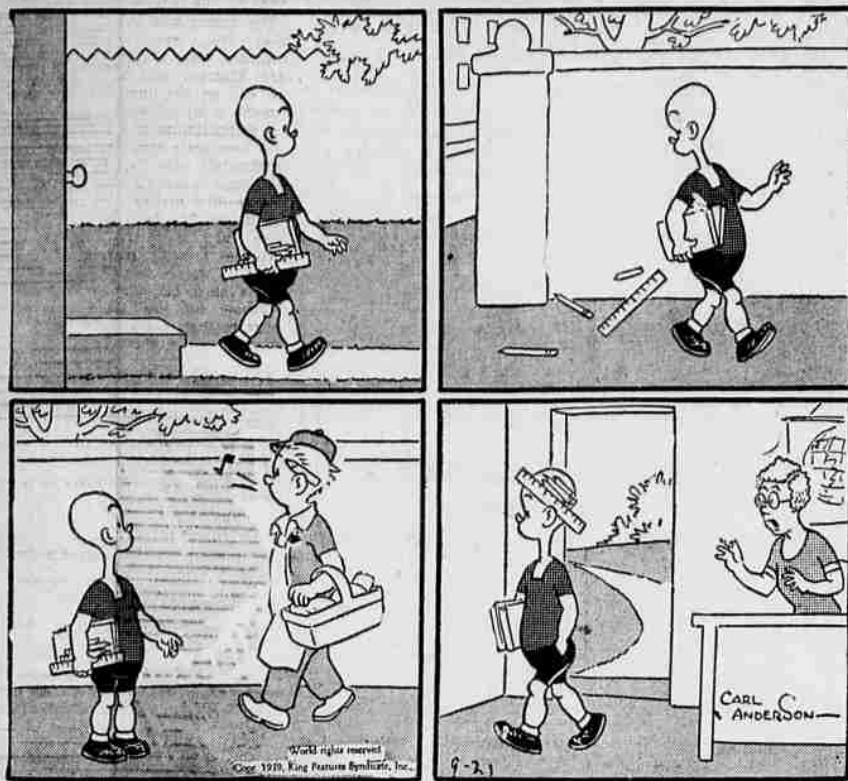


Henry By Carl Anderson

Meet Mr. Lochinvar
By Marie Blizard

Yesterday, Philip asks Cecily if she has ever considered him as a suitor, and attempts to embrace her. Cecily is very much displeased. Now it is his turn to be locked out.

Chapter 19

"You might," he answered blandly. "If you continue to grow any prettier, I'm going to find it hard to remember that you really aren't my little fiancée. As a matter of fact, I'm not a bad fellow. Had you thought about it?"

"I'm afraid that anything I might think about you would be colored by my first opinion," she said and pushed back her chair determinedly. It was a heavy chair and didn't move easily. Cecily lost her balance as she rose. Philip had got up at the same moment and Cecily found herself caught in his arms. She struggled backward, her arms pinioned in his grasp, and turned her head to avoid him. A wave of dislike engulfed her.

Then suddenly she felt his arms loosen, heard him laugh softly, apologetically.

She turned her head when she was free and found Philip looking toward the door where she caught a quick glance of Olivia's disappearing train.

"Fool!" she said. He laughed again. "Don't be embarrassed, Cecily. It was only your aunt and she must expect that I make love to you sometime."

Cecily, her flaming head held high, had stormed out of the room. She didn't want to go up to her own room. She went out the back way and perched herself on a high bench overlooking the vegetable garden.

After a little while her sense of humor got the better of her. She thought: This is where I belong.

When she returned to the house, the others were playing bridge. Gloria and Allene Bixby, who had come back to Maine a few days before, were playing with Olivia and Helena Fernandez. Manuel was deep in a newspaper. Philip was not to be seen.

Philip was waiting for Cecily at the turn of the stairs.

He had a subdued expression on his face. He rose at once and held out his hand. "If I say I'm sorry—and I am sincerely—will you forgive me, Cecily? You're so very pretty. I lost my head. Men do, you know. I promise you it won't happen again."

Cecily couldn't avoid his hand. "It's all right," she said. "Good night."

Pretty. Appealing. Soft. Warm. The words rang over and over again as she pulled off her clothes, stacking them neatly on the chair beside her bed.

She tried to put them out of her head as she got into her pajamas and wrapped herself in her woolly robe. She sat down before her dressing table and dipped her fingers into the cold cream jar. Then, in the light of her small kerosene lamp, she looked at herself in the mirror.

Her hair was tousled, framing her face softly. The pink of her robe warmed the color in her face. The lamp on a lower level pointed up the long lashes above her eyes, lent them sparkle.

"Cecily Stuart, you're conceited!" she said to the girl in the mirror. "You're a crazy little fool for thinking you're pretty. You've got freckles, and who ever heard of a freckled face being pretty?"

Her question led to another: Did she look as pretty as this to Locke? Cecily turned down the lamp in her bedroom and went to the window, dropping to her knees and staring out into the night. The same night that enclosed him in his little shack a few miles away.

There was a very small bird on a branch that swept by her window. "You ought to be home in your little straw bed," she scolded. "But I'm glad you're not. I feel like talking to someone."

The bird said, "Cheer!" Cecily laughed. "I don't know whether you're saying, 'Cheer up' or 'cheer' but we could discuss it. In the first place, I don't need cheering up because I'm not happy that my heart is aching—and isn't that being happy?"

Was she happy? She tried to sound her emotions. Could a girl be happy when the man who had become the center of her universe was cloaked in mystery. Why wouldn't he tell her his name? Why did he grow suddenly remote in those moments when she felt that they were closest?

As she had done so many times before, she brought out all the memories of the times that they had been together. Two weeks before there had been the unforgettable day of their picnic. Then there had been the night of the church fair when she had come out with Laura and heard his whistle and he had walked back to Laura's cottage with them. He had said he was taking her home and they had taken the long way.

There was the day of the circus 12 miles away when he had hired a rattletrap car from the garage and over-ridden her objections about leaving the shop. What fun they had had, eating hot-dogs and drinking poisonous pop like two kids. He had bought her a pin-wheel which even now was tenderly put away in a drawer in her trunk. They had held hands while the trapeze artists dangled overhead and Cecily had felt that paradise must be like a circus tent.

The day that he brought her Mary Poppins and said that Mary had nothing on him; he could slide up banisters and promised to show her one day.

"He talks about the future. He's going to take me to the Battery to see the veils of fog at dusk. We're going to sit in the stadium with the stars and hear Tschakovsky. He's going to take me to Little Italy, to see the Fete of St. Gennaro. He's going to slide up a banister but . . ."

But . . .

But, in the meantime, he talked about the past, about the future, yet he was as elusive as a moonbeam. There was an incompleteness about their relationship, about his very self that nagged at her happiness. There was an air of unreality about the whole thing, as though Locke were a character she had read about who had stepped out of the pages of a book and returned to them and she had forgotten the title of it.

Or rather, as though she had never known the title.

He had a way of turning off her questions as though she had never asked them, a way that was done so gracefully that she was not aware of it until the question came to her again. She hadn't meant to ask him questions of his own. He knew about her childhood, her schooling, the things she liked and the things she didn't like, her code and her acceptances. She had told him things she had never told anyone.

"He's maddening," she confided to the small bird who lingered on for some reason of his own. "Cheer!" the bird retorted unmistakably.

"Oh, yes, cheer! But I'm not, my fine feathered friend, I protest! You mustn't get the idea I'm throwing myself at him. Indeed, I am cool as can be when I see him. He doesn't dream that every time that little bell tinkles over the door, my heart does cartwheels all over my insides. He doesn't know that I walk along the street with eyes in the back of my head. No, indeed!"

"He doesn't even know that I don't live except when I'm at the shop. This—she spread her arms to include the house—"is merely an interlude that must be endured every night. But he doesn't know. And I shall never tell him and if he doesn't speak . . . but he will! He will!"

Later, lying open-eyed in her bed, Cecily wondered if she had dreamed all the things she wanted to believe. Was it only because Locke had filled the dull world with glamour that she had imagined he was drawn to her? Had those happy silences between them been merely silences? Not something dear and precious that you accepted because you both felt them?

It was already September. There were only a few weeks longer for her to be in Vicksburg. Only a few weeks longer to make something real and lasting of her enchantment. What then?

She had made vague plans to open a shop in New York on her return. At another time, she would have been thrilled, filled with her plans. Now, she couldn't bear to think of them. She couldn't see herself anywhere but where she was. New York was as remote as Tibet—and as foreign, because there would be no Locke there.

He had talked about New York but she had never been able to make him say that he would be there, or that he would see her there. Oh, he was a very unattractive person. Why couldn't she have fallen in love with a solid sort of person?

Why couldn't she have fallen in love with someone—say, like Philip Callen? There wasn't really anything wrong with Philip. Everybody liked him except herself.

Maybe I'm fated to be one of those women who always make mistakes, she thought cheerfully. I guess I'm not cut out to be the femme fatale type, and all the rest of us, according to current literature, have to make mistakes.

(Continued Tomorrow)

Mildred Wray Given Party for Birthday

Falls City—Darlene was hostess for a winner and marshmallow roast honoring Mildred Wray's birthday anniversary, Sunday evening. The time was spent in singing and playing games.

Guests present were Darlene Baydo, Jimmie Cheezak, Dorothy Foster, Frank Jones, Leroy Teal, Harvey and James Marr, Doyle Lorrimer, Don and Bill Ferguson, Edwin York, Norman Davis, Mildred Wray, Hal Thompson, Shirley Mack, Bob Howell, Chuck Harvey, Mary and Hazel Ames, Walt Ridicor, Ronnie Taylor, Vera Pierce, Gertrude Fletcher and George Bowman.

Guests Davenport Home Silverton—Mr. and Mrs. D. C. Davenport of Lebanon, and the family of their daughter, Mr. and Mrs. G. S. Yocom and Louella, are spending two weeks at the Roy Davenport home. Mrs. Davenport is under medical treatment here and is showing great improvement from a recent illness.

Radio Programs

Friday P.M.
KSLM-1300 Kilocycles
8:30—Feminine Fancies.
9:30—Streamlined Swins.
9:45—Pulton Lewis, Jr.
10:00—Welcome Neighbor.
10:30—Haven of Rest.
10:45—Johnny Davis' Orchestra.
11:15—Shafter Parker.
11:30—Dinner Hour Melodies.
11:45—Tonight's Headlines.
12:15—News Behind the News.
12:30—Lone Ranger.
8:00—News.
8:15—Variety MBS Dance Bands.
8:30—News of the Air.
8:45—World Series.
9:15—Pulton Lewis, Jr.
9:30—MBS Dance Bands.
11:45—Midnight Serenade.

Saturday A.M.
KSLM-1300 Kilocycles
8:30—Milkman's Serenade.
7:30—News.
8:00—Variety MBS Programs.
8:45—News.
9:00—Pastor's Call.
10:15—Variety MBS Programs.
10:30—Morning Magazine.
10:45—Variety MBS Programs.
11:30—Value Parade.
12:15—News.
12:30—Hilthly Serenade.
12:45—Williams University Opinions.
1:00—Musical Salute.
1:05—Texas Jim Lewis.
1:15—Interesting Facts.
1:30—Hollywood Buckaroo.
2:00—Paul Decker's Orchestra.

Friday P.M.

KGW-630 Kilocycles
8:00—Orchestra, NBC.
8:15—Jesse Crawford at Novachord, NBC.
8:30—Oregonian News.
8:45—Ansel and Hunter, NBC.
9:00—Miss Trench's Children, NBC.
9:15—Stars of Today.
9:30—Waltz Time, NBC.
9:45—Cocktail Hour.
10:00—Musical Interlude.
10:15—In the Good Old Days, NBC.
10:30—Guy Lombardo Orchestra, NBC.
10:45—America Unlimited, NBC.
11:00—Orchestra, NBC.
11:15—Fred Warne's Pennsylvania, NBC.
11:30—International Casino Orchestra, NBC.
11:45—Paradise Orchestra, NBC.
12:00—Good Morning Tonight, NBC.
12:15—Death Valley Days, NBC.
12:30—I Want a Job.
12:45—Orchestra, NBC.
1:00—News Flash, NBC.
1:15—Glenn Shelley, Organist.
1:30—Orchestra, NBC.
1:45—Oregonian News.
2:00—Orchestra.

Saturday A.M.
KGW-630 Kilocycles
6:30—Sunrise Serenade.
7:00—Oregonian News.
7:15—Trail Blazer.
7:30—On the Mail.
7:45—Ken Martin Orchestra, NBC.
8:00—Call to Youth, NBC.
8:15—Armchair Quartet, NBC.
8:30—Arlington Time Signal, NBC.
8:45—Jean Runklin, Singer, NBC.
9:00—Calling All Stamp Collectors, NBC.
9:15—Words and Music, NBC.
9:30—Orchestra, NBC.
9:45—Golden Memories, NBC.
10:00—Stars of Tomorrow.
10:15—Tryon's Band, NBC.
10:30—Paul Laval Orchestra, NBC.
10:45—Cameos of Melody, NBC.
11:00—Three Cheers, NBC.
11:15—From Hollywood Today, NBC.
11:30—Associated Press News, NBC.
11:45—Art of Living, NBC.
12:00—Norsemen Quartet, NBC.

Friday P.M.
KSLM-1300 Kilocycles
8:00—Orchestra, NBC.
8:15—Bachophony.
8:30—Orchestra, NBC.
8:45—NBC Jammer, NBC.
9:00—Don't Forget, NBC.
9:15—Plantation Party, NBC.
9:30—Harry Harlick Orchestra, NBC.

Saturday A.M.

KSLM-1300 Kilocycles
6:30—Musical Clock.
7:00—Charlotte, NBC.
7:15—Sports School, NBC.
7:30—Our Barn, NBC.
7:45—National Farm & Home, NBC.
8:00—Patty Jean.
8:15—Little Variety Show, NBC.
8:30—Oregonian Home Institute.
8:45—Orchestra, NBC.
9:00—Oregonian News.
9:15—Musical Chats.
9:30—Rhythmic Moods, NBC.
9:45—Club Melrose, NBC.
10:00—Oregonian News.
10:15—Club Melrose, NBC.
10:30—Club Melrose, NBC.
10:45—Market Report.
1:05—NBC.

Friday P.M.
KSLM-1300 Kilocycles
8:00—Dinner Concert.
8:15—United Press News.
8:30—Farm Hour. 8:45—Market and Crop Reports: Weather Forecast.
9:00—Music.
9:15—The Business Hour.
9:30—Music of the Masters.
Saturday A.M.
KSLM-1300 Kilocycles
6:00—Today's Programs.
6:30—Homemakers' Hour.
7:00—Weather Forecast.
7:15—Music.
7:30—The Monitor Views the News.
7:45—Music.
8:00—Variety.
8:15—Music of the Masters.
8:30—United Press News.
8:45—Farm Hour. 12:30—Market and Crop Reports: Weather Forecast.

Room and Board By Gene Ahern



By Harold Gray

The Witness Cracks



Reg'lar Fellers

By Gene Byrnes

Says the Artist



The Gumps

By Gus Edson

Something To Look Forward To



Tailspin Tommy

By Hal Forrest

You'll Soon Find Out, Tommy!



Mutt and Jeff

By Bud Fisher

Artistic Chest Expansion!

