

• SERIAL STORY
OF BRIGHTNESS GONE

BY HOLLY WATTERSON

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TANGLED WEB

CHAPTER XIV

CANDACE hurried down the rubber-tiled hallway to the telephone at the far end. She said, "Oh, Martin, I'm so glad you called."

"You won't be when you hear what I'm calling for," Martin said. "I'm afraid that I can't see you tonight after all."

The faint uneasiness Gates' hints had engendered turned into a sudden fear. She said stiffly, "No?"

"You sound as though you think I'm a pollock, and I feel like one for disappointing you. But I've been having some trouble in neurology and the prof agreed to take me and a few other fellows in the same boat and give us a workout tonight—"

She stood there, her elation gone and a sick uneasiness in its place, answering nothing.

"Hello? Hello?" Martin's voice called anxiously. "Listen, Candace, if you want me to I'll cut it—"

"Oh, no," she said quickly, "go of course. I want you to study, you know that?"

"You're an awfully good kid," he said gratefully.

"Candace," his voice had a muffled sound; she knew that he had put his lips close to the transmitter so as not to be overheard by others there in his house. "Darling, I wish we were already married. I wish we were married right now—"

Things were suddenly all right again. She clung with her fingers to the shelf under the telephone, steadying herself against the weakness that seemed about to overcome her. Her eyes involuntarily closed. She whispered, "I do, too, Martin, I do, too—"

Martin came back into the room after his phone call wearing an expression of angry gloom.

He jumped when Peter greeted him. Peter said, amused, "I'm just your old roommate, remember?"

Martin grinned sheepishly. "I didn't know you were in."

He went into the bathroom and closed the door. Peter heard the drone of the electric shaver and the splash of the shower.

Peter had seen his father that day; things appeared to be looking up a bit for him and he was eager to tell Candace. When Martin finally emerged and was dressing, Peter inquired, "What about Candace? Is she coming here first, or are you meeting her somewhere?"

Martin looked up sharply from his careful choosing of a tie. "She's not coming in tonight. Why?"

"Oh, just some family stuff I wanted to tell her. I thought this was her evening off."

"It is. But I've gotten in bad with Hapgood, somehow, and he's stuck me for a session tonight," Martin said shortly.

Hapgood was the neurology prof, and tough. No wonder Martin was carrying a chip on his shoulder.

MARTIN had been gone only about five minutes when Mrs. Prosser shouted upstairs that there was a call for him. After she had relayed the message that he was out, she shouted up again, "Mr. Frazier? This is Faith Hartshorne."

Peter ran down, expecting it to be Candace. He called cheerfully into the phone, "Hello?" and a high, young, quite unfamiliar voice at the other end said, "Mr. Frazier? This is Faith Hartshorne."

"Yes?" he said politely, in a tone that invited her to go on.

Faith Hartshorne laughed a little. "We met at the tea, remember? Martin mentions you so often that I feel as though I know you awfully well, but I can tell you don't even remember what I look like."

Martin mentions you so often, Peter's mind repeated. He answered, hoping his voice wouldn't sound as stunned as he felt, "But I do indeed. You're the tall blond girl with blue eyes and a dress to match, tastefully decorated with tea stains."

"That's me. All but the dress: that's been put into my memory museum." Under that brittle tone she sounded absurdly young. "The person who answered just now—your landlady, wasn't it?—told me that Martin isn't in. Is he likely to stop by, do you think, before he starts to meet me?"

Peter said drily, "I'm afraid I don't know that. I don't always know what Corby is up to."

She laughed. "Do you feel that way, too? But that's part of his charm, don't you think, that unaccountableness?" She didn't wait for an answer, fortunately. "If he should come in will you tell him that I've just missed a train and I'll have to wait a half hour for the next one and may be a bit late? I thought I'd catch him in plenty of time."

She resumed her grand lady tone. "I've asked Martin several times to bring you up with him, but he always claims to have forgotten to ask you, or he has some other excuse. You might speak to him about that."

"I'll speak to him," Peter promised, grimly.

He hung up the receiver slowly. He thought of Candace sitting alone in her room, loving Martin, trusting him, and his face contorted with sympathy. He began to swear softly, savagely.

THE instant Peter saw Martin when he came in he knew that Faith Hartshorne had told him of her call.

He had been waiting up for Martin, getting a grim amusement

out of at least this part of the situation. Ward and Davis were both asleep and he had closed the sliding doors between the rooms so that they would not be apt to hear any possible argument—following a pattern, Peter was sure, for all the world like that of a wife grimly suspicious but trying to prevent her children being disturbed.

Peter had tried to cherish a faint hope that perhaps Candace knew about this girl, that she had known about tonight, in spite of Martin's lie to him; but Martin's attitude made short shrift of that.

"I suppose you've been putting two and two together and getting something really big," Martin said. "It don't add up to no tale for they kids," Peter said.

Martin shrugged. "I could explain the whole thing easily enough," he said, "if I cared to. I don't. I don't owe an explanation of any conduct of mine to you."

"Not to me, as myself," Peter said, "no. You wouldn't have to anyway. I know without being told what you've been up to. Faith Hartshorne, the daughter of the chairman of the board; that speaks for itself, doesn't it?" His voice was heavy with contempt. "Who you kick in the face during your climb up the ladder of success is your own dirty business, not mine—except where Candace is concerned. There it is mine."

"I don't suppose you'll have sense enough to stay out of this," Martin said. "What are you going to do?"

"Do? I'm not going to do anything. At least for the present. But you are. You're going to Candace and you're going to tell her everything. What happens after that depends on her."

"Brave talk," Martin said, sneering. "Brave talk. I don't suppose I can convince you that it'll

be better for Candace, easier for her, if you let me manage things in my way?"

"Feller," Peter said, "I have watched you manage things in your way; and in my opinion, your way stinks."

(To Be Continued)

MUSIC GETS HIM

SOUTH BEND, Ind. (AP)—Farmer Harry Bolublek was amazed when he found his work horse flecked with lather and barely able to walk.

Worried, he called in a veterinarian, whose diagnosis was: The horse, an old-time circus performer, had been pastured near Notre Dame university's field where naval trainees drilled to band music, and had been prancing to the music.

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THIS CURIOUS WORLD By William Ferguson



ROYAL REFUGEE

HORIZONTAL

1.5 Pictured youthful European ruler.

10 He is king of —slavia.

14 Extent.

15 Evolve.

16 Prince.

17 Lend.

18 Qualified.

19 Enlists.

21 Vegetables.

22 That one.

24 Electrified particle.

25 Peruse.

28 Swell of sea.

32 Skill.

33 Regret.

34 Confront.

37 Poker stake.

38 Upward.

40 Steal.

42 He visited.

46 He is a royal.

50 Bundle.

ANSWER TO PREVIOUS PUZZLE

NOVASCOTIA
EATHTHRESIN
VERMUCIRESI
ERAPPEARAT
RANCORSOLE
LIARININTERNAL
LESNOOPIA
SPLENDORFISITE
SEARLEEKAILING
HALTIFAXHILLICOP
ATAIIDRIVEVENSIE
PECANITERRIENNE
EDENICAPEBREITON

3 Close.

4 Pertaining to a type of fish.

5 Pare.

6 Editor (abbr.)

7 Bathing vessel

8 Eastern Central (abbr.)

9 Not wholesale.

10 Desires.

11 Boss of a shield.

12 Gilded.

13 Mineral rocks.

20 Lieutenant (abbr.).

22 International language.

25 Male sheep.

26 Before.

27 Devoured.

29 Vase.

30 Groove.

31 Charge.

35 Gravy dish.

36 Originate.

37 Hurt.

39 3,1416.

41 From.

42 Encourage.

43 Female horse.

44 Otherwise.

45 Heart of fruit.

47 Bestow.

48 Ireland.

49 Long fish (pl.)

51 Also.

55 Correlative of either.

56 South Dakota (abbr.).

ALLEY OOP'S ENRAGED PURSUIT OF HIS ANCIENT ENEMY, EENY, THRU THE TREE TOPS BRINGS OUR HERO TO GRIEF

BUT JUNGLE-WISE HE SEEMS TO BREAK HIS FALL BY HOOKING A VINE

BUT SO RESILIENT IS THE VINE THAT THE SPEED OF HIS DESCENT SEEMS HARDLY TO HAVE BEEN CHECKED

AND THEN, LIKE A RUBBER BAND AT THE END OF ITS STRETCH... WHOOEY!

By V. T. Hamlin