

TRIAL FLIGHT

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CHAPTER XVIII

Beryl Melrose was staying at the hotel with Jackie. She had been playing there ever since she had been found and removed to the hospital. The moment she had received word that the airplane had been forced down and boarded the first transcontinental ship headed back East. The nurses told Jackie, over and over, how wonderful Mrs. Melrose had been. They said it was wonderful if Roger could have held on to the slender thread of life without her. She had scarcely left his side, day or night.

"He certainly wouldn't be alive if it weren't for Mrs. Melrose," Doctor Watson, who attended Roger, added his word of praise. "But she is a wonderful woman."

That was what Roger had said about Beryl too. More than once he had told Jackie how wonderful she was. In the few days that were to follow, Jackie was to agree, if somewhat reluctantly, with this general opinion. Beryl was indeed a pillar of strength; calm, poised, never desisting, never for a moment did she show signs of losing hope, or of any whatever emotions her heart may have held.

She was wonderful to Jackie. Not only was she cheerful and kind, but she made every effort to be friendly and to win the younger girl's liking and confidence. There were many long hours that they had to spend in each other's company, not only in the hospital at Roger's side, but they had many meals together, and walks around the little old-fashioned town, talked far into the night after they had returned to their rooms.

Jackie had to admit, to herself at least, that she did not know how she could have pulled through trying time without Beryl. She admitted this reluctantly. For Jackie did not want to grow to admire Mrs. Melrose; she was not eager to be friends with her.

Jackie would not have been human if she had not resented the fact that Beryl had reached Roger's side first—and that he particularly owed his life to her. It is not easy to love someone whom you know another person loves too.

It was not easy to stumble, un-

Jackie was surprised—and moved. "You must not feel that way," she said. "It wouldn't have been your fault, Beryl." Of course she knew why Beryl felt that way; it was because she loved Roger.

"I can't help it," Beryl said, and for another brief moment, her eyes again betrayed her secret. Then she smiled, adding in her usual quiet manner, "But how foolish to talk this way even! Now that we know Roger will be all right—and are so thankful." She said goodbye once more and went on her way.

Jackie was feeling entirely made-over, late that afternoon, as she mounted the steps to the hospital. She felt a singing sort of happiness deep within her, as she had not felt since that dreadful day when Roger's ship had crashed down from the skies.

For the first time the long narrow hallways of the hospital failed to subdue and sadden her with their gloomy silence. She hurried towards Roger's door, at the far end, not dreading now what she would meet within these walls, but walking lightly, firmly with quick, confident steps, and actually daring to hum a gay little tune underneath her breath!

Soon now, Roger would be well again; he would leave this place forever. He would grow strong and brown and whole. All that had been would be as though it had never happened, this terrible accident, these anxious days of waiting and worrying—even all that had gone before that.

For when Roger was entirely well Jackie would tell him that all that had been between them had not been make-believe, pretense; she would tell him that their trial engagement could be a true one, if he wanted it to be. She would let him see how much she loved him, if necessary! She would be proud to tell him, glad...

Now at his door she slackened her steps, curbing her eagerness. The door was slightly ajar; she would push it open gently and surprise Roger and Beryl. She had brought a surprise, too, purchased on her way; a lovely, colorful bunch of spring flowers, gay as the warm sunshine streaming in through the window, playing on Roger's narrow, high white bed.

He was propped up, ever so slightly, against his pillows. But he did not see Jackie in the doorway. His eyes were on Beryl, who knelt at his side, her beautiful dark eyes fixed on his, their expression again unguarded, without reserve. She leaned forward now and caught Roger's free hand in hers. She pressed it swiftly, with infinite tenderness and passion, to her lips, then lay her head down, her shoulders shaking with long-drawn sobs.

Jackie did not wait to see more. She turned and walked quietly down the long silent hallway again, the flowers stilled clasped in her arms.

(To Be Continued)

RECEIVE PRIZES
DEERHORN, May 20. — (Special) — Over thirty-six thousand points were collected by members of the rodent control club in an effort to reduce rats, mice, gray diggers, crows, bluejays, mountain boomers and moles. The contest ended May 15, after two months duration, during which the destructive pests of local farms have become considerably scarcer. Farmers of the community have expressed their appreciation of the work done by the control of the rodents. Boys only were enrolled this year under the leadership of Lester Wheeler, whose job it was to count the tails collected every Tuesday. Records show that Jim Wearin, Earl Thines and George Partridge won first, second and third prizes respectively. The prizes of seventy-five, fifty and twenty-five cents were offered by the local Parent-Teacher association, which has cooperated with the rodent club each year. Other members of the club were Tommy Benson, Carl Thines, Homer Thomson, Donald Kilgore, and Roland Gillespie. The scores are also entered in the county contest, sponsored by R. C. Kueliner.

DEERHORN NEWS
DEERHORN, May 20. — (Special) — An over night field trip for the Deerhorn Woodsmen will climax the year's work of the Four-H forestry club. The members, accompanied by their leader, Lester Wheeler, plan to spend Saturday and Sunday at Horse Creek on the upper McKenzie river, taking camp outfits. A shelter is available at the camp site so the trip will be made, rain or shine.

Mr. and Mrs. Glen Ward, recently of Walker, who have been visiting at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Henry Holmes, are remodeling the cottage near the Holmes house and plan to occupy it in the near future.

Homer Thomson received a painful injury at school while wrestling with a schoolmate this week. It was at first believed that his leg was broken but upon examination at a doctor's office the leg bone proved to be cracked.

MARCOLA ITEMS
MARCOLA, May 20. — (Special) — A large crowd attended the operetta at the grade school last week. A program was put on by the pupils and teachers. About \$25 was cleared from the admissions.

The gardens have been quite badly damaged the last few mornings by the heavy frost and in some places ice was frozen.

Louis Blum fell from a fence at his home recently while playing and fractured a bone in his left forearm.

The arts and craft classes have been discontinued until fall.

FLAPPER FANNY

By Sylvia



"Just sign those letters for me, Miss Priss. And if anybody calls, you can reach me at the playground."

SIDE GLANCES



Looked now I won't have a shirt for three weeks."

LITTLE ORPHAN ANNIE

"I'm Stupid"



5-21-38

"I'm Stupid"



"I'm Stupid"



"I'm Stupid"



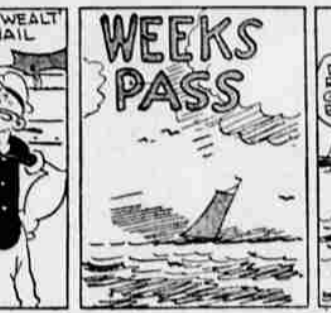
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The G-Man Gets Polite



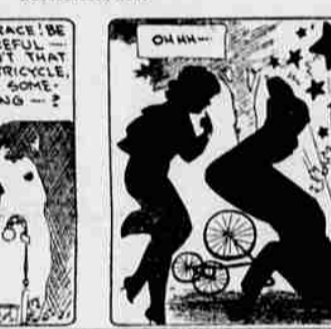
BOOTS AND HER BUDDIES



Hmmm-m!



Hmmm-m!



Hmmm-m!



WASH TUBS



Flo Gets An Earful



Flo Gets An Earful



Flo Gets An Earful



ALLEY OOP



The Chance o a Lifetime



The Chance o a Lifetime



The Chance o a Lifetime



OUR BOARDING HOUSE



with MAJOR HOOPLE



with MAJOR HOOPLE



with MAJOR HOOPLE



THE BIG BET IS ON

THE PUZZLE = TAKE THREE MATCHES AWAY AND PUT BACK TWO—RETAINING THE SAME NUMBER OF MATCHES AND THE SAME DESIGN!

WHY MOTHERS GET GRAY

WHY MOTHERS GET GRAY