

SOCIETY

AUDRED BUNCH

PHONE 166

MISS ELIZABETH LEVY has announced a program for this evening as interesting in its arrangement as it is in its variety of delightfully chosen numbers. Miss Levy plays with a sparkle and sprightliness that is at one with her vivacious personality, and her numbers in every detail are bound to please.

Edgar Courten will be at the piano for the evening.

The complete program, with the opening number at 8:30 o'clock is as follows:

- Chaconne Vitali-Thompson
- Romanza Andaluza Sarasate
- Scherzo Van Goen
- Waltz in A Major
- Brahms-Hockstein
- Concerto A. Vivaldi-Nachez
- Allegro Largo Presto
- Piano and Organ-Accompaniment
- Bandana Ballads:
- Chant Clarence White
- From the Canebrake
- Samuel Gardner
- Zigunerweisen Sarasate

The Business and Professional Women will have as their special guest at the club dinner at 6:30 o'clock this evening in the Chamber of Commerce rooms, Anthony Euwer, Oregon artist and versifier, whose interesting exhibit will be shown for the first time this evening at the Marion hotel.

The civic arts section of the Salem Arts League will meet in the educational room of the Salem library at 7:30 p. m. Friday, Feb. 6. Mr. Bateham, gardener at the state hospital, will give a talk on the "Correct Nomenclature of Plants."

A veritable shower of valentines made an enchanting background for the masquerade dance last

evening of the Progressive club. Novel and lovely costumes were alike on display with appropriate prizes being bestowed. Delightful solo and duet dance specialties were given, with Mrs. William Prunk's solos adding to the pleasure of the evening. Forty-five couples are members of the club. Ten guest couples were present for the merry throng for the evening.

Silverton—Mrs. Anna K. Jensen was hostess at a dinner party at the Jensen country home Sunday noon. Those present were the hostess, Mrs. Jensen, Miss Thea Jensen, Alfred Jensen, Mrs. Marie Bunes, Miss Vivian Bunes, Mrs. Hans Jensen, Norman Jensen, Marvin Jensen, Annabell Jensen, Mrs. Chrishene Hansen, Hans Hansen, Mrs. O. S. Hauge, George Hauge and Mrs. Esther Weaver.

The Jolly Sixteen club will meet this evening at the home of Mrs. T. W. Davies, 941 N. Cottage.

Those who remember what success "Oranberry Corners" was presented last year by the Salem Heights Community club—and there is none who saw it that can forget—will be doubly interested in the announcement that "Down in Maine" is to be staged at the Community Hall on Wednesday and Thursday of next week—February 11 and 12.

A comedy drama in four acts it provides parts for a dozen talented characters who are being enthusiastically coached by Lloyd Waltz of Willamette university. The proceeds from the two evenings will go toward the community house building fund.

The following are those who will take part in the play: Mrs. D. C. Washburn, Mrs. Linn Farrington, Mrs. C. W. Sawyer, Mr. and Mrs. King Bartlett, A. N. Fulkerson, P. F. Stolzheise, W. M. Trudgen, H. Morgan, Harry Burnside, Rodney Hardwick, and Edward Burnside.

The anticipated Anthony Euwer art exhibit will open at the Marion hotel this evening at 8 o'clock under the auspices of the Salem Arts League. Mrs. J. M. Clifford art director, is in charge of the details. Admission is free, with a cordial invitation issued to all interested.

Mr. and Mrs. Clifford have as their committee for the evening Prof. and Mrs. M. E. Peck, Dr. and Mrs. F. G. Franklin, Mrs. Blanche Jones, Miss Edna Garfield and Perry Reigelman.

Mrs. Carrie Chase, 539 Center has returned from Portland where she underwent a serious operation at the Portland Sanitarium. She is improving rapidly.

The Child Welfare committee of the Salem Heights Progressive club sponsored a party for the school children in the club house Saturday afternoon.

Neva Stolzheise and Ran Pennington led the girls in physical culture exercises. After the children had played games they were served with a light luncheon.

The ladies entertaining were: Mrs. Chapman, Mrs. Hulsey, Mrs. Kayes, Mrs. Caldwell, Mrs. Miller, Mrs. Douglas, Mrs. Battles, Mrs. Wilson, Mrs. Pennington and Mrs. Stolzheise.

Mrs. Elmer Dage was hostess last Friday at a charmingly appointed 1 o'clock luncheon when she entertained her bridge club. Rose-pink carnations were attractive on the luncheon table where covers were placed for: Mrs. Carl

SOCIAL CALENDAR

Today

Business and Professional Women. 6:30 o'clock dinner. Chamber of Commerce rooms.

Senior Standard Bearers. Miss Eugenia Savage, 293 South 14th street, hostess, 7:30 o'clock.

Elizabeth Levy in violin concert, First Christian church, 8:15 o'clock.

Anthony Euwer's art exhibit, Marion hotel, 8 o'clock.

Meeting of Associated Charities workers, Chamber of Commerce, 8 o'clock.

South Salem circle, Mrs. C. H. Fake, hostess, 2:30 o'clock.

Called meeting of Spanish War Veterans' auxiliary, Armory, 1 o'clock covered dish luncheon.

Jolly Sixteen club, Mrs. T. W. Davies, 941 N. Cottage St.

Vicines Reales club, Mrs. C. I. Parmenter, 809 N. Commercial street. All day meeting.

Leslie Methodist church Ladies' Aid society, Mrs. E. A. Rhoten, 1595 S. High street, hostess.

General Aid society, Jason Lee church, 2:30 o'clock. Election of officers.

Woman's Foreign Missionary society, First Methodist church, Mrs. H. H. Vandover, 435 North Winter street, hostess.

Rapheterian club, Mrs. James Heltzel, hostess.

Highland Parent Teachers' association tea, Mrs. George Wendroth, hostess.

Valley View club, Mrs. Ammon Gries.

Benefit bridge tea, Woman's club house, 2 o'clock.

Civic arts and landscaping section of Arts League, Educational room at city library, 7:30 o'clock.

First Congregational Church Missionary society, Mrs. Dan J. Fry, hostess.

Three one-act plays, Waller hall, 8 o'clock.

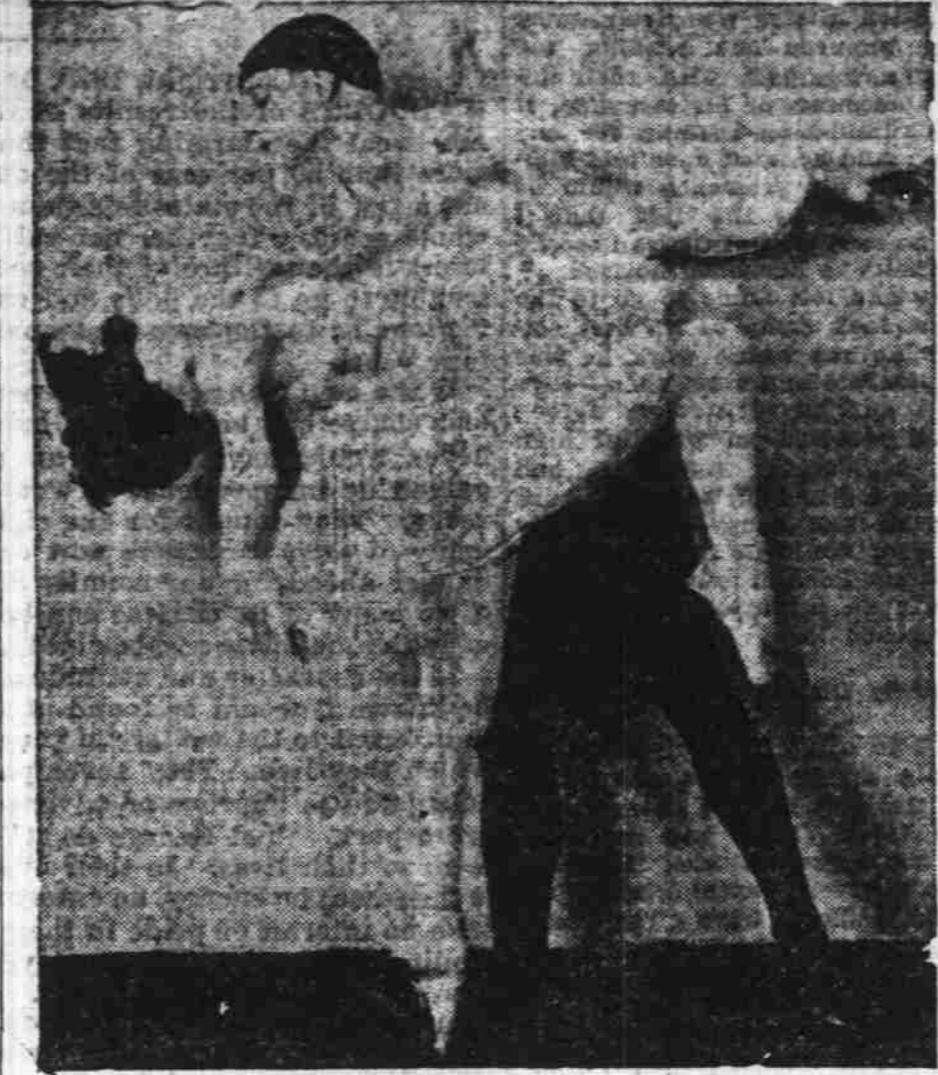
Brush College Grange, School house, 6:30 o'clock.

Daughters of the American Revolution, Mrs. Russell Catlin, Thirteenth and Chemeketa streets, hostess.

Day of Prayer, Woman's Foreign Missionary societies of the Methodist church.

Armstrong and Mrs. Earl Dage, who were present as guests, Mrs. U. Scott Page, Mrs. F. G. Delano, Mrs. Earl Fisher, Mrs. P. E. Fullerton, Mrs. Leon W. Gleason, Mrs. E. A. Kurtz, Mrs. O. A. Olsen, Mrs. Clara Vibbert, Mrs. Harley White, Mrs. David Wright, and the hostess, Mrs. Elmer Dage.

Two Portia Mansfield Dancers



Episode du Carnival! Music from "Secret of Suzanne." One of the many scenes which will be given at the Grand Theatre on February 18 under the auspices of the Civic Music Club.

EXQUISITE Interpretations of Famous Compositions. Those who love both dancing and music have a treat in store in the coming of the Portia Mansfield Dancers, who give one of their colorful and unique dance concerts here on Friday, February 18, at the Grand theatre. The Portia Mansfield Dancers comprise 12 solo and ensemble dancers. Their program includes a number of rhythmic "visualizations" of famous compositions. Among these are "Les Preludes" (Liszt) "Unfinished

Symphony" (Schubert), and "Chanson Arabe" (Rimsky-Korsakoff). In connection with these dance visualizations, the Milwaukee Journal comments: "One of the most exquisite dance combinations seen on the stage for many a day. They are artists and their lovely interpretations of Schubert's Symphony in B minor and the Brahms Waltz are something that will make a profound impression." The sale of seats is in charge of Mrs. Bertha Junk Darby.

League has its origin at Columbia University under the Horace Mann Mothers' association more than nine years ago.

The league is composed of educators, psychologists, social workers and clergymen having no connection with any phase of motion picture industry. It is a non-commercial, non-political and co-operative organization having as its aim the promotion of the production and patronage of better motion pictures. The league judges pictures principally from a moral standpoint. It is financed wholly by memberships and donations and subscriptions to the indorsed

Biggest Home-Wrecker Is Wife's Sarcastic Tongue, Says Injured Husband

Man Who Has Done Big Things Says His Wife's Sarcasm Makes His Children Think Him Worthless



AFTER thirteen years of married suffering, a well-known business man, still home-loving, admitted to the editor of SMAR Set that his wife's sarcasm unchecked before his friends and his children, had made him debate whether or not he should write off his matrimonial experience as a failure and seek a companionship where the anvil chorus is not continually breaking in upon the harmony.

Here are extracts from his soul-searching statements:

When I first met Jane she was a beautiful girl, with clean-cut features, flashing eyes, an active mind and a nimble wit. Her snappy remarks attracted me almost as much as her personal beauty, and I found great sport in some of her brilliant sallies at the expense of others—many of them at my own expense. I did feel that sometimes she cut needlessly, but I said to myself that it was only good-natured banter.

She was undeniably distinctive, but as I look back I realize that she was not popular.

I recall one instance, in our early courtship, when I was stung by some cutting thing that she said and I expressed some sort of protest—you see, I squirmed even then. I asked her if she didn't think that she often hurt people's feelings needlessly by her witticisms?

"Well, you know, it's the truth that hurts," she replied, evidently enjoying her own rejoinder. "Don't you believe in the truth?"

In my own married life with Jane, the transition from plain sarcasm to these other forms of the same "brutal frankness" was like the growth of the cute little kitten into the snarling, fighting tom-cat, a gradual one. I hardly realized just what was taking place, and I am sure that Jane was not conscious of it. In her own eyes there was never anything wrong with her conduct. There was always some way to justify anything she said.

If I should say that I would like to drive over to see my friend Walter B., on a Sunday afternoon, she would come back at me with the fling that it was not Walter that I wanted to see but that moon-faced vamp that he called his wife—with her dresses cut so indecently low and always posing for my benefit. And if I tell a funny story at dinner when we have guests, she never fails to put in, sarcastically, "Now, tell your other one, dear!"

There is one phase of the situation that is almost unforgivable. Now that the children are growing older I find that the things she is continually saying about me are beginning to influence their impressionable minds, and to color their whole attitude toward me. The result is the breaking down of that quality of respect for their father which to me is one of the most precious features of family life. To one who has any pride at all, life is intolerable without respect. I do first-class work in my own line, and am well thought of by people in business. But from the things that Mother is saying nearly all of the time, the children naturally get the impression that Father is a pretty worthless and miserable specimen of his kind.

I feel that I should at least be permitted to make my own impression upon my children. Even they are now learning occasionally to whip out some sarcastic or jeering comment, wholly unfounded upon any of the facts of my life, but based purely and entirely upon the distorted impression of me that my wife's remarks have given them. They are beginning to see me through the colored glasses afforded by her misinterpretations of my actions, until my distress in this connection is indescribable. It hurts.

Anthony Euwer Is Interviewed While Busy With Burlap and Picture Wire

Original Work of Oregon's Color Wizard to Be On Display; Exhibit to Continue Four Days; Gives Keynote

By AUDRED BUNCH

Even two drawn blinds couldn't conceal the fact that in the sample room over at the Marion hotel yesterday something interesting was going on. The jubilant surmise was that Anthony Euwer was hanging his pictures. And the surmise was as correct as it was jubilant. Through the glass doors one could see him moving back and forth, with screws or lengths of picture wire in hand, his sleeves rolled up and his crisp hair tumbling over his forehead, as he worked.

We ventured to add our presence to the scene and found him as genial a conversationalist as he has long been found an artist. Blinking with amazement at the combinations and wonders of color we stepped back marveling more and more at what this versatile man had wrought. Some were water-colors, but most were pastels. Scenes from nature they are, Oregon landscapes of canyons, snow-laden peaks, virgin forests, burnished pasture-lands, scarlet tongues of flame shooting out from ancient trees, studies of reflections on water, filmy, wreath-like fronds of fern, and then the barbaric passion of raging forest fire.

"Are these actual Oregon scenes?" we wondered, thinking to ask him where he found the vale of blue-mist trees that made such an eerie, sylvan scene at our immediate right.

"I wouldn't want to say that they were reproductions of any particular places," he objected, "they are compositions, rather."

Then an amused eye reverted to the "blue-mist" scene. "Of course all my pictures are named," he explained. "And that one," he indicated the subdued, sylvan grove—"I once told a friend was en-

itled 'The Dance of the Nymphs.' 'Oh, yes,' agreed my friend, 'but where are the nymphs?' They have just left, I answered.

We agreed with him readily that it did look like a place where nymphs OUGHT to dance!

Seriously speaking, Mr. Euwer gave the keynote of his whole painting creed when he said: "to me a color scheme is sufficient excuse for a landscape." Mr. Euwer revels in color, but he revels in it with an artist's right, for he knows how much, and he knows how little it takes for a landscape to blossom from his brush so that it will exactly and entirely please.

Our eager approval of one above another scene is usually in proportion to our intimate knowledge of what it represents, the artist explained. Folks like to have what interests them, what they have seen, "told back" to them,—in this instance with the brush.

Every lover of Oregon, in the light of the vivid elements of the changing seasons, will love Oregon the more after seeing this exhibit of surpassing paintings. Mr. Euwer will also have on display his poster pages from the Sunday Oregon Journal as well as some of his black and white drawings. At 8 o'clock this evening he will welcome all Salem art patrons to view the glowing landscape work of his brush. The exhibit, comparable to that shown last fall at the Multnomah hotel in Portland, will remain in place until Sunday evening.

"There was some announcement that I was to have some etchings here, too," he explained, "which isn't true, but it folks come under that illusion I'll certainly be glad all my pictures are named," he explained. "And that one," he indicated the subdued, sylvan grove—"I once told a friend was en-

Mrs. George H. Alden will meet the Queen Esther girls of the First Methodist church tomorrow evening at 6:30 o'clock for the dinner hour in the old Marion Lawrence room.

The engagement of Miss Agnes Coats, senior at the University of Oregon, and Mr. George V. Beck, Willamette senior, was announced recently at a party given at the Phi Kappa Pi fraternity.

Miss Coats is a member of the Sigma Beta Phi sorority at the University of Oregon. Mr. Beck is a member of the local Phi Kappa Pi fraternity, and is well-known locally as a musician.

No date for the wedding has been set.

Foreign mail recently has brought much information of interest to Portlanders. Letters from Mr. and Mrs. Dent Mowrey speak glowingly of a trip which they made camel-back across the desert. They are now in Tunis, Mrs. Mable Holmes Parsons writes interestingly of her visit in Spain.

—Oregonian

The Rapheterian club will meet tomorrow afternoon at the home of Mrs. James Heltzel.

FASHIONS & FOIBLES
by Shirley Sharon

ELIZABETH LEVY
OREGON'S BRILLIANT VIOLINIST
in
CONCERT
FIRST CHRISTIAN CHURCH SALEM
Tonight, February 4, at 8:30
Prices Adults \$1.00 Students 50c
This Will Be Miss Levy's Only Concert Appearance This Season

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are here in the
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Ask your druggist for genuine "California Fig Syrup" which has full directions for babies and children of all ages, plainly printed on bottle. Mother! You must say "California" or you may get an imitation fig syrup.—Adv.

NEW TODAY
The MASKED DANCER
with HELENE CHADWICK and LOWELL SHERMAN
Adapted from "The Woman with the Mask" by Rodolph Lothar
News — Comedy — Review
WOULD YOU KNOW YOUR OWN WIFE IF SHE WORE A MASK?
LIBERTY Wednesday Thursday