

Third Haven

by WARREN HOWARD

CHAPTER TWENTY-FIVE

ANNE STOOD silently on the wharf and took a deep breath. She had been out of the smoke slowly. You didn't know I smoked, did you?" she asked. "Russell, I gave it up for Talbot—as I have up other things. Tonight is the first time I danced. I used to love to dance. Now you can venture me on both my bad habits—tobacco."

She sat down on a pile that was just full enough to seem very tall. She stood in front of her. She could see past him to a house on "the island" that was all nighted up. The breeze caressed her hair as she laughed, saying: "Don't you know just how to be gin?"

"No, I don't."

"But you were shocked when you saw I was kissed by Dan, weren't you?"

He took her hand. "Anne, I'm serious."

"So am I!" She drew away and made a gesture with her cigarette. "If I feel like kissing your brother there is no reason why I shouldn't. I'm quite fond of him. And he can be very charming when he wants to be. He was tonight. Also I must be going back as I left the front door unlocked. The fat man I just met on the street might be a burglar."

She stood up and snapped her cigarette away. It didn't taste good. She had gotten out of the habit of smoking. It belonged to another period of her life. Smoking went with Dwight. Dwight was dead and buried as far as she was concerned. He had been like the arc of flame the cigarette drew palely in the moonlight before it hissed out in the water. On the bottom it might be rubbed a bit by a crab who would find it inedible.

Russell took her arm and they began to walk off the pier. She had never known him to be so silent and uncertain of himself. She rather liked that, as she had enjoyed

Dwight Raynor's confusion in the lobby of the hotel.

"I want to talk about Dan," he said suddenly.

She laughed very softly. "I dare say you warned him about me, too."

"No, I didn't talk to him. I tried to go to bed but I couldn't sleep. As bad as that? I'm sorry. Were you thinking of me?"

"Yes, Anne."

Something in his voice made her stop smiling. She looked up at him quickly.

"It isn't as serious as all that."

"It really is, I don't want you to get fond of Dan. I know how delightful he can be. He has been around a great deal. He can say pretty things to a girl that don't have any meaning at all. He won't mean any harm, but he is that way. To him nothing is serious, nothing sacred. He thinks nothing can hurt him, and perhaps nothing can. Some people are like that. He can have fun telling you he loves you, and then pick up his hat and run away."

"Run away." She repeated his last words softly. "We all run away. At least we try to. And sometimes we succeed. Why don't you confess you're really shocked because we were dancing in your house and all the gossips will think you were there and getting very frivolous."

"Gossip is serious to a small town, Anne."

"Not for me. I'll pick up my hat and run away. What do you have to tell me here if nobody wants me around? I'm as free as—Dan."

"Not quite. No one in the world is really free anyway. Dan isn't. I am very fond of him. He means more to me than he realizes. I want him to stay with me."

She nodded. "I see. You're afraid I'll drive him away."

"You don't see, Anne. I haven't told you before because I wasn't sure myself. But I am now. I should have known long ago. I—I love

you. I loved you from the moment I saw you. I can't let Dan hurt you. And I can't let you hurt him. I want you both. You both mean everything to me."

As he spoke he had caught both her arms, and his head was bent so he could look deep into her eyes. She was startled at last. She shook her head slowly.

"You—you can't mean it."

"I do mean it, Anne darling. Let me call you that. I've tried to blind myself, but I can't any more. I love you. It lifts a weight off my heart just to be able to say 'I. I'm not trying to cover you up your feet. I have no right to catch you in my arms as I want to. But I must tell you.'"

She drew away gently. "You can't mean it, Russell. What of Laura?"

"Laura doesn't matter. You do, Anne, dearest. I want to ask you to marry me."

"You mustn't."

He put his arms about her. "I love you, I—"

She put her hand over his mouth. "Russell!"

"Let me kiss you. Let me touch your lips."

His mouth pressed against hers and for a moment she was helpless in his arms. Then he released her. His voice was husky with emotion.

"Can't you say anything at all? Don't you even like me?"

She laid a hand on his arm. "Moonlight is dangerous. There is nothing for me to say. Tomorrow—"

"Tomorrow I'll only love you more."

She laughed tightly. "You may be sorry you were foolish. Now I must get in. Mrs. Reynolds may want me."

"And what about me? I want you."

She took his arm. "You can walk home with me. Let's not say any more tonight. It would be too easy to be foolish. Please believe me."

(To Be Continued)

Wisdom Teeth Useless

By LOGAN CLENDENING, M.D.

THE SMALLEST area of the human frame which has created for itself a medical specialty is the third molar tooth—wisdom tooth. Comparatively the specialties of the eye or the ear and throat cover large areas, because

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

both eye and ear specialists have to know a great deal about the brain, and besides the functions with which they deal, seeing and hearing are most intimately associated with human personality and happiness. But the wisdom teeth in spite of the name given them have nothing to do with wisdom or personality or brain function. They rate a specialty simply and alone on account of their all-fired inherent cussedness.

Wisdom teeth are really vestigial structures, but they don't know it. We don't need them, but they insist on climbing aboard and only too often, like extra passengers generally, they make trouble. Oliver Wendell Holmes, I think it was, said that we are each like an omnibus in which all of our ancestors are riding and every once in a while one of them sticks his head out of a window and embarrasses us. So with these vestigial structures—the appendix and possibly the tonsils are other examples, of value only to undertakers and surgeons. They are as out of date as dodo birds and fascists.

A hundred thousand years from now wisdom teeth may be really vestigial, like human tails. As a matter of common sense I am sorry that evolution took the turn it did and made tails completely vestigial structures. I was wrapping and tying a package the other day and a tail would have been very useful—to hold down the knots.

Semi-vestigial Third Molars
The third molars, upper and lower, are semi-vestigial because the jaw of modern man is not big enough for them. Our ancestors, the cave man or pithecanthropus, made good use of them. He had a

large prognathic jaw and he probably cracked open bones with his teeth to get the marrow—so he needed big heavy ones. But in this day and age of the rearing chin they are pure trouble.

They insist on coming in to the picture after all the other teeth are in place and a fellow is all comfortably set for life. At the age of wisdom, as some cynic supposed when he nicknamed them. They don't even begin to calcify in the jaw until the age of eight to ten years, while the first permanent molars are calcified at birth. And they don't try to push up into place until somewhere between the seventeenth and thirtieth year.

Often Impacted
Besides this they often get laid down sideways and when they start to grow they push against the roots of the other teeth and get impacted. They may grow out in any direction. One specimen shown in the rooms of the London dental society blithely came out on the outside just beneath the angle of the jaw.

In performing these gyrations they make all sorts of trouble. People at the age of "wisdom" who have neuralgia in either upper or lower jaws should think of an uncramped third molar as the cause. They may do even worse things. Upon records patients who had insomnia, melancholy and serious nervous disorders. Lyons reported four patients with epilepsy whose seizures entirely cleared up after removal of impacted, unerupted third molars.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS
D. E. A.:—Is it possible for a teen age child to get rid of asthma?
Answer: Yes, when it begins young the child often outgrows asthma, just as children outgrow infantile eczema, both diseases being caused in the same manner.

SCOTT'S SCRAP BOOK

By R J SCOTT

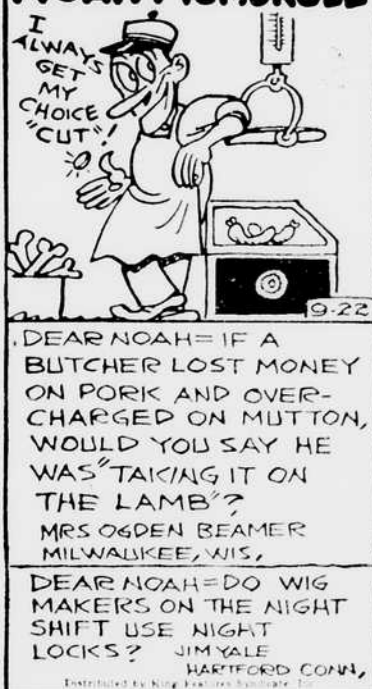


THE OLD HOME TOWN

By STANLEY



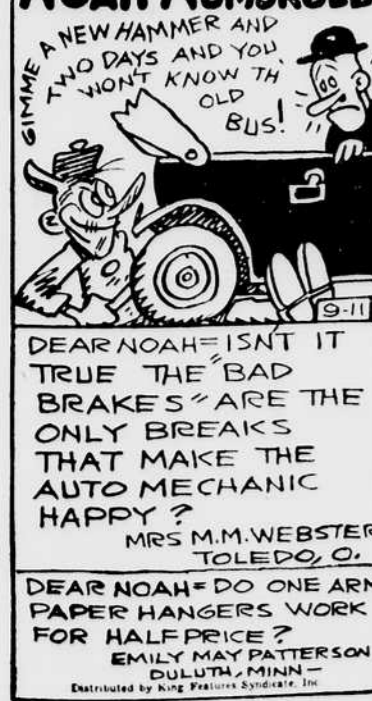
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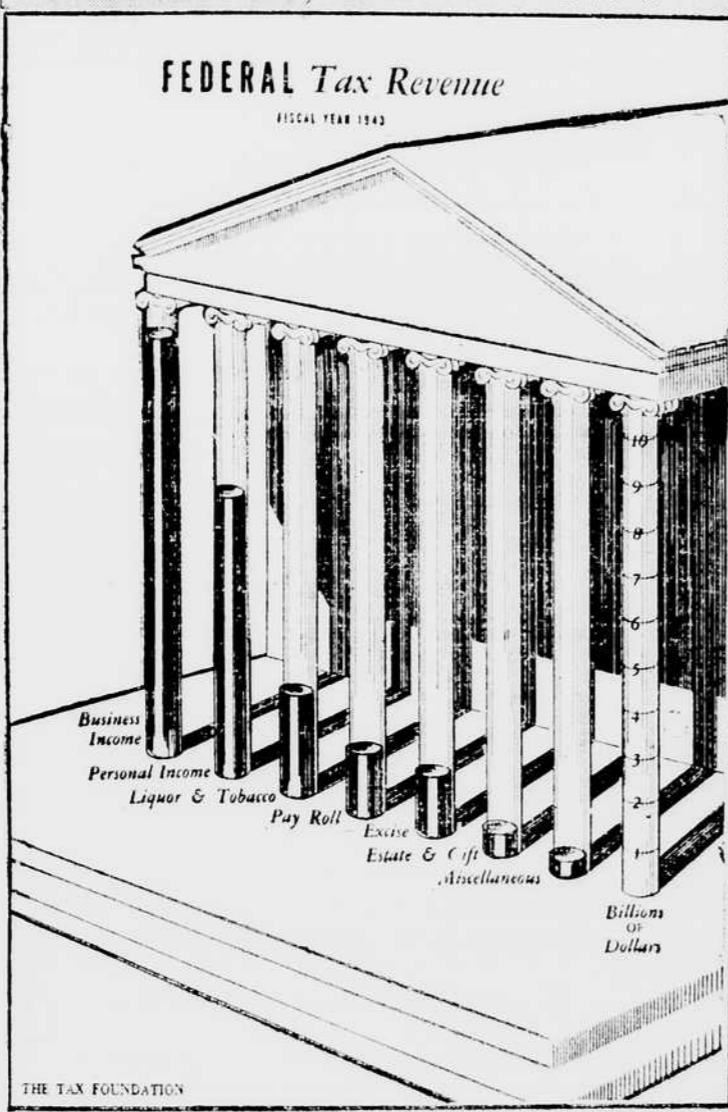
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AMERICA. WHAT NOW?



During 1943, American business not only won the battle on the production front but it also paid into the federal treasury almost half of the taxes collected by the federal government. Total federal tax receipts for the fiscal year ending on June 30, 1943, amounted to a little more than \$22.5 billion, of which almost \$10 billion was collected from business in corporation income and excess profits taxes.

The federal government received \$6.5 billion in personal income taxes from individuals, not including payroll taxes deducted for social security, which amounted to an additional \$1.5 billion. The combined revenue from liquor, tobacco, excise, estate and gift taxes, as well as from miscellaneous taxes, totaled approximately \$4.5 billion.

High income taxes on business and individuals may be excusable when national income is at peak levels but they would act as a brake on the economy in the postwar era, preventing the maintenance of high employment.

NELSON MEETS STILWELL IN CHINA



ON LEAVE from his post as WPB chairman, Donald M. Nelson is shown talking with Gen. Joseph C. Stilwell, head of the American forces in a China-Burma-India theatre, at the latter's headquarters. Nelson is on a special mission to China. U. S. Signal Corps Radiophoto. (International)

Let's all BACK THE ATTACK!

THIMBLE THEATRE—Starring Popeye



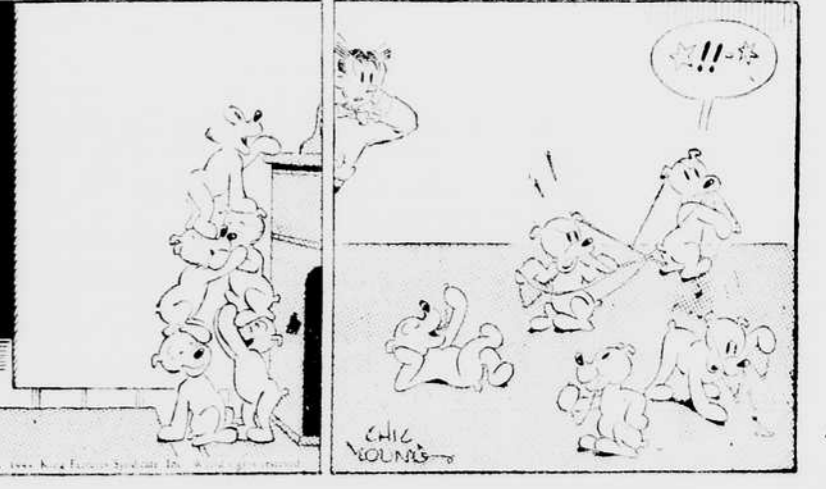
BLONDIE—(Registered U. S. Patent Office)



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