

**THREE FILM STARS  
IN OREGON PICTURE**

**"The Social Highwayman"  
Merry Masquerade of  
Mischievous Mixups**

Three of the leading players in "The Social Highwayman," the Warner picture which is playing last times today at the Oregon theatre, are erstwhile successful theatrical folk.

John Patrick, featured in the role of Jay Rodman Walker, reporter and adventurer, came to the screen via musical comedy and burlesque popularity and success. He is today one of the most sought after juveniles of the screen.

Dorothy Devore, who plays an experimental heiress, is most popularly known as the diminutive half of the team of Matt Moore and Dorothy Devore, who have contributed some of the gayest comedies to the screen. She also danced through musical comedy success before the lure of the camera outshone the glare of the footlights, and is one of the tiniest and dearest of screen comediennees today.

Montagu Love was formerly under the management of the leading theatrical producers, among them Belasco, the Shuberts and Cyril Maude, and has also enjoyed a long and successful film career.

With three such seasoned actors, it is small wonder that critics in other towns have hailed "The Social Highwayman" as one of the best comedies produced by Warner Bros. Darryl Francis Zanuck wrote the story and William Beaudine directed the picture.

The Peerless Bakery, 170 N. Commercial, Sanitary, up to date. Prompt delivery. Bakers for those who appreciate the best. Increasing patrons tell the tale. (\*)

1924 Ford coupe, in fine shape, an excellent buy for \$275. We would be glad to show you this car. Telephone 220 or call at Otto J. Wilson's garage, 388 North Commercial. (\*)

**SOCIETY**

(Continued from page 7)

church will meet at 6:30 o'clock this evening in the church parlors. An excellent program has been arranged. Members are asked to invite their friends.

**Altar Society Will Meet Today**

The Santa Monica Altar society will entertain members and friends this afternoon at 2:30 o'clock in St. Joseph's auditorium. The committee in charge will teach the rules of bridge to anyone who wishes to learn. Refreshments will be served during the afternoon.

Members of the committee are Mrs. J. E. Nathan, Mrs. Albert O'Brien, Mrs. Charles O'Brien, Miss Anna O'Brien, Mrs. N. J. Peltzel, and Mrs. E. Peltzel.

**Mrs. Clifford Brown Entertains Mrs. Hall at Eight-Cover Luncheon**

Mrs. Arnold Bennett Hall, wife of President Hall of the University of Oregon, was honored at an exceedingly delightful 1 o'clock luncheon on Monday when Mrs. Clifford W. Brown entertained at her home on Mission street. Covers were placed for eight.

A jade dish filled with silvered fruit centered the table on which the color scheme was jade, silver and coral.

Covers were arranged for Mrs. Arnold Bennett Hall, the honor guest, Miss Frances M. Richards, Mrs. Clarence S. Hamilton, Mrs. George H. Alden, Mrs. George W. Hug, Mrs. Isaac, Lee Patterson, Miss Cornelia Marvin and the hostess, Mrs. Clifford W. Brown.

Stop, look, and listen to our appeal. If you are not absolutely satisfied with your laundry problem, call 145. Hand work our specialty. (\*)

The Hamilton Furniture Company has added a toy department to their stock. Many new things in toys to gladden the hearts of the little folks. 340 Court St. (\*)

**Pringle**

Mrs. Frank Clark recently returned from a visit with her mother in Idaho. Since her return her little son Waldo has been quite sick.

Grandma Seely has returned from her home in Idaho to spend the winter with her sons and their families of Pringle.

Mrs. Chastaine is still suffering with her wrenched arm.

Messrs. Amack and Temple are finishing their wood cutting job at Pringle.

Mr. Brownell is marketing cord wood at Salem.

Pringle Sunday school is planning a little Christmas program.

Mrs. Wright is suffering with severe sick headache.

The radio programs are coming in fine these long evenings.

The Pringle school took a half holiday Monday afternoon and enjoyed the Santa Claus entertainment at Salem.

We have just received a complimentary copy of the Western Evangelist, of Rosedale, Oregon. The articles regarding the pioneer times in Rosedale are especially interesting.

**Roberta Risks It**  
MARGARET CAMERON

**CHAPTER 29**

That night Celia lay awake, tense and quivering, through what seemed interminable hours, but at last it came. "Poco, Poco, keep thine eye . . ." Slowly stealthily, she crept out of bed and across to the window facing the hill, unfortunately not the one left open at night. Once a board creaked under foot and her mother's regular snore stopped. Celia crouched, holding her breath until it began again. Afraid to risk rolling up the shade, she pushed aside the net curtains and slipped between the shade and the window, unable with the utmost care to avoid making some noise. The torch clicked slightly as she showed her light, and four times again when she answered the flashes from the hill.

"Celia?" said a fretful voice. "What are you doing?"

"I—looking out. I couldn't sleep." Celia ducked under the window shade and stood dimly silhouetted against it.

"I thought I saw a queer light."

"It—it's moonlight. I moved the shade. I think I'll put on a bathrobe and go downstairs for a while, mother." She wanted the comfort of that answering flash again.

"You'll do nothing of the kind. Get straight into bed." Celia got

There's a good reason for our meats being fresh! They're fresh because we keep them fresh. We do not handle old meats. Buy at Hunt & Shaller Market and be safe. (\*)

into bed, tucking the torch under the mattress again. "It's hard enough for me to have to stay up here all this time because of your outrageous behavior, without being kept awake all night. I don't see why you can't be like other girls. You have a good father and a good home, and you ought to appreciate them. You ought to be thankful for all he does for you. If you'd just promise not to be headstrong and silly, he'd give you everything you wanted—"

"Everything he wanted, you mean," Celia interjected, but her mother went on without a pause: "—and the least you can do is show some regard for his wishes, and some gratitude. You're too young now to do everything you'd like. Your good times are coming. Your father knows what is best for you, and it's your duty—"

and ought to be your pleasure—to obey him. If I'd had your opportunities when I was a girl, I'd have thought I was in heaven. Nobody could be more generous than your father is when you please him, and anybody would think . . ."

On it went and on, until Celia, out of long experience, feigned a gentle snore, whereupon the monologue abruptly ceased to flow and a real snore soon attested that Mrs. Scott slumbered again, leaving the girl free to indulge in a few ecstatic wriggles and to hug herself because at last Roberta had come. Now something would happen. She wondered what it would be—and when.

So, incidentally, did Roberta

and Piggy. When he had imbibed something over a pint of cold water and the tumult in his veins had abated a little, they repaired again to the living room, built up the dying fire with logs, and sat down in its light to talk.

"Here's your chance, Rob," he remarked slyly. "Ever since we started this thing you've been insisting on a plan of campaign. The time's come when you've got to have one, so get busy."

"I thought you put your faith in direct inspiration and didn't believe in plans," she countered, limping.

"They're no good until you get the lay of the land, and some idea of how the cat's likely to jump when she's turned loose. All you can do at first is to prepare for everything you can think of that could happen, and then watch your chance to start something."

"And you have," she said softly. "Peter, what an idiot I was to imagine I could get Celia away alone!"

Piggy flushed to the roots of his dyed hair, but replied in the gruff tone tributes always drew from him:

"Oh well, you'd have done it somehow, if I hadn't butted in. Anyway, we haven't got her yet. It's a darn shame that Cody had to leave with G. A. Otherwise we might have established a sort of underground postal system, and maybe she could have given us some tips. But we may not be able to get any more notes to her, and unless we can, we'll just have to go it blind and take a chance on her playing up."

"Haven't you any plan yourself?"

"Nary a plan. I did have a notion of holding up the car in the woods somewhere, when they had

her out-driving, and kidnapping her. Highwayman stuff. But that just shows you how senseless it is to waste gray matter on definite schemes, before you know what you're up against. I'll bet that a poor kid hasn't been off the place since they brought her up here. So that bubble's busted. I don't see anything for it now but to apply a little moth and corruption to those dogs and break in and steal ourselves. I don't like to poison good pups, though. Gee! I wonder whether powdered ipecac in balls of chopped meat would put 'em out of business for a while, without really hurting 'em."

"They wouldn't touch it. Father's dogs are always well trained. They wouldn't take food from strangers."

"We might throw it over the fence and let 'em find it themselves. There's a chance that they'd eat it then. If you can think up anything better, speak now, or ever after hold your whistle. It's your move."

After a long pause Roberta thought herself of the Achilles

heel of the household at Birchwood, and indicated a possible line of action, provided some disposition could be made of the dogs. For an hour they plotted, with occasional argument and a vast deal of giggling. Over one inspiration of Roberta's they laughed until their eyes were wet and proceedings halted while they wiped the tears away.

"Bob, you're a marvel!" Piggy testified, still gasping. "I flatter myself that I'm some strategist, but I never would have thought of that in a million years! I told you your time would come!"

"Don't you think it will work?"

"Work? It'll be a riot! Swift and sweet and simple—and so innocent! Wise as—oh, Lord!—Wise as serpents and harmless as doves!" With that they doubled up again in throes of laughter.

(To be continued)  
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Veronia—City will spend \$6000 on immediate street improvement.

**McCoy Pioneer Passes  
Away at Home on Monday**

G. L. Frizzell of McCoy, died on December 6, 1926. He was a pioneer of this community, coming across the plains in 1852 and settling on a donation land claim near McCoy. He is survived by his wife and the following children: Porter Frizzell of McCoy, Mrs. W. H. McQueen of McMinnville, Claud Frizzell of Mitchell, Mrs. Chris Nielson of McCoy, Jay Frizzell of Pendleton. Funeral services will be held in McMinnville on Thursday, December 9, at 11 o'clock. Interment will be in the Cityview cemetery of Salem.

Nash leads the world in motor car values. Beautiful display of new models at the F. W. Pettyjohn Co., 365 N. Com'l. (\*)

There are between 2,500,000 and 3,000,000 industrial accidents every year, resulting in an economic loss, computed on the basis of a day's wage of \$4, of consid-

erably more than a billion dollars. Most accidents are preventable.

During September, state game farms released 594 pheasants and 24 wild turkeys.

**BIG Factory PIANO  
SALE SAVES YOU  
MONEY**

Just think—\$575 now buys Baby Grand and it's from Kimball's world famous factories.



Only place to buy these values

**Moore's Music  
House**

**Overcoat Sale**

STARTING

**Wednesday, Dec. 8**

Large assortment of all wool coats that would regularly retail for \$15.00 to \$20.00

**\$10.50**

Another big line which would ordinarily sell for \$25.00 to \$30.00

**\$17.50**

High grade coats of best materials tailoring

**\$22.50**

We can sell good coats at these prices as we can have them made, from our own cloth, for less than the wholesale price and our retail department has no rent to pay nor does it have the other heavy overhead charges which force the usual mark up.

**Blankets** We can give you wholesale prices on Blankets as we make them ourselves

6 Pound All Virgin Wool Double Blankets in fancy plaids. These are perfect blankets and would retail around \$18.00.

Per Pair

**\$10.00**

5½ Pound Silver Grays with fancy borders. Large size double blankets.

Per Pair

**\$7.50**

6½ Pound All Virgin Wool White Blankets with fancy borders and made from the finest Oregon wools. Would cost you about \$25.00 retail.

Per Pair

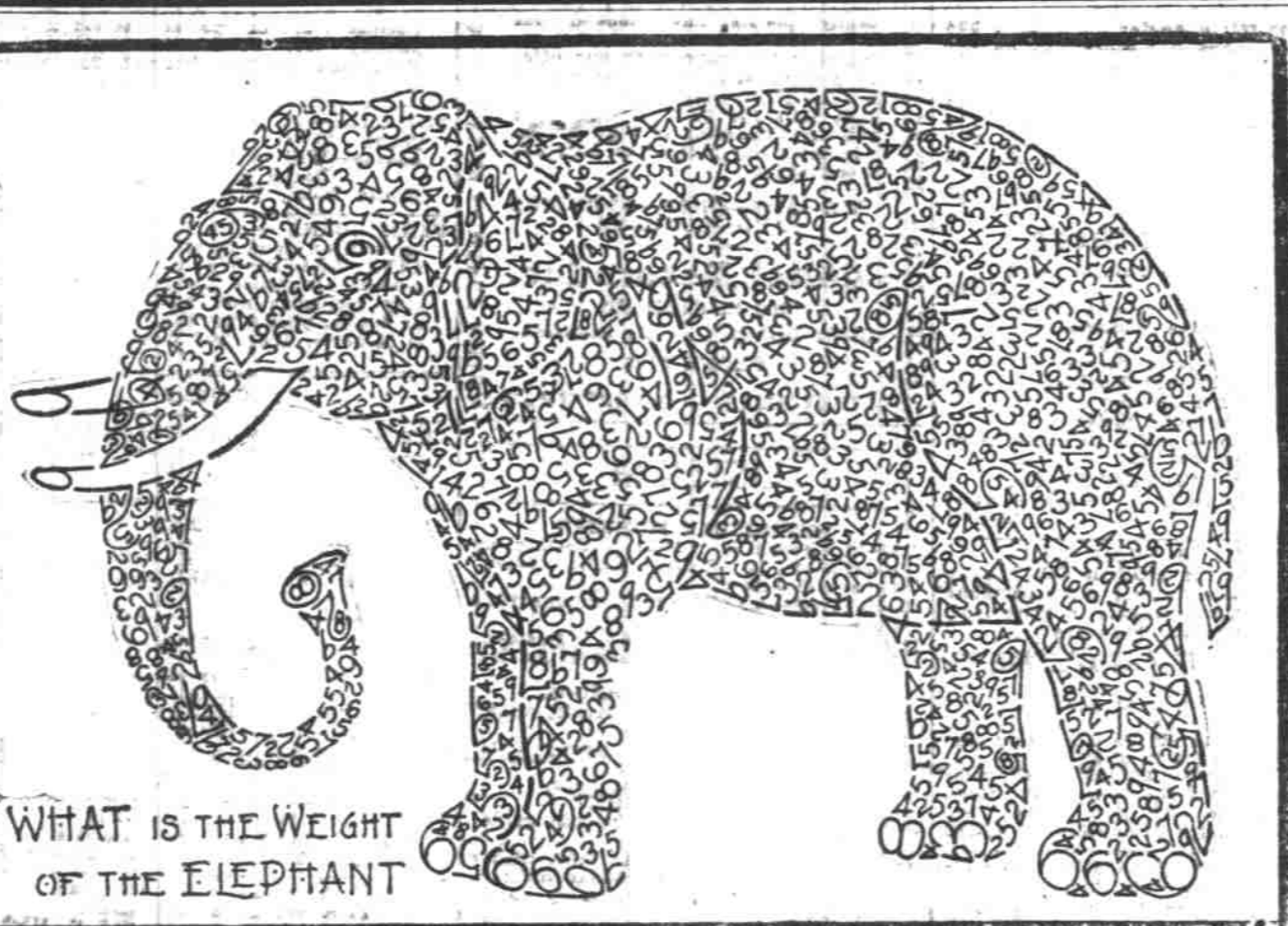
**\$14.00**

5 Pound All Wool Odd Blankets. These are of all colors and are made from our odd yarns.

Per Pair

**\$5.00**

3 POUND SINGLE \$3.00



WHAT IS THE WEIGHT OF THE ELEPHANT

Fun and Amusement Playing the Elephant Game

**Win a FORD TOURING CAR**

Offered In

**The Statesman Elephant Puzzle Contest**

**The Problem**

What is the sum total of the figures forming the elephant as shown in the picture? Simply add them up to get the solution. There are no marks, lines or characters in the elephant except figures. These figures range from 2 to 9, each standing alone. There are no "ones" or "iphers." There are no groups of figures such as "23" or "42." The heads of the "6's" are distinctly curved while the tails of the "9's" are straight or practically so. There is no trick or illusion of any description in the chart. Now get out your pencil and add, add, add.

Yes, Sir, \$921.30 may be won in this unique competition and prizes will be awarded promptly after December 31, 1926

You can win as much as a 1927 Ford Touring Car

Free charts mailed on request. In case of ties a second puzzle will be presented for those tied to solve. If necessary to eliminate further ties the puzzle with combinations changed will be presented as many as five or more times after which should any ties exist each tying contestant will receive the full amount of any award tied for. Send your answer on a sheet of paper with your name and address and we will at once mail you a splendid illustrated prize list describing the prizes and giving full information and rules. Don't send any money. You can be a prize winner without spending one cent of your own money.

Send your answer or request for charts—act quickly—address

**Statesman Publishing Company**  
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