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SERIAL STORY—

## SKI'S THE LIMIT

By ADELAIDE HUMPHRIES

CAST OF CHARACTERS  
MALLY 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 ski whirl. So . . . . But so on with the story.

Yesterday—Seeing Dan only convinces Sally that she still loves him. Later that day Sally and Corey lose their trail in a storm.

CHAPTER TWENTY-FOUR  
If they had missed the trail they might, with one misstep, plunge over the side of the canyon, 5000 feet in depth. Sally, shivered. "What else can we do?" she asked. Corey. She easily could have given up, too; her every breath was an agony to her lungs, her hands and feet were heavy, caked with ice. We can't stay here all night. We'd freeze to death. They'd dig us out in the spring. We wouldn't be a pretty sight!"

"Shut up!" Corey snapped. "I mean—don't talk that way. Even in fun." He knew a person could easily die of exposure on such a night. He prided himself on being a good sport, but this was a bit too thick for him.

"I'm going on," Sally said flatly. "You can come with me, or not. Suit yourself." She plunged blindly ahead, using the tiny wheel of each ski pole to feel her way and lend support, inching along, floundering and slipping.

"Wait! Wait for me!" Corey panted a few feet behind her. The snow was so heavy now that a few steps took one almost out of sight. They dared not become separated for even a few seconds.

Sally waited, but she could not help a slight feeling of contempt. Corey should have been the one to have led the way, to have lent her courage.

She thought of Dan. If only they had taken his advice. Dan who knew these mountains so well, who would not have missed the trail. For Sally had learned that Dan had been staying at Lake Placid for several months, instructing, guiding parties, getting in form for the meet.

"But there was no use thinking of Dan now, she told herself grimly. Dan, whom she might never see again. Who had asked her to go up into the mountains today.

"It's hopeless. We can't go on in this storm." Corey said. His voice broke as he spoke.

"We must go on," Sally returned through lips that were stiff and almost blue. She had fallen down twice, once she had struck a tree. Even the heavy woolen parka and thick ski knickers did not keep out the cold.

Dan never would have given up, she thought. Not until there was absolutely no hope. She had resolved she would not think of him, yet it was this thought that made her struggle on, against all hope as it seemed.

Once in a while the storm lifted for a second, then she could see 10 to 12 feet ahead, the tangled underbrush weighted down with its white burden, the tall pines bent with the wind's wild fury.

She struggled on, panting, sucking great drafts of icy air, automatically striking out, forcing her aching limbs onward. Corey groped and lunged on beside her, now behind her.

"I tell you we can't go on," he yelled at her once more, and Sally stopped to look at him. Poor Corey, he couldn't take it, after all. For all his smug pride, his arrogance and superiority, he lacked Dan's drive, resourcefulness. She saw him with crystal clearness in this blinding moment. She knew then that she never could love Corey. She never could marry him, though she wore his ring.

"We'll have to find the trail, Corey," she said. "We'll have to go on—until we drop."

SHE was so weary now it really did not matter whether they kept on or not. It would have been much easier to have given up, much simpler. But something within Sally Blair would not let her do that. She had been born a fighter. She would have to keep on fighting to the end.

What was that she heard above the storm, the angry wailing of the wind? She lifted her head, throwing back the hood of her parka to listen. She heard it again, a long, high call—could someone else be lost in the storm, too?

Corey thought he heard it too. They listened together. Again it came. It was a human voice! And it had sounded nearer.

They tried to yell in response, but the wind tore the cry from their lips, smothering it. They waited a moment, then tried again.

"Yoo-hoo! Yoo-hoo!" here we are! Hi, there!" Hope gave them fresh impetus. They plunged on again, pausing every now and then to lift their voices, to call out, to listen for that answering call that seemed to be drawing nearer and nearer.

"There's a snowshoe track!" Corey cried. He pointed at the ground with trembling fingers. There on the driven whiteness was a wide, web-like print.

"Whoever it is must have crossed here a short while ago, for no track could last. We'll turn here," Sally directed. "Try to follow them." There was a curve of tracks, fresher and deeper, though some already were blazed. Sally raised her voice again.

They floundered on, 400 yards or so, through the thick timber. It seemed to Sally that the storm was lifting a bit. There was a break in the leaden sky, a tiny patch of blue smiling through. The snowdrops were larger, they did not fall so fast.

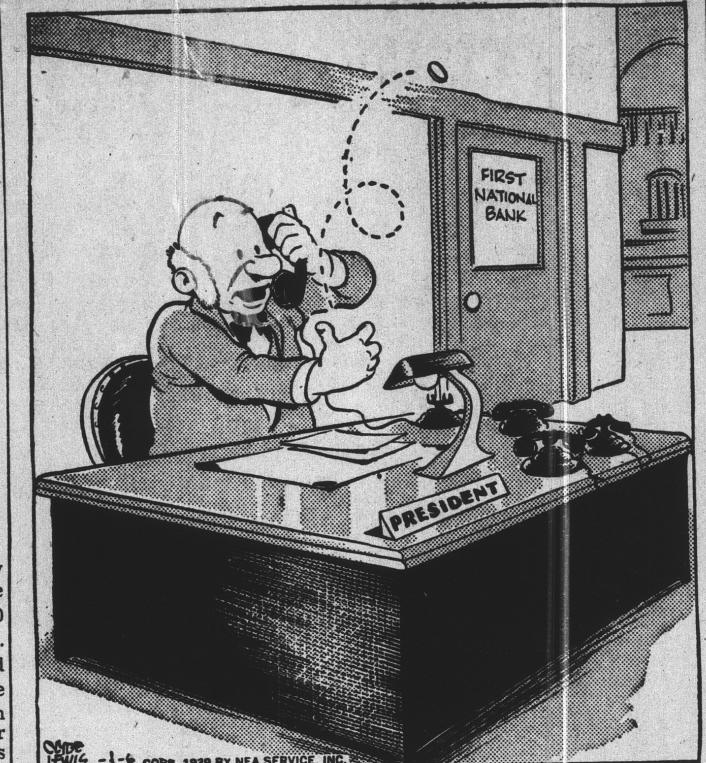
"Look!" Sally gasped. Coming toward them was the figure of a man. A figure that even in this moment was familiar, raising an arm to wave to them.

"It's Dan!" Sally gasped. Dan, coming to meet them, to rescue them. Dan who must have braved this storm for their sakes, fearing they would be lost in it.

His face was crimson from the cold, his lashes frozen, but his eyes were weak with fear.

## HOLD EVERYTHING

By Clyde Lewis



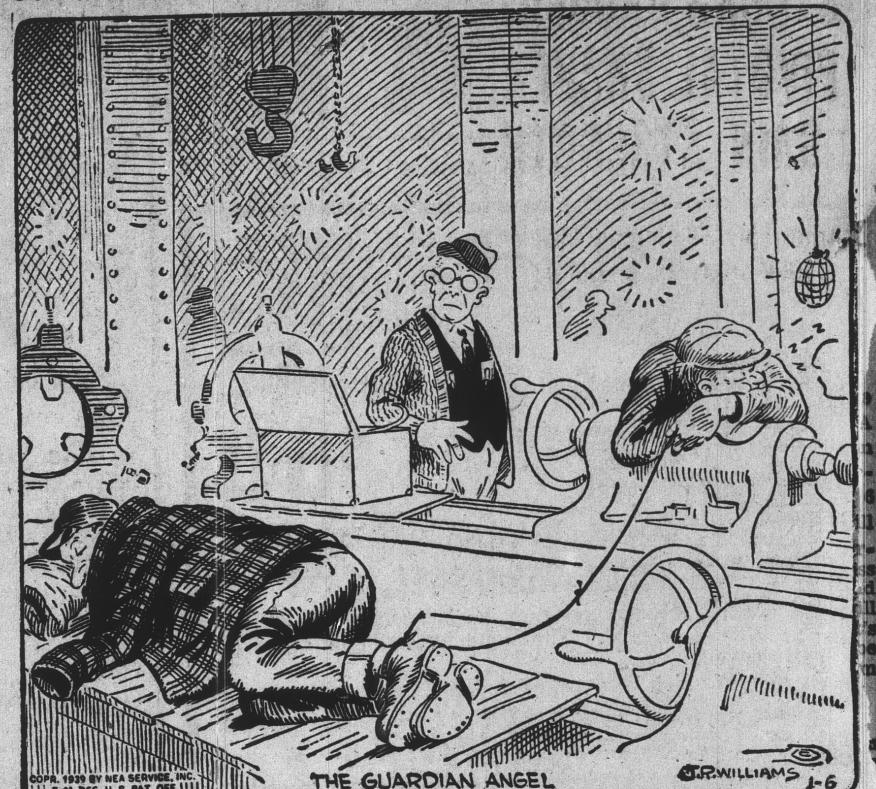
## OUR BOARDING HOUSE

With Major Hoople



## OUT OUR WAY

By William



—By Al Capp

## FLAPPER FANNY

By Sylvia



"But I don't like snooty restaurants. I want to eat where they have paper napkins and five more kinds of desserts."

## GRIN AND BEAR IT

By Lichy



"Everybody got their bets down? The jury's ready to come out!"

## THIS CURIOUS WORLD

By William Ferguson



HORNED TOADS ARE LIGHT-COLORED IN DAYTIME—THUS REFLECTING THE SUN'S RAYS, BUT IN THE COOL OF THE DESERT MORNING AND EVENING, THEY TURN DARK AND ABSORB THE RAYS.

DOMESTIC CATS, ALTHOUGH QUADRUPEDS, MAKE BIPED TRACKS.

ANSWER—Yes. The days and nights would be equal in length throughout the year, and there would be no seasons.

Dan had come for her. He had come back to her. He had called her "darling," he held her now, as though he never would let her go, as though their own special world had been found for them again.

(To Be Concluded)  
(All events and characters in this story are wholly fictitious.)

COMMON ERROR  
Never pronounce chapter-chapter-chapter, shay-er-own.



—By Major Hoople

## LIL' ABNER

With Major Hoople



—By Major Hoople

## NANCY

With Major Hoople



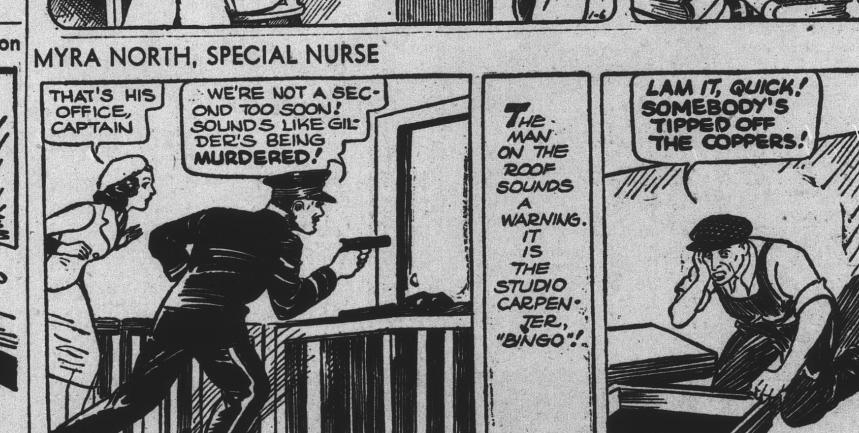
—By Major Hoople



—By Major Hoople



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—By Major Hoople



—By Major Hoople

IT'S PAPPY YOKUM! IT'S PAPPY YOKUM! IT'S PAPPY YOKUM!

—By Major Hoople

THE GUARDIAN ANGEL

—By Major Hoople

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