OREGON COUNTIES SCORED FOR LAXITY IN FOREST BLAZES

(Associated Press Leased Wire)

PORTLAND, Ore., Feb. 6.—F. H. Brundage, assistant district forester in charge of fire control, who returned today from a trip through southern Oregon, scored residents of southern counties because of laxity in preventing many forest fires in the Crater, Siskiyou and Umpqua forests.

Though the season was unusually dry and the forestry department issued many orders against use of fire, Brundage said that during his inspection trip he found where many ranchers continued to burn brush and slashings and in several cases forest fires were started in this fashion.

Because the normal fire season is over by the end of September, Brundage said the forestry service was put to $25,000 expenses in returning lookouts and rangers to the district.

"Along the Roosevelt highway I found rich undergrowth destroyed and in many places the timber was fire killed," Brundage said. "These areas were originally set aside by the forest service and the state highway commission because of their beauty, but as long as residents fail to recognize the danger of fire, the country will continue to lose beauty."

A Kiss for Corinna

By MAY CHRISTIE

WHAT HAS GONE BEFORE

Denise Van Wyck, bored with the life of a debutante, and Corinna Dugan, beauty parlor operator, are both in love with Malvey Craig, a clerk in the employ of Denise's uncle, Mr. Crisswell. However, only the lack of enough money prevents Malvey from asking Corinna to marry him. And although Corinna knows that he is in love with her she cannot help being jealous of Denise, who is pursuing Malvey. And realizing that Malvey undoubtedly prefers Corinna to herself, Denise resolves to get her uncle to help her. As luck would have it, Malvey is sent to the Crisswell residence on important business, and while waiting for him to arrive his niece wheedles a large check from Mr. Crisswell.

NOW GO ON WITH THE STORY

CHAPTER 35.

Denise slipped out of her uncle's library. She held tightly in her hand his check for $500.

The old man was dozing in his chair. It was quarter of two. In little more than half an hour, Malvey was due to arrive.

She didn't intend that he should take her by surprise. She wanted to look her loveliest for him. So she must get some 'action' . . .

She went swiftly up to her beautiful bedroom that was done in a delicate Nile-green color, and, before proceeding to her toilette, hid away that check for $500.

Two hundred dollars would have to go on account to Madame Delages, her insistent modiste, to keep her silent. Then she'd settle that bridge debt of $175.

She'd had rotten luck at cards of late! Odd, wasn't it? She simply couldn't keep her mind on the game—and the girls had kidded her about it.

"Unlucky at cards, lucky in love!" Denise hoped the old saw would come true in her own case.

She went to her closet. Out of the long array on the hangers, which dress?

The scarlet sports-suit?

"Too flamboyant! Makes me too much of the pert flapper," Denise said to herself.

The black and gold Chenult model?

"No. That makes me too old."

The orchid chiffon with the drape at the back?

Too sophisticated!

She selected finally a little hand-made sports dress in a soft lemon shade. Madame Delages had had the nerve to charge her $80 for this simple frock, but it was cunningly devised, with a little lavender patent-leather belt that gave a smart air to the garment. There was a touch of lavender embroidery on the pockets, too, that was quite French . . . Denise fancied herself in this Spring-like toilette.

Mortimer had presented her with a bunch of Parma violets yesterday, as a sort of a peace offering. They were in a vase now on her bureau. She would wear them.

Denise discarded her biege jumper frock of brushed wool, flung a wrap about her and seated herself at her dressing table.

She pinned her hair back from her face and plunged her fingers in cold cream—better tone down this too noticeable makeup! The merest touch of rouge would do—high on the cheek-bones as though she were girlishly flushing.

She smeared the cold cream lavishly on her pretty features, wiping it off repeatedly with soft tissues.

Then came a dabbing of astringent.

"Toinette, get me some ice." This to her maid, as Denise peered anxiously into the mirror.

Enlarged pores on her face certainly were not an improvement. They must be remedied.

"This darned drinking! It's ruination to one's looks! My skin looks terrible!"

Corinna Dugan's skin was smooth and creamy white, just like the petals of a gardenia.

Denise spent any amount of money in her beauty-parlor, and then would undo the good work by innumerable cocktail parties.

For Malvey's benefit—so that she would achieve radiant good looks for his delectation—she must cut out some of this speed, this constant drinking.

When one was crazy about anybody, one must sacrifice something . . .

Rather annoying!

Denise hated to relinquish "good times," which perforce included and involved innumerable high balls.

Toinette brought the ice, and there was a sarcastic look on the maid's rather homely face as she watched her young mistress "titivating".

"Ush! Ouch! It's cold!" Then sharply: "What the dickens are you standing there for, staring? I pay you $85 a month, and all you do is loaf. Get out fresh underthings for me, and be quick about it. No—not the peach set—nor the orchid! Just use your eyes—for once—and match the color of the dress I've laid out on the bed."

"Mademoiselle wants the yellow underthings?" Toinette paused by the open sachet-lined drawer of the bureau, looking sulky.

"Of course I do." Ouch! this ice against her face certainly was chilly.

Toinette, with careful fingers, set out the delicate lemon-tinted garments that were frail as flower petals.

Denise got up, holding the lump of ice wrapped in a towel. She went over to the chaise longue where her things had been placed, and gave an irritated exclamation.

"Not these, you fool! Tey're the chiffon underset for my new Lanvin dance dress, and quite unsuitable for a sports frock! Anyone but an idiot would know I meant the yellow silks with the violet in each corner! See! There!"

Toinette bent hastily forward and lifted out the required garments.

And as she did so, Denise, spitefully, albeit dexterously, thrust the lump of ice down the back of the maid's dress.

Toinette gave a hysterical scream, wiggling violently, so that the frozen mass slipped lower, lower down her back. . . .

Denise laughed delightedly. "That's waking you up—"

Toinette burst into tears of shock and nervousness.

* * *

The ice and the success of the trick she had played on her maid had brought a flush to Denise's cheeks, so that even the rouge seemed unnecessary.

She sat down in front of her triple mirror, feeling triumphant.

"I've no patience with fools." Toinette had exited, weeping.

Despite the flush, Denise put a touch of color high on her cheek-bones. Dry rouge it was—not the usual greasy adhesive concoction.

With a bit of cotton wool, she then dabbed over her nose and cheeks and chin a faintly pink liquid powder.

When it had dried came a fluff of the puff, and an application of a gluey mixture to her lashes . . .

This last took a little time, in that each lash must be separated by a pin, if the effect were to look natural.

Results justified her labor.

Next, with a little tube of lip salve, Denise accentuated the real curve of her mouth. Her lips were rather thin for beauty—"indicative of bad temper," someone had said.

That must be remedied. She worked artistically.

Then came a brushing of her golden hair—this was Toinette's duty. Confound the foolish woman, to have gone off weeping!

Where were the electric curling irons, so that the lank ends might be fixed into fascinating little ringlets?

Came the crunch of a footstep on the gravel underneath her window, and the soft whirring of the doorbell.

Denise caught her breath. She whispered, softly, radiantly: "Here comes Malvey!"

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To Be Continued.

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SUTHERLIN GRADE SCHOOL PROGRAM FRIDAY NIGHT

(News-Review Douglas County Special)

SUTHERLIN, Feb. 7.—The Sutherlin grade school will give its annual program Friday evening at the Community hall. A charge of 25 cents will be made for adults, but all grade school children will be admitted free. The money obtained will be used by the grades. The grade teachers, Miss Slater, Miss Bringe, Miss Cunningham and Mr. Hickenbottom, are in charge of the program, which is as follows:

Selection by the orchestra.
Minuet—First and second grades.
"Wishing"—Phyllis Manning and Verneta Fraser.
"Pussy Willows"—Elvira Wofford.
Drill—Red, White and Blue.
Selections by the orchestra.
Drill—Third grade.
Songs—Horse and Cock, Lass of Richmond Hill, Blackbird.
"George Washington" — Arlene Brown.
"Winter Song"—Estella Hartt.
"Washington"—Helen Allen.
Song—Beautiful Oregon Rose.
Selections—Rhythm Band.
Songs—Twilight Song, Gypsy Song.
Playlet—Heathen Chinese.
Boy Scouts—Mat's Decision.
Orchestra—Long, Long Ago, Auld Lang Syne.

This program is of special interest because this is the first appearance of the grade orchestra. Miss Lydia Cunningham is director of the orchestra.

STUDENTS AT SALEM ON BAD BEHAVIOR

(Associated Press Leased Wire)

SALEM, Ore., Feb. 7.—Booing and other disorderly conduct by the Salem high school students during a musical program in the high school auditorium yesterday caused Principal Fred Wolt to threaten denial of the privilege of holding the student assemblies. A substitute plan suggested was segregation of the disorderly students from the main student body at the assembly hour.

SALEM HI DEBATERS DEFEAT TWO TEAMS

SALEM, Ore., Feb. 7.—Debating the question "resolved, that Oregon should adopt a compulsory automobile liability insurance law," a Salem high school team defeated Dallas high in a contest here last night and another Salem high team defeated Woodburn high at the latter place. Gertrude and Gorman Winslow, brother and sister, upholding the negative, defeated Dallas, and Fred Blatchford and Eleanor Henderson, supporting the affirmative, beat Woodburn.

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Lettuce — Crisp, solid heads, 2 for 19c
Parsnips — Fresh, clean stock, 4 lbs. 15c
Turnips — Local, large bunches, 2 for 19c

SAVE ON THE FOLLOWING

Butter — "MacMarr" Best Creamery, local made, 2 lb. 79c
Sugar — "Pure Cane" cloth bag, 10 lb. 59c
FLOUR — MacMarr Guaranteed Hard Wheat — 49 lb. bag $1.83; 4 bags $7.20
Soap — "Palm Olive," 6 bars 43c
Washing Powder — Peet's granulated, pkg. 43c. One 10c pkg. free.

Northrup King Garden Seeds Now On Display

Pineapple — Dole's "Sweet Treat," fancy sliced, 3 cans 79c
Syrup — Stone's Cane and Maple, 5 lb. tin 89c
POTATOES — Yakima Gems, good ones, cwt. $2.89
Brooms — "Domestics," a quality broom, each 69c
Pancake Flour — Sperry's 3 lb. pkg. 27c

Melba Toast Coupons Redeemed at MacMarr's

Crackers — Family package, 3 lb. 39c
Soup — Campbell's Tomato, 3 cans 25c
Shortening — Swift's Jewel, 8 lb. pail $1.39
Nucoa — Best Foods, 2 lb. 45c
Cigarettes — "Chesterfields," ctn. $1.15

Coffee — "MacMarr Blend," satisfaction guaranteed, lb. 39c; 3 lbs. $1.15

SMOKED MEATS

Hams — Eastern Sugar Cured, lb. 30c
Bacon — Medium Side, lb. 32c
Squares — For frying or seasoning, per lb. 20c

$5.00 Orders delivered free—Small orders 10c—Sugar excepted.

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your cake without touching the frosting. Also, it is perfectly flat on top—your cake cannot sag in the middle, as it sometimes does when placed on an ordina

curved plate. It is made of delicately colored glass, in a graceful attractive design. The top carries a beautifully traced figure, worked out in light lines. It is extremely

ornamental—and just as practical as it is good-looking. Your grocer will give you one free with the purchase of two packages of Pillsbury's Cake Flour.

MRS. CAROLINE G. JONES, San Francisco caterer, recommends Snow Flakes.

"I insist on SNOW FLAKES —they're fresh"

MRS. CAROLINE G. JONES, famous among San Francisco tea room hostesses, feels that a dinner or luncheon is a success when the appetizers are well received. She serves them with Snow Flakes. "I insist on Snow Flakes, because they're fresh," she says. "Deliciously appetizing, they bring out every flavor of my cocktails, soups and salads."

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