

# LET'S LIVE! MILDRED LAMB

(Continued from Page 8.)  
 "There was a big oil spot in the back when it was sent out," she tried to make her voice casual. But she knew India didn't believe her. Without looking at her, she knew India was smiling a secretive, incredulous smile.  
 Every little while India poured another round of cocktails into their glasses. Byrd, on some pretext or other, occasionally walked into the kitchen and emptied part of hers into the sink.  
 She shuddered with the premonition of certain disaster. She had worked so hard to make this a beautiful party.  
 The girls were airing their grievances against the world in general and the men in particular. Men got away from their troubles with the help of liquor, but with women it exaggerated their worries.  
 "We'll surely make them pay for this," Tiny's small, blue eyes glittered with a sort of reflected irritation. She usually took on the ideas of the person she happened to be with, and she always mirrored India. She helped herself to another cocktail.  
 "I'm going to be good and tight when they come—and I will, and smash things," said India, lastly. "Look around, Byrd, and decide what it'll be. Which wedding present gets on your nerves most?"  
 It was almost nine when the derelicts arrived. As they stood at the door, uncertain what their reception was going to be, they looked like a composite photograph of all the pictures in the world of a "night out." Their purplish, perspiring faces, violently suggesting the colors of invisible bottles, floated in an alcoholic wrath before the girls' eyes.  
 Fred began to apologize, saying they had been detained by business. He winked at the girls as he explained that the business was "a very exciting game of poker moving so fast that you had to stay in in order to get out."  
 "Larry, if you've been playing poker and losing any more money—" Byrd began, and then stopped. Larry was scowling at her darkly. Tiny lit on Fred and Mary was scolding Jack. The air was filled with wrangling. A seething of cross-currents.  
 "You've mortgaged everything we own, including our life insurance," wailed Margy.  
 She always managed to say in public what she didn't have the nerve to say to Jack in private. Cold fury gleamed in his eyes.  
 "You've pulled something, all right," said India to Larry, brightly. "We've been sitting around

like a prayer meeting for two hours."  
 "You're about as sober as the Queen of Sheba! Look at this bottle!" Larry shook the bottle in India's face.  
 "And eaten up everything, too!" snarled Fred.  
 "You bet we have!" shrieked Tiny. "We drank up all the canapés and ate up all the cocktails. Did it on purpose!" she giggled wildly, at her own joke.  
 "By hickety, it's time some one taught Larry some company manners!"  
 Shafts of red-hot fury shot, flame-like, from India's eyes.  
 "Fred, do something," implored Byrd, catching him by the sleeve of his coat. "Get her into the bedroom and throw water into her face."  
 Chet was the only man in the group who took in the gravity of the situation. He took India firmly by the hand and led her to the room, but with an agility which seemed a part of her tortuous grace, she wrenched herself free from his grasp.  
 Larry saw the fixed look in India's eyes, and stood spellbound, holding a glass in his hand. He seemed powerless to prevent a thing which he knew, with the certainty of predestination, was moving with inevitable sureness to a catastrophic end. With a smile in which faint mockery and insolent derision struggled for expression, India seized the glass from his hand and threw it wildly against the wall. It struck the oil painting.  
 The room was filled with the deafening crash of glass.  
 Faint, shattering sounds seemed to continue to ripple through the air like the little circles in a pool of water suddenly become audible. A well seemed to drop from the scene, leaving everything looking tawdry and garish, coarse and vulgar. Byrd felt apart from it all.  
 "Let's get started, fellows!" said Chet, soberly. "Let's chase out and have dinner without dressing."  
 Byrd drove out with Larry. She was convinced that he must finally be cured of his crazy obsession over India. This surely had opened his eyes.  
 The Meadowbrook club was located on the outskirts of the city on the shore of the lake. The June night was fragrant with the tang of growing things. A golden curve of moon, like a blond eyebrow, hovered in the sky. Larry uttered not a word, but stared blackly along the road ahead.

Byrd had never seen him shaken with such fury. India had stirred him to the very depths.  
 The great, dark bulk of elabourous was outlined against the midnight blue of the sky, like some enormous prehistoric animal. It was dark in front; only the bright door sent ten square feet of light catapulting out into the soft, black night.  
 During moments of strain, the mind is uncannily aware of the minutest things. Byrd's mind was caught by the trivial noises and movements of the night. Sometimes a shadow moved against a dressing room blind above, gave way to another shadow, an indefinite procession of shadows, playing a pantomime, rousing, powdering, prinking before an invisible mirror.  
 She hummed along with the orchestra as the syncopated notes skyrocketed out to them like drops of animated color, painted on the drop curtain of the night. Suddenly, while she was singing, Larry buried his face in her shoulder.  
 "How can you love such a rotter as I am?" Byrd trembled to his touch, but his breath was heavy with the fumes of a long session with King Alcohol. "Listen, let's ditch the rest of them and chase back to the apartment. Just you and I!"  
 "We couldn't do that, Larry! This is our dinner party. It would be awful!" remonstrated Byrd, bewildered at this sudden strange outburst.  
 He slumped back into his seat in a dejected heap.  
 "What's the matter, Larry?" asked Byrd, fearfully.  
 "I'm sorry I spoiled the party," he said, "but I stayed on playing poker, trying to win back what I had lost."  
 A cake of ice seemed to be sliding up and down Byrd's backbone. Finally everybody had arrived, and they went up the wide, color-

ful stairs to the second floor. A waiter pointed out their room. In spite of the new dresses of India and Tiny, the little gifts of silver pencils for the girls and tiny silver combinations of corkscrew and bottle openers for the men, the party had gone flat. Flat as yesterday's pancake!  
 Everybody sat down. In spite of the arrangement of the place cards, Jack had taken the chair next to hers.  
 "Well, I'll say this for the gang," said Fred, laughingly, "we always manage to pull something every time we get together. Here's to ourselves, and mahy of 'em!" Jack leaned toward Byrd, and slyly covered the kiss he placed behind her ear.  
 "Fred's the real run-ner!" remarked Larry. "This'll make us forget the recent unpleasantness."  
 "Oh, will it?" shrilled India, starting to rise uncertainly from her chair at the further end of the table. But Chet pulled her sharply back into it.  
 "If you don't snap out of it, India," he threatened, "I'll take you home this minute. I mean it!"  
 "Just try it!" India's black eyes glowed as if tiny coals of fire were leaping and prancing in them. They mocked him, dared him. Chet drew his lips into a line which showed no joining.  
 India rose again, like an imp.  
 "You ought to be spanked!" Chet's anger was rising. "Sit down, I said!"  
 "I won't!" India almost spat out the words.  
 Chet took her arm with vice-like fingers, making a deep indentation. With a motion so deft that only one defter could intercept it, he raised her other hand to strike; but Chet had caught her wrist before it dropped. Then India collapsed. Without further resistance, he ushered her from the room, and a few minutes later they heard a car drive away.

A pall hung over the room. Tiny shrieked out with sudden uncontrollable laughter. This was what liquor did to you, thought Byrd, bitterly, while she was conscious that Jack's knee was pressing hers with suggestive insistence. A strange nausea gripped her. Her brain was reeling. She made a resolution. She would never touch it again. Never!  
 She motioned Margy, and they went to the dressing room together. She told Margy that she was feeling ill, and that she couldn't go to Fred's, as they had planned for the rest of the evening. Margy was to tell Larry and the others that she had gone home.  
 Byrd seized her evening coat and hurried out to their car. As she started the car, a hard hand was laid over hers on the wheel. (To be continued.)  
 Corn-meal mush will brown very quickly when fried, if a little sugar is put in the water while boiling.

**Holiday Guests Are Numerous**  
 SILVERTON, Ore., Nov. 29.—(Special)—Among the out of town guests who are spending Thanksgiving here are Mr. and Mrs. Henry DeGure of De Lake who are guests at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Theodore Grace; Mrs. Jerry Nowlin of Portland and Miss Jennie Ross of Salem at the L. L. Haller home; Rubeen Jensen of Astoria who is a guest of his mother, Mrs. Anna K. Jensen; Miss Nettie and Miss Agnes Hattberg of Corvallis who are guests of their parents, Mr. and Mrs. O. Hattberg; Edgar Wrightman of Portland, a guest of his mother, Mrs. Helen Wrightman; Miss Eleanor Jane Ballentine, Miss Berntha, Miss Nina, and Miss Dean Alin all of Eugene, who will be guests of their parents.

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STARTS AGAIN THIS MORNING WITH PLENTY NEW SPARKLING BARGAINS FOR EVERY MEMBER OF THE FAMILY. MEN'S, LADIES' AND CHILDREN'S SWEATERS, BLAZERS AND RAINCOATS SPECIALLY FEATURED TODAY—NEW COATS AND DRESSES FOR LADIES AND MISSES—ALL UNDER PRICED.

Men and Young Men Here's Your Chance!  
 New Suits and Overcoats at Close Out Prices



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EVERY SUIT, EVERY O'COAT DOOMED TO GO. WE ARE QUITTING THE MEN'S CLOTHING BUSINESS, AND HAVE NOW PRICED THIS NEW STOCK TO MOVE IT QUICK. ALL THE POPULAR STYLES AND MATERIALS. COLORS OF BLUE, GRAY, BROWN, ETC. WORTH \$25.00. COME TAKE YOUR PICK OF ANY SUIT, ANY O'COAT OF THIS BIG LOT, FOR ONLY—

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 All Wool, fast colors, blue serge and novelty tweeds, cassimeres, new patterns. Stripes and checks. Plenty of good greys, browns and mixtures. We want you to see these suits. Try them on. Feel the good quality. Examine them. Be your own judge.

Close Out Sale Price **\$20.95** Values To \$30.00

**SUITS** Plenty of two pants suits here  
 New 1928 Fall and Winter Suits. Extra fine Twists, Cassimeres, Tweeds, Worsteds, etc. Blues, greys, browns, tans and fancy patterns. Finished with the best of linings, hair cloth, linen and buttons. If you miss this opportunity you loose money.

Close Out Sale Price **\$24.45** Values To \$35.00

**FRIDAY ONLY MONDAY ONLY SATURDAY ONLY**

**RAYON SILK UNDIES** \$1.50 Value Rayon Silk Teddies, Vests, Bloomers and Step-ins, extra quality, popular shades and styles, all to go Friday morning for only, each **79c**

**50c RAYON SILK HOSE** Monday morning as a door opening special we will sell to the first 50 customers, a 50c pair of Rayon Silk Hose All New Shades For only **19c**

**36-in. PERCALES** Starting at 9 a.m. Saturday morning, about 700 yards of new patterns in 17 1/2 value percales. We will sell 10 yds. to customer 11c only, the yard **11c**

**GENUINE HORSE HIDE COATS**

These Horsehide Leather Coats are 32 inches long, blanket or Corduroy lined, colors are light or black. The black coat is from quarter horse hide leather tanned very soft and pliable. These coats are thoroughly weatherproof. Worth \$15.00, for only

# \$10.48



**A PERFECT EXAMPLE OF VALUE AT ITS BEST**

Here is a rare opportunity for the judicious spending of your money. These Rayon silk panties are striking values, better than this store has ever had before. These Panties are not the regular grade generally found at sales, but real honest-to-goodness 90c values.

**RAYON PANTIES**

# 49c



# Bloch's Golden Rule Store

220-226 Liberty Street Salem, Oregon

## G. W. JOHNSON & CO.

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 A High Grade line of Caps. New styles, and cloths. Worth \$2.50. Now **\$1.69**

When we tell you in this advertisement that we have never sold clothing or furnishing goods before that compared with these special sale prices you will realize we have something exceptional to offer. Here are a few items you should take advantage of—

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 Regular \$5.00 Line Leading Line All new styles, now **\$3.45**

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Overcoats Worth \$25 **\$18.45**

SUITS Worth \$25 **\$19.75**

SUITS Worth \$30 **\$21.85**



**MEN'S UNION SUITS**  
 A lot of light grey mixed Unions, Derby ribbed, silk finished edge. Worth \$1.75 Now **\$1.19**

**G. W. JOHNSON & CO.**  
 MEN'S CLOTHING AND FURNISHINGS  
 469 State Street, Salem, Oregon

**MEN'S DRESS HOSE**  
 A lot of Rayon Silk Hose in fancy designs extremely nice quality. Worth 75c Now **49c**