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Tomorrow's Promise

By Temple Bailey

Continued

XVIII

"Well he'd better keep away from me," I said to my wife in Paris. He had told her about you. She said he was wouldn't last. She put it this way—that milk toast wouldn't satisfy him since he had known caviar. I told her she might be caviar, but that you weren't milk toast. That you were rather like fine, sweet-sherry or sparkling Burgundy. That you went to men's heads but didn't make them drunk."

When she did not answer, he turned and looked at her. She was gazing seaward with a light in her eyes such as had never been for him. He was poignantly aware of her loveliness, her bright hair ruffled by the light breeze that blew the folds of her silver-green frock about her.

He said again, roughly, "He shan't have you. No man shall have you but me." He caught her to him and kissed her. "You're mine. I say. I've told you that and I mean it."

Anne, tearing herself from Garry's arms, turned and saw Charles. He was looking past her to Garry. "Will you tell me," he said in an even tone, "why you did a thing like that?"

Garry faced him defiantly. "Because she told me things were over between us. But they're not. She's mine. I'll prove it some day."

"She'll not yours. Did you tell him, Anne, that you are to be my wife?"

Anne's world went whirling. The wide sky and the wide ocean seemed to sway and rise as if to engulf her before she found voice to say, "I—I am going to marry him, Garry."

"You mean you—love him?"
 "Yes."
 Garry lost control of himself completely. "Well, if you want him, you can have him. But I'll tell you this—I've got something to give that he hasn't. I've got a first love and a name that hasn't been dragged through the courts."

Charles took a step towards him. "In the old days I would have demanded satisfaction of you for that or have been called a coward. But today we are more civilized. We know that the coward is one who twists the truth to further his own ends."
 "You mean I am lying?"
 "I mean that I can offer more than you can, and you know it."

Garry's fists were clenched, but this was not the moment to fight. Charles' strength and fitness would overmatch Garry's slenderness and lack of training. The weapons Garry must choose were more subtle than fists. He must wait his time for revenge.
 He said to Anne, "You'll be sorry. And you won't be happy."
 "You can't know that, Garry."
 "I know you better than you know yourself. Patterson has another wife, and even if the courts have set him free she'll always be a ghost up between you."
 Anne said, "Please go, Garry."

He went, driving furiously and dangerously in his little car.
 When they were alone Charles said, "He told the truth, Anne. I had no right to come to you."
 "You had every right. Don't let Garry spoil our day, darling."
 His face was lighted. "You can call me that?"
 "Why not, if I'm going to marry you?"

"I had to say it to stop Garry. But it wasn't the way I had planned to propose to you."
 "How had you planned?"
 "I was going to wait until everyone was gone and we were alone with the sea and the sky."
 "We're alone now. Vicky has gone off with the children—she caught her breath. Tell me now. Tell me!"

He had her in his arms. "You know it all without my telling."
 "But I want to hear you say it."
 He said it again and again until the afternoon waned and the sun went down and the flame of the afterglow was gold and red. "Tomorrow's promise," Charles whispered, "for clear skies and quiet seas. Shall we call it an omen, dear heart, for our future?"

Tomorrow's promise? Clear skies? Or storms? Anne clung to her lover. Whichever came, she was his—forever.

Garry, meeting Margot at a dinner party in Washington on her return from London said, "Your ex-husband is to marry Anne Ordway."
 "Marry her?"
 "Yes."
 "How do you know?"
 "I heard it from her own lips, and I saw him with her. He's quite mad about her."
 "And you mean to let him have her?"

"I can't snatch her from the altar, can I? It isn't done in these days."
 Margot laughed and shrugged her shoulders. "Let's dance," she said, and sailed away with him, looking younger than her years in primrose tulle, with a gold wreath in her hair and with gold slippers. The room in which they danced was niggled with long mirrors, and Margot could see herself in a series of reflections—a golden girl in Garry's arms, his dark head only a few inches above her own. Once upon a time Charles' blond head had towered high above her, and she had gloried in his strength and good looks. She wondered why she had ever let him go out of her life.

No other man could match. She had found that out in time to escape Bert. She had felt it was an escape and that she would be a fool not to go back to Charles. She had told herself that he loved her. He had always loved her.
 And now he was going to marry Anne Ordway!

"When?" was the question she put to Garry.
 "No one seems to know. Soon, I fancy."
 "Where is she now?"
 "On the Eastern Shore, with Vicky."

To be continued

Dorothy Dix Says

Continued from page 2

sets in his wife, and, of course, knows nothing of this affair. The wife appears to be happy with her husband and does not show her feelings to the other man, but anyone can see that they are eating their hearts out for each other. The only reason they are hiding their love is because they don't want to hurt the husband. What do you advise?

E. S. ANSWER: That they should go on hiding their love and acting like the honorable people they seem to be. I have never been able to see why the rules of common honesty do not apply just as much to matters of sentiment as they do to material things.
 We all want things that other people have. But that does not give us the right to steal them. Those who cannot have love honestly should not take it by theft.

It is an axiom in police circles that thieves seldom profit much from their loot. The same holds good of stolen love. You can't find a house of happiness that will last on the home you have wrecked.

DEAR MISS DIX: I am engaged to be married to a man whom I have deceived about my age. I am four years older than he is, but I have made him believe that I was only one year older, and now I feel that I ought to tell him my actual age. I am the small dark type and look young for my age. He is settled and looks old for his, and I believe the difference in age would make no difference in our happiness. How do you think a man feels about such a situation? Shall I tell or not?

ANSWER: If he is a reasonable man, I don't think he will give it a second thought, but if you are ever going to tell him, do it before you marry. Nobody takes a woman's lying about her age seriously. We all do it.

DOROTHY DIX cannot personally reply to readers, but will answer letters of general interest through her column.

WAR WIDOW AT 15

CLARKSVILLE, Tenn., Dec. 11—(AP)—Mrs. John Lawrence Sullivan is a war widow at 15. A telegram from the Defence De-

partment brought word Saturday of the death of her 17-year-old husband, an army private. He was wounded in Korea Nov. 29 and died two days later.

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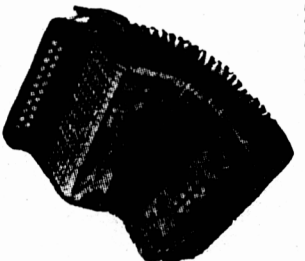


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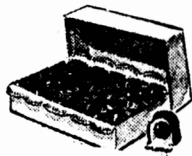
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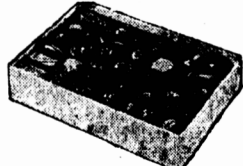


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