

Sallie's Temptations

The Outcome of a Harmless Flirtation

The Inn, like so many that dot the smaller resorts along the East Coast of Florida, was spotless and there was a certain wholesomeness about it. Not so bad, I thought, as I stood viewing myself before the mirror of my dresser.

There was a light tap at the door of the room adjoining. I moved over toward the sound and asked softly, "Who's there?"

"It's I, Warren. I have a little 'night cap' for you and really its delicious."

"But how am I to get it?" I answered, "besides, really, I don't think I'd better."

"Nonsense," he whispered, "I brought this home from Paris. A small drink of it will make your dreams more lovely."

I hesitated. A little couldn't possibly hurt me. Besides, I was not sleepy and I would enjoy a few minutes of Warren Fisher's bright conversation.

"But the key? It isn't here," I contended.

"That's all right, it's on this side. All I want is your permission, may I?" The door opened slightly.

"Hurry, now," I was nervous, it's an unearthly hour for me to be entertaining you in such an informal manner. I adopted a tone of banter.

"Rats! these good people have been in their beds for hours. Besides, Sallie I just had to see you."

"Adoree, my Adoree, you wonderful, glorious creature," he put his arms about me and attempted to kiss me.

"Don't please, not here, I hate anything like this—somehow it seems so sordid, especially under these conditions."

"But Adoree, if you could know how I've longed for you, I've worshipped you every minute since I left Pensacola. If you realize how I've remembered each precious moment about you, the way you laugh, the bright wit that is as much a part of you as your radiant beauty. Oh! I want you for my own, MINE, do you hear me?"

He drew me closer.

"But your wife?" I pulled away sharply, "are you mad?"

"Yes, for you, you wonderful person!"

I disliked very much the way things were going.

"But your wife?" I reiterated, "really you are not fair to her, Warren, and after all she deserves some consideration."

"Oh, what difference does that make? Besides she's far, far away. She's only my wife, Adoree, while you—you are the light of my life and most of all, you are my sweetheart."

"No, no," I shuddered, as I began to realize the situation.

"What you won't be my sweetheart?" he asked in amazement, "It is a much better arrangement for matrimony is death to romance" and he held me closer, "don't you care for me a little?" His eyes were all eager.

"Go to your room, immediately or I'll call down stairs" was my answer.

Oh, now you weren't so offish when I made love to you on the pier in Pensacola that evening. He changed his tactics.

"You're insulting, I think you are perfectly revolting! At least I thought you were a gentleman even though you do flirt outrageously. And I'm leaving if I have to walk to Miami," I declared vehemently. "I'll wake every one in the Inn and tell them about you being so—horrid." I sobbed on the verge of hysterics.

"Come, come, do you think anyone would believe the old story of an automobile being out of commission?" He threw back his head and his lips curled in a sneering manner, "and don't think they'd be such boobs as to think you were not in on this little party."

"Do you mean that the transmission was not broken and that you were stalling?" I demanded, my eyes flashing.

"So innocent, aren't you?" he questioned, "you society girls of this generation amuse me with your injured feelings. Do you think you can lead a man on with the open wiles and veiled promises of an adventuress and then pull a baby stare when he accepts the invitation?"

I remembered the warning of Curtis Wright, who had tried to show me the danger of the headlong speed in which, he said, I was racing. Oh! if I had only listened, I would have had his love and protection and would have escaped this issue.

"They will believe me down stairs, I'll make them!" I stamped my foot and momentarily my rage was rising.

"Look at the time," he demanded, pointing to my wrist watch, "almost two o'clock in the morning. Is it likely they'd hear to such a story?"

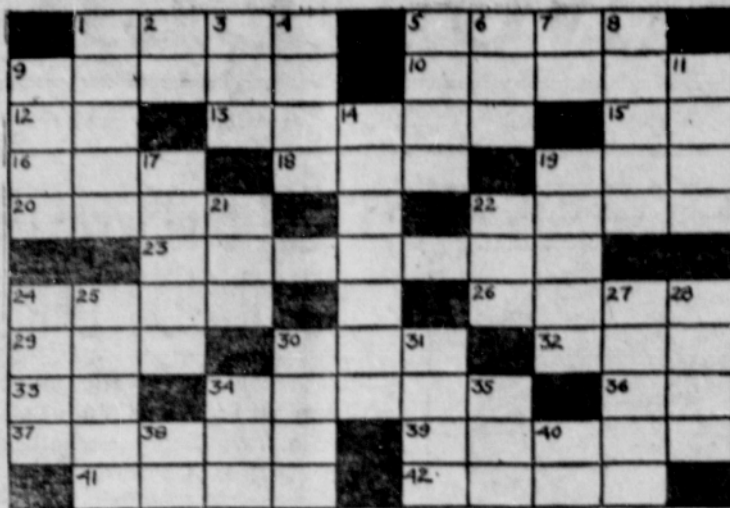
(To be Continued)

Thinning Ranks
Dugan—"Well I guess I'll go down and get my hair cut."

Whalean—"B'gosh it is singular, isn't it?"

Dr. S. Ralph Dippel, Dentist, Vitus building, Springfield, Oregon.

This Week's Crossword Puzzle



HORIZONTAL

1. Seaweed
5. To encourage wrong doing
9. Incurring punishment
10. Stout and rosy with health
12. A city of Chaldea
13. A branch
15. European river
16. Correlative to not
18. A trap
19. A sign of the Zodiac
20. To have and retain in one's possession
22. Change direction
23. Having the form of a tooth
24. A Hebrew month
26. Eagerly expectant
29. Dull brown; swarthy complexion
30. British National Reserve (abbr.)
32. A small part of the head
33. I am (contraction).
34. A mass of visible vapor floating through the air at various heights
36. Pugilistic knockout
37. Forbid; exclude
39. Organic matter of the soil
41. Not quick
42. Space for occupancy enclosed on all sides

VERTICAL

1. Island possession of Denmark
2. Legal note (abbr.)
3. A fish
4. A man's name
5. To border upon
6. A vehicle
7. Prefix meaning out
8. Pith helmet worn in tropics
9. Species of fungus
11. Tract of land on which the game is preserved for shooting

34. Note of the dove
35. A song in two parts
38. Business League (abbr.)
40. A state

LOGGING SURVEY SHOWS 7 1/2 BILLION FEET CUT

Portland, May 25—(Special)—Logging operations in west coast fir districts from southern Oregon to the Canadian border, last year logged more than seven and one-half billion feet, woods scale, according to figures just compiled by the Four L Bulletin, official publication of the Loyal Legion of Loggers and Lumbermen.

The totals for the various logging centers are given as follows: North Puget Sound, 397,071,000 feet; Central Puget Sound, 1,327,355,171 feet; South Puget Sound, 1,134,480,165 feet; Grays Harbor and district, 998,565,092 feet; Willapa Harbor, 169,588,694 feet; Centralia-Chehalis district, 486,443,975 feet; Columbia River, Washington side, 382,848,690 feet; Columbia River, Oregon side, 846,911,958 feet; Tillamook Line and North Oregon Coast, 295,783,998 feet; Willamette Valley, 651,713,215 feet; Coos Bay and South Oregon coast 433,484,912 feet.

Truck loggers on Puget Sound were

responsible for 150,000,000 feet of logs during the year. Imports of logs from British Columbia totaled 207,861,000 feet.

ANNUAL CAMP MEETING TO BE IN COTTAGE GROVE

Methodists will again meet for their annual camp meeting at Cottage Grove, from July 23 to August 2 this year, it is announced by Rev. S. A. Danford. The new tabernacle will be finished in time for the meetings, and additional grounds have been purchased on the east side of the old lot.

Rev. Ira Hargett, pastor of the Grand Avenue Methodist church in Kansas City will be present for several sermons again this year. Rev. J. I. Miller of Nashville, general evangelist of the southern Methodist church, who has been preaching in Roseburg and Medford, and other southern Oregon towns will also be present. The song services will be led by Fred Cannady, and Mrs. Danford will have charge of the young peoples meetings.

The Methodist League institute will be held there following the camp meeting, from August 3 to August 9.

back east

[Portland Rose Festival, June 13-20]

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