

SERIAL STORY—

# 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.

## 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," there? Corey persisted. For Corey was a most persistent young man.

He had sent her flowers and candy, books and perfume; he had squirmed 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 heart-ache, that Dan never would come back.

"Then why don't you name the day?" Corey persisted further. This was on her 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 don't you?" Sally wondered, looking at Corey. He had been very good to her, very patient—for Corey. He was a young man any girl might well 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 today."

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 discolored, 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. You'll never 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, hurting 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 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 toward anger. She knew, though he had not told her, that that was what Dan, writing them, had meant they should do. 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.

Sally did not take off the ring. After she withdrew her hands from Corey's firm clasp, 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. "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 carnival, party and glamour girl, came back. The Sally that other girl, who had loved Dan Reynolds, had tried so hard to kill.

"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

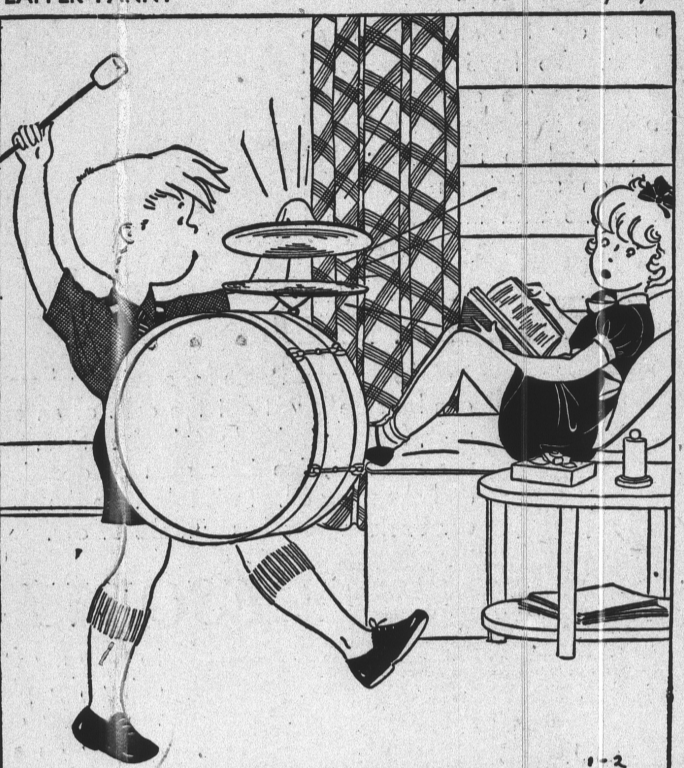
By Clyde Lewis



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

### FLAPPER FANNY

By Sylvia



For goodness sake! If you've got to make so much noise, can't you be a little quieter about it?"

### GRIN AND BEAR IT

By Lichy



Lem's feudin' agin' every family in the valley since bein' made district census taker—figgers everyone he knocks off now will make it easier in 1940!

### THIS CURIOUS WORLD

By William Ferguson



ANSWER—Wrong. The average length of life today is much longer than ever before since accurate records have been kept.

else that lay behind the brightness in Sally's dark eyes, his high moment of triumph held a tinge of remorse.

Or, maybe, in spite of being what he could not help being, Corey Porter had enough decency and goodness in him to have to experience that one moment, at least, of self-contempt and reproach.

Sally nodded. What difference did it make whether she wore Corey's ring or not? What did any-

### OUR BOARDING HOUSE

With Major Hoopoe



CHRISTMAS HANGOVERS

### L'L ABNER



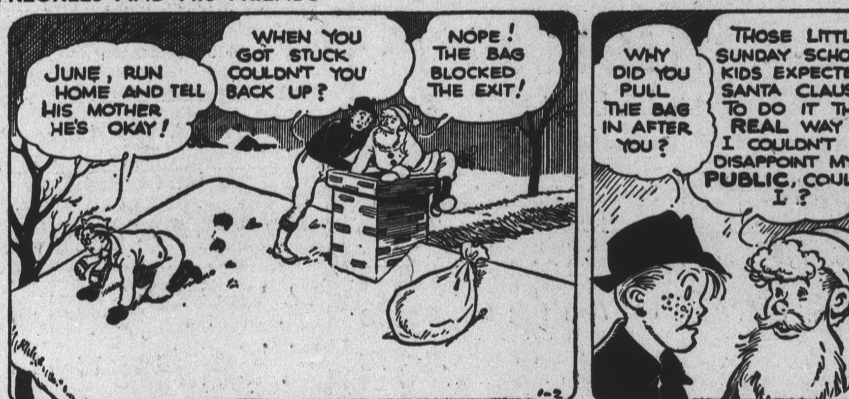
### NANCY



### WASHINGTON TUBBS II



### FRECKLES AND HIS FRIENDS



### MYRA NORTH, SPECIAL NURSE



### BOOTS AND HER BUDDIES



### ABBIE AN' SLATS



### OUT OUR WAY

By Williams

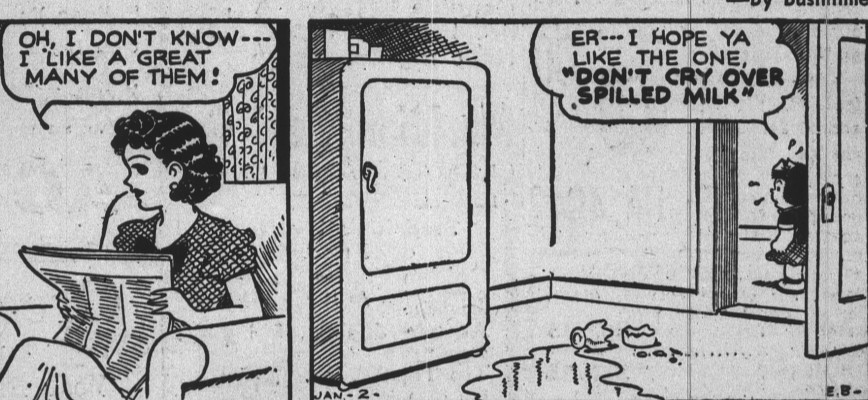


THE DARK SECRET

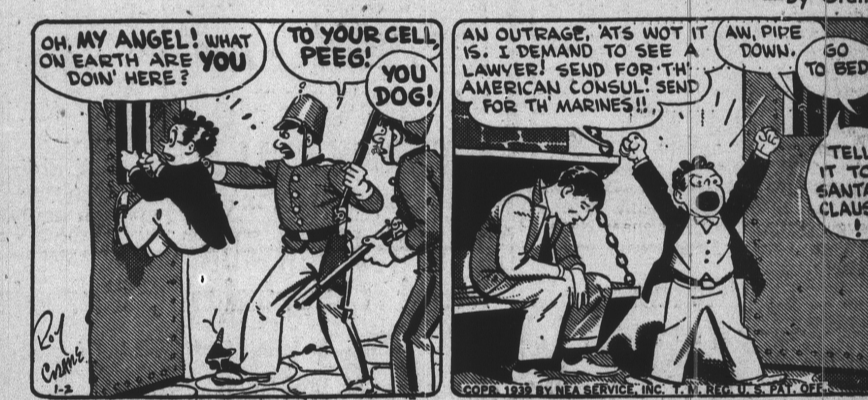
### L'L ABNER YOKUM



### NANCY



### WASHINGTON TUBBS II



### FRECKLES AND HIS FRIENDS



### MYRA NORTH, SPECIAL NURSE



### BOOTS AND HER BUDDIES



### ABBIE AN' SLATS

