• SERIAL STORY

OF BRIGHTNESS GONE

BY HOLLY WATTERSON

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THE STORY: Candace Beck, an orphan, has been reared by wealthy Bruce Frazier and his socially-ambitious second wife, Belle, who is Candace's aunt. Candace, now 18 and in her last year at finishing school, meets Martin Corby, a medical-school friend of Peter, Bruce Frazier's son by his first marriage. She falls promptly and hopelessly in love with Martin.

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PETER IS JEALOUS

CHAPTER III

IT was late when they arrived at Tuckaways, and very dark. The pretty entrance road twisted and turned and curved back on itself so that it seemed one traveled miles before coming on the house; in the dark that effect was increased and, with the glare of the headlights limning only the boles of the tall old trees, then losing itself in the foliage so that they appeared even more towering, the car seemed to be passing through dense forest. The house itself, in reality merely low and comfortably rambling, now with its shadows indefinably merging with the darker shadows of its surroundings, seemed to spread itself opulently, endlessly.

Martin was visibly impressed. Nothing in Peter's manner of living at medical school had prepared him for this. As they stepped out of the car he gave a long-drawn whistle to indicate his awe of everything.

"What were you doing sharing a room with a couple of other guys, sleeping on a cot not long enough for you," he demanded wryly, "slumming? Trying to learn how the 'other half' lives?"

Peter said briefly, "This is my folks' place," as though that explained everything. He was scarcely paying attention to Martin, being preoccupied with removing the luggage from the car. They had not wired ahead, so that the couple in charge of the place had not expected them and there was, therefore, no one on hand to help.

Candace stood beside him holding a flashlight so that he might see, and reaching forth a hand for her hatbox. As he turned to give it to her Peter was struck by her quiet, trance-like air and he saw that her eyes were looking enormous in her white face.

He said with quick contrition, "Pshaw, you run along, youngster. We'll take care of this. You've had a big day. It's off to bed with you."

Candace was not sorry to go. Martin was now completely absorbed in his new surroundings, he seemed almost to have forgotten her existence. Alone in her room she could relive that ride down, that wonderful feeling of being close to him; she could hug to herself the miracle of having met him at all. . . .

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THE boys were to have Saturday and part of Sunday at Tuckaways. Sunday afternoon they were leaving for Manhattan, Martin to take up his summer job as companion to a youth showing dementia praecox symptoms, Peter to continue north from there to the Adirondack hospital for chest diseases where he had obtained a three months' appointment. The appointment carried no salary, but he would get, he knew, intensive and invaluable experience of a specialized sort difficult to obtain in a general hospital such as he intended to intern in later, and he was very enthusiastic.

Saturday evening they were loiling out on the terrace, discussing it. "Gad!" Martin said, "just imagine leaving all this"—his outswept arm was meant to include the house and grounds and all of New Jersey's lovely Far Hills country in its sweep—"imagine leaving this when you don't actually have to, to bury yourself in a smelly hospital for the summer! Frazier, you must be nuts!"

"I notice you got yourself a summer job," Peter commented mildly.

"Not from choice," Martin said. "You don't think anyone would be wet nurse to a d. p. by choice, do you? I'm doing it because if I didn't earn some money this summer I wouldn't eat next fall—but you wouldn't know about that," he finished bitterly.

Candace missed the bitterness and caught only the pathos in the remark. Peter saw her look turned on Martin, compassionate and tender—and he was, suddenly, angry.

He had listened many times to Martin talk on the injustice of inherited wealth and the underprivileged and the fact that Martin—in spite of his strong body, his good mind and his chance for a place in one of the finest professions in the world—clearly considered himself as one of the latter had seemed to him merely comic. Now, he found it did no longer.

I suppose, Peter thought, he considers me in the inherited wealth class. Boy, if he only knew. . . . Tuckaways was in Belle's name and she had a way of saying, "My house, my place," in referring to it that placed himself and Candace—almost, Peter thought resentfully, Bruce himself—on the footing of privileged guest in it and nothing more; many of his father's securities, he suspected, had been made over to her in addition.

That was all right with him. He had been given a swell start, he was doing work that meant more to him than anything else ever had or probably ever would, the lack of a soft cushion of wealth on which to fall back would be no hardship.

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HE supposed there was some justification for Martin's attitude. There was certainly no fun and but little profit in the way of knowledge that would be useful to Martin later to be gained in taking care of a d. p.; while he himself could at least afford the luxury of an appointment that carried no salary. But, he thought, if the guy hadn't come out of the gutter he wouldn't keep rubbing it in, not here while he's my guest certainly. . . .

That was the trouble, Peter suddenly realized. Martin didn't measure up. He was good enough at school, but he didn't fit in here. At school Peter would have been ashamed of such a thought, scoring himself for a snob; but here it was different, here Candace was involved.

That was what had been at the root of his dissatisfaction all day. Candace, he at last admitted reluctantly to himself, had been "taken" with Martin—"smitten" was a word which more nearly described her condition. Part of his own trouble might well be that whereas in former years she had always been delighted to be with him, had tagged him around rather like an adoring puppy, now he seemed not to matter to her at all.

He thought of her as she had first come to them, a shy, frightened child, with her habit of thinking and speaking in her father's tongue forcing her to a slow carefulness in English that gave her an air of strange, unchildlike dignity, holding herself aloof from them all; he remembered how long it had taken him, in spite of the blandishments he had lavished on her, to win her confidence; and now, in such a short time, Martin—

But his jealousy was not so much of Martin as it was for Candace, he justified himself. She was a grand kid, she deserved the best—and Martin didn't quite, he felt, make the grade.

It had grown late. In the darkness both Candace's and Martin's faces, only a few feet from him where they sat side by side, had faded into mere blurs. He thought angrily, that's just a sign of what's happening, that just shows you, they're sitting practically cheek by jowl while I sit alone. An intruder.

(To Be Continued)

HOLD EVERYTHING!

"What do you mean, I'm 'A. W. O. L.'? I belonged to the C. I. O." 9

Ready For Immediate Delivery
THOR
Washers
and
Ironers
UHLIG'S

THIS CURIOUS WORLD

By William Ferguson

ANSWER: Fuchsia, after Leonard Fuchs; Poinsettia, after Joel Poinsett; Clarkia, after William Clark.

CANADIAN OFFICIAL

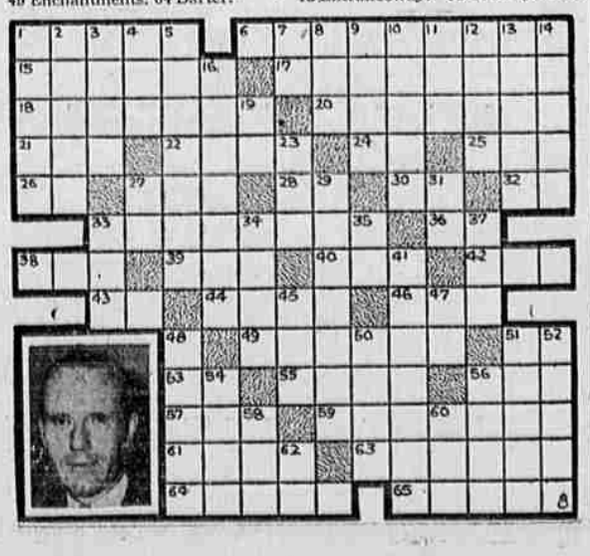
HORIZONTAL

1,6 Pictured Canadian official.
15 Pared.
17 Passageway.
18 Gem.
20 Small fortress.
21 Courts (abbr.)
22 Rave.
24 Month (abbr.)
25 Weight.
26 Electrical term.
27 Tatter.
28 Exclamation.
30 Symbol for nickel.
32 Specific gravity (abbr.).
33 Trespassed.
36 Toward.
38 Baglike part.
39 Consume.
40 Ventilate.
42 Annoy.
43 Type measure
44 Repast.
46 Cloth measure
49 Enchantments.
51 Transpose (abbr.).
53 Nova Scotia (abbr.).
55 Woody plant.
56 Driving command.
57 Roof finial.
59 Hermits.
61 He is Canadian —— Minister.
63 Thoroughfare.
64 Barter.
65 Cites.

VERTICAL

1 Speedily.
2 Birds' homes.
3 Obtains.
4 Rubber tree.
5 Notched.
7 Symbol for actinium.
8 Male swan.
9 Drachm.
10 Man's name.
11 Insect egg.
12 Entranceway.
13 Chinese race.
14 Free tenant.
16 Graph.
19 Any.
23 Small child.
27 Registered nurse (abbr.).
29 Those who heal.
31 That thing.
33 Frozen water.
34 Indians.
35 Gods.
37 Lubricant.
41 Mollifies.
45 Suitable.
47 Lone Scout (abbr.).
48 About.
50 Meadows.
51 Doctrine.
52 Sleeps.
54 Mast.
56 Departs.
58 Yellow bugle plant.
60 Thrice (comb. form)
62 Yard (abbr.).

Answer to Previous Puzzle



Out Our Way
By J. R. Williams

Our Boarding House
With Major Hoople

Red Ryder

By Fred Harman

Little Orphan Annie

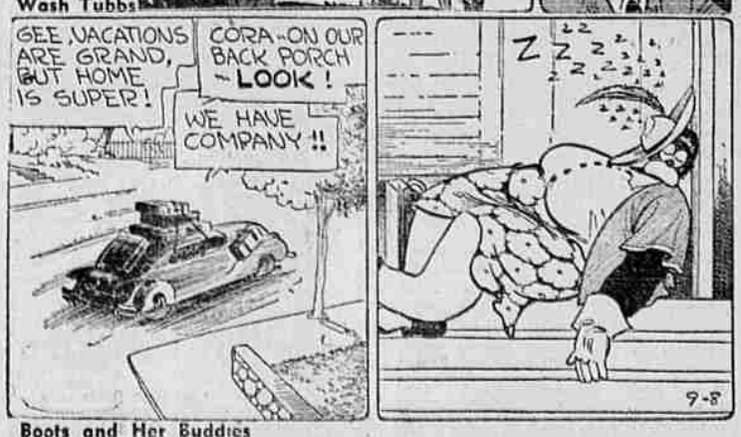
By Harold Gray

Freckles and His Friends

By Blosser

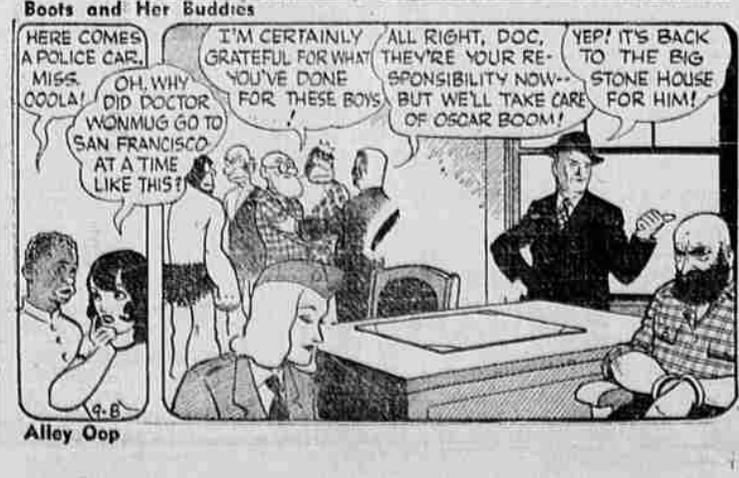
Wash Tubbs

By Crane



Boots and Her Buddies

By Martin



Alley Oop

By V. T. Hamlin