, official band for the state fair.

In the five-eighths mile dash for horses of 2 years old and upwards Snow Cap, owned by C. E. Dye and ridden by Little, was first in 1:04 3-4. A Lester, owner by A. Neal, with Clark in the saddle, was second and Mt. Hood, owned by W. G. Honeyman and with Flynn riding was third.

Bonnie Bell, owned by A. Neal and ridden by Little, won the half-mile run for 2-year-olds and upwards, in 5 1/2 seconds. Turkish Delight, owned by Mrs. A. Galbraith and ridden by Slaughter, was second, and Drummer, owned by Captain J. B. Wise and ridden by Flynn, was third.

Kitchen to Be Limited At Chamber of Commerce

Owing to an ever-increasing demand upon the kitchen at the Chamber of Commerce rooms, the board of directors has voted to limit the use of this to the Chamber of Commerce for its weekly luncheons, the Cherrians and the Business Men's Adjustment League, the two auxiliary bodies.

It has been the custom in the past to serve luncheons to a large number of business firms, but as a majority of the hotels and restaurants in the city hold membership in the Chamber of Commerce, the board decided it best to limit the usage of the kitchen.

Rooms at the Chamber of Commerce, including the auditorium, will be open at all times and any kind of business or civic meeting may be held there. The next regular meeting of the board of directors will be held about October 4.

SHAW

SHAW, Ore., Sept. 24.—Mr. and Mrs. W. Rice and daughter, Anna, who spent the summer in Washington visiting relatives and friends, are stopping in Shaw on their way to California where they will reside.

Miss Anna Masser and eGorgia Spencer were passengers on the Sunday evening train.

Mrs. L. Le Grice was in Salem Friday.

O. Berg who has been employed in the lumber camp near Mill City, is home for the prune harvest.

Frank Richter of Gervais is employed in Mrs. C. Riegaeker's prune dryer.

Mrs. E. T. Cahmberlain who spent the summer in the east visiting relatives and friends, has returned.

Mr. and Mrs. C. A. Fieber and family were Shaw visitors Sunday. Mrs. Jean Barrett and Blanche of Salem spent the night with Miss Amanda Mathews Thursday.

What Is a Failure?

By GEORGE PARKER
Inmate of State Prison—
Condemned to Die

I realized many years ago that something was vitally wrong with all our schemes of life—with our conventional forms, our reformatory efforts, our charities and our different departments of life. I have seen hardships as the result of vice and vice as the outcome of hardships. I realized that all our systems of helpfulness were totally back-handed. We dealt them "as most people deal now," with facts rather than with causes. After the damage is done we attempt to repair. What I wanted to do was to prevent. To prevent the damage being done.

A man who has served others well "is not a failure." Even though his name be unknown to the world. Success seems to consist mainly in service to humanity and not self. So when a few individuals in a community bring such conditions as that about it affords a fine opportunity for some political party to win real friends among the farmers. So now as the mile-posts in the advance of progress are established let us profit by the lessons they teach and re-vamp our defenses accordingly. For it is a self-proven fact that he failed to attract much

notoriety for himself and his life has made it possible for progress to be accomplished in later generations, as even China, musty with age, stagnated by ignorance, finds herself unable to resist the onslaught of western civilization.

Her great wall, once one of the seven wonders of the world, can not keep progress out. After centuries of isolation and superstition this country, which discovered gun powder, faces the possibility of having to submit to the will of foreign powers. If China had built universities instead of her great wall and assisted her population to accumulate property rather than to hold them in abject poverty the tables might have been reversed.

Industry, invention and commerce help, but intelligence insures progress, yet not only that alone. I might also state that intelligence pushes its certain way through the ages, leaving behind as relics of the past skeletons of injustice, avarice and ignorance. It abolished slavery; trial by ordeal and prison sentence for debt. It continues its ceaseless vigilance, looking to the betterment of the race as the world of today knows.

"Conquer your foe by force and you increase his enmity; conquer

by love and kindness and you reap no after sorrow."

For a lack of money to carry his case to the supreme court for a decision as to whether or not he received a fair trial at Albany, George Parker, slayer of Sheriff Dunlap of Linn county, may go to the gallows on December 7.

Parker does not maintain he is innocent. He admits the firing of the bullet that ended Dunlap's career. He does not ask the prison gates to swing wide for him. All he seeks is an opportunity that nearly every condemned man has—that of appealing his case.

Less than 12 hours before he was sentenced to hang, Parker received a stay of execution, and given 30 days in which to file his transcript on appeal. The time expires September 29—another week. Filing of the transcript will cost \$300, and a total of \$1900 is needed to carry the case through the higher court. Failure to raise this amount automatically sets his date of execution for December 7.

To date Parker has raised \$300. Other inmates of the prison, through collections, have contributed \$150. Parker says he can get a few more hundred but the time is getting short. He is unable to solicit aid.

"I am a pauper. I have spent every cent I possess in defending myself," he told a newspaper man. "Isn't there some provision in

the law whereby a pauper can obtain a free transcript of his case?" he appealed. "I know that a free transcript was furnished in the Whitfield case at Vancouver, Wash. Other states have some provision whereby a man without funds or friends can carry their case to the supreme court."

He was informed that Oregon has no such provision.

Parker said he had much time for thought, and that he had spent many hours in thinking—what he did not say. Perhaps of his boyhood; perhaps of the day on which he may be called upon to atone for the crime he has committed.

He handed the above article to his caller, with the simple remark to take it if he wanted to.

"It does not amount to much," he said. "It is something that I have been thinking about while I have been sitting in this room. It may not be written in the proper style, but I have lots upon my mind. You can use it if you wish, or can throw it away."

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