

The WINE of LOVE

By Claire Pomroy

THE RUNAWAYS

In the car young Hart was silent as he gazed through the traffic of the avenue and Carol stole a glance at him and she sensed his rigidity as she sat there beside him. His fingers, she noticed, long and strong, were unconsciously clenched on the steering wheel. She turned away again, facing the street. Swiftly, the roadster spun along the short time they turned off the main highway leaving the city behind.

"Where are you taking me, Julian?" Carol asked. There was a trace of fright in her voice. "To the place I know where we can talk," he answered her evenly. "Can't we talk here—now?" "You wouldn't listen to me," said Hart calmly.

"Try me and see," Carol told him with a little nervous laugh. "But would you agree with me, that's the question," he said dryly. "I don't know," Carol replied, smiling. "That would depend."

He turned to look at her. Slim and graceful she was as she sat there beside him and he fought against the allure of her attractiveness. "Carol," he begged, "why are you doing it—pretending to be what you are not?"

"What do you mean?" "Pretending to be happy. A round peg in a square hole," he went on. "You do love me—you told me you did and I know it anyway. Fate brought us together so why fight against what was intended?"

Carol moved restlessly. "Please, Julian," she pleaded, "don't deny it to myself. Although you must not say it again, nor must I. We must save ourselves from a lifetime of repentance."

"Oh, Carol, you know you don't mean that," protested Hart. "Listen to this: For this is wisdom: to love, to live, to take, what Fate, or the gods may give."

The girl shook her head sadly. "No, Julian," she said. "I have responsibilities which I can't shirk. She sighed. "We met too late, that's the whole thing."

A sound very like a groan escaped him. "You don't care enough, that's what it is," he told her gloomily. "Julian," she cried, her words sharply. "Oh, how can you say that? I—I would do anything in this world for you. Anything—but desert my husband."

They were miles out of the city now and in a few minutes Hart had turned the roadster off the main highway and took a narrow dirt road that twisted and turned and finally landed them in a narrow valley. Dark would soon be falling and here in this sheltered spot where great fir trees shadowed the valley it already seemed dark.

The road narrowed, grew rougher, harder to drive, but the man at the wheel seemed to know every inch of the way.

At last they drew up in front of a low rambling house and Hart pulled the brakes and brought the car to a stop before the long veranda. He jumped out and walked around to the other side and helped Carol alight. As he did so a man opened the door of the house and waited for them on the threshold. A tall, slightly stooped man he was, with white hair and rugged features.

Hart merely nodded his head to the man as they entered the great room where a log fire crackled in a fireplace at one end. "Show the lady into the large room," Hart said brusquely to the man. "I'll be back in a minute."

Carol was shown into a bedroom where a huge four-poster bed which looked big enough for six occupants

jutted out and there were heavy draperies of wine-colored velvet on the high windows. Carol looked at herself in the mirror of the great mahogany bureau and she wondered where she was and what it was all about. She removed her hat and smoothed her brown hair, and took off her heavy fur coat. Applying powder to her nose from the contents of her vanity case, she studied her reflection closely. A discreet knock at the door caused her to start nervously.

"Come in," she called. The door opened slowly and Julian Hart entered the room. He crossed to her side and took her in his arms, hungrily, eagerly. "Carol," he said to her softly, "dear little Carol. I have you to myself at last."

The girl responded to his caresses timidly at first, and then their lips met in a long kiss. "I brought you here, darling," Hart told her at last, "so that you could listen to me away from that other environment that influences you against your will. Here you will have to listen to me."

She did not answer. "We will have something to eat now," continued Hart, "and then we will see what we are going to do about all this. Remember," he told her, laying a hand on her cheek, "you're in my power now."

She laughed shyly up at him. "You can't frighten me," she said.

The tall stooped man whom Hart addressed as Bill, served them broiled steak and hot biscuits in front of the big living room fireplace. They laughed and chatted gaily and Carol was entirely at her ease in these strange surroundings.

She loves the boyishness of the man who sat beside her and she felt a warm glow inside her when the thought came to her that this man loved her and she felt deliciously happy and content.

On a sofa before the crackling logs Hart held her close as he whispered in her ear. "What would you say if I told you we were not going back to-night?"

Carol stared at her companion, failing to understand him at first. "I don't quite know what you mean, Julian," she said to him.

He looked at her and laughed. Masterfully he took possession of both her hands and held them prisoner. "Just what I said, Carol," he replied easily. "We'll stay here tonight and tomorrow we'll keep on in the car to—Canada. If you will refuse to tell Summer about our love, we'll go without telling him."

He watched her closely. "Think, Carol, just we two together driving on and on into happiness. I can take care of you, don't worry."

"Ah!" interposed Carol, with a sharp little breath, "so that's why you brought me here."

"Yes, Carol. I took that chance, hoping I might persuade you." He tilted her face upward and closed her parted lips with a kiss.

She lay passive in his arms and she knew her resolutions were slipping from her at the youth's pleadings. She wanted so much to give in—to go with him and she played with the idea, the glorious, tempting opportunity for happiness—Romance—Her hand crept to the crook of his arm. She was no longer afraid.

"Julian," she said at last, "I want to do what you ask more than anything in the world. A moment ago I was ready to say 'yes.'" She released herself from his embrace and sat up straight, looking at him thoughtfully. "But the only way I'd do it, Julian, would be decently and honorably."

LITTLE ORPHAN ANNIE

Not A Bad Policy

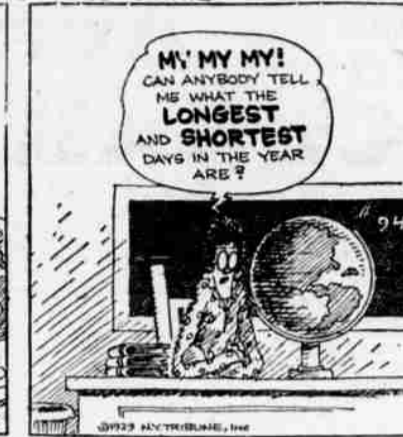
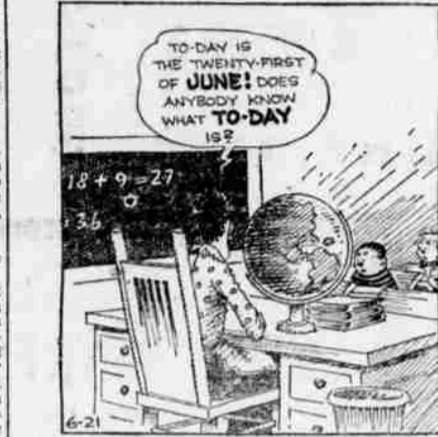
By Harold Gray



REG'LAR FELLERS

It Seems To Jimmie

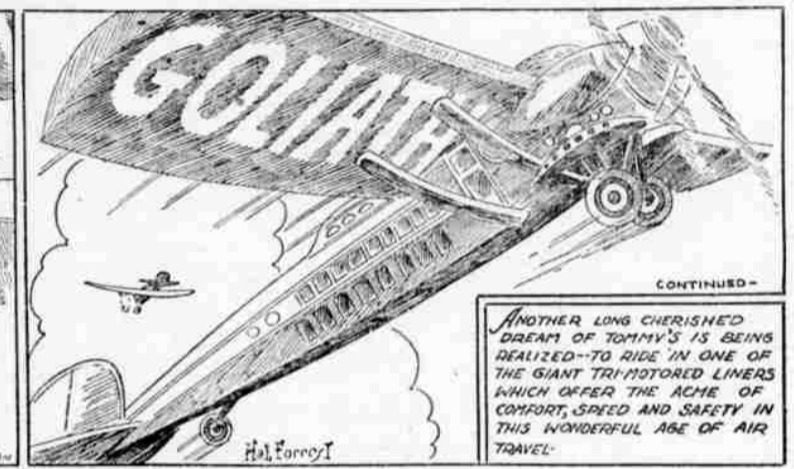
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TAILSPIN TOMMY

A Ride In The Goliath

By Glenn Chaffin and Hal Forrest



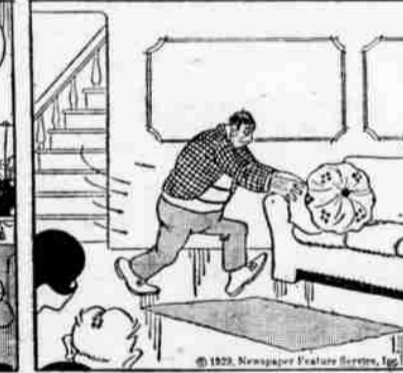
SOLUTION OF YESTERDAY'S PUZZLE

1. Operation	REARS	OAT	SPA
2. Missionary priest	INGOT	FIR	PER
3. Act of taking away	CORDED	DIVINE	
4. An understanding	EWE	AIT	PIN
5. Duelt	BADGE	AIL	LEA
6. Unit of work	AL	GRASPED	AR
7. Irretrievable	REPS	SIT	VISTA
8. Complement of a suit	DEER	RESEAT	
9. Wind	LOG	DIR	ACE
10. Worthless	SULTRY	RECLAD	
11. Ignorance	ASE	INT	THEME
12. Symbol for helium	WET	NU	SIREN
13. Kind of curve			
14. Sprinkler	57. Of the	58. As a	59. As a
15. Cream	60. Typewriter	61. By means of	62. Lovers' oaths
16. South American animal	63. Harshly	64. Almost snow	65. First summit
17. Fashions	66. Darts' forth	67. Individual	68. Confronting
18. Lindy and his plane	69. Pertaining to	70. Nere	71. Wooded plus
19. Measure of length	72. Hinder of earth	73. Previously	74. Western station
20. Royal navy	75. Unpleasant	76. Southern constellation	77. Abraham's birthplace
21. Killed	78. Illusionary	79. Unpleasant	80. Island war
22. Nerve	81. Interesting	82. Intervening	83. Tullian comb
23. World of stunts			
24. Three-toed			
25. A sailor's			
26. Honch			
27. Curious			
28. All home			
29. Faces to all			
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DIMM DORA

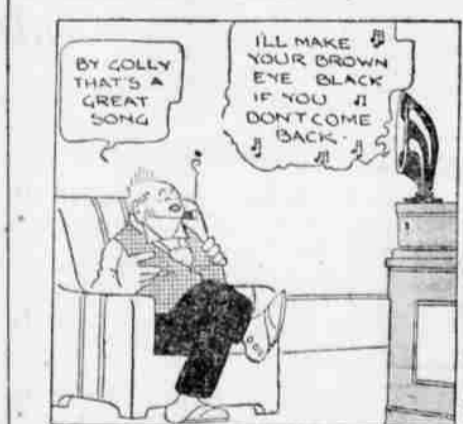
The Sleeping Beauty

By Chick Young



BRINGING UP FATHER

By George McManus



MUTT AND JEFF

Some People Play The Pinno The Same Way

By Bud Fisher

