

Hearts Bleed Longest

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XI
THE dream was a cruel one. One moment Brock held Thayer in his arms; the next she was gone and only laughter came back to him when he called her. It was a nightmare which had tortured him in the early days of hospitalization. It awakened him now and he lay rigid, trying to remember where he was. Then relief flooded over him. It was at that moment, as his muscles tensed for movement, he somehow became aware of the fact that he was alone. He fought back what must surely be again the dream, struggling toward reality. Slowly, then, with desperate intensity, his hand groped. The space beside him was empty.

Something tightened painfully in his chest. Hurt and anger began to boil up inside him. So it was that way, was it? That way, pity, duty, remorse—something had driven Thayer, and her nearness had betrayed them both. Now, while he slept she had fled away. Yes, fled. From the maimed man who was her husband, Brock recoiled from the thought, sick all over. Thayer had tried; he supposed she had honestly tried. . . .

He was very still for a long time, unaware of the moonlight going, of the small hours creeping on. Very still, staring into space. Once he moved; he clasped his hands together and bent his head upon them, rubbing his forehead back and forth as if to ease an unceasing pain.

He told himself grimly from the depths of his bitterness that she would never have to worry again, and the blackness of before dawn hid him. He'd face it now. Deep down he knew there was none.

EXHAUSTED, Thayer slept in spite of determination to remain awake. When she opened

her eyes it was morning and she rose hurriedly. A glance showed her mother-in-law's door was now closed. Good! Rest was what Mrs. Kittredge needed.

The clock reassured her as she dressed and she took an extra moment to perfect her make-up before she sped down the long stair, straight to Brock's door, and some remote part of her found time to be amused at her haste. She pushed open the door and her eager, "Hello, darling," died on her lips, half spoken. The little room was empty.

Always Brock waited to be called to breakfast. Strange that this morning . . .

Outside the terrace was vacant. Thayer called, "Brock—Brock," but received no answer. She walked slowly around the corner of the house, then stopped short. Across the lawn she saw Brock and his mother. They were talking, the man leaning heavily on his crutches, the woman holding to his arm.

All the eager welcoming died in Thayer. An odd chill roughened her skin.

Mrs. Kittredge smiled as the girl approached. "Isn't it a perfect morning, Thayer?"

Thayer stared. "I—I didn't think you'd be up."

Mrs. Kittredge rounded her eyes innocently. "And why not?"

Thayer groped for words. "I just meant . . ."

Mrs. Kittredge laughed, but her eyes sent sharp warning. She interrupted. "I told Brock the silly thing I did last night."

The man's voice broke in, flat, unemotional. "Yes, Mom said she forgot her key and you were good enough to come downstairs and let her in." To Thayer's ears the emphasis was unmistakable.

"Well," Mrs. Kittredge said, "I must go see about breakfast. Come in right away, won't you?" Thayer watched her cross the grass, her head up. It was as if she said, "This I can do for my son; this I will do."

"BROCK," said Thayer uncertainly when they were alone, "I went to your room."

"I've been up a good while."

"Brock, I wanted to tell you, to explain . . ."

"What? That last night was a farce? Why explain, Thayer? I know the score. Let's forget it; that's best, isn't it?"

She stared incredulously. Then, "I—I was downstairs when your mother came, Brock."

"Let's not go into it, Thayer." She swallowed before she could speak. "You don't believe me, Brock."

Silence. She repeated, "You don't believe me."

"Does it matter?"

"Then you won't believe either that I went up with your mother because she asked me to?"

"How chummy! I suppose she asked you to stay so she wouldn't be lonesome."

"Why . . ." She stopped, aware of the danger into which her promise had led her. She stared at Brock. She must tell him the truth. It was unfair she should be bound with such a promise, it was too much.

"Look," she said desperately, "your mother . . ."

He cut in sharply. "For God's sake let's not drag on with this. Or bring my mother into it."

Anger swept Thayer. "How can I leave her out of it? Ever since you've come back she's tried, consciously or unconsciously to come between us. And she seems to be succeeding pretty well."

His look held scorn. "Can't we accept the blame for our own mistakes, not lay it on someone else?"

"Will you accept the blame for your refusal to face facts?"

"Just what do you mean by that?"

Suddenly her anger died. Her hands came out in entreaty. "Brock, does last night mean nothing to you?"

He stared at her with the cold eyes of a stranger, and she was too blind with hurt to see how his fingers were clenched on the crutch, or the quiver of an over-tensed muscle in his jaw. "Yes, plenty. I'd rather forget. How about you?"

(To Be Continued)

Our Boarding House With Major Hoople



Boots and Her Buddies



Freckles and His Friends



Wash Tubbs



Alley Oop



Out Our Way



By Edgar Martin



By Leslie Turner



By V. T. Hamlin



By V. T. Hamlin



Bunny Doll



By MRS. ANNE CABOT
He is a pink rabbit! He wears a sky-blue coat peppered with tiny pink floss French knots and he sits on a very round little bunny tail. Scurps of pale pink and blue cotton will make this adorable 3-inch toy which will completely delight even the smallest of the crib set. And aunts and grandmas will have tremendous fun in making this toy. Big blue eyes, mouth and whiskers are embroidered in

USS Solace Gets Unit Commendation

PORTLAND, Sept. 12 (UP) — USS Solace, veteran navy hospital ship here for the past two months for overhauling today was awarded the unit commendation by Secretary of the Navy Forrestal.

The award, presented by Capt. Leland D. Whitgrove, supervisor of naval construction at Portland, to Comdr. Edward Peterson, USN, was made for "extremely meritorious service" during the Japanese Pearl Harbor attack on Dec. 7, 1941.

After Pearl Harbor, the solace served with the fleet at Guadalcanal, New Guinea, Hollandia, Tarawa, Manus, Roi-Namur, Eniwetok, Saipan, Guam, Peleliu, Arguar, Iwo Jima, Karema Retto, Okinawa and Shima.

Official Records

Water Turned Off, Sept. 11:
R. R. Schroth, 211 Depot street;
Clark Kuter, 1319 W avenue;
John Newvine, 2900 Spruce street;
Orville Jordan, 1315 S avenue;
Mrs. Charles B. Griffen, 302 Main street.

Water Turned On:
E. D. Denton, 2816 Third street;
George Nelson, 1313 Madison avenue.



Junior Delight



By SUE BURNETT
Junior sewers will be delighted with this charming and easily made dirndl skirt and drawstring blouse outfit. Make the skirt of a bright flowered fabric—the blouse of crisp white.

Pattern No. 8887 is designed for sizes 11, 12, 13, 14, 16 and 18. Size 12, skirt, requires 1 1/2 yards of 35 or 39-inch material; blouse requires 1 1/4 yards of 35-inch material.

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.

Send for your copy of the new spring issue of Fashion—just off the press. Book full of smart, up-to-the-minute styles. 15 cents.

Milland's Wardrobe Skimpy in Picture

Ray Milland's reputation for being one of the best tailored men on the screen is liable to take a nose dive when "Till We Meet Again" arrives Thursday at the Liberty theater. His fans have grown to expect sartorial perfection from Ray. So they might as well be prepared in advance to see a change of style.

Ray plays an American officer whose safety depends upon the courage of a little French girl who joins the Maquis to save his life. He co-stars with lovely Barbara Britton. During early scenes Milland wears a leather flying jacket with regulation army trousers. Later, when he adopts the disguise of a French war veteran, he puts on a suit-and-pepper-tweed suit, obviously borrowed, unpressed and much the worse for wear. He keeps it on for practically the rest of the picture.