

WHEN A GIRL MARRIES

BY RENE RYERSON MART

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RESCUE AND REMORSE

CHAPTER XII

"SEE you Sunday," Hank Holliday said as he bid Enid good night. "You're to do another portrait of Sonny for me, remember?"

Enid smiled. "Yes," she said. She waited with her key in the door and watched him go on down the hall, slim, blond, carrying himself with that easy assurance she admired so much. He turned at his own door and waved a careless hand at her.

She had no way of knowing that before she saw him again many, many things would be changed.

The heat wave lasted until Sunday morning, and then just at dawn it broke in a terrific storm. Enid sat up in bed frightened and dazed. The wind was whipping through the open bedroom windows and the curtains were flying back into the room.

She slid out of bed, stumbled in the darkness against a chair and ran to close the windows. It was still raining when the telephone rang at 9 o'clock. It was Hank Holliday calling. Enid hadn't seen him since the night she had gone on the consultation trip with him.

He said it looked like the rain had spoiled their plans for another picnic with Sonny. They'd have to postpone it until another time. Enid said, "Yes," and waited expecting him to suggest other plans for the day. But he didn't. Said he was awfully sorry, and that he'd be seeing her, and hung up.

She dressed and got her breakfast, and wondered what she was going to do with the long day ahead. Well, she could go home and pick up her mail.

She saw the telegram fastened to the door knob as soon as she reached the porch. She tore it open hastily.

"Pop and Mom lost on lake in storm. Come at once, Letty."

ENID'S knees sagged with fright. It wasn't hard to imagine what had happened. Mom had written that she and Pop usually went out on the lake just before daylight, because the fishing was at its best then. And they had been caught in this morning's storm.

She looked at the time at the head of the telegram. Eight a. m. She'd already lost nearly three precious hours.

It was strange how, in this sudden emergency, her mind reverted to its old channels. Not once did she think of Hank Holliday. It was Tom—Tom. He'd take her. Enid felt calmer at once and her dazed mind began to function.

Tom said he'd be right over when she explained things over the telephone to him. "Now don't worry," he told her. "There's a lot of small islands in the lake. They're probably quite safe on one of them."

The 100-mile drive to the lake seemed endless although Tom drove as fast as he dared on the wet and treacherous road. They didn't talk much.

Once Tom said, "Gee, I'm glad you're back. I missed you like hell." He broke off abruptly, remembering that she didn't like to hear him swear. "Well, I missed you," he finished sheepishly, throwing her a sideways grin.

His words made Enid feel cheap and ashamed, remembering that she hadn't thought of him for days. To cover his emotion, she put her hand on his arm that was next to her. "I don't know what I'd have done without you today, Tom."

She prayed childishly and silently. "Oh, dear God, let them be found by the time we get there." But the moment she saw Letty's face she knew they hadn't been.

Tom said he'd go down to the lake and join in the search for the old people. Phil was already there. Enid wanted to go with him, but Aunt Faye, who had come over from her own luxurious cottage on the lake front and taken charge in her domineering way, vetoed that.

"There's nothing you can do down there," she told Enid. "You'd only be in the men's way. Now take off that slicker and sit down here and drink some hot coffee. As if coffee or anything could help," Enid thought despairingly. But obediently she sipped the scalding liquid.

The rain continued to fall all day, a gray depressing drizzle, and just before dark a man from the rescue squad floated up to the cottage in rubber boots. He said that a rowboat had been found floating bottom side up. But, he added quickly, seeing their gray faces, that didn't mean that hope was to be abandoned. If Mr. and Mrs. Sharon had taken refuge on one of the islands when they saw the storm coming, their beached boat might easily have been carried back out on the lake by the high waves.

But Enid was not deceived. She knew that the caped boat was almost certain evidence that her parents had been drowned. She couldn't cry quietly like Letty or ostentatiously like Aunt Faye. She was too numb for tears. She could only move to a window and sit staring out through the thickening darkness toward the lake.

If only she had spent this last month with Pop and Mom here at the lake as they had wanted her to do, instead of going off by herself. She'd never be able to forgive herself now.

She didn't at first realize that the bobbing lights moving up the muddy road were lanterns carried by a crowd of men, and when

she did she was afraid to move for a moment. The search was over. What had they found?

Tom was ahead of the crowd. He dashed up the steps to the cottage porch where Enid and Letty and Faye Luxon had crowded. He put steady arms around Enid.

"It's all right, honey. They've found them—alive! But they're weak and sick. They've been wet to the skin and without food all this time. We've got to get them to a hospital."

The hospital waiting room had drab gray walls. To brighten it up, the wicker furniture had been lacquered a yellowish pale green. Enid knew that she'd never again see that sickly shade of green without feeling ill, without smelling the odor of disinfectants and drugs, without feeling the leaden heaviness of that long hour of waiting outside the emergency room.

The doctor, when he finally appeared, was grave. He said that Mom was rallying splendidly, that she'd be all right without a doubt, but that Pop—He faced the girls frankly. "It's a bad case of pneumonia. I can't give you any hope. We'll do what we can."

A few minutes later a nurse beckoned to Enid and told her that the superintendent wanted to see her downstairs. Enid couldn't find the elevator, so she walked down two flights of stairs and located the office. The superintendent motioned her brusquely to a chair beside her desk.

"We are going to have to send to Cleveland for some oxygen," the woman explained. "Your father's life depends upon it. Can you pay for it?"

Enid stood up. "He must have it," she said desperately. "I'll get the money."

She was thinking frantically. She had less than \$25 left of her savings—just the amount she had counted on for food and small items during the last week of her stay in the apartment. If only she hadn't spent all her savings—\$350. She needed the money now to save Pop's life. And it was gone. What was she going to do? (To Be Continued)

HOLD EVERYTHING!



"I think we've perfected a defense against those commando raids, Ma!"

Ready For Immediate Delivery

THOR Washers and Ironers

UHLIG'S

THIS CURIOUS WORLD

By William Ferguson

SEALS AND SEA-LIONS ARE DESCENDANTS OF LAND ANIMALS THAT RETURNED TO THE SEA AND TURNED THEIR PAWS INTO FLIPPERS.



DETROIT

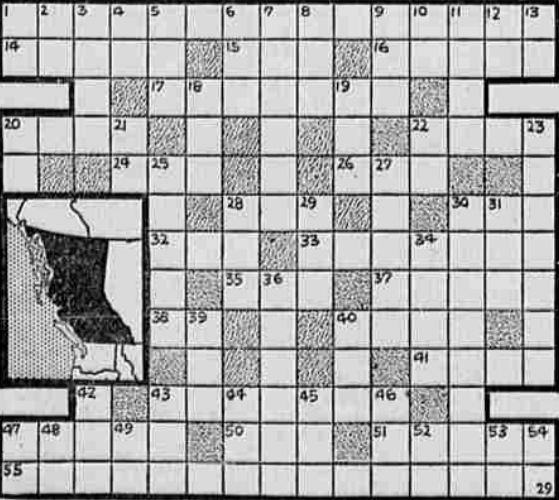
HAS AN AIR RAID SHELTER, LARGE ENOUGH TO HOLD ITS ENTIRE POPULATION! AN OLD SALT MINE BENEATH THE CITY HAS 25 MILES OF PASSAGEWAYS AT A DEPTH OF 1,000 FEET.



A CUMBERBUND IS A SASH-LIKE GARMENT GERMAN SOCIETY DISPLAY OF NORTHERN LIGHTS

CANADIAN PROVINCE

- HORIZONTAL**
- 1 Depicted Canadian province.
 - 14 Surgical thread.
 - 15 Air raid precautions (abbr.).
 - 16 Expend.
 - 17 Reverses.
 - 20 Moist.
 - 22 Body of Kaffir warriors.
 - 24 Chinese sauce.
 - 28 Onager.
 - 28 Hops' kiln.
 - 30 Tanning tub.
 - 32 Electrified particle.
 - 33 Covetousness.
 - 35 Age.
 - 37 Kind of snake.
 - 38 New Testament (abbr.).
 - 40 Coin.
 - 41 2000 pounds (pl.).
 - 43 Saddle.
 - 47 Poplar.
- ANSWER:** Sash-like garment.
- VERTICAL**
- 1 Bachelor of Science (abbr.).
 - 2 Music note.
 - 3 Newspaper paragraph.
 - 4 Toward.
 - 5 Suffix.
 - 6 Head covering.
 - 7 Tenets.
 - 8 Open (poet.).
 - 9 United States ship (abbr.).
 - 10 Military police (abbr.).
 - 11 Large piece of timber.
 - 12 Within.
 - 13 Paid notice.
 - 16 Ratite bird.
 - 19 Accomplish.
 - 21 Postscript (abbr.).
 - 22 Exists.
 - 23 Segregates and detains.
 - 25 Vegetable.
 - 27 Gaze fixedly.
 - 28 Unit.
 - 29 Light brown.
 - 30 Its capital is
 - 31 Playing card.
 - 34 Talk noisily.
 - 36 Hind.
 - 39 Also.
 - 40 Mine shaft hut.
 - 42 Interdict.
 - 43 Card game.
 - 44 Reverend.
 - 45 Neither.
 - 46 Thing in law.
 - 47 Average (abbr.).
 - 48 Musical note.
 - 49 Master of ceremonies (abbr.).
 - 52 Deciliter (abbr.).
 - 53 Symbol for horon.
 - 54 South Dakota (abbr.).



Out Our Way By J. R. Williams



Red Ryder



Little Orphan Annie



Freckles and His Friends



Wash Tubbs



Boots and Her Buddies



Alley Oop



Our Boarding House With Major Hoopla



Fred Harman



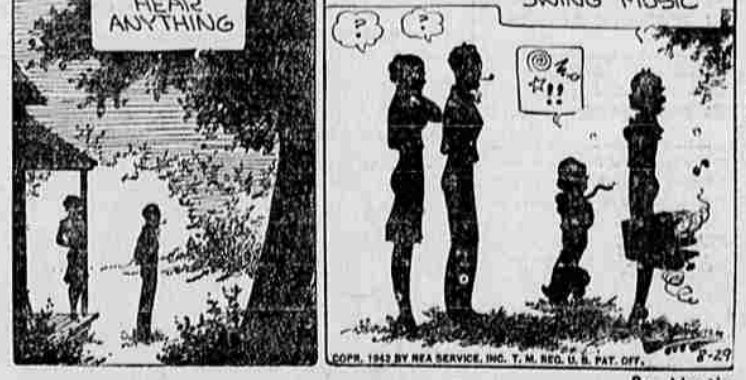
Harold Gray



Blosser



Crano



Martin



V. T. Hamlin