

**SERIAL STORY
OF BRIGHTNESS GONE**

BY HOLLY WATTERSON

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THE STORY: Peter Franzer is in love with Candace Beck, who is engaged to Martin Corby. Peter's roommate in medical school, Bob, and Peter have been raised together, for Bob, the second wife of Peter's father, is an aunt of the orphaned Candace. Peter has returned from his summer hospital job to find Candace engaged to Martin. His father almost penniless and separated from Belle, who has returned to turn over the country house to her husband to satisfy creditors.

**THREE'S A CROWD
CHAPTER X**

EARLY in the summer Peter had promised himself that his first act for the fall would be to get himself a single room. It would be more expensive, but there was no reason then to think that his allowance would not cover it.

He had had another reason, only half-admitted to himself, for wanting to make a change: in June at Tuckaways he had felt that he would have given anything to be able to erase his original mistake in having brought about a meeting between Candace and Martin; he did not intend that they should be thrown together again through him. And if he continued to live with Martin that would be almost unavoidable.

All that had now been changed. Rather than increased, expenses would have to be pared down to a minimum, for one thing. And for another, he meant to stick closer to Martin than he had.

But he was due for some bad times because of the arrangement, he knew that. Having to congratulate Martin had been tough enough. He had been afraid that he might not get through it decently, that he might somehow slip and Martin would realize the true state of things. But Martin was too wrapped up in himself at the moment, too far gone in a delirium of rosy dreams to have noticed anything.

Having to see them together, however, was something else again. He most dreaded the first occasion. He spent hours speculating on the best way to carry it off, whether to be out when she was expected and casually walk in later, whether to be there in the first place, or what. It turned out to be easier than he'd dared hope.

They were all there, including Chip Wilson and Bill Ward and the landlady, Mrs. Prosser, who was very particular about what went on in her house and who must of course be introduced. And they were all charmed. They made a party of it. The boys went out and got wood and made a fire in the fireplace and Mrs. Prosser sent up hot cocoa as a mark of favor. Candace sat there looking all that was lovely and beautiful, she was delighted and delighting, and the boys were willing jesters and everyone was very gay.

DURING the week Martin, whenever possible, would go over to New Jersey to Candace, but on her day off she usually came to Manhattan. Occasionally they managed a movie, but for the most part they sat in the alcove and just talked. The two younger boys were frequently away, but Peter, in spite of hints from Martin, refused to absent himself. He would sit in the other room, honestly trying to lose himself in his books; and all the time he would be achingly conscious of the whispered conversations in the alcove which he could have no part of. Of which he could have no part. Of the sudden pregnant silences that were even more difficult to bear.

One evening when they came in Peter thought Candace acted worried. She seemed to be wanting a chance to talk with him; she loitered about the desk where she sat, picking up and idly looking at the titles of the books, and when Martin tried to lure her away her tone when she answered him sounded slightly sharp.

The old camaraderie of the brother and sister relationship again existed between Candace and himself. He asked now, adopting the old familiar tone of gallantry, "Just what weighty problem is on your mind this moment?"

Candace started. The frown-lines disappeared from her forehead and he saw she made a deliberate effort to smile. "Nothing," she said.

Martin grinned at her. "If anything, I'd say indigestion, probably. We ate at the Greasy Vest." She said, "Sir, you jest. My digestion is such that it could take care of a grand and swartlowed whole." But she sounded absent-minded, her thoughts obviously weren't with Martin. After an instant she said to Peter, trying to make it sound very casual, "When did you last see your father, Peter?"

So that's it, Peter thought. She guesses about Dad—or she knows. . . . He leaned back in his chair, draping a leg comfortably over its arm, and drew with elaborate concern on his pipe. "Oh, one day last week. When did you?"

She said seriously, "Not since the day I told you about, when he'd stopped off at the hospital. I haven't been able to get him on the phone, either. I've phoned him several times when I've been in town during the day and his secretary would always tell me that he was busy, or away, or something." She apparently decided to plunge. "I phoned again today. A strange man answered who said he represented receivers or something. Peter, there's something very wrong, isn't there?" "I'm afraid so," he admitted quietly. "Dad is, at least temporarily, busted."

MARTIN looked shocked and sorry. "That's tough lines, Pete." "For him, sure. Peter said,

"But he'll come through all right." Candace realized from his manner that Peter didn't want to talk about it; she asked only, "How can I help?"

Peter smiled. He said cheerfully, "By working hard, and by being a good girl so that you won't be a worry on his mind."

She started for home soon afterward. The brownstone where the boys roomed was on West 15th street and the understanding was always that Martin would put her on the Tube at West Ninth street and she would take a taxi when she got off the train at the other end. When he came back from the walk Martin was looking thoughtful.

"Do you suppose this will make any difference with the Good Samaritan appointment, Peter?" he ventured finally.

Peter was annoyed. He said testily, "I don't see why it should, do you?"

Martin looked surprised at his tone. He said reasonably, "Well, it was such a cinch before. All your dad had to do was to put in a good word with old Harts-horne and you were all set."

"There's nothing to stop him doing it now," Peter said. "If I wanted to work that way, I don't. Where the hell'd you get the idea I'd use my father's connections to get me an appointment, anyway?" Martin was annoyed in his turn. "You don't have to jump down my throat when I ask you a civil question." What he felt to be Peter's superior attitude irked him. "A guy who has a liveried chauffeur toting him around in a Cadillac can afford to look down his nose at the bird who has to fight for a seat in the subway, too," he said, "but you must admit that there aren't many who

can afford such a luxury. There are lots more of us who have to fight.

"As for me," he added, "I've had to fight for everything I ever got. I can't afford to be squeamish. I go out to win, and I fight with no holds barred." (To Be Continued)

Sea water contains four grains of gold per kilogram on the average, according to the analysis of a noted professor.

The vegetable "squash" gives its name to the sport of the same name.

A tom-tom is a drum.

"Want-ads" cost little—bring results!

"TAKE 90 DAYS TO PAY — THE OREGON WOOLEN WAY!"

- NO INTEREST
- NO CARRYING CHARGE
- NO RED TAPE

USE YOUR CASH TO BUY BONDS YOUR CREDIT TO BUY CLOTHES

MEN'S COMPLETE FURNISHINGS, WORK CLOTHES and SHOES

OREGON WOOLEN STORE
Klamath's Credit Clothiers
8TH and MAIN

THIS CURIOUS WORLD

By William Ferguson

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JAPAN PRODUCES THE BIGGEST CRABS ON EARTH... AND WE'RE NOT REFERRING TO THE PEOPLE THEMSELVES, FOR WHOM WE HAVE OTHER NAMES, BUT TO THE SPIDER CRAB, A CREATURE WITH A 10-FOOT LEG SPREAD.



QUONG ODDY
SEND IN YOUR ODDS FOR US TO QUOTE!

SABOTAGE!
A PORCUPINE GNAWED A FIRE HOSE THAT WAS BEING USED IN A NEW YORK FOREST FIRE, AND PUT IT OUT OF COMMISSION.

TO GET GOOD PEACHES FROM A TREE, IT MUST BE WELL PRUNED! Says EDWARD RANNEY, NEW YORK, N. Y.

NOVELIST

HORIZONTAL

1 Pictured & novelist, Margaret
8 She is — of a book on the South.
13 One of her leading male characters is dashing —

VERTICAL

1 Measure of distance.
2 Transpose (abbr.).
3 Chicago (abbr.).
4 Device for raising water.
5 Flower.
6 Inventor.
7 Dock.
8 Friend.
9 Father.
10 Animal.
11 Dessert.
12 Sodium (symbol).
13 Hour (abbr.).
14 Area measure.
15 Symbol for titanium.

Wash Tubus

AM I A WRECK I GOT ELECTED TO THE JOB OF HEAD MAN IN THE NEW COLLEGE DATE SHOP

YOU MEAN YOU FIND DATES FOR STUDENTS WHO ARE NEW ON THE JOB?

SPLENDID! A MOST HELPFUL UNDERTAKING, BOOTS

WELL IN A HEADACHEY SORT OF WAY

I, AHM—PRESUME YOU SELECTED THE MOST ATTRACTIVE MALE APPLICANT FOR YOURSELF?

WHY NO I—OH, FOR GOSH SAKES!

I FORGOT ALL ABOUT A DATE FOR MYSELF

Boots and Her Buddies

WELL, OL' TYRANNOSAURUS HAS GIVEN UP! IF HE'S GONNA EAT HELL HAF TA FIND SLIMPER THAT CAN'T OUTFRIN HIM!

HE WASN'T DOIN' SO BAD THERE FOR A WHILE. WHEW!

NICE GOIN', DINNY, OL' BOY!

YEAH, BUT NOW WE'RE IN CLOVER OUR TROUBLES ARE OVER!

Alley Oop

BAT THAT SLEEP WALKER OVER TH' DOME, SENTRY! HE'S STAMPEDED TH' MULES OFF TH' PICKET LINE AND WE'LL HAVE TO GO TO MISSOURI AND BUY THEM BACK!

Out Our Way
By J. R. Williams
BORN THIRTY YEARS TOO SOON

GOOD HEAVENS, JAKE! HAVE YOU GONE THROUGH A SAUSAGE GRINDER? DON'T TELL ME BOSWELL MANGLED YOU INTO THIS CARICATURE IN YOUR WRESTLING BOUT!

WHAT DO YOU THINK, STUPE? I DIDN'T GET CHEWED UP THIS WAY IN CHURCH! THAT SUPER-CHARGED DWARF BATTED ME AROUND THE YARD LIKE A BADMINTON BIRD AND THAT WINDS UP THE PHYSICAL CULTURE RACKET FER ME—BOSWELL'S AS FIT FER WAR WORK AS A FLYIN' TIGER!

There'll BE A TRAFFIC JAM IN BED

Our Boarding House With Major Hoople

OH, MAN! I NEVER HAD A BETTER MEAL!

ME NEITHER! THANK YOUR GIRL FRIEND AND ASK WHAT KIND OF MEAT THIS IS! IT'S SHORE GOOD!

Red Ryder

HEY! WHAT'S SHE AFTER?

DON'T KNOW, PATCHY! MAYBE SHE DIDN'T UNDERSTAND MY SIGN LANGUAGE!

SHE SAWED, ALL RIGHT! GREAT GIZZARDS! LOOK! RED—W—WE ET THAT LION YOU SHOT!

By Fred Harman

ARE YOU GOIN' TO HAVE TH' BUILDIN' SURROUNDED MR. DOOLEY?

NO, ANNIE—THERE ARE ONLY TWO OF THEM, AND THEY WON'T BE EXPECTING US.

AH—THERE GOES FRITZ NOW—WE'LL GET THEM BOTH WHEN WE RAID THE PRINT SHOP—COME ON JACK—LET'S GO!

BETTER STAY BACK WHEN WE GO IN, ANNIE—JUST IN CASE.

WELL? WHAT DO YOU WANT?

IT'S THE POLICE!

HOW RIGHT YOU ARE—DON'T MOVE!

YOU'LL NEVER GET ME! YOU'LL HAVE TO KILL ME FIRST!

WE COULD ARRANGE THAT, TOO, FRITZ! BUT IT WON'T BE NECESSARY!

Little Orphan Annie

OR WOULD YOU RATHER USE SOME OF IT TO ERASE WHAT YOU JUST SAID?

By Harold Gray

BUT, DAD, I'VE GOT THE ROOT! NUTTY GAVE IT TO ME TO GUARD!

THE WHOLE THING IS PRE-POSTEROUS!

OUR GOVERNMENT EXPERTS ARE WRESTLING WITH THE SYNTHETIC RUBBER PROBLEM, AND NOW YOU TELL ME THAT A MERE LAD HAS THE SOLUTION! BAH!

OH, YEAH? HOW WOULD YOU LIKE SOME OF THIS ON THE WHEELS OF YOUR CAR?

Freckles and His Friends

WON'T TAKE LONG TO FIND OUT

BLAZES, YES! NOW TO HIDE MY CHUTE, GUN, AND THINGS IN ONE O' THESE GRAVES...THE ONLY PLACE WHERE NO ONE'S LIKELY TO GO SNOOPING AROUND

By Blosser

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By Crane

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By Martin

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By V. I. Hamlin