

# Society

An interesting hour during State fair week was given over on Thursday to the program of the state Parent Teachers' association, with Mrs. George Perkins of Portland, state president, presiding. "Three for Jack" (W. H. Squire), a vocal solo, was the opening number on the program, Claude Stevenson singing, with the accompaniment of Mrs. Grace Zosel of Liberty.

Three ten-minute addresses were given including: "Crippled Children's Educational Bill," by Mrs. Janet Pondagast Leigh; "Kindergartens, a part of the Public School System," by Mrs. Raleigh St. James of Portland; and "Migrant Work," by Mrs. John L. Brady. Limited time made it necessary to cancel a fourth talk, "Free Text Books," prepared by W. A. Carter.

Robbin Fisher left yesterday for Portland where he will enter the Medical school for his senior year.

John McGill



Friendly readers of the Oregon Magazine are expressing particular approval of the October number just off the press. Mrs. Viola Price Franklin, in her talks at the state fair, called particular attention to the epic poem which opens the number, by Charles J. Lisle, a successful contributor to current periodicals. It depicts the historic development of "The Oregon Trail" in twelve cantos with L'Envol. Other contributors are Albert Richard Wetjen, Carol D. Dibble, W. H. Wheeler, Sarah Hunt Steeves, Ruth Fargo, Charles Momer Melachrine, Howard McKinley Corning and John Gill.

John Gill contributes on "The Pacific Pleiades," offering an article which increases the splendid estimation in which he has long been held. The article is exceptionally well illustrated.

### REV. S. W. HALL REAPPOINTED

Rev. S. W. Hall, pastor of the First Methodist church of this city returned home the first of the week from Medford, where he attended the state conference of Methodist churches. For the fourth time, Rev. Hall was returned to the Silverton charge. This is very unusual, as rarely does a minister of this denomination, retain the same charge for more than two years. Rev. Hall stands high in the community. An urgent request upon the part of his congregation that he be returned was the deciding factor not only on the part of Rev. Hall but the conference as well—Silverton Appeal.

The civilized peoples are those that pay the highest prices for beads.

# MY MARRIAGE PROBLEMS

### Adelle Garrison's New Phase of REVELATIONS OF A WIFE

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#### CHAPTER 278

### THE SUGGESTION TOM CHESTER VOICED WITH FEAR

At Lillian's admonition to go on with his story, Tom Chester turned toward her with a jerk of the shoulders—not foreign enough to be a shrug—which expressed as plainly as words could have done the resentment he felt toward Allen Drake. That the older man's thinly disguised ridicule had angered him was plainly to be seen, but it was also patent that he meant to ignore both the girl and the gibe.

"We went over to Riverhead," young Mr. Chester continued, "and found the chaps with the limousine had given out that they were making a map of automobile roads through this section. They had a couple of local loafers helping them—fellows of the type that will keep their mouths shut for money. But one of us had something on one of them, and after a little persuasion he came clean with everything he had, and is making regular reports to us of everything they do. And I'll say they've been some busy little parties. They've spent their whole time in the car, and if there's a square inch of the most secluded wood road in this section that they haven't explored, I'll eat it. They had the loafers trail them in the smallest car they could buy and they used it over the wood roads too narrow for the big car. If they are making a map, they'll sure have a peach when they get through."

"You Mean—"

From my father's side I saw Lillian and Allen Drake exchange swift significant glances, and at the same instant my father's hand on my shoulder tightened as if involuntarily. That the three experienced secret service officials saw something in the young soldier's story which was evidently not apparent to him I was sure.

"And if they're planning a quick get-away for somebody who is cooking up a stunt that will demand one Allen Drake and his crisply, every trace of a drawl gone from his tone.

"Exactly," Lillian answered, and Tom Chester looked from one face to the other with horrified comprehension dawning in his eyes.

"You mean," he addressed Lillian, still ignoring Allen Drake, "that the man Smith—"

"The man Smith," Lillian repeated, her voice almost rasping so tense was it, "just now has two ideas in his half-crazed but diabolically cunning brain. One is the recovery of the secret code in the eyeglass case he lost here on the night he searched Katie's room. The other is his desire to get even with Madge and the Dicky-bird for the way they grabbed his game up in the Catskills. He's going to try both stunts before he leaves here. And a neat little murder more or less while he is on the job would be a mere detail to the gifted Mr. Smith."

A Disconcerting Tribute.

Tom Chester had been looking intently at Lillian as she was speaking, but at her last words his horrified eyes leaped to me. That he already saw me the victim of an assassin's hand was as evident as was his boyish determination to do everything in his power to protect me.

"Then—then—" he stammered, "we are wasting time, aren't we? You say Dr. Pettit is not going to tell Smith that his ankle is well until tomorrow morning. He is really a fugitive from justice. I think you said, I can go down right now and nab him if you say the word."

Lillian smiled at him sympathetically but her negative was prompt.

"That's what ought to be done, but unfortunately we cannot permit it just yet," she said. "He must be allowed to run loose for awhile, so that he will finally lead us to the biggest lair of all. And he must be given the opportunity to steal back his eyeglass case with the code inside."

"But—" Tom Chester sprang to his feet, his eyes blazing with excitement, the blood reeking from his tanned cheeks. "You—you—are risking her life!"

The boyish voice rang like a clarion through the room. There was no mistaking the tense fear which was swaying him, making him forgetful of conventionality. Indeed, of everything else save my safety.

It was a tribute of which any woman might be proud, and I was conscious of a secret thrill at the boy's championship, but for the most part I was distinctly uncomfortable. I could feel every pair of eyes in the room upon me.

"Tom Chester's frightened ones, my father's with amazed disapproval Lillian's amused eyes—Allen Drake's—I could imagine

their sneer behind his masking eyelashes.

#### CHAPTER 279

### THE WORK LILLIAN LAID OUT FOR TOM CHESTER TO DO

Allen Drake was the first to speak after Tom Chester's dramatic outburst.

"If the young man will kindly explain whose life he means," he drawled provocatively, but Lillian interposed swiftly.

"Keep quiet, Allen!" Then she turned to young Mr. Chester with a reassuring air.

"I won't deny that there is a certain risk to all of us," she said gravely, "but I am very sure it can be reduced to a minimum. And there is no reason why Mrs. Grama—" she caught my indignant eye, and cut short her sentence.

"There is every reason why Mrs. Grama should share any unpleasantness," I said icily. "Please remember, Lillian, that wherever you are in this affair, I shall be with you."

She flashed me a glance of approval and apology, although I well knew that as far as her plan of campaign was concerned my defiant words were worthless. I would be stationed exactly where she chose. But at least I had declared my own attitude, and again I felt my father's hand pressing my shoulder, and knew that even through his fear for me he approved my stand.

### Lillian Looks Ahead.

"But we are wasting time," Lillian declared. "Mr. Chester, how good an actor are you?"

"A very poor one," the young man answered with sincerity in his tones.

"With such modesty, you're extremely likely to be a good one," Lillian retorted. "But, honestly, now, don't you think you could stage a convincing road bandit hold-up for the benefit of Mr. Smith tomorrow night?"

"I could do anything to clip that fellow's claws," he replied earnestly.

"And that's exactly what I want you to do. First of all I am going to ask you to interview Mr. Briggs, Smith's employer, early tomorrow morning, and see that our precious friend's every movement is watched. Then, when he starts over here tomorrow night—as he surely will—stage a hold-up along the road, take any money he has to make it realistic, but be sure to frisk him for revolvers."

"If he's the man I think he is—and that's a little thing I'm going to find out, please Allah, when he gets here—he's a walking arsenal. You won't get 'em all, for he probably has some mighty ingenious weapons hidden in those rags of his, but you will be able to get nearly everything he has. Then tie him loosely, so he can surely wriggle free, and deposit him in the grass by the side of the road, then beat it down here—of course, leaving one man near him to watch his proceedings."

"I'll tell you now—and then we won't have to keep you any longer—that Katie will be walking up and down the road, so don't be surprised when you see her." Lillian smiled. "Probably Smith will be talking to her, at least we sincerely hope he will. From that point on it's all on the lap of the gods, although Mr. Drake will probably do a little celestial stage directing."

"Don't underestimate Smith."

"Just so I have a chance to direct Katie," the beautiful young decoy duck—"Mr. Drake murmured, but Lillian threw him a wrathful glance because of his frivolity, and he subsided.

To her, when she is absorbed in an important problem, levity is an unpardonable sin, but Allen Drake is a law unto himself. So he returned her angry look with a lazy, impudent grin which she ignored, turning her back upon him, and giving her attention to Tom Chester. The young man had risen at her intimation that he would not be needed longer, and was evidently waiting for a more definite dismissal.

"Remember!" Lillian sounded a last warning note. "Don't underestimate Smith. He's a gifted lad. Madge, will you let Mr. Chester out?"

Her query was apparently the most innocent, matter-of-fact thing imaginable, but I caught the merest flicker of her eyes as she turned them toward Allen Drake and guessed that she had deliberately sent me to the door because she thought my doing the honors for Tom Chester would annoy the vanity of the brilliant but conceited government agent. Lillian admires Allen Drake, but his vanity is an abomination to her, and she never loses an opportunity to wound it in any way she can.

I rose from my seat at my father's side, outwardly composed, but secretly annoyed at Lillian, and went into the hall with Tom Chester. He retrieved his hat and coat from the table, and turned to me as I slipped back the latch on the door, to say tensely, jerkily:

"Look here! Of course—none of my business—but—you must not get near that man Smith. Plenty of us to see to him. Please promise—"

I interrupted him ruthlessly. "I can promise nothing, Mr. Chester," I said a trifle coldly, "except to do my part, whatever that may be."

He was in the doorway, now,

## Announcement

# Kennell-Ellis

## Portrait Studios

Will open a Studio of Portraiture by Photography at 429 Oregon Building to Be Ready for Business on OCTOBER 1st

towering above me, his boyish face stirred with emotion.

"Then, just remember," he said "that Smith won't have any chance to get near you until he's put me out of commission first."

And then he folded through the doorway in an agony of embarrassment, fairly slamming the door after him.

(To be continued.)

## THREE MINUTE TALES

By Ad Schuster

### A Man's Man.

Of two things Clifford Windle, middle aged and a bachelor, was immensely proud. One was his knowledge of women and the other his love and understanding of the great outdoors. As he had always avoided the first and, indeed, evidence rare shrewdness in evading them, that information concerning their manners and methods which he thought was his, had come from books. He was one with Nature and the open space because, forsooth, one of his ancestors had been a scout and a pal of Daniel Boone's.

Clifford was small, thin and nervous. What he lacked in stature or strength he made up in confidence.

"I am," he would say to himself, "a man's man. It is only by accident I am tired to a set of books. Some day," and the book-keeper looked out of the window with a yearning expression, "some day I'll answer the call that is here, here." And as he spoke he thumped his chest.

As Fall approached Clifford's longing for the hills, streams and open plains increased. For one thing, he was convinced that no less than three of the young women in the office were setting traps for his attention. Well, he would fool them. He knew women.

"You know," he reminded his boss, "I didn't take a vacation last year. This year I plan to take a full month, in the woods. He drew himself up seeking to look the part, hunting, and fishing, you know."

"It's a good plan," the boss agreed, "and I can tell you just where to catch the fish."

"Tell me where to fish!" Clifford snorted indignantly as he left the office. "Who does he think he is, anyhow?"

The bookkeeper spent a week reading all the books he could find on fish and big game. Then with a surprising assortment of tackle and armament, he left civilization to look for itself while he consorted with Nature. He felt a bit sorry for the girls in the office knowing they would miss him more, perhaps, than they care to admit.

And Clifford fished. He fished in four creeks and one lake and his sole reward was a prize no larger than the palm of his hand. At the end of ten days it came upon him, as a revelation, that he would have to seek advice.

"It is not that I do not know to fish," he reasoned, "or that these countrymen hereabouts are in any way smarter than I. They have the advantage of residence. I'll ask the next person I see."

The next person was a girl. She was walking down a lane slinging to herself when she met the khaki clad fisherman. Clifford could afford to be superior.

"Perhaps you have heard some man say where fish are biting this season?" He held up a hand to indicate he was not through. "It isn't likely you are a fisherman, you know, and I am not seeking advice on how to catch them. But I would consider it a favor if you would direct me to a stream where the fish are, well, large and, er hungry."

The girl looked at him curiously and Clifford thought she was admiring the fine figure he made. He had heard of men who broke the hearts of simple country girls but he, she could thank heaven, was not that kind. Doubtless she would think of him, make him the hero of her dreams, he could not help that. The girl smiled but Clifford was on guard.

"You walk straight ahead a quarter of a mile. Take the path over the field, through the woods. It leads to a patch of

dense brush. Go right through and you'll find a pool. A beautiful pool and you will have it all to yourself."

In a pool that was all that had been promised Clifford dropped his line. If there were any fish in the world they would be here, he told himself, and he wondered how many he would catch. The ordinary angler might hook a dozen. Clifford, at modest estimate, was as good as any four ordinary fishermen. He wished he had brought a larger basket. He continued to wait but the fish, had not been apprised of his coming.

After four hours Clifford got up, stretched, turned around and looked at the board against which he had been leaning. It was a signboard and on it was painted:

"Reservoir No. 14 Rook Hill Water Company."

Rain water, impounded. The girl had said he would have it to himself. It was like fishing in a pail of his own backyard.

"Simple country girl, bah!" Clifford and his legs wearied with the hike to camp he added his opinion of the open spaces. He is back at his books now and he talks as glibly as ever of his understanding of women and love of the outdoors. There is no way to cure a man like him.

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## A RESOLUTION ON MRS. JENKS' LOSS

Willamette Valley Prune Association Pays Respect to Wife and Mother

Resolution: Whereas it has transpired that God in His great wisdom has called one of His devoted followers, Mrs. W. T. Jenks, who has left a home bereft of a mother and wife, we therefore on behalf of the Willamette Valley Prune association at this time of his great sorrow extend to Mr. W. T. Jenks, our secretary and man-

## Here Are the Prettiest of the New Fall Sweaters

### Brushed Wool Sweaters

5.95 up to 12.50

Many new cleverly styled sweaters that arrived Saturday will be on display for the first time tomorrow, they are in the mere pronounced patterns and colorings for sports and the more simple effects. They will instantly appeal to every woman.

New Brushed Wool Scarfs, \$2.98 up to \$5.95

Special Notice  
Our store will be closed Monday forenoon from 10 to 12, account of funeral for the father of Mrs. N. C. Kafoury.

YOUR MAIL ORDERS receive careful attention we pay the postage or express within a radius of a hundred miles. SATISFACTION GUARANTEED or your money cheerfully refunded

Trimmed Millinery in our Down Stairs Store

Salem Store 466 State St. Portland Silk Shop 383 Alder St.

ager, and to his family, our most sincere sympathy, and, furthermore, we wish also at this time to assure him of the abiding esteem and confidence which the officers and members of this association cherish for him in our business relations extending back over many years.

WILLAMETTE VALLEY PRUNE ASSOCIATION,  
B. J. MILES  
D. M. CROUSE  
H. S. GILE  
Committee.

LEONARD TO MARRY  
MARSHFIELD, Or., Sept. 28.—Miss Ethel McMahon, playing here

## PROF. T. S. ROBERTS

Will enroll piano and organ students now at his studio, 505 N. Summer st. Phone 1883W. High school credits given.

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Pianist Violinist

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Announces re-opening of her studio after a summer of studies in New York City. Holds normal diploma as exponent of the Dunning System. Studied personally with Mrs. Carlie Louise Dunning, originator of the Dunning System. Studied piano with Frank Le Forge and Mrs. A. M. Virgil. Studied violin with Maximilian Pfliser.

(Free Orchestra Training to Students.)  
High School Credits Given

Studio: 335 North Capitol Street Phone 489-M

## Social Calendar

Business and Professional Women's club members meet for hike 2:30 o'clock. South entrance of State house.

Promotion day program. Junior department of First Methodist church Sunday school. Sunday school hour.

Monday  
Republican study club. Mrs. C. P. Bishop, hostess.  
Young Women's Interdenominational Bible class. Public library 7:30 o'clock. Mrs. C. A. Park, teacher.  
Leona Belle Tartar in concert. First Christian church.

Tuesday  
Business and council meeting of Salem Arts League. Public library. 7:30 o'clock.

Wednesday  
Woman's Home Missionary society. First Methodist church. Mrs. H. F. Shanks, hostess.

Thursday  
Raphertian club. Mrs. A. A. Siewert, 358 North Winter street, hostess.  
Chapter G of the PEO sisterhood.

## WILLIAM WALLACE GRAHAM

Concert Violinist and Teacher  
"MAKER OF ARTISTS"

Head of the Violin Department Willamette University

Mr. Graham has artist pupils playing and teaching in all parts of the United States.

In the music contests held by one of the largest Musical Clubs in the Northwest, during the past year, his pupils won first and second places in every event in which they were entered both in Pasland and Salem, including the professional contest in Salem. Mr. Graham himself received first place as violin soloist in this club in Portland. A pupil of his was awarded the Senior Scholarship at the American Conservatory of Music at Chicago, this season.

Mr. Graham will be at the Marion Hotel on Mondays and Thursdays, where appointments for instruction may be made. Mary Talmadge Headrick, Assistant

## See What a Difference in Your Figure This Rubber Girdle Makes!

The instant you put on this new girdle you look inches thinner and years younger. You get at once Fashion's straight boyish lines. Gently massages away fat as you walk, work or play. Does away with diet, exercise, and old-fashioned corseting methods

HERE is a scientific girdle that glendensifies your figure the moment you put it on! That instantly gives you Fashion's trim, graceful lines, and actually reduces your waist and hips 3 to 10 inches.

For it fits you as smoothly and snugly as a kid glove, and is so constructed that it fits right into the figure and touches and gently massages every inch of the surface continually. Encircles the hips and thighs as well as the abdomen and holds them in. Comes well up over the diaphragm and supports the muscles of the back and sides, helping prevent fatigue. Front cut-out insures perfect comfort while you sit, work or play. Special lacing in the back makes it easy to adjust as you become more slender. Worn over the undergarment in place of a corset. The garters hold it firmly in place, so that while you enjoy maximum freedom of motion, your entire figure is held in firmly and the body kept erect and well poised. Rubber won't split or tear.

Actually Massages Away Fat  
The Madame X Reducing Girdle is built on scientific massage principles that have caused reductions of 5, 10, 20 pounds in an amazingly short time. It is made of dry-heat cured, resilient rubber, specially designed for reducing purposes—the same kind prescribed by famous athletic coaches and health authorities. The live rubber gives a real massage, though you are unconscious of it. Takes off 1 to 3 inches the first week.

Why Leading Stage Women Wear the Madame X  
Step into the Madame X Girdle and you will readily see why all the prominent actresses are so enthusiastic about this wonderful girdle. It not only takes off useless fat, but keeps the figure slender and youthful looking.

Once you have tried on this marvelously light girdle, you won't want to take it off! You will be amazed at the instant comfort and improvement. See the Madame X Reducing girdle for yourself.

On Display at  
**The Specialty Shop**  
Miss Renka L. Swart  
453 Court St., Former Location of American Express Co.

## GILDA GRAY

Famous Dancer and Ziegfeld Follies star is enthusiastic about the Madame X Girdle.

She says:  
"The Madame X Corset does all that is claimed for it, and more. It is really a reducing corset that really, and so easily and comfortably worn, is a joy as well as a benefaction."  
[Signed] Gilda Gray.