

Hearts Bleed Longest

by Doris Hume © 1945, NEA SERVICE, INC.

XVI
JUST THEN Dr. Lacey came noddily down the stairs. His eyes were burning. "She was trying to reach the phone to call me," he said. "I got that much from her." Mrs. Kittridge flinched back from the anger in his face. "Why in heaven's name wasn't I called home ago? You must have realized the importance of it!"

"It didn't seem serious," Mrs. Kittridge faltered. "She'd been out without a coat; she had a chill. I—I didn't want to disturb the whole household."

"That's unfortunate," The two words were a lash.
Brook pressed forward. "You mean—she is really ill?"

Lacey snapped his words. "What in hell do you suppose? Where's the phone? That's what I came down for. . . . Last night I might have been able to do something. Now I can't; she'll lose the child."

"Dear God!" A wail of hoarse whisper from Hildreth. But Mrs. Kittridge stood as if she had been struck a blow which had stunned her and from which presently she would fall. Color washed out of her face; her eyes, enormous and terrified, sought her son. She fumbled stupidly for words. "But I didn't know—I didn't know. . . ."

Dr. Lacey did not answer; he reached for the telephone.
Brook had not spoken. He seemed beyond speech. In utter silence he was looking up the stairs; now in utter silence he started toward them.

"Brook," his mother cried. "Brook, you can't go up there. Not now, like this. You haven't even your canes. . . ."

He put her aside. He said five words, so fraught with purpose that she quailed. He never took his eyes from his goal. He said, "Get out of my way!" There was a pounding clamor to his ascent of the stairs; his hands tore at the bannister as he jerked himself up step by step.

THAYER lay in the big bed, her gaze wandering about the room. This had been her room for months yet nothing looked as it once had; nothing was the same. In this room she had waited, in it she had hoped; in it she had known complete despair.

Dr. Lacey, for all his skill, had been unable to save the growing child within her. Always she would know regret and tenderness for the nameless son who might have been.

But tonight many things filled Thayer's heart, and holding the most important place, that never-to-be-erased picture of Brook coming in at the doorway of her room. Numbly she had heard the sound of noisy footsteps on the stairs and her pain-filled eyes had turned to seek Dr. Lacey. Instead it had been Brook, a Brook whose shocked incredulous face bore no resemblance to the embittered self-centered man she had known these past months.

She saw that he was clutching at the side of the door jamb; she saw that he had no canes. From her bed it seemed far far off to where he stood.

His eyes were fastened on her face. He came to her, across the long expanse of carpet, alone, unaided, walking with unsteady, uncertain gait, but walking.

She had cried out, a whisper more than anything, "Brook—Brook, you came up—the stairs. . . ."

He was beside her then, on his knees by the bed, his tortured face close to her own. He was saying over and over, utter denunciation of himself in the words, "Thayer, Thayer—what have I done to you? What have I done?"

She was crying weakly, soundlessly. She said, "Brook—I wanted the baby, Brook, we can't have this one. . . ."

Lying there, wracked by pain and exhaustion, she knew that a sort of ecstasy that was above

pain. This was Brook come back to her, who, obeying at last the summons of a need greater than his own had, through that obedience, found himself.

CORINNE KITTRIDGE sat in her room amid the ruin she had pulled down upon herself. The old pain was dogged in her chest, but a deeper pain was in her heart.

She had wronged them both—Brook and Thayer. She had meddled with a terrible consequence to them all. Hildreth had put it into unforgettable words of harsh pity. "I'm sorry for you, Corinne, because after all most of what you did was stupidity, and Life is somehow kinder to the sinners than to the fools."

She had tried to cling to the lame excuse, "I tried to do what I thought best for my son; I loved him." But now there seemed no ring of truth in the words. Love. She had seen love this day—in the eyes of two people brought together by the tragedy of a shared loss.

She got up heavily and went out. She looked in at the open door of Thayer's room. They were together. Brook was holding the girl's hands and they were looking into each other's eyes. They were neither missing her, nor caring. She could not intrude with her poor apology, her plea. They did not need her, they would never need her. They would tear their eyes from each other unaided, unwillingly at her intrusion. They would be embarrassed because of her embarrassment, but kind. Having so much they could be generous.

They were young and the world was theirs, the new world that they and their kind would make. She belonged to yesterday. They could claim tomorrow. That was where she had been wrong. The old have their place, but no part of it should be in keeping the world from the young. Their lives would go on, theirs and their children's. The children she would never see.

She turned from the bright rapture of their faces and went back to her room.

THE END

Our Boarding House With Major Hoonle



Boots and Her Buddies



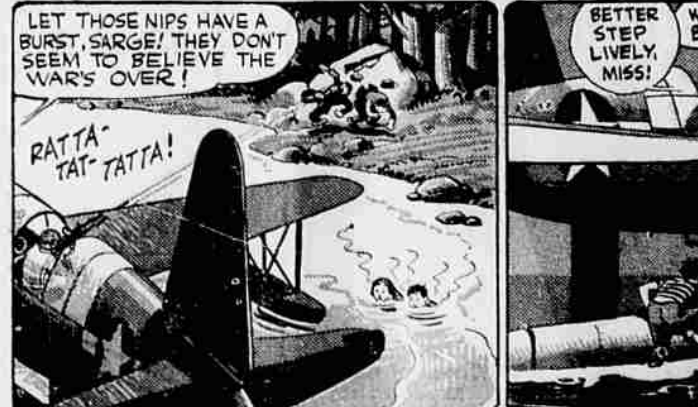
Freckles and His Friends



Red Ryder



Wash Tubbs



Alley Oop



Out Our Way



By Edgar Martin



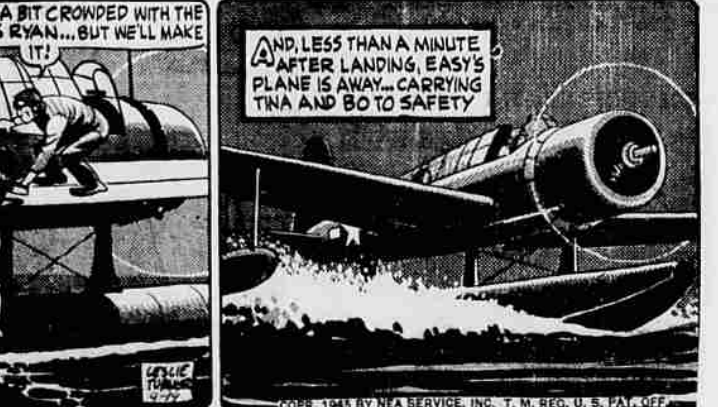
Merrill Blosser



Fred Harman



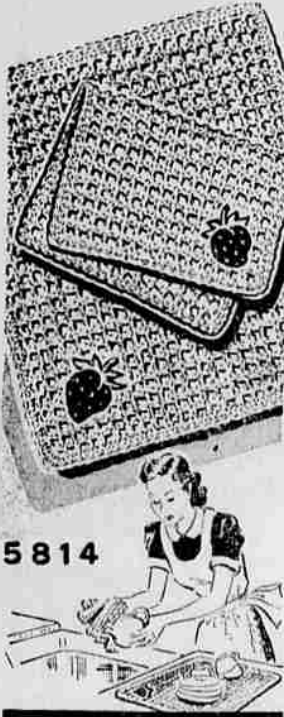
By Leslie Turner



By V.T. Hamlin



Drain-Board Set



By MRS. ANNE CABOT

While waiting for the return of pre-war rubber drain board mats which are still pretty much "around the corner" try using one of these thick crocheted numbers! Use heavy cotton yarn in a bright color to match your kitchen decorations. Drain-board mat which saves chipping your dishes is 18 by 15 inches--matching dishcloth is 13 by 11 inches. Gay red strawberry is applied on the finished cloths.

To obtain complete crocheting instructions for the Drain-Board

Glenn Fox Will Arrive Home in Middle of Week

T-4 Glenn L. Fox, son of Mr. and Mrs. H. A. Fox, 1202 Second street, was honorably discharged from the army at Fort Lewis separation center Sept. 14.

A telegram received yesterday by his father stated he expected to arrive home about the middle of this week.

Fox entered the army during July, 1943 and has served with a railroad battalion in France and Germany for about a year. He has four battle stars.

He attended Central school and La Grande high school and was graduated from Eastern Oregon college, after which he taught at Ontario and Vale. He is known, too, for his ability as a pianist. Before entering the service he was employed by the railroad and in the shipyards in Portland.

BUILDING PURCHASED
PORTLAND, Sept. 18 (UP)—Sale of the 12-story Stevens building in downtown Portland for a price in excess of \$300,000 was announced today by W. C. Schepel, president of the Oregon Mutual Life Insurance company, purchaser of the structure.

Set (Pattern No. 5814) send 15 cents in COIN plus 1 cent postage, YOUR NAME, ADDRESS and the PATTERN NUMBER to Anne Cabot, La Grande Evening Observer, 709 Mission street, San Francisco, Calif.

It's ready! The new and lovelier-than-ever Anne Cabot ALBUM. Send for your copy now--you'll find just what you want for your winter accessories and your home. Dozens of good Christmas present ideas! Price 15 cents.

Scalloped Jumper



By SUE BURNETT

Here is a stunning scalloped jumper you can depend on for fall-through-winter smartness. Nicely tailored blouse to match.

Pattern No. 8919 is designed for sizes 12, 14, 16, 18, 20, 40 and 52. Size 14, jumper, requires 3 1/2 yards of 39-inch fabric; blouse, short sleeves, 1 1/2 yards.

For this pattern, send 20 cents, in COINS, your name, address, size desired, and the PATTERN NUMBER and Sue Burnett, La Grande Evening Observer, 709 Mission street, San Francisco, Calif.

The Fall and Winter 1945 Issue of FASHION is ready. Brimful of smart ideas for home sewers. 15 cents.

Clifton Hill Now on Duty on Okinawa

Since the censorship has been lifted, word has been received from Ensign Clifton Hill, that he is now stationed at Okinawa. Before peace was declared, they were busy sweeping mines in the east China sea, for the invasion. Since that became unnecessary their ship, among others, went into Tokyo bay, and are planning on going next to Nagasaki to do some mine sweeping there. He is on the mine sweeper Y.M.S. 468.

Official Records

Water turned off, Sept. 17:
M. J. Shelton, 1804 U avenue;
Mrs. C. Berkley, 2102 Fir street;
Grace Arlo, 1409 Madison avenue.

Water turned on:
A. M. Day, 1804 W avenue;
Hugh A. Day, 1317 W avenue;
Philip W. Bell, 2008 Second street; I. D. Gaimond, 1319 W avenue.

Building Permits

Fred Neft, alter and repair, one and one-half story frame dwelling, 1903 Adams avenue, \$175.

Truman's Aide

HORIZONTAL	3 Be carried
16 Pictured	4 Rupees (ab.)
presidential	5 Shout
military aide,	6 Indicator
Col. —	7 Copied
12 Death	8 Upward
13 Commend	9 Happy
15 Dry	10 Nimbus
16 Path	11 Shade of
18 Mountain	12 Mends
range	14 Rations
19 Advise (Scott)	17 Three-toed
20 Falsified	sloth
21 Accomplished	25 Aviate.
22 Sodium	26 Hill
(symbol)	27 Sea eagle
23 Court (ab.)	28 By
24 Assert	
26 Steps	
31 Heart	
32 Self	
33 Severe	
35 Parts	
38 Area measure	
39 Near	
40 Statuary	
43 Irish	
mountains	
47 Gaelic	
49 Prince	
50 Is in debt	
51 Cloy	
52 Beam	
54 Crayon	
56 Broke	
57 Grimaces	
VERTICAL	
1 At this	
2 Ambig	

Answer to Previous Puzzle



29 Past 42 Journey
30 Mountain pass 43 Snowfold
33 Swords 44 Impressed
34 He assists 45 That man
President — 46 Vipers
36 Church 47 Essential
being
37 Hardens 48 Estimate
41 Genus of 53 Apud (ab.)
herbs 55 Any

