

# Sallie's Temptations

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, tinglingly 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 river. 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 do the best they can-n," 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 wink at him—inspect '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 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 soap-suds 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 Curties 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 everything's 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," announced Ellie, "owns half of Wall Street, has a gorgeous yacht and er—"

"Yes, yes, go on," I encouraged, walking toward the bath room where I could smell the spicy 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.)

## Thrifty Tips FOR THE HOME

By FLO

**Ivory:** To restore ivory that has turned yellow to its natural color, rub with turpentine.

**Coat Hangers:** If coat hangers are covered with velvet instead of silk, the garments will not slip off.

**Cabbage:** When boiling cabbage put in a piece of stale bread. This kills the unpleasant odor.

**Japanese Trays:** Try this for cleaning Japanese trays. Make a mixture of vinegar and powdered whiting. Apply it with a soft Mannel, wipe off with a clean cloth and polish with a chamois.

**Toothbrush:** If a new toothbrush is soaked over night in a glass of water, the bristles will not come out and it will last twice as long.

**Potatoes:** To utilize leftover boiled potatoes, and make a few "go around" cut them up, add a slice of bread cut into dice and fry the potatoes together. It makes a delicious dish.

**Soup:** When making soup always put in the meat in cold water. Corned beef and ham should be put in boiling water. Add a tablespoon of vinegar to make the meat tender.

**Hot Water Bottle:** After emptying a hot water bottle it should be slightly inflated with air before the stopper is replaced. Then powder with talcum and put away in a cardboard box where it will not be damaged by contact with light and air.

**Linens:** Linen that is not to be used for quite a while, should never be starched, as it may crack. The linen should be rinsed quite free of starch, dried and folded away in blue paper. The blue paper will keep it from turning yellow.

**Starch:** If little pieces of scented toilet soap are dropped in your hot starch, it will give the clothing a fragrant odor.

## HONEY INDUSTRY AIDED BY BUREAU ENTOMOLOGY

Beekeeping is an industry under development in this country as public appreciation of honey as a food continues to grow and create a demand. Honey is a sweet as old as the race and always held in esteem. Its flavor and aroma vary with the predominating kind of flower which the bees visit. Besides its use for table purposes honey is much used in cooking to replace all or part of the sugar, and it serves a purpose like that of sugar in the diet—it is a source of energy in readily available form.

The research of the bee-culture laboratory of the Bureau of Entomology of the United States Department of Agriculture is intended to throw light on the problems which arise in the beekeeping industry, such as the diseases affecting bees and the factors affecting the flow, flavor, or color of honey. Practically all of the extension in this field has been turned over to the several States, which have continued it almost without exception. The correspondence of the laboratory is heavy. While the beekeepers of the country are at the present time contending with low honey prices in the general market they are as a rule still caring for their bees as well as ever and are sending as many inquiries to the United States Department of Agriculture as formerly.

Several other divisions of the department cooperate with the bee-culture laboratory in work which concerns the beekeeper. These include the carbohydrate and microchemical laboratories of the Bureau of Chemistry, three offices of the Bureau of Agriculture Economics, and the Office of Cooperative Extension Work. From time to time various other offices and bureaus contribute information.

## Town and Vicinity

**Nephew Visits**—Francis Adrian, small nephew of Mr. and Mrs. W. Henry Adrian, is here with his aunt and uncle on a visit. He is the son of Mr. and Mrs. Pat Adrian of Eugene. His parents are enjoying a stay up the McKenzie river.

**Visit from Turner**—Mr. and Mrs. S. H. Baker, daughter Mrs. May Talbot, and G. I. Burnett, brother of Mrs. Baker, of Turner, Oregon, were visiting old friends in Springfield Sunday. Mr. Turner was formerly the owner of the Springfield flour mill.

**Went to Scotsburg**—Mr. and Mrs. Norman L. Howard made a trip to Scotsburg Sunday.

**Visited Son**—Mr. and Mrs. Carl Olson went to Portland Sunday where they spent the day visiting their son, Russell. They motored to Springfield Monday morning.

**Stopped at Sawmill**—Jess Griffin of Eugene was here on business Monday at the Springfield plant of the Booth-Kelly luber company.

**Went to Colorado**—Mr. and Mrs. G. H. Mooney and their young son left Saturday on a trip to Grand Junction, Colorado, and Oklahoma points.

**Porch Completed**—A new back porch has just been completed on the D. W. McKinnon home in Willamette Heights. The work was done by C. F. Scott, Mrs. McKinnon's brother, who is here staying with his father, C. F. Scott. He is from Portland.

**Went up McKenzie**—Mr. and Mrs. L. E. Danks and daughter, June, went up the McKenzie Saturday to their homestead in that district. They returned Saturday evening.

**Moved to Ranch**—The John Tomseth family moved from their home in Willamette Heights to their ranch between Goshen and Creswell on Sunday.

**Working in Springfield Again**—Ben A. Johnson, who has been working in Wainville, is now employed at the Second Avenue garage. He began his work there Monday.

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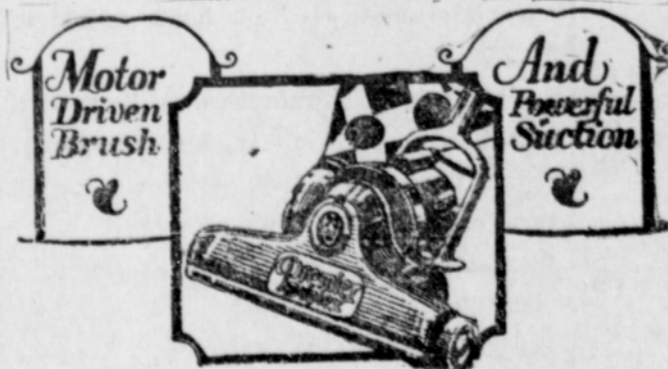
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