

# Sallie's Temptations

Enters, Warren Fisher of Wall Street

I had not meant to accept Ellie Mitchell's house-party invitation, and yet when I arrived at "Dias Dorados," the Mitchell's luxurious estate on the Bay Shore of historic old Pensacola, I was glad that I had used a woman's prerogative and changed my mind to come at the last minute.

In keeping with the informality of the Mitchell's entertaining, the chauffeur had been sent to meet me and I had really enjoyed my solitary drive through the autumnal-scented twilight. Entering the grounds, the atmosphere of the place gave me that rare feeling of exaltation that comes from viewing some perfect scene or painting that satisfies the senses.

"Dias Dorados—Golden Days," I mused. The name was aptly chosen. I drew deep breaths of the woody fragrance and alighting from the car, sped up the steps, two at a time, tingling expectant.

The crowd inside was in excellent spirits. Great log fires glowed at either end of the immense living room with its casement doors and windows, overlooking a picturesque riviera. At the piano, a girl with copper-colored hair and a shutter-green tunic was strumming a minor accompaniment to one of Service's poems.

"And women in a bit-ter world must do the best they can," she sang in a husky voice, oblivious to everything, but the youth with the patent-leather hair who was bending over her.

A great game of some kind was being played by all others in the room. I edged over to see what

was going on and, realizing my presence, the engrossed players glanced up to bid me welcome. It was a crap game.

"Please don't!" I begged motioning them back to their places, "only let me get in the game. I'm all ganged up with sevens."

I flung my gloves in one chair, my platinum-fox fur in another and taking my turn was soon easily the winner.

"Snake-eyes wing at him—in-spect 'em and sob, come eleven—sweet dynamite," I cooed.

"It's the way Sallie talks to 'em," someone good naturedly complained "even the dice are not immune."

"Yes, you make the rest of us look like an Undertakers' Convention," declared a voice behind, and leaning back on my heels, I turned and faced a stranger, whom I noticed was alert in his manner.

"We're 'way ahead of you, too," he continued, "here's something that might give you a little shove in the right direction." He smiled, engagingly and offered me a tall, frosted glass from which I took one exaggerated swallow.

"That hit the spot, all right," I murmured, "and I haven't the excuse of a hot and dusty journey either, because the trip over was cool and pleasant; but it needed just this little delicate attention to complete my heavenly impression of Pensacola."

We chatted unnoticed, the circle having widened.

"So you're Sallie, the Sallie, whose face has peered from society columns all the way from San Francisco to Cuba. I have followed with interest

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your butterfly career and I agree with your throng of press-agents. The minute you came into the room it was like another candle lighted."

"Hey there, you two. Come to the party. Sallie it's up to you," someone yelled.

"All right, referee; I heard you the first time," I responded, "but I pass the dice. Give me a rain check. I'm going up and associate with some soup-onds and water."

Then to my gallant companion, "See you later. In the meantime I must locate my negligent hostess. She doesn't seem to be properly impressed over my arrival. Thanks, TONS, for everything." I flung over my shoulder.

I liked this new person. After the indifferent treatment I had received from Curtis Wright on the eve of my departure from Jacksonville, his

attention was reassuring. A maid showed me my rooms and while she was unpacking my things, in rushed my belated hostess.

"Sallie, you angel," making a dive for me, "I'm so glad you decided to come. I started to call the whole thing off when I thought you had fallen down on us. You see you're the life of the party and every thing flat without you. We're going to a hop at Ft. Barrancas tonight and it's going to be the most elaborate affair of the season. What are you wearing?" all in one breath, as I continued my disrobing.

"Oh I tell you what," she went on, not waiting for an answer, "do put on that purple velvet with the bustle back and red roses. You know the Jenny model you wore at the Yacht Club cotillion. Gosh—I hope you brought it. You did, didn't

you?" again breathless.

"Didn't leave it," I answered shortly, in the act of drawing off a stocking.

"What kind of slippers do you wear with it? Oh yes, I remember the paper said purple ones with red heels. How absolutely adorable! You can get away with extreme things, Sallie but they're not for me. I'm the pink and blue type. Baby blue at that, and believe me, it takes something more than colors that are sweet and girlish to make a hit nowadays. By the way," she added as an after thought, "Have you met Warren Fisher?"

"Sounds like a movie actor. Nope don't believe I have, unless—" and I described the good-looking stranger who had given me his "Tom and Jerry".

"That's Warren, all over," an-

nounced Ellie, "owns half of Wall Street has a gorgeous yacht and or—"

"Yes, yes, go on," I encouraged, walking toward the bath room where I could smell the splay aroma of dainty bath crystals in the warm vapor.

"Shh," she put her finger to her lips and looked about in a mysterious manner. "I must have your 'full and undivided' to tell you about Warren. I will tell you THIS, though."

(To be Continued Next Week)

That the poisoning of rabbits in this county can be carried on successfully was demonstrated last week when Ira N. Gabrielson, of the Rodent Control Division of the U. S. Biological Survey, and Roy Fugate, junior biologist with County Agent Raymond G. Larson conducted experiments in the Paisley section on lands of the ZX company in the vicinity of the Red House. A number of experiments were also conducted at other points in the county and success has followed each trial—Lakeview Examiner.

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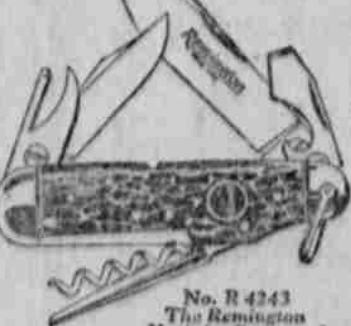
fits, auto kits, and so on. Why, there's a thrill in just seeing and handling all the outdoor equipment! And here are some of the things you'll see in his Remington exhibit: **New Improved Model 10 Pump Gun. Remington Game Loads. Remington Rifles and Metallic Cartridges. And the Remington Knives for Sportsmen.** Remington Sportsmen's Week, at your dealer's—now! Remington Arms Co., Inc., New York City Established 1816

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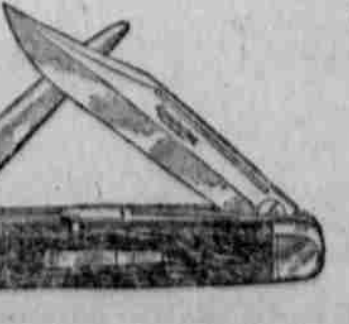
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