

Sallie's Temptations

A Drive and Curtis speaks His Mind

"And why this very flattering visit, may I ask?"

"Please, Curtiss, don't talk like that. I want you to go for a drive. Leave everything and go with me. I'm desperate for a talk."

"I'd better not," was his calm reply.

"You can leave if you want to," I declared with a frown.

"Yes, I know I can, but—" he hesitated, "I think perhaps it would be better if I stayed."

"What do you mean?"

"Oh, Sallie, what's the use? Things can't go on. Let's stop now while we can before we wreck both our lives."

"Get in, please. We'll run down to Mandarin for tea—there's an adorable place just off the road and its a beautiful drive." Again he hesitated—looked at me for several minutes and then slipped under the wheel.

It was a silver ribboned road and we passed many beautiful orange groves on the way. The waxy green of the symmetrical trees vied with the brilliant fruit in colorful allure.

We turned into the Mandarin road. There were the moss draped trees on the picturesque estates by the side of the St. Johns, with the old wrought-iron lanterns at the high gates and the fences lined with poinsettias in vivid bloom.

"The Tangerine Tea is just beyond the curve," I warned.

"I'm not going there," he said, "I'm going to take you where we will be undisturbed. I had not meant to say anything but you've stirred the devils in me and now I must talk, talk, talk."

He headed the car into a narrow lane, under an avenue of trees, their moss trailing in dainty garlands of lace to the very top of the car. Ahead was a lovely little wood. The red of the maples against the clump of green mangolias being the only touch of Fall. The car came to a halt.

It was an unrivalled day. The air was Springlike in its limpid purity and warmth.

"You've forced this, Sallie. I had meant never to speak to you of personalities again. But now I'll tell you all. I would spare you but I can not. It's too late. You have aroused the things that have lain here for the last forty-eight hours and burned and burned, the things I had meant to still. They are unpleasant; they're even worse than that. They are foul and I can find no euphemistic phrases in which to clothe the things I wish to say."

"First of all, I want you to be perfectly sure that I know everything that happened at Bob Chenoweth's on Saturday night," he began.

"Well, what of it? I would have told you myself."

"The bridge game—the kiss you gave a man to whom you had just been introduced—your sensational bath—Oh, what a fool I've been—I might have known."

His voice shook slightly but he squared his shoulders as if for a fresh start.

"But you knew I was silly and wild when you made love to me at camp," I made my defense.

"Simply because a man knows butterflies feast on carrion, he can't help but admire their beauty and at first sight he always has the hope that THIS butterfly will be different from the rest. He can never get over that poignant desire to have a butterfly in his hands but after he finds out that they're all alike, he doesn't go out and catch one. He doesn't let himself, touch one because he knows the beautiful powdery stuff that falls from the wings brings decay and he doesn't want that."

The words were gruesome and strong, and yet, behind the unsoftened smile, deep down in my heart, I knew he was right.

I stirred nervously.

"Would you rather I'd stop?" he asked.

"No," I replied, "if you are thinking these things, it would be better for me to know. Go on."

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The Judge's Joke

MANY WOMEN LEAVE UNDONE TODAY WHAT SHOULD HAVE BEEN WELL COOKED YESTERDAY



Fair Enough

First Student: "When I graduate"

I am going to the jungles of Africa to study wild men."

Second Student: "Will I'm gonna stay right here in the U. S. A. and study the wild women."

That's Figuring

"Looks like business will be just fair to middlin' for soap makers up until May. There are five Saturdays in May. If you get just what we mean."

ED PURDY'S PHILOS

"There's many an agricultural misstatement in popular sayings of the day. Frinstance: How can a man sow wild oats and raise Cain?"

Old Fashioned

Bleeks, "My wife is just like the rest of them. She will have the last word."

Spiffy: "Man, she's outta date. It's the last shot these days."

They Went Anyhow

He (over phone) "Say Beatrice how would you like to take a little spin with me in my new car."

She: "Fine. Drive right over Oswald."

He: "This isn't Oswald speaking."

She: "This isn't Beatrice, either."

An Honest Bootlegger

Reformer: "You have no conscience at all. You absolutely ignore the law."

Bootlegger: "You're wrong mister. All my business activities are governed by the law of supply and demand."

Milk and Honey

Oldtimer: "Can your wife live on your income?"

Newlywed: "Oh yes—yes indeed. That's no course of worry at all. Now all I have to do is to get out and

dig up one for myself."

Truthful Shopper

Clerk: "Wouldn't you like one of these cross-word puzzle books? they are great to improve your vocabulary."

Woman Shopper: "We haven't any to improve. Only a dining room and parlor."

ED PURDY'S PHILOS

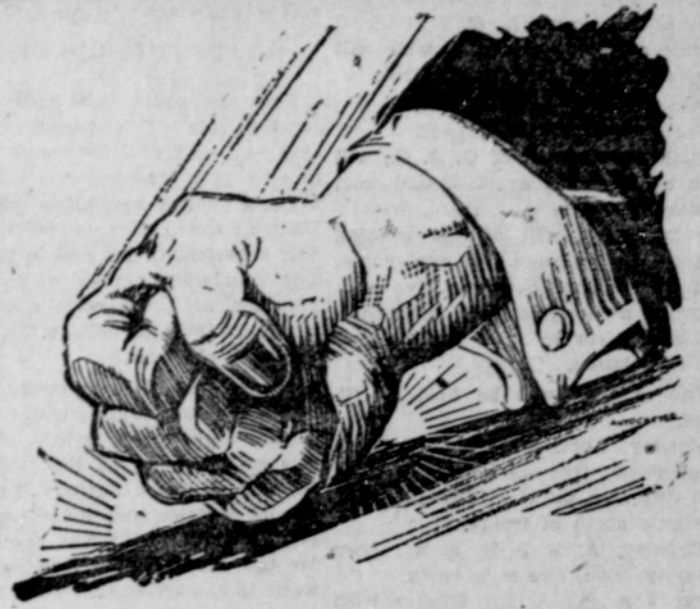
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