

Summer Sweethearts

By Mabel McElliott
© 1935 NEA Service, Inc.
CHAPTER LII



that night back in his home town and wanted to keep it.

"I'll make it worth your while to keep going."

"Oh, that's okay, brother."

There was silence for a while, during which Michael's eyes raked the countryside spread below him. A barren, hellish waste, he told himself. A cruel land. Then he gasped.

"Good God—I think—look there!"

He handed over the field glasses. The pilot nodded.

"Think so—yes."

It was a huddled figure they saw on the desert floor. Khaki-colored clothes. A bright scarf.

Wilbur made a beautiful landing. Michael never knew afterward how he got out of the plane. He remembered stumbling as he ran, and he remembered hearing the soft, hurried breathing of the little man who followed him.

"Got her, brother?"

Michael nodded. He had Katharine's head in his arms. Now he was lifting her, carrying her gently as though she were infinitely fragile. She was unconscious—she was breathing! She was alive, thank God!

Her poor, pretty lips were swollen. Her face was stained and streaked. There was a scratch across one cheek. They had her in the plane now, Michael holding her close. The fat little man turned his ship back toward Claymore. There was a doctor there, he said.

They put her to bed in the house of the woman whose husband was in charge of the flying field. A bare ranch house, but the linen was clean and the little bare room had a shade at the window. The doctor came, a shabby man in baggy clothes, and Michael waited in an agony as Mrs. Darragh and the physician disappeared within.

"Guess I'll be pushing off, brother," Wilbur said. Michael said, "Wait a minute." With hands that shook a little, he fumbled for his wallet. The pilot shook his head, as though regretfully. "Sorry, brother, but I can't take it. 'Twouldn't be right. I've got a girl myself."

"She's my wife," Michael said.

"No fooling? Well, congratulations, brother."

"You think she's going to be all right?"

"Why, sure. She'll be right as rain. See if she isn't."

Michael wrung the man's hand. Whatever happened, he could never thank this man. Some day, perhaps, he could try.

...

Zoe said, "My dear, I'm terribly sorry. I knew you'd have to know sooner or later, but I hoped it would be some other way."

The marriage certificate of Michael Heather and Katharine Stryker lay on the table between her and Dr. Kaye. He glanced at it, glanced away. "But I had thought," he said in a puzzled tone, "when she left I certainly thought—"

Zoe patted his hand. "I don't know what this is all about," she said. "But I'm certain Katharine never meant to hurt anyone. She must have had a very good reason for not telling us."

The lean, ascetic young doctor flushed under his recent tan.

"I don't doubt it."

"You—you were crazy about her, weren't you?" Zoe asked simply. He nodded.

"I've been there, myself," she added after a moment. "I guess you know about that. Loving anyone and finding out you don't count, and feeling nothing's worth while... but you know all about that. You saved me from something terrible. I'll never forget it. That's why I wish I could help now."

"It's all right," Dr. Kaye muttered. "It's my own fault. I was just a fool, I guess."

Much, much later, after he had gone, Zoe reviewed the scene, remembering the way he had looked—the hurt in his eyes. She had tucked the tell-tale document away in an envelope and had mailed it to Katharine at Silencia, Roanoke, New Mexico. With that out of her hands, she felt definitely safer.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

LITTLE ORPHEAN ANNIE

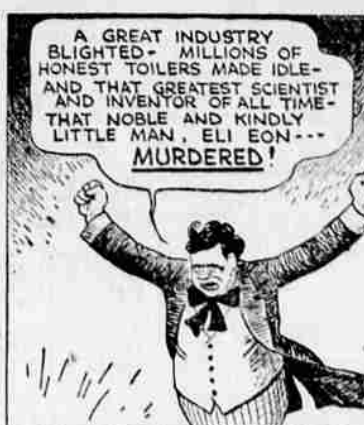
The Best of the Nation's "Human-est" and Funniest Comics On This Page Daily



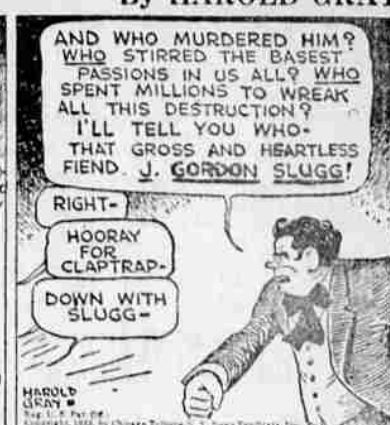
The People's Choice



By HAROLD GRAY



By HAROLD GRAY



TIM TYLER'S FLYING LUCK



By LYMAN YOUNG



By LYMAN YOUNG



By LYMAN YOUNG



BOOTS AND HER BUDDIES



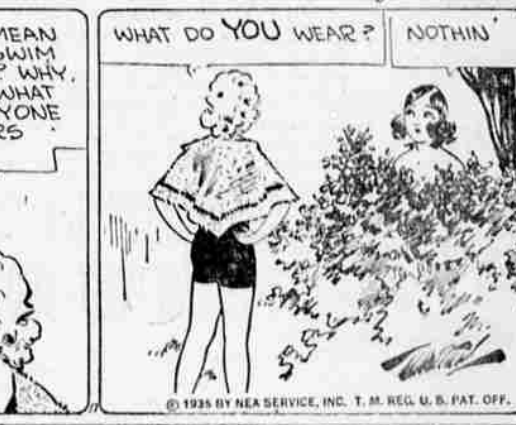
Oh!



By MARTIN



By MARTIN

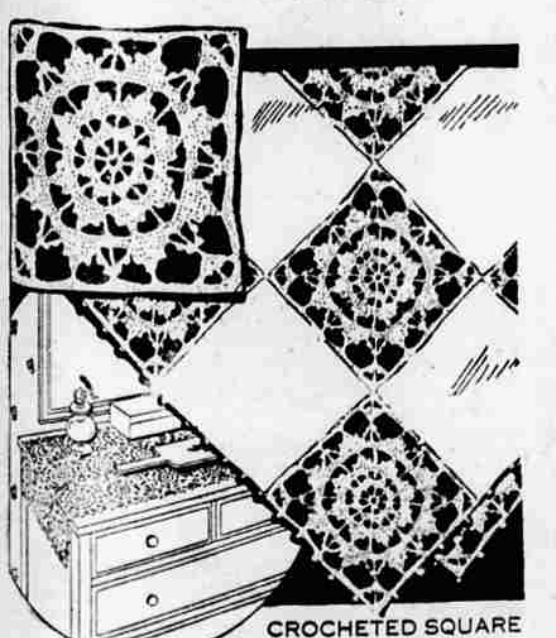


BRINGING UP FATHER



By GEORGE McMANUS

HANDSOME LAURA WHEELER CROCHET ADAPTED FROM OLD LACE



You can add richness to your home with scarfs, cloths, pillows, bed-runnings, all made of this lovely square. You can make them using squares of plain linen or do them entirely of crocheted. An expert Italian lace inspired this square and although it is so easy to make the square rolling off your hook in no time. Do it in a finer cotton and you'll have a meditation that will compare to the finest laces. Pattern 942 comes to you with detailed directions for making the square. Illustrations of it and of all stitches used; material for 10 cents in stamps or coin (coin preferred) for this pattern Register-Guard, Needlecraft Dept.

Starring POPEYE



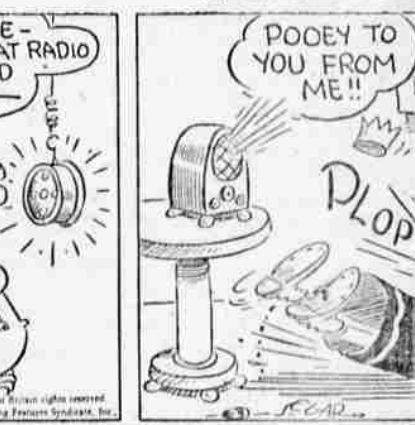
NOW SHOWING—"A BOY IN LOVE"



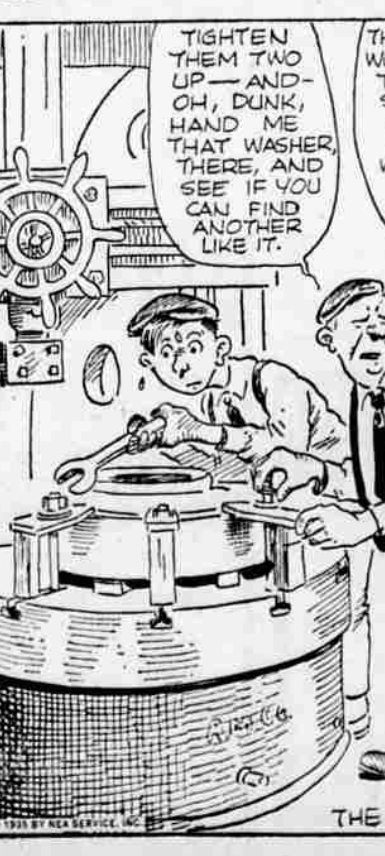
MONDAY—"THE COURT JESTER"



By E. C. SEGAR



OUT OUR WAY



By WILLIAMS



OUR BOARDING HOUSE



By AHERN

