

# Sallie's Temptations

CURTISS WRIGHT IS KIND—TOO KIND

"Curtiss!" I called. He looked up from a pile of letters on the table. "Sallie!" he advanced with outstretched arms but when he came close to me, he stopped suddenly and an expression of astonishment swept over his face. The glare of early morning streamed through the windows and fell directly on my figure and face, bathing me in its pitiless light.

"What on earth is the matter?" he asked. "Look, Child you're cold and wet," he exclaimed. My coat had fallen open and he saw my dripping gown.

"And Sallie, your feet! Where are your hose?" quickly and in rapid succession the questions came. "Who brought you home?" and the kindly tone of concern in his voice gave way to one of suspicion and doubt.

"Joe Schuyler—but he's gone," as Curtiss started toward the door.

"Come here," I demanded. He came across the room.

"Please tell me that you love me and that you won't ever leave me entirely alone again, I'm so tired. I can't stand it if you fuss."

"I'm not going to scold you, child. In your condition, the best thing for you to do is to get into bed. Mom Nellie will help you undress," he said.

"Oh, I'm so cold!" I shuddered. "Hold my hands, Curtiss, hold my hands!" I pleaded and pulled him down to a divan.

He rubbed my hands, each finger separately, briskly and the flow of blood began.

"You poor little fellow" he murmured sympathetically. "You're cold thorough and through." He removed my mules and rubbed my feet as he had my hands. "Now go to your room and get out of those clothes," he admonished. "This is a fine way to catch pneumonia," he added as I ran upstairs.

Mom Nellie put me to bed and covered me snugly with blankets galore. Someone rapped.

"Come in," I called.

It was Curtiss standing with a hot water bottle in his hand.

"I thought she might need this,"

I heard him whisper, "She was so thoroughly chilled."

I was thrilled at his voice.

"Lor' bless you Mister Curtiss" Mom Nellie said. "Ise gonna give dat chile a hot mustard foot baf. It's bettern all de hot water bottles in de world. Fine pusson I'd be lettin dat lam' ketch de Flu while her papa done gone an let her in my charge."

"Curtiss, come here, I called him again.

"Stay, Mom Nellie" he nodded to her as she was about to leave. Then he came toward the bed.

"Do you love me?" I asked.

"Are you perfectly comfortable?" was his reply.

I nodded. "Thank you, yes," I replied. "Oh you are such a dear. Curtiss, I wanted to tell you about tonight. It wasn't because I didn't love you. I was thinking about you and missing you every minute but they just made me take too much wine."

"Never mind about that now, Sallie, the thing for you to do is to go to sleep and sleep hard."

"Why, do I look like a hag?"

"No," he replied, "You look like a precious, beautiful, little angel—but you're not!" and he was gone.

I woke with an awful start. Ellie had jumped into bed with me in her hat, fur coat, gloves and even a corsage.

"Lo, little boy, where'd you come from?" I asked, rubbing my eyes.

"A fine, rousin welcome you give your guests," she laughed, hugging me close. "Sallie, what on earth are you doing, you look like the wrath of God."

I hopped out of bed. I did look most worse for wear. My complexion had a peculiar grayish tinge and there were deep, violet shadows under my eyes.

My thoughts rushed to Curtiss. I wondered if I looked like this when he saw me at dawn. I'd probably never see him again if I did. He had been kind to me but he would be to anyone in trouble. And what did he mean by saying I "looked like an angel but was not."

"Ellie, please go down and talk

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up my stock to Curtiss Wright. You will find him somewhere. I'm so in love with him and I've acted like a perfect nut."

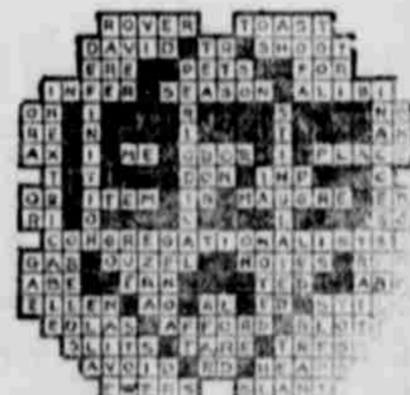
"Thrills and heart throbs!" Ellie exclaimed, "but I won't find the object of your youthful dreams. While coming from the station, I saw him driving with a very pretty young girl."

(To be Continued)

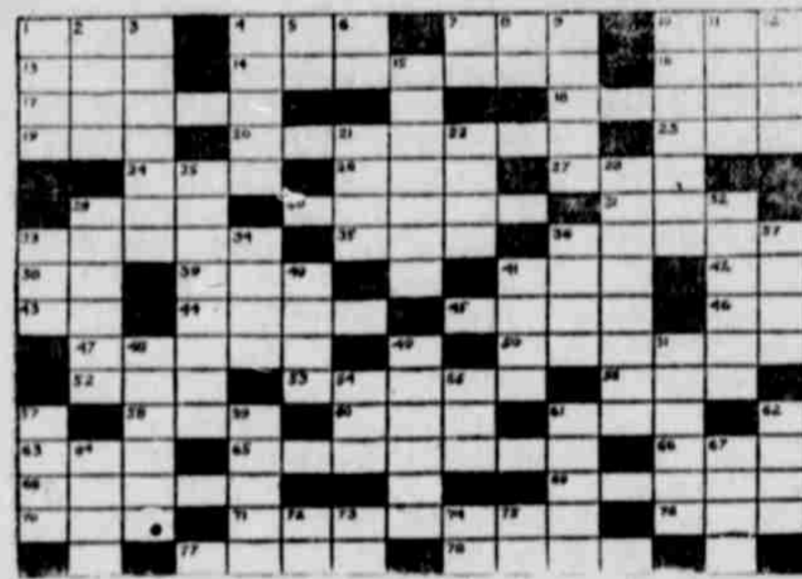
### BLONDE BESS OPINES

"I may be an egotist, as the boss says, but I know a man who is so egotistical that he has started taking harp lessons here on earth."

Answer to last week's puzzle.



## This Weeks Cross Word Puzzle



Lynn Arthur has cooked up this cross-word for puzzle fans this week. Here's what he has to say about it: "All the words in this cross-word, with one possible exception, are used in English conversation and should give little difficulty to cross-word fans. Time yourself on it. If you can solve it in 30 minutes you are pretty good. And here is a tip. No. 46 horizontal is the exception to ease and smartness. It's a corker."

### HORIZONTAL

- Offspring.
- In time past.
- Legume.
- Short for Alonzo.
- Unit.
- Breaking of day.
- I.
- Did.
- To terrify.
- Pondle.
- Sincere.
- Fixed Charge.
- Boy.
- Open (Poetical).
- Period of time.
- Ever (Contraction).
- Round Objects.
- Long time.
- Russian National drink.
- Abbreviation for Russian.
- To use (as a sword).
- Form of "to be."
- Conjunction.

### VERTICAL

- Toilet article.
- Formerly.
- Irritated.
- Summed.
- Southern state (abbrev.)
- Cry of pain.
- Greek letter.
- Half an em.
- June birthstone.
- Foliage.
- Mythical monster.
- City in Alaska.
- To puzzle.
- To bellow.
- Elongated fish.
- Large branch of Mississippi river.
- Mode of travel.
- Reddish coloring matter.
- Like an elf.
- Enthusiasts; pep.
- Anatomy (abbrev.)
- Happiness; opposite of woe.
- Father.
- Round flat body.
- Repose.
- Rubbed out.
- To make insane.
- Sacred hymns.
- Possesses.
- Formerly.
- Rests.
- One of the senses.
- Proverb.
- Athirst.
- Dolt.
- Author of modern "Fables in Slang."
- Girl's name.
- Personal possessive pronoun.
- A wrong.
- Degree of Doctor of Laws.
- Adverb of place.
- Steel plate.
- Sorrowful.
- Inclining.
- Talk.
- Charitable donation.
- Never (contraction).

### MOLEY WEDLOCK

He—"Dear—our home life will be ideal. I will come home at evening and we will sit by the fire—I'll read the paper and—can you darn socks?" Sweet Thing—"Oh sure, that's one of the first things I am going to teach you."

## This Week



By Arthur Brisbane

**OUR GIFTS TO JUSTICE.**  
**DEFECTIVE TEETH AND HANDS.**  
**OUR FEEBLE IMAGINATION.**  
**NEIGHBORLY NATIONS.**

A man in the Sing Sing death house, sentenced to die next month, flings himself. Doctors work over him for hours, trying to bring him back to life. The interesting feature of this death in the death house is the violent effort to resuscitate the man after he had strangled himself. The law said he must die, why not let him live?

What do the higher powers above think of the suggestion we send to front row seats of the chairs and beds, children? How much better would our civilization seem on those than that of the ancient Egyptians? They ripped out the heart of a Hiver in view of sacrifice, offering that as a welcome gift to their gods?

How do our gifts to the redness of justice appear to real justice?

The French army has tested and approved a new stabilizing device for airplanes, without the use of a gyroscope. That means one step nearer to absolutely safe flying, safer than any mode of travel on land.

Ten to twenty years should see the end of long distance rail travel and of ocean surface travel. Wise real estate investors will make their plans with the flying machine in mind.

The British worry because the nation's eyesight grows weaker. One hundred and fifty in every 1,000 lack good sight at the age of twenty and ten at the age of four. The human eye, like the teeth that nature gave us, is defective,

a poorly made instrument. Our teeth cause suffering and death. Teeth better planned would not do that. Even our five-fingered hands, would have been much improved by adding one finger. With that extra finger we should use in arithmetic the superior duodecimal system, instead of the inferior decimal system, and we could play stringed instruments of a higher, more complicated kind.

Floyd Collins's suffering is over. This man's death illustrates the power and the weakness of human imagination. A hundred men risked their lives to save him. Doctors went to his rescue by flying machines, but could do nothing. The entire nation followed closely the tragic story.

Imagination showed the man lying in the low cave, his leg crushed by the 1,500-pound rock, existing day after day for nearly two weeks in horrible agony and discomfort.

It was possible to imagine clearly that dreadful situation. And the nation sympathized. Any legislature would gladly have voted \$100,000 to save Collins.

Then some nation, through its legislators, refuses to pass the Child Labor amendment that would free tens of thousands of children from years of slow torment.

The feeble public imagination cannot see clearly those children in the mills.

The Prince of Wales, whom Americans recently made very welcome, is interested in a plan to send British students to this country. That is common sense, as well as a pleasant compliment.

The Rhodes scholarship system, that now sends American boys to British universities, will be reversed in the new plan. The way to refreshen peace is to increase intelligence. When nations know each other, they will compete instead of fighting.

There is disappointment because the British Church can't find a way to make a saint of Florence Nightingale, and supply her with a halo. The answer to that is that Florence Nightingale is a saint already, and needs no halo.

When she went to Scutari, with her group of devoted nurses, to save from needless death the wounded men in the Crimea, sticking at her work, although prostrated with fever, she made herself a saint. Nothing that the Archbishop of Canterbury might do would make her saintliness more genuine than it is.

## Poem

### Uncle John

Jim Duff was a feller we all admired—was a regular glutton for speed; the pace weren't invented that made Jim tired, on that we was all agreed. He never foresaw no accident—nor reckoned one might occur, but he suddenly learnt what his finish meant when he traveled one step too fur.

A man goes fast these mir- aculous days, without spreadin' dire alarm,—but the one wrong step at the partin' of ways, is the item that brings the harm. We all jigger on at a lively clip, in a race where the swiftest wins, but a step too fur—at the end of the trip is wher the disaster begins.

We hardly can say it's the pace that kills, sence humanity's learnt to fly. It aint the miles—nor the size of the hills that frown as we're whizin' by. But, the warnin' truth that confronts our gaze, is sparklin' without a blur,—The error that hastens the end of days is—'rain' a step too fur!"



## The Judge's Joke

WHEN I TOLD MA IT WAS A SIN TO PAY \$50 FOR A HAT SHE SED 'LET IT BE ON MY HEAD!'

