

MY MARRIAGE PROBLEMS

Adele Garrison's New Phase of REVELATIONS OF A WIFE

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Chapter 229

WHY MADGE HAD CONFLICTING THOUGHTS ABOUT ALLEN DRAKE

I literally held my breath at the end of my little speech to see if my ruse would succeed with Katie. But I did not have to hold it long. With a howl—it it could be called nothing else—from my tempestuous little maid, she dropped her hands from her face, made a dash for me, and clung to me convulsively.

"Oh, I no mean dot!" she wailed. "You always so goot to me, always stand oop for me, und den you tink I let you work, feex tings for dot poor feesh, Meester Drake. Eet shoost dot old devil inside me, coom oop sometimes in my troat und make me say sooth tings. I know vot I tink of Meester Drake shoost same, dough. He shoost something cat brought in, but eef your fader vant heem like king mit all meals oopstairs, I feex, und I feex right, you know dot."

"I am sure of that Kate," I said warningly, between a desire to laugh at her potpourri of foreign dialect and new world slang, and the impulse to reprove her for her disrespectful reference to our guest. But I wisely did neither, I had accomplished my object, and it behooved me to retire gracefully.

"I don't think it will be very long, anyway," I said, as I moved toward the door.

"I no care how long," Kate replied magnificently—her confessions are always thorough. "But, I tell you, I got to pray me hard not to put red pepper in hees coffee."

One Problem Solved.

She giggled joyously at the fancy—laughter and tears are so near together with Kate, that I never quite know where the dividing line is—and I went from the kitchen with the assurance that the domestic problem connected with Allen Drake was solved. In this moment I felt that I could dismiss our fascinating guest from my mind until such time as he should emerge from his room with the codes mastered.

But, perversely enough, I found that instead of mentally dismissing him, my thoughts were flying to that upper room as if drawn to a magnet. My imagination was stirred by the picture my father's requirements had drawn, the picture of the brilliant secret service agent working feverishly at the baffling codes in the silent hours of the night, taking sleep or food only when exhausted, battling on doggedly, no matter what the obstacles in his path.

Because of his arrogance, his patronizing loftiness, his tormenting of Katie, I mentally had echoed the wish for his humiliation which my little maid had phrased crudely, and which I knew Lillian had shared because of Mr. Drake's conceit. But I found myself weakening in my censorious attitude toward him, indulging instead in the secret hope that he would be able after all to emerge triumphant from his ordeal.

"I Don't Think—"

As then, as the hours wore on, and there was no sign from the upper room in which Mr. Drake was housed, there came to me the remembrance of the times when Allen Drake had come to my aid. Never had need of mine failed to bring him. I realized with a little thrill of my pulses that beneath the mask of Allen Drake's indolent, polished manner, lay an indefinable something which had once or twice gleamed out at me, but at which I had never dared a probing glance.

He did not deserve my wish for his failure, I told myself shamefacedly, and as there is no standing still for me in any emotion, I found myself progressing from that attitude to an intense desire for his triumph.

The second day of his stay had waned into the third night, when my father tapped at the door of my room, and at my summons, entered, giving a relieved glance at finding me alone.

"Daughter, dear," he said after he had closed the door and come over to my chair, "I am going to ask something strange of you." His manner was hesitant, and I put up my hands and drew his face down to mine.

"I don't think there is anything in the world you could ask of me that I wouldn't try gladly to do," I replied.

"I know that," he returned fondly. "But—I know you don't care particularly to be brought into contact with Allen, but—he is exhausting himself over that one baffling feature of the code—you know he has been ill, I am

afraid his strength will give out—and—I think—I may be mistaken—there is something about it in which you could help him. May I tell him you are willing?" (To Be Continued)

Ince Picture One of Year's Big Thrillers

Thomas H. Ince, famous for the "punch" which every picture from his studio carries, has outstripped his own record with "Those Who Dance," his latest production, now running at the Oregon theater.

With a theme which no producer has yet attempted (for he has told the story of liquor with no moral garnishings), he has found opportunity for some of the most tellingly dramatic situations ever filmed.

One of the big thrillers of the production is the fight between a group of h-jackers and the crew of a rum-runner. The pirates and smugglers of olden days were no more picturesque than the smugglers of contraband liquor of the present day. And when dog begins to fight dog, as the h-jacker fights the bootlegger, both of them being without the pale of the law, blood begins to flow. The scene aboard the rum ship and the boarding of it by lawless h-jackers is a remarkably tense bit of realism.

An auto smash-up when a boy goes blind from wood-alcoholism, the seizure of a truckload of liquor after a fight in the dark between federal officers and the bootleggers and the killing of one of the officers, the scene in the prison when a boy is led to the death chair and the final big "smash" when a girl and her sweetheart, trapped by the crooks of the underworld, fight a duel

of wits for their lives are a few of the high lights of this fast-moving production.

Blanche Sweet, Bessie Love, Warner Baxter, Mathew Betz, and Lydia Knott appear in entirely original characterizations in the picture, which gives them full opportunity for fine dramatic work. Lambert Hillier directed.

ANNUAL MEETING FORMER RESIDENTS

Next Sunday, August 2, former residents of Coos county residing in Portland, Salem and other Willamette valley cities will hold their annual reunion and picnic dinner on the state fair grounds, Salem.

This will be the third annual reunion of these former Coos county citizens, former meetings having been held at Portland and Hubbard. An interesting program has been arranged including an address by Governor Pierce and it is understood Judge Coke, formerly of Coos county, is also on the program for an address. These former Coos county people are organized, President Bender of the association being a resident of Portland, and the son of a prominent Coos county pioneer, the late Judge E. Bender. He is also a nephew of the Hon Binger Hermann of Roseburg.

Following the program a basket dinner will be served and a cordial invitation is extended to all former Coos county citizens to come with well filled baskets. A large attendance is assured and a very enjoyable day is promised all those who attend.

15 EWES 26 LAMBS AND NOT UNUSUAL

Fred Feller Says He Has Such Results 'Because' He Feeds Sheep Well

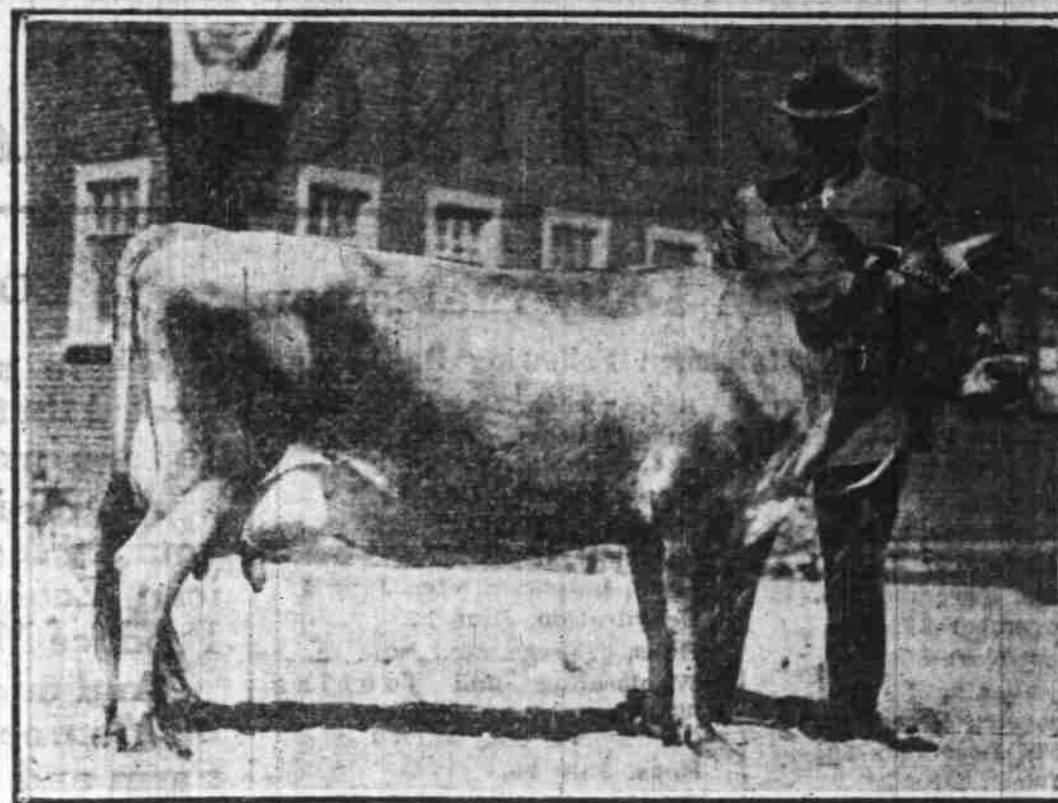
Karl Steiner, in his interview by the Slogan editor, found in the Slogan pages this morning, said that several of his neighbors with small flocks of sheep do better than he does with larger numbers to care for.

So the Slogan editor interviewed one of his neighbors, Fred Feller, over the phone last night. Mr. Feller lives on the Pacific highway, nine miles south of Salem; in the new house fronting the highway; on the west side of the highway. The reader, if he has been out that way, has noticed the well kept farm premises.

Mr. Feller is a fruit and walnut grower and general farmer; but he has always kept sheep. More generally than he has now.

He has only 15 Shropshire ewes now, and a pure-bred Sirop ram. But he has 26 lambs. The 16 sheep gave him an average of 11 pounds of wool at shearing time. He sold the wool at 28 cents a pound. He has not sold his lambs. He expects to keep them for winter mutton, those that he does not wish to retain for further increase.

Mr. Feller said over the phone that it is not unusual for that many lambs to come from a proportionate number of Shropshire ewes. He and his neighbors count on almost all coming as twins.



Imported Oxford Majesty Lucy an imported Jersey cow purchased yesterday by Crandal and Linn, Salem, Oregon, for \$625. She was sold at auction by G. H. Dammeier, Portland, Ore.

It is partly on account of good pasturage.

Mr. Feller's sheep pretty well take care of themselves, without much attention, most of the year. But he gives them some ground oats and hay in the winter time, and then lets them run on pasture for their green feed.

He believes every one should have some sheep; and most of his thrifty neighbors do have.

Albany Must Settle Troubles Or Go Without Bridge

ALBANY, July 30.—An injunction is threatened as soon as the

contractor starts work on the new Albany bridge. The threat was made after the highway commission refused to change the location of the bridge at the request of a few business men.

If the injunction is issued, then, say Commissioners William Doby, W. H. Malone and H. B. VanDuzer, the commission will take it for granted that Albany does not want the bridge and so the highway department will let the matter drop.

The Albany bridge has been a source of trouble of late. The Linn county court balked at signing the agreement for the bridge

for a time, and then a complaint came over the site selected. Yesterday three or four business men of Albany appeared with their lawyer and wanted the location changed. The commission saw no reason for doing so, and the contractor, who was present, stated that the contract has been signed and his bond filed.

Finding the commission prepared to build on the site intended, the delegation announced that the moment the contractor starts digging the first hole for the bridge construction an injunction will be served and the work tied up. In so far as the state high-

SULPHUR CLEARS ROUGH, RED SKIN

Face, Neck and Arms Easily Made Smooth, Says Specialist

Any breaking out of the skin, even fiery, itching eczema, can be quickly overcome by applying a little Mentho-Sulphur, declares a noted skin specialist. Because of its germ destroying properties, this sulphur preparation begins at once to soothe irritated skin and heal eruptions such as rash, pimples and ring worm.

It seldom fails to remove the torment and disfigurement, and you do not have to wait for relief from embarrassment. Improvement quickly shows. Sufferers from skin trouble should obtain a small jar of Rowles Mentho-Sulphur from any good druggist and use it like cold cream.—Adv.

way commission is concerned, this threat caused no worry, for the commission is not vitally interested in the bridge, as are the people of Albany, and if Albany does not want the bridge built the commission has no intention of fighting the proposed restraining order.

The drainage changed lands from productive value so low as to be of uncertain profit to double the yield for a good profit. Some white untiled lands on the O.A.C. station farms produced 12 to 15 bushels per acre, and went as high as 33 bushels per acre after tiling.



Here, Mr. Business Man--- Are Some of the Advertising Helps Offered Gratis by The Statesman

THE advertising staff of the STATESMAN is ready to give an up-to-the-minute service of ideas, illustrations and copy to all who desire to place announcements in the STATESMAN'S columns.

Backed by a top-notch creative organization of New York artists and merchandising experts, the STATESMAN can help you present your message forcefully, attractively, convincingly. The public will learn of the integrity of your business methods,

of the values you offer, of the confidence that can safely be reposed in your goods or services.

It costs you nothing to avail yourself of the STATESMAN'S advertising service. A telephone call will bring one of our representatives, who will gladly submit for your approval IDEAS THAT CAN GREATLY INCREASE YOUR BUSINESS AND YOUR PRESTIGE IN THIS COMMUNITY.

THE OREGON STATESMAN

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