

TOMORROW WILL BE FAIR by Rosamond Du Jardin

CHAPTER TWENTY-FIVE Val turned over on her back and opened her eyes and stared up at the ceiling. She seemed to see Rick Colby's face there, grave and loving. It had been Rick's child she wanted, for whom her empty arms would always ache. Now Rick was dead and she had never known him as a husband, she would never know him. She would never bear Rick's child—but she would never bear Wade's child either!

She would get up at once Val decided, and go and tell Wade so. She flung back the covers and sat up, thrusting her long lovely legs over the side of the bed and into the satin mules that waited there. The white chiffon robe that matched her lace-trimmed gown lay across a chair nearby and Val stood up and slid her bare arms into it, knotted the satin belt about her waist. She crossed the deep soft rug to the adjoining bath of chrome and gleaming peach-colored tile. A glimpse of her face in the mirror caught her attention as she passed and automatically she lifted a hand to push the tumbled, ash-blond hair back from her forehead.

But the gesture was uncalled for. Her husband's bed was empty. His handsome, masculine face was empty. Wade had not got up and gone to work without disturbing her. Perhaps, in a saner morning mood, he had realized that the talk he had proposed would not be a good idea. Perhaps he had already known the answer she would give him and had preferred not to hear it put into words.

Val leaned for a moment against the doorframe a chill little smile curving her mouth. It was an unpleasant and exasperating coincidence that her day should be singularly empty. Just when she didn't want a lot of time on her hands. An appointment at a beauty salon took care of what was left of the morning. She had lunch with a friend accidentally encountered there and that helped up another hour or so. But the friend had an engagement at three. Of course Val could always go shopping. But there was nothing she especially wanted or needed. And she wasn't in a shopping mood. What she really wanted was someone she could talk to. And so she thought of Susan Pyle.

Going up in the familiar elevator, the thought of Sherry brushed against the edges of Val's consciousness. She hadn't seen her sister in weeks, she realized, nor her mother, either. But Leda wouldn't be home at this hour; probably Sherry wouldn't either. Besides, Val didn't feel in the mood for her sister's candor, her level-headedness that could, at times, make a person feel like a silly flibbertigibbet. No Susan was her best bet.

Susan came to the door in response to Val's ring and that alone should have been sufficient warning that Susan already had plans for the afternoon. She never let her maid off any day but Thursday unless she had some reason for not wanting her around. Susan's smooth black coronet of braids, her warm olive complexion and flashing eyes were set off by the latest thing in lounging apparel, something moss-green and wickedly enticing. She exclaimed, "Darling—what a marvelous surprise!" and drew Val in and pressed her cheek warmly against her own. Susan's perfume was as wickedly enticing as her gown, or even more so. Val said ruefully, "I'm afraid you're expecting someone else."

Susan nodded. "Isn't it funny? Why didn't you give me a ring and I could have saved you the trouble of dropping in—today of all days." She smiled, pulling Val down onto a divan and offering her a cigarette. "But I can give you half an hour, pet. I'm free as a bird till three-thirty—then I'm embroiled with the most fascinating man. Maybe I can only give you twenty-five minutes—he might be a little early and I wouldn't want things awkward." "I'll leave at twenty after," Val said a shade acidly. "Then you'll be quite safe. He wouldn't be earlier than that, would he?" "No-o" Susan held her lighter

a paternal urge—it quite often follows." She broke and he blinked eyes widened and a little smile scarlet mouth. "Darling! Don't tell me you're—" "No," Val said a shade viciously. "I'm not! And I don't mean to be, either." "But, pet," Susan drawled, "you needn't argue with me about it. I think the idea's quite mad. You, and Wade"—she said with a rising inflection—"a mamma and daddy? Oh, no!" Val said, "I'm so glad you feel that way, dear. I'd hate to disappoint you." She stubbed out her cigarette and rose. "Well I'll be running along. Sorry I barged into something special." "I loved having you," Susan said, getting up, too. "And next time you must stay longer. But you know how it is. Give Wade my love."

As Susan let her out of the little foyer, Val caught a glimpse of herself in the gilt framed mirror. A tall, slim girl in a smart red frock, her very good fur coat slung carelessly on her shoulders, a tiny skullcap of matching fur set far back on her blond head. Portrait of a lady with no place to go and a lot of time to get there, she thought wryly. (To Be Continued)

This Funny World. A cartoon by Markon showing a man entering a 'REDUCING SALON' and another man exiting. The man entering says 'ANYONE HOME?' and the man exiting says 'COME IN, BOOTS!'.

ARMY BOMBERS TO VISIT CITY Will Pay Wilmington Visit On Official Army Day. Flights of Army bomber and fighter planes from Myrtle Beach, S. C., will make four runs over downtown Wilmington on Monday, official Army Day, beginning at 3:45 p. m., according to Lt. Charles J. Markus of the local recruiting station. Originally scheduled to come over the city on Wednesday afternoon during the parade which has been planned as part of the Army Week ceremonies, the planes will appear on Monday, as that is the only day that did not interfere with their training schedule.

DAILY CROSSWORD. A crossword puzzle with clues for words like 'Fish', 'Stew', 'Stylish', 'Employ', etc. Includes a grid and a list of answers.

STAR GAZER. A horoscope section by Clay R. Pollan, providing zodiac signs and their characteristics for the month of April.

CRYPTOQUOTE—A cryptogram quotation. A puzzle where letters are rearranged to form a quote: 'FUNNY HOW A GUY WILL WEAR RUFF-DOWN HEELS AN' STUFF TO WORK IN THAT MAKES HIM A CRIPPLE—BUT, BOY, TO PLAY IN, TH' BEST—THE VERY BEST!'.

MILIN' JACK. A cartoon by Jack showing a man talking to a woman about a 'MASTER OF HANDLIN' WOMEN'.

DOWNWIND JAXON TH' OL' MAESTRO. A cartoon by Jaxon showing a man playing a saxophone and talking to a woman.

JANE ARDEN. A comic strip by Jane Arden showing a woman talking to a man about a 'SCRAP OF PAPER!' and 'NEATNESS IS ALMOST A RELIGION WITH ME!'.

BOOTS AND HER BUDDIES. A comic strip by Boots showing a woman talking to a man about 'ANYONE HOME?' and 'COME IN, BOOTS!'.

WASH TUBBS. A comic strip by Wash Tubbs showing a man talking to a woman about 'SORRY TO DISTURB YOU... GOT LOST... ROAD UNDER WATER... CRASHED... MY ARM, IT'S...'.

GASOLINE ALLEY. A comic strip by Gasoline Alley showing a man talking to a woman about 'TELL ME, JANICE, DID YOU EVER GET YOUR NECK WITH ANY OTHER FELLOWS?'.

DR. BOBBS. A comic strip by Dr. Bobbs showing a man talking to a woman about 'TELL ME WHAT YOU SEE IN MY EYES... DARLING!'.

THE GUMPS. A comic strip by The Gumps showing a man talking to a woman about 'SO MUCH EXCITEMENT, I DON'T HAVE A CHANCE TO EXPLAIN TO YOU FOLKS...'.

ORPHAN ANNIE. A comic strip by Orphan Annie showing a man talking to a woman about 'WHAT A WINDY BRAGGER TIK TOK IS! DOESN'T HE DRIVE YUH CRAZY?'.

OUR BOARDING HOUSE. A comic strip by J.R. Williams showing a man talking to a woman about 'HELLO, AUNT MARTHA! I GUESS MAYBE YOU NOTICED THAT I'VE BEEN GONE!'.