

Sallie's Temptations

Curtiss Wright Lectures—and Sallie Just Loves It!

"I don't guess there's any use stalling any further, so here goes for the bathing suit episode." I announced, when we had ordered luncheon and were facing each other across a table in a secluded corner.

Curtiss Wright looked at me with an unwavering gaze and then said "with a deliberateness that was impressive:

"I've been thinking, Sallie, about the whole thing, and I've decided that it's none of my business. I believe, however, that you understand the interest that prompted me to ask for an explanation."

"Then you don't want me to tell you?" I eagerly inquired.

"You may suit yourself entirely," he replied coolly; "you owe me no account of your behavior. When I tried to force one it was because—"

My heart pounded.

"I'm glad you did," I interrupted, "and I'll tell you, because I'm not ashamed of what happened. Ted Billings was tight. He met me in the sand-dunes. He forced his caresses upon me, and in getting away from him he stripped my bathing suit from my body. There now, I've told you." I gasped breathlessly as I finished the graphic story. "You see, there's nothing to it," I ended, hopefully searching his eyes for a sign of approval.

His expression was non-committal and followed a long silence.

"Well, what's the matter?" I asked lightly. "Do you think I am a ruined woman?"

"Don't, Sallie, don't," he begged in a solemn manner; "I can't bear to hear you talk like that. I don't think you realize that the way you girls talk is far below the conversation of the average demimonde."

Another pause.

"And," he continued, "do you really believe that you can pass through such an experience and still feel that there's 'nothing to it'?" he quoted.

"Well, he wasn't responsible. He didn't know what he was doing."

His eyes snapped like sparks from a fire.

"Don't defend him, Sallie; for don't you see—can't you see that by condoning such a performance you put yourself in the position where he has a right to believe that you were not even offended?"

He was making me see the ugliness of the situation.

"I didn't mean to ever speak to him again," I stammered; "truly I didn't!"

"And yet you couldn't stay home for one evening. You sacrificed your self-respect for a few dances and the excitement of a party—"

"I didn't know HE was going," I defended.

"And I don't suppose you knew he was going to get an invitation to your party. And I don't suppose you minded dancing with him and having him touch you."

"Oh, don't, please don't!" I pleaded. "I see it all now. It really was rotten of me to go on being nice to him as if nothing had happened. It was so much easier not to make a fuss about it." I explained lamely.

"A noble line of thought to follow," he averred, and his voice held bitter sarcasm.

"It wasn't my fault that he was so horrid," I suggested.

"It was—just exactly that," he interrupted. "You told me the first night I met you that you had let him kiss you, and you thought it devilish funny. You drink with him so much that you don't even know what you are doing, and you bring yourself to the level where"—he paused, searching for the right word—"a man can't tell WHAT you're expecting of him."

"No one thinks anything of drinking, now-a-days, and you know it," I retorted.

"You're right. We men have had to accept these things because even our mothers and sisters drink cocktails and smoke in public. But let me tell you this, Sallie, men have one cylinder brains when it comes to women, and while smoking and drinking are not in themselves vicious, a man subconsciously measures a girl by these same petty vices. By subscribing to them she throws an atmosphere of rocklessness about her. But then—" He flung out his hands in a disconsolate fashion.

"Why should I presume to lecture YOU about such matters. In discussing morals, one runs the risk of making themselves vastly unpopular." He was trying to affect an impersonal manner.

"Oh, but I want you to," I cried with enthusiasm. "I've never had any-

one tell me the things YOU have, and—I just love it!"

(To be continued)

WHOOPIING COUGH

Whooping cough ranks third in fatalities among the communicable diseases of early childhood. This statement is made as a refutation of the prevalent belief that whooping cough is a disease of mild character and of little importance. Scarlet fever has resulted in less than half as many fatalities as whooping cough in the state of Oregon during the last ten years. Not only is whooping cough serious in itself but not infrequently pulmonary tuberculosis follows in its wake.

Whooping cough is prevented with the greatest difficulty. Typhoid fever, smallpox, diphtheria and scarlet fever have been conquered and measures are available for their complete control.

We know that the whooping cough is caused by a definite germ and we know how it spreads. But just as long as parents keep on thinking that the disease is a mild disorder and hence maintain indifference to the efforts of health officials to check its spread, just so long will epidemics continue to exact their toll of young lives. Another reason for lack of control is that often the disease is recognized, for the well known "whoop" may not occur until a week or even two weeks after the onset. In the meantime the child is spreading the infection all over the neighborhood, for it is during this period that the disease is most contagious. This fact emphasizes the necessity for keeping a child, suffering with what may seem to be just an ordinary cold, at home and away from other children. A cold may be the first sign of whooping cough or it may mark the beginning of any one of several infectious diseases.

Whooping cough is ONLY spread through contact with the fresh secretions of the nose and mouth of another person suffering with the disease.

The prevention of whooping cough consists in keeping all children with colds away from other children. This is a matter solely within the control of parents. Take precautions with your child and insist on your neighbor doing likewise. It is a State law that you report all cases of whooping cough to the health officer.

A vaccine has been developed; while it seems to help little in preventing the disease, it is of considerable value in reducing the severity of the disease.

Don't trifle with whooping cough but give it expert care.

BIG BOY

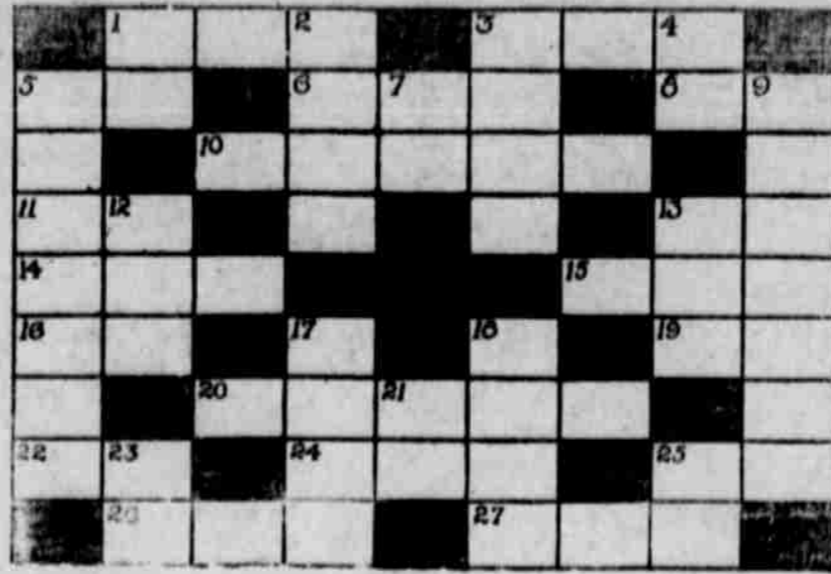
Customer: "Hey, barber, that razor pulls like everything."

Barber: "Don't worry. I'll get the whiskers if the handle don't break."

ED PURDY PHILOS

"Don't be discouraged. Think of the mighty oak. It was once a nut."

This Weeks Cross Word Puzzle



(By Magdalene Tuck)

The cross-word puzzle this week by Magdalene Tuck is a time limit test. This puzzle should be worked in not less than seven minutes. There are only two seven letter words and two five letter words, and not a hard or difficult word in the whole puzzle. There is no need of a dictionary—as all you will have to do is wrinkle your brow and think a bit. Equip no watch and pencil and see how far you can break the record of seven minutes. For every minute under the prescribed time mark yourself a plus—which means yours is better than the average intelligence. For instance, if you can work it in five minutes, instead of the allowed seven minutes, your intelligence is plus two. On your mark. Get set. GO! (Answer next week.)

Horizontal

- 1 A male member of the family.
- 3 Not the truth.
- 5 Egyptian Sun God.
- 6 A mineral.
- 8 To Perform.
- 10 Name of shrubbery.
- 11 Governess of the family.
- 13 One that pays the bills.
- 14 Genius.
- 15 A number.
- 16 A point of the compass (ab.)
- 19 The owner of Spark Plug.
- 20 A fattening product.
- 22 Exclamation.
- 24 To enlarge.
- 25 Verb.
- 26 Something that lives in water.
- 27 To keep from starving.

Vertical

- 1 Bleet.
- 2 Long ago.
- 3 A metal.
- 4 A man's nickname.
- 5 A love pact.
- 7 A state (ab.)
- 9 Fruit (plural)
- 12 Part of the verb "to be."
- 13 Small stone (ab.)
- 17 Not written.

- 18 To walk through water.
- 21 Editor (ab.)
- 23 A pronoun.
- 25 That thing.

Answer to last week's puzzle.



SILLS SAYS PRESENT SOCIAL SYSTEM IS ECONOMIC PHASE

"Love is the whole thing in a woman's life—only an incident in a man's life," remarked an exponent of psychology, none other than Milton Sils, who is co-featured with Cora Griffith in "Single Wives," a First National Production, which comes to the Liberty Theatre next Friday.

"Single Wives" is fortunate in its theme," continues Sils, "because it deals with a conflict fundamental in the human race—a conflict every man and woman faces when they embark on the matrimonial sea.

"The great difference between men and women lies in the fact that the former are the providers of the world and the latter are the propagators. In other words, men supply the means of self-preservation and women the means of perpetuating the race.

"A man is primarily occupied with the economic phase of life—his work. The result is that love necessarily becomes a secondary consideration. In a scene it occupies a minor place in

his outlook. At any rate this is true of a greater portion of a man's life—that period following his conquest of the woman he loves.

"The woman, on the other hand, under our present social system and for many ages in the past, has had economic provision made for her, her preoccupation being, natural enough mating and propagating. For her love is the very core of existence, her chief reason for being.

"In our times, with the increased pressure of business upon the modern man and the increased leisure for women which allows their romantic natures free play, these two preoccupations reach the stage of acute conflict. It is this theme that makes 'Single Wives' a remarkable story, reaching into our everyday lives and baring a phase of the mar-

ital problem inescapable but familiar."

The balance of the "Single Wives" is of all-star caliber, including Kathryn Williams, Lou Tellegen, Henry B. Walthall, Phyllis Haver, Phillips Smalley, Jere Austin and Pohn Patrick. It was directed by George Archambaud.

DUMB DAN IN ACTION

Friend: "What's the mater, Dan, you look sorta all in today. Didn't you sleep well last night?"

Daniel: "Gosh, no. Pete Perkins told me that feathers made soft pillows—but they don't. I put a feather under my head last night and I couldn't tell the difference."

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FEATURE AT THE LIBERTY THEATRE SATURDAY, JANUARY 24



WILLIAM FARNUM

"The Man Who Fights Alone"

FEATURE AT THE LIBERTY THEATRE WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 22



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