

Sallie's Temptations

Sallie's Reputation At Stake

I was panicky. I knew that the "memento" Ted was about to pull from his pocket was the remainder of my little black and white checked bathing suit. They would all recognize it. What would they think? The silence was appalling.

I looked up at Curtiss Wright in desperation. In the meantime Ted was dragging the bit of silk from his pocket. My eyes must have sent an S. O. S. to Curtiss, for in a moment he edged his way through the crowd and had Ted by the shoulder. To the onlookers it was all done in a friendly manner, but I noticed that he had pinned his right arm to his side so it was impossible to display the thing his hand was holding.

"Wassa matter, Mr. Achitoc, wanna protect our little girl friend—"

He was about to call my name when my rescuer suddenly shoved him, still apparently in a friendly scuffle, out through one of the long casement windows.

The crowd stood sullenly as if they rather resented the interference. Then Curtiss Wright re-entered and at a word from him the orchestra began playing. The fickle crowd's interest changed to dancing and in a few moments the scene with Ted was forgotten.

After the last guest had departed I went into the living room and sat down on a cushion in the faint glow of the dying fire. I was tired. The episode with Ted had been indeed trying.

"May I see you for a moment?" asked Curtiss Wright, coming into the room after making a round of the doors to see that everything was fastened.

I nodded.

"I just wanted to return this to you," he began. "I believe it is your property. Evidently the shark did not place a proper valuation upon it!" He smiled sarcastically and handed me the rest of the little suit whose career had been so stormy.

They're made ready to leave.

"Stay a moment," I urged, motioning to him to sit beside me.

"No, thanks," he replied; "I promised your father I'd look after you in his absence, and keeping you awake at four o'clock in the morning is not exactly—satisfactory," he ended.

"I don't give a rap about that," I flared up at him; "there are a few things you've got to tell me. I demanded, 'Don't you dare go to bed until I've finished.' And standing up I faced him.

"What did you do with Ted Billings?"

"Oh, he's your first consideration," he answered, and his voice was cynical. "I recall your having defended him already earlier in the evening. He's not such a bad sort—he means well," you said, and now I see you're still anxious about him." He threw out his hands in a hopeless gesture.

"No, no," I cried, "you're wrong. I hate Ted Billings! He's just a plain old skunk and, anyway," I continued, "I used to think he was an offensive booze-hound, but now I know he hasn't any honor."

I flung myself on the divan and a flood of tears burst from me.

Curtiss Wright came swiftly to my side and knelt on the floor, talking to me softly as if he were heart-broken at the sight of a woman crying.

"Don't do that, Sallie, little girl," he murmured; "it's all right," and his hand caressed my shoulder.

"But you think I'm horrible!" I sobbed.

"I think that you are wasting your time with a bunch of idlers," he responded, "and you're not always happy with them, are you, Sallie?"

"I wasn't to-night. After Ted's performance everything seemed to go fine. Why, he could have ruined my reputation."

"Curtiss Wright's fists clenched involuntarily.

"I want to thank you," I hurriedly said. "You handled everything so carefully," I ended weakly. "Did you have any argument with him?"

"No," He shook his head. "Like most bullies—when his bluff was called he became meek and gentle."

I sat up so that I could hear the best of the story.

"I took the liberty of asking him to leave the place until he was fit to associate with ladies," he continued.

I insisted.

"Well," he continued reluctantly, "he said there was not a girl in here who was not as drunk as he was. That was all. Then he found his way out through a window."

"With your assistance, I'll wager," And I smiled in admiration.

Then his brow became puzzled as if his thoughts had wandered back to a perplexing subject.

"What's the matter?" I asked.

"I want you to tell me what business Billings had with your bathing suit." He looked straight into my eyes as if he expected a direct answer.

From his tone of voice I realized that what we would mean to each other in the future depended entirely on my explanation.

(To be Continued Next Week.)

LEATRICE JOY IN DUAL ROLE IN NEW PARAMOUNT PICTURE

Admirers of Leatrice Joy are promised a treat when "Changing Husbands," a Paramount picture, is flashed on the local screen at the Liberty Theatre Sunday, January 18. They will see her in a part that calls for every ounce of histrionic power that is in her. The acid test of a great actor or actress is the ability to portray a dual-role with convincing skill, and that is exactly what the lovely Leatrice is called upon to do in this production.

"Changing Husbands" was adapted by Sada Cowan and Howard Higgin from the Saturday Evening Post story, "Roles," by Elizabeth Alexander. The theme of the story deals with the modern problem of home versus a career. Tired of her life of idle ease and luxury, a popular society matron decides to change places with a girl who bears a remarkable resemblance to her and who, at the time, is acting in a New York stage play. They both overlook purposely, to be sure—the important detail of notifying those most affected by the change, the wife, her husband and the actress, her fiancée. The result? Complications galore, which the audience is bound to enjoy.

Miss Joy, of course, plays both parts—not an easy task when you stop to consider that the two personalities are as far apart as the poles in temperament and disposition. Let you think that all the acting honors fall to the lot of the versatile Leatrice, we hasten to point out that Victor Varconi, Raymond Griffith, Zasu Pitts and Julia Payne are in the supporting cast.

Cecil B. De Mille personally supervised the picture.

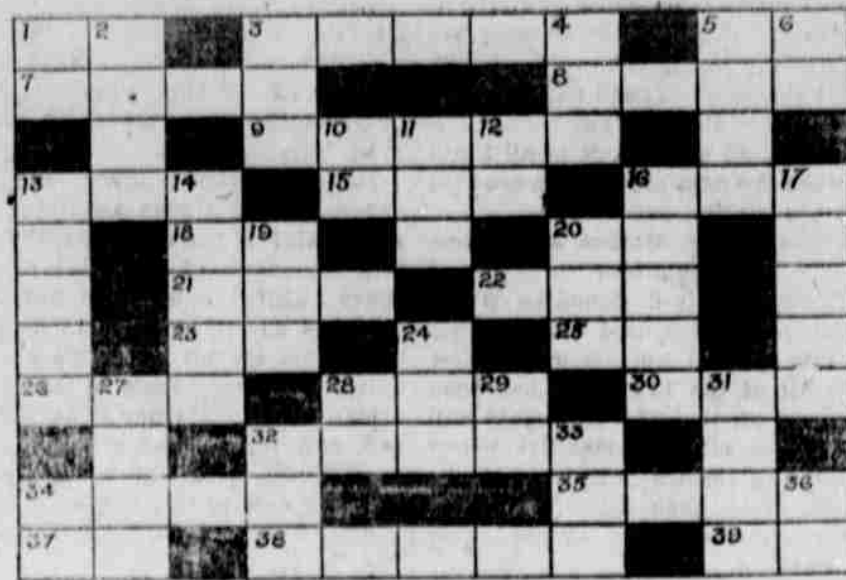
TO THE PUBLIC

In turning over the office of sheriff to my successor I desire at this time to extend my sincere thanks to the various state and county officers for their assistance and hearty cooperation and also to the public generally for the courtesies and kindnesses extended to me personally at all times and places as well as the respect and recognition shown officially.

Very Respectfully,
R. W. COZAD.

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Habit
and eat at the
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This Weeks Cross Word Puzzle



One of our readers who wants to arrange a cross-word puzzle asks us to explain more fully what is meant by "no interlocked units." No doubt such explanation will be welcomed by other readers.

As an example, this week's puzzle, below, as arranged by Lillian Middle-ditch, is an excellent design. It will be observed that the black spaces are so arranged in the design that no word or group of words is locked off from the other words or groups throughout the puzzle. In other words, the solver of the puzzle may as well start at the lower right-hand corner as at the upper left-hand corner, or No. 1. An arrangement of this kind permits a wide approach to the correct solution.

Miss Middle-ditch's puzzle is filled with simple words, but still containing enough "twisters" to make its working very interesting. Work it now—then save it until next week when the correct answer will be published. If you want to arrange a puzzle and send it in to this newspaper, we will be mighty glad to publish it. Why not try one?

Horizontal

- 1 Article.
- 2 A cough (Prov. Eng.).
- 3 Extra explanation (abbr.).
- 4 For some reason.
- 5 A body of individuals regarded as one.
- 6 A liquid.
- 7 To wager.
- 8 A form of Crochet.
- 9 An epoch.
- 10 Pronoun.
- 11 A parent.
- 12 A hardwood tree.
- 13 Form of verb "to have."
- 14 Opposed to left (abbr.).
- 15 The nominative plural of the second personal pronoun.
- 16 Girl's name.
- 17 A lazy, immoral fellow.
- 18 A falsehood.
- 19 In the metric system.
- 20 A dwelling place.

- 35 Resting on.
- 37 Form of verb "to be."
- 38 A subject.
- 39 Observe.

Vertical

- 1 Slice.
- 2 Part of the neck.
- 3 To cut with an axe.
- 4 Turkey (abbr.).
- 5 Wharf.
- 6 A thoroughfare (abbr.).
- 10 A preposition.
- 11 A girl's cap.
- 12 And (Latin).
- 13 Color.
- 14 Anything that is spiny.
- 16 Frame on which artists place pictures.
- 17 Pertaining to the axis.
- 19 To consume food.
- 20 A month of the year.
- 24 Unless.
- 27 A minute particle of matter.
- 28 To have existence.
- 29 Myself.
- 31 Person loved and honored to adoration.
- 32 To come together (past).
- 33 To repeat of.
- 34 An exclamation.
- 36 Negative.

Answer to last week's puzzle.



BLONDE BESS OPINES

"Mother's feet always suffers when it rains. Mine don't but my complexion does."

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What I Think About 1925

With America having possession of more than one-half of the entire World's gold supply; with the World War problems substantially all readjusted; with Labor all employed at useful work at profitable wages; with the products of the farm at last commanding reasonably good prices; with interest on our foreign debts at least being partially paid; with our taxes diminishing; with the cost of Government gradually decreasing from the World War period; with tremendous orders heretofore held in abeyance now being released by retailers and distributors; with pessimism dead; with optimism alive and vibrant, 1925 is going to be the greatest year for business in the history of America.



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LOCKETS "THE MONTEBANK" SCREENED BY PARAMOUNT

Film fans will be more than interested in the announcement that the Herbert Brenon Paramount production of "The Side Show of Life" is coming to the Liberty theatre next Saturday, January 17.

The picture is an adaption of William J. Locke's justly famous novel, "The Mountebank," and Ernest Torrence, featured with Anna Q. Nilsson in the production, has the principal role.

Having a reputation for truth we cannot truthfully say that when William J. Locke wrote his famous novel "The Mountebank," from which the screenplay was adapted, he had Torrence in mind for the title role, but it's dollars to doughnuts that he could not have written a part more suited to Torrence's talent and temperament if he had. The story of the clown who joins the army as a private during the war, rises to the rank of brigadier-general and finds himself at demobilization in love with a titled English woman, but after all, just a clown—can you just picture Torrence in such a role?

Every bit of the comedy and pathos that has made so many thousands of people laugh and cry over the book has been put on the screen with all the mastery of Herbert Brenon.

Better see this one!

FEATURE AT THE LIBERTY THEATRE SATURDAY-SUNDAY.

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