

SERIAL STORY
SKI'S THE LIMIT
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CHAPTER XVI

Sally's resolution to tell Dan the whole truth that same evening again met with postponement. The opportunity, for which she had hoped, did not present itself. After their swim the crowd of young people, that included Sally and Dan, decided to motor to a roadside where was known for its big-name orchestra and famous shore dinners.

"Suppose you and Sally come with me," Corey suggested to Dan before any other arrangements were agreed upon. "There's no use taking more cars than are needed. No need for Sally to drive hers all that way. Pudge needs her all the rest of the gang in his big sedan."

"I don't mind driving," Sally said. She had looked forward to the drive with Dan. But that would mean that Corey, who had been with them for the evening, would have to go alone.

He pointed this out. "It's nice of you to ask us," Dan said of Corey. Dan felt a bit sorry for Corey. He was Corey's brother. He knew that Corey had thought Sally was his girl. If Dan had asked him out, so to speak, during the summer it had been all aboveboard. For instance Corey had invited Sally for this evening, but it just happened that Dan had been lucky enough to ask her first.

At least, in his honest implicitness, that was the way Dan had figured matters out. Had anyone asked Sally she could have given an entirely different explanation. As a matter of fact Dan had not asked her first. But she had known that he would ask her and so she told Corey that she was sorry but she could not go with him. Sally did not mean to do anything "aboveboard," either, but she felt that all was fair in love, as in war. She did not want to go with Corey. She had wanted to go with Dan.

But now it seemed that she was with both of them! Oh, well, she told herself, squeezed in between the two young men, her dark curls, still damp from the water, flying around her face, the wind blowing them in riotous confusion as Corey's open, low-slung roadster took the wide highway with incredible speed, she would manage an opportunity to be with Dan, so that she could have her talk with him, later.

"Isn't this fun?" she called above the roar of the powerful motor. They would get to their destination long before Pudge's old car made it. It could not be too soon for Sally. She could do justice to that shore dinner, her appetite whetted from her swim.

"It's fun all right," Dan's grave eyes smiled down into hers. "But it's not very safe. Aren't you afraid of getting a ticket?" He raised his voice so that Corey could hear this last.

Corey shook his blond head. He laughed shortly. "If I did, I'd fix it—or least my old man would," he said. Corey still believed that there was nothing that money could not fix. Or his own subtle wits. He was intent, even as he drove, the speedometer soaring perilously close to 60, on planning a course of action. The fact that it looked as though he almost had lost Sally only made Corey more determined than ever that he was going to win her.

"You're not afraid, are you?" Sally teased, her bright glance meeting Dan's grave one again. She loved the wind in her hair, fanning her cheeks. She loved the sense of excitement. She had not quite got all that out of her blood, even though she thought she had changed so much—for Dan.

Dan said, "No, I'm not afraid." There was a difference between fear and common sense. But if Sally and Corey enjoyed this wild speed Dan was willing to share it. He had got to the place, at last, where he could share the things that Sally and her friends did. The place where he felt that he fitted in their bright play-world.

Oh, yes, Dan had changed. He had adapted himself as best he could. He had made himself over, to some extent. Though inwardly he always would remain the same person, with the same ideals that he had always had.

Sally had told him once that he could belong to her world. She had said she would make it "right" for him to belong. But Dan had done that by himself. At least he thought he had come a long enough way that now—maybe tonight, if the opportunity presented itself—he could tell Sally something that he had not dared tell her before.

He told himself that he would be content to share her world with her. If Sally would let him. The world that once he had thought he despised and would not want to belong in. He would give up

his old ambitions and dreams. Perhaps he would never again set out to conquer mountains. Perhaps making the Olympics, becoming the King of Skis once more did not really compare to belonging with Sally.

He had told Sally once that he would not always be content to be friends. That when he had licked certain things he would have something more than friendship to ask of her. He believed he had licked them. He believed Sally could give what he wanted most out of life to him. For he believed in Sally Blair now.

This Dan was thinking, as they approached a curve in the road. Corey took his foot off the accelerator, rounded the curve with a whining singing of tires, the wind humming in their ears.

Then Dan leaned across Sally, pressing her against the leather seat, putting his own hands on the steering wheel to give it a strong wrench that sent the low roadster heading straight for a narrow ditch.

"What the devil . . . " Corey protested, righting the wheel again just in time to keep them from going off the road. But even as he voiced his angry protest his face drained white. A huge dark shadow had passed them, grazing the rear end of the roadster with a sickening screech. If Dan had not grabbed the wheel then there would have been a smashing head-on with tragic consequences.

Corey slowed down, as soon as he was able, pulled up to a stop. The big truck, apparently unaware that it had hit them, continued on its way.

None of them spoke for a long moment. A moment during which speech was impossible. Corey frankly took out his pocket kerchief to mop his perspiring forehead.

Then Sally said quietly, though a bit shakily, "You were right again—as usual, Dan. We would have been killed if it had not been for you." Once again Dan had saved her life. Once again, as Corey recognized grimly, Dan had played the hero. Had outsmarted him.

Perhaps that was what made Corey decide to carry out the plans he had been busy formulating. Perhaps he was not so much to blame for what he was to do. After all it was pretty hard, not only to have another man steal your girl, but to make you look like a fool before her. That was a bit more than Corey Porter could take.

"Sally's right," Corey said. "We certainly owe you a lot, Dan. I'll make it up to you some way." He opened the door to get out to see what damage had been done. The rear bumper was bent, the gasoline tank dripping.

"I'm afraid we'd better turn around and go back," Corey said. "I think the gas will hold out to that last town. We'll pass Pudge and the gang en route. You can go on with them, Sally, while Dan gives me a lift with this bus—that is, of course, if those arrangements check with you two?"

That was not exactly the way Sally would have liked it, but if Dan agreed she would abide by his decision. After all there was no telling how badly Corey's car was damaged. They could not leave him without assistance.

"Of course that's okay with us," Dan said. He preferred, after such an experience, to have Sally go the rest of the way with a safer and saner driver. "We can join the others later. That is, if that's all right with you Sally?"

It certainly is all right with me, Corey thought grimly; his blue eyes lighting with smug satisfaction. This would give him plenty of time to say what he had to say to Dan Reynolds.

(To Be Continued)

Stories in
STAMPS

Paving a Real Road
Of American Peace

WHATEVER are the lasting results of the Pan-American conference at Lima, Peru, a 14,500-mile ribbon of peace is already under construction to link the Americas. This is the great international highway which will some day stretch from Canada to the Argentine.

The Fifth International Conference of American States, meeting in 1923 at Santiago, Chile, first laid definite plans for the road. Today it is a reality in portions of 14 countries. When it is finished it will be the world's longest road.

Already motorists are using the 800-mile stretch from Laredo, Tex., to Mexico City, one of the most beautiful pieces of highway in the world. In two years the remaining 560 miles from Mexico City to Panama City are scheduled to be completed. Some 800 of the 1930 miles through Canada have been in use several years.

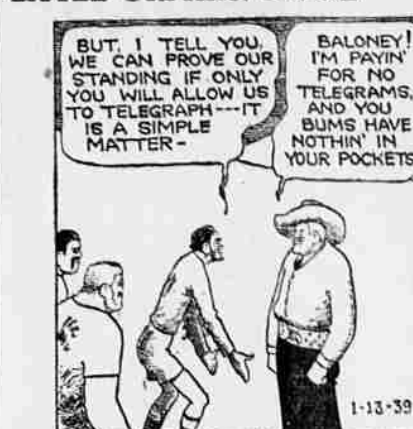
It is the jungles of the Central American countries that present the biggest problem. Only portions of these are now passable, but within a few years the routes that are now merely surveyors' lines on a map will be streamlined highways. Once in South America, the motorist will find good roads most of the way. It is likely that cars may be ferried from Panama to Venezuela if one part of the jungle proves too hazardous for road building.

So a dream of many years is being realized and observers place great stress on the importance of this highway as a giant link in American solidarity.

Shown here on a current Mexico stamp is a portion of the road view near Mexico City.

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LITTLE ORPHAN ANNIE



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By HAROLD GRAY



POPEYE

Now Showing—"Bring on That Cow!"

Tomorrow—"Wimpy on the Last Lap."

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FLAPPER FANNY

By Sylvia

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"They wanta surrender. The general's sister just put a plate of candy out to cool."

SIDE GLANCES



"You've already sent three to your side of the family. The next curl we cut off should go to my mother."

WASH TUBBS

Nobody's Stopping Dawson

By CRANE



ALLEY OOP

King Guzz is All Stirred Up

By V. T. HAMLIN



OUR BOARDING HOUSE WITH MAJOR HOOPLE

OUT OUR WAY

By WILLIAMS

