

SOCIETY

Leslie Methodist church was prettily decorated with ferns and flowers on the evening of Friday, March seventh, when the Junior League gave their delightful entertainment.

Introducing the program were two little maidens in Japanese costumes.

The numbers presented were: Sunbeam Song Juniors Reading Miss Ruby Harek Quartet Senior League Reading, "Mary's Lamb (Revised)" Ruth Hazelton Solo Miss Nellie McIntire Exercise Christian Graces Reading Elsie Pecora Chinese Solo Mr. Chu Violin and Cornet Trio. Mrs. Grace Dane, Miss Glee Alford and Max Alford.

Presiding at the organ was Miss Adelaide Schreiber. A very large audience enjoyed the program and refreshments following. Tea and cakes were served by Japanese maidens; coffee, omelet and cake by American girls.

Social Clubs

The bridge club met with Mrs. John Jay Roberts Tuesday afternoon. Mrs. Harry E. Clay captured the lovely high score prize. Guests besides the club members were Mrs. W. Melvino Plimpton, Mrs. Thomas C. Smith, Jr., and Mrs. H. O. Schucking. Mrs. Plimpton assisted.

Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Pettyjohn entertained the members of Cherry City club and few guests besides, last Wednesday evening in their home, 154 North Fourteenth.

Daffodils and English Ivy were used in decorating. Mr. and Mrs. Homer Smith captured high score prizes. Mrs. J. B. Craig assisted the hostess, and additional guests were Mr. and Mrs. Smith, Mr. and Mrs. A. I. Eoff, Mr. and Mrs. L. D. Pettyjohn.

Mrs. Edward Hartley entertained the Kennington Tea club Tuesday afternoon. Daffodils and violets graced the rooms with beauty and fragrance. Mrs. Robert Downing assisted and additional guests of the club were Mrs. E. C. Cross, Mrs. Frank Spencer, Mrs. Ralph Watson, Mrs. H. J. Clements and Mrs. J. R. Goldstein.

On Friday evening of last week Miss Emmons entertained for the Teutonia Verein in her home, 658 Center street. The German program was arranged to honor Wagner.

Fraulein Kuntz gave a piano solo, which was followed by "Das Leben Wagner's," Herr Gerhart; "Seine Freunde," Fraulein Lulu Heist; "Die Urstränge seiner Aepfen," Herr Hepp; "Seine Opern," Fran Walah.

The next meeting will be held on the evening of Friday, March twenty-first.

Mrs. C. C. Best was hostess for the Pringle and Pleasant Valley club on the afternoon of March sixth. For entertainment, Mr. and Mrs. C. C. Best and Mr. J. Best gave selections on mandoline and guitar, and also with the piano player. Members exchange recipes and flower seeds. Refreshments were served, and assisting the hostess were Miss Lizzie Best, a sister-in-law, and Mrs. J. Best.

Members enjoying the afternoon were: Mrs. C. C. Steingrub, Mrs. Loyd Wilson, Mrs. J. N. Robertson, Mrs. William Rollins, Mrs. Edward Gil. Ingham, Mrs. William Grabenhorst, Mrs. L. Potter, Mrs. William Clark, Mrs. J. Best, Mrs. E. S. Coates, Mrs. Charles Cannon, Miss Genevieve Potter, Miss Laura Yates, Miss Edna Cannon and Miss Grace Robertson. Additional guests were Mr. Starr and Miss Lizzie Best from Salem. Mrs. William Clark will entertain for the

next meeting, which will be on March twentieth.

Mrs. Daisy McIntire entertained the members Silver Thimble club, 1705 South Commercial street.

The club is sewing for a bazaar and the meetings are always enjoyable. Mrs. F. L. Culver assisted the hostess with serving a lovely luncheon for the workers, who were: Mrs. Anna Atcheson, Mrs. Elsie Mallock, Mrs. Annie Burnhardt, Mrs. Effie King, Mrs. D. D. Olmstead, Mrs. Lillian M. Hurd, Mrs. Edna Fandrick, Mrs. Bertha Radloff, Mrs. St. Helens and Mrs. Clara Hansen.

Personals

Mrs. E. E. Waters, who has been in Pasadena, California, for the winter, is motoring to Riverside with friends next week, and expects to return home about the last of this month.

Mr. and Mrs. Andrew Hofer left Salem about two weeks ago for a trip to California. From Pasadena they motored to Santa Monica, where they visited the George Schreibers in their new home.

Mrs. C. C. Chapman of Portland passed Wednesday in Salem as guest of Mrs. P. P. Talkington.

Mrs. O. P. Hoff is entertaining her mother, Mrs. Mary G. Parsons, of Portland, who will be a guest for several months.

The Edward Hartleys are moving into their new home, 917 Court street, about the eighth of April. Extensive improvements will be made and eventually the house will be removed to make room for a handsome, modern home.

Mr. and Mrs. L. A. Westcott were guests of Mrs. Strong and Mr. and Mrs. Frederic Thielson for a few days this week.

Mr. and Mrs. Milton Meyers are expecting to leave for San Francisco this evening, where they will join Mr. and Mrs. Henry Meyers. The brothers have made appointment to meet representatives from European and New York houses and will decide upon their Christmas goods.

Miss Catherine Carson, who is a member of the Junior class in University of Oregon, was chosen manager of the first woman's glee club concert. The entertainment was given last evening. Miss Carson rehearsed for a solo part in the ensemble numbers and was also a leading character in the playette presented. She is a Gamma Phi Beta sorority girl and popular in university circles.

Mrs. M. J. Washburn of Seattle is the guest of Mrs. C. P. Bishop.

Leaving today, Mrs. O. P. Hoff, accompanied by Miss Mildred West and Miss Edith Lawrence, Willamette students, will enjoy a week-end visit in Corvallis.

Norlyn Hoff and Keith Ferguson were in Salem last week gathering advertisements and taking photographs for the "Orange" annual of Oregon Agricultural College.

Mrs. Halbe Parrish Hines, Salem popular soprano, has been secured as an added attraction for the celebration today.

Mrs. William Kerran of Portland is the guest of her sister, Mrs. R. E. Lee Steiner. Mrs. Kerran is expecting to return home tomorrow.

Salem Woman's Club Notes

Members of the drama class are issuing invitations for March twentieth, when the afternoon will be devoted to "Peer Gynt."

A program has been arranged for this occasion. Mrs. Fish will read a setting for the music; Mrs. Myrtle Long-Mendenhall will give two vocal numbers, the "Cradle Song" and "Sunshine Song"; Miss Joy Turner, a violin solo, "Anitra's Dance"; Miss Priscilla Fleming will give a fancy dance; Miss Mabel Smith and Miss Luene Moreland will play in duet a "Peer Gynt" suite, "Ase's Death," "Hall of the Mountain King," and "Morning's Mood." These are three of Grieg's good numbers.

The library building auditorium will be decorated for this event and tea will be served.

It is a plan of the club to make the affair very attractive.

At the regular meeting last Saturday afternoon, Doctor McLachlan of Portland read a most interesting paper on the subject of Eugenics, and illustrated with a chart the many possibilities and danger signals resulting from ignorance or carelessness. A rising vote of thanks was given the doctor for her very entertaining talk.

The committee on arrangements has secured the services of an operator from Eller's in Portland who will bring the choicest records and present on the Grafonia, two operas which will be sung in Portland by the Chicago Opera company.

Completed records will be given of the very best music in "Lucia de Lammermoor" and "The Tales of Hoffman."

This entertainment will precede opera duets enabling those who intend to hear the music to familiarize themselves with the libretto and score. To defray expenses, a very small admission will be asked and the exact date for the Grafonia recital will be announced later.

MUSICAL NOTES

One of the pleasantest recitals of the season was given Friday evening in Mr. Hull's studio, when Mrs. Percy A. Cupper appeared in recital before some thirty guests. The studio was seasonably decorated with daffodils, and Mrs. Cupper was the recipient, at the close of her first group of songs, of a beautiful bunch of yellow and crimson tulips.

The program was as follows: 1—The Hour Charles Willeby 2—Five Miniature Ballads William Hurlstone 3—On Phelua River Woodforde-Flinden 4—Ashes, Mrs. Cupper Soubanna, Mr. Hall.

All of the songs were new and were admirably calculated to display the range and quality of the singer's voice. Every tone from the low a-flat in the first number to the high C in the last duet, was clear, vibrant and sympathetic.

In self-command and volume of tone she had greatly increased since her last recital appearance. At the close of her first cycle she was compelled to respond to encore.

Especially lovely were the numbers in the last song cycle. Perhaps most pleasing of all was the last duet of the series.

Mr. Hull played the accompaniment with rare sympathy and has seldom appeared to better advantage than in the two solos which fell to his part, in the last number. Announcement was made at the close of the program of an evening to be devoted to the music of Grieg on the twenty-eighth of this month.

Salem Heights Happenings

Last Monday evening, at their hall, the Boy Scouts were pleasantly surprised by the young ladies. The evening was passed very merrily with games. Refreshments rounded out the affair. Everybody enjoyed a pleasant evening, and the young ladies were invited to call again.

Mrs. Fred Thompson is quite sick. The Ladies' Aid met at the home of Mrs. Campbell Friday afternoon. A splendid time was reported.

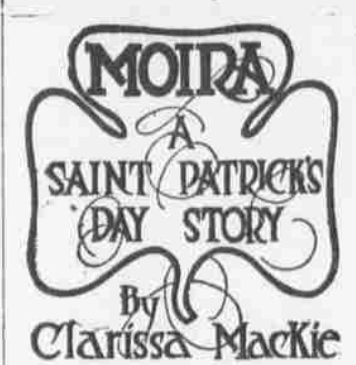
Mrs. Johnson and daughter, and Mrs. Peary's sister, are visiting with Mrs. F. A. Peary over Sunday. Mrs. Johnson is Harry Ballie's mother.

The members of the Topsy Turvy cast certainly did themselves proud Friday evening. The play, although an old-timer, has a nice little plot and is well sprinkled with comedy. Every member of the cast was especially adapted to the part played, and it would be hard to pick a "star." A good-sized crowd enjoyed the play, and the music was furnished by the Salem Heights orchestra. The receipts were \$28.

A Powerful Prayer

London, March 15.—Brought out of a delirium which bordered on death, apparently through the prayers of Right Rev. Arthur Peleyn Winyngton Ingram bishop of London, Mary Ross, aged 19, a beautiful London girl, is recovering today.

Before her delirium the girl requested relatives to ask the bishop to pray that her death would be halted. The bishop came to the house and after a few prayers and an oil anointment of the girl, she rapidly became rational.



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MICHAEL DOLAN stood in the doorway of his grocery store and watched the solitary pedestrian on the opposite sidewalk.

"Pretty, pretty," crooned Michael approvingly, "but only a week out of Ulster county, Ireland, or I'll eat me hat!"

The girl was looking anxiously at the numbers over the house doors. Suddenly she dropped her queer looking carpetbag and ran up the steps of a vacant house to stare in at the unshuttered windows. Presently she came away, and then she saw Michael standing in the doorway. Picking up her carpetbag, she crossed the street and laid the bag at his feet.

She was undeniably pretty, with the loveliness that only comes out of Ireland. Black lashed green eyes and hair of a tawny silken texture would make her conspicuous among dozens of black haired beauties, but her complexion was roses and cream, and her mouth was dimpled and her nose adorable.

"I'm looking for Mrs. Slattery," she said in a soft, rich voice. "The number's all right, but she don't be living there now, I'm thinking."

Michael frowned. He distinctly remembered Mrs. Slattery, who had moved away owing him a small bill.

"I don't know where she's gone," he replied. "I might find out if you'll come inside and wait. I'll take your bag. Begorra, but it's a load!"

"It is heavy," admitted the girl as she followed him into the store. "Joe, you go around and see if you can find where the Slatterys have gone," ordered Michael, and the boy darted away. "You'll be having a chair by the stove?" he asked.

"Thank you," said the girl shyly. "Shure, and I'm making you a lot of trouble."

"None whatever," protested Michael, leaning against the counter. "The green and gold of old Ireland commands me services at any time," he ended elegantly.

A swift flush deepened the girl's rare color. She smiled and displayed marvellous teeth.

"Of course I know I'm green looking," she admitted, "but it's beyond me to tell how you can see the Irish flag through me carpetbag," she laughed deliciously.

Michael was confused. He could not explain that he had instantly compared the green of her eyes and the gold of her wonderful hair to the colors of the Irish flag.

"You just come in on the boat?" he asked hurriedly.

She nodded. "Yesterday, I was to room at Mrs. Slattery's."

"You going out to homework?" asked Michael.

"No, I'm going to mend lace in one of the big stores," she responded, looking past him into the street.

"Oh?" gasped Michael. This girl was not of the sort he had suspected. She had been educated at home and after a few months in the big city would undoubtedly have found a niche far above Dolan's corner grocery.

He watched her covertly while he waited upon the customers that straggled in. She sat there, gazing dreamily out into the dingy street.

To Michael Dolan she typified the country that he loved so loyally—beau-



MOIRA EGAN.

tiful Ireland, waiting for the news that would awaken her to new life, that would turn her feet into other paths—paths that led up and away from corner groceries and Michael Dolans and—Michael's thoughts became chaotic here. All he realized was that at last he had fallen madly in love with a strange girl, who would presently go out of his sight forever. His trembling hands spilled sugar over the floor.

"I wish Joe would never find them Slatterys," was Michael's wicked wish. Instantly he was scared, for in dazed Joe, putting

"Back to the old sod!" he announced Michael stired.

A Mysterious Case

Los Angeles, Cal., March 15.—Detectives are trying today to clear up the mystery surrounding the identity of the person who summoned an undertaker to take charge of the body of

"You mane they've called?" he demanded.

"Shure—yesterday." "Oh, oh!" The girl had risen and was staring in a frightened way at Michael Dolan. "Whatever will I do? I don't know a soul here, and I'm afraid!"

The last customer had gone. The street was quite dark. The 6 o'clock whistles were blaring noisily.

"You can't go out tonight," declared Michael firmly. "Now, me mother lives upstairs, and she'll be glad of your help for a night's lodging. Tomorrow you can start out and look for a place if you want to."

"Oh, thank you!" cried the girl faintly as Michael picked up her bag and opened a door in the rear of the little store.

She followed him up a flight of stairs to a tenement over the store. A handsome black eyed old woman who looked strangely like young Michael opened a door hastily.

Michael led the way into a neat kitchen.

"Make us acquainted, Mike," commanded Mrs. Dolan, her arms akimbo.

Michael looked helplessly at the girl. "My name is Moira Egan," she said, smiling shakily at Mrs. Dolan. And while Michael told her story the tears quite brimmed over the green eyes.

"Wurra, wurra!" ejaculated Mrs. Dolan, holding out her arms to the forlorn little immigrant. "Go down about

the trouble with the average Irishman, who seems bent at first on spending his old days in his native country, is that when he looks around and figures out that there are more of his old friends right in his own neighborhood or in his own city than he could possibly find in the old country he has a change of mind and decides to remain at home.

Those who have watched the effects of the "back to Ireland" movement declare that it is more apt to take a firm root in an old bachelor than in any one else. In fact, one authority declares that there are more elderly unmarried men returning to Ireland to spend their declining years than any other class.



AS CAPTAIN MICHAEL DOLAN MARCHED PAST.

yer business, Mike. Moira an' me has plenty to do gettin' ready for the St. Patrick's banquet tomorrow."

"Moira and me—Moira and her!" murmured Michael dizzily as he closed up the store.

"I'll wake up tomorrow," he assured himself while he ate his supper, with Moira sitting opposite.

Mrs. Dolan was as deeply in love with the girl as was her son. "I always wished for a girl," she crooned in Moira's ear as they undressed in the tiny bedroom.

"Your son must be a comfort to you, he is so kind," said Moira.

Mrs. Dolan wagged her head. "That he is," she cried warmly; "never a better son. But me arms long to hold a girl. I'm wishful for Mike to marry."

"Then you'd be happy?" laughed Moira softly.

Mrs. Dolan looked keenly at her. Her face softened magically.

"I'm like all the Dolans," she said bluntly. "We're slow to get what's comin' to us, but when we see it we grab hold of it. Whist!" She smiled with sudden secretiveness and, blowing out the light, lay down beside the girl. When they slept the girl's hand was held in the wrinkled grasp of the old woman.

The morning of St. Patrick's was a busy one at Dolans'. There was to be a big parade in the afternoon, followed by a banquet, and Michael was to march. Mrs. Dolan and Moira flew around all the morning preparing good things for the banquet, which was to be held at Flaherty's hall.

In the afternoon Moira and Mike's mother stood hand in hand and cheered shrilly as Captain Michael Dolan marched past with the gallant Sixty-ninth.

After the banquet there was a ball, and Michael and Moira danced together, while Mrs. Dolan watched them with tearfully happy eyes.

They came the next day, when Moira sadly took her bag and took her leave of the Dolans.

"I've had a happy time indeed," she quavered.

Suddenly Mrs. Dolan's apron flew up to her eyes.

"Wurra, wurra!" she moaned. "An' I always wanted a girl, an' she's gone away from me!"

Michael's eyes met Moira's green ones across the bowed shoulders of the old woman.

An unspoken question was asked and answered, and then both the women were cloaked in Michael's strong arms.

"She's to be my girl—and yours, mother o' mine!" cried Michael dizzily, and when Moira protested at the brevity of her acquaintance mother and son argued in unison.

"So long as we love each other, darlin', time don't count," said Michael.

"Love ain't measured by years or hours. It comes like a breath—whist—an' if ye has it, why, your life will be all gold." Mrs. Dolan nodded her head sagely.

"All gold and green," finished Michael as he kissed Moira's green eyes.



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IF the promoters of the "back to Ireland" movement ever pictured to themselves the overcrowding of the steamships by young Irish men and women eager to return and establish a permanent home in the land of their birth they are surely doomed to disappointment. If they thought, however, they were creating sentiment for the home going of old folks bent on spending their last days on "the old sod" they are likely to see their thoughts fulfilled—that is, if only a few of the hundreds of Irishmen who are today declaring that they will make their home in Ireland before they die carry out their determination.

But the trouble with the average Irishman, who seems bent at first on spending his old days in his native country, is that when he looks around and figures out that there are more of his old friends right in his own neighborhood or in his own city than he could possibly find in the old country he has a change of mind and decides to remain at home.

Those who have watched the effects of the "back to Ireland" movement declare that it is more apt to take a firm root in an old bachelor than in any one else. In fact, one authority declares that there are more elderly unmarried men returning to Ireland to spend their declining years than any other class.

The average Irishman is willing, and with good reason, to concede that Ireland is a far better country to live in nowadays than it ever was before. He is also willing to admit that it is daily becoming more and more prosperous.

Optimistic followers of St. Patrick declare that the day is not far off when emigration from the "old sod" will be confined entirely to prosperous Irish travelers on pleasure bent. But this same average Irishman will tell you that until emigration from Ireland does stop entirely there will be no great rush upon the part of prosperous Irishmen in this country to go back and take chances on making a living even with the scores of new industries which are starting in Erin.

It is a fact that there are scores of rich Irishmen in America who have their agents on the watch continually in Ireland for good land values. As a result many famous castles and estates are falling into the hands of Irish Americans.

Only recently an Irishman who owns three restaurants in New York city received word from his father that he was to be ejected from his home because he could not pay the rent. Up to this time the New York Irishman had not known that his father's finances had become so poor.

The son sent a goodly sum of money to the father, and a few months later the father found the son his landlord. For no reason did the son bear of the attempt to eject his father from his home than he made immediate preparations for a trip abroad. And not only did the son buy the home from which they had threatened to evict his father, but he bought the whole town outright as well as the old castle adjoining it. The son now intends to take up his home in the castle during the summer months and eventually to make his home there permanently.

Since his purchase of the town he has discovered vast water power possibilities which in time are likely to build another fortune for him, for he now proposes to establish industries in his town and to operate them with the power which he is to have generated.

True, the movement to revive the Gaelic language has done much to encourage the "back to Ireland" movement, but possibly no one does as much real good as the young Irishman who, having prospered on native soil, comes for a visit to his Irish American cousin.

Only recently a young organist from Belfast came to America on a visit. His clothes were cut in the latest English fashion. His friends believed that they were going to meet a poor, struggling musician who had saved a few shillings a week out of his two pound salary. Instead they met a young man dressed in the height of English fashion and with an income, between his work as organist and teacher of music, of nearly \$100 a week.

Another instance is related of a young man from Ireland on a visit to New York city. His American cousin took him to a vaudeville performance. The young Irishman did not enthrall very much, and the American did not understand until he found that most of the acts on the bill had played the Irish circuit.

Still another Irish cousin promised to take his American relatives for an automobile ride from one end of Ireland to another.

"For," he explained, "we have a system of good roads in Ireland which cannot be beat in the whole world."

And persons who have been in Ireland recently declare that he is right.

But despite these favorable things it is a safe conclusion that Ireland will have to recruit its workers from the growing generation and those of the present who are still there rather than from those who are influenced here by the "back to Ireland" movement.

It was stated that she accidentally had taken an overdose of headache powders. She said she was unable to throw any light on the affair.

A woman judges a letter by the length of the postscript.

TO REDUCE RATES TO KINGWOOD PARK

The P. E. & E. Announces a Five-Cent Fare to Kingwood and West Salem.

An official announcement will be made Saturday afternoon by the representatives of the Portland, Eugene & Eastern company to the effect that its former passenger rate of 15 cents from Kingwood Park to this city will be reduced to five cents, the alteration to take place immediately.

In compiling the rate schedule, the company made an error by inserting a fifteen-cent fare from the station located at Kingwood Park to the intersection of Commercial and Union streets. This matter has been officially re-arranged and hereafter passengers will be carried across the Willamette river at this point for the popular street railway fare of five cents. This reduction means much to the citizens of West Salem and bids fair to develop West Salem and Kingwood Park into a town of no small importance in the near future.

It has also been announced that the promoters of Kingwood Park are making the necessary legal arrangements to incorporate the property into a city. It is the intention of this corporation to qualify as a corporation and conduct same on the usual plan prescribed by statute. It now has a public water system, electric lights and other matters pertaining to the upbuilding of the proposed town will be carried along as speedily as possible.

It is probable that West Salem, an unincorporated town immediately west of the new bridge, will be included in the proposed new city.

You judge a man not by what he promises to do, but by what he has done. That is the only true test. Chamberlain's Cough Remedy judged by this standard has no superior. People everywhere speak of it in the highest terms of praise. For sale by all dealers.

Journal Want Ads. Bring Results.

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Successor to Dr. Kum, the greatest Chinese Expert Herlist.

Established 1887.

Call and talk with those who are using the Herbs, and they will tell you that they are being benefitted. Others will tell you of the remarkable cures made by the use of Chinese Herbs. They are Nature's remedies for all stomach, spleen, liver, lung, heart, bladder, intestinal and kidney trouble, for asthma, catarrh, rheumatism, indigestion, constipation, purifying the blood, lumbago, coughs, colds, appendicitis, female trouble, Bright's disease and all disorders of the human system, sold by the Bow Wo Herb Co., 167 S. High street.



All patent medicines or medicine advertised in this paper is for sale at

DR. STONE'S Drug Store

A large supply of TRUSSES, which he makes a specialty of fitting to all persons from the youngest babe to the oldest man or woman needing such appliances. The "HONEST JOHN" is his favorite truss, believing it the best, most satisfactory, and lasting longer than any other truss.

Relief for Bowel Trouble

Here is a laxative—not a purgative—but a pleasant, easy-to-take tablet that tastes just like candy, that children like, that is ideal for invalids and aged persons. We guarantee it not to cost you a penny if it does not satisfy you. Don't doubt or hesitate—make us prove it.

Consult Your Doctor

We believe your doctor will tell you that about 95 per cent of all human ills are indirectly caused by unclean and constipated bowels. You know the first question the doctor asks when you consult him is, "Are your bowels regular?"

When your bowels are not naturally exercised such as they would be if you took a good brisk walk of six or seven miles a day out in the open, they require artificial exercise and a corrective tonic that will soothe and strengthen while regulating the bowels to natural action.

Free If It Fails

We have so much faith in Rexall Orderlies as the safest, most dependable, easiest-to-take, quietest acting and most thoroughly good remedy for bowel trouble, that we offer them with our positive guarantee that if they do not satisfy for any reason whatever, we will hand back the money you paid for them.

Don't doubt or hesitate. Make us prove our claims. Come and get a box of Rexall Orderlies today.