

# Sallie's Temptations

## Sallie Goes Dancing

It was perfect, being out again in gay surroundings with my friends about me. As we circled the Japanese Garden, familiar voices greeted me from every table.

Practically the same was the sentiment of their welcome: "So glad to see you out again!" "It's great to have you back again," and so on, but behind the flippancy words there was a ring of genuine sincerity.

The room—an enchanting reproduction of a Japanese garden—was clad in holiday attire. The artistic and bizarre lanterns winked mysteriously, casting the room, with its cherry blossomed tapestries into semi-darkness. About midnight, as was the usual custom, Santa Claus would appear, giftladen, and everyone would begin the happy round of "Merry Christmas!"

I had thought I would not dance on account of Daddy's illness, but I am so susceptible to environment that my upright resolutions were battered down before we ever reached the table. Ted and I dropped almost unconsciously into the divine Argentine Tango that the orchestra was playing.

Returning to the table Bob Chenoweth and I began a lively conversation.

"My word, Sallie, but you love dancing. We were watching you and you seemed a part of the rhythm!" "I don't know about that," I responded, "but music and dancing are as necessary to my existence as champagne and chicken Eugene." "Of course," Bob replied, in a spirited manner, "I've always felt

sorry for the religious bigots, who make their middle-ages sour by railing against dancing and the younger generation.

"Ban extremes, if possible," he added, "for extremes in anything are dangerous. Pericles knew it. He said 'the secret of success is happiness and the secret of happiness is moderation.'"

"Yes, yes, go on," we encouraged. "What I mean is that harping on dancing, for instance, never stopped many people from dancing and all the notoriety about its 'indecentcies' is certainly not giving a better or more uplifting thought to the youth of the Nation."

I had listened intently to what Bob was saying when I saw something that took me apart from the conversation.

Curtiss Wright was sitting next to us, at a little table.

His back was turned, but he must have overheard the entire talk. He could have moved his head one inch and acknowledged our presence. . . . But no. . . . He was paying the waiter and leaving the table.

He entered a telephone booth and then came back to the door, spoke to the head waiter and departed.

"By Jove," exclaimed Bob, "ma-a-n't that Curtiss Wright just leaving?" He addressed me, for Ted and Marj were both dancing.

"Uh-hum," I nodded. "I wish I could have hailed him and made him join our party. He's your father's guest, isn't he, Sallie?" "Once more I nodded. "See much of him?"

"Not 'specially." I tried to be indifferent, and then hide my interest in the subject.

"Be decent to him," Bob continued. "He's worth while, Sallie; in fact, he's the most thoroughly splendid chap I've ever known. True to his ideals—absolutely—and lives up to them without being in the least priggish. He's happiest when he is least noticed."

"Tell me more of him." I could no longer conceal my interest.

"He has made money, lots of it," Bob went on talking. "He turned down a tremendous job last year because the directors of the company refused to put the proper sanitation in the workmen's living quarters. Mind you," Bob was eloquent, "it would not have cost the slightest personal reflection on Wright, but evidently he couldn't make it square with that strict sense of honor that he puts ahead of fame and money."

The others came back and began telling stories. Ted was beginning to be bolterous. He told a story that I resented. After Bob's eulogy of Curtiss Wright, Ted's story seemed even more than ever incongruously "out of the picture."

I was dancing when I saw Curtiss Wright reenter. He was not alone. A girl was with him. My heart began pounding. I missed a step.

"What's the matter, Sallie?" Ted was talking. "Lots of girls have learned to dance on my feet, but this is the first time I've ever seen you napping."

I smiled vaguely, scarcely realizing what he was saying. In another moment we would be round the fountain again and would pass their table.

(To be continued next week)

### MISS TALMADGE TO PLAY SERIOUS ROLES

Beginning with her recently released photoplay, "The Dangerous Maid," a 17th century comedy-romance of old England, Constance Talmadge's future stories will all be more dramatic in type.

"The Dangerous Maid," will be at the Liberty Theatre on next Friday night.

In the cast, besides Constance Talmadge, are Conway Tearle, Morgan Wallace, Tully Marshall, Marjorie Daw, Charles Gerrard, Lou Morrison, Otto Mattesen, Wilson Hummel, Kenneth Gibson, Ann May, Kate Price, Thomas Ricketts, Philip Dunham, Jack Dillon and Ray Haller.

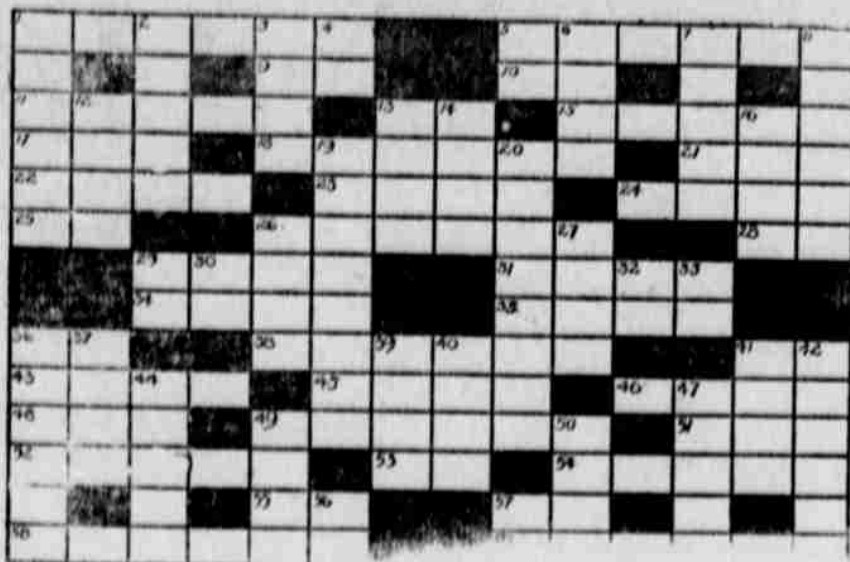
The story of "The Dangerous Maid" is laid in the turbulent times when the Duke of Monmouth rebelled against King James II of England. Constance Talmadge has the role of a madcap little rebel who dons a cavalier's sword and costume and engages in a thrilling series of adventures with the officers of the king.

The story gives Constance her first opportunity to play a dramatic role, and the picture, although it contains many humorous situations, is replete with romance and love interest, and is embellished with superb sets.

### NOTHING BUT HEALTH

Fat Mrs. Roe went out to swim. In a mud bath for her health; The health it came and she was thin, But it took Friend Hubby's wealth.

## This Weeks Cross Word Puzzle



Corris L. Prior made the puzzle which we are publishing this week, and although the design is quite simple, we think that you who try to solve it will find the words contained therein very carefully hidden.

The correct answer will be published next week.

### Horizontal

- 1 Grief.
- 5 Dissolved.
- 9 In regard.
- 10 Preposition.
- 11 Persian High Priest.
- 13 Railroad (abbr.).
- 15 To supply food
- 17 Consumed.
- 18 Oration.
- 21 A famous house-boat.
- 22 To sound.
- 23 A bird.
- 24 Seaweed.
- 25 Part of the verb "to be."
- 26 Small part of auto wheel.
- 28 Preposition.
- 29 Unsealed.
- 31 To read.
- 34 Metal.
- 35 Arrived.
- 36 To exist.
- 38 Fractions of one hundred.
- 41 A disinfectant.
- 43 Egyptian reptiles.
- 45 Learning.
- 46 A piece of land.
- 48 A college fraternity (Abbr.)
- 49 Church councils.
- 51 A great general.
- 52 Used in gold beating.
- 53 Conjunction (Lat.).
- 54 Cornered (Colloq.)
- 55 Preposition.
- 57 Negative.
- 58 An Ohio city.
- 59 A southern river.

### Vertical

- 1 A musical composition.
- 2 A cowboy exhibition.
- 3 Spheres.
- 4 Pronoun.
- 5 Mother.
- 6 To engrave.
- 7 Sum.
- 8 To make dark.
- 12 A minute particle.
- 13 Measure of paper.
- 14 Part of a harness.
- 16 Consequently.
- 19 Magnificent, dignified.
- 20 Grasped.
- 26 Flasure.
- 27 A beverage (Pl.)
- 29 Measure (Abbr.)
- 30 Disordered type.
- 32 Part of the verb "to be."
- 33 Regarding.
- 36 A receptacle.
- 37 Elder son of Isaac.
- 39 Not any.
- 40 A horse's gait.
- 41 An Indian tribe.
- 42 A tailor's necessity.
- 44 Part of a flower.
- 47 Neat.
- 49 Fish.
- 50 To put away.
- 56 Toward.

57 A Canadian province.

Answer to last week's puzzle.



### LOOSE WIRES ARE ALWAYS DANGEROUS

No matter how innocent looking a wire dangling in the street may be, says the Oregon Public Utility Information Bureau, it is nevertheless a potential death hazard, and should be avoided as one would avoid poison or small-pox.

Only a short time ago, two Seattle boys were electrocuted while trying to hoist a garbage can to the top of a light pole as a Halloween prank. Numerous fatal accidents have recently been recorded where boys and grown ups have attempted to string radio aerials across live wires of high voltage, or to attach them to light poles. These high tension lines carry almost certain death at all times, and sometimes even a "dead" wire swinging in the wind strikes a "live" wire and becomes an instrument of death.

Therefore the best policy is to consider all loose wires as being deadly, and keep as far away from them as possible.

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## Holiday Dances

Wednesday, 24  
**CRANE**  
Christmas Eve

New Years Eve  
Thursday, Dec. 31  
**BURNS**

Thursday, 25  
Christmas Night  
**BURNS**

New Years Night  
January 1, 1925  
**CRANE**

Follow The Crowd

**Music By Dewey**



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From the Christmas Store

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Many other useful Gifts.

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The Rexall Store