

# Third Haven

by WARREN HOWARD

CHAPTER TWENTY-TWO

RUSSELL continued to keep busy now that Dan and Anne had returned to Talbot, and he considered himself lucky. Cases came up and he continued winning them. In the late afternoon he enjoyed the lovely ten-mile drive back to Talbot, where Dan and Anne would be waiting for him. There was no Mrs. Gardner now. When he had a job of sorts Dan got Maggie, a good, old colored woman, to clean up and cook. After dinner Russell read or went to see Laura.

Strangely enough, he preferred the reading evenings to seeing Laura now. She no longer attracted him as she had once, and with the coming of summer she was busier also. He preferred going to see Mrs. Reynolds on evenings when Laura wasn't there or busy. Then Anne was home and he could talk to her. He wouldn't acknowledge he went to see Anne, but he did know he enjoyed himself more when Anne was with the old lady and not Laura. When Laura was home Anne went out walking, sitting with Laura, to whom he was engaged, he would be content because he was thinking of Anne. He wondered where she wandered to in Talbot, which was such a small place, especially at night.

He didn't talk about Anne to Laura or about Dan. He was still angry that she should have told him to send Dan away. He would have told her so if she had given him a chance by regarding the subject, but she never did. As to Anne she said, in answer to his question that she was glad the girl was back because she was so busy and her mother would have been neglected. Mrs. Reynolds was more outspoken.

"I'm glad Anne's back because I like her," she said. "I was lonesome when she was away and worried every day I'd get a letter saying she wasn't coming back."

Laura's smile was superior. "You don't suppose she's fool enough to give up a soft job like this?"

"I wish I were as sure about things as you are," her mother retorted coolly.

Russell felt she looked straight at him as she said it, but he stared out of the open window into the

warm, fragrant darkness. He respected Mrs. Reynolds' mind as he did no one else's in Talbot. He was afraid she might come out blantly some time and ask him if it really wasn't Anne he was interested in and not Laura. He didn't want to be asked that question because he knew he couldn't answer it honestly. He would be forced to say, "You have forgotten I'm engaged to Anne," and he didn't want to say that. He was quite sure no one in Talbot had forgotten, least of all himself. He felt he had an obligation and it was wrong of him to come to see Anne at all under the circumstances.

He was also troubled by some change in Anne since her return. He wasn't sure just what it was, but he felt it as they talked about books and flowers and equally impersonal subjects while the old lady dozed comfortably in her chair, rousing herself now and then to make some dry, amusing remark. The comments always were to the point, so one wondered how sound the doge had been. It made him feel he wanted to be alone with her. He knew just how he would begin, by telling her he was a lawyer and he was sure she had something on her mind. Could she tell him and let him help her if possible? After all, lawyers did help people, on occasion, out of court as well as in it. They could help a person think they had trained minds.

"The only trouble was he couldn't so much as ask her to go to Weston to the movies with him on one of her nights off. He couldn't very well say to Laura, 'I won't see you tonight because I'm taking Anne out.' Still less could he try to do it secretly. Talbot and Weston had no secrets. Talbot had Miss Withers and Weston was larger but similar. Even if Laura didn't say anything, she would be hurt, and he wouldn't have felt better if he had wanted to. That would have shown she was still important to him. And he knew she wasn't. There had been that one moment when he wanted to catch her in his arms and shower her face with kisses—but she had spoiled everything by wanting to drive Anne away.

So Anne was mixed up in things,

Everything seemed to center about Anne. He felt it one night when Mrs. Reynolds wasn't feeling well and Laura sent him away so she could take care of her mother. He asked if he should look for Anne and Laura snapped, "Go ahead if you want to, but I don't need her. I can take care of my mother. It's nothing but a little indigestion because she stuffed at dinner."

Russell strolled down to Johnson's store to have a soda as an excuse to see if Anne was there. He had enjoyed finding Anne and Dan there the evening they had quitted gossip. He wanted to ask if Anne had been in, but that wouldn't do. He was annoyed at Laura's suggestion to go find her if he wanted to. It seemed to add another brick to the wall which was building up between them, and he wasn't sure he wanted that wall. His mind was so clear on legal matters, but he was muddled over Anne and Laura and Dan. He knew he was.

Mrs. Johnson beamed at him as he drank his soda. The store was full of people, mostly men, as it was one of the few Talbot gathering places, she said:

"Where is Dan? He doesn't come in much."

He laughed. "Who can keep up with Dan? You know how he is."

A man leaned against the counter and grinned. "He sure is interested in that nurse of Mr. Reynolds'. I don't blame him. Lucky he didn't drown her!"

It was irritating. Russell paid for his drink and left. He decided to go home and read. Dan might be home and would make him laugh by telling him stories about the west. He felt he wanted to think of something, anything as far away from Talbot and himself as possible. As he turned the corner toward his house he could see the living room were pulled down. It made him smile. Dan had changed in that, at least, since his return. Before, he'd always said anyone could look in who wanted to, because he wasn't doing anything that concerned anybody else. The radio was playing, too. Russell chuckled as he entered the house quietly and then flung open the living room door.

(To Be Continued)

## The Frying of Food

By LOGAN CLENDENING, M.D.

PEOPLE TOSS phrases such as—"Fried foods are hard to digest"—around with great non-balance considering that human digestion is a far more important

Dr. Clendening will answer questions of general interest only, and then only through his column.

problem than post-war reconstruction. But it is difficult to pin us high grade scientists down to just what is meant by "hard to digest."

The stomach and the pancreas are pretty hard-boiled old parties. They can digest a bone button. It may take them a little more time to digest some things than others, as shown by the studies of Bogress and Ivy, so your high grade scientist, who is always analyzing, would like to modify the phrase "hard to digest" to "such and such foods take longer to digest than others."

On the ancient debate as to whether fried foods are less digestible than foods cooked in other ways, Dr. Frank Howard Richardson, of Brooklyn, writes:

### Discussion of Fried Foods

"Most doctors, if asked whether fried foods are harmful for children and should therefore be forbidden, would unhesitatingly reply 'yes.' Further, they would feel confident that they were on sound scientific ground in making this assertion. Yet doctors have fried foods at their own family tables. Even though they may specify broiling for patients' diets, they know that in most homes it is the frying pan and not the broiling flame that will be employed for cooking them."

"It has been my custom to forbid fried foods to children, ever since I began practice. But I believe that any conviction is open to question and should be discarded if disproved. Especially with our wartime shortages it is desirable to be sure of the soundness of our dietary beliefs."

"There seems to be one published piece of experimental research on the subject of fried foods and their effects upon digestion

"Bogress and Ivy 13. The following are excerpts from their work. "We have devised experiments to prove whether fried food are more or less easily digested than other foods. . . . Potatoes were chosen because of their universal use, low fat content, simple composition, and ease of uniform preparation."

"They summarize their laboratory experiments thus: "The starch of the pan-fried is more easily digested than that of the French fried, more easily than that of the broiled potato."

So, according to experimental research, even for children there is nothing harmful in properly fried foods.

### Proper Method of Frying

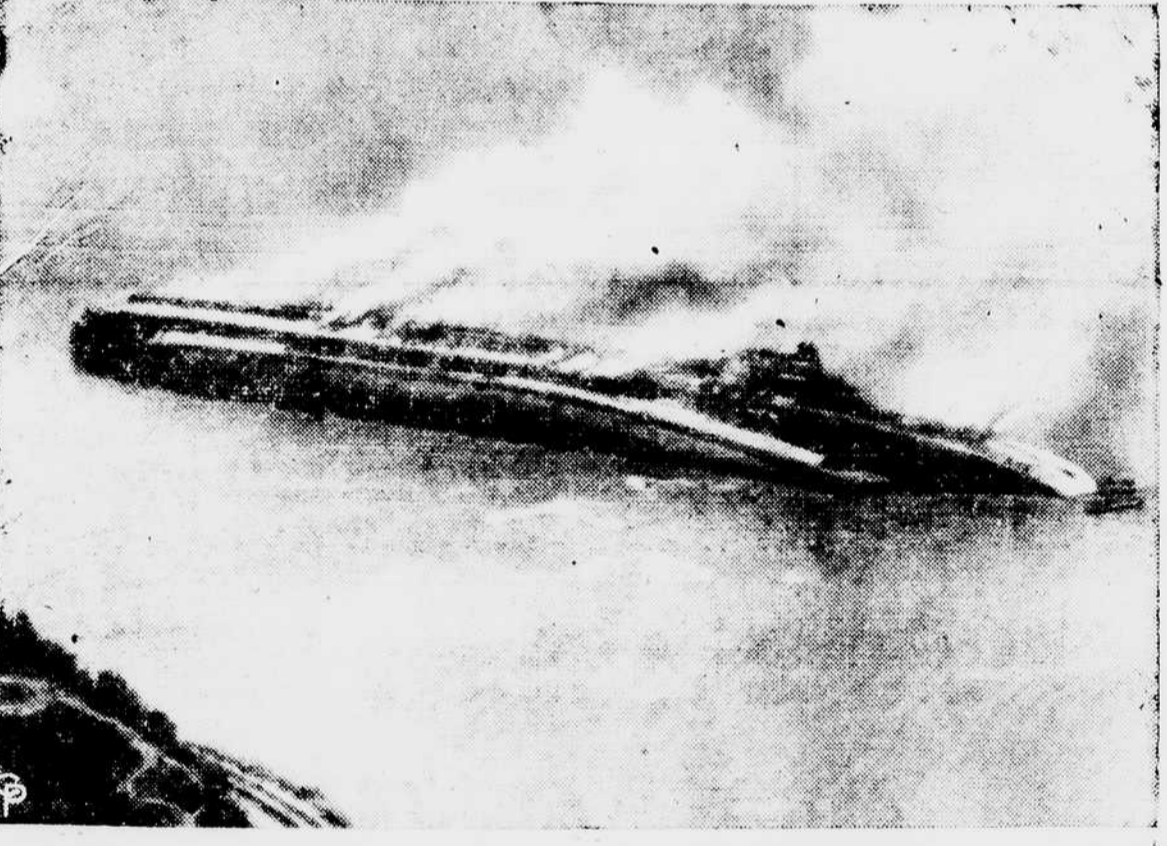
Properly, however, is an important word. I wish that nutritionists would be trained in the extremely scientific courses on food to which they are subjected, to learn as much about cooking and preparing food as they do about calories and vitamins. And with the very large supply of new young brides among us emphasis on the niceties of the culinary art are not ill timed. I have taken pains to interview a number of these brides or brides-to-be and the result of my researches is that I tremble for the digestive health of the returning members of the armed forces. The least we should expect as patriotic Americans is that while they are waiting for the boys to come home they learn the fundamentals of good cooking.

On this subject of frying you may think there is only one way to fry something. At the risk of being obvious I wish to inform you that there is a wrong way and a right way. Miss Susie Nilson, the most eminent American expert on frying, tells me:

"The right way is to heat the skillet first, then put in the fat. When it is very hot put in the article to be fried. Let the outside be seared to hold the juices, and then take the skillet off the fire, let it cool a bit, then put it back on the stove and let it simmer."

"The wrong way is to put fat in a cold skillet with the food and let it all come to a bubble together."

## FORMER CRACK LINER REX BURNS AFTER AIR ATTACK.



WITH SMOKE POURING FROM HER, the former luxury liner Rex lies on her side in Capodistria Bay, south of Trieste, Italy, after an attack by rocket-firing Beaufighters of the RAF Balkan Command. The vessel was blasted to prevent the Nazis from blocking the harbor with her. OWI Radiophoto. (International)

## LYON ROUNDS UP HITLER COLLABORATORS



GUARDED BY FFI SQUADS before a city jail in Lyon, France, one used by the German Gestapo, a typical group of French men and women accused of collaborating with the enemy are shown being herded together for questioning. Two of the women already have been unofficially convicted and their heads have been shaved. All over France scenes such as this are daily being enacted as loyal Frenchmen round up fellow countrymen who befriended Hitler. (International)

### Wife Preservers

DRY-CLEANING FLUID

A wool fence wall duster will not mat and become hard if it is washed in dry-cleaning fluid instead of soap and water.

### Wife Preservers

DRY-CLEANING FLUID

Never use scatter mats at the head or foot of the stairs, as people may slip on them and fall.

### Wife Preservers

DRY-CLEANING FLUID

## BUY MORE BONDS

### THIMBLE THEATRE—Starring Popeye



### "Lip Reading?"



### BLONDIE (Registered U. S. Patent Office)

### Not A Foot To Stand On By Chic Young



### ETTA KETI

### By PAUL ROBINSON



### THE GUMPS—Elijah Stakes Out His Claim

