

OF BRIGHTNESS GONE

By HOLLY WATTERSON

THE STORY: Peter Frazier arrived at an upstate New York hospital for a specialist's study, nervous for the knowledge that he had been with Candace Beckman, a girl who had been in the hospital for several months. He had been with her for several months, and she had been in the hospital for several months. He had been with her for several months, and she had been in the hospital for several months. He had been with her for several months, and she had been in the hospital for several months.

he had given up the New York apartment temporarily in order to curtail expenses. And for the past several weeks all letters to him had remained unanswered, there had been no word at all.

Peter hurried to Tuckaways hoping to find him there, but instead found cause only for fresh uneasiness. He learned that the Hobbes were gone and with them the couple from the town apartment; in their place was a brace of trim maids and a butler with a broad Mayfair accent, sporting a morning coat. Mr. Bruce Frazier was not at Tuckaways, the man said; he did not believe he knew Mr. Frazier's present whereabouts. And who was inquiring, please?

Having to identify himself, Peter gave his name. "I will see Mrs. Frazier," he ordered.

It seemed to him that Belle kept him waiting unnecessarily long, and that neither relieved his anxiety nor improved his temper. Belle raised disapproving eyebrows. "Just what—"

Peter hitched a shoulder impatiently. He said, aware of his brusqueness but not really caring, "It's silly to waste time on the amenities when there's something wrong and I know it. What is it?"

"Something wrong?" Belle repeated. "Surely," he said reasonably, "there's something wrong when I'm treated as a stranger in my father's house, when a servant acts as though he's never heard of me."

Belle had reached for one of her innumerable cigarettes and he had to light it for her and wait while she took several deliberate puffs. She said finally, "This is not your father's house. Your father no longer lives here."

He sat stunned. "What? What's happened?" he demanded.

Belle rose, as though she felt at a disadvantage with his young length towering over her, and went to stand at the flower-filled fireplace. "Your father left me," she said.

"Impossible!" Peter said. "What? Why?"

Belle herself showed signs of impatience. "Haven't you heard anything?" she demanded.

"I know that he'd been worried about business, that business was poor—"

Belle laughed sharply. "Poor?" she repeated. Her tone was hard. "His business is gone," she said. "Everything is gone."

Peter repeated stupidly, "Gone? Everything? But—Tuckaways?"

Belle flushed. "Tuckaways," she said defiantly, "is mine."

She left the fireplace, returned to her old place. "I didn't order him out. If that's what you're thinking. But he had some quixotic idea of throwing Tuckaways into the hole to satisfy creditors, and when I refused he left."

There was for a minute something almost like appeal in her expression. "I have known what it is to be poor. I can't face that again to satisfy some silly conscientious scruple."

Peter asked blankly, "Where is he now?"

"At his club, for the time being." She licked her lips nervously. She said, as though to reassure herself, "He'll thank me later, for this. He'll be glad enough to have the place to come back to."

BRUCE'S business had gone bad once before, in the early nineteen-twenties. Peter remembered clearly those lean days, when they had lived in a house whose rooms had a hollow sound because almost everything they had once contained had been sold for what little it would bring, and when frequently there was not enough to eat. Bruce had come triumphantly through that time and he would, probably, through this.

Of course in the earlier period he'd had Peter's mother, with her never-failing faith in him and her courage, on whom to rely, while in this Belle's defection had probably hit him hard. He must see his father and determine just how things stood; until he knew, there was nothing he could do to help—and nothing he might gain by worrying, either.

An even more immediate concern was Candace. He had been absurdly pleased to learn she'd come in for nursing. She'd make a perfect nurse, he felt. She was gentle, and she was poised; he could not imagine her being indifferent to any really sick person, but at the same time he could not see any fater putting anything over on her either. And she was intelligent. A dream of coming back to a home where Candace waited and of being helped to clear his mind in his more doubtful cases by an understanding discussion of them with her had become part of his hopes for the future.

Now he was not too sure it was a good thing. What if she had come into nursing simply because it was a means of livelihood when all other support had been snatched from her? It was a tough enough grind even for the girls who loved the work; it could be deadly where there was no interest. He hurried to Merrymount.

(To Be Continued)

SIX TEA TOWELS

This cross-stitch scottie will add a note of color to your kitchen towels. He's enjoyable needlework and his gay antics will make him a welcome addition to the kitchen. Pattern 439 contains a transfer pattern of 6 motifs averaging 5 1/4 x 7 1/2 inches; illustrations of stitches; materials required.

Send ELEVEN CENTS for this pattern to the Register-Guard, Needlecraft Dept. Write plainly PATTERN NUMBER, your NAME and ADDRESS.

(If stamps are used in remittance please use one, two or three cent denominations. Larger denominations cannot be accepted.)

SOCKS ENMESH HUSBAND

LOS ANGELES, Cal. (U.P.)—Frank Hauser, 30, made the fatal mistake of not expecting a modern wife to darn his socks. Mrs. Adele Raushit Hauser, who claims to be wife No. 1, said it was only while checking over her husband's socks for mending purposes, when she found one sock was of one color and another of a different color, that she suspected the existence of a wife No. 2. Hauser has been charged with bigamy.

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BLIND MAN SAYS WOOD

FOREST, O. (U.P.)—Lemuel Sampson, 65-year-old retired farmer, is doing his part to combat the threat of a fuel shortage this winter although he is completely blind. Sampson has saved up more than six cords of stove wood at the home of his daughter, Mrs. Denver Gobrecht. His son-in-law hauls in tree trunks from the country and Sampson bucks it into heating stove lengths.



LITTLE ORPHAN ANNIE



GASOLINE ALLEY



BLONDIE



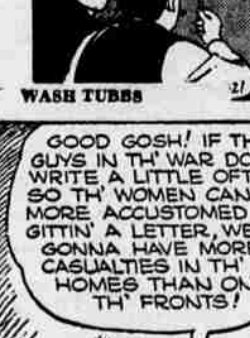
POPEYE



BOOTS AND HER BUDDIES



WASH TUBS



WHY MOTHERS GET GRAY



OUR BOARDING HOUSE



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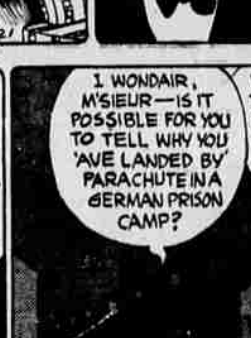
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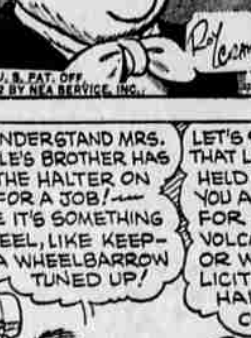
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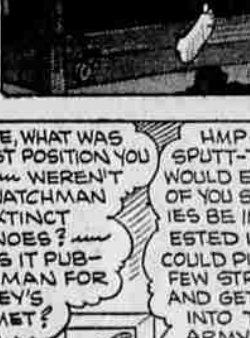
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