

Sallie's Temptations

The New Sallie Puzzles Curtiss

Coming back from St. Augustine Curtiss Wright was strangely quiet. Several times I tried to break in upon his meditation, but he answered me in monosyllables and I knew his thoughts were distant.

Before alighting from the car he turned to me and said slowly: "I've been thinking, Sallie, that it would be better for me to clear out until your father has completely recovered and work on the settlement can be finished."

I said nothing. Walter Hull and his wife have invited me on a hunt at their lodge near Orlando," he continued. "I hadn't thought of accepting, but—"

"Anything NOW is better than being my guest, is that the idea?" I interrupted.

"It isn't quite fair of you to say that and under the circumstances I believe you understand why I am leaving."

"I don't understand anything," I pouted. "I suppose Anne Coddington will be accompanying you on this sort of house-party-in-the-woods arrangement."

"I haven't asked her, but they told me to bring some girl along with me, and if you really think that she'd enjoy it, perhaps I shall pass on to her the invitation."

I was furious and a rising sense of loneliness crept over my whole being.

He must have felt my unhappiness, for he reached over and took both my hands in his, saying very gently:

"I know YOU don't want to go, Sallie. IT'S going to be rough—the worst kind. There'll be no hot water nor any sort of fluff-ruffles. Just simple and wholesome, not even a drop of liquor."

"Oh, but I'd love and adore it. I'm so-o-o-o tired and sick of everything and everybody. Please, please take me with you." The words came in pleading cadence, swiftly tumbling one after the other.

"What!" he exclaimed, "the most sought-after belle in the South begging to go on a camping party? A girl with more scalps at her slender waist-line than a Princess, wanting to go and leave all the suitors and gay times for a whole week where you'll have to live the sweet and simple?"

"But I'm wild about shooting!" I lied glibly, not daring to tell him that my only experience had been with clay pigeons at a State Fair shooting gallery. But right then and there I determined that I'd show Curtiss Wright I was as good a sportsman as Anne Coddington—if it killed me.

All was idleness within the camp that morning. Men and women sat in little groups together, chatting and smoking. There was a spirit of satisfaction in the air that was contagious. The morning needed no set plans to mar its perfection of freedom. In the open spaces the sunlight was a glistening veil that caressed the green grasses and semi-tropical foliage, and, not satisfied with the foliage, and, not satisfied that were poised and restless.

The shaded places were moss-draped vistas, bowers with dapples of green dancing on the carpet of shadows, as the leaves above were lifted and buoyed by a breeze that was wine-like in its languor, yet zestful in its exhilaration.

Curtiss sat alone, brooding. Then he left his place, returning quickly with a rifle. He entered the slightly discernible path and I knew he was on his way to the little stream where he had gone every morning while the others waited for the dogs' arrival.

I followed. The grasses swishing about his ankles prevented him from hearing my footsteps.

I saw him stop at a giant oak and I saw his gaze fix itself on some feathers across the tiny stream. Pity claimed him. He was seeing again the sylvan tragedy of the day before. The hawk's swift swoop, the struggle of the wood-thrush . . . The song strangled by the clawing talons, the majestic sweep of the bird of prey as he lifted his inert victim to the high branches. He saw no more. He had turned away from the rest.

Yes. There were the feathers; the hawk might come again today. He had an unobstructed view of the high perch, unoccupied.

His eyes were trained upon that dead, bare limb where he expected the feathered marauder. His vision was one of sun-flecked leaves and

flashing rays of brilliance wote his eyes obliquely. Some minnows darted in the stream, and their bright sides glistened.

His rifle lay by his side, his hands having slid from it. He did not start when I sat beside him, but acted as if he had rather expected me to follow.

"I'm sorry," I said softly.

"I don't know what you mean," he replied, looking at me intently, "but then I haven't been able to figure you out since the hunt started. I think you are teasing, and yet you seem more demure, more honest somehow; even your eyes are larger and more open. Right at this moment there is no twinkle, only the wavering depths of sincerity. A new Sallie."

"And you don't think I'm a fraud, coming here under false pretenses?" "Oh, that," he reminisced, smiling slightly, "I knew you couldn't shoot, and that's why you've been even more of a brick to put up with all the rough and tumble and not kick about it."

"I told the others we wouldn't go along with them today. I felt like I HAD to be alone with you, Curtiss." (To be continued.)

RARE TALENT IS IN INCHanted COTTAGE

Rarely does any motion picture combine such recognized talent as "The Enchanted Cottage," which comes to the Liberty Theatre on Thursday only.

Its star, Richard Barthelmess, has to his credit a series of unbroken successes in a wide variety of roles, from the Chink in "Broken Blossoms" and the boy in "Tol'able David," to the fearless youth of "The Fighting Blade."

Its director, John S. Robertson, is famous for his many notable films, which include such successes as "Sentimental Tommy," "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde," "The Bright Shawl" and "The Fighting Blade."

Its author, Sir Arthur Wing Pinero, is one of the half dozen leading English playwrights of the last two decades. His story is one that goes straight to the heart of every man, woman and child, based on the eternal theme that in the eyes of love all things are beautiful.

"The Enchanted Cottage" is the tale of a physically broken veteran of the Great War and tells how he found happiness with the woman of his heart.

In the cast is May McAvoy, one of the most capable actresses of the screen. Holmes Herbert, Marion Conkley, Florence Short, Alfred Hickman, Ida Waterman and many others of equal distinction.

This is a "Pat" and "Mike" joke. They went hunting one day. They were out after squirrels. Finally Pat spotted a little gray squirrel high in the branches of a tall swamp oak tree. He took careful aim and blazed away. The squirrel dropped. Mike looked first at the dead squirrel then to the topmost branch of the tree.

"Pat," he said "you wasted your ammunition. The fall would have killed him."

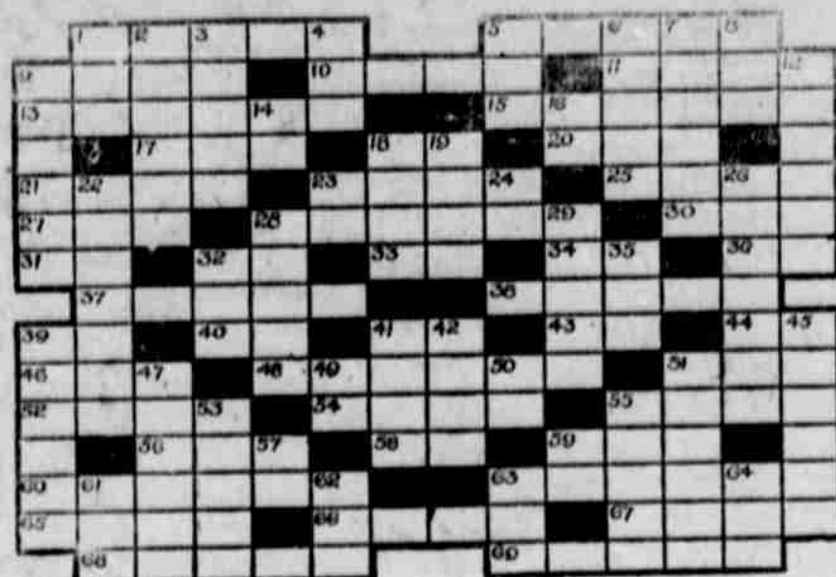
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This Weeks Cross Word Puzzle



Here is a cross-word puzzle arranged by Rev. T. A. Moyer which will give word chasers a merry round before it is finally solved. It is a perfect puzzle with words interlocked throughout the puzzle and enough long words to break the monotony of the short three-letter words or two letter abbreviations, so common in many puzzles. No doubt you will spend many a thinking hour over this puzzle, but don't delay its final solution too long—because next week—with another new puzzle, we will publish the correct answer to this one.

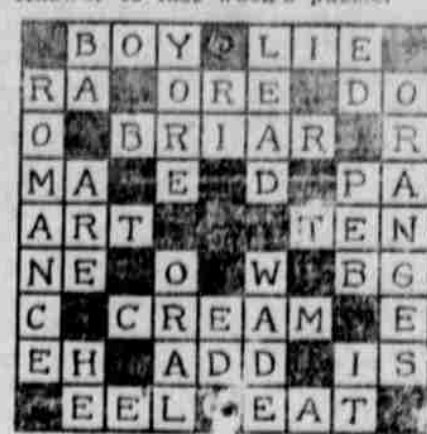
Horizontal

- 1 One of the Apostles.
- 5 A large country of Asia.
- 9 A sort of cabbage.
- 10 One of the lake states.
- 11 To dispatch.
- 13 To shock with terror.
- 15 Large city of number 10.
- 17 To annex.
- 18 To have existence.
- 20 A cutting instrument.
- 21 Used to fasten shoes.
- 23 To be borne on something.
- 25 A sage of the east.
- 27 A boy's name.
- 28 To point.
- 30 A name given to German during war.
- 31 Negative.
- 32 In this or that manner.
- 33 Dominus Noster (abbr.)
- 34 In mythology the daughter of Inachus and Ismene.
- 36 A cardinal point of compass; (ab.)
- 37 Joined together.
- 38 Loaded.
- 39 A word expressing equality.
- 40 Initials of a late president.
- 41 One who edits (abbr.)
- 42 In music, 2nd syllable of scale.
- 43 Printers' measurement.
- 46 Past of lead.
- 48 Large city of Asia-Minor.
- 51 Present tense of verb to be.
- 52 A date on Roman calendar.
- 54 Epoches.
- 55 Table land.

Vertical

- 1 A native of Japan.
- 2 Of the camel tribe.
- 3 A general of the Civil War.
- 4 What the sun is sometimes called.
- 5 A small bed.
- 6 The religion of Mohammed.
- 7 One of "Polly's pals."
- 8 Used to connect words and sentences.
- 9 A kind of clay.
- 12 A game.
- 14 A September holiday (abbr.)
- 16 A bone.
- 18 An inhabitant of the air.
- 19 Man's first residence.
- 22 Awakened.
- 23 One of the smallest states (abbr.)
- 24 Initials of founder of Cornell University.
- 26 Men skilled in use of guns.
- 28 Openings.
- 29 A jeweled head-dress.
- 32 To rest.
- 35 A song.
- 39 A winged footed animal.
- 41 A court of itinerant judges.
- 42 To pull.
- 45 A not very serious sickness.
- 47 A trader.
- 49 No one else.
- 50 A province of Canada (abbr.)
- 51 Of the air.
- 53 A part of churches.
- 55 Home of Ministers.
- 57 Initials of Lincoln's Sec. of War.
- 59 Child's name for mother.
- 61 A term used to indicate married woman's maiden name.
- 62 Child.
- 63 An unexploded shell.
- 64 A measurement.

Answer to last week's puzzle.



lot." Catty Tellig: "I too had a wonderful Xmas, but I did get quite a few duplicates (shrug, shrug)—under the mistletoe."

ALMOST RIGHT

Same Teacher: "Jimmy, what is a fraction?"

Same Jimmy: "It is a part of anything."

S. T.: "Give me an example."

S. J.: "Why, er-r-r—the 19th of January."

NOT BAD

Cross-Word Puzzle Fan: "What is a three letter abbreviation, meaning 'the nearest thing to man?'" Smart Guy: "Gee, that's easy. It's B. V. D."

FEATURE AT THE LIBERTY THEATRE WEDNESDAY, FEB. 4.

Thomas Meighan
in
'A Prince There Was'

Presented by Jesse L. Lasky & Paramount Picture.

FEATURE AT THE LIBERTY THEATRE SATURDAY, JANUARY 31

WITH LOIS WILSON
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A Paramount Picture

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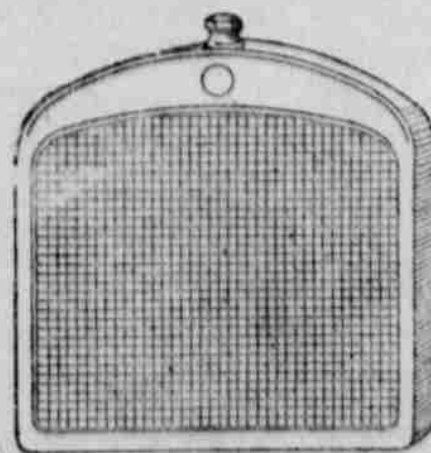
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