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"This spring flows only after a hard rain."

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BROKEN WINGS

by Barbara Webb

CONTINUED

Back at the hangar that afternoon he was tempted to give up the job. But the memory of Katherine decided him to stay on for a time at least. Just why she attracted him so he hardly knew. Except for those brief moments late at night, just after her purchase of the ship, she had treated like like nothing human. A servant. "A little lower than the seraphim," she keeps and a little higher than the cook," he reflected.

For several weeks he had nothing to do. Each morning he went to the hangar, had the Falcon rolled out, tuned her up, made a brief trial flight and landed again. The remainder of the time he lounged around, smoking magazines and writing letters to his two sisters in the West. His only immediate family, for both his father and his mother were dead.

Then on the fourth afternoon Katherine appeared with a party of friends. Jackson wasn't with them. There were two men Katherine's age and another girl. One of the men had been drinking and pretended to weep when Katherine and the other man squeezed themselves into the cockpit. Bill took them up, sailed them out over the water, brought them back. After landing he spoke briefly to Katherine. "I don't like to take your other friends up, the girl is all right, but that chap there is half blotto and he might try to start something."

"Are you afraid?" she asked.
"No."
"Get in, Lee. It's a tight squeeze for two in back, but Sally's not fat," she said, speaking to the two who waited.
"He'll probably be sick," Bill warned.
"Do him good," Katherine said briefly.
Bill said nothing more.
"Don't go over water," Lee babbled.
"Fraid of water. Makes me seasick. Keep your land."
"Oh, shut up, Lee," Sally ordered. "Let the pilot manage this."
Bill said nothing, but turned the Falcon inland and grinned to himself when they struck some bumpy air. A glance backward showed him that Lee had turned pale, sickly green and Bill headed for the landing field. Lee had to be helped from the plane and started at once for the locker room of the clubhouse, followed by heartless comments from his companions.

AN OUTSIDER
If Bill had any lingering doubts as to his position, they were settled by this visitation. Katherine was courteous; so were the others. But that he did not come within their social ken was very evident. They went off toward the wide veranda and presently Bill could see them having tea and talking together.
Sally said, "Where'd you pick up that cute pilot, Kitty?"
"Is he cute?" Kitty asked indifferently.
"Hot stuff, Kitty. Jackson's going to make you'll let him go, you mark my words."
Katherine shrugged, "So long as he's a good pilot what's the difference?"
Clem Barber leaned forward, "Is he really a flier, Kitty?"
"Oh, he has several thousand hours in the air, belongs to the Quiet Birdmen, flew a mail plane for a while, all that sort of thing. Father looked him up before we engaged him."
"You're lucky, Kitty. I wish I had a plane," Clem sighed. "My old man would throw a fit if I even suggested it."
"What would you do with a plane?" Clem? Sally asked.

Kitty called a boy and scribbled a note. It read: "Have the Falcon ready for a night flight. I'll be out at 9:30. K. B."
Bill swore when he got the note. He had planned to spend the evening with some buddies from St. Louis, but having accepted the job in hand he had to obey orders. He made up his mind he would give notice and quit. There was nothing in this thing he was doing now, taking a plane out for an hour and shoving it back into hangar. It was like having an automobile racer handed to the job of tooling a car around the block at twenty miles an hour. Bill was sick of it. "I'll tell her tonight that I'm through and the sooner she gets another pilot the better. I was a goofy sap to take this job on the first place."
He got some supper at the clubhouse, eating in the employees' dining room, and then went back to the hangar to wait for Kitty. When she appeared he hardly knew her. She was all in white from the tips of her satin shoes glittering with rhinestones to the string of pearls twisted into her blond hair. She had wrapped herself in an ermine cape and when Bill, having secured his

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breath, asked her if she was sure she would be warm enough, she merely nodded and pulled the wrap higher under her chin.
"I don't want to fly," she said abruptly. "I just want to ask you some questions and this seemed a good time to do it without being interrupted."
"Let's go inside, then," Bill suggested. "It's warmer."

A NEW OPPORTUNITY

There was an old rocker in the hangar that Bill had carried out from the clubhouse. Kitty seated herself in it quite as a matter of course, leaving Bill to stand leaning against the wooden wall.
"Shoot," he said, smiling down at her and thinking how soft and white and small she looked half curled in the old brown chair.
"Have you done much distance flying?" she asked.
"Plenty. Coast to coast and so on."
"Would you like to make a real long flight? Across the ocean, say?" Bill whistled. "Every flier dreams of doing some such thing," he said soberly, "but not so many of us get the chance."
"Would it be practical to fly to Australia?"
"Not without stopping for fuel, somewhere—Hawaii, for instance."

Kitty nodded. "Would you go if you had such a chance?"
Bill considered. "I'd have to know more about the arrangements—who was backing it and so on. Flying isn't nearly so much a matter of cold figures and fool-proof plans."
"You're rather cautious, aren't you?" Kitty asked scornfully.
Bill flushed. "I'm not a fool," he said shortly. "I don't care anything about suicide and I've too much respect for flying to bring it into any more disrepute by wild goose chases."
Kitty said nothing. Bill broke the somewhat prolonged silence by asking, "Why all these questions, Miss Boyd?"
"I'm thinking of making such a flight. There wouldn't be any question of money. We could have everything in the world in the way of equipment and all the time needed for preparations. But I'll have to have a cool-headed, experienced pilot. I know that." She surveyed him coolly from head to foot much as she might have inspected a new dress.

It was Bill's turn for silence.
"It's all indefinite now," she went on thoughtfully for a pause. "I would like to do something different, something really big, just once. I'd have to do it before I marry, for after that there will be other claims on me. Are you brave enough and experienced enough to plan such a flight?"
Bill dodged the direct question. "I'm experienced enough, I think," he said. "And I'd sell my shoes to get such a chance. You'll have to judge my bravery yourself."

She rose. "Could the Falcon be used or would we have to have another plane?"
"There would have to be some alterations and a lot of tests, I think the Falcon would do. She's clean and fast and well balanced. Yes, with a few changes and the right equipment I think the Falcon could do it."
Kitty started toward the door. "Don't mention this to any one yet. I'll talk to you again in a day or so. Good night." And she was gone.
Bill watched her until her white figure was a blur in the darkness. He was bewildered by her sudden appearance and departure, her utterly business-like manner. It took a few moments for him to realize all that her suggestion might mean to him. If she meant it: if she really would finance such a flight! The possibilities took Bill's breath away. He stepped into the night where the Falcon rested, groomed for flight.

Excitement gripped him. He sprang into the cockpit and in a few minutes was soaring through the night, putting the Falcon through her paces, thrilling to the room of her progress through the night air. Anything seemed possible in those ecstatic moments, but after he landed second thought had its way.
"The thing was impossible. Kitty's parents would never let her go. Neither would her fiancé."
"I'll just be another one of those things," he thought, as gloomy now as he had been joyful an hour before. But not until he was in his room did he remember that he had fully intended to resign his job as air chauffeur for the Boyds. "And I will, too," he promised himself. "I'll throw up

that fool job the first thing in the morning—unless, of course—Australia—"
Bill was asleep.
"YOU'RE PROUD AND FINE—"
Later that night Katherine sat in a low chair on the porch of the Boyd home on Long Island. Jackson sd. was stretched on a chaise longue at her side. They had been gossiping of people they knew, Jackson relating the marital tangle of some mutual friends.
"We'll never get in that kind of mess, will we, Kitty?" He reached for her hand in the dark, holding it closely in a rare gesture of tenderness.
"I suppose not," she answered indifferently. "Why do you ask?"
"Oh, well, I'm pretty fond of you, Kitty, and I can't help thinking too that people who get mixed up in public scandals are petty common. Then I'd like—" he hesitated. "I'd like some children, you know—a son to carry on my name, a daughter to inherit your beauty—"
Kitty peered through the dim light at him. This was a new side of Jackson, one she had never known before. A feeling of pity of deeper affection than she had ever felt, stirred in her.
"I don't want scandal, either, Jackson, and, well, children are rather precious, too. I—I—didn't think you cared about such things, though."
There was a ring of pride in his voice as he replied: "I have a fine old name. Kitty, dear. About the only thing I have. Nothing, no one has ever disgraced it—and I want to pass it on as clean as when it came to me—that's one reason I—I—" he paused, stumbled in his words, "I love you, Kitty, and want you to marry me. You're proud and fine yourself."
Katherine moved uneasily in her chair. Did this new revelation of Jackson's character conflict with her plans? She respected it honestly admired it, but it was too recent, too minor a part of his make-up to interfere with her paying her own willful way, as she had always had, she decided.
To Be Continued Tomorrow



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