

# Sallie's Temptations

## Sallie Finds Wherein is Magic of Things

Curtiss must have known that for some reason I did not want to give him a dance. Otherwise I could not have used the excuse about the directors. He knew that I could have promised him one of the later dances that I had given to some of the younger crowd and explained later that there had been a mistake somehow. I had done that for Curtiss many times before. In fact, he reminded me that on one occasion I had switched half a dozen dances in a row so that I might be with him. Oh, yes, he knew.

And he must have been hurt for shortly after I had chatted with him, he and his brother left the dance. With his departure, it was the same as the old days. The magic was gone and the little glass lanterns were not so bright.

Ah, God, the flights of fancy that visit a woman's heart! That night was one of open-eyed reverie and inexplicable doubt. And oh, the whimsicality of feminine device. I had proved to Curtiss that it was not my desire to give him a dance and then because he did not pursue me, I railed at him mentally one moment and then adored him for his pride the next.

And what of his engagement to Anne?

With these thoughts racing about in my brain a few days later, I decided to drive father down to the beach cottage and take a swim. I drove the eighteen miles with the speed of the wind. I loved its sharp sting in my face. Father sensed my

preoccupation and remained silent during the drive. I invited him to go swimming with me but he declined declaring that there was a hint of autumn in the air.

And so I went in alone. Because of the break day the surf was deserted except for me. But how pleasant it was to turn one's face skyward allowing the waves to lift you with the movement of a cradle, so calm was the ocean today.

Clouds as blue and brilliant as the eyes of a pretty child gazed the heavens on high and the turquoise tints of the water seemed friendly and soft. Overhead, seagulls sailed by—harbingers of good fortune to the sailors, Mom Nellie had taught, and as I recalled the superstition, I wondered what luck they would bring to me.

I floated on and on, allowing the waves to lift me in their majestic arms and then toward Mayport, a pelican winged into sight. Someone had told me that the reason the pelican is used as a sacred symbol is because the mother bird feeds her young by boring a hole in her breast, from which drips the blood that gives them life. Mother-love! My heart softened toward the bird.

Then I began to swim. A path of sunlight reached golden fingers across the waves and over all there reigned an enveloping sense of freedom that the ocean inspires.

There had been another swim in the ocean when I had not been alone. I recalled the first night I had met

Curtiss and he had rescued me from the heavy surf. I wondered vaguely if I would ever be able to go any place or do anything that would not bring him to mind, and wondering, I heard his voice.

"Hello, there! Mind if I tag along?"

"No, I believe there's room," I replied, nodding to the vast ocean.

We swam in silence. I could have gone on indefinitely with the rhythmic swing of his accompanying strokes at my side but we had been swimming with the current and found ourselves beyond the row of cottages and even past the Inn. Toward the shore, were reaches of white sand and unending palms sloughed against china-blue sky.

As if by common consent, we headed in and were soon seated at the water's edge. The waves broke in playful melody against our feet. It was good to rest a while and to feel his presence at my side.

It was what I call a gold day. Even the edges of the water and the beach itself were bathed in a mellow glow. The clouds had thrown themselves in graceful abandon across the sky and the colors drifted from shell pink

to the deep tint of wood violets. Over the entire scene a fleet-footed and invisible nymph of the sky had drawn a misty curtain. Here and there were baby clouds in pale mauve.

Pools of pink and blue on the beach and clug to the places still damp from the waves of the implacable ocean. Cut toward the horizon, a two-masted freighter put out to sea with its heavy cargo. The day was still and the smoke scurried in an unbroken line upward, and distance with her flattering hands made silver clouds of it. A huge bird swift and sure as a man with a purpose, darted into the ocean.

A last faint sifting of gold-like ashes of roses from a cliffon scarf which the lady of the evening would soon draw close.

(To be Continued.)

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Class officers for the four high school classes were elected at meetings of the groups Friday. On the same day the student council met

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