

Sallie's Temptations

Sallie Learns a Subtle Foe is Busy

"Give me that rose," there was simple entreaty in his voice.

I had forgotten that I had worn one until he reminded me by touching the single red petals of the half-opened but I had pinned on my coat collar as I left the house.

Again I nodded my consent, not daring to trust my voice. He unfastened the flower, stood for a moment with it in his hand, then turning, walked slowly into the night.

I had reached my room unobserved and later heard Ellie's callers depart. There's something about the blue time of the night—that mystic hour in Florida when daytime is donning her mantle of purple chiffon—that induces confidences from lonely hearts. I was glad when Ellie opened the door and bounded into sight.

"Well, I brought home the celluloid poker," she exclaimed, curling comfortably on the chaise longue at the foot of the bed. "Yep, just about as useful," she hurried on. "If another hostess gives me a perfume bottle, I'll have to open a drugstore to accommodate them all—wait a minute—now what's in the air. Why the storm signals, my erstwhile sport?"

"Oh, Ellie, I'm so miserable, I could just die," and then I told her all.

Ellie was loyal and I knew my secrets would stay locked in her heart. When I came to the end of my story, she exclaimed:

"There's been dirty work at crossroads. WHO told Curtiss about the untimely bath, to say nothing of the honest debt you paid the Schuyler lad from New York?"

I sat bolt upright. That was a phase of the situation I hadn't figured out. In fact, I had been so upset over the conversation with Curtiss, that the details had seemed of no value in summing up our talk.

"Ellie," I shouted out. "I have it! Wait—you came Sunday afternoon. The party was on Saturday night. You told me you had passed Curtiss with a girl. Describe that girl!"

"Cherchez la femme?" she asked in one of her few French phrases. "In this case, it is not necessary."

"Why, what do you mean, Ellie, do be serious," I was almost hysterical

now.

Immediately, she became more serious when she saw there was no use trying to make light of the event.

"It's just this, the same lily-white character played Bridge at my table the whole afternoon and disapproved thoroughly of your little guest's informal and gala air."

"Ellie," I begged, "Please—They called her—Anne."

"I knew it, I knew it, I knew it," I cried, "she's done it all!"

"You don't mean to say she spilled the article that gave Boston such fame?" Ellie was indignant and fell back into her usual expressive slang. "That isn't being done in these here parts."

Marjorie had said that Anne would go to any lengths to win Curtiss Wright. She had proved it now without a doubt.

"Well, what are you going to do about it?" Ellie asked. "Take my advice and if your proud and haughty architect prefers that type, lay off."

"Oh, but Ellie, you don't understand," I tried to explain, "she isn't bold about it. She's so darn subtle that she can put a thing like that over Curtiss Wright without him suspecting that she meant to be the least bit unkind. I know Anne."

"Well, I can't say she added any sparks to my afternoon," Ellie replied. "Tell you what, Sallie, I'm shoving off soon for the gay and reckless port known as Miami. What about joining me on my lark?"

"I'm not invited, Ellie, you're going to visit the Divines, I only know Mrs. Divine slightly and Murie wouldn't think of having me down."

"Don't get crows' feet over that," Ellie said. "The Divines haven't had yachts and Italian villas so long that they aren't glad to whoop up acquaintances with those who've been in that sort of business for some length of time. In other words, Sallie, I'm going because one has a marvelous time at the Divines and not because I think that Mrs. Divine ever held a charter membership in the Colonial Dames."

I couldn't help but laugh.

"You want to do a jazzy get-a-way and show the whole town you aren't pining your head off while Sir Curtiss wines and dines the original

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cat."

"Yes, Ellie, you're right, I could not stand that. You see no one ever bothered much about Anne before and now I just couldn't bear the humiliation of her grabbing off Curtiss Wright."

"Then you will go?" she said excitedly.

"Of course I will," and I jumped out of bed and hugged her tight.

(To be continued)

FARM POINTERS

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

Charcoal, granulated bone, and grit should be available for little chicks at all times, according to the O. A. C. experiment station. This can be placed on a tray and left before the chick during the day. In case the additional bone is desired it may be added to the mash at the rate of two pounds of bone meal to every 100 pounds of mash.

Sour milk or buttermilk is recommended over sweet milk for feeding little chicks, says the O. A. C. experiment station. Sweet milk will sour very readily when fed in a warm brooder, and the feeding of both

sweet and sour milk causes bowel disorders. Dried milk or buttermilk paste may be substituted in case sour milk or buttermilk is not available. In purchasing fresh buttermilk care should be taken to see that it does not contain salt or soda, as these are poisonous to chicks.

A good sow should be retained as long as she is useful, according to the state college experiment station. If she raises a litter of eight good pigs, she is valuable property. Some of her best pigs should be saved for breeding purposes. The sow which spends the entire summer raising one two, or three pigs is a losing proposition. Find out which is to blame, the sow or the man. It pays to give the sow careful attention at farrowing time.

Diarrhea results from chilling the chicks, says the O. A. C. experiment station. A few extra trips to the brooder house during the first week is cheap insurance to the uninterrupted growth of the chicks.

LAND PLASTER ON SOILS BOOSTS ALFALFA YIELDS

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

Four cars of landplaster applied to the alfalfa fields of Union county last year increased the yield on 1150 acres about one ton per acre, reports H. G. Avery, county agricultural agent. This material was used for its sulfur content.

Following the discovery in 1914 by the southern Oregon branch experiment station at Talent that sulfur increases alfalfa yields, the spread of this practice was accelerated by farmer-county agent demonstrations until in such counties as Klamath, Wasco, Crook, Josephine, Deschutes, Lake and eastern Multnomah use of sulfur is extensive. More than a million pounds of that material were used in those counties alone last year. The usual rate of application is 100 pounds an acre.

One application is good for two years on the average.

S. E. Miller, prominent Union county stockman, has had excellent success in using sulfur fertilizer on alfalfa. It gave him three crops of hay one year when half of the same field not fertilized produced only two crops.

Sulfur has practically "made" the alfalfa industry in Wasco county, reports, C. W. Daign, county agent, and has been worth a quarter of a million dollars to that county. Each year has seen an increase in the quantity ordered. Sixteen tons were used in 1921, and 60 tons in 1924.

Three tons of hay from sulfured alfalfa and one ton from unsulfured portions of the field are reported by H. R. Christiansen who lives in the Goose Lake valley, Lake county.

Although many farmers apply sulfur in the spring it has been found that fall application results in an immediate increase in yield the following summer.

This Week



By Arthur Brisbane

EUGENISTS MEAN WELL, BUT... EARTH...BIG ALMA MATER WHY THE TEN COMMANDMENTS BUT CAN YOU ENFORCE IT?

The eugenists in the birth control convention plan for a better race by "artificial selection," which would mean picking the right husband for the right wife.

You can do that with cows, horses, etc. But with them you only breed a body. Among human beings you produce that very mysterious thing called a soul, and that's different.

You might marry a John I. Sultman to Hypatia, or a Michael Angelo Moses to the Venus of Milo, and be bitterly disappointed in results.

On the other hand, a tall, fierce country girl, Nancy Hanks, probably unable to read or write, marries a local ne'er do well, and the result is Abraham Lincoln. The Lord seems to reserve for himself certain problems.

Harvard will spend \$12,000,000 to improve the study of agriculture. That's sensible.

English-speaking nations study Latin and Greek. The Romans studied Greek. The Greek philosophers studied the Egyptian language and hieroglyphics. Millions are spent teaching many kinds of knowledge little used after the student leaves school.

It is about time to begin studying seriously old Mother Earth, the original Alma Mater from which we Spring, upon which we depend absolutely during life, and to which we all return.

In Paris, a young girl, fifteen years old, Irene Laurent, evidently of the Madame Curie type, has produced a new fuel for automobile engines. It is made from sugar, and is cheaper and more efficient than any substitute for gasoline thus far discovered.

It seems likely the prediction of Professor Williams that chemistry will soon make sugar as cheap as sawdust, the gasoline problem may temporarily be solved by "sugar power."

Religious organizations, convinced that public schools should include religious training in the daily routine, demand that the Ten Commandments be read to the children at least once a week.

Wouldn't "The Sermon on the Mount" be better reading for children than the Ten Commandments? In a general way every child of ten knows of the Ten Commandments, or as many as a child should understand.

Two or three of the Commandments are fortunately not necessary to the child up to fifteen.

Why not leave religion to religious teachers, and public school education to public school teachers, and keep the two separate, which has been the American plan thus far?

A man, just dead, was at one time a clergyman in the Protestant Episcopal Church. Later he belonged to the Greek Orthodox Church, and when he died he was one of the Gray Friars in a Roman Catholic monastery.

You admire such earnest seeking after truth and wonder what this man of three religions learned about religion when he passed over to the other world.

Did he find that only one religion is officially recognized above, or is one better than the others, or does it all depend on how you act toward your fellow man, the Creator of the Universe not being so much interested in what you think about Him? Definite answers would be interesting.

President Coolidge says the States should help the national Government to enforce the dry law. So they should, out of respect for Constitution and law.

But while the necessary seventy-five per cent of the States ratified the Constitutional Amendment, nearly one hundred per cent violate it, and their juries sympathize with the violators.

The question for the President and the nation is this: How can the use of whiskey be stamped out? What is to be done to stop drunkenness and open drinking of bootleg whiskey among school children? Prohibition seems to have put millions in this nation on a whiskey drinking basis. What can be done about that?

The Judge's Joke



Poem by Uncle John

If our folks moved to Paradise with nothin' much to do, they'd wiggle, waggle, fuss an' squirm to start up somethin' new; It seems that satisfaction has about forsook our race, — we try to act new-fangled, every time we wash our face. We've got to have "progressiveness" in church as well as state — I know a fool that's tryin' to fetch the Bible up to date!

Bill Jiggers bought hisself a watch, in town the other day, she must-a been a good one fer the price he had to pay—but Bill kept foolin' with it — he was sure she needed grease — her arburster flooded,—at last she rests in peace! There's many a good thing ruined by an over-zealous botch, and put clean out of business, same as Billy Jiggers watch.

The shortest route to misery, experience proves to me—is to monkey with conditions that's as good as they can be.



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