

ALWAYS A FEW

Always in life there are always a few People like—well, there were people I knew Who said very little, who never said much...

NOTHING MATTERS BUT LOVE

A hint of a frown marred the smoothness of Joan's pretty forehead as she held the telephone receiver to her ear and listened to Anne's excited voice as it came a bit shrilly over the wire.

thing and—oh, anyway—well you know— Joan nodded. Knowing Anne extremely well, she had a very definite idea of the rapturous farewell staged on a moon-silvered beach, the night magic intensified by the ever-whispering ripple of the waves along the sand.

impatiently and poking her nose too waiting. "Joan, are you really dead or just playing possum?" She lifted her sleep-laden lids and met Anne's frowning gaze.

cause I'd promised not to keep him waiting. Kirk smiled and Joan introduced them, a little puzzled. She hadn't known that Carter Ames was coming.

swift stock of a young man who was pacing up and down the floor, pounding one fist into the open palm of his other hand.

ing the bride, that Kirk said to him. "Now, Lance, old man, I want you to explain to my wife about what your imagination does to you at times."