

Sallie's Temptations

A Drive, and Curtiss Speaks His Mind

"And why this very flattering visit may I ask?"

"Please, Curtiss, don't talk like that. I want you to go for a drive. Leave everything and go with me. I'm desperate for a talk."

"I'd better not," was his calm reply.

"You can leave if you want to," I declared with a frown.

"Yes, I know I can, but—he hesitated, "I think perhaps it would be better if I stayed."

"What do you mean?"

"Oh, Sallie, what's the use. Things can't go on. Let's stop now while we can before we wreck both our lives."

"Get in, please. We'll run down to Mandarin for tea—there's an adorable place just off the road and it's a beautiful drive." Again he hesitated—looked at me for several minutes and then slipped under the wheel.

It was a silver ribboned road and we passed many beautiful orange groves on the way. The waxy green of the symmetrical trees vied with the brilliant fruit in colorful allure.

We turned into the Mandarin road. There were the moss-draped trees on the picturesque estates by the side of the St. Johns, with the old wrought-iron lanterns at the high gates and the fences lined with poinsettias in vivid bloom.

"The Tangerine Tea is just beyond the curve," I warned.

"I'm not going there," he said.

"I'm going to take you where we will be undisturbed. I had not meant to say anything but you've stirred the devils in me and now I must talk, talk, talk."

He headed the car into a narrow lane, under an avenue of trees, their moss trailing in dainty garlands of lace to the very top of the car. Ahead was a lovely little wood. The red of the maples against the clump of green magnolias being the only touch of Fall. The car came to a halt.

It was an unrivaled day. The air was Springlike in its limpid purity and warmth.

"You've forced this, Sallie. I had meant never to speak to you of personalities again. But now I'll tell you all. I would spare you but I

can not. It's too late. You have aroused the things that have lain here for the last forty-eight hours and burned and burned, the things I had meant to still. They are unpleasant; they're even worse than that. They are foul and I can find no euphemistic phrases in which to clothe the things I wish to say.

"First of all, I want you to be perfectly sure that I know everything that happened at Bob Chenoweth's on Saturday night," he began.

"Well, what of it? I would have told you myself."

"The bridge game—the kiss you gave a man to whom you had just been introduced—your sensational bath—Oh, what a fool I've been—I might have known." His voice shook slightly but he squared his shoulders as if for a fresh start.

"But you knew I was silly and wild when you made love to me at camp," I made my defense.

"Simply because a man knows butterflies feast on carrion, he can't help but admire their beauty and at first sight he always has the hope that THIS butterfly will be different from the rest. He can never get over that poignant desire to have a butterfly in his hands but after he finds out that they're all alike, he doesn't go out and catch one. He doesn't let himself touch one because he knows the beautiful powdery stuff that falls from their wings brings decay, and he doesn't want that."

The words were gruesome and strong, and yet, behind the unsoftened smile, deep down in my heart, I knew he was right.

"Would you rather I'd stop?" he asked.

"No," I replied, "if you are thinking these things, it would be better for me to know. Go on."

"It's that way about women. Between loving and possessing, there is a gulch before they merge into one."

"His unwavering gaze met mine."

"I could never bring myself to cross that gulch," he spoke slowly, haltingly, with emphasis on every word.

Incongruously enough, my usual mood flashed into my next words.

"And does Mr. High-on-the-Hill really condescend to love some maiden and yet dare not take her?"

(To Be Continued)

Hansen Addition

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WHEAT TREATING MACHINE SIMPLE AND INEXPENSIVE

(From Department of Industrial Journalism, Oregon Agricultural college.)

A machine for treating seed wheat with copper carbonate for smut control, simple and inexpensive as devised by George W. Kable, agricultural engineer of the O. A. C. extension service, can be made on the farm in a few hours. It has a capacity of two bushels and will treat 15 to 40 bushels an hour.

Need for an effective method of treating seed wheat for a relatively small acreage is met in this machine. For large scale production patent treating machines with larger capacity may be purchased. To be effective in killing the spores of common smut on wheat the copper carbonate must coat every kernel, which requires some sort of special machine.

The copper carbonate treatment was introduced into Oregon by the experiment station and extension service in 1921. It was proved by farmer-county agent demonstrations to be so successful that it has become an established practice on the large wheat farms of eastern Oregon. It is being used more largely in other

parts of the state as its superiority over other methods becomes better known. Only 125 acres were planted with copper carbonated wheat in 1921, while more than a half million acres thus treated will be planted this year.

Two ounces of the dust are required for each bushel of wheat. This kills the smut spores without damage to the grain, allowing 25 per cent less seed, giving the young seedlings a quicker start, and permitting storage of treated seed without damage. Too heavy applications will cause the dust to accumulate in the drill, and may cement and cause damage to the machinery.

The material should contain not less than 50 per cent copper, fine enough that most of it will pass through a 200-mesh screen—about as fine as Portland cement. Many brands are on the market.

A bulletin telling how to make the treating machine may be had on ap-

plication to the local county agent or to the extension service of the college at Corvallis.

REAL RECORDS ARE MADE BY OREGON CLUB MEMBERS

More Oregon girls and boys completed their club projects in 1924 than ever before, reports H. C. Seymour, state club leader of the college extension service. Other records were in the number of 100 per cent clubs, in amount of money won in scholarships and prizes, and in larger attendance at the club summer sessions at the state college.

Oregon led the 11 western states in club enrollment with 6047, Washington second with 4558. Oregon club money earned in the projects for the year was \$49,831.19. Club winnings in scholarships and prizes were \$4,309.25.

Credit for the good showing is given by the extension authorities

to local leaders, schools, newspapers and farm journals, bankers and business men, chambers of commerce and fair associations. Without the volunteer services of the local leaders many club members who begin their work enthusiastically drop out before finishing. Other facts of interest are noted as follows:

Number of clubs, 725; number enrolled and submitting first report, 6047; number completing project, 4572; percentage completing projects, 75.6; number 100 per cent clubs, 372; number making exhibits, 4587; number attending college summer session, 297.

MILK AND HONEY

Oldtimer: "Can your wife live on your income?"

Newlywed: "Oh yes—yes indeed. That's no source of worry at all. Now all I have to do is to get out and dig up another one for myself."

This Week



By Arthur Grisbane

A CHANCE FOR CONGRESS. YOUNG WOOD'S EXAMPLE. IS IT SOCIALISM? THE BABY CROP.

North Carolina wants a law that would stop flirting. Men ogling girls or women would be fined or locked up. If North Carolina, where men are so chivalrous, needs that law, other States need one more severe.

But is any such law really necessary?

Only a few years ago, ten or fifteen thousand, the man that met a lady on the street grabbed her by the hair and dragged her to his cave by force. You can see how much men have improved.

There is one comfort. If the young ladies walk demurely, with their eyes on their little pink shoes, they won't notice unwelcome attention.

President Coolidge, it's said, means to veto the increased salaries for Congressmen. The total amounts to \$1,376,000 a year. The salaries are not high. Congressmen cannot live decently at Washington and at home on today's wages.

Congress could earn the increase in five minutes by creating a great irrigation and power plant at Boulder Canyon on the Colorado River. That project to irrigate two million acres of desert land, supply continuously 600,000 horsepower and protect the Imperial Valley from floods would pay the Congressmen's increased salaries ten thousand times every year and leave enough over to pay for the dam.

A great many young people read about Osborne Wood, son of the United States Governor of the Philippines, and about his big winnings in Wall Street and his big winnings in European gambling

nouses. Now comes the end of the story. Young Wood has no money. The French police, hunting him, accuse him of passing worthless checks. Young Wood says, "I have had my chance, now I must pay the bidder."

Don't gamble, it doesn't pay.

Senator McKellar, Democrat from Tennessee, says of the bill that would turn Muscle Shoals over to the power trust. "The passage of the Underwood measure would be the greatest calamity that has happened to the South since the Civil War."

Many Senators know that it is so, but if one of the biggest monopolies wants something you can hardly expect the United States Senate to refuse it. You can, however, expect President Coolidge to veto it. He has, from Henry Ford, exact information on the Muscle Shoals affair.

The President is in favor of stopping all national inheritance taxes. He calls them "socialism," although it is not clear why taxing a fortune of a hundred millions that a rich man leaves behind him is any more socialistic than to tax a small cottage in which a poor man is raising his family.

However, it certainly seems better to tax a rich man while he is alive than to tax his children.

Leaving big fortunes to children may be foolish, but the desire to do so makes men work when they would otherwise stop working. And what the country wants is the most work from the ablest men.

One important proof of booming prosperity. In New York, our biggest city, the rush to get married before Lent came exceeded all records. Not fewer than fifty couples stood in line, all day, waiting for licenses.

This guarantees most important of all OUR CROPS, the crop of native born babies on which the country and the future depend. The only real wealth is human intelligence. The mothers create it.

It is suggested that part of the nonsense connected with the new arms conference will be talk about reducing or forbidding the use of aircraft in war. You might as well talk about eliminating railroad trains or gunpowder from war. The first thing for the United States to do is to build up an aircraft force superior to that of any nation on earth. The best time to talk to a burglar about not using firearms is when you have your own gun pointed at his chest.

Poem by Uncle John

If somebody should ask, in this turbulent time, the reason we're first on the roster of crime—some goggle-eyed donkey will tell ye the cause is the terrible lack of enforceable laws! So, forty-eight states, with the law-makin' craze, make draft on the toilers for all they can raise—to pay for a Code that no jurist can span—a blood-suckin' beast, a depuler of man!

This "Land of the Free" by forefathers ordained, has hunched, pan-handled, hog-haltered and chained, till the servile taxpayer, befuddled and coerced, is the fruit of a mess that no power can enforce. While the gunman and thug, in mutual guffaw, are applaudin' the force called "The reign of the Law!"

If we'd curb the Bandits that pillage our dames, we might have somethin' left for our babies and homes! They'd bankrupt the land for pink speck-wags an' schools, while they hint that the people are light-wads an' fools. In the power of a plunders-bund, law-ribbed mill, be calm—there's a poor-house just over the hill.



The Judge's Joke

COLLEGE BOYS USUALLY AGREE WITH SAMUEL JOHNSON WHO SAID: "NO MAN BUY A BUCKHEAD, EVER WROTE EXCEPT FOR MONEY."



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