

TOMORROW WILL BE FAIR



CHAPTER THIRTY-FIVE

Val was lying in her low, broad bed that was like a queen's bed. Her fair hair was drenched with perspiration, her face as white as the ivory-toned pillow. Her black lashes rested with an effect of ineffable heaviness on her cheeks. A sound like a sob broke in Wade's throat and the nurse herded them out disapprovingly.

Sherry asked, her eyes on the doctor's face. "You're quite sure she's all right now?"

"Quite. You needn't worry any more."

Sherry told Wade, "Then—I'm going. I'll come back in the morning."

Wade thanked her for everything and helped her into her coat. He looked old and tired and sick. Sherry slipped away, leaving him with the doctor.

Not until she had reached the car downstairs, not until she had got in beside Lex and felt his shoulder comforting against hers did reaction from the nightmare hours just past set in. Sherry sobbed, her face against the rough

tweed of his coat. "She's all right, Lex. She isn't going to die."

She was shaking as with a chill and Lex held her close, soothing and calming her. When some measure of composure had returned to her, she leaned back against the seat and whispered, "I'm sorry to be such a baby. And you've been so swell, Lex."

He said, "I'm going to take you home. You're exhausted, poor kid." There was infinite tenderness in his voice.

Before he had driven half a dozen blocks, she was sound asleep against his shoulder. She was still sleeping deeply when he brought the car to a stop in front of her apartment. Lex turned off the ignition, got out and went around to the door beside Sherry. She slept on as he opened it and, lifting her easily, carried her across the sidewalk and inside.

An old man, operating the elevator, asked agitatedly, "She hurt? What happened?"

Lex shook his head. "Asleep. I didn't want to waken her."

The operator eyed him suspiciously. "Well—it's kind of queer. She's a mighty nice girl."

"I know," Lex grinned at him across Sherry's drooping head. "A mighty nice girl."

Sherry awakened as Lex shifted her weight a little in order to try the door of her apartment. It was just as well, because the door was locked.

She clung to him for a moment, confused. Then she smiled a bit unsteadily. "Oh, Lex—did you carry me all the way up here?"

He nodded. "You'll have to unlock the door, though."

She did so and Lex followed her inside. "I'm going right away," he



MEMORIAL SERVICE AT THE SECOND ANNIVERSARY of their liberation from the Buchenwald concentration camp by American troops, two French survivors of the camp carry a wreath to the Tomb of the Unknown Soldier during special ceremonies in Paris. They are dressed in the prison garb they wore in the dreaded Buchenwald horror camp.

told her. "What you need is sleep—hours and hours of it."

"I know. . . And thanks." He leaned down and kissed her. It was the second time he had kissed her. Sherry thought, her drowsiness fleeing before her instant, instinctive response to the touch of his lips on hers. That night on the bridge. And now. But this was a tender kiss, almost a brotherly kiss. With an effort she kept herself from putting her arms around his neck and holding him to her. It was a kiss that meant nothing, except that he liked her and pitied her for the ordeal she had just been through. It was a kiss Kay couldn't take exception to. It was a kiss that left Sherry hungry and unsatisfied—and disgusted with herself for experiencing such unwarranted emotions.

She said, "Good night, Lex." His hand lay for a moment gently against her cheek. "Get some rest."

He was gone then, and her heart went with him. Such a crazy, unmanageable, unreasonable heart.

It was two days before Sherry, alone with Val for the first time since the night she had come so close to death, heard the reasons for what she had tried to do. Relinquishing, pale and calm, on her

chaise-lounge, Val told Sherry about Kevin Blake and all that had happened between them. Told her, too, of the nightmare hours that had followed her final parting from him.

"I wanted to die," Val said. "I'm no good, Sherry. I know that now. I'm rotten and selfish and a cheat—all the things Kevin said. What use is there for me to go on living, making Wade unhappy, being so unhappy myself—"

Her low voice broke. She stared at her sister pitifully. "But—I won't have the courage to do—what I did—again."

Sherry laid her hand gently on Val's hand that was so busy pleading and smoothing the folds of her satin negligee. "What about Wade, Val? Have you told him all this?"

Val nodded. "Hadn't he the right to know? You don't put people through the sort of experience I put him through—and you, too—without offering some explanation."

"And—how did he take it?"

"He was swell, really," Val said. "I told you once, Sherry. Wade is a complete realist. I—I thought I was one, too—but now I don't know what I am. Or, rather—I know, but I don't like to face it. Wade's willing to for-

give and forget. And I believe he'd do it, too. But—I don't know about myself."

Sherry leaned forward earnestly. "Val, listen to me. This Kevin—whatever he was to you, whatever he might have been—is gone out of your life. Isn't that true?"

Her sister nodded. "He meant what he said—I know that. And I know him well enough to realize he wouldn't change his mind."

"And you're not even sure you loved him," Sherry said. "It may have been—just that he looked like Rick—and that you were feeling desperate and reckless and angry with Wade when you met him."

"It may have been, I don't know. I'll never know."

Sherry said, "It isn't for me to tell you what to do, Val. People have to decide for themselves, always—or it's no good. But—can't you try thinking of someone other than yourself? Think of Wade."

Val stared at her. After a while she said, "I have thought of him. Quite a lot these last two days. Only—I don't like my thoughts. They make me ashamed. Wade has been wonderful—so much kinder than I deserve."

Sherry said, "If you were as rotten and selfish as you say, Val, would you realize that?"

"I—I don't know," Val looked off into space for quite a long while. "Wade wants to take me away somewhere—to California, maybe for a cruise. He thinks it would help me get my bearings again."

"Maybe it would," Sherry said. She asked then, hesitantly, "Val—don't you ever want children?"

Her sister's glance came back from its far journey to rest on her face. "How odd that you should ask that. I was—thinking along the same lines. Sherry, sometimes I wonder why you're wiser than I am, so much more balanced. We have the same heredity, the same background and upbringing—or lack of it."

"I'm not," Sherry denied.

"Yes," Val nodded. "It's true. When you fall in love, it will all be right and sane and natural."

"It won't. It isn't," Sherry admitted. "I have fallen in love—with a man who's engaged to another girl, who intends to marry her soon. I know all about it from the time we met. He's never misled me, or encouraged me—and still I love him. Does that sound right and sane and well-balanced?"

Val said, "Poor Sherry. . . I hoped one of us could have the happy ending. . ."

(To Be Continued)

Tennis Dress and Accessories by Abercrombie & Fitch

March Master
GURR Jewelers
Wilmington's Fine Jeweler
264 N. Front St. Dial 2-1511

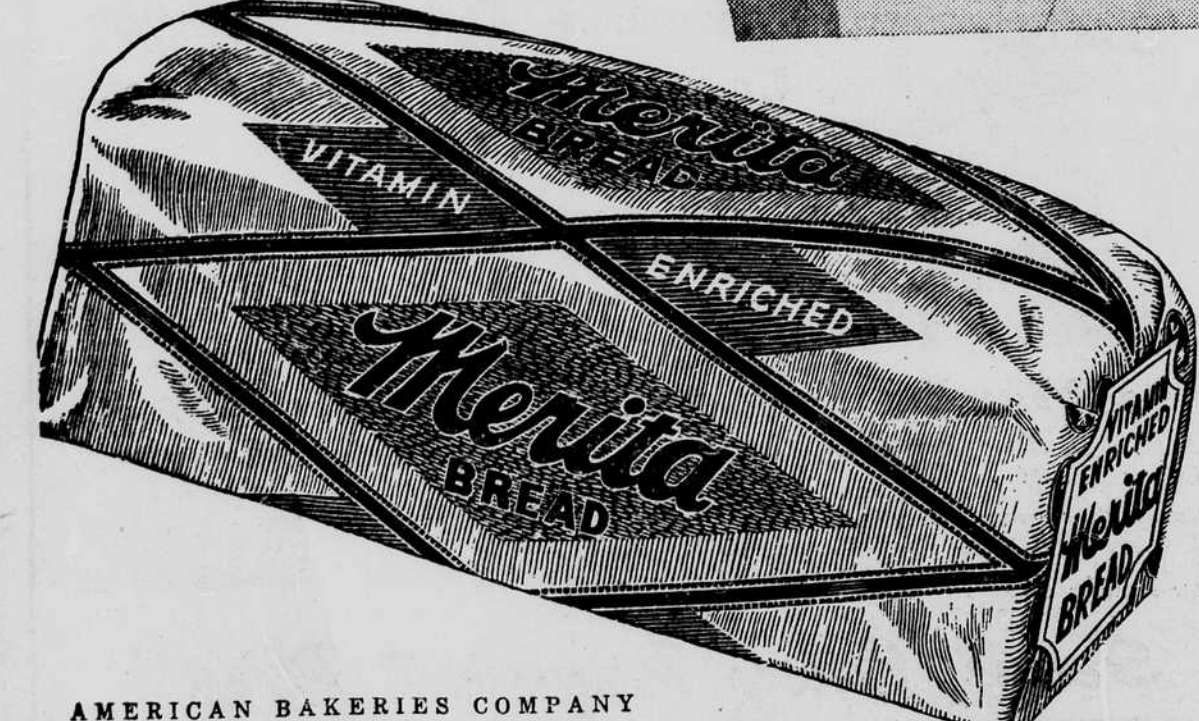
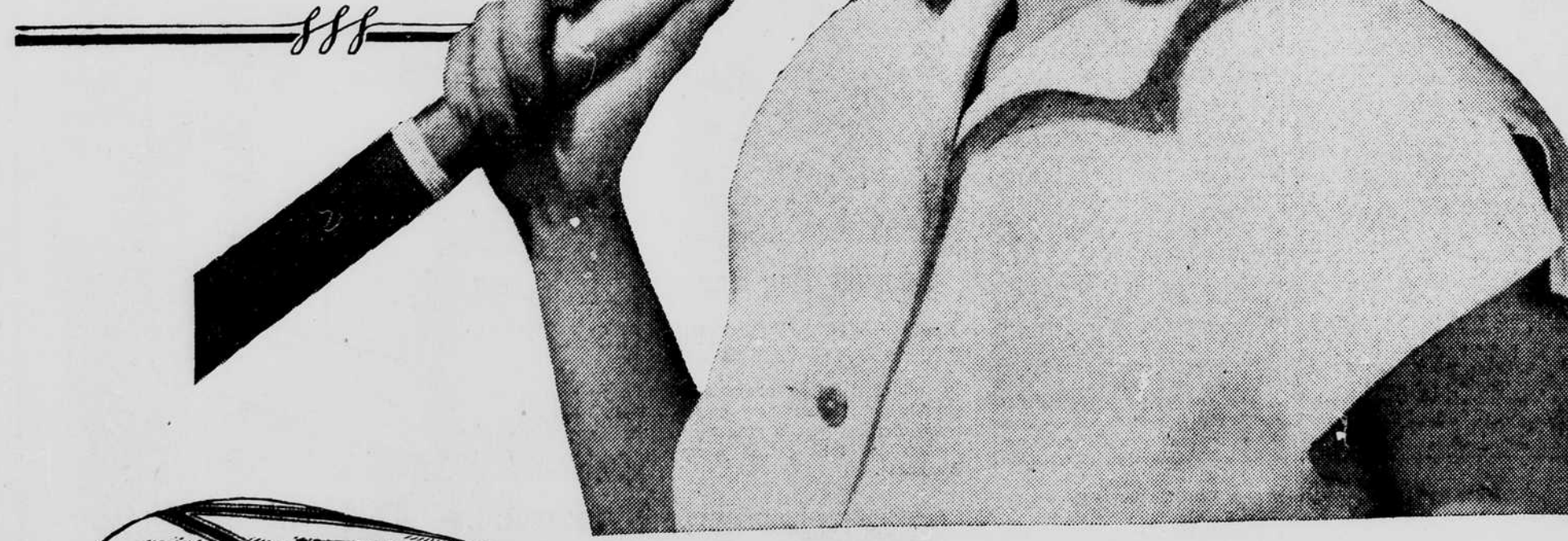
Absolute SAFETY
—For Your—
SAVINGS
START AN ACCOUNT TODAY
—WITH—
THE INSURED
PEOPLES
Building & Loan Ass'n.
WM. M. HILL, SECY.-TREAS.
112 PRINCESS ST.

FUEL OIL
Springer
Dependable Since 1872
Phone 5261

Jamie Redwood

Engaging Southern Queen, says:

"Good health and energy depend on good food—with plenty of nourishing bread. In my home down South, that means Merita Bread. . . Miss Redwood, who left Dixie to become a Powers Model, gives words to what countless women have learned. And because bread is so important, surely it's important to serve the best—Merita Bread. Merita's health-building goodness and fine flavor have long made it a favorite with active families. They know Merita is the best in bread. Try it."



Merita BREAD

"Dozens of tests on one shipment of flour are not unusual in Merita's Home Service Institute. Constant checking is part of our work—work that makes sure Merita Bread is pure, nourishing and good."
Bruce Dunbar
Merita Home Service Institute



X DEPT. STORE

NO! NOT OUR FIRST ANNIVERSARY



OUR 10TH ANNIVERSARY

Celebrating our 10th birthday with bigger and better values. Every department offers added values and extra saving during this store-wide sale. Shop every department—SAVE!

WOMEN'S ALL WOOL SPRING SUITS
NOW \$12.00
(Were \$19.95)
Light spring woolsens, stripes, solids and combinations. Sizes 12 to 18.

WOMEN'S BLOUSES
NOW \$2.00
Values To \$3.95
Large selection, long and short sleeves, crepes, ninons, and cottons. Slightly soiled.

SMART SPRING DRESSES
\$2.00 TO \$5.00
Values to \$8.85 in group sizes and styles are broken-grand values if your size is here. Some slightly soiled.

MATERNITY DRESSES
WRAP-A-ROUNDS
\$2.00 AND \$3.00
Cottons and spuns in light and dark patterns. Most all sizes.

CRISP COTTON WASH FROCKS
\$1.48 --- \$1.88
Washable cottons in prints and stripes. 12 to 50 in group.

UNIFORMS
SOILED
\$1.88
Stripes, solids and white; broken styles and sizes only. Slightly soiled.

WOOL SKIRTS
\$2.00 TO \$4.75
Values To \$7.95
Plaids, checks and solids lively styles. Good colors. 24 to 30.

YARD GOODS BUTCHER LINEN
NOW 98c
Was \$1.48
39 inches wide—variety solid colors.

PRINTED LAWN
29c YARD
White Linen-Like
SUITING
39c YARD
BELK'S RED CAMEL
OVERALLS \$2.98

WOVEN CHECKED BEDSPREAD
\$3.88
Reg. \$6.95 Value
Blue and white check only.

BREAKFAST SET
\$3.77
6 each: cups, saucers, breakfast plates, boxed.
Round, Decorated

METAL WASTE CANS
91c
STEP-ON
GARBAGE CANS
NOW \$3.49
Aluminum inner cans

ROASTER-TOASTER
\$2.49 WITH CORD
Was \$5.00
27x54

COIR RUGS
\$2.99
Made in India. Ideal for beach and summer use. Plaid patterns.

ZINC-METAL WASH BOARDS
50c
\$1.00 Value
METAL
DUST PANS
29c

HOOKEED RUGS
DRASTICALLY REDUCED
Oval and oblongs

MENS' DRESS SHIRTS \$1.29
Neat stripes on colored grounds. Irregulars.

BOYS' STATION WAGON COATS \$3.49
sizes 8 10 16
BOYS' SPRING SUITS \$6.88 --- \$9.98
2 piece spring suits in neat tweeds and herringbone patterns.

BOYS' O. D. RAINCOATS \$2.00
sizes 6 to 16—irregulars.
All Toys Drastically Reduced