

WAR AND A WOMAN

BY BETTY WALLACE

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CHAPTER XIII
 "Linda!" Started out of his bed, George Cameron was grabbing at her. "Linda, you can't do this!"

She eluded him, ran up the steps and yanked at the door. Behind her she heard a tiny metallic sound as the platinum and diamond engagement ring fell to the floor. Then she was stumbling inside, closing the door against him. She stood with her back against it, her breath coming fast, for a long minute before she went upstairs. George would not open the door, nor hammer on it. He'd go away, quietly. She knew him that well.

She did not realize until much later that her subconscious mind had acted against the will she had imposed on herself. "Break the engagement," Jimmy had pleaded. She'd replied that she couldn't. And yet, almost before his airplane had time to take off from the airport, that blind impulse to tear George's ring off her finger had begged her on.

With a sinking heart, she remembered Daddy. If she didn't please George quickly, Daddy would hear of this. He must not hear of it.

"No shocks," Dr. Logan had ordered. What a monster she was becoming! What a selfish, insane fool!

But on Monday, she could not force herself to telephone George. It was better over. No matter what happened, this much was finished. If only she could hide it from Daddy a little while, until he was stronger.

She dreaded the time when Daddy would ask, "Where's George?" He hasn't come to see me.

Yet when the day came—only three days after that fatal Sunday—the managed to answer, lightly enough. "He's been busy at the laboratory, I suppose."

Her father looked at her. "Linda, you're keeping something from me. I've tried to get it out of Bourke, but she's like a clam when she wants to be."

The palms of her hands were wet, and her mouth was dry. No shocks, Dr. Logan had ordered. No shocks. "How funny of you, Daddy, to think I'm hiding a deep, dark secret," she managed to say. "What could I possibly be hiding?"

"You've quarreled with George, haven't you?" The quiet voice was implacable. "You never used to lie to me, Linda. But now, behind

when she came in with the tray. "A fine mess!" she grunted. "Get off that bed, girl!" Grudgingly she added, "Go on, stay here if you want to. I'll be glad of a few minutes away from this room. He's been grumpy as an old bear!"

"I won't be now, Miss Bourke," Daddy promised humbly. "I'm very happy again. Happy and relieved."

"Get along with ye! What'd you think the child had done, robbed a bank?"

"I'll run downstairs and get Tiberius," Linda smiled. "I'll be like old times again."

"Bring up the manuscript from Milan, too," Daddy told her. "I haven't looked at it since I've been in bed."

The evening paper was lying on the hall table. Linda took that, too, on her way back upstairs. But Daddy waved it aside. "Give me the manuscript."

Rourke threatened to stay out half the night, seeing a movie over twice. "I always see them twice, so I can remember better."

"I'll be right here till you get back," Linda said.

She fixed her father's pillows, adjusted the bed lamp. She straightened and tidied the room for the night, feeling a new and sweet peace pervade her. After Daddy was settled with his precious manuscript, and miles away from her, she sat down herself and picked up the evening paper.

Bad news. Bad news. She glanced at headlines impatiently, wanting not to connect them with the Navy or with Jimmy.

Suddenly a line of black type jumped up at her. Linda stiffened, her fingers crumbling the edges of the newspaper. She must be dreaming! But she had certainly read Jimmy's name.

Swiftly, her eyes were skimming over the column heads again. There it was, "TWO NAVAL OFFICERS KILLED IN CRASH." And under that, "LIEUTENANTS JAMES COOPER AND T. D. RYLAND INJURED AS CRACK NAVAL BOMBER BURNS."

(To Be Continued)

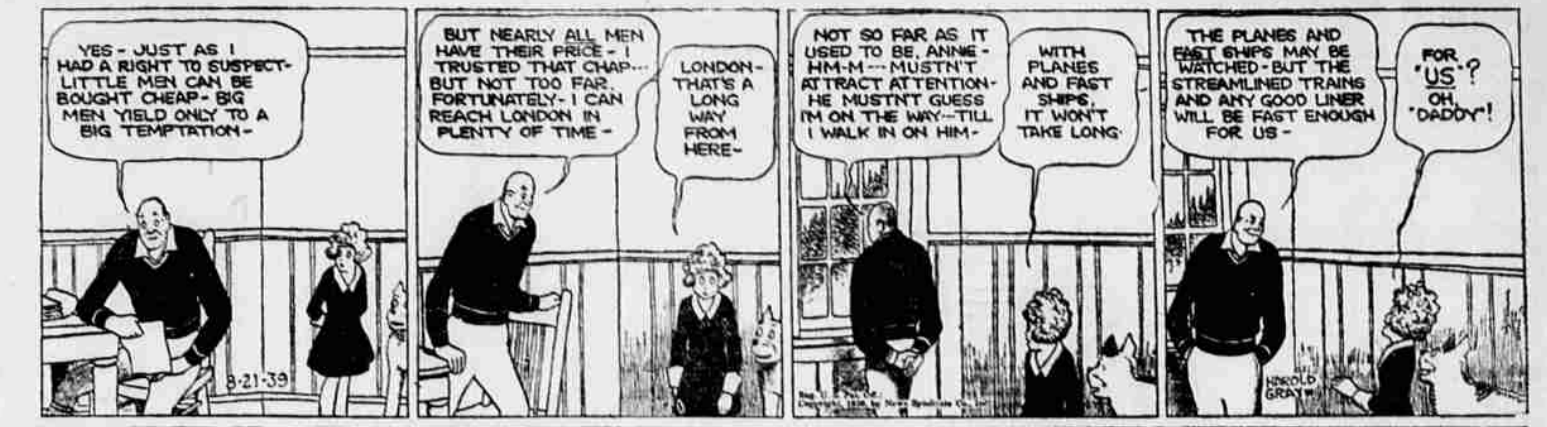
Three-fourths of the farms in Florida are devoted to citrus crops. There are several hundred British Isles.

There are said to be 400 buildings of 20 stories or more in the U. S., half of them in New York.

LITTLE ORPHAN ANNIE

Three Faces East

By HAROLD GRAY



POPEYE

Now Showing—"SALT OF THE EARTH."

Tomorrow—"Wimp's a Stranger in This Neck of the Woods."

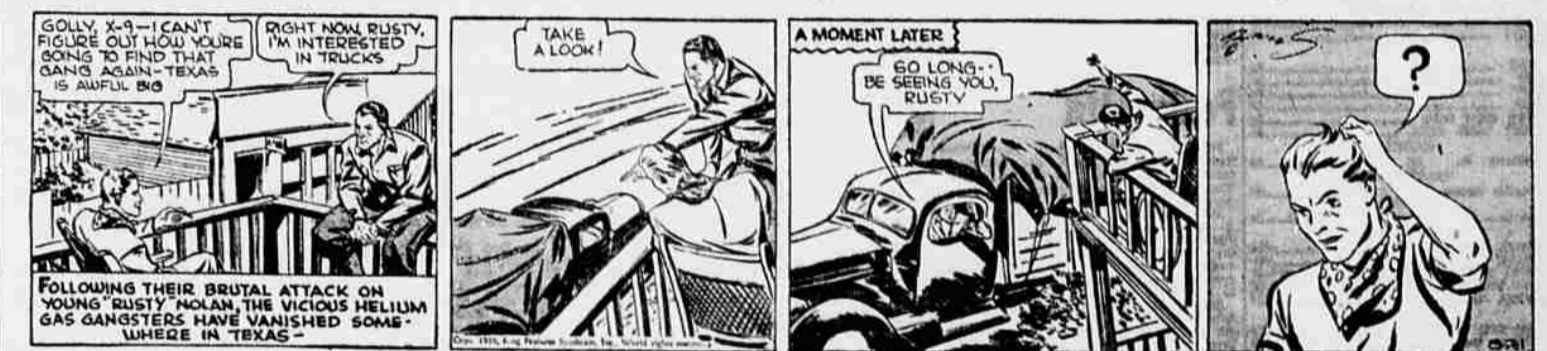
By E. C. SEGAR



SECRET AGENT X-9

The G-Man Steps On the Gas!

By ROBERT STORM



BOOTS AND HER BUDDIES

Too Anxious

By MARTIN



WASH TUBS

Wash Needs a Guardian

By CRANE



ALLEY OOP

The Face That Launched 1000 Ships

By V. T. HAMLIN



OUR BOARDING HOUSE .. with .. MAJOR HOOPLE

OUT OUR WAY

By WILLIAMS



FLAPPER FANNY

By Sylvia



"What's the idea? I've called you three times." "I'm gettin' in trainin' for when school begins."

SIDE GLANCES



"Won't you come to dinner Tuesday night? I'll see that daughter hasn't any other date."



FOOLERY—Fall hats haven't advanced past the foolish stage, if one can believe in this John Fredericks' creation, worn by Stella Alois in New York. It's a monkey hat.



CHARM—Enthusiastic Britons call this picture of a slimmer, more chic, Queen Elizabeth the "year's best photo of Her Majesty." It was taken at the queen attended a garden party. Embroidery on the hat matches that on dress.