

SERIAL STORY
OF BRIGHTNESS GONE

BY HOLLY WATTERSON

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VANISHED DREAM
CHAPTER XXI

CANDACE was lucky enough to find Dr. Patterson in his office. He pushed forward a chair for her. "How are you, Miss Bech? What can I do for you?"

She said directly, unwilling to waste any of his time, "Dr. Patterson, I've come to ask you please to take me off the Harper case."

He groaned. "Not you too, Miss Bech," he begged ruefully. "I trusted you to see me through this, even though all the others fell by the wayside. You've managed worse patients for me before. You really mean you're giving up on this one?"

Candace said, "Yes," firmly. "I'm sorry, doctor."

Dr. Patterson sighed. "You mean it, I see. Whatever is the matter with all you big strong girls that you can't manage a frail old woman?"

She saw that his eyes were twinkling. She said, "I can manage her all right, but there's—there's a complication, Dr. Patterson. That grandson of Mrs. Harper's. He's—he's—" Indignation choked her. "He's been sending me things right along—to the place where I live, though I don't know how he learned where it is—boxes of flowers that I threw out until I decided that was just wasteful since he wouldn't know whether I'd thrown them out or not, tons of candy; and, lately, clothes. Intimate things. I've had the nuisance of sending them back—"

"His approach is pretty bad, eh?" Dr. Patterson asked gravely. But he was amused, she saw.

It wasn't funny. She said with distaste, "Yesterday afternoon when I went off duty the Harper chauffeur was waiting for me. Mrs. Harper sometimes sends me on errands in the car and I thought it was something like that, something she'd forgotten to mention to me. I started to get in the car. 'Where to?' I asked Jackson. He was grinning. 'That's up to you, Miss, this year is your cash.' I noticed the initials on the car then, 'C. B.' Jackson didn't seem to see anything odd about the affair; Mr. Duffy had sent him, he said, and I gathered that sort of thing happens quite often."

DR. PATTERSON threw back his head and laughed. A great hearty bellow that threatened to choke him.

"It's not amusing to me, Dr. Patterson," she protested stiffly.

He sobered gradually. "No, I know it isn't," he admitted contritely. "But I've seen the boy; and the thought of that pinfeathered youth, with the approach of an old rose!" He threatened to go off again. "You'll admit that part of it's funny, won't you?"

Candace felt herself relaxing a bit. "I suppose it is, sir." She held out the box to him. "He slipped this in my pocket just now. I left word at the house that all packages are to be refused so now he's doing it this way. I wish you'd open it, Dr. Patterson, and then return it to him for me."

It was from a jeweler, all right. The jeweled clip winking up at him from his box made Dr. Patterson whistle.

"You see what I mean," Candace said.

"I do indeed."

"If he'd only use some sense," Candace said, exasperated. "If only he'd pick on a different type of girl. Or a younger girl—"

"You're how old now?" Dr. Patterson asked.

"Almost 24, sir."

Dr. Patterson nodded gravely. "Elderly. Very elderly." He sat back in his chair to consider her. "Man trouble," he said. "The minute you get out from under the wing of that big cousin of yours. The minute he lets you out of his sight." He chuckled. "He doesn't get much time these days to check on you, does he? Between his work, and making plans to get married?"

Married! Peter planning to be married! Shock and surprise made her feel stupid. She said after a minute, lamely, "I don't see Peter very often. As you say, he's pretty busy."

Dr. Patterson felt from her expression that he had unwittingly betrayed a secret. He said, embarrassed, "That's right, you wouldn't see him often, would you? Most of the patients he has can't afford special. He has a lot of the people from down in the Hollow, I hear. He's a fool. But a glorious fool. The world would be a finer place if there were more like him."

He rose briskly. "I'll talk to this other young man. I'll take care of him. I'll see about taking you off the case, too, just as soon as I can find someone to replace you—"

SHE came away from there thoughtfully. So Peter was going to be married! She wondered where, in his frantic rushing between Clinic and the Hollow, he could have found time to meet a girl, to fall in love. Peter frequently, but this time—"

She looked thoughtful. "Of course your background would have to be looked into and so on, but I must admit I wouldn't be too displeased if this proved to be the real thing with Duffy—"

For a minute Candace was speechless with annoyance. Then she said deliberately, "My dear Mrs. Harper, it's you who are really important. Our only possible interest in each other can be as between patient and nurse; and even that won't be for much longer, since I've already asked to be taken off the case."

(To Be Continued)

Arabs do not drink during their meals, but satisfy their thirst after the meal is over.

John Deer's first steel plow, made in 1837, was forged from a saw blade.

What was it Dr. Patterson had called him? "A glorious fool." That described him exactly. They'd marry, her thoughts ran on, and his wife would scribble and scrape while Peter slaved down in the Hollow and other less able men walked off with the plums of easy, well-paying cases; but they'd be happy working together, they'd be in love—

She felt suddenly hollow, with a sick, empty loneliness. She felt a wistful jealousy of the Unknown who would live out with Peter the lovely dream she had once dreamed with someone else.

Her footsteps grew hurried, as though she were trying to keep ahead of her own thoughts. When she went back into the room after Duffy finally had left, she found Mrs. Harper looking smug. "So I was right," she said. "So Duffy has been making a bit of a nuisance of himself. Why didn't you tell me?"

"You were supposed to be sick," Candace said lightly, "remember? And we spare our patients all bother whenever possible."

Mrs. Harper said surprisingly, "I'm rather pleased, on the whole. This is the first time the boy has shown a glimmering of sense about the sort of girl he falls in love with." She saw Candace's eyebrows climb. "Oh, I'll concede he's been in and out of love fairly

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UHLIG'S

HEADS U. S. EUROPEAN PILOTS

HORIZONTAL

1,5 Pictured commander of U. S. flyers in Europe.

10 Any.

12 Beverage.

13 Ponderer.

14 Symbol for iron.

16 Tear.

18 Afternoon (abbr.).

19 Native metals.

20 Vehicle.

21 Exclamation of sorrow.

23 Exudes.

25 Forsaken.

27 Cloth.

28 Enthusiast (slang).

29 Wager.

31 Shakespearean headdress.

34 Blackbird of cuckoo family.

35 His bombers' are German industrial centers.

36 Sook hemp.

38 Parts of plays.

Answer to Previous Puzzle

JAMES FORRESTAL
ERODE UNEARTHLY
SIN MELTED EAR
TAKE PLODITENSE

RIO ON
ERAS JAMES OTTER
DEMURE FORECASTAL RATE
RAM PIA

RESET LOLLITAIL
ARIP RIVALRS ROE
SNIICKERED OPENS
SECRETARY YEAST

39 Music note.

41 East (Fr.).

42 Card game.

44 Sweet potato.

46 Canvas shelter.

49 Hostelry.

50 Price of transportation.

53 Part of "be."

55 Drone bee.

56 Ellis English (abbr.).

57 Sol.

58 Pillar.

60 Railway (abbr.).

61 Fondle.

62 Short jacket.

VERTICAL

2 Near.

3 Corded fabric.

4 Crippled.

5 Pampers.

6 Harbors.

7 God of war.

8 Bronze.

9 Transpose (abbr.).

10 Constellation.

11 Indigo dye.

14 Distant.

15 Sea eagle.

17 Separation.

20 Satisfied.

22 Symbol for silicon.

24 Myself.

25 He commanded France's — air training school in World War I.

28 He commands the U. S. Air — in Europe.

29 Stripe.

30 Compass point.

31 Dance step.

32 Native of (suffix).

33 Onager.

37 He was one of first American — to go overseas in World War I.

42 Falsehood.

43 Unit.

45 Man.

47 Neither.

48 Attempt.

50 Not against.

51 Mimic.

52 Legal point.

54 Entangle.

57 Symbol for tantalum.

59 Toward.

THIS CURIOUS WORLD By William Ferguson

FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE,
BY PROMPT AND HYGIENIC METHODS, REDUCED THE DEATH RATE OF WOUNDED SOLDIERS IN THE CRIMEAN WAR FROM FORTY PER CENT TO TWO PER CENT.

WASH TUBS

W-H-A-T?

BOOTS AND HER BUDDIES

ALLEY OOP

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ALLEY OOP

ANSWER: Johnny Sturm, now with the armed forces.

NEXT: What does "ju jitsu" mean?

Out Our Way By J. R. Williams

THE THIRST SHARPENER

LISTEN, ICK— YOU OWE ME FOUR DOLLARS, BUT IF YOU'LL TAKE WES WITH YOU TODAY I'LL CALL THE DEBT OFF!

MISTAH CURLY, YOLL GIT YO' FOUR DOLLARS, AH HAIN'T GOIN' WIF NOBODY WHO HAD SALTY HAM FOH BREAKFIDS AN' DEN TAKES FRLONG A SALTY HAM SANNICH! BOY, AH HAIN'T NO GWINE TER BE DIGGIN' NO WELL EVERY TIME HE WANT WATER!

YIPPEE! WE SCARE-UM SNAKE HORSE MONSTER YOUR WAY!

THERE HE GOES, RED!

Red Rider

WELL? WHATS ON YOUR MIND? SOMETHIN THAT WONT KEEP?

WE GOTCHA THIS TIME!

WELL SHOW YUH WHAT WE THINK O' TH JUNIOR COMMANDOS—

YEAH! SOCK HER!

LET ER HAVE IT!

WELL CURE YOU O' TRYIN' TO GIVE ORDERS TO US—

BELT HER EARS OFF!

Little Orphan Annie

LOOK, JUNE --- AN ARMY FLYER! LETS GIVE HIM A LIFT! ISNT HE JUST DEVASTATING!

THANK YOU, GIRLS! I'M GOING TO THE DUNHAM HOTEL, AND I JUST MISSED THE BUS!

Freckles and his friends

THIS IS DISHWATER... NOT FOOD!

POOR RAMON! IT IS MORE DIFFICULT FOR HIM TO GROW ACCUSTOMED TO ZE FOOD—FORMERLY HE WAS A FAMOUS CHEF OF SOUPS IN PARIS

Wash Tubbs

W-H-A-T?

HOLY SMOKE! THE OLD MAN IS SURE ON THE WARPATH -- AGAIN?

BOOTS AND HER BUDDIES

HERE COMES TH' BIG DOPE, RIGHT ON SCHEDULE! GO BACK TO YOUR POST, LIEUTENANT, AND WHEN I GIVE YOU THIS TWO-FINGER SIGNAL, DO YOUR STUFF!

ALL RIGHT, EENY! I SAID I WAS GONNA GITCHA... AN' I'M A-COMIN'!

OKAY, OOP...

...IF YOU'RE MAN ENOUGH!

ALLEY OOP

EGAD, TWIGGS! THIS DOORMAN'S UNIFORM ISNT HALF BAD, BUT THEN I ALWAYS DID WEAR MY CLOTHES RATHER WELL! --- IT'S A CRYING SHAME THAT A FIRE-SHOVEL GOES WITH THE JOB, INSTEAD OF THE IMPOSING SWORD OF A FIELD MARSHAL --- OTHERWISE I MIGHT CONSIDER THE OFFER!

THE WAY I GET IT, IT ISNT AN OFFER ANY LONGER, MAJOR --- THEY'VE GOT YOU HOG-TIED! BUT THE SWORD IDEA IS SMART THINKING --- A CAVALRY SABER MIGHT COME IN HANDY TO STAND OFF THE ANGRY MOB WITH CHILLY RADIATORS!

OUR BOARDING HOUSE WITH MAJOR HOONLE

YOU MEAN "HERE WE GO" -- I GOT HIM ROPED!

By Fred Harman

GONY TO GANG ME, EH? JUST REMEMBER! WHEN YUH TACKLE A COMMANDO, YUH EITHER DO OR YUH DONT!

YUH DONT WHAT?

YUH DONT GET OVER IT!

YAW! YI!

By Harold Gray

DO YOU MIND TELLING US HOW YOU GOT THAT MEDAL, CAPTAIN, OR IS IT A MILITARY SECRET?

I HAD A SPOT ON MY UNIFORM, AND I PINNED ON THE MEDAL SO THE SPOT WOULDN'T SHOW!

By Blosser

BUT, MISTER BUFFINGTON, YOU NEEDNT SCREAM AT ME

I'M NOT SCREAMING! GET OUT OF HERE

OF ALL THE DAD-BLASTED LUCK! JUST WHEN I NEED A CAPABLE RECEPTIONIST, MINE MARRIES AND MOVES AWAY! I NEVER HEARD OF SUCH WIFE INCONSIDERATION

By Martin

WASH TUBBS

ALLEY OOP

By V. T. Hamlin