

Local News Briefs

Mortgage Foreclosure—The International Building and Loan association filed a \$2500 mortgage foreclosure suit against W. F. Sharpe and others Saturday.

Title in Issue—Suit to quiet title was filed in circuit court here Saturday by Marion K. Forrest against the unknown heirs of Henry J. Zumwalt and others.

No C. of C. Luncheon—Monday being a holiday, there will be no Salem chamber of commerce luncheon this week.

Visits Portland—Miss Winifred Curtis, Monmouth Normal school student who lives in Salem, went to Portland Saturday to attend the livestock exposition.

McKinney Released—C. W. McKinney, arrested Friday night by city officers on a charge of drunk and released Saturday on condition that he leave Salem immediately.

Separation Sought—Alleging that her husband deserted her October of last year, Anna M. Madsen filed a suit for divorce Saturday against Lawrence Madsen. They were married July 24, 1926 at Vancouver, Washington.

La Fontaine Freed—Ben La Fontaine was released on \$500 bail Friday after he had spent Friday night in the Marion county jail. He was arrested Friday on a liquor charge.

Trio to Go Prison—Three men who were given prison sentences Friday by Circuit Judge Kelly were sent from Marion county jail to the state prison Saturday. They were John Kohler, sentenced to serve three years, Gordon Conway, one year, and Loren Hill, one year. All three had pleaded guilty to forgery charges.

Desertion Alleged—Suit for divorce was filed in circuit court Saturday by Willie J. Reid against Walter M. Reid. She alleges desertion as the ground for divorce. She requests the custody of four minor children.

Two Cases Set—Two more cases were listed on the circuit court docket late Saturday. The case of Mannheim vs. Bligh Billard Parlor was set for Friday, November 23, at 1 p. m. The case of Rich vs. Miller was listed for Saturday, November 24, at 9 a. m.

Picture to End—The picture, "Closed Gates," which the First Congregational church has used to illustrate a sermon series, will be concluded at the church tonight in conjunction with the sermon, "The Elder Brother."

Daughter to Batsons—Mr. and Mrs. Ellis Batson are parents of a seven and one-fourth pound baby girl born Friday at the Bungalow maternity home. Mr. Batson is an attendant at the state hospital.

Now At Home—Mrs. Roy Ohmart, who has been a patient at the Salem General hospital for the past 3 months, has returned to her home at 445 S. 23rd street, and is convalescing satisfactorily.

Visiting at Deaconess—Henry and Ferdinand Dirksen, and their sister, Agnetta Dirksen, all of Hillsboro, Kansas, arrived in Salem Saturday noon for a few days' visit with their relatives, the sisters at the Deaconess hospital and Mr. and Mrs. Wedel. Mr. Wedel is president of the Deaconess. The visitors are making a tour through the western states.

Pastor's Assistants Arrive—Mr. and Mrs. Clayton E. Jackson, of Chickasha, Oklahoma, arrived in Salem early last week to be assistants to the Rev. D. J. Howe of the First Christian church. Mr. Jackson will be office secretary and head of the educational work sponsored by the First Christian church, and Mrs. Jackson will direct the choir and work with the young people's department. The Jacksons are living at 1510 State street.

Tradition Observed—Friday was "shirt and middy day" at the senior high school, when boys, from freshman to senior, wore middies and the girls came garbed in a boy's shirt, or at least as many of them as cared to. Freshmen were designated by green ties, sophomores by blue, juniors by red, and seniors by white. School tradition has it that should be the garb of students the Friday preceding every game with the Eugene high school.

Technic Club Initiates—A clever burlesque of postures, met by Elizabeth Ward, met the greatest approval of the high school students at the initiation of the Technic Club of the Technic club Friday. New Technic members are: Miss Waters, Kathleen Fitzpatrick, Oliver Draper, Perry Andrews, Alberta Causey, Jean Eastland, Myra Vicklander, Elizabeth Lewis, Yvonne Pickel, Lloyd Claggett, Virgil Voe, Ross Peterson, Howard Cross, Lois Wilkes, Roberta Mills, Vivian Fleenor, Bruce Cooley, Katherine Goulet and Grace Holman.

Vacancy Exists—One vacancy in the first congressional district of Oregon for midshipman at the Naval Academy at Annapolis now exists, according to notification received by Congressman W. C. Hawley from the navy department. The first congressional district includes Marion county. The civil service commission will hold competitive examinations to fill the vacancy January 12, 1929, at various postoffices in the district.

Rally at High School—Superintendent George W. Hug gave a rally talk before the high school students during the latter part of the Friday morning activity period which students declared to be the best part of the week they had had for some time. Mr. Hug recalled the days when he was principal of the Eugene high school, which Salem meets here Armistice day, and when Eugene won most of the contests, and the athletic relations between the two schools during the past 20 years. Louis Anderson, coach, also talked.

Mr. Pennington is connected with the Royal Feed and Milling company and Memphis, and his new position as president of the manufacturers association is one of importance. More than 100 companies are represented in the association.

Goose Hunting—Dr. Fred Burger, Dr. M. C. Findley, Ed. Tucker and the Rev. U. S. Crowder left early this morning for Arlington in Eastern Oregon. They will spend several days goose hunting, returning to Salem next Wednesday or Thursday. Last year Dr. Burger and one other man went hunting in the same vicinity and returned with 46 geese.

FIND IT HERE

Saturday While—They last Electric Curriers 69c at Fleener Electric, 471 Court Street.

Wanted, 30 Women—To work in apples. West Salem cannery, 4 p. m.

Dollar Dinner—Every night 5:30 to 8 at the Marion hotel.

Furniture Upholsterer—And repairing Giese-Powers Furniture Co.

Christmas Card Problems—Easily solved—just phone 500 and ask our salesman to call with samples. Commercial Printing Dept., Statesman Publishing Co., 215 S. Commercial.

Lost in N. Salem Saturday—Black leather coat. Call 939.

Fried Chicken Dinner—Five till midnight, at the Red Lantern. Dancing all evening.

Just a Puppy—Bull Terrier, screw tail. A bargain. Phone 527.

Fried Chicken Dinner—Five till midnight, at the Red Lantern. Dancing all evening.

Tire Repairing Expertly Done—At Herb Hansens, 1105 N. Com. Phone 230.

Turkey Dinner—At the Gray Belle all day Sunday and Monday.

Pictures, Art Goods, Picture—Framing, lacquers, enamels, varnish, Presnalls, 455 Court.

1929 Wall Paper Stock Here—Best quality. Presnalls, 455 Court.

Turkey Dinner—At the Gray Belle all day Sunday and Monday.

Hard Time Dance Friday Night—Domes Pavilion McCoy. Rambler's playing.

Walnuts at Wholesale Prices—From 12c to 22c. Phone 534.

Visit Our Giftory for Bridge—Birthday and wedding gifts. Pomeroy & Keene.

For Rent—6 room modern furnished bungalow overlooking Salem. Small chicken ranch \$25. Phone 1693-J.

Fried Chicken Dinner—Five till midnight, at the Red Lantern. Dancing all evening.

OBITUARY POLK
Mrs. Virginia Tennessee Polk, 72, died early Friday morning at the home of her son at 343 South Liberty street. She is survived by the following children: William E. Polk of Avoca, Ark.; Mrs. Cora E. Barton of Hood River; James K. Polk of New York; John R. Polk of Saltum; Mrs. Mattie Hamlin, of Honolulu; Mrs. Marie Casey of Bentonville, Ark.; Chris E. Polk of East White Plains, N. Y.; Mrs. Leona Brigham, of North Bend; Mrs. Dolly Tudor of Rigdon. The body is in charge of Rigdon & Son funeral parlors. The body will be shipped to Rogers, Arkansas, today.

LIEDSTROM
Carl Liedstrom, 42, died Friday night at the family home, 770 Shipping street, following several months of ill health. He is survived by his widow, Hulda V. Liedstrom and three brothers, Ernest, Ed and Clarence, all of Minneapolis, Minn. Remains are in care of the Rigdon mortuary, from which announcements will be made later.

TANNER
Mrs. Bertha Ellen Tanner died in East Salem Saturday morning. Survived by her husband, R. D. Tanner, and one brother and sister in England. Funeral arrangements later by Clough-Huston company.

BOISSIER
The five day old son of Mr. and Mrs. N. G. D. Boissier, 145 N. 14th street. Services were held at 2:30 Saturday at Cityview cemetery with the Rev. H. D. Chambers officiating. Clough-Huston company in charge.

Lost Collie Dog
Large Yellow Female
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Physician and Surgeon
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LET'S LIVE! MILDRED LAMB

READ THIS FIRST:
Several moments had already entered the life of Byrd Hamilton, who had just married the attractive Mildred Lamb. They were spending the night at the Blackstone in Clatskanie, where Larry's friends, who had come to attend their wedding, were giving a party in their honor. When the party had reached a high pitch in the crowded rooms, Byrd found that this fast-moving crowd had no interest for him. When she discovered India Campbell, a former sweetheart of Larry's, and Larry sitting dangerously on a window sill before an open window, they interpreted her anxiety as jealousy. He hurriedly closed the window and returned to their rooms. She dropped off to sleep. The next morning she awoke to find that Larry had not yet returned.

A few hours later, Larry, disheveled and weary, arrived, supported by Chet. His penitence and promises moved her forgiveness and she relieved him having him safely back obliterated every other feeling. In contrast to Larry's fiery look, she was calm and home and while he was washing his face, she decided to go to the nearby department store and buy some clothes. She returned to the flat "wash" which too much gin imparts.

But, strangely enough, every one looked refreshed, even with the few hours' sleep they had had. Byrd decided it was because they were accustomed to this constant round and covered up the signs of weariness with good clothes and immaculate grooming.

"Here's the 'early bird,'" someone called as she entered. "She's been picking up worms at Hears's department store."

India Campbell and Tiny Oberman came toward her as Byrd stood there, uncertain what to do. India put her arms around her, as if she had known her a lifetime.

She drew her to the table, where Larry's bottles presided. A huge bowl of cracked ice and many bottles of charged waters had been added to the litter.

She pulled away from India to tell her that Larry was quite ill, when she saw Larry, himself, sketched in his dressing gown over his pajamas, the gay, bantering center of the group.

"Don't tell us you've been shopping already! The day after your wedding!" said Chet, looking at Byrd curiously. His eyes saying that he couldn't believe it of her, of all people!

"Not at all, eh, papa?" said Tiny, winking at Fred. "Come on, let's see what you've been hanging on Larry," continued Tiny, delightedly. "I hope it's a plenty!"

"Oh, I'd rather not," said Byrd, embarrassed. Larry sent her a sharp glance, which carried a world of disapproval.

India had already opened the boxes, and was holding out the dresses for everybody's inspection. Something like a tiny smile swept her face. One glance at them, as she held them high above her head, turned Larry's face purple.

"They're real sweet!" warbled Tiny, in her most conventional voice.

Byrd could see by their expressions that there was something terribly wrong with them. India had turned her back to Byrd, and was laying them out on the bed. Byrd felt her ridicule through her shoulder blades.

Byrd hurried over to the bed and, sweeping up the garments and carried them in one armful to the closet, and dumped them ignominiously on the floor. Tears of chagrin smarted in her eyes.

She knew if she had spent several hundred dollars on them, they would have been extravagantly admired. Of course the price marks were plainly visible on the tags dangling from them. Twenty-five dollars apiece. She wouldn't give them the satisfaction of knowing that they had been higher priced.

"You got lost in the laundry last night, didn't you, Larrybird?" asked Fred, laughing. "Come on, tell us where you put in the rest of the night, if you don't, someone else will!"

"Why, I left quite early," Byrd admitted, innocently. "I got awfully tired and went to bed. I don't know where Larry was. He stayed somewhere all night."

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occupant of a throne from whom she was begging favors. In a low voice she chanted, "Food, oh king!"

India began slowly with rhythmic motion, as if the action was slowed up by a movie lens. The languorous twistings and turnings made Byrd decide that there was some of the black blood cut running in her veins, her body rising and falling like a slender dark flame culminating in the smoky point of black head.

She danced with beautiful symmetry, finish and grace. Even while there was something tigerishly sensuous about the studied movements, she seemed at the same time a slender, lovely and chaste figure. She seemed oblivious of everybody but Larry. With all her easy freedom, her lazy and effortless activity, she seemed to be carrying out some plan.

Byrd suddenly felt that India could break her with one crushing, reflex motion of those slender, grasping, cruel hands. Hands that would look dainty if blood were dripping from them.

Three waiters bustled in with tables which were quickly set up and spread with shining silver and white linen. They brought in a variety of relishes and hors d'oeuvres and more ice and bottles. Everybody was hungry. Fred's eyes gleamed as he saw the variety and quantity of food.

"Look like we'll put the kitchen out of business," he said, laughing, as he tucked his napkin under his chin.

"It's the only way Fred can keep his wits clean," explained Tiny, approvingly.

Everybody was in high humor. In this genial mood, they let Byrd understand that they liked her and expected her to be one of them. They understood that she was a little diffident, but she'd soon get over that. They helped her cross this imaginary abyss by telling her some stories of just married couples.

"They drank to the bride until the bride was tired of hearing the same toast over and over again. 'May you live long and prosper!' 'mean prosper!' said Jack, smiling meaningly in her direction. 'We're strong for the bride. Why don't we all chase down to White Sulphur Springs with the happy couple?'"

"We might go to that," said India, lazily, darting a swift glance at Larry. "Would you invite us?"

"Sure thing. Come on down tonight on the honeymoon express," replied Larry, smiling at her coolly, challengingly, his famous smile that showed all his white teeth like a white streamer across the dark coloring of his skin.

It was approaching train time and Byrd felt uneasy. They had their packing still to do. The telephone rang and Larry answered it.

"Some little mix-up on my bill; I'll just run down to the office and settle it," he explained. He hurriedly dressed.

"When the check comes, you sign it and here's a tip. Tell the boys to divide it."

When the check came Byrd was horrified to see that it was almost ninety dollars. She glanced over the items and found several mistakes, but she signed it nevertheless. As she laid the green-back on the check, she noticed it was a ten dollar bill.

At the last moment, the crowd compromised on the matter of accompanying the bridal couple to White Sulphur Springs by going to the train. There were hilarious good-bys.

Byrd leaned against the window waving her hands amid the profusion of roses that filled the room, throwing kisses as the train started to move. Suddenly she noted Larry's absence and decided to join him in the vestibule. But he was nowhere in sight.

A hand seemed to hold her throat in a vice-like grip. "What in the world will I do if he's missed the train?" she thought wildly.

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(To Be Continued)

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