

## SKI'S THE

## LIMIT

By ADELAIDE HUMPHRIES

## CAST OF CHARACTERS

SALLY BLAIR — Heroine. She had everything that popularity could win her, except...

DAN REYNOLDS — Hero. He might have had Sally but while he was king on skis...

COREY PORTER was king of the social whirl. So... But go on with the story.

Yesterday—Dan sends a short farewell letter to Sally, whose heart is now broken completely, irreparably.

## CHAPTER TWENTY

"SALLY, my sweet," Corey Porter said, for the hundredth time, "I don't see why you won't give in. You know you are going to marry me one of these days. Why won't you admit that you are?"

This was three months since Dan Reynolds had gone away. Three months during which Sally had had no other word from him except that one farewell letter which she still kept locked in her jewel case.

"There isn't any reason why you can't marry me, is there?" Corey persisted. For Corey was a most persistent young man.

He had sent her flowers and candy, books and perfume; he had secured her around, escorted her to all the gay spots, courted her in a way that would have won any girl's heart. Except Sally's, which was broken.

"No, there isn't any reason," Sally answered. Truthfully. There really was not. For now Sally knew, after these three long months of heartache, that Dan never would come back.

"Then why don't you name the day?" Corey insisted further. This was on his way home from a football game, the Thanksgiving game, in which Dartmouth had scored a triumphant victory over Cornell. They had stopped at a favorite inn for coffee and sandwiches and to get warmed before the long drive back.

WHY didn't she? Sally wondered, looking at Corey. He had been very good to her, very patient—for Corey. He was a young man any girl might be glad to marry. So blond and easy to look at, so gay and glamorous, so much a part of the luxurious easy world that Sally always had known.

There was no use now in hoping that Dan ever would return. She might as well forget him. She might as well destroy the letter that was the one thing she had left of him. She might as well mend her broken heart as best she could.

Yet she could not bring herself to say the words that might do that, the words that Corey wanted her to say. She supposed she would say them some time. It was very difficult to hold out against such persistence as Corey's. And Sally was so awfully tired.

"I've got something for you," Corey said now, his blue eyes looking into hers across the intimate little table. "Since you admit there's no reason why you shouldn't accept it, my sweet, I want to give it to you, too."

He put his hand in an inside pocket, drew forth a tiny square box. He had been carrying that box for a long time, waiting for just such a moment. He felt that that moment had come.

The inn was practically deserted, except for a few scattered parties. The lights were low, the room warm and cozy, the gypsy orchestra was murmuring a love song.

COREY opened the box, took something from it, reached across for Sally's hand. Before she could stop him, he had slipped a ring on her third finger, a square-cut diamond that sparkled up at her in a blaze of challenging brilliance.

"Oh, but Corey—you shouldn't! I can't!" Sally's lovely face was dressed, flushing becomingly in the soft rosy light. Corey had had no right to purchase a ring, to put it on her finger, when she had not given him any reason to think she could accept it. But it was like him to do it in just that way, refusing to admit that she could do anything but accept it. Corey who always won in the end.

"Why shouldn't I? Why can't you?" His challenge matched that of the sparkling stone. "Don't take it off, Sally. Wear it until you make up your mind, anyway."

"But I can't make up my mind," Sally said sadly.

"Then let me do it for you!" Corey's smile was triumphant. He caught both her hands in his, crushing them so that the new ring pressed into her soft skin, burning it, even as Sally's heart, fluttering in uncertainty, ached.

She might as well let him do that. She knew Corey would not give up until he had won. She liked Corey, more than any other friend. She could not hope to find any other so faithful, so persistent. Anyone else who would make up her mind for her.

It's time, Sally told herself, that she stopped thinking of Dan, hoping he might some day come back. He never would. He did not want to live in her world. He had not asked her to go with him to live in his. He had not told her that she was not the sort of girl he wanted.

DURING these long months those words had been in back of every thought that Sally had had. They had wounded her at first, but gradually they had begun to hurt with a different way.

They taunted her, they stung her pride, they stirred her to rebellion and on toward anger. She knew, though he had not told her, that that was what Dan, writing them, had meant they should do. He had had to do it, her deliberately. He had meant to arouse her anger, to make her come to despise him for them. He had wanted her to put him out of her world, forever to put him out of her world.

Sally did not take off the ring. After she withdrew her hands from Corey's firm grasp, she left it where he had placed it. It was a very beautiful ring. The kind of ring that a girl like Sally should wear.

She laughed shortly, thinking of that. She said, "Why not?" And the light in her dark eyes was dangerously bright, as long ago it often had been. Perhaps in that instant the old Sally Blair, Queen of the social party and glamour girl, came back. To Sally that other girl, who had loved Dan Reynolds, had tried so hard to win him.

"You mean you'll wear it?" Corey asked. He had known he would win her in time. Yet somehow, maybe because of something

## HOLD EVERYTHING

By Clyde Lewis



JNPS

LEWIS 1-2 COPR. 1939 BY NEA SERVICE, INC.

Which one of you guys is 'Ralph the rat'?"

## OUR BOARDING HOUSE

With Major Hoople



1-2

COPR. 1939 BY NEA SERVICE, INC. T. M. REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

YOU CAN SPLASH ANY BRAND OF CHOWDER ON THAT OUTRAGE AND IT WON'T LEAVE A SINGLE FOOTPRINT!

YEH, WISE CRACKER, I NOTICE THAT SHIRT YOUR SISTER SENT YOU IS FRAYED ALONG THE EDGES WHERE IT'S BEEN FOLDED — I'LL BET IT'S BEEN PASSED AROUND AS A PRESENT FOR YEARS — ANYBODY THAT'D WEAR THAT CHECKED SLIP COVER MUST HAVE A TASTE LIKE A NEW YEAR'S HANGOVER!

## OUT OUR WAY

By Williams



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THE DARK SECRET

J.W.WILLIAMS 1-2

—By Al Capp

"I BEEN A LONG TIME HIDIN' TH CHRISTMAS PRESENT I BOUGHT FOR TH BABY, BUT IM STILL WORRIED THAT SOMEBODY WILL RUN ONTO IT!"

OH, DON'T WORRY A BIT — WE WON'T GET TO TH BOTTOM OF THAT COAL PILE TILL SPRING!

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"CHRISTMAS HANGOVERS!"

—By J. Williams

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