

Sallie's Temptations

Curtiss catches a Glimpse of the Real Sallie

"You're getting tired of simple folk who don't speak the same language that you do, isn't that the trouble, Sallie?" he prompted.

"No, I've loved every minute of it," I retorted, "it has been splendid. Getting up early and at night so tired that one can sleep at the first hint of darkness. And do you know Curtiss, I haven't even thought of a cocktail—or a tag." I added as the thought came to me.

"I know you haven't and I've admired you tremendously for it," he responded. "If you could see how much more attractive you are out in the open like this with your eyes shining from good wholesome living and all the fol-de-rol forgotten. But then, I suppose I'm radical on that subject," he smiled and changed the subject. "Do you know why I'm here instead of shooting quail with the others?"

"No."

He explained the situation and from him I caught the spirit of the scene and sorrowed for the thrush, my heart stirring with pity.

"And what are you going to do?" I questioned, after a moment's silence.

"Justice" was his swift answer.

"Justice" I repeated, "Curtiss, it seems to me that you always want to do the things that's so high above the others. Things we never think of doing. It must be soul satisfying, the knowledge you are bound to have of your integrity and your honor." I spoke slowly and my seriousness broke the spell in which he had been submerged and thoughtful.

"It isn't that," he interrupted, sweeping aside the words of praise almost abruptly. "There's no satisfaction for the soul in my thoughts, no unusual quality to them. It seems, though, that I just miss the gay ones and must follow things that no one else can see and as far as you and your friends are concerned, the things that do not matter."

He threw out his hand in the little gesture with which I had grown familiar, "one's thoughts and feelings can not be ignored however."

"Perhaps we, too, have some such emotions in our innermost beings, but are unwilling to face them," I admitted, "it's so much easier to ignore problems than to be analytical and introspective. We admire

you though for your faithfulness to those same things that are too much bother for us to notice. The things that we laugh and scoff at, Curtiss, but," I continued, voicing for the first time my real opinion on the subject "even though we've steered ourselves to a sort of callousness against the finer promptings, there are moments when we realize that there is another side of life that makes us look like the wasters that we are," I concluded.

He searched my face as if he had never expected to hear me speak of anything substantial. I was flushed and breathless from my dissertation.

"Then you do—you have realized the difference between—or shall we say, drifting and rowing. You're very fine, Sallie, when you're in a different environment from the artificial atmosphere you've been breathing. And yet," he resumed "you'll go back to it," and his voice held sadness, "you who in poppy fields are so drugged with the perfume and colour of the petals that it's almost impossible not to get lost in the maze of blowing blossoms."

I was deeply touched by his emotion.

"YOU can save me Curtiss," I suggested and my voice held a note of entreaty.

"Mais non!" he declared lapsing into French which he invariably used to give emphasis to what he was saying "you would look upon me, after a while, as a policeman. My words of warning with which I would halt your headlong stumbling footsteps, would be as lashes to your high-hearted spirit."

"But—you have already been a good influence for me," I argued.

"You're very sweet to say that, but it is a thankless task this musing over of others. If you're this—you're this and I'm that—I'm that. And who am I that I should presume to change you?"

He bowed his head in his strong yet sensitive hands that were bronzed from his life in the open. Stillness lay about us—The sacred hush of a Cathedral, incense of pine and that subtle fragrance of the clean-out-of-doors penetrated the forest.

In all the world there were just we two out there alone-together.

(To be continued next week)

go regulations against the fowl plague is the assurance to Oregon poultry breeders given by the state college experiment station.

The fowl pest has caused consternation and actual loss in middle western states and some states further east, says Dr. B. T. Simms, head of the veterinary medicine department, but has not appeared in any state as far west as the Rocky mountains so far as known. Unfounded reports tend to throw panic into some poultry growers and damage the breeders correspondingly.

Dr. L. F. Pelton, state veterinarian of Washington, has wired Dr. Simms that the regulations made by that state do not apply to day-old chicks. The same may be said of the California regulations, and as far as known, of those of Idaho and other states.

BEAUTY, WHAT IS IT?

There are women whose facial contours are perfectly moulded, whose features blend into that perfect symmetry which artists say is true beauty.

And yet they are not attractive. Of their beauty it can be truly said: "It is only skin deep." There are other women whose features are less perfect, but their faces have "that something" which makes people love to look at them.

But if you watch those perfect-featured women closely you will notice that there is a certain monotony about their appearance. Having looked at them once you have seen all their faces have to offer. There is no desire to look a second time.

And there you have it. Where intelligence and emotion are lacking in a woman's face, there can be no true beauty. It is the every changing expressions, the shadows of emotion—of grief or happiness which lit spirit-like across their faces which holds one charmed. Ah, you say, here is a truly fascinating woman.

But when perfection of features and an emotional character are found together, then is there beauty which holds thousands enthralled.

Such is the beauty of Pola Negri. Star of the Ernst Lubitsch Paramount production, "Montmartre," due at the Liberty Theatre on Wednesday next.

Grief, joy, anger and love fight for supremacy in the heart of the great emotional actress in many of the scenes. Miss Negri's ability to express these emotions achieve for her a triumph in dramatic acting.

To witness this picture is to be fascinated by her brilliant and ever-changing beauty.

"Beauty—what is it?"

WRECKERS BUSINESS HURT BY FOWL PLAGUE PANIC

(From Department of Industrial Journalism Oregon Agricultural College.)

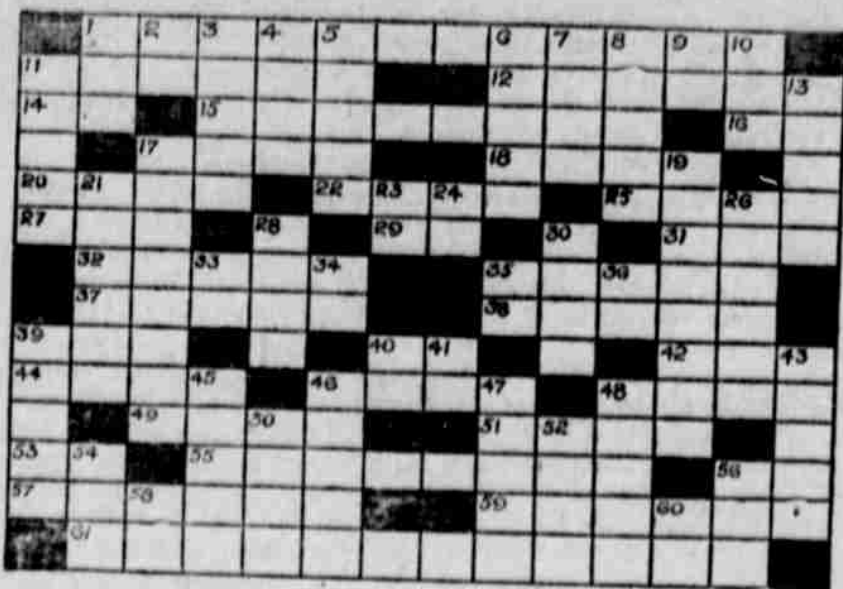
What the shipping of day-old chicks across state lines is not affected by the quarantine and embar-

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This Weeks Cross Word Puzzle



The twelve letter words and four words of eight letters are in the puzzle arranged by Mrs. Calvin Poole this week. We will give you a tip on No. 1 horizontal. It really should not be used as one word—or at least a hyphen between the sixth and seventh letters of the word. Otherwise you should not be a quitter on this excellent arrangement of words. It is nicely interlocked throughout and will give you a thrill of satisfaction to have solved it.

Horizontal

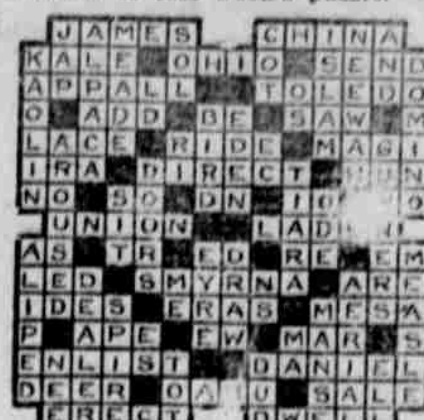
- 1 An officer of a prominent Secret Society.
- 11 More dark.
- 12 Blush purple.
- 14 Third person singular, neuter pronoun.
- 15 What the Kaiser would like to be doing.
- 16 A position on the football team (abbr.)
- 17 A kind of liquor—not rye.
- 18 Notes of a dove.
- 20 A common metal.
- 22 A man's petticoat.
- 25 What unscrupulous politicians seek.
- 27 A boy's plaything.
- 29 Child's name for Father.
- 31 An obstinate person.
- 32 What we used to get on occasionally.
- 35 How most of us are, at solving cross-word puzzles.
- 37 Doctrine.
- 38 A minister's residence.
- 39 By, or through.
- 40 Preposition, denoting place.
- 42 A lovely lady in Spencer's "Faerie Queen."
- 44 What Abraham was pleased to behold in the thicket.
- 46 Mountains of Central, Europe (spelled backwards.)
- 48 Sums up.
- 49 Simpleton.
- 51 Short poems.
- 52 Always.
- 53 One who opposes (rare)
- 55 Plural for you.

- 57 He freely admits winning the war.
- 59 Gets up.
- 61 100% Americanism, so they say.

Vertical

- 1 The gunman always has one. (slang.)
- 2 Railroad (abbr.)
- 3 A tired city-Ohio.
- 4 Poetic for never.
- 5 What most prohibitionists do.
- 6 What heartless landlords do to unfortunate tenants.
- 7 A race of people indigenous to certain parts of Japan.
- 8 A Russian Novelist.
- 9 Lord Lieutenant (abbr.)
- 10 The puzzle maker's favorite fish.
- 11 A finger.
- 13 What cross-word puzzle does to the brain.
- 17 Ferrrous Sulphate.
- 19 The wash woman's friend.
- 21 A list, as of officers or men.
- 23 Ditto (Latin abbr.)
- 24 A southern state. (abbr.)
- 26 A seaport of Belgium.
- 28 What made Milwaukee famous.
- 30 A small insect.
- 33 Royal Navy (abbr.)
- 34 An inseparable companion of "oetara."
- 35 Contraction for "I am."
- 36 Indefinite article.
- 39 A cyanogen derivative of guanidine.
- 40 Cigar boxes bear the stamp (abbr.)
- 41 The thirteenth letter of the Greek alphabet.
- 43 What remains after a disastrous fire.
- 45 Charlie Dawes can tell you about her.
- 46 Leaves wafted by the slightest breeze.
- 47 A whale of a fish story.
- 48 Ethereal.
- 50 An eastern state (abbr.)
- 52 A mild "cuss word."
- 54 An animal of Central Asia.
- 56 Affirmative.
- 58 A famous writer of comic stories (Initials.)
- 60 Sunday School (abbr.)

Answer to last week's puzzle.



We will do your job work.

HIS STILL RUNNING

Wife: "Charles, dear, is it true that sheep are the dumbest of animals?"

Hubby (absent-mindedly reading paper): "Yes, my lamb."

TWO CYNICS TALK

"She's a woman who has the courage of her convictions."

"Yes—and she stands up for her husband."

"Well—he's one of her convictions."

"Or—should we say—one of her victims?"

FEATURE AT THE LIBERTY THEATRE SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 14



AN ALAN CROSLAND PRODUCTION
"SINNERS IN HEAVEN"
—WITH—
Bebe Daniels
Richard Dix

FEATURE AT THE LIBERTY THEATRE SAT.-SUN. FEBRUARY 7-8



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Doris Kenyon, Lowell Sherman

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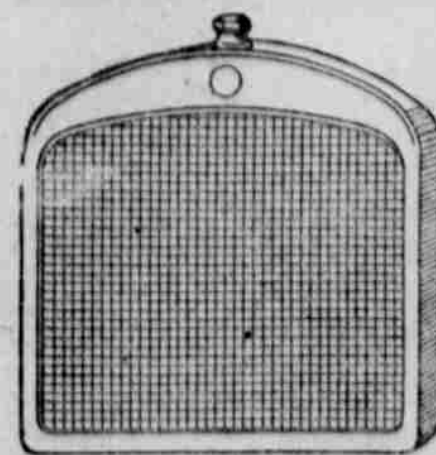
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