

HOMEMAKERS' MEET SUCCESS

Large Attendance Features Conference; All Polk County Represented

DALLAS, Ore., Nov. 17.—(Special)—With practically every community in Polk county represented, the County Homemakers' conference is being held in Dallas this week. The sessions began Wednesday morning in the parlors of the Methodist church with an attendance of 117, and this number has steadily increased until it was estimated that fully 150 were in attendance at the session held Thursday afternoon.

The meeting was opened Wednesday morning by a few remarks by J. R. Beck, county agent, after which the regular business of the conference was taken up as follows:

- "Housekeeping for Home Making," Miss A. Grace Johnson, professor of Household Administration, Oregon State college.
- "Reading," "Rube Played" by A. V. Oliver, Rickwall.
- "The Golden Opportunity," Mrs. Sadie Orr-Dunbar, Portland, Lunch hour.
- "Color in the Garden," A. L. Peck, professor of Landscape Architecture and Floriculture, Oregon State college.
- Vocal solo by Mrs. David Wright, Dallas.
- "Living Backwards," Dr. Kate W. Jameson, dean of women, Oregon State college.
- Mrs. Frank Fawc of Oak Grove and Mrs. S. L. Stewart of McCoy presided over the sessions Wednesday.

Topics Practiced

- Thursday morning the conference opened at 10 o'clock with a group singing service.
- "Food Fads and Fancies," Mrs. Jessamine Chapman Williams, professor of Foods and Nutrition, Oregon State college.
- Vocal solo by Mrs. Victor Kempe, Dallas.
- "The Time Cost of Maintaining a Household," Miss Maud Wilson, home economist, Oregon Agricultural experiment station, Corvallis.
- Lunch hour.
- "Feet, Shoes and Health," Miss Ruth B. Glasow, director of physical education for women, Oregon State college.
- Dallas duet by the Ryan sisters of Dallas.
- "Do We Understand Our Children?" J. F. Brumbaugh, professor of psychology, Oregon State college.
- Friday morning the sessions started at 10 o'clock with a singing service followed by a lecture on "You and Your Clothes" by Miss Alma C. Fritchhoff, assistant professor of clothing and related arts at the Oregon State college.
- Vocal solo by Mrs. Merle Ebbe of Dallas.
- "Posture, Exercise and Health," Miss Glasow.
- Lunch hour.
- "The Life of Women in China," by Miss Lan Chen Kung, China, Piano solo, Miss Rachel Uglow, Dallas.
- "At Home" by J. L. Fairbanks, professor of art and architecture, Oregon State college.
- Thursday's sessions were presided over by Mrs. Chas. Blyden and Mrs. V. C. Staats of the Dallas Women's club and Friday the meeting was in charge of Mrs. Mary Walker of Oak Point and Mrs. Corydon Blodgett of Brush college.

BRIDGE CLUB MEETS

MONMOUTH, Ore., Nov. 17.—(Special)—LaGarde Douzaine bridge club met Tuesday afternoon for the opening event of the year, at the home of the president, Mrs. B. F. Butler. A delightful afternoon was enjoyed, with honors at cards going to Mrs. Delmar R. Dewey and Mrs. A. F. Courter. Others present were Mesdames Miss Cornelius, Mary Lee Butler, George Cooper, Homer Dodds, L. A. Marks, R. E. Derby, David Riddell, Leighton Smith, A. E. Tetherow and the hostess. Dainty refreshments concluded the afternoon. Future meetings of the club will be held on Tuesday, instead of Monday, which was the usual date formerly.

VISITS FATHER

SILVERTON, Ore., Nov. 15.—(Special)—Mrs. Harold Craig of Portland is spending a few days with her father while Mr. Craig is in San Francisco on a business trip. Mrs. Craig is the daughter of Marlon Palmer, a Silvertown pioneer.

RICH FUTURITY WON BY A NOSE



High Strung, with Jockey Pony McAtee up, winning the rich Futurity purse at Pimlico race track, Baltimore, Md., nosing out Dr. Freeland. The race brought \$51,650 to the winner.

Polk County Christian Endeavor Convention On

Closes Sunday Night

Sunday morning at 9:00 o'clock will be quiet with Mrs. E. A. Fogg in charge of the girls and Mrs. Henderson in charge of the men. The Endeavor members will then attend the church and Sunday school of their choice and at 2:15 o'clock in the afternoon the sessions will open again with a song service followed by a devotional talk by the Rev. Jacob Stokely of Dallas; report of convention committees followed by the installation of officers, special music and announcements.

CHAPTER XIII

YOU'RE going to make an awful mistake, honey-suckle, if you wait around for Larry all your life. Plunge in and have a little fun yourself."

SOCIAL CALENDAR FILLED THIS WEEK

AMEICANIZATION COUNCIL SELECTED

SILVERTON, Ore., Nov. 17.—(Special)—An Americanization council has been chosen by Delbert Reeves post of the American Legion from the various community organizations. The purpose of the council is to promote a systematic form of instruction in citizenship. Fred W. Park of Portland, state director, will be at Silvertown on the evening of November 21 for the purpose of explaining the plan.

REPAIR OF ARMORY AT DALLAS PLANNED

DALLAS, Ore., Nov. 17.—(Special)—Improvements to the Dallas armory which for the past several years have been badly needed are being planned by Major E. B. Hamilton of the staff of Brigadier General George A. White of the Oregon National Guard.

Brandt to Take Testing Office

SILVERTON, Ore., Nov. 17.—(Special)—Lewis Brandt has gone to Enterprise, Oregon, where he has accepted a position as headmaster for the Wallowa county testing association. Mr. Brandt was similarly employed for the Marlon county association last year. Mr. Brandt is a former student of the Oregon State college and expects to resume his studies there next fall.

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LET'S LIVE! MILDRED LAMB

READ THIS FIRST. The marriage of Byrd Hamilton of Jacksonville and Larry Browning of Cleveland, was one of unusual simplicity and beauty; but several factors, caused an uneasiness in Byrd's mind, even during the ceremony, and within the next few days grew into a definite anxiety. For Larry had undoubtedly magnified a charm, that women couldn't resist and had brought in already a dubious success in business. And he had become the center of a young crowd whose only interests in life were jazz, speed and money.

On their return to Cleveland Byrd regretfully relinquishing the idea of a little house in the suburbs, and consented to take an expensive furnished apartment in the Cosmo Manor, an apartment hotel near the downtown section. Byrd, an efficient housekeeper and manager, made the three little rooms attractive with her choicest wedding gifts, and started looking for a real home in the future.

Larry's friends became a permanent entertainment committee, constantly arranging dinners and parties. The group consisted of Byrd and Fred Oberrain, who has made a fortune in the oil business; Jack Duncan, who made his money in the stock market; and a young man, who had broken under the care of her three little children and the worst ever had in the forest husband; Chet Everett and Linda Campbell, known as the "wildcats" of the city.

At Larry's invitation, India went to the opening of the Marigold Gardens as a "stray note underneath." In the account of the illness of the baby and Byrd found herself Jack's partner for the evening.

Driving back to their apartment after the dance with Jack, Byrd was dismayed to find the car in the driveway and stopped a taxi.

"Don't be a little fool, Byrd. I'm sorry I frightened you." He tried to speak softly, but there was a cruel note underneath. "I'm really crazy about you and you ought to know it. Please love me a little bit."

"Let's not speak about it," said Byrd, distractedly. The idea of having a married man declaring his love for her seemed to Byrd like the depths of inquiry.

She wondered what she ought to do about it. If she told Larry she was sure he would call her a puritan and make light of the whole matter. He was probably making love to India that very moment.

She longed for her father! For his broad, comforting shoulder and his understanding mind. Jack started the car and they drove the rest of the way in silence.

Byrd and Jack were the last to arrive at the apartment. "What did I tell you?" asked India, in a shrill voice. "They've been a dilly-dallying along the road."

Byrd looked up smiling from the drink he was mixing on the living room table. "You sure look as gully as two criminals," Larry's words corroborated India's. "Been taking a buggy ride?"

"Give Byrd about six months, with Jack's help," nodded India, "and she'll be hitting the high spots with the rest of us."

Byrd's ability to enter into the zest of the party was suddenly of little moment to her. The only thing that really mattered was that Larry evidently had forgotten that he had a grievance against her. He had forgotten their quarrel!

"Get some more ice!" he asked in a friendly tone. And Byrd ran eagerly to the kitchen to help. Evidently they had all tried to be of some assistance, for it was a mess.

There were lemon and orange peelings piled high in the little sink, and the floor was sticky where Larry had stood squeezing them out and breaking up the ice. The disorder made it look like a battlefield.

And Larry was in his glory. The evening had reached that degree of accelerated motion that amused and delighted him. He called it "the shank of the evening." For Larry took a mischievous delight in pouring a succession of cocktails into people's glasses, varying each with his wide knowledge of "new ones," so his guests were quite unconscious of the exhilarated stage they were reaching.

He got a huge enjoyment out of the antics this state produced. Something in himself was released by watching others kick over the trail.

And Larry set the pace for the whole party. His laughter broke from room to room like light thunder distant heavens. His natural vitality, quickened by the succession of "Golden Glows," "Silver Phizzes," "Horses' Necks," and

"Stepping Blondes," strung along throughout the evening, kept him going at breakneck pace. "That's my sheik kiss," he laughed, lightly. "Others use it, why not you?"

Byrd felt a stab of pain at the thought that Larry did, perhaps, hand around that type of kiss promiscuously. He seemed to have no respect, no deep, abiding reverence for love. She bit her lips and turned away. He did not see the pain in her eyes, for he was already off, pursuing Tiny, who had said something to challenge him.

Byrd filled up the glasses again, and was carrying them on a tray through the breakfast room when she saw Tiny sitting in a corner on the floor, completely collapsed, looking like a big, bisque doll with her bleached hair and her plump figure, which scalloped out now in grotesque wavy lines.

Fred was perspiring over the job of bringing her back to consciousness. "Tiny, petty," he coaxed, "I'm going to take you home and put you to bed. You can't stay here all night. Don't you want to get into your own nice little bed, baby? Come on, honeybunch, try to help a little."

Fred tugged away at Tiny's one hundred and seventy-five pounds in vain. Her hands lay inert, like soft round potato balls.

Then he brought a wet towel and applied it gently to her forehead, eyes and the rest of her face. Soon Tiny opened her eyes.

Finally she was on her feet, leaning heavily against Fred, and tears trickled weakly down her face. He managed to steer her toward the door. Byrd followed her into the elevator, carrying her wraps. She helped Fred get her into his car.

Byrd was white when she returned to the apartment. She never, never would get used to the wages of sin. Never! Jack had left during her absence, without saying good-bye. No doubt India had refused to go home with him, for she was still there when Byrd returned.

You could trust India to manage things the minute Byrd was out of sight. Byrd saw her busily sweeping up something with a dustpan and broom. It was a clothesline lamp, the loveliest one that had been given to them, and India was telling Larry how frightfully sorry she was. She had broken it!

Larry got his hat and explained that he was taking India home. She was listing to starboard as she sailed out of the room. "That's my sheik kiss," he laughed, lightly. "Others use it, why not you?"

It was two o'clock, but Byrd couldn't go to bed, leaving the apartment in such a state of confusion. She slipped off her dress and worked in her little white silk slip. The air in the apartment was heavy and hot. She carried out all of the ashtrays and picked up the glasses from unexpected places, behind theavenport, under the chairs, on the radiators and in the broom closet.

Byrd could never leave soiled dishes stand all night. By the time she had the glasses washed and dried, Larry would be back. She cleaned out the sink again. She remembered it was the fourth time. Then she got out the floor mat and mopped up the kitchen floor. It was three o'clock, and still Larry hadn't come.

Byrd was so tired that she left her clothes in a little heap in the middle of the bedroom floor. She crawled wearily into bed. But tired as she was, she couldn't go to sleep. Thoughts of Larry and India went racing through her head.

She sighed deeply. She had never worked harder in her life, and she knew she had never had less fun. The liquor they had drunk had a little effect, but she couldn't get her grocery bill for the entire week. And the cost of the lamp! To say nothing of the labor of cleaning up! Even if Larry hovered over her as Fred hovered over Tiny, the evening would still have been ruined for her.

Grown-up, thought Byrd, had such awfully hard work amusing themselves. They hadn't the spontaneous instincts for play that children had, but had to go to endless effort to convince themselves that they were having a good time.

Well, what would she suggest by way of diversion, she asked herself, bitterly, to take its place? How would she entertain a group of Larry's friends without the help of a little gin? She reached helplessly, that she had no solution. Except to change the friends.

It was about a twenty-minute ride to India's house and back. But it was long after three when she heard Larry's key in the door. (TO BE CONTINUED)

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