

PROFESSOR HORACE RAHSKOPF



Successful faculty director of play, "What Every Woman Knows," which will be presented at 8 o'clock Friday evening at Waller hall through the Salem Woman's club.

THE Salem Woman's club announces one of the most pleasing treats of the week in the form of a distinctive play-recital to be given by Professor Horace Rahskopf, head of the public speaking department at Willamette university, on Friday evening at 8 o'clock, in Waller hall.

which takes approximately two hours. Professor Rahskopf, a graduate of Willamette university with the class of 1920, is also a graduate of the Currey School of Expression in Boston. Since his work in Boston, he has been in charge of the public speaking work at the Washington State Normal school at Bellingham where this particular play was given on four

different occasions, each time to an overflowing house. Professor Rahskopf has the additional distinction of being a member of the Bellingham "Little Theatre Company," appearing in not a few strong roles. Fifty cents has been set as the popular admission price for the presentation on Friday night which will include special music as well as the drama itself. Ninety per cent of the proceeds are to go directly to the Woman's Club building fund.

The young women of the Bible class of which Mrs. C. A. Park is the leader, will meet at 7:30 tomorrow evening at the city library.

The pledging of Frank Patterson to the Phi Delta Theta fraternity was announced late last week from Eugene.

Interest is already growing in the plans which are being made for the Christian Endeavor conference to be held October 24-26 at the First Christian church in Portland. Among the state workers who will be present for the convention are: Miss Viola Ogden, state secretary, of Portland; Walter Meyers, educational superintendent, of Eugene; and Hugh McCallum of Eugene, as well as a number of the local pastors of the eligible local denominations.

The Presbyterian church, the United Brethren church, the Christian church, and the Highland Friends church will all doubtless be represented with both delegates and guests, who will be entertained in the Silverton homes. Election of officers for the new year, and a large banquet, will be features of the conference.

Of further, and of outstanding interest, will be the news that the International Christian Endeavor convention will be held this coming July in Portland. This being the first meeting held in the west since the gathering a number of years ago in San Francisco. The entertainment of the delegates will extend into the neighboring counties, including of course Marion.

CORVALLIS, Oct. 4.—Officers of the Willamette Presbyterian society of the resbyterian church held their annual executive meeting in Corvallis Wednesday in an all-day session. The business meeting was held in the home of Mrs. M. H. Allen and was followed by luncheon served at the home of Mrs. William Messer. Women who attended were Mrs. Ralph Knotts, Mrs. A. C. Heyman and Mrs. Watrous, of Albany; Mrs. James O'Hara, Lebanon;

on, president; Mrs. E. J. Forsythe, Woodburn; Mrs. C. S. Andrews, Eugene; Mrs. J. Nunn, Salem; Mrs. R. A. Trask, Cottage Grove; Mrs. W. H. Lee, Albany; Mrs. F. D. Lacey, Creswell; Mrs. William Messer, Mrs. A. W. Blackburn, Mrs. M. H. Allen and Mrs. O. M. Locke, Corvallis.

Miss Renka Swart will be hostess for the members of the Writers' club tomorrow evening at her home, 738 North Front street.

Mr. and Mrs. John W. Means recently celebrated their fiftieth wedding anniversary in Aumaville, with a large number of friends calling to congratulate them on the occasion. Many gifts, and presenting gold pieces and cut glass were received from friends of the couple.

Among the guests were: Mr. and Mrs. Bland Spear, Mr. and Mrs. Floyd Spear, Mr. and Mrs. Henry Porter, Mr. and Mrs. E. T. Pierce, Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Martin, Mrs. Millie Martin and grand son, Mr. and Mrs. Bilas Smith, Mr. and Mrs. Glen Munkers, Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Hein, Mr. and Mrs. Stoddard, Mr. and Mrs. Warner Lee, Mr. and Mrs. T. W. Johnson, Prof. and Mrs. Parks, Mr. and Mrs. Chris Jensen, Mrs. Caswell, Mrs. Blakpey, Mrs. Strayer, Mrs. Sealey Sperm Swank, Miss Elizabeth Swank, Alice Jensen Mrs. Chas. Clark and Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Means.

Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Haid, before leaving for Portland yesterday where they will make their home, were the inspiration for an attractive seven-cover dinner on Friday at which Mr. and Mrs. G. W. Shand, 645 South Commercial street, were the hosts.

A crystal basket of yellow Japanese roses centered the beautifully appointed table. The color scheme was further carried out in yellow candles in crystal holders. The evening passed pleasantly with music and conversation.

Covers at the dinner were placed for: Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Haid, Mr. and Mrs. A. L. Brown, Malcolm McDonald, and the hosts, Mr. and Mrs. G. W. Shand.

MY MARRIAGE PROBLEMS

Adelle Garrison's New Phase of REVELATIONS OF A WIFE Copyright by Newspaper Feature Service

CHAPTER 234 THE WAY JUNIOR BANISHED MADGE'S UNHAPPINESS

It was one thing to be elated over my baby's preference of me to his grandmother—it was another to betray the consciousness of my triumph. Besides, there was the discipline of my little lad to be considered. I knew that he must be taught deference to his elders, so reluctantly I made my voice stern as I pulled his clinging hands away from my neck.

"Junior, that was a naughty thing to say to Grandmother. Go to her now, nicely, and tell her you do want her, and that you are sorry you spoke that way."

He put his slighted hands behind him and faced me with a funny little air of defiance, distinctly suggestive of a ruffled bantam rooster.

"Dooner not sorry! Don't want Danzie, don't want you, don't want Daddy, don't want anybody. Dooner doin' downstairs to Tatie."

Strangely enough, his grandmother had not interrupted my admonition to the child. I guessed that secretly she had hoped my appeal would send her beloved Richard Second into her arms. But at his funny little speech she turned to me with a gesture which washed her hands of me for at least a quarter of a century to come.

"I hope you're satisfied, Margaret," she began in the phraseology so familiar to my ears, "now that you've gotten him all worked up into a temper. Indeed, I think the child has made a wise selection as long as you've managed to prejudice him against his father and me. Bad as Katie is, I don't think she'll work on the child's feelings by threatening to leave him. I should think after that awful time when we nearly lost him, you'd—"

Her reference to that agonizing night-mare was the last straw. I took a step toward her, and I suppose my face must have been drained of color, for she stopped talking abruptly and looked at me with widened eyes.

"Mother," I said slowly, feeling for every word, for fear I should not be able to control the anger rising in me. "I must ask you to leave my room."

I expected a tirade, but instead, she spoke but one sentence, querulously. "Why! Margaret, you're hysterical!" The next instant she had gone into the corridor, and I locked the door after her. Then I threw myself on the bed, relaxing supinely from the control I had put upon myself.

A Natural Weakness Without knowing it she had touched upon a parental problem

which had been occupying my mind for many weeks. My little lad is just at the age when habits of obedience and control or of their opposing qualities are most easily formed. But I was guiltily conscious of the fact that for months I had allowed him to have his own way with practically no discipline whatever.

It was criminal weakness, I often had told myself, for I always have scored mothers who jeopardized the character-building of their children because of a sentimental reluctance to subject them to judicious discipline. But after the awful experience of his kidnapping, when for days I had not known whether he was living or dead, I never had been able to do anything worth mentioning in opposing his baby tyranny.

For the first suspicion of tears in his big eyes was enough to bring me to surrender. For his grandmother's sake—to secure his deference to her—I had spoken to him sternly for the first time since he had been so nearly lost to me. And my reward had been to have her accuse me of heartless forgetfulness of the experience so indelibly engraved on my memory!

The self-control for which I had battled while my mother-in-law was talking vanished as my imagination went back to the dreaded time she had recalled, and I succumbed to the tears which I always have mentally despatched, even although I sometimes am weak enough to yield to them. There was a rush, a scramble, and my little lad precipitated himself upon me, tugging frantically at my head buried in the pillow.

"Please Don't Ky!" "Mama! Mama!" he pleaded. "Don't ky. Dooner will be dood. See! Me not naughty any more. Please don't ky!"

His voice held a frightened tremolo which told me that he was on the verge of tears himself, and that knowledge quickly brought me upright with my arms close around him.

"Look at Mother, Sweetheart," I reassured him. "See! She's not crying any more."

He eyed me gravely. "If Dooner bad boy, Mama ky," he said at last with the air of one who has just solved a difficult algebraic problem. "If Dooner dood boy, Mama laugh and kiss Dooner."

I fulfilled his prediction promptly. It was too good an opportunity to lose, although I knew child psychologists would frown sternly upon me.

"Yes, darling," I said smiling down at his adoring little face, "when you're naughty you make Mother cry, but when you're good she's very happy."

"Dooner be dood boy," he reiterated. "Me go down tell Danzie me sorry."

And as I gave him another hug I reflected with whimsical dismay, that though I always had prided myself upon never using the feminine weapon of tears with Dicky, it would be a great temptation not to wield it in the management of his small son.

How Lillian Planned to Aid Madge with Mother Graham.

My little lad's proposal to go to his grandmother and tell her he was sorry for his rudeness did not strike a particularly responsive chord in my still resentful consciousness.

If I had followed my primitive impulse I should have whispered to him the truth that it had been his grandmother, not he, who had made me cry. But I put my rebellion down firmly, and consoled myself with the reflection that Junior's capitulation was a particularly lucky incident in view of the day before me.

For I knew that Lillian had counted upon Mother Graham taking both Junior and Marion into her room and keeping them there while the rest of us staged the reception she had planned for the man who called himself Smith. It was a reception which held a distinct element of danger, and it

was pre-eminently necessary that the children should be kept out of the way.

"What's the Trouble?" But with Mother Graham in the temper with which she had left my room, our plans were likely to be upset. That she was capable of leaving the house for a visit to one of her daughters, I knew, and would not have been surprised to learn that even now she was packing her trunk, a diversion in which she frequently indulges. "Dooner go Danzie now."

My small son's voice gave me an inspiration. I picked him up and began to take off his absurd little night suit.

"We'll get dressed first," I told him, "and then we'll find Marion. She will take you down to Grandmother."

I had thrown Marion's name in as a stop-gap, although I knew Mother Graham was extremely fond of Lillian's winsome daughter. But I knew that it would take more than Marion's charms and Junior's adorableness to placate his grandmother. I meant to get hold of Lillian as soon as I could, for if any one could devise the means of making my mother-in-law tractable it was she.

Partly dressing Junior, I deposited him in his crib, telling him to put on his stockings, a most absorbing occupation in which he delights. Then, throwing my bathrobe around me, I opened the door softly, slipped down the corridor to Lillian's room, and knocked lightly. She opened the door immediately, and I saw with relief that both she and Marion were almost dressed.

"Praise be that your boat is nearly manned," I said, holding the door half ajar, so that I could watch my own room door. "The wireless is sounding the S. O. S. from mine."

"What's the trouble? Pirate craft in the offing?" Lillian asked with a little laugh. "I thought I heard stentorian tones a minute or two ago, and you look as if you were about to walk the plank."

"A Carefully Laid Plan" "I have walked it," I returned, while Marion giggled appreciatively at our nonsense. "Behold me floundering in the water. And I tell you the boat will be scuttled unless you heave to and come to the rescue."

She hitched an imaginary belt, and put her hand smartly to her forehead.

"Aye, aye, sir. We will now heave ho and to and fro, Marion"—with a complete change of tone—"suppose you run over and see what Junior is up to. Take your brush and comb with you, and do your hair in there."

"Junior isn't dressed yet, Marion," I said slyly, well knowing what her answer would be. "Oh! Auntie Madge! May I dress him?"

"I think that it might be permitted," I smiled, and she danced out happily. I closed the door after her, and hastily related to Lillian my unfortunate encounter with my mother-in-law.

"I'd like to wring her neck," Lillian commented vindictively, "but I'm afraid that's an indoor sport prohibited by the blue laws. What do you suppose she's doing now?"

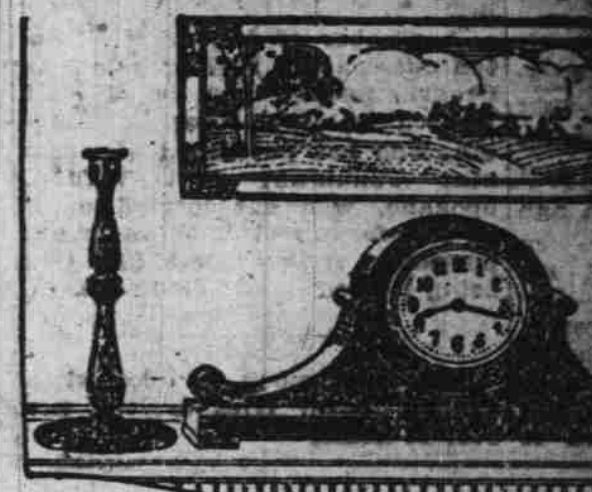
"Packing her trunk and looking up railway schedules to Pennsylvania," I returned despondently. "At least, that's her usual procedure when she's mortally offended."

"Then we'll have to work quickly," Lillian sprang up, began to pace the floor. "There's only one bait to dangle before her, and that's the melodramatic one. I'll make her think the whole success of this undertaking depends upon her before I've finished with her. And in a way it does, for we need everybody else actively downstairs, and she must keep the children safe. You go over and send the children to me. I'll rush them in ahead of me as a shock troop with Junior armed with his apology. Then when I think she's a bit thawed I'll follow."

"I suppose I'd better make my—"

(Continued on page 6)

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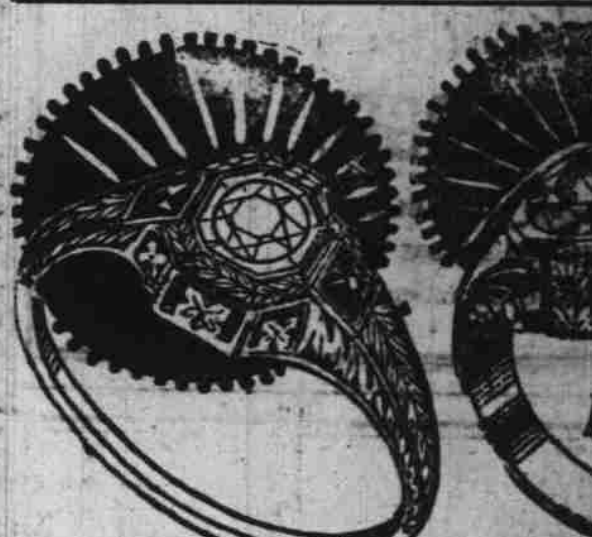
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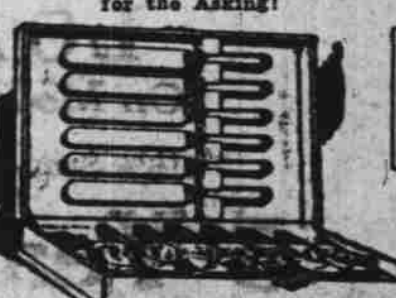
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