The WINE of LOVE

By Claire Pomeroy

THE FOURSOME
CHAPTER XLV.

"Why, Hal—it's you!" Carol exclaimed in surprise.

It was Hal Armstrong, to be sure, but a different young man from the love-sick youth Carol had seen in the living-room in the house at Fairview Circle. A groomed and poised young fellow who wore his dinner clothes with an air of ease, as though long accustomed to the perfection of excellent tailoring and the niceties of etiquette.

"And how are you, Carol?" he asked, bowing slightly before the girl. "And Miss Easterday—it is a pleasure to see you again."

Magnolia was unimpressed, however. She smiled at the youth and gave him her hand.

"You weren't so darned pleased to see me the last time," she remarked. "You and this villain with you were all set to steal my Caroline away." she laughed up at Gardener. "Oh, I know, Nicko, you said you didn't want her, but Mr. Armstrong was hoping and praying that no one would rescue her. I shall never forget the look of disappointment in his face when he found me aboard the Viper."

"How could I want her, when she despised me so cordially?" Gardener asked amiably. "Never saw such a little spitfire in all my life."

Carol knew she was blushing and she hated herself almost as completely as she hated Gardener.

"I'm glad to see that something will bring the color to your face, Miss Teller. You seemed rather pale this evening. Too much shopping I dare say," he went on ruthlessly. "As I remember—" he broke off.

"Your memory is extraordinary, Mr. Gardener," said Carol, and she shivered in her mortification.

"Stop it, Nicko," Magnolia commanded. "People like to torment Caroline because she's so deliciously tormentable. Come on, let's get going, I've been starved for hours. Where are you taking us, Nicko?"

"We'll go to Pierre's for dinner," returned Gardener. "Nice food, nice atmosphere, and no noise.' He looked at Armstrong. "Get those tickets, Hal? Fine! We're going to a show—one of those lavish spectacles for tired eyes—your eyes are tired, aren't they, Magnolia?"

Magnolia agreed that her eyes were practically worn out.

"Then we'll visit a mad, bad, giddy night club. That will be for the benefit of the younger members of the party. Let's go."

They were whirled away in a great closed car and Carol leaned back against the cushions and gave herself up to the pleasure of the moment. What did she care if Gardener was insolent or that Hal Armstrong looked upon her as a frivolous coquette? She would soon be the wife of Crawford Sumner and then she could patronize them all if she liked. All but Magnolia.

At Pierre's the conversation was gay and Magnolia and Gardener kept up a constant byplay that made Carol laugh in spite of herself. She had never seen her companion in this reckless mood and she watched her with interest.

"Nolia, this is great to see you this way again," Gardener told her. His eyes never seemed to leave her face and Carol seemed to see that the man was becoming infatuated with her friend. "You used to be the most sparkling creature alive, and now I see you haven't lost a bit of it—not one sparkle."

"What a dazzling sight I must have been," Magnolia laughed. "Like the Woolworth tower at night, or perhaps more like a trip tot Coney Island."

They fell into an argument about something or other and Hal and Carol were left out of the conversation. Carol dropped her eyes to her plate and waited for the youth to speak.

"How is everything, Carol?" he asked evenly.

"Oh, quite nice, thank you, Hal."

"Have you been to Wycherly lately?" He smiled a little.

Carol shook her head slowly.

"No, Hal, and I shall probably never go there again," she replied, and there was a little catch in her voice.

"No?"

"You see, Hal," Carol began hesitantly, "you see, I'm to be married."

Armstrong's assurance melted visibly and his eyes sought those of the girl.

"Married, Carol?" he repeated. "You're going to marry someone?" His voice was husky and he gripped the edge of the table with both hands.

"Yes, that's what I said—married."

"To whom?"

Carol raised her eyes proudly and when she spoke her voice was low and tender.

"To the finest man in all the world, Hal," she said softly. "His name is Crawford Sumner."

"Sumner!" Hal half rose from his seat, but recovered himself and lighted a cigaret to hide his confusion.

"Carol," he said after a bit, "I want to congratulate you. Sumner is one of the whitest men alive and I believe he will make you happy. He is rich, and you will need riches, because you will never know love. If you had the capacity to love you would have married me."

"What do you mean?" Carol demanded and her voice was angry.

"I mean what I say, Carol," Armstrong replied earnestly. "You would marry me if you had the capacity to love. No woman who is loved as I love you could fail to return a spark of that affection if she were not cold as ice." He paused and looked at the girl closely. "But I dread to think what will happen to you when the day comes. Carol."

"What do you mean, when the day comes?" The girls face had turned as white as the linen tablecloth before her and her lips were dry.

"What do you mean by that-" she demanded.

"I mean, Carol," he said slowly, "the day you meet the man you will love—as I love you now. You will meet him, but it will be too late. Think of me then, Carol, will you, and try to understand that I will be loving you as I love you now? I love you, Carol—and yet, God, how I hate you!"

Carol gave a little cry, and she winced as though she had been struck.

"What is it, chick?" Magnolia inquired, turning to her.

"It's nothing" Carol answered, picking up her vanity case and powdering her nose. "Only Mr. Armstrong is so amusing."

(To be Continued)

MRS. MILLER BETTER

Elkins—Mrs. Ray Miller who was taken to the McMinnville hospital and underwent an operation last week, is getting along nicely. Her many friends hope for her speedy recovery.

CALLS FROM BAKER

Amity.—Mrs. Maud Masters of Baker visited at the home of her brother and sister, John and Clara McKee, south of Amity, last week.

For those wishing to keep up with local and national news, we will send the Capital Journal daily—2 weeks for 25c.

LITTLE ORPHAN ANNIE

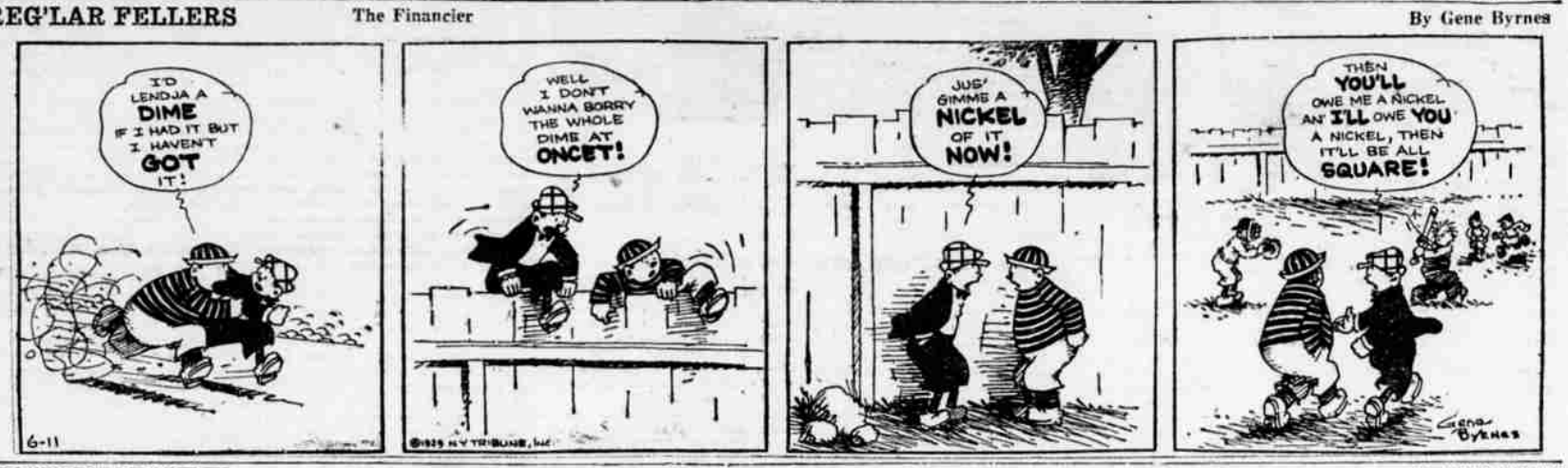
Right Will Prevail

By Harold Gray

REG'LAR FELLERS

The Financier

By Gene Byrnes



TAILSPIN TOMMY

Tommy Plans To Jump

By GLENN CHAFFIN and HAL FORREST

DUMB DORA

Rail Birds and Jail Birds.

By Chick Young

BRINGING UP FATHER

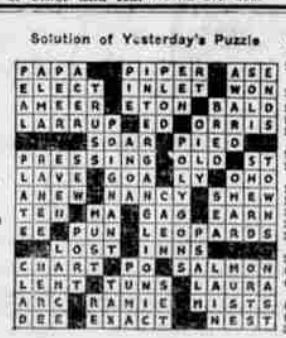
By George McManus

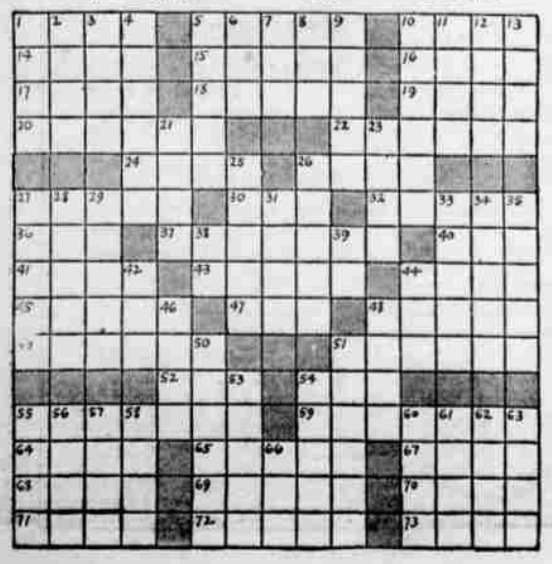
MUTT AND JEFF

Mutt Likes His Hats A La Carte

By Bud Fisher

Solution of Yesterday's Puzzle



ACROSS
1. Wicked
5. Vapid
10. Mottled appearances in mahogany
14. He carried
15. Straight batted ball
16. Formerly
17. Word of ratification
18. Bury
19. Sheet of glass
20. Method
22. Egg dish
24. At any time
26. Broad smile
27. Gleamed
30. Melody
32. Pierces
36. Lubricate
37. Portion of space
40. Old soldier
41. Beers
42. Pass a rope through a pulley
44. Walking stick
45. Braid
47. Waterless
48. Author of "The Christian"
49. Sentence structure
51. Army trader
52. Rebelt coll.
54. Abover poet.
55. Undress
57. Stabilizing cargo
61. Skin disease
65. Compound ether
67. Bone
68. Genuine
69. Desist
70. Man's nickname
71. Discover
72. Spirited horse
73. Irish

DOWN
1. Ages
2. Ridge captured by Canadians
3. Roman date
4. Pertaining to a fasting season
5. Viscous mud
6. Metal
7. Insect
8. Shelter
9. Blunder
10. Feel penitent
11. Spoken
12. Anglo-Saxon slave
13. Proof reader's direction
21. Nights before events
22. Fine rain
23. Sped
28. Meat sauce
27. Cleansing agents
28. Steep
29. City in New York state
31. Roman road
32. Profit
33. The sesame
35. Piled
38. Syllable of hesitation
39. Compass point
42. Be seated
43. Domestic animal
46. Tropical tuber
48. Ringlet
50. Mediterranean sailing vessels
51. Scorched
53. Stud with ornaments
54. Portly
55. Defy
56. Frostings
57. Break suddenly
58. Depend
60. Move along easily
61. Assert
62. Becomes rigid
63. Largest form of vegetation
66. Tot Scot.