MY MARRIAGE PROBLEMS

Adele Garrison's New Phase of
REVELATIONS OF A WIFE

CHAPTER 165

THE WAY "SMITH" CAME BACK INTO MADGE'S LIFE.

It was but a second that I stood erect, in the position to which I had involuntarily sprung when I heard the voices of the horsemen coming down the lonely wood lane.

Then, still obeying the instinctive impulse of concealment which had seized me at the sound of the second voice. I swiftly moved to the tree against which Dicky's car rested, seated myself there in such a manner that the machine almost concealed my presence and adjusted my hat so that its brim drooped over my forehead. I thanked my little joss that my hat had a brim, and—that it was not the hat I had worn in the Catskills. With some autumn branches in my hand I made a pretense of stripping the leaves from them, but had to stop all movement and grip the branches tightly to still the trembling of my hands.

"Remember, Anton—"

For, if my ears and my memory had not deceived me, the somewhat servile voice of the second approaching horseman was that of the man Smith, whom I had last seen in the Catskill mountains, and who was now a fugitive from the justice which he had so mysteriously escaped that memorable night when our fishing party had discovered the wounded trapper in the reservoir grounds. If it were he, I knew that the servility was only assumed, that the arrogance of the man was only concealed, his cunning working swiftly and surely.

And then the two men on horseback moved into my view from the recesses of the forest path, and from underneath my hat brim I looked furtively at them.

The first man I knew, in the casual, friendly fashion of the countryside, as the "big man" of the neighborhood, a retired farmer, wealthy, public-spirited, respected and liked by his neighbors. That he could know anything of the real personality of Smith—if the second man really were Smith—was, of course, unthinkable. And that the relation between them was that of kindly efficient master and new servant, I gleaned from the elder man's words as they rode toward me.

"Remember, Anton, the one thing above all others which I will not have is brutality to animals," he was saying. "I discharged the man just before you for that."

"I will remember," Anton said slowly, and then his eyes fell on Dickys car, and I saw him start unmistakably. I wondered if, with the keen perception which I guessed to be his, he had recognized the car, having remembered seeing it upon that night which had seen his exposure.

A Swift Decision.

For I had convinced myself now that beyond all doubt the man, Anton, evidently a new man-of-all-work of my neighbor, Mr. Biggs, was the same man, Smith, who had been the opulent autocrat of the Catskill mountain region in which he had his barricaded estate. And yet, barring their height, which the man, Anton, made less by appearing slightly stooped, there was little outward similarity between the two.

Smith had been a commanding figure, erect and broad-shouldered, with a well-fed appearance. This man was thin, almost to emaciation, and his clothing hung loosely on him. Smith's appearance had been that of a scrupulously fastidious man, accustomed to luxurious bathing appurtenances, who would almost have died rather than appear unshaven, a man with many changes of clothing.

"Anton" had at lease a three-day's growth of beard upon his face, his clothing was grimy and hung loosely on him, and his hands were distinctly suggestive of the earth. Around his forehead he wore a dirty bandage, which, I noted with rising excitement, completely concealed his eyebrows.

I gave him another furtive but searching glance, and decided that the dirt upon his clothing and the bandage were but surface soil, that the cloth next his head was clean, and that underneath the rough garments were others, clean and fine. He was altogeter too typical—he outdid his compatriots whom I had seen working in the neighboring fields.

Mr. Briggs had reined in his horse when he saw the car, and "Anton" followed his example. For a second or two they did not see me, then Mr. Briggs espied me and swept off his hat with a courteous bow.

"How do you do, Mrs. Graham?" he said heartily, adding solicitously. "I hope there is nothing wrong with your car."

I explained, conscious as I did so, that "Anton's" eyes were furtively searching my face. But I did not look toward him. I had swiftly decided that though no doubt he had recognized me, I must give him no inkling that I had any suspicion of his identity.

(To be continued)

EDITORIALS OF THE PEOPLE

MR. GILLE DISSENTS

Editor Statesman:

Under the caption, "We Demur," you stated the position of your paper in last Sunday's issue relative to the name "Parrish" for the new Junior High school on North Capitol street. Coincidently, there was published on another page of the same issue the complete address of Hon. Chas. B. Moores at the noonday luncheon of the Salem Chamber of Commerce on the previous Monday. Published under the title, "Memories of Old Salem That Will Evoke Smiles on the Lips and Bring Tears to the Eyes of Many Pioneers," the address of Mr. Moores was replete with vivid early day recollections of the speaker; a highly interesting and witty restrospection of his boyhood days in Salem, and of some of the important historical incidents in which much of our fair city of today find origin.

In the course of his address Mr. Moores gave an account of an incident wherein an effort was made to change the name of Salem. "In the early '50s," he said, "while struggling to retain the capital, Salem came very near losing her name. In 1846, when the town was formally laid out, Rev. J. L. Parrish, after whom your Junior High school was recently named, insisted upon the retention of ht e name 'Chemeketa,' by which it had previously been known. This was opposed by Dr. W. H. Willson, who successfully urged the name 'Salem.'"

I agree with you, Mr. Editor, in your contention that Salem can afford to honor the name of Mr. Parrish, and I believe there are none of those opposed to the the name, was taken at the insti- school," who would not also agree with you, but I question this as being the proper means of bestowing such honor. The action of the school board, in adopting the name, was taken at the instigation of one taxpayer, according to the records of the celrk of the board. Such action has seemingly proved to become a harbinger of dissension and unpleasantness which should be entirely foreign to the administration of our public school affairs. It is my understanding that at least one parent-teachers' association of the city passed resolutions at a subsequent meeting, condemning such action and asking that the board make a reconsideration; that this resolution, representing the feelings of a considerable number of school patrons, went unheeded by the board.

The thought occurs that since the new school building is being paid for by all of the district's taxpayers, why should not the name of the school be representative of the wishes of a majority of the taxpayers. Also, these questions present themselves: In the new order of things; meaning a departure from the precedent of naming our schools after presidents of our country, is it essential that all Salem public schools built hereafter be named after Methodist preachers or missionaries, or, since children from all denominations attend the public schools, would our school board consider the names of preachers of other denominations? What would happen if someone were to suggest the name of a priest of the Roman Catholic church? I pause for reply.

ALBERT H. GILLE.
Salem, Oregon, May 9, 1924.

BITS FOR BREAKFAST

Of course—

We must have fire protection—

And we will not have it without a ladder equipment that will reach to the upper stories.

About 100 acres of flax yet to be planted, and in about four more days it should all be over. That may not be too late, with our "usual June rains," but it is late enough.

Talking of flax and linen: Here is a bran new item, never before published: Henry Ford is raising flax, and he has for some time been experimenting with the making of linen for his car coverings, instead of cotton. He proposes to raise the flax himself, and to have his experts get out the fiber, and spin and weave it. He can use coarse fiber, such as can be produced in Michigan and Wisconsin, and in Canada. He will not need the fine fibers, like those produced in the Salem district, and necessary for fine linens. He expects to cut in half the cost of his cloth for his car coverings, and of his upholstering tow for the seats. And what he expects to do, he will do.

This is of great interest to the Salem district for this reason: Henry Ford will find a way to make American machinery for the spinning and weaving of flax. And he will likely develop a number of short cuts that the world has been waiting for these 6,000 years. His experts are at work on this problem now.

And another thing: Henry Ford will find that if he can cut in two the cost of his car coverings, by using his own manufactured linen cloth, instead of cotton cloth, that he will at the same time make such coverings as will outlast cotton made coverings three to four or more to one.

Mark McCallister is likely to be one of the Republican nominees on the legislative ticket. He will make for Marion county a reliable, dependable, able legislator. He knows the needs of this section, and will work gaithfully for the good of his constituents.

SHAW

Mrs. Ella H. Buckley and Miss Marie Bastian of Portland were visiting a few days at the home of Miss Amanda Matthews, returning Thursday.

Mr. and Mrs. J. F. Young made a business trip to Salem, Wednesday.

Mrs. Frank Fisher is visiting in Toledo at the home of her sister Mrs. John Fisher.

C. L. McAllisters' and Mrs. Emma T. Chamberlain motored to Salem Wednesday.

Miss Blanche Barrett of Salem and Miss Lella Mitchell of Albany were week-end visitors at the home of Miss Amanda Matthews.

On May 7 Mrs. John Amart Sr., entertained the Community club.

Miss Veronica Schneider who spent two weeks visiting at the home of her parents, returned to Portland Wednesday.

Mrs. John Fieber, sons Lawrence and George of Toledo, were out here to spend a few days visiting relatives and friends, returning Thursday.

Cherrians to Make Plans For Rose Festival Parade

Plans to attend the Rose festival in Portland June 11 to 14, will be completed at a meeting of the Cherrians tonight. Attendance of 100 per cent strong will be demanded this year, as only 53 members participated last year.

Other matters to be discussed Tuesday night are the starting of drill practice to get the Cherrians in shape for the Rose festival, and the question of band concerts this year. Under present plans the Cherrian band may give concerts in other Marion county communities, such as Silverton, Woodburn, Stayton, and possibly a few others.

"Mr. Wu" Coming to Grand Wednesday

Walker Whiteside has made a great name for himself the country over, by his recurring visits in splendidly acted and staged plays. His next visit to Salem will occur on Wednesday night, May 14, at which time he will appear in his latest and greatest success, "Mr. Wu," in which he will enact the crafty mandarin Wu Li Chang. The success of this Anglo-Chinese melodrama is worldwide, for it has been acted in all portions of the globe, and in many languages. Walker Whiteside has made splendid use of the play during his present trans-continental tour, and has added immeasurably to his reputation by his magnificent rendition of the character of Mr. Wu. This will mark Mr. Whiteside's third visit to Salem in recent years, and it is to be hoped that his receipts in this city will justify his continued appearance. An actor of international reputation seldom comes to this part of the country, owing to the demand for his appearances in other cities, but Walker Whiteside believes that one's reputation is built up and sustained by coming again and again to the smaller centers where true artistry is recognized and patronized accordingly. Miss Sydney Shields will be seen in Mr. Whiteside's support. This fine emotional actress has made several trips to the coast with Walker Whiteside.

Colleen Moore Is Tomboy in "Painted People" at Oregon

Rudolph Valentino can claim the title "the screen's greatest lover."

Norma Talmadge is accorded the distinction of being probably the greatest emotional actress in the movies.

William S. Hart stands out as the most dramatic of those portraying western characters.

But to Colleen Moore, who appears today in "Painted People" at the Oregon goes the title of "the screen's one and only real tomboy."

She has been "tomboying" it almost since her advent into films five years ago. She has been a "tomboy" representative of almost every nationality.

She was "tomboy" Irish in "Come On Over," and an Indian "tomboy" in "The Huntress," a typical society "tomboy" in "Flaming Youth," and in "Painted People. She is again portraying an American "tomboy," but one essentially different from her "Flaming Youth" characterization.

In this picture she is seen in the leading role, that of aoydenish girl of the poorer section of a typical American town, the ringleader of all the devilry of the neighborhood, and the best baseball player in the district.

Directed by Clarence Badger the cast of "Painted People" includes an array of popular screen players, including Ben Lyon, Charles Merriam, Charlie Murray, Alan De Grasse, Joe Striker, Mary Alden, Russell Simpson, Mary Carr, June Elvidge and Anna Q. Nilsson.

Modern version: He who steals my used car steals trash.