

# Sallie's Temptations

## IN WHICH SALLIE IS KISSED

Dr. Gray assured me that father had rested well during my absence and was a little surprised at my early arrival.

"Why, it's just about the time that you usually start out for your dances," he remarked, glancing at his watch and making ready for his departure. "Your father will sleep soundly," he told me, "so go to your room and dream of sweet-hearts, moonlight and roses."

The night was entrancing. Christmas Eve and yet the air was balmy with the warmth and delicacy of April. There was only starlight, for the moon was a slender, insignificant rim of gold by violet gauze suspended.

The shadows held unshushable music. I must go out. I could at least wander in the garden. Windling a Spanish shawl, that was wholly enveloping, around my shoulders, I was soon out in the breeze-swept place with its narrow brick walks, rose trellises and myrtle flowers.

I do not know how long I sat on the marble bench bathing my senses in the still beauty of the starlight, when, to my astonishment, Curtiss Wright stood before me.

"The door was open and I felt that you were not far away, for some reason," he apologized for his sudden appearance.

"Oh, I'm GLAD you came!" I gave him welcome and moved the deep crimson fringe of my shawl so that he could sit beside me.

"You ran away early," he suggested, after a pause, "long before the others."

His words brought back the Windsor and Anne Coddington. I did not reply and in a few moments he again broke the silence.

"Sallie, may I ask you some thing?"

I nodded.

"Do you like Billings?"

"Ted?" I questioned, and involuntarily I shuddered and drew my shawl closer. Curtiss Wright was watching.

"No, why?" I answered his question.

"Nothing," he responded. "I shouldn't have asked. It's none of

my business and it would have served me right if you had reminded me of it."

"Oh," I changed the subject, "I wanted to tell you that the reason I went tonight was by Doctor Gray's orders. I'd rather have gone with you," glancing up at him, "ten million times rather."

"I'm glad you explained," he continued, and his voice sounded happy. "I was peeved like a school lad when I saw you had given me the merry ha-ha and gone on out with Billings."

More silence. Then faintly wafted by the midnight breeze came the sound of young boys singing.

"Ho-o-ly Night, Si-lent Night," husky blending of youthful tones that reached one's inner being.

Mr. Wright took my hand and held it closely.

"Christmas Carols," he said softly.

We sat enraptured.

"Shall we stroll?" I whispered, with the passing into the night of the singers. He signified his approval by rising quickly, and arm in arm, with the wind in our faces, we made a tour of the walks and hedges. Then we paused beside a rose tree in blossom. Tiptoeing, I pulled a deepening red bloom from one of the tall branches.

"With that in your hair, you will be the perfect Senorita," Mr. Wright suggested. Then taking the rose from my fingers he fastened it with my little barette and stood back, in open admiration.

"You are beautiful," he announced slowly, as if some power were drawing the words from him.

"Oh, do you, do you really think so?" I was eager, starved for one word of his approval.

"How could I help it?" he responded.

Then, as if by common impulse, his arms closed about me. He pushed my hair gently back from my forehead. All thought left me. I was conscious only of a drowsy sense of intoxication. His fingers cupped my chin and again and again he kissed me.

(Continued next Week)

Is it cold enough? ? ?

## FARM POINTERS

(From Department of Industrial Journalism, Oregon Agricultural College)

Cool potatoes afford an opportunity to cheapen the ration for hogs. Four hundred pounds of cooked or 600 pounds of raw potatoes will replace 100 pounds of the average feed grains. They should be fed in combination with grain at the rate of 4 pounds cooked to one of ground grain, or 2 pounds of raw to 1 pound of ground grain. Potatoes do not give the best results when fed without grain. The grain should not be cooked but added when the potatoes are somewhat cooked. Other root or vegetable crops that are unsaleable can be profitably utilized as hog feed. Judgment must be used as they are all watery. Feed with grain to obtain best results, advises the state college experiment station.

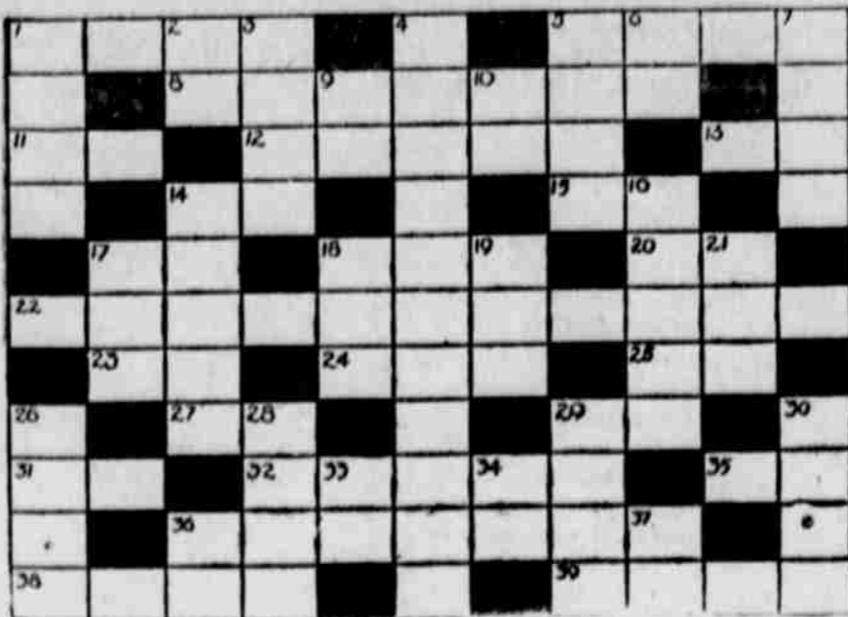
Dairy herds in Oregon that produce less than 160 pounds of fat in one year give the owner only 13 cents per hour for his labor after other expenses are paid. This conclusion was reached after a three year survey was made of Oregon dairy farms by the extension service. Cows producing more than 280 pounds in one year paid the owner 43 cents per hour for his labor. Systematic milk records are kept by most successful dairymen of Oregon. These records show up the low producers which may be disposed of.

Epsom salts given to the flock at stated intervals is an excellent tonic, advises the O. A. C. experiment station. It should be given at least once each month at the rate of about one-half pound to each 100 adult fowls. It may be dissolved in the drinking water and put before the birds for a few hours in the morning, during which time no other drink is given. Most poultrymen, however, prefer dissolving the salts in water and mixing a moist mash to put before the flock.

Answer to last week's puzzle.



## This Week's Cross Word



The excellent puzzle below was arranged by Alex Franz. It is clever and correct. The design is good and the words are well known. Our readers will have to dig, however, to get the correct answer. Below the puzzle are the synonyms—vertical and horizontal—that are contained therein.

If you can construct a crossword puzzle that is correct (all words must interlock) send it to The Times-Herald and we will publish it. Be sure that your synonyms are correct and that the words you use are in the dictionary. If you adhere to these simple rules your puzzle is sure to be printed in this paper.

- Vertical**
- Not this.
  - Illinois Central (abbr.).
  - Lower part of leg.
  - A female of the second generation back.
  - Honey makers.
  - Exists.
  - To walk.
  - One.
  - Great Northern (abbr.).
  - A male relative.
  - Ellipses.
  - A cooling agent.
  - Girl's name.
  - Boy's name.
  - Japanese count.
  - Not bad.
  - Hawthorn berries.
  - Made use of.
  - Planted by strewing.
  - 17th letter of Hebrew alphabet.
  - The person tagged in a game.
  - Seventh musical note.
  - A negative answer.
- Horizontal**
- Not that.
  - Receptacles for commodities like coal or oats.
  - Attacks.
  - In the vicinity of.
  - Silly.
  - Myself.
  - Prefix meaning not.
  - For that reason.

- Not out.
- To increase, or sum up.
- One way of writing six.
- To do a favor to.
- First two letters of the largest animal (not a word).
- At a distance but in view.
- Behold (Remember the Poor Indian).
- A sort of interrogative exclamation.
- You and me.
- All right.
- A genus of plant suckers.
- Perform.
- To add sugar to.
- A raised platform.
- A soft hairy growth.

### SAM GOMPERS'S JOB

Samuel Gompers is wise in his generation. Recently he made his

report to the American Federation of Labor as to the stand he believed the organization should take on politics. His recommendation is that the Federation should adopt a strictly non-partisan political policy. This may be locking the stable door after the horse has gone, but it is very sensible. A vigorous effort to line labor into a machine vote was made at the last election and the attempt failed miserably. Labor will not be led politically by the nose. The reason is that one industry is best served by another. Consequently these forces never are willing to get together. Selfish interest is back of every vote, from the man who works with his hands to the girl who plays the piano with her feet. Labor is an important factor in every election, but no one can deliver the labor vote or any vote for that matter, and it will be a dark day when anyone can. No one knows this better than Samuel Gompers. Gompers has kept the red flag from flying in the ranks of labor for many a year. How long this condition will continue no man can foretell. Gompers is growing old—very old. More important to this country than any side political issue is the question of who is to succeed this man Gompers as head of the American Federation of Labor. The right man will prove a blessing to the country; the wrong man a curse. Also make up your mind to this—there will be a great scramble for the job.

### ED PURDY'S PHILOS

This appears to be the horseless age all right, all right—even the lack of horse sense in driving automobiles."

Further Reductions In Our  
**CLOSING OUT SALE**  
Lunaburg, Dalton & Co.

**Crane-Burns Mail Stage**  
Seven Passenger Touring Cars  
Best on the line  
Leaves Burns Post Office every evening  
except Saturday, at 6 P. M.  
**Fare \$2.50**  
BONDED CARRIER  
U. S. HACKNEY, Proprietor

## This Week



By Arthur Brisbane

**BUY NOW OR PAY MORE.**  
THE BRAIN PAYS.  
FLYING PULLMAN CARS.  
MELLON WILL STAY.

Mr. and Mrs. Careful Citizen, go now and buy what you need without further delay. Prices are low, because merchants whose distribution of goods has been checked by abnormally warm weather in many big cities, have cut prices regardless of cost. But cold weather is coming. And, more important, the boom is here already. When prices go up on the stock exchange, you know that you will soon see prices going up in the stores also. Do your shopping early, and for the sake of your pocketbook this time, look merely for the sake of the over-worked Christmas-time salesman.

The human brain is capable of unlimited development and there is no such thing as overwork for a brain properly developed. Thinking with intense concentration makes the brain actually grow at any age. The latest proof is the increase of one-quarter of an inch in the size of Lloyd George's head since 1903. A quarter of an inch makes a great difference when the space is filled with the right kind of brain matter.

Also, thinking changes and increases the size of the nose, develops the chin. We are what our thoughts make us.

Judge Seger in Baltimore decides that the "one-half of one per cent" clause in the Volstead Act doesn't apply to drinks made at home for home use. If that decision stands it will make a big hole in prohibition. Incidentally it will mean more prosperity for graveyards. Home-made beverages, as the doctors will testify, are the under-labors' best friends.

Fat men and men with hobbies that engross their thoughts are rarely thieves, says the head of a

working company. And the married man is six times as safe from the potholes of view of shooting as the unmarried man. That says a good deal for the influence of wives and children.

Marriages, as compared with divorces, are falling off in the United States. The Census Bureau shows that in 1923 the number of divorces increased 12 per cent, the number of marriages only 8 per cent more than the previous year. That isn't good news.

Mr. Hungerford writes to this column, asking for a definition of the great "social problem" of the present day. The greatest problem is to make a real success of the average marriage.

The fault, of course, is with men. It will take several centuries, probably, to educate them up to the only kind of life worth while.

Big steamship companies think more rapidly than do our United States railroad companies. At least the big lines already are planning flying boats for carrying passengers across the Atlantic. If anything is to make their ships obsolete they want to own the thing that does it.

American railroads seem content to watch their stocks booming and boiling, without worrying about the fact that in twenty-five years passenger traffic will be cut down to short hauls. Fast trains across the continent or only half way across will be only a memory.

George F. Baker, boss of several roads, and young in spite of his eighty odd years, should set the young men an example. Mr. Carry, head of the Pullman Company, has long been at work on plans for light, but strong "flying Pullman cars."

News from Washington that Secretary Mellon will consent to remain in charge of the Treasury is good news. The management of United States finances, including the paying of billions of debt rolled up so swiftly, takes real financial and business ability.

Mr. Mellon has both. The people will be fortunate if he continues working for them for nothing, neglecting a profitable business of his own.

Youth and beauty go forward in Germany more rapidly than here. The German newspapers discuss this question: "Should modern bob-haired women tip their hats to each other?"

Another subject discussed is this: "Is smoking pipes ladylike?"

Let's hope that chewing tobacco by ladies will be postponed for a while.



Uncle Billy Swaggs is an old-time wreck, but there ain't no kinks in his soul, by heck! He's everybody's friend in the whole blame town, with a ticklin' in his system that he can't keep down.

The moon shines brighter when the old man grins,—though his head's plumb bald,—an' his ears ain't twins,—he's a little hard of hearin' an' his teeth don't fit, but he dotes on humor, and he thrives on wit!

His leg went lumb when he had that stroke—an' his chest hurts some where his ribs got broke. He smashed his jaw when he fell down stairs—but, you oughta see the smile that old Bill wears!

Of course there's reasons fer a good scout's nirth—his heart's in heav'n,—though his feet's on earth,—he takes this paper to his son's delight,—O, it's no use talkin'—Uncle Bill's all right!



## The Judge's Joke

VIRTUE IS A GREAT THING— BUT TAKE 'U' OUT AND IT MEANS NOTHING

