Thursday, July 11, 1940



CHAPTER XIV

CHAPTER XIV Janet murmured something un-intelligible and fled. Her cheeks were scarlet and it did not in-prove her state of mind when she walked into the lounge and con-fronted Priscilla in the act of caressing a small red rosebud in the lapel of Tony Ryan's coat. "So sorry," said Janet. "Didn't mean to intrude." She fled for the 'second time, walked blindly out upon the screened veranda which ran

She field for the second time, walked blindly out upon the screened veranda which r an across the side of the clubhouse. The sun had set in a riot of vio-lent colors. Janet advanced un-steadly to the end of the porch. Not until she bumped into nim did she realize that she had cornered Gordon. "Yes," she said sadly. ^Ait would be you. Life's like that." "You aren't in love with Tony Ryan, are you, Janet?" Janet could feel her heart flinch. "Certainly I'm not in love with Tony Ryan!" she cried. "Love's something we've never

"Love's something we've never discussed."

Gordon made a distracted lit-tle gesture, and Janet turned abruptly. Tony stood at her el-There was no moon The bow, his lips parted in a lazy grin

"So sorry," he murmured, imi-"So sorry," he multimured, intra-tating the tone which Janet had employed upon him a short while before. "Don't mean to intrude, before intrude, of her thoughts. but everybody's going in to dinner and," he gave Gordon a glance that made him squirm, "I've a yen to be with my fiancee. I'm funny that way." Diricelle hod mennered to control the edge of the pool. Something wet and clam-

Priscilla had managed to seat herself beside him. She com-pletely ignored Gordon who was

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The orchestra had not arrived, helpless kitten. He kissed her somebody turned on the radio. Priscilla wriggled her shoulders and snapped her fingers. "That music's too smooth to waste," she announced. "How's for dancing, Tony?" "I trust that's satisfactory," he murmured.

"Want

she heid out her arms. Tony murmured. did not appear to notice. "Want to dance, Janet?" he asked. He did dance beautifully. Jan-et had never denied him that compliment. You felt safe in his arms, she thought. She sighed and glanced up into his face to find him smiling down at her. A thrill began at Janet's head and went to her toes as if she

country, when the music ended. Priscilla skated across the floor. "Tony, show me how to do the rhumba. You promised." She stood it for two dances and then she knew she could not watch Priscilla's determined pur-suit of Tony Rwap enother min-

suit of Tony Ryan another min-ute. Biting her lips Janet made

There was no moon. The swim-ming pool was edged with a con-crete walk, not very wide. Janet set her teeth and marched

saw the wet bathing suit which had been left on the edge of the pool. Something wet and clam-my wrapped itself about her ankle. She thought of snakes, screamed wildly, missed her foot-ing and plunged straight toward ing and plunged straight toward the water. "Janet!"

A hand closed about her wrist and jerked her back to the con-crete walk. Still off balance

crete walk. Still off balance Janet clutched frantically at her rescuer. His arms went about her and clung. "Janet, darling!" cried Gordon. He was trembling. "You can't have got over loving me, Janet! Please say you haven't." Gordon, swept out of himself at last, was kissing her with an abandon which Janet found peculiarly re-volting. ered himself lazily to the ground. "You know," he observed idly, "I believed your explanation

"If you have no objections, Key," murmured a cool, self-contained voice behind them, "I'll do all the kissing my fiancee re-

Gordon with a violent start dropped his arms. "Janet was mine before we ever heard of you, you big stiff!" he stammered. Tony Ryan turned and looked t him. "Scat!" he remarked you?'

Gordon hesitated, eyed the set of Tony's jaw and then suddenly and ignominiously scatted. Tony looked at Janet. There was a gleam in his blue eyes which ter-rified her. "As you reminded me to "As you reminded me, I haven't made love to you," he said. "This to correct the oversight."

He swept her into his arms. He held her as if she were a small

THE ELKIN TRIBUNE, ELKIN, NORTH CAROLINA

the first time in twenty-five years almost totally unnecessary. As if—as if I'd completely outlived

He put his hand over hers. 'Not to me."

crous amazement. " ed?" she stammered.

de?" she stammered.
Anne smiled. "Dearest, you probably can't imagine! but I was once in love myself. The symptoms are universal."
Tony caught Janet's hand and hurried her out. "I'll pick you up when I come back, Steve," he called over his shoulder.
Tony put his arm about Janet's shoulders and raced her down the stairs. "Give the guy a break," he said, kissing her startled mouth. Then for a moment she could not move or speak, she could only go on staring at Tony Ryan's back. Over his shoulder Priscilla's eyes met Janet's. Priscilla's arms were tightly wound about Tony's neck.

Janet could no more have help-"Tony, you can't mean!" she

Janet could no more have help-ed what she did next than she could have stopped breathing. Drawing the glittering diamond off her finger she flung it in Tony's general direction. "Catch!" she said. "You bought it for her anyway." And then she turned and walk-ed out the front door. She was past connected thinking, but she had no intention of remaining anywhere ia the vicinity of Pris-cilla Leigh and Tony Ryan. It was six blocks from the Country Club entrance to the nearest trol-ley through a subdivision which

ley through a subdivision which had never been developed. "I love you." She thought of another who had spoken those words, the mate Janet realized abruptly that she was running, running with tears streaming down her cheeks. "I think," that

News

"I think," said Steve, "if you'd

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It seemed to her she had been stumbling along for years, chok-ing down her sobs, when she

ing down her sobs, when she heard a car caroming down the graveled road behind her. The glaring headlights of Tony Ryan's powerful black and silver roadster impaled her like a bedraggled butterfly on a pin. "Nice night for a walk." Tony remarked, bringing the machine to an abrupt halt six feet away. He rummaged in his pocket, found a cigarette, lit it and low-ered himself lazily to the ground.

about this afternoon and I didn't hold you responsible for being caught in the boy friend's arms

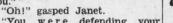
caught in the boy friend's arms tonight." "No?" "It would take somebody more naive than I to imagine a swell girl like you in love with that plush rabbit. All the evidence of your friends to the contrary, you never were in love with him, were you?"

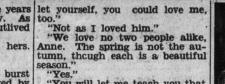
"N—no." "You called me a realist once. I am in a way. I've had to be. But I have my dreams." He smiled wryly. "If you'd bother to similar wryty. If you'd bolter to pry under surfaces you'd probably discover that I am a realist with idealistic trimmings. In any case you're the only woman I ever asked to be my wife."

"How can you expect me to be-lieve that when you've been pur-suing Priscilla Leigh all sum-mer?" cried Janet, burning with

mer?" cried Janet, burning with indignation. "At the risk of sounding insuf-ferably egoistic I shall have to tell you that I've never pursued Priscilla. I simply allowed her to pursue me as long as it suited my purpose." He laughed. "Priscilla made an effective smoke screen, you'll admit. I made up my mind to marry you the first time I saw

to marry you the first time I saw 667 you.





"Yes." "You will let me teach you that for you and me life can begin all over again after forty, Anne?" Her smile was a little tremu-lous, but very lovely. "Yes, Steve —dear," whispered Anne, blush-ing exquisitely as he stooped and kissed her. THE END

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He put his hand over hers. A "Not to me." She colored. "I-I-" Sht colored. "I-I-" "She that moment Janet burst into the hall, closely followed by Tony. "Mother!" she cried, her i voice radiant. "Tony and I-we (-he and I--" She blushed furiously. Her I tongue failed her. She could not put her happiness into words, but i her eyes proclaimed it as Tony's i arm tightened about her. "I take it," said Steve Hill with a chuckle, "you have discovered that you are madly in love with. Tony, Janet, and he with you." "Are we supposed to be sur-prised?" murmured Anne, laugh-ing softly. Janet stared at them in ludi-crous amazement. "You suspect-ed?" she stammered. Anne smiled "Dearest, you



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"You were defending your mother, remember? You said you pant about her. My mother work-ed too, Janet. She worked her-self into an early grave taking care of me. I've never been able j to feel flippant about that either. When I stood there in the door-way and looked at you, some-thing in my heart clicked. I knew then you were what I'd been looking for."

"Don't you think I have my pride?" she blazed. It was then the owl screamed

in a bush about a foot from Janet's ear. She did not know it was a screech owl calling to its mate. She heard something ghastly, shrieked and tumbled

"Precious!" whispered Tony, holding her very close, so close she could hear the wild pound-ing of his heart against her cheek "Oh, Tony!" whispered Janet

"Oh, Tony!" whispered Janet. He kissed her, so tenderly she trembled, and then so fiercely she could not get her breath. "I adore you!" she cried. "Sure," said Tony Ryan in a husky voice and kissed her again.

Anne and Stephen Hill had returned from the movie. They were on her front porch. The light from within the living room faintly illuminated Anne's sensi-

faintly illuminated Anne's sensi-tive face. "You worry about your babies," she said slowly. "From the day they are born you're never free from responsibility for them. You waken in the dead of night and you can't go back to sleep. The dark's peopled with all the dire things which might happen to your offspring. Even in broad daylight sometimes you can't for-get the bugaboos. After all, other women's children go wrong." "Yours won't, Anne," said Steve Hill. "You put your own steel into the sword of their spirit. While the tempered blade may bend under pressure, it springs back to form."

"And I feel," sighed Anne, "fo

News - Cartoon

never had been able to be flip-pant about her. My mother work-

MONDAY-TUESDAY

THE MAN

