

• SERIAL STORY

OF BRIGHTNESS GONE

BY HOLLY WATTERSON

COPYRIGHT, 1942, NEA SERVICE, INC.

LAST REHEARSAL

MARTIN realized that he was late for the rehearsal. He wished tiredly that he might skip it altogether, continue right on to the club and the bachelor dinner that had been planned for him.

He was too bone-tired really to care much, yet he found himself hoping uneasily that Faith would not be upset again. He wasn't late on purpose. Mrs. Timothy Simmons' vague symptoms had been, if anything, more vague tonight, but she had certainly made up in quantity for anything that they might have lacked in quality. The weather had something to do with that, he supposed. But he wished that the hadn't decided to have an "attack" just tonight.

He walked up through the nave of the church, shaking the wet from his coat as he went, and Faith detached herself from the group at the altar to meet him. She called gaily, "I hope this isn't an indication of what's going to happen tomorrow, and she was smiling, but he felt her tense as he bent to kiss her and she didn't meet his eyes but looked past him with a bright blind look that was the usual prelude to a scene. He groaned inwardly. But he smiled at the others.

One of the girls said, laughing, "You're too late, the minister's been called away," but the pastor said, "No, no indeed, Doctor. I'll stay while you go through it once at least, quickly."

The thing didn't take long but it seemed ages, conscious as he was of Faith standing aside so busily while he went through the prescribed motions with the girl taking her part. He knew he could depend on her to keep smiling in front of people, she would not subject him to a public scene; but he knew he was due for hours of coaxing and cajoling. Yet even through his irritation he was conscious of pity. Because she really suffered. She was really ill after one of these scenes. He wondered how on earth a girl could get to her age and not realize that nothing in the world mattered as much as she seemed to think, that nobody was worth this devotion, this wearing, possessive devotion.

At the door when the group was breaking up she said with that bright hurt smile, "I'd better go home with the girls, dear. You go right on to your party. You're already late."

He shepherded her to his car firmly. "Nonsense," he said. "That can wait."

"Hail the bridegroom goeth," one of his ushers shouted to the others in warning. "Hey, Corby, aren't you coming to your own shindig?"

Martin laughed. "Soon," he said. "You bet. See that you on me."

Faith was weeping, he knew that. Over the swish-swish of the windshield wiper he heard an occasional snuffle, and sideways he saw her dabbing surreptitiously at her eyes.

When he could no longer appear oblivious, he pretended great surprise. "Why, darling, what's the matter?"

She pulled her hand away from his touch. "Nothing," she said stiffly.

"But there must be," he said. They had come out onto open highway. He drew over to the side and stopped. "Tell me," he said, "what is it?"

"You don't even care," she said passionately. "You don't even care about getting to your wedding rehearsal on time. You keep me standing around waiting, humiliated, and you don't even care."

Martin captured her struggling hands. "You're marrying a doctor, my dear," he said firmly, "a man whose time is not really his own, not a boy who can run around with you all the time, be at your beck and call. There will be lots of times when you'll have to stand around and wait. Lots of times when you'll be disappointed at the last minute because I've been called out on a case."

He added gently, "I couldn't help it, you know that. I phoned that Mrs. Simmons wanted me."

"Mrs. Simmons!" She mimicked him furiously. "That neurotic old fool! You told me yourself there's nothing really the matter with her. She's more important than I am, I suppose; she's more important than our wedding rehearsal!"

"I'm afraid she is," Martin said. "She's a patient. And incidentally," he added, in a way that meant it wasn't incidental at all, "I see I've made a mistake in mentioning my patients to you. I can't do it again. And you're not to speak of any of them in that tone of voice; not to me, nor to anyone else."

She said coldly, "I see. You're to have everything your own way. Cock of the roost." She lashed out unexpectedly, so that he saw what actually had been troubling her. "How do I know where you really were?"

"What do you mean?" he demanded.

"Just what I said. You told me you were at Mrs. Simmons'. How do I know you really were? I can't call up, can I, everywhere you say you're going, and ask, 'Dr. Corby said he was calling on you: is he really there?'"

He was suddenly angry with a rage that made him want to shake her until the teeth rattled in her spoiled, pouting head. He warned in a voice like cold steel, "You ever try a trick like that and I'll—"

"I'll give you the spanking that you should have had long ago. I'll give you the hiding that such a childish trick would deserve. I warn you."

He stepped on the starter, threw the car into gear and they shot forward again through the opaque wall of rain.

After a long while Faith's hand crept over and touched him. She said contritely, all the anger gone, "I'm so sorry, darling. So awfully sorry."

Martin said gruffly, "You've had a bad time, too many parties, too much excitement, and I'm tired. We were both wrong. Let's forget it. It's all right."

It was not and he knew it. He saw with a sudden blinding clarity just how all wrong the thing was. He had called Candace jealous and nagging once because she had accused him, rightfully, of cheating; he thought of the three years in back of him since then and the lifetime ahead of him and he knew he was due to find out even further what a jealous woman was. He smiled bitterly in the darkness. The mills of the gods grind slowly, he quoted. . . .

He'd been so sure he could handle the thing at first, so sure he'd wind up having the Harshornes as influential friends and nothing more. By the time he'd decided that wasn't going to work, not with Faith who was so intense, he'd lost out on his chance to mention Candace in any way at all without having the Harshornes completely down on him. There didn't seem to be anything to do, according to his way of thinking, but take advantage of the "out" Candace gave him.

A small, blurred red light was

suddenly visible directly ahead through the rain. A lantern on the back of a slow-moving truck. He slammed on the brakes. The road under them became a greasy slide over which they skinned toward that light with terrifying speed. Martin's arm shot across in front of Faith to keep her from slamming forward when they crashed. (To Be Continued)

We feel that there has just got to be more revenue and that there will have to be some kind of legislation as a deterrent on spending by the public and an incentive to save.—Secretary of the Treasury Henry Morgenthau Jr.

"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



A POUND OF SHELLAC REPRESENTS SIX MONTHS' WORK FOR 150,000 INSECTS!

THE INSECT, LACCIFER LACCA, IS A NATIVE OF INDIA, AND SECRETES A SUBSTANCE FROM WHICH ALL TRUE SHELLAC IS MADE.

CLAMS

DON'T TALK... BUT THEY GAVE AWAY THE SECRET OF HUGE COPPER DEPOSITS IN ALASKA, WHEN MINERS DUG THE CLAMS TO EAT AND FOUND THEY CONTAINED COPPER.



A FIREMAN IS ONE WHO MAKES FIRES; A FIREWOMAN IS ONE WHO PUTS OUT FIRES. Says T. J. STEWART, Jacksonville, Florida.

STAR-SPANGLED SINGER

ANSWER TO PREVIOUS PUZZLE

1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12
13	14	15	16	17	18	19	20	21	22	23	24
25	26	27	28	29	30	31	32	33	34	35	36
37	38	39	40	41	42	43	44	45	46	47	48
49	50	51	52	53	54	55	56	57	58	59	60
61	62	63	64	65	66	67	68	69	70	71	72

Horizontal clues:
 1.5 Pictured singer.
 10 Bustle.
 13 Poker stakes.
 15 Colors.
 16 Verily.
 17 3,1416.
 18 Monkey.
 20 Music note.
 21 Bachelor of Arts (abbr.).
 22 Compass point.
 23 Pig pen.
 25 Street car.
 27 Donkey.
 28 Each (abbr.).
 30 Transpose (abbr.).
 31 Girl's name.
 34 Looks fixedly.
 38 Prehistoric ax-shaped stone implements.
 39 She is an singer.
 40 Repose.
 41 Showy.
 42 Railroad (abbr.).
 43 Right (abbr.).
 44 Right of 67 Rib.

Vertical clues:
 1. Iridium.
 21 Per.
 24 Shouters.
 26 Abstract being.
 27 Check.
 29 Change.
 30 Small candle.
 31 Deputy Clerk of Sessions (abbr.).
 32 Long fish.
 33 Snake.
 35 Rocky pinnacle.
 36 Bitter vetch.
 37 Speak.
 41 Watch face.
 44 Harbor.
 45 Section.
 46 Any.
 47 Melt.
 48 Great Lake.
 49 Parcel of land.
 51 Grief.
 52 Ireland.
 54 Lives.
 57 Sailor.
 60 Toward.
 61 International language.
 62 Doctor (abbr.).
 64 Negative.

WHY, YES, THAT'S WHAT I TOLD HIM-- TO MAKE THE NEW SHAFT EXACTLY LIKE THE OLD WORN-OUT ONE!

THAT PROVES THAT EXPERIENCE IS THE BEST TEACHER--YEARS AGO TH' BULL O' TH' WOODS TOLD A GUY TO MAKE A NEW SHAFT EXACTLY LIKE THE OLD ONE--HE DID! HE MADE A PERFECT COPY, EVEN TO TH' NICKS AN' GROOVES WORN IN IT!

YEH, IF THAT YOUNG FELLER HAD THE EXPERIENCE HE WOULD HAVE TOLD TH' GUY TO MAKE TH' SHAFT EXACTLY LIKE THE OLD ONE WAS BEFORE IT GOT OLD!

Out Our Way
By J. R. Williams

EGAD, TWIGGS! THAT POSITION MARTHA'S BROTHER FOUND FOR ME PREYS ON MY MIND!-- A DOORMAN!-- TO THINK THAT I, WHO STOOD LIKE A ROCK AT SPION KOP, BREASTING THE ONSLAUGHTS OF THE EMBATTLED BOERS, SHOULD DESCEND TO THE LEVEL OF A BUILDING ORNAMENT!

LISTEN, YOU CAN'T EXPECT YOUR LUCK TO HOLD OUT FOREVER, BUT YOU'VE STILL GOT A CHANCE -- YOU MAY BREAK A LEG OR GET KISSED BY A BUS BEFORE YOU START! -- SO KEEP YOUR THREE CHINS UP, OLD BOY!

Our Boarding House With Maigor Hoople

HURRY, RED RYDER! SNAKE-HORSE MONSTER RIGHT UP VALLEY!

VOLA! LET GO OF MY ROPE!

NI! SADEET!

Red Ryder

SHE'S TRYIN' TO GNAW YOUR ROPE IN TWO!

RECKON THERE'S ONLY ONE WAY TO HANDLE THIS SITUATION!

SORRY, VOLA, BUT WE GOT BUSINESS! NOW, WHERE'S THAT MYSTERY MESA MONSTER?

By Fred Harman

NOW LISTEN JUNIOR COMMANDOS! I'M NO WONSER! NO KILL-JOY! NO RUSKY OFFICIOUS OLD BLUE-NOSE! I LIKE FUN! I CAN RAISE CAIN AND HOLLER AND WHOOP IT UP WITH TH' BEST OF 'EM-- BUT THIS IS HOW IT IS--

YOU'VE HEARD HOW OLD SHANGHAI PEG IS MAYBE GOIN' TO DIE FROM WOUNDS HE GOT FIGHTIN' FOR US ALL-- FOR OUR COUNTRY! I LEAST WE CAN DO IS HELP HIM FIGHT FOR HIS LIFE BY KEEPIN' QUIET WHERE IT MIGHT BOTHER HIM--

Q. K.-- I KNOW YOU'RE ALL FOR THAT-- YOU JUST DIDN'T THINK-- BUT HERE'S SOMETHIN' ELSE! WE'VE GOT LOTS OF WAR WORKERS, WHO WORK NIGHTS-- AND TRY TO SLEEP DAYS!

LOTS OF 'EM ARE YOUR FATHERS-- OR OLDER BROTHERS! WELL, IT'LL BE OUR JOB TO SEE TO IT THAT THEY CAN SLEEP-- SOME FOLKS THINK KIDS ARE JUST NATURALLY LOUD AN' THOUGHTLESS-- WELL -- WELL, SHOW 'EM--

Little Orphan Annie

AS YOU ALL KNOW, SYLVESTER COOK FOUND A 'BOUNCING ROOT' NEAR THE SHAKER COUNTRY CLUB GROUNDS! I HAVE BEEN ENDEAVORING TO EXTRACT RUBBER FROM IT!

OBVIOUSLY, THE ROOT CONTAINS RUBBER. BUT WHAT IS MORE REMARKABLE, IS THE PECULIAR PRANK NATURE PLAYED!

I HAVE SEEN SOME ODDITIES IN MY LIFE, BUT NEVER ANY-THING TO EQUAL THIS! SCIENCE WILL CERTAINLY BE INTERESTED!

HERE WE'VE HAVE A TREE ROOT THAT HAS GROWN COMPLETELY AROUND A GOLF BALL!

By Harold Gray

MY TIME, SHE IS GROWING SHORT, MY FRAN. THE LEADER OF ZIS BARRACKS IS NAME DUPRES. . . TRUST HIM. NOW, IF YOU WISH, YOU MAY AVE MY PRISON NUMBER. IT MAY POSSIBLY ASSIST YOU IN NOT BEING CAUGHT

BUT I DOUBT IT. THE GERMANS ARE VERY THOROUGH, TWICE DAILY, WHEN WE ARE LOCK UP AT NIGHT AND UNLOCK EACH MORNING, THEY CHECK EVERY PRISONER BY NAME AND NUMBER.

TO SEE THAT NO ONE ESCAPES?

THANK YOU, SIR

Wash Tubbs

TO BE SURE, M'SIEUR, AREN'T LIKELY TO LOOK FOR A PRISONER WHO'S BROKEN IN. IN OTHER WORDS, IF EVERY PRISONER IS ACCOUNTED FOR, AND THERE'S NO REASON TO SUSPECT THE PRESENCE OF AN OUTSIDER, I MIGHT HIDE UNDER A BUNK FOR DAYS WITHOUT DETECTION

MON DIEU! YES... IT COULD BE POSSIBLE

By Crane

AH-HHH -- THE FUTURE! I SEE MANY THINGS --

SWELL! OR ARE THEY?

BUY A WAR BON AND GET YOUR FORTUNE TOLD -- FREE MADAM GAZO

YOU ARE A FORTUNATE GIRL -- POPULAR -- WITH MANY SUITORS --

Boots and Her Buddies

BUT I ALSO SEE THAT YOU ARE VERY RESTLESS

YOU'VE GOT SOMETHING THERE

BUT HOW ABOUT THE "TALL, DARK COMPLEXIONED, HANDSOME MAN" WHO ALWAYS --

QUITE -- ONLY THIS MAN IS AS HOMEY AS A MUD FENCE --

By Martin

I AIN'T BACK IN MOO TEN MINUTES TILL DINNY GETS STAMPED... THEN, AS IF I AIN'T GOT TROUBLE ENOUGH I'NT GOOLA AND FOOZY AN' KING GUZ HAVE DISAPPEARED!

THERE'S SUMPIN ROTTEN IN MOO!

HEY, THERE, YOU... EH? OH... ALLEY OOP! SO YOU'VE COME BACK AT LAST, HAVE YUH?

Wash Tubbs

YEH, BUT WHAT'S HAPPENED TO YOU? WHATCHA DOIN' OUT IN THE JUNGLE WITHOUT YOUR WEAPONS? YUH GONE CRAZY?

NOBODY GOES ARMED BUT TH' MOOZYS... IT'S TH' LAW... TH' WHOLE PLACE HAS GONE CRAZY!

I'M BEGINNIN' TO BELIEVE IT... WHAT GOES ON HERE?

LOOK, OOP... I GOT THIS WAY FROM TALKIN' TOO MUCH... AN' WHILE YOU MAY BE A RIGHT GUY, TH' TREES HAVE EARS!

By V. T. Hamlin

What do you mean? he demanded.

Just what I said. You told me you were at Mrs. Simmons'. How do I know you really were? I can't call up, can I, everywhere you say you're going, and ask, 'Dr. Corby said he was calling on you: is he really there?'

He was suddenly angry with a rage that made him want to shake her until the teeth rattled in her spoiled, pouting head. He warned in a voice like cold steel, "You ever try a trick like that and I'll--"

"You'll what?" she taunted him.

Atley Oop

By V. T. Hamlin