

Sallie's Temptations

BOB SHOWS HIS COLORS

We danced past their table. Just as I had thought—the girl with Curtiss Wright was Anne Coddington. She was animated and laughed gayly.

Again I lost the time of the music. "Oh, let's stop, Ted," I pleaded. "I've a hunch that I should go home anyway. You see I shouldn't stay out late as this is the first time I've been out since—"

"Oh, that's right, your old man HAS been sick, hasn't he? But I'll bet there's a gang of nurses to wait on him. You're silly to let it cramp your style any."

That was Ted all over. Anne turned around, faced us, and said in a voice that could be heard at the near-by tables:

"Why, Sallie, darling, I'm certainly most surprised to see you here. Just this afternoon I heard that your father had a turn for the worse and that he would allow no one but you to nurse him."

"That's right, Anne, absolutely," I answered. "I'm a very undutiful daughter and I'm just leaving."

I could have said I was there by doctor's orders and incidentally brought out the fact that she was Curtiss Wright's second choice that evening. But it would have been little and catty. Too much so for any satisfaction.

After a polite argument with Bob and Marj about my leaving, Bob finally settled it by saying that he would take me. We left, and for a long time on the way home in the car I was quiet. I like Bob Chenoweth. With him one can enjoy silence and with it a sympathetic understanding.

Like an etching of fire was the picture in my brain of Anne and Curtiss back there in the garden.

She was looking unusually pretty, too, that evening. Anne certainly knew her type and emphasized it to perfection. Her frock, of ruffled pink tulle, edged in silver, gave her the innocent look of a schoolgirl. Especially with her hair still long, parted simply in the middle and drawn in a low coil to the back of her neck in the simplest manner. She was immaculately guileless, and that was the type girl that Curtiss Wright wanted.

The thought was unbearable. I put my hands to my eyes and huge tears slipped through my fingers. Bob patted my shoulder.

"There, there now, Sallie, girl. It's all right. You're just a bit nervous. Nothing is worth sacrificing one moment of your sparkling spontaneity. There, there now," Bob said gently.

"Oh, but Bob," I sobbed, "I'm a flapper. There's no getting around it. I like everything frivolous. I adore to drink and smoke and jazz and I haven't any purpose in life—and I'm just generally worthless."

"Who said so?" In a flash Bob was loyal and ready to fight my battles.

"No one had to. I know it," I sniffed. "I just know it."

"You're nothing of the sort," he defended. "You're just yourself—just Sallie, and at that you're the most popular girl in the whole town, in the whole South for that matter. People love you, Sallie, because you ARE yourself. Don't be different. You haven't a mean thought for anybody. You're big and fine," he averred in a positive manner, and can measure up in any emergency. Don't you think for a minute that we haven't known how shiniingly splendid you've been through your

father's illness."

"But I was now weeping copiously. "Anne Coddington said— "What, that darn little flapper—than-thou spit-fire?" Bob's temper was rising. With all her studied goodness. She's little, I tell you, Sallie, and mean and spiteful.

A lot of the things you do are probably not your choice anyway," he comforted. "they're more or less thrust on you. A sort of penalty you pay for your wit and beauty.

Bob was a dear, and his words were encouraging. They were at once soothing.

"Remember, Sallie," he said in leaving. "If you ever want any straight-forward, big-brother advice, call on me. I'm for you," he hesitated, then leaning over awkwardly he kissed my forehead, as if I was a very little girl. Running down the steps, he left me.

(To Be Continued Next Week.)

FARM POINTERS

(From Department of Industrial Journalism Oregon Agricultural College.)

The majority of codling moth worms spend the winter under the scaly bark of the tree. Take a dull hoe or have the blacksmith fashion you a handler scraper and carefully remove the rough scaly bark from the trunk and limbs. Pay particular attention to the crotches of the trees, advises the state college experiment station.

Rotation in Oregon is the only satisfactory method of combatting the clover root borer. Do not attempt to grow clover more than two years. Be sure there are no old rundown clover fields serving as a breeding place for the borers. If a community would adopt this program of control, the yields would soon show a marked upward trend, says the experiment station.

Clover seed yields per acre have fallen off seriously in Oregon in the last decade, says the experiment station. The work of the clover root borer—tunnelling out the tap root and crown and thus devitalizing the plant—has been a material factor in these seed and hay yields.

Land that is foul with clumps of grass and sod, bunches of weeds and crop debris, invites the injurious insects as a haven for depositing their eggs and rearing their young. It is in such land that cutworms, meadow maggots, and wireworms prosper. Clean fields do not attract insect pests to an equal degree, says the O. A. C. experiment station.

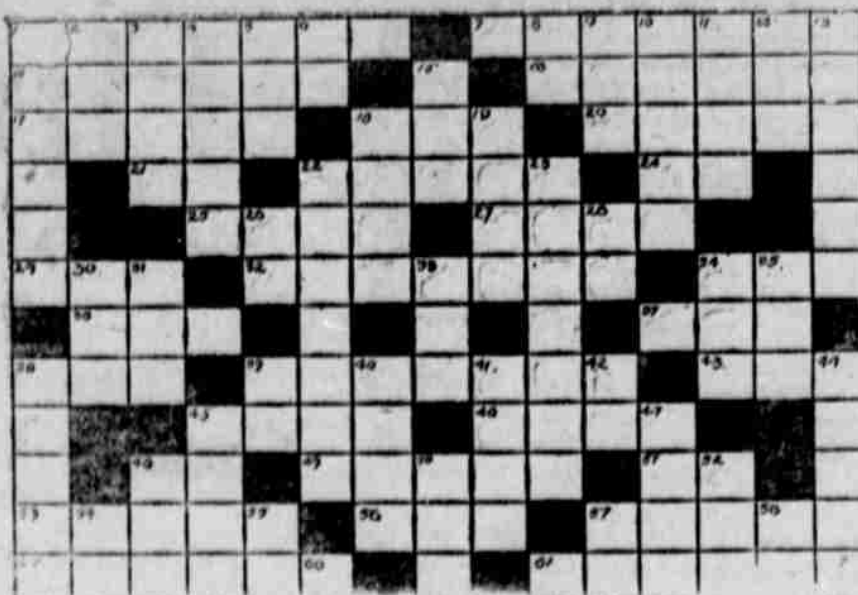
Honey Is Best Sweet

Honey, in addition to having more sweetening power than granulated sugar, contains the much needed minerals, which are removed as a by-product when sugar is refined. Corn syrup or molasses are inferior to honey, the former lacking in both sweetening power and minerals, and the latter containing too much time which is added during the refining process. Honey is the only commercial sweet now known to contain vitamins, says the state college experiment station.

Experience

Junior: "It's a great life if you don't weaken."
Senior: "Yep—but if you weaken just a little—it's greater."

This Weeks Cross Word Puzzle



By Mrs. John H. Robinson

When you try to "pull the words" out of this deep one you are going to have the job of a lifetime on your hands. It is one of the best that we have published and are sure that our readers will have several pleasant hours working on it.

Vertical

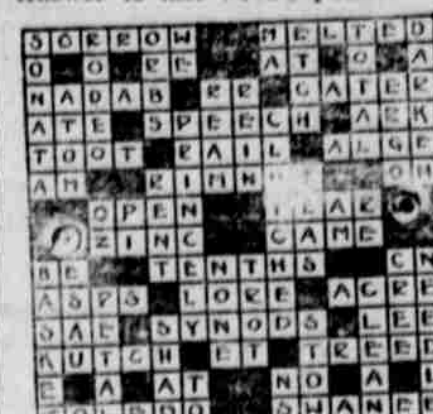
- 1 Slow (music.)
- 2 Influenced
- 3 Exclamation of sorrow
- 4 A musical instrument
- 5 Mature years
- 6 Pronoun
- 8 A Canadian province (abbr.)
- 9 A small spot
- 10 Painful
- 11 Prefix to words relating to diseases, etc., of the glands.
- 12 A snare
- 13 To stick fast
- 14 A vegetable
- 15 A thread of metal
- 16 Drunkards
- 22 A raised level platform of earth
- 23 Twelve o'clock in the day
- 26 A New England State (abbr.)
- 28 Not out
- 30 The point of a pen
- 31 The first woman
- 33 Reply (abbr.)
- 34 To steal from
- 35 A pronoun
- 38 Sum
- 39 Wall (acots.)
- 40 A period of time
- 41 A small body of land
- 42 East Indies (abbr.)
- 44 One who kills
- 45 A metallic plate
- 47 Language (slang)
- 48 A kind of bean
- 50 A mat
- 52 An affected person
- 54 Nahum (abbr.)
- 55 An animal with horns
- 57 Aged (abbr.)
- 58 A single unit
- 60 You old for
- 61 A Canadian Province (abbr.)

Horizontal

- 1 A Southern State

- 49 Not late.
- 51 To exist (third person)
- 53 Join together
- 56 Regret
- 57 Disturb
- 59 To particularize
- 61 Depart
- 62 To have expressed gratitude.
- 63 A month.

Answer to last week's puzzle.



Winter Rations Given

Successful poultrymen often ask the station what is the best ration to feed for winter laying. The same ration used at any other time of the year for egg production will give good results in the winter. Plenty of grit and green food are necessary at this season. Skill in feeding is important at any time of the year. It is most important in winter feeding, advises the O. A. C. experiment station.

BLONDE BESS OPINES

"Old maids should not take much time in sizing up a man—it affords the man the same opportunity."

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