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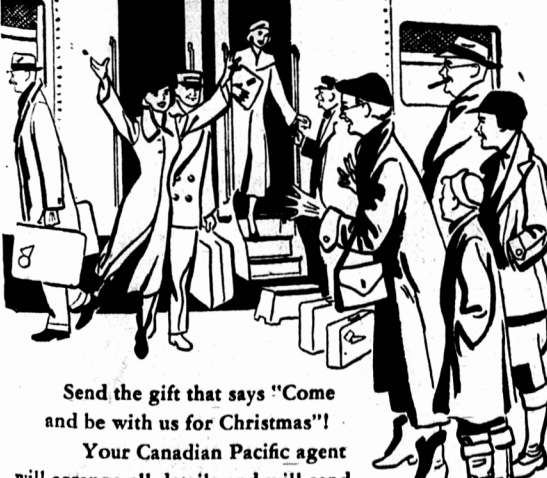
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Tomorrow's Promise
By Temple Bailey
Continued

XIX

When supper was served, Margot sat at a little table with Gary and two others. The food was delicious and she ate with appetite. Usually she denied herself for the sake of her figure, but tonight the blood flowed warmly in her veins. She had things to do which gave a zest to her thinking. She was going to fight Anne Ordway for the possession of her lover. It would be a fight to the finish and she would win. So, like a warrior on the eve of a battle, she savored to the full the meat and drink which were to sustain her.

The next morning she drove her roadster to Annapolis and took the ferry across the bay. It was raining a little as she followed the road to the Hewitt farm, and the wind blew cool. But Margot cared nothing for wind and weather. Her blood was hot with excitement. As she went along she rehearsed what she was to say to Anne, and she thought she knew the answers. If she lied a little, what harm? The end would surely justify the means.

She found Anne away. The colored maid who answered the door said they were expecting her at any moment. She had gone to Baltimore early that morning. The rest of the family was also away. A reunion on somebody's birthday.

Margot was glad that fate was playing in to her hands. She would wait for Anne and see her alone. She sat on the porch and the maid brought her lemonade and crisp cookies. Margot's soul yearned for a cocktail, but she dared not suggest it.

The garden before the house was ablaze with roses. Their scent came up to her. The rain had stopped, and the bay was blue and still. A peaceful scene, Margot told herself, but it did not appeal to her. It was the kind of thing that Charles liked, and if she got him back, she had to affect a love for nature which she did not feel.

The shadows lengthened and still Anne did not come. She had gone to Baltimore because of a letter from her mother. It had arrived on the preceding day, and when she had read it she had gone at once to Vicky. "It's about herself and David."

Vicky, in the garden cutting roses for the table, sat down on a rustic bench and motioned Anne to sit beside her. "Read it to me, my darling."

Elinor had covered several pages with sprawling script.

"My darling child:

"You haven't answered my other letter, but I beg of you to answer this. In a few weeks I shall be free to marry David. But David is in financial straits and it makes things difficult. Your father has a mortgage on his property, and David is so proud that he has resolved to sell and pay off the mortgage. He says the can't be in debt to a man whose wife he has stolen.

"This means, my dear, that when we marry, David and I will have no roof over our heads, and that if we live on his income, we must go abroad to live decently. Your father has more money than he can use. You won't touch a penny of it, and after I leave, there will be practically no expense to keep up things here. I have written your father and told him that. But he is hard. He says that I wanted to go with David, and so he gave me my freedom. But he will not finance us. And, indeed, I am afraid David would not let me take anything your father might offer.

"But David need never know, if your father gave me an allowance that it was not my own. And what I want you to do is to go to Francis and ask him. He will do anything for you. And I am your mother, Anne. Oh I know what you think of me. But I want to be happy, and I'll be happy with David. He's so good that he forgives me everything. And I'll try to live up to what he thinks of me. But I don't want him to lose his house, and I don't want to go to him like a beggar, in rags and tatters."

When she had finished reading Anne said, "I have decided to ask Daddy, Vicky. But I want you to tell me whether you think I'm right or wrong."

"You must tell me first what made you decide to ask your father."

"Because if Mother is poor, she will make David unhappy."

"Perhaps he deserves to be unhappy."

"I'm not sure. Somehow I feel David is different from Mother. He loves her dearly, but he wouldn't have taken her because of his friendship for Daddy. But she made him."

Such dreadful wisdom for one so young! Yet Anne was right. David had done high-mindedly what Elinor had done falsely and unfairly.

"But she will go to him with a lie on her lips," Vicky said.

"No, Daddy must tell him that Mother can't be happy with out money. I think he will do it."

Vicky said, "I wish you could keep out of it."

"So do I, but I can't. I shall telephone Daddy and go up tomorrow morning if he can see me."

Francis could and would. He was delighted. Anne must lunch with him. He was completely at her service for the day.

Anne, breakfasting early with the Hewitt family, was aware more than ever of the interdependence and cooperation of its members. It was a homely meal. Here was no old mahogany and massive silver.

no better presiding, no delicate serving of thin toast and marmalade, of green and black grapes in silver bowls, of orange juice in tall frail glasses. Here were huge plates of oatmeal with cream thick as honey; eggs, gold and white on a great blue patten, flanked by wood-smoked ham in crisp slices; waffles and hot rolls; baked apples and fruit sauces; and all this heartiness to be balanced by the hours of exercise which kept the young Hewitts lean as race horses. Here were no neuroses, no complexes. The Hewitts were a normal family, made so by healthy inheritance and a serene environment. "If Charles and I have children," Anne told herself, "they shall live like this." It would be wonderful, she thought, to be a mother like Mrs. Hewitt. She had never thought it would be wonderful to be like Elinor.

To be continued

Strange But True

Continued from page 2

hound racing is very popular in the States and in England, but Canadians haven't got around to racing dogs — not yet. According to the Encyc. Brit., greyhounds have been racing at least a thousand years longer than have horses. The custom originated in Egypt. The Egyptians raced their dogs in open fields with a wild hare as quarry. . . . As late as 1782, no less a person than John Wesley said, "The giving up of witchcraft is in effect giving up the Bible." His words fell on dead ears. The worm has turned. . . .

There never was, nor ever will be a perpetual motion machine because such a machine would defy all the definitely established principles of physical science. But, strange to say, men of brains, as

well as men without brains, have tried to build such a machine. John W. Keeley (1837-1908) not only claimed to have invented a perpetual motor, but he also induced a number of capitalists to form the Keeley Motor Company in New York. The machine, like all its predecessors, was a pure fake, controlled from a basement where the necessary motive power had been installed! . . . Your watch ticks five times each second to tick a billion times it would therefore take 6,000 years. . . . Is Joe Louis too old to stage a comeback? Perhaps. But don't forget that Bob Fitzsimmons and Jack Johnson won the heavyweight crowns at the age of thirty-seven. . . . What is meant by the word "handfasting"? A Scottish custom, a temporal marriage, solemnized by a verbal pledge of the couple while holding hands. The pair could then live together as

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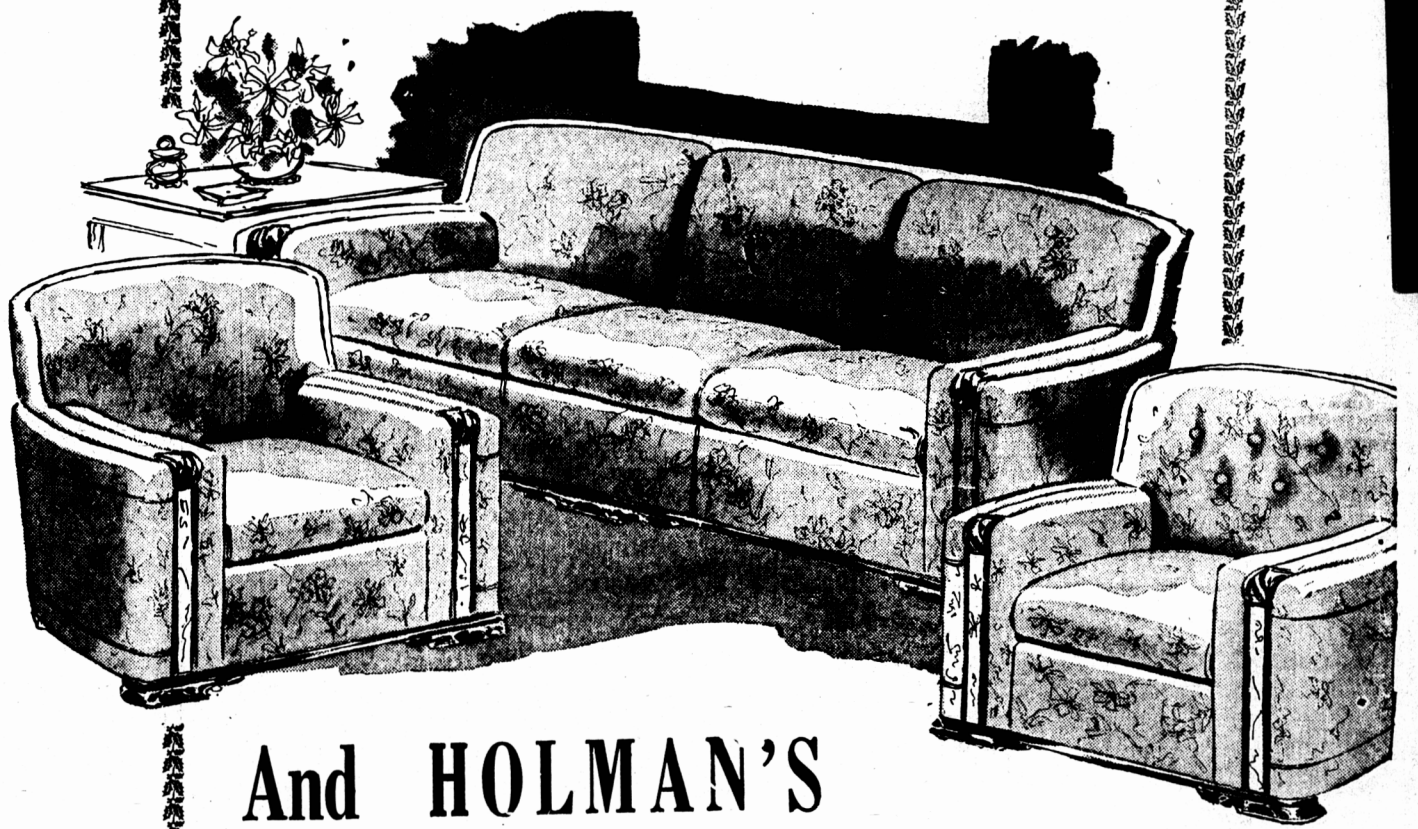
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