

Hearts Bleed Longest

Copyright, 1945, NEA SERVICE, INC.

by Doris Hume

BROCK was coming home; the plane got in at 3. Thayer was dressed and ready, nothing to do now but wait. At lunch Brock's mother had said, "You aren't eating, Thayer," and as they left the table, "Why don't you rest a little before it is time to go?"

"Rest!" The word was shocked from Thayer.

Mrs. Kittridge pursed her soft mouth a little. "I have waited a long time for my boy to come back to me. I have learned patience, Thayer."

Thayer thought of that now as she stood by the bedroom window looking out. Rest! If only she could have kept on working today, right up to the hour, the minute.

"You aren't going to the plant this morning?" her mother-in-law had asked at breakfast.

"Why, I intended to," Thayer said innocently.

"Really, Mr. Tipton should realize . . ." Mrs. Kittridge began stiffly.

"I'm sure he does," Thayer answered gently, "and I know I can get away in plenty of time."



As Thayer went past him he turned and swung into step beside her. "Where do we have lunch?" he asked. "I hope you think this is very funny," she replied.

REALIZE! Realization was headlined in the **DAVERTON SENTINEL** she had bought on the way to work.

DAVERTON'S HERO FLYER COMES HOME TODAY

"Thayer, how can you work?" Ruth Jory from Mr. Tipton's department had demanded in the dressing room. Thayer caught Ruth's mirrored glance, in it that which she had seen in other eyes that morning—a guarded questioning. Ruth looked away quickly and Thayer pretended it hadn't happened, but her own face wore a tense strained look.

"I'm just plain scared, Thayer thought. I won't be—but I am. She deepened her lipstick,

brushed back her red-brown hair into the soft swirl that most enhanced her slender face and lifted her chin in an unconscious gesture grown habitual these past months. There! she thought, but the beautiful, deeply-set dark eyes remained shadowed.

Hardly was her desk cleared for work when Mr. Tipton hurried in, his brow creased in its neat furrow, his hands filled with papers. "What are you doing here, young lady?"

"We're so behind, Mr. Tipton. Anyhow, I'd rather work. I guess I guess I've got the jitters."

His near-sighted blue eyes were uneasy but his words were insistent. "Nonsense, it's just excitement. You go along home now."

"But I . . ." Thayer stopped, rose slowly, stood facing him, her dark grave glance direct. "Mrs. Kittridge phoned you, Mr. Tipton."

He flushed, then put a hand on her arm placatingly. "After all, it's her only boy, Thayer. It was pretty hard on her having him go so soon after losing his father. And now . . ." His fingers tightened persuasively. "Let her have things her way today."

Thayer felt a sort of coldness settle over her as she closed her desk. No use saying more. Mr. Tipton might be her boss. But the Kittridges owned the plant.

NOW in this lovely room she had never shared with Brock she waited.

Brock's father had died 18 months ago; Thayer had never known him. Brock's uncle, Judson Kittridge, acting head of the Daverton Sweeper Company, had gone north yesterday to come

down on the plane with Brock. His wife, Hildreth, had telephoned earlier that she would meet them at the airport, Thayer had wanted to say, "Please go with us." Since Brock's mother made going alone impossible Thayer would have welcomed Hildreth's crisp presence as a third.

The hands on the bedside table clock showed 2:15. Thayer moved about the room restlessly. On the desk was a large photograph of Brock, one of a group made for his mother. It showed a gay handsome face, dark gray eyes, straight brows, an arrogant cut to the nostrils, a mouth laughing to reveal strong even teeth. Hiding with that laughter the sensibility betrayed in repose.

"Oh, Brock . . ." Thayer said, but the eyes of the picture looked past her. She turned away. She had treasured a snapshot taken that brief week of their marriage. In it Brock's eyes never left hers. She had worn it with much handling. Then it had disappeared. Mrs. Kittridge said regretfully, "It must have fallen on the floor and been swept up. Wouldn't you like this one of Brock, Thayer?" But Thayer felt no closeness to this picture; the other had held the warm sweetness of the boy with whom she had fallen in love and whom she had married after 10 days of courtship.

The clock said 2:20.

"When I want something bad enough I always get it," Brock told her at their second meeting. Last April—just a year ago—Amy Lane had written her:

"I've a grand job down here and there's an opening in Personnel made just for you. Remember that Daverton Sweeper we had at the apartment? They make 'em here—only now it's bomb night parts. I board with a swell little old maid; you could share my room. The course, Thayer. Seem to be a few likely lads about. Oh, yes, and to look at only—Brock Kittridge, the big boss's nephew. A gal's dream wearing silver wings. But a wifely blond named Moyn with dibs on him. Just the same I like it here. Come see for yourself. Love, AMY."

Three days after her arrival Brock had come into Thayer's office. She had raised her head to find him standing there, looking at her. He said, never shifting his gaze, "Hey, Tipple, stop slave-driving and introduce me," and when Mr. Tipton somewhat startled had acquiesced, he said, "Why

(To Be Continued)

Our Boarding House With Major Hooole



Boots and Her Buddies



Freckles and His Friends



Red Ryder



Wash Tubbs



Alley Oop



Out Our Way



By Edgar Martin



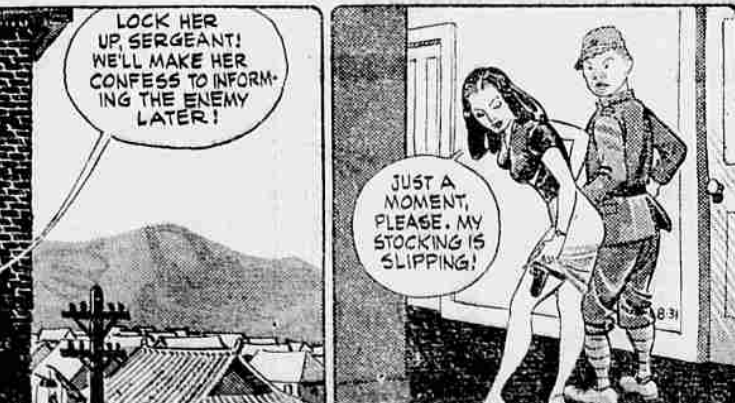
Merrill Blosser



Fred Harman



By Leslie Turner



By V. T. Hamlin



Former Leader of Nanking Kills Self

SAN FRANCISCO, Aug. 20 (UP)—Chen Kung Po, acting president of the former puppet Nanking Chinese government, died today of self-inflicted wounds, the Domei news agency said in

Apron Delight

The Domei report, quoting the newspaper Kuangha Hupao said Chen "died this morning from wounds he inflicted upon himself yesterday."

It is said that 200 different kinds of materials are used for manufacture of shoes.



8749
1446

Nothing else quite takes the place of a good practical and appealing apron such as this. A friend in need at all times.

Pattern No. 8749 is designed for size 24, 16, 18, 20, 40, 42, 44, 48. Size 16 requires 2 1/2 yards of 35-inch material, see scraps for application.

For this pattern, send 20 cents, in coins, your name, address, size desired, and the pattern number to Sue Burnett, La Grande Evening Observer, 709 Mission St., San Francisco, Calif.

U. S. Senator

- | HORIZONTAL | VERTICAL |
|---|--------------------------|
| 17 Pictured | 1 Temper |
| U. S. Senator | 2 Newest |
| 13 Contracted | 3 Beer maker |
| 14 Philosophical apparatus | 4 Makes mistakes |
| 15 Brain passage | 5 Artificial language |
| 16 Roman date | 6 Small branch |
| 19 Ages | 7 Array |
| 20 Stables | 8 Area measure |
| 21 Horned ruminant | 9 Floating vapor (Seot.) |
| 22 Osculate | 10 Chinese town |
| 23 Employ | 11 Deities |
| 24 Verily | 12 Greek island |
| 25 Thong | 17 Accomplish |
| 28 Abyss | 18 Each (ab.) |
| 30 Anent | |
| 31 He was formerly president of the Chamber of Commerce (ab.) | |
| 32 Statuary | |
| 35 Opera | |
| 39 Entomology (ab.) | |
| 40 Self | |
| 41 Legal paper | |
| 43 Preposition | |
| 47 River in Tuscany | |
| 48 Air (comb. form) | |
| 49 Partly open | |
| 50 Wild animal | |
| 51 Scratching | |
| 53 Electric unit | |
| 55 Dutch town | |
| 56 Smaller | |

Answer to Previous Puzzle



- | | |
|-------------------|------------------------------|
| 26 Skill | 42 Labor |
| 27 Foot-like part | 43 Villain in Othello |
| 28 Sever | 29 His Serene Highness (ab.) |
| 32 Take heed | (ab.) |
| 33 Fictional | 45 Tantalum (symbol) |
| 34 Yearling oxen | (From Brit.) |
| 36 Eagles' nests | 47 Mountains |
| 37 Piv. no head | 32 Negative |
| 38 Earlier | 54 Myself |

Occupational diseases!