· SERIAL STORY

OF BRIGHTNESS GONE

BY HOLLY WATTERSON

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it's important that we understand each other."

others—"
The old lady said stubbornly,
"A boy has to sow some wild oats,
But that's over. He feels differ-

is a lifetime job as wet nurse to a moral moron. . . .

But then the thought came, well, why not marry him? She had no illusions as to what marriage with him would mean. On the other hand, it would have its compensations. The news of Peter's coming marriage had left her with a lost, helpless feeling. As Mrs. Dufresne Carter Harper she would attain stability of a sort security.

GRANDMA PROPOSES

CHAPTER XXII

THE next day Mrs. Harper had a heart attack and Dr. Patterson ruled as a result that there could be no question of changing nurses.

Mrs. Harper grinned weakly at Candace from her pillows. She said with satisfaction, "I guess you'll believe I'm really sick now. I guess you'll have to stay with me now."

Candace smiled at her. One could grow really fond of this gallant little old reprobate, she thought. "The only thing I'm convinced of," she said, "is that you'll go to any lengths to get your own way."

go to any lengths to get your own way."

"Humph," Mrs. Harper said. "I have the devil's own time trying to make you believe that I'm sick, and Patterson that I'm well enough to go home. Oh, don't look so surprised. Of course I want to go home. This place is all right for a well person, but it's too depressing when one is really ill."

"There's logic for you," Can-

it's too depressing when one is really ill."

"There's logic for you," Candace said, laughing. She was thinking privately, if she comes home, Dr. Patterson or no, I don't go with her. I won't stay in the same house with that fresh grandson of hers, thank you...

But the old lady had evidently expected that reaction and was prepared. That evening Duffy saked to speak with Candace.

"My grandmother wants to go home," he said, "but she's afraid that you may refuse to go with her. Because of me." His usual laughing insolence was missing, he seemed subdued and even a bit embarrassed. "Miss Bech," he said hesitantly, "I—well, Dr. Patterson has talked to me and I—well, I'm awfully sorry I've made such an ass of myself. I didn't realize how you felt about things. You see, I have so much and most of the people I know who haven't much the mselver are glad enough—" He came to a stumbling halt. He came to a stum-

enough—" He came to a stum-bling halt.

"To accept little presents like cars and stuff?" she finished for him dryly. She added severely, "You have too much, that's the trouble. Or at least, one trouble. There are a lot of other things wrong with you too."

wrong with you too."

He didn't take offense. He said humbly, "You're the only nurse in the place Grandmother can stand. If you'll just stick with her I promise you'll have no reason to be annoyed with me, you won't have to be at all afraid of me, afraid that—"
"Afraid!" Candace echoed coldly.

"Let me assure you, young man, that it would take more than a

"Let me assure you, young man, that it would take more than a fresh youth to scare me off a case."

She realized then that she had practically committed herself. She shrugged mental shoulders: Oh, well, this case or another, what difference did it make?

MRS. HARPER was no more contented at home. She wasn't feeling well, she was slow to get back her strength. She fretted. "It's this beastly climate," she said. "Not fit for a dog to live in."

She suggested suddenly, "Bech, let's you and I go to Nassau."
"Nassau!" Candace repeated, astounded, as though Nassau were at one of the poles.
"Why not?" the old lady said. "There'd be sunshine, and warm breezes—"When Candace looked doubiful she demanded testily, "Commitments here? Some young man who can't be left?"

Candace smiled. "No."
"Well, then," she said, as though it were all settled. Her manner became brisk. "Take a couple of days off.—Patterson can probably find some incompetent fool to take your place temporarily—and go out and buy yourself some gay, pretty clothes. I shan't be wantyour place temporarily—and go out and buy yourself some gay, pretty clothes. I shan't be want-ing to look at you forever in those uniforms; they depress me. Be-sides, I won't be expecting you to spend every waking minute of your time with an unpleasant old woman—"

Candace had a sudden suspicion.
"Your grandson?" she suggested.
"He wouldn't be going, too, by
any chance?"

my chance?"

Mrs. Harper said with wideeyed innocence, "But of course!
You don't think for one minute
that I'd leave Duffy behind, to get
into lord knows what mischief,

do you?"

She saw that Candace looked

She saw that Candace looked mutinous and she added slyly, in a tone of mocking raillery, "Oh, come, come, Bech. Surely you don't think Duffy's infatuation for you has lasted this long, do you? You haven't seen any sign of it lately, have you? Hesn't he left you strictly alone?"

But then, before Candace had chance to answer, she said abruptly, "No, that's not fair, that's being deliberately misleading. I'll be honest and above board with you, Bech. I've talked with the boy, I've warned him, and he won't bother you in any way, he's promised not to intrude himself on your notice; but he's not over it, not at all. What is really over, thank goodness, is this business of the Fornay woman."

She wrinkled her nose as though it had been assailed by an unpleasant smell. "You know all about that and how much it worried me; I've told you. It was over, apparently, the minute Duffy met you."

Candace said sweetly, "How very flattering, being lumped together with a woman like that!"

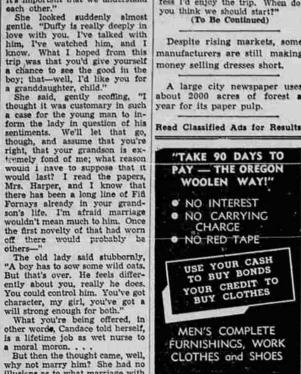
SHE picked up the wash water

SHE picked up the wash water and prepared to leave, but Mrs. Harper put out a restraining hand. "I'm not being very tact-ful, putting things so baldly, I know that; but, then, I never have been noted for tact. And I feel

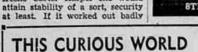
there was only herself to be hurt; there was not now a soul in the world to whom she really mat-

Despite rising markets, some manufacturers are still making money selling dresses short.

A large city newspaper uses about 2000 acres of forest a year for its paper pulp.



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



By William Ferguson

Little Orphan Annie

DO THINGS WITH GROUP 8









I'D LOVE

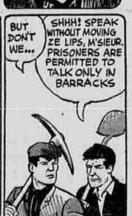
WE, JUNE ?



S THAT RED ADIGAN GANG EYRE COMIN

HERE















By Fred Harman NIX I KNOW
WHEN IVE HAD
ENOUGH -- LET'S
EAY ME AND MY
GANG HAS SEEN
TH' LIGHT -- WE
WANT TO ENLIST,
IF WE CAN --HELLO, RED! DIDJA LIKE TH' SAMPLE SO MUCH YOU'VE COME TO GET TH' FULL TREATMENT? HM-M-LOOKS MORE AS IF HE'S DRIVIN' 'EM-



AND DON'ASK WHY WE DIG ZIS HOLE. NO WAN KNOWS, M'SIEUR.
ME, I SINK ZE REASON ARE ONLY TO MAKE US MORE HUNGRY, ALWAYS
KEEP ON ZE MOVE, AND...SHHH! HAVE CARE! ZE GUARD IS WATCHING
US FROM CORNER OF HIS EYE...HE ARE BAD ONE!







By V. T. Hamlin