

# The FICTION Corner

## ADVENTURE LIMITED

By IDA BREED

CAROLYN TAYLOR looked at herself critically in the full length mirror, then gave her reflection a smiling little nod of approval. The smile was justified. Her mirrored image showed a lovely young woman of thirty-two, who looked hardly more than twenty-five—vivid, well dressed, confident. She was more charming, more desirable than the pretty young Carolyn of eleven years before when she finished college.

That was the Carolyn who, all her senior year at college, had to keep reminding herself that this was earth she lived on, and not really heaven, as it seemed, because of Lee. Lee, who was tall and lean, with intent blue eyes, and delightfully unruly hair. Lee, who loved her and treasured the secret of their engagement. Lee, who was so sweet about wanting to present her to the family as a beautiful surprise after Commencement. Not even his adored older brother had been let in on the secret. Commencement time was to be the climax of everything that seemed important to her.

Then, with Commencement still three weeks away, it happened. Just after Lee passed the final examinations for his doctor's degree, he was offered an extraordinary chance to do the very research work that he most wanted—a unique chance for "an unmarried man, prepared to devote at least five years to the project."

Carolyn remembered how honorable Lee had been in breaking the news to her. He might have let their engagement continue, he told her; he might have kept on seeing her, deceiving her about their prospects for marriage, putting it off, or promising to marry her at the end of the five years. But he did not consider that the right thing to do. No, it was only the part of a gentleman to tell her that it was best to break off. She was not to feel hurt, there was no other girl, just his career. He put anguish into Carolyn's heart, but managed somehow to impress her with the difficulty of his own part in the scene. Even in the pain and shock of losing him, Carolyn told herself that Lee was the finest person she had ever known.

That belief had never left her. Three years later she married Jefferson Taylor, a big, broad Westerner, done in shades of brown. She sometimes felt a slight disdain for Jeff's substantial size, remembering Lee's aristocratic slenderness, but she repressed the thought. Lots of fun, Jeff was, and with a practical mind for business that made them enough money to enjoy a pleasantly luxurious life. She loved Jeff, of course. But there was a part of herself that she withheld, one section of her heart and mind walled off, that would always belong to Lee.

She never spoke to Jeff of this reservation. Only in secret did Carolyn now and then open the door on that precious might-have-been part of her, and take it out to dream over.

But today, as she looked at her delightful self in the mirror, it was not to dream; it was with a plan for action. She was back in New York after an absence of two years. Nearly every Spring since her marriage, she had made the trip, and had always stopped off for a brief visit in her old college town. This time she was planning to follow the same course, but with what a difference! One of her old school friends had written her last year that Lee Towne had returned to their alma mater to direct the research work there. So Lee was back and Carolyn

that she could have stopped him with a word, but she did not speak it. This was the Lee whom she had treasured in her heart for eleven years! Lee, still tall, but with shoulders stooped; still lean, but with a hollow-chested look. Lee, his blue eyes intent now only with a near-sighted, peering expression; his hair no longer unruly, because there was not enough of it to be, just some wisps "borrowed" from one side to cover a pale bald spot. And it was obvious that for all he saw of the life humming around him, he might have had his eye bent to a microscope as he walked.



Carolyn had to keep reminding herself that it was earth she lived on, not really heaven.

was going to see him. Accidentally, of course. She had it all planned.

There would be a casual drifting about the campus in her flattering new Spring suit, lingering over a table in Crofton House, where everybody dropped in at tea time. Then when Lee appeared—Carolyn had this part rehearsed in her mind—she would give just the right look of pleased surprise, just the right degree of invitation to remember. Lee would see what he had missed all these years. What would happen after they met—what did she want to happen? That Carolyn did not quite know, and she stopped short of trying to decide. This was to be an adventure.

The adventure proceeded as if acted from a well prepared script. Carolyn chanced into Crofton House at tea time. Two men at a nearby table stared at her with obvious admiration; they were younger faculty members that she did not know.

Then, somehow, without the fanfare of trumpets that would have seemed fitting to her, there was Lee in the doorway. Without glancing around, he went to a table straight ahead. He passed so near to Carolyn

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### Household Hints

Wash tea towels daily and dry them in the sun to keep them ever white and sweet smelling.

When ironing shirt collars, do not crease the collar with the iron. Instead, after the flat press just fold the collar. It will wear longer as the threads will not crack at the edge.

A sprinkler top on the bluing bottle will be an aid in regulating the amount of bluing that goes into the water for the laundry.

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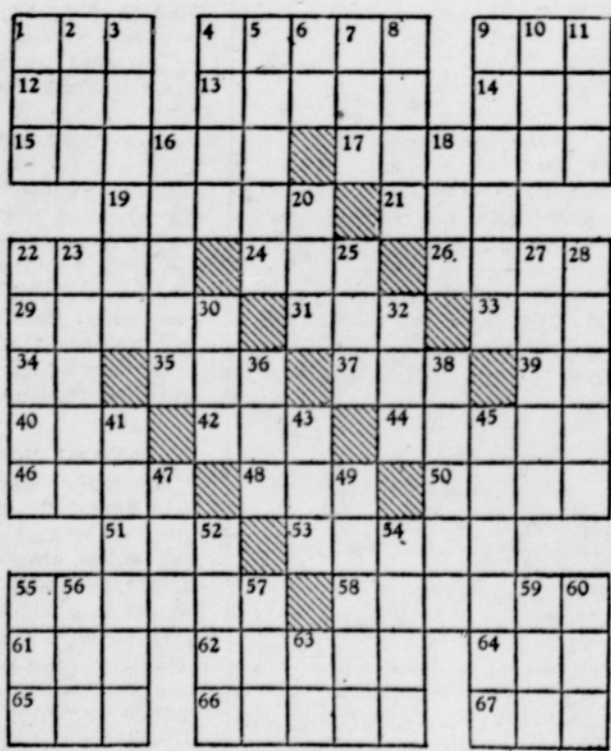
# QUICK... RUB IN Ben-Gay

## CROSSWORD PUZZLE

### Horizontal

- 1 Cry of sheep
- 4 Range
- 9 To stain
- 12 Part of a circle
- 13 Painter's stand
- 14 Vast age
- 15 Of late occurrence
- 17 Network, as of nerves
- 19 Beneath
- 21 Rear part of boat
- 22 Gaelic
- 24 Groove
- 26 To rip
- 29 Considers
- 31 At this time
- 33 To regret
- 34 Exists
- 35 Still
- 37 Dance step
- 39 Note of scale
- 40 Gratuity
- 42 Trap
- 44 Place
- 46 To break suddenly
- 48 Small island
- 50 Confederate
- 51 To fold
- 53 Above (Latin)
- 55 Sacred beetle
- 58 To beat down
- 61 From within
- 62 Apple juice
- 64 High note
- 65 Industrious insect
- 66 To worship
- 67 To immerse

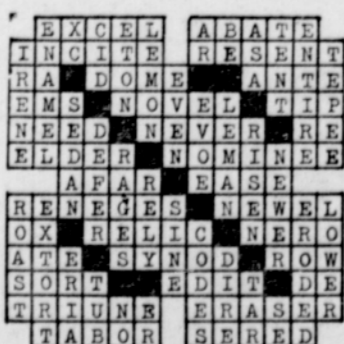
### Solution in Next Issue.



### No. 35

- |                             |                               |                    |
|-----------------------------|-------------------------------|--------------------|
| 10 Pronoun                  | 49 Thickened underground stem | 55 Convulsive sigh |
| 11 Being                    | 52 South American rodent      | 56 Hint            |
| 16 Foe                      | 57 Offer                      | 57 Offer           |
| 18 Lizard                   | 59 High priest                | 60 To knock        |
| 20 To hasten                | 60 To knock                   | 63 To act          |
| 22 Prepares for publication | 63 To act                     |                    |
| 23 Tree exudation           |                               |                    |

### Answer to Puzzle Number 34



Series H-47



### WHAT AGE IS THE BEST AGE?

Personality knows no age limits, and a developed personality can go on with undimmed lustre as long as life endures. Indeed, the full fruition of a personality seldom comes much before middle-age or older, because it is a long time in building and each successive day adds a bit of charm.

Women famed for their beauty are seldom the very young. Quite often as not they have passed middle-age. Frequently they will be what the world calls old.

Consider Ninon L'Enclos, perhaps the most beautiful and charming woman of history. She was unheard of until she was fifty, yet at eighty she was still sought after by rich and fashionable gentlemen, who could have taken their pick of the court beauties. It wasn't her youth that gave L'Enclos charm. It was her ageless personality.

But perhaps the crowning achievement of personality in a woman is the career of Elizabeth Browning, wife of the English poet.

Elizabeth was an invalid from childhood, bed-ridden, but illness couldn't quench her spirit nor rob her of her beauty, and the long hours she spent in solitude had enabled her to develop something into her personality that made her irresistibly beautiful.

Then came young Robert Browning, six years her junior, to fall madly in love with her, and she with him. She was bed-ridden, mind you, but she arose from her sick bed and they eloped into the night and were married.

For sixteen years they passed a life of unbelievable happiness together. And when she died, at the age of 56, with her head on her husband's arm, he wrote the next day that her face was the face of a young girl.

Step by step through the quiet years personality develops. And it is never too late to start or to create one out of what you have, out of what you are. That is the fascinating thing.

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- 1st Prize—New Lincoln 4-Door Sedan
- 2nd Prize—New Studebaker Land Cruiser
- 3rd Prize—New Mercury Town Sedan
- 4th Prize—New Ford Super DeLuxe 4-Door Sedan
- 5th Prize—New Crosley 2-Door Sedan
- Next 6 Prizes—Philco Refrigerators, 7 cu. ft.
- Next 6 Prizes—Philco Freezers, 5 cu. ft.
- Next 12 Prizes—Philco Cabinet Radios
- Next 25 Prizes—Bulova Wrist Watches, 17 Jewel
- Next 25 Prizes—General Electric Mixers
- Next 25 Prizes—Parker "51" Sets
- Next 25 Prizes—Ronson Table Lighters
- Next 100 Prizes—Ten Dollar Bills

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