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Tomorrow's Promise

By Temple Bailey

continued

"No. Not even" for her sake."

So Anne said farewell to all the happy things which had belonged to her girlhood—to the great mansion and the old garden, and the room where she had dreamed her dreams—and went by motor to the Easter Shore. There, in a long low rambling farmhouse, lived Vicky's parents with their three daughters. There were two sons; older than Vicky, married, with farms of their own and with children growing up about them. When they were all assembled at the Hewitt home- stead, John Hewitt, the father, seemed a patriarch among them.

It was a warm and comfortable household. Mrs. Hewitt, plump and pretty, loved her family and lived for it. Of old Maryland stock, she carried on the tradition of expert housekeeping and epicurean cookery. Her three daughters—Lettice, Lois and Mary-Lee—were neither plump nor pretty. They had, indeed, more than mere prettiness. As in Vicky, there burned in them a clear flame. Their hair was bright and their teeth were white, and their skin tanned by sun and wind. Lettice, the oldest, was engaged to a young engineer at work nearby on a government project. They would be married soon as Lettice wound up certain matters of business for her father. For these three daughters of John and Mary Hewitt, in spite of their pastoral and almost primitive background, were up to date and modern. Lettice kept the books and handled correspondence, Lois managed the stables and barns and Mary-Lee the youngest, raised ducklings and squabs for the market. She also raised silver Persian cats, Anne, Jerry, which she had brought with her and who had been born on the place, was wary at first of his long forgotten family, but when the latest litter of half grown kittens finally lured him forth, he went glimmering with them through the moonlight, or raced to the barns for foam from the fresh milk.

The contrast between life on the farm—so warm, so flowing, so flexible and the artificialities from which she had come, seemed to Anne amazing. Why couldn't all families be like this? Elinor's tension, Francis' surface composure with a volcano boiling beneath, David's surrender of his ideals, the glitter and brittleness of people like the Dorsays. Were they not all puppets pulled by a string?

"What makes the difference?" she demanded of Vicky.

"Well, perhaps it's because my family believes in things," Vicky said. "You people don't. They live for sensations. For excitement."

"I shall never go back," Anne declared hotly. "I told them that and I mean it. And I shall find something to do, like your sisters."

Vicky wrote to Francis:

"Let her alone for a time. You are a part of something that has hurt her dreadfully. But she loves you and misses you. Be very sure of that. It was her love that made the truth so painful."

Vicky cared not tell Francis how much she herself missed what she had left behind in his old house—the games of chess with him at night, the talks and walks, his confidences about Anne. Now that she was away from him she realized how important was the part he had played. It had all been innocent enough, but it had left its impress upon her.

Anne had heard nothing from Charles Patterson. She had not, indeed, expected him to write. It was enough to feel that in some subtle, mysterious way he was linked with her life. In her thought he was detached from any background of past or future. She re-read his two letters, and at night looked up at the stars and dreamed.

But the time was at hand when she was forced to face reality. Coming early one morning to breakfast, dressed and ready for a ride, she was the first to get the Baltimore paper and there, staring out from the front page, was a picture of Charles' wife, Margot, very smart and smiling as she gave to the court the evidence which made Charles something a little less than a brute and a bounder.

Vicky, hunting for Anne later, found her face down across the bed. "My Darling, what is it?"

Anne flung the paper towards her. "Vicky, if it isn't true, why does he let her do it?"

"A false sense of gallantry, my dear. Men like Charles take the blame, although they are not at fault. Charles, having promised to love, honor and keep his Margot, is trying to fulfill his contract."

"But that's the burden he will have to carry. And his wife knows it. Yet she lets him do it."

Anne retrieved the paper and studied the picture. "She doesn't look kind. She's hard and cruel. Oh, how could he marry a woman like that? How could he?"

"He probably mixed her up with his dreams," said Vicky dryly. "Men do that—and women—"

Again Anne flung the paper from her. "Well, I shan't mix anybody up with mine. I shall never marry. I'd be afraid. Even if I should want to, don't ever let me marry Vicky."

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Charles Patterson had seen that picture of Margot as she stared from the front page of the morning paper. There she was, in a velvet beret, chic and vivid as she had always been, and smiling. For the first time her smile did not set his pulses pounding. He found himself meeting her gaze calmly. A little hard, those sparkling eyes. A little heavy, that round young chin. A little thin, those lips that at the last had spoken with such scorn.

"What's the use of going on when we are both bored to extinction?"

"But we promised, Margot, as long as we both shall live."

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DAILY CROSSWORD

ACROSS

1. Encounter

5. Larva of a fly

11. Sandarac tree

12. Rub away by friction

13. Wearies

16. Made of oats

18. Legislative body

18. Saucy

19. A flower

21. Crown

24. Misplaces

28. Acid

30. Morning reception

31. Fancy trappings

33. Female sheep

34. Flowerless plants

36. Patron saint of Norway

39. Public ordinances

43. Eagle's nest

45. Sailing vessel

46. Choice cuts of meat

48. Variety of cabbage

49. Hurdled

50. Cabbage salad

DOWN

1. Cushions

2. One of the Great Lakes

3. Merit

4. Care for medically

5. Mother

6. Finnish seaport

7. Grope

8. Movable barrier

9. River (Ger.)

10. Canvas shelter

14. Miss-one's footing

17. High priest

20. Lands surrounded by water

21. Vehicle of war

22. One-spot card

23. Wooden pin

25. Halli-green tree

27. Observe

29. Palm fibers

32. Anger

35. Glossy, lustrous fabrics

36. Kiln

37. Greek goddess beloved by Zeus

38. Greek god of war

40. Fuel

41. Weight (India)

42. Cast forth

44. Piece out

47. South Dakota (abbr.)

Yesterday's Answer

42. Cast forth

44. Piece out

47. South Dakota (abbr.)

DAILY CRYPTOQUOTE—Here's how to work it:

AXYDLBAAXE
LONGFELLOW

One letter simply stands for another. In this example A is used for the three L's, X for the two O's, etc. Single letters, acrophies, the length and formation of the words are all hints. Each day the code letters are different.

A Cryptogram Quotation

NLG TKR GSSGJNC UVOCNUJG NH
VH HVG; KVM MHGC UVBEF NH VH
HVG—TKR.

Yesterday's Cryptogram: LOVE CONSUMES ME NEVERTHELESS; FOR WHAT BOUNDS ARE THERE TO LOVE?—VIRGIL.

CHARGED WITH CONSPIRACY

New York, N.Y., Juan Bernardo Cebon (left), past president of the Puerto Rican Nationalist Party in New York, and Julio Pinto Sandoa, president of the party's branch here, enter Federal Court for arraignment Nov. 22 after being arrested by U.S. Secret Service on charges of conspiracy in connection with the attempted assassination of President Truman.

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TABLE RADIC

for most names on your list

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Model C66... Compact clock-radio in a smart plastic cabinet... a clock, a radio, and a musical alarm all in one. Price \$46.50; Model C67 (ivory) \$49.50.

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Neither of us meant it. "Didn't we? I think I did. Margot."

She had asked with a touch of curiosity. "You mean that you'll always go on loving me?"

"I'm not sure. But I shall always feel that you're my wife."

She had shrugged her shoulders. "That's the trouble. You been too serious about it, Carl. So I am going on to other adventures."

Other adventures? Charles knew the man with whom she would now adventure—gay, good looking, a playboy. Younger too than Margot. She might not be able to hold him, and then what? Another adventure with another man?

He hated it all. He knew what the world would think of him. Mental cruelty? She had called it that because he would not let her own his soul. She had insisted that he must live his life in the way she wanted it, and the way she wanted was an unending merry-go-round. Before his marriage he had written books about his travels, vivid books, and the world liked them. He had thought Margot would give him inspiration, but she had soon tired of listening while he read to her.

"Why should you keep your nose to the grindstone, Carl, when you have enough money?"

"But it's a part of me, darling. I'm a part of you, aren't I? And just having me to play around with should make you happy."

"I thought you were proud of my success."

"Success?" She had shrugged her shoulders. "Writing a book doesn't mean much in these days, does it?"

Well, God knew he had been weak enough at first to give in to her, but the time had come when he had known that his sense of frustration would overthrow him. He had to write or be maimed mentally. He told Margot that, but she would believe him. So he had gone to his island and had worked alone, and in due time Margot had brought suit for divorce, with the expectation of fat alimony. She would undoubtedly get the alimony for Charles had refused to fight. He could have brought countersuit with much damning evidence, but he was glad to be rid of her at any cost, glad to be rid of her back on his island with his old negro, King, who was caretaker in his absence, and cooked and valeted when Charles was in residence. There was also a red setter, Rufus.

Charles needed no other company except the wild ducks who, finding food and shelter, were staying on through the winter.

To be continued

JOHANNESBURG, Dec. 4—(AP)—Vic Towel of South Africa loosed a vicious attack Saturday night to retain his world bantamweight championship by stopping Britain's Danny O'Sullivan before 11,000 fans. O'Sullivan, pounded to the canvas 20 times, did not come out for the 11th round. O'Sullivan weighed 117½. Towel 116½.