

Sallie's Temptations

Sallie Sings—To Hide the Tears

Up to that time, at the thought of having thrown away his love, I had let my sentiment get the upper hand. But when I realized that he had seen the tear I hadn't meant to shed, the knowledge jerked me up and my pride, inherited from a long line of hot-headed ancestors, returned.

I made myself laugh. "See, I'm still running after you," I explained, "but it's because I'm afraid you were seriously considering not taking me home. I've heard of girls walking home before but not—ohhh, this is funny."

He turned and regarded me with puzzled brow. It was a good thing for me that the gathering twilight hid the deep hurt in my eyes.

"Come on, be a sport and take me home. I know it's risking your reputation but maybe you'll be spared as the kindly dark will cover us when we get to town."

He shook his head slowly, almost smilingly as if the whole thing were beyond his power of interpretation. The drive home began.

After I saw that he was determined not to speak a word and the unbroken silence had lasted for a few miles, I could stand it no longer. My nerves were on edge.

"If you don't carry on a merry conversation with me, I'll be forced to sing," I said.

"Go ahead," still staring fixedly at the road.

My voice had been trained. I've always loved to sing. I can't remember a single day having passed when I had not, at some time during it's twenty four hours, burst into song. My voice, while not big, has a quality that most people pretend to like. My professor called a nun's voice.

"That's what you need," he had told me when I had missed lessons or was indifferent about my scales. "You need experience. A real lover, marriage, babies. One must live before they can express anything of beauty with a voice."

When I thought of his words now, I laughed.

"I thought you were going to sing," said a voice at my side "please do," he urged.

"What'll it be—Kaptin, Jazz or Musical Comedy?"

"Not Jazz," he implored, "I'm sorry of my inability to be in the same insouciant mood."

He hadn't figured on the fact that I was a splendid actress trained by the insincerity necessarily practiced in society by any girl who goes about.

A little pause, then I sang as I never had before and because the songs I chose were sad, they better suited the throbbing timbre of my voice.

And then—it was a daring thing to do, but I sang Cyril Scott's "Lullaby."

When I was half way through, I noticed the sound of gritting teeth at my side.

I stopped. "What's the matter, is it all that painful? I've known my singing to drive men to drink but I didn't realize—"

For God's sake, Sallie, when you have your heel on a worm, aren't you satisfied without turning and grinding your heel?"

"You know your voice is lovely but why torment me with pictures of things that might have been?" he sighed. "Sometimes I think you are absolutely without a heart."

We drove under the porte cochere. Lights gleamed from every window of the house. Ellie had returned and there was a sound of music. Out front were several cars.

A cocktail party was on.

"Good bye," he said.

I swallowed hard, ignoring the extended hand.

"Going off a piece?" I returned in the jargon of the crowd. It was the only way I could keep my control.

"Yes, I've been to see your father and he is returning home tomorrow. I have made arrangements to go to the Club."

I started toward the house. I could not have uttered one other word.

"Sallie," he had followed swiftly. "Will you please do something for me?"

I nodded, still dumb.

(To be continued)

FARM POINTERS

(From Department of Industrial Journalism Oregon Agricultural College.)

Hansen Addition

IDEAL HOME NOW OPEN FOR INSPECTION

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You select your lot and home plans. We will build for you.

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Oregon

Conservation of moisture should receive first consideration in handling Oregon fruit soils, says Clayton L. Long, horticultural specialist for the state college extension service.

Early spring plowing is imperative. Cover crops or weeds should not be permitted to grow late in the spring in fruit planting. In western Oregon best results will be had if the soil is plowed and worked down by the middle of April.

Most of the potatoes produced in the Willamette valley go to California, according to information gathered for consideration of county agricultural economic conferences. In Washington county, for instance, 300,000 bushels of the 470,000 bushel average production for the last five years were shipped south. The district around Stockton uses about 900 carloads of potato seed each year. Western Oregon growers are in a position to supply that market and can do so if they will make available a supply of consistently good quality seed, according to E. R. Jackman, extension crop specialist of the state college. Of the 27,000 acres of potatoes grown near Stockton last year 20,000 acres were planted with seed brought from the middle west.

It is better business to buy all baby chicks at one time where only one range and one brooder equipment are available than to attempt to brood and range together chicks of different ages, says H. E. Cosby, poultry specialist for O. A. C. extension. By all means plan to grow green feed for the Oregon poultry flock, says the college extension service. This is one of the four major classes of feeds necessary for growth and production. Kale is the one best bet. Root crops, alfalfa hay, cabbage, etc., should be provided as an emergency winter feed, because kale does not always live through the winter.

Oregon markets any of the following commercial brands of a minimum of 40 per cent strength, as listed with the agricultural chemist of the experiment station: Hall's Nicotine, Hall Tobacco Chemical company, New York; Black Leaf 40, Kentucky By-Products corporation, Louisville, Ky.; N. P. C. Nicotine, Nicotine Products corporation, Clarksville, Tenn.

A solution of killing strength may be made up of any of these brands according to directions on the container, usually 1 to 400—about a teaspoonful to a gallon of water. The addition of enough fish oil or other soap to make a weak suds makes the solution more effective on vegetables. For orchard use the soap is omitted and a commercial spreader substituted, as the nicotine spray is often used in combination with other sprays.

THREE NICOTINE BRANDS NOW IN OREGON MARKETS

(From Department of Industrial Journalism Oregon Agricultural College.)

In making up nicotine sulfate sprays for control of plant lice, the Oregon grower may procure on the

legis.) Good potato seed is the cheapest regardless of the cost, if within reason, says E. R. Packman, crops specialist for the Oregon Agricultural college. Cost of producing an acre of potatoes is around \$50 in the Willamette valley, around \$75 in central Oregon and about \$100 in high yielding areas, such as Malheur county, according to conclusions reached by county agricultural economic conferences.

Most items entering into these costs are fixed and not influenced by the yield per acre. Cost of growing a bushel of potatoes is therefore reduced as yields per acre increase. Certified Burbank seed last year yielded 200 per cent more market stock on the farm of Fred Sewell in Washington county. Good seed made just as fine a showing in other parts of the state.

GOOD SEED CHEAPEST

(From Department of Industrial Journalism Oregon Agricultural Col-

lege.) We will do your job work.

This Week



By Arthur Brisbane

ABOVE THE KNEES, PLEASE 20 MILLION FEET A DAY SALMON BUT NOT CHILDREN AN OLD BIBLE

Paris rulers of fashion say to women all over the world: "Wear your skirts above your knees and paint your ears red."

And the pathetic fact is that millions of women will wear skirts so short as to be silly, and paint their ears without loss of time. Also the eyelids are to be stained dark brown or blue, the eyelashes curled, and the inside of the nostrils stained bright red.

The short skirt, in reason, is sensible, a step toward common sense, and away from microbes. Red ears, when natural, indicate good blood condition. But for women to wear skirts that would look foolish on a child, paint artificial health on their ears, curl their lashes and color their eyelids, that seems too much. However, back of it all there is divine wisdom, undoubtedly. Woman is on her way to some grand destiny. Let us observe and admire, but not criticize.

We can estimate the wealth under ground in this country. The Barland Oil Company strikes a new oil well in its Colorado territory. The roar of the gas, rushing out, twenty million feet a day, can be heard for six miles. If gas were worth one dollar a thousand, which is called "a cheap, confestatory price," how much would that well yield in money?

And the wealth in the ground is perhaps less than the wealth in the air. Floating above every farm, waiting to be taken out and used, is enough nitrogen to fertilize many such farms. We buy nitrogen hauled all the way from South America, and there are billions of tons of it above our heads.

And what is the wealth below the waters of the oceans, seas and lakes, that cover the greater part of the earth?

Here and there, along the Pacific Coast, you see oil wells out in the ocean.

Men eventually will explore the ocean's bed, as they now explore Alaska, or Africa, and give to the farms, from the air, the nitrogen they need. Henry Ford would do it now, if he had Muscie Shouls.

The Supreme Court decides that the game and fish act is constitutional. The National Government therefore has power, where game and fish are concerned, to protect the interest of the people.

The Monterey Fish Product Company must now discontinue turning into fertilizer fish fit for human food.

What about an act that would prevent exploiters of child labor turning young lives into dividends and grinding up children into profits? Isn't that worse than grinding good salmon into fertilizer?

The Supreme Court was not able to uphold the constitutionality of an act to protect children, although certain so-called "radical" justices on that bench did uphold it.

However, our highest court does find a way to protect fish and game.

About a hundred years ago, in a Vermont log cabin, a young mother read to her children old Bible stories, about the whale that swallowed Jonah, Elijah and his chariot of fire and the fig tree that withered under Divine rebuke.

That mother was poor and all her people were poor, and ours was, a young and poor nation then.

The old Bible from that log cabin, carefully wrapped up, was taken to the broad platform before the Capitol. With his hand on that Bible, Calvin Coolidge swore to do his duty as President of the United States. He is the grandson of the New England woman that owned the Bible, 100 years ago.

This is the land of opportunity and growth. What will it be in years to come, if the 112,000,000 now here work as hard and hopefully as men and women did in the days of Calvin Coolidge's grandmother?



My niece has bought her new spring hat—a snugg, artistic dome—that looks like it was built to keep her intellects at home; I never like the "cart-wheel" shapes she wore in years ago, that took a half a dozen spears to hold the critter on—

but this here up-to-date device that crowns her brow today, is certainly a winner—and, I'm back of what I say!

"A gravy-bowl turned upside-down" describes it mighty nigh and a single, bobbin' feather captivates the searchin' eye. Its base-line gives the merest hint of Venus in eclipse—but it fairly socks the emphasis on smilin' ruby lips!

Although my niece's new spring hat ain't needin' no defense, I'll stake my reputation it's the peak of common sense. The unassumin' egg-shell may be plumb bereft of pride, yet every time we meet one, we can swear to what's inside! When we run across perfection it's the time for standin' pat—so, I register approval of my niece's new spring hat. Uncle John.



The Judge's Josh

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R. V. HOPPER Burns, Oregon

