

CHURCHES PLAN UNION SERVICES

Salem District Divided Into Five Groups for Thanksgiving Worship

Union Thanksgiving services will be held Thursday morning, with the city divided into five groups for the convenience of townspeople who desire to attend the observance, announces W. N. Coffee, secretary of the Salem Ministerial association.

All services will begin at 10 o'clock. Special offering will be taken for local charities. Special music is being planned at all the churches.

Following is the division, the church designated for the service and the minister assigned:

South side group will meet at the South Salem Friends church, with the Rev. Harry E. Gardner of the Jason Lee Memorial church delivering the message.

Down town group will gather at the Calvary Baptist church in the old Grand Opera house, where the Rev. D. J. Howe of the First Christian church will preach the sermon.

The residents of the west side will meet at the Ford Memorial community church, The Rev. A. P. Layton of the First Evangelical church will occupy the pulpit.

The Jason Lee church has been designated as the meeting place for the north side, with the Rev. W. Earl Cochran of the Calvary Baptist church to preach.

The Rev. P. W. Erikson of the American Lutheran church will address the east side group at the Knight Memorial church.

A few of the local churches will hold services Thanksgiving morning, although generally the hour does not conflict with the union service.

QUARTERLY MEET EARLY NEXT MONTH

The Rev. Francis Ahnlund of Seattle, superintendent of the Puget Sound district, will give a report on the conference adoptions and will outline the future plans of the churches of the Swedish conference. The Swedish churches are rapidly moving toward entrance to the English speaking conference.

The Mill street Methodist church, though still a member of the Swedish district, made the change from the Swedish to the English language some two years ago and is a strictly English speaking church.

HOME COMING EVENT AT KEIZER TODAY

KEIZER, Ore., Nov. 24.—(Special)—The Keizer church and Sunday school will hold the annual Homecoming program at the Keizer school today, beginning at 10 o'clock. There will be a basket dinner at noon and an afternoon session, but no evening services.

The complete program follows: Morning: Sunday school, 10 o'clock. Preaching, 11 o'clock. Prof. W. H. Hertzog of Willamette.

Basket dinner, 12 o'clock. Afternoon: quartette—Ernest, Glen, Willard and Gilbert Savare; reading, Lorraine Becroft; Mrs. A. E. Cummings; instrumental duet, Carroll Pool; and Willard Savare; solo, John Gardner; piano duet, Ruth Melson and LaVann Gardner; reading, Robert Becroft; choir numbers; reading, Mrs. A. E. Cummings; solo, Davy Bauscy. The afternoon address will be given by the Rev. D. G. Cole.

Joint Revival Campaign Plan

A two weeks' series of evangelistic services will be held by the Christian and Missionary alliance and the Church of the Nazarene at the alliance tabernacle 1655 Perry street, beginning today. The Rev. J. G. Minton of the alliance announced. The Rev. L. D. Smith is pastor of the church of the Nazarene and with Mr. Minton will conduct the campaign here.

A feature of the joint series will be a children's night, Saturday, December 8, when a special message appropriate to the occasion will be given and a children's chorus will sing.

SPONSOR BAZAAR

The Ladies' Aid of the First Baptist church, North Cottage and D streets, sponsored a bazaar at the church Friday night, with an interesting program preceding the sale of needlework. Proceeds were applied to the debt of the new church and to missions.

PLAN SPECIAL SERVICES

Thanksgiving services will be held Thursday morning at 10:30 o'clock, at the St. Paul's Episcopal church, of which the Rev. H. Duncan Chambers is rector. Special music by the vested choir will feature the hour.

Vested Choir Concert Is This Evening

The vested choir of the Knight Memorial Congregational Church will present a concert of Thanksgiving music tonight at the church at 7:30 o'clock. The concert will include the following anthems and special numbers:

Chorus—"Holy Holy", (Hesler). Male quartet—"Father, We Thank Thee", (Vail).

Chorus—"Oh, Give Thanks, O' Give Thanks", (Donizetti). Ladies' chorus—"Dear Land of Freedom", (Donizetti).

Solo—"Give Thanks and Praise", (Harris), Leonard Chadwick. Chorus—"Praise Ye the Lord", (Zeisberg).

Male quartet—"I Love a Little Cottage", (O'Hara). Chorus—"The Everlasting Hills", (Wilson).

The organ numbers to be played by Donald J. Allison will include "Evening Prayer", by Reinecke "Large", from the New World Symphony, by Dvorak. (requested) and "March Pontificale", Lommens.

St. Paul's Plans Dinner For Men

The male members and friends of the St. Paul's church will meet at the rectory, wardens and vestrymen at a dinner to be held Tuesday night at 6:30 o'clock at the parish house. The event has been arranged that the men of the church may become better acquainted and will be devoted solely to a social time. The committee of the vestry in charge includes H. D. Chambers, George Arbuckle and T. F. Huston.

PICTURE AT CHURCH

A special Sunday night service at the First Congregational church, Center and Liberty streets, will include the first half of the moving picture, "The Country Doctor." The theme of the sermon will be "Help Somebody," the motto of Phillips Brooks. This picture is a drama with a heart throbbing that will reach everyone. Children must be accompanied by their parents.

SERVICES ANNOUNCED

Week-day services will be held at the Emmanuel Full Gospel mission Wednesday, Thursday and Saturday nights at 7:45 o'clock. Ralph D. Bullock is the pastor.

TO MEET THURSDAY

Mid-week prayer service at the Chemeketa street Evangelical church will be held Thursday night at 7:30 o'clock. G. E. Erikson is the pastor.

LET'S LIVE! MILDRED LAMB

The marriage of Byrd Hamilton, of Jacksonville, and Larry Browning, a successful young business man from Cleveland, was one of unusual simplicity and beauty, but several factors of deep significance to her happiness, caused an awareness in Byrd's mind, even during the ceremony and within the next few days grew into a definite anxiety. Larry had undoubtedly magnified and charged that women couldn't resist, which already had brought him a dubious success in business, he had become the center of a young crowd whose only interests in life were jazz, speed and money.

Larry's friends became a permanent entertainment committee, constantly planning dinners and parties. The group consisted of Tiny and Fred Oberman, who had made a fortune in rather doubtful enterprises; Jack Duncan, who was unscrupulous in business; his wife, Margy, who has broken under the care of their three little children and the sorry over her indifferent husband; Chet, Everett and India Campbell, who were "wildcat" and a former sweetheart of Larry's.

Byrd was distressed over Larry's extravagance, his inability to give her a monthly allowance when he was paying \$100 a month for the rent of the house, and India in the kitchen mixing cocktail and arranging to go to a dance. The next day Byrd realized that Larry had discovered that she had crimped a fender on her car an accident which had drained the scene that would inevitably follow, since Larry had insisted on a strict economy program.

The next day Byrd borrowed fifty dollars from Chet, explaining that she had damaged the fender of her car and that she would reimburse him as soon as her father had sent her the contents of a small savings account.

At a baseball game, Chet's interest in Byrd awakened a touch of jealousy in Larry, and when Larry refused an invitation for Saturday night, Byrd was convinced again of Larry's love, closing her mind stubbornly to the events of the night before.

CHAPTER XIX

BYRD sighed, and shook her golden, bird-like head as if it couldn't cope with the most exasperating problems of the universe, nor ever find an answer to that most perplexing enigma, how to manage a husband.

"No woman can ever make a man see the errors of his ways by constantly pointing them out to him. She just better wait for a ton of bricks to fall on his head and knock him unconscious," she said, half aloud; but she wagged in the same breath that Larry would escape the avalanche before it came.

If only she could train herself to have a separate existence outside of Larry, just as he had outside of her, instead of always being so hopelessly conscious of her love for him.

She wondered if that age-old philosophical truth would ever change: "Man's love is of man's life a thing apart. 'Tis woman's whole existence."

Then she had agreed to stand by Larry "for better, for worse." Even if "for worse" was far more terrifying than her brave, little mind could ever have anticipated.

Byrd shook herself impatiently out of this meditative state. She had been brooding altogether too much lately.

She'd hustle around and go to the bank to get the money for the fender that Chet had promised her.

But before Byrd ever put her little nose out of the apartment door, she paid tribute to her mother's training by observing an abbreviated program of her housekeeping rites.

She opened windows wide all over the apartment, and pinned back the draperies. She threw the handmaids quilts back over the foot of the beds. She washed up the breakfast dishes, stopping religiously to remove the stains from kitchen knives, and to scour the sink.

She brushed the apartment and dusted it. In the bathroom, she shook her head chidingly at a happy-go-lucky Larry, and picked up a pair of pajamas that still lay in collapsed circles, showing just where his two, fine, straight legs had walked out of them.

She hung up bath towels, strewed around the floor, put away his shaving things, and finally she got down on her knees and, with a scouring powder, removed those tell-tale rings that encircled the tub each day after Larry's bath.

Everybody had known Larry's mother, who had died many years ago, she wondered just how much mothers were to blame for these deficiencies in their sons.

But here she was, like everybody else picking up and carrying for him.

Everybody but India. India was possessed of that fatal magic which prevailed upon all men so that they fetched and carried for her.

The Euclid branch of the First National bank was only a five-minute walk from the apartment. Byrd found Chet in a small private office in the new building. His name was printed on the ground-glass door.

Beautiful, feathery Circassian walnut panelled the walls to the ceiling. A polished table and files and high-backed chairs gave an air of importance to the room. And these surroundings seemed actually to add inches to Chet's stature.

It dawned on Byrd that Chet measured up to the room, and she seemed to find in his firm, slender body, the hazy outlines of the future president of the First National.

Byrd stopped abruptly on the threshold. She showed that she was impressed.

And Chet's eyes, frankly worried and distraught, sought Byrd's, seeming to say that he ap-

preciated her keen perceptions, her quick and accurate decisions, her clear and undeviating vision which were struggling so bravely not to be swept into the whirlpools that were eddying around her.

"Hello, Earlybird," he said, his lips turned up into a conventional smile, attempting to conceal the worry which lay in his eyes. For Chet had reasons to be concerned.

He had just had two visitors in succession. And they had set him thinking.

India had put in an appearance just after he, himself, had arrived.

In spite of himself, Chet had felt, momentarily, that old, quickened pulse, as her small, languorous body swayed into the room.

Her almond-shaped eyes were accentuated with sassy markings of eyebrow pencil, with lids and lashes heavily shaded. They looked like black diamonds glittering in a hard, scintillating way.

India always reminded Chet of those Cleopatra-like figures that were silhouetted on the tombs of Egyptian kings, swaying, tigerish, languid figures, under whose torpor there was a volcanic-like boiling and seething and foaming of unrestrained passions.

"Hello, darling," said India, in her intimate way, her languid voice almost brushing the cheek like an indiscreet caress.

As her eyes turned up to his, Chet felt that he had an unquenchable Egyptian slant. A feline slant. A soft, purring, languorous cat ready to pounce upon her prey.

"Gosh! This is some office. Everything smeared with dignity! And respectability! It scares me!" She kept rolling her sparkling eyes around the room and back again, seductively, to Chet.

"All you need is a dais, a throne done in royal purple, and a line of supplicants begging for gold from the royal exchequer."

Under India's bantering there was a thin edge of scorn. India never respected any one or any thing long.

"I've got a lot of work to do this morning," said Chet, irritated. "Anything I can do for you?"

"Not in that tone, old dear," said India, in her throatiest tones. "Not unless you say you'd love to do me a favor and would consider it a rare privilege."

She laughed her low, seductive laugh. Chet looked at her coolly. And analyzing it, he discovered he wasn't moved by it.

If he were a piano-tuner, he might be interested to know how she muted the high strings in the larynx, for he knew she could deliberately vibrate those chords to the mood of her victim.

The white bandage on her arm was noticeable under the black georgette.

There was no doubt that India had taste and style in dress. She

can't always resist him. He's wild about me. You can't understand that, of course, old darling. Nothing could melt that cake of ice God gave you in place of a heart. Some day it may melt a drop or two. . . I wouldn't be surprised!" Her voice curved up significantly, as she regarded

Chet with smothered amusement in her coal-black eyes. "For Heaven's sake!" cried Chet, exasperated. "I wish to goodness you'd get out of here. I've got work to do. I never heard such darn fool talk in all my life." (TO BE CONTINUED)

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Who? gets Kiddled most

UNFORTUNATELY for the individual and for the tire business at large, there still exists the type of buyer who thinks he is putting one over when he buys a tire for 50% less than any reputable dealer could sell it and stay in business.

We suppose this is more or less true in every line of business. And we wonder often how these buyers come out in the long run.

We have been in the tire business for four years. We have seen a lot of dealers come and go—and we have never yet seen one who could sell this kind of merchandise and get away with it.

Perhaps you have heard this kind of a "shrewd" buyer tell how he does it. Perhaps he didn't say that the tire he bought was worth just exactly what he paid for it—and no more. Perhaps he did "kid" the dealer into selling him a tire, and losing money on it. Not the kind of dealers who stay in the business.

And when we hear of these cases—and see some of the unknown brands of tires that come in to our service station for repairs after three or four thousand miles of service—we wonder who got kidded the most.

The business of buying tires is like anything else. You get just about what you pay for. When you buy MILLER quality—at MILLER'S fair prices—you get the best the market affords for your dollar. You get the warranty of a manufacturer who values our reputation as his own, and you get our word that MILLER TIRES will make good—or we will. That seems to us to be just good business. If you feel the same way, come in and let's talk it over.

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