

Sallie's Temptations

Down by the Sea—and "Yates"

I noticed Mr. Wright was not drinking.

After my second cocktail I insisted that he try one and held the glass up to him. "Please, just take the curse off it," I wheedled. He touched it to his lips but that was all, and he did that because it was the gallant thing to do under the circumstances. With all the rest of the crowd looking, to have turned me down would have been humiliating.

The music started. "Yates" has an orchestra that makes little thrills run all over me. I confided to my good-looking escort. "It's wonderful. That saxophone would make anyone commit murder—or even worse."

"Come on," I said and pulling at his arm started toward the room where they were dancing. They were playing a heavenly waltz. He danced, like I was afraid he would, in good time and perfect step, but without any of the latest variations.

I felt a warm glow of exhilaration. I glanced up at my partner. He was the most distinguished dancer on the floor and I longed to have him hold me closer.

The violins played the minor chords in "The Song of India," and I wanted to dance, dance, dance as I had never danced before.

Ted broke on us. When Ted and I had danced half way across the floor the orchestra changed from the waltz it had been playing into an Argentine tango. The other dancers left the floor and we knew it meant an exhibition.

"Ted and Sallie, bravo!" shouted the others. We had danced many times at charity entertainments and they knew us so well at "Yates" that at least once during the evening they played the tango for us that they had called "Sallie's."

Ted's arm about my waist tightened and became an embrace. He was more like a lover of the Pampas, red-blooded, fiery and impassioned. On we danced. We passed the darkened doorway and I saw Curtiss Wright standing in the shadows. Through the smoke of his cigarette I could see that his gaze was fastened on our movements, and yet his eyes held none of the admiration for which I had hoped. Rather, I saw there a look of indifferent amusement.

I stopped dancing. I don't know what it was, but a devil sat on my shoulder, spurring me on to live up to the things that Mr. Wright had heard about us.

"Come on, everybody," I called, "let's all go swimming!" "There," Ted signified his approval, "didn't I tell you Sallie was the life of the party and that when SHE got here things would start hummin'?"

I went over to where Mr. Wright was standing.

"I brought one of dad's suits along for you," I told him nonchalantly, "but maybe you disapprove of moonlight swimming. I assure you we'll be properly clothed. We aren't in the movies."

"On the contrary, you were very thoughtful to take such good care of a poor friendless stranger and there is nothing I'd like more than a swim with you in the ocean."

The crowd scattered. I was the last to leave the bath house. Curtiss Wright was waiting for me.

"You see, I am at least within the law," I told him. "I have on three garments, two of which are stockings." I looked down at my chiffon hose which I had rolled half way down below my knees, but he touched my gypsy bandana.

"Wrong count," he smiled. "You have forgotten the most becoming part of your attire."

We started toward the ocean. We could see the rest of the party, like

dark moths on a beach which had been made into ivory satin by the moonlight. When half way down I turned and glanced over my shoulder. I caught my breath at the picture. The sand-dunes, bathed in white moon-dust, lay silent, warm and voluptuous. They stretched their undulating hills unendingly behind us. Palm trees, silhouetted against the sky, made magic music and crooned seductively. I felt the lure and stopped quickly.

"Wait a minute." I caught the arm of my companion. "Let's not go in the water. Let's go up yonder," I suggested, pointing to the exquisite setting behind us.

URGES NEW POLICY FOR COLONIZATION

Farms Should Be Valued According to Location, Quality of Soil and Ease or Difficulty of Irrigation

In a special report made to Secretary of the Interior Work upon his return from a comprehensive study of reclamation conditions in the West, Dr. Elwood Mead, Commissioner of the Bureau of Reclamation, urged that the government adopt a carefully-planned policy for colonization of irrigation projects constructed in the future. Excerpts from the report are as follows:

"The acreage cost of irrigation works will be greater in the future than they have been in the past. They are now greater than they were ten years ago. Locations where canals can be built at small cost have been utilized. Hereafter they must follow more difficult routes and the cost of storage must be included in all important schemes. This means less margin between outlay and income and greater need to guard against mistakes and waste. Every factor that would lessen expense and hasten development or income must be considered.

"While water charges must in the end come from irrigated crops irrigation works that are not followed promptly by irrigated agriculture are a financial burden to landowners. Long delayed agricultural development has wrecked more of these enterprises than all other causes combined. The costlier the work the more important it is that this fact be recognized. Neglect to include plans and methods for bringing land promptly under irrigation culture is to neglect a fundamental condition of success.

"In order that the farmers may succeed, the land should be sold on terms that would make it a commercial undertaking. The interest

recommended is 5 per cent and the yearly payments on principal 1 per cent with such yearly payments the settler could pay for his farm in 34 1/2 years and with these small payments he would be relieved from the danger of mortgage foreclosure and would be each year adding to his equity in the property.

Farms should be valued according to the location, quality of soil and ease or difficulty of irrigation. A map should be prepared which would show location of farms, valuation of each, and such information as would enable intending settlers who have not been the area to know the reason for these prices.

"There should be a capital requirement which would vary with the size of the farm. It should be a percentage of the cost of the farm and its development, and for a 40-acre farm should not be less than \$1500. Farm laborers could be accepted without any capital, provided they could make the initial payment on the land and furnish 40 per cent of the cost of their dwellings and other necessary improvements.

"Money advanced for farm improvements should pay 5 per cent interest, and the period of repayment should vary from three to twenty years. A twenty-year loan on permanent improvements like a house is safe, and yearly payments of 3 per cent on the principal, making a total of 8 per cent, will pay off the debt in twenty years.

"Much of the land to be reclaimed is privately owned, or will be when the works are authorized. The price at which its owners sell the land to settlers and the terms on which it is sold are likely to be as important factors in development as the cost of the water right. Inflation of land prices, high interest rates, and too short a time for payment for the land to enable the money to be

earned out of the soil, are among the main reasons why settlers are not paying the government. We must in the future consider land prices and the mortgage debts on privately-owned lands.

"Here is an example: We are next spring to announce project costs on an area that was settled and has been cultivated by dry-farming methods. The people living on this land urged the government to build the canal and agreed to pay the cost, but now that the time has come to assume this obligation they state that the cost is more than they can afford to pay. They say that no payments should be required for the first five years because the settlers are so heavily in debt that they must first pay off their mortgages and get rid of high interest rates before they can consider paying the government and they will use every effort possible to have the government forego payments in order that their financial corpse may be resurrected.

"I am not now presenting a solution for the old projects. What I have seen in the past fifteen years of the achievements of planned settlement and financial farm development in other countries compels me to realize that we are ignoring

the most valuable features of reclamation, and a few demonstrations like the colonization plan I propose would assure the success of reclamation in the future."

DISTRICT FORESTER SOUNDS WARNING

That the forest fire danger is just as acute now as at any time during the past summer, is the substance of a statement just issued by District Forester Geo. H. Cecil, U. S. Forest Service, Portland, Oregon.

"Many people thought the rains which commenced on August 17 ended the fire season," said Mr. Cecil. "That is not true, however. Those rains were light—and lighter in many of the mountain regions than in the lower valleys. The last few days of high temperature and low relative humidity have again made the forest litter and moss as dry as tinder, awaiting one spark to start a forest fire. That spark might

come from a match, a cigarette stub, or a neglected campfire."

The District Forester declared that there was imperative need for just as much precaution now as at any time during the summer, and that the hazard would not be completely over until the fall rains set in. He also called attention to the fact that the recent unusual electrical storms have kept the forest protective forces busy, and that thoughtless individuals should not add to their troubles by starting more fires.

"Some of the worst fires in northwestern history have started in September," said Mr. Cecil, "and conditions are favorable for disastrous conflagrations this fall. The Northwest has great resources at stake—timber wealth, the sources of our streams, scenery, and the young growth which is the hope of the future. Extreme care and right thinking on the part of every citizen who visits the woods is absolutely necessary."

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YOU NEED NOT FAIL

Success does not always rest upon the shoulders of a man. And so today, for a change, I am going to tell you about a woman who won out when everything seemed hopeless. John Carter's wife, Helen, was an invalid. Nothing immediately dangerous; just weak heart valves and anemic. She couldn't get about easily and lived on milk and its by-products. In 1914, when she was fifty-four years old, her husband, a \$50 a week chemist's assistant in Waltham, Mass., was run over by a Waltham trolley car and killed. A jury said it was careless negligence on his part and refused the wife a penny as damages. Her son, Baldwin, thirty years old, was drowned that same year at Nantucket Beach, where he was employed.

accident insurance company paid Mrs. Carter \$500. Summer guests at the beach hotel collected \$175 more for the mother and widow. About \$500 of the total \$675 was used by her to meet the expenses of the two funerals. Helpless and alone, broken in spirit and feeble, the great question of what next to do confronted her. At that time she was living in an old fashioned frame house just off Massachusetts avenue, in Lexington, Mass. Her reputation for cooky making was well known. It was generally said that Mrs. Carter could bake the thinnest and finest cookies ever produced and neighbors asked her why she didn't try to build up a market for them.



cialize a talent that she had employed only for her husband and son's sake, but it was all that she was fitted to do. A traveling salesman neighbor agreed to try and sell her cookies, however, and three months later three of the better restaurants in Boston and two in Providence were making a specialty of them, together with "wafer thin ginger snaps" and what came to be known as "leather weight sponge



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