# 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 if it had been Locke . .*

Chapter 19

**The Future?**

CECILY turned down the lamps 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, *"Cheerp!"*

Cecily laughed. "I don't know whether you're saying, 'Cheer up' or 'cheep' but we could discuss it. In the first place, I don't need cheering up because I'm so happy that my heart is singing—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 twelve 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 artistes 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 Tschaikowsky. He's going to take me to Little Italy, to see the Fête 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 haggled 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's Maddening'**

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, yet she could not control her impulses.

He had an Irish way of answering her questions by using questions of his own. He knew all about her. 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.

"*Cheep!*" the bird retorted unmistakably.

"Oh, yes, cheap! 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 Vickersport. 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 unsatisfactory 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.

She was almost asleep when she thought of that. Then a new thought woke her up. Why hadn't she thought of it before!

Locke hadn't kissed her. Three times he had acted as though he wanted to, and then, deliberately, he had turned away.

Evidently, he hadn't because he would have thought his kiss was serious, and if it was . . .

Cecily meant to find out.

**Donald**

SILAS POWERS kicked open the back door of the book-shop with a capable foot and came in with his arms filled with stout logs.

"You'll be needin' plenty of 'em, Miss Stuart. Gits right cool all of a sudden in Se'tember up here."

"That's right, Silas. But I don't mind. Hearth fires in a book-shop are good for the book business. There's something about a fire that inspires reading, you know."

"Dunno," he said, brushing up the chips into Cecily's neat hearth before he left.

"Business has been awfully good, hasn't it?" Laura said from the depths of a chair where she was bent over a column of figures.

Cecily waited until Silas had gone. Then she said, "It's been wonderful, Laura. The whole summer has been wonderful. I never dreamed when I came up here that it was going to mean so much to me. I've gained friends; I have you and . . . and this form of achievement. Plans for the winter have worked out of it and I ought to be happy."

Laura dropped her pencil. "Aren't you?" she inquired anxiously.

Cecily laughed quickly. "Of course, I am. I don't know what I was thinking of to say that."

Laura's quiet waiting embarrassed her. She picked up her pen and took a stack of cards out of the file. The cards were left unnoticed while she gazed pensively out of the window. Her gaze carried over the field at the back and settled on a clump of trees. Beyond there lay the North road and at the end of the North road, a cottage she had never visited.

"It would be cold and dismal here in the winter," she said absently.

"Oh, no!" the older girl protested at once.

Cecily half turned in her chair and saw that now it was Laura who was embarrassed. There was a flush on Laura's bent face.

"It will be lovely here," Laura went on, "when the ground is covered with clean, white snow and you're enclosed in sturdy walls. Cecily, think of the crunch of crisp snow underfoot, the exhilarating tang of salt on the cold air, the crackle of logs in a big hearth, light spilling a yellow welcome out of windows. There would be long, quiet evenings . . ."

"You're getting positively poetic, Laura," Cecily answered from a great distance. She was thinking: Life enclosed by sturdy walls can be beautiful. But I can't ever think of them because I have nothing. My walls belong to someone else.

The thought brought her back to Laura.

She turned full around.

"What does it all mean, Laura? Aren't you going back to Boston?"

Laura took a long breath. "I don't know, yet," she said in a small voice. "It's that . . . well . . . I oughtn't to speak yet but . . ."

Cecily crossed the room and sat on the arm of Laura's chair. "Is it Donald?"

Laura folded her hands in her lap. "Yes," she said.

**Continued tomorrow.**

# On the Radio Chains

**STATIONS**

**Where to Find Them on the Dial: KEX, Portland, 1180; KFI, 640, Los Angeles; KGA, 1470, Spokane. KGO, 790, San Francisco; KGW 620, Portland; KJR, 970, Seattle; KNX, 1050, Los Angeles; KOA, 830, Denver; KOIN, 940, Portland. KOMO, 920, Seattle; KPO, 680, San Francisco; KSL, 1180, Salt Lake.**

**Wednesday**

5:00—Star Theater, KSL, KOIN, KNX; Horse and Buggy Days, KGO, KEX, KJR; Waring's Orch., KPO, KFI, KGW.

5:30—American Chemical Society, KGO, KJR; Organist, KPO, KFI.

6:00—Concert Orch., KNX, KSL, KOIN; Kyser's Prgm., KPO, KGW, KFI; Union Concert, KGO, KEX.

6:30—American Viewpoints, KNX, KOIN.

7:00—Fred Waring's Orch., KPO, KGW, KFI; Frank and Archie, KGO, KEX; Amos and Andy, KNX, KOIN, KSL.

7:15—Waring's Orch., KFI; Lum and Abner, KSL, KNX, KOIN; Stanford Univ. Prgm., KGO; Organist, KEX.

7:30—Paul Whiteman's Orch., KNX, KSL, KOIN; Heidt's Orch., KGO, KEX; Dorsey's Orch., KPO, KFI, KGW.

8:00—News, KGO; Honolulu Bound, KNX, KSL, KOIN; What's My Name, KPO, KFI, KGW; News, KSL.

8:30—Jessel's Program, KPO, KFI, KGW; News and Sports, KNX, KOIN; Composers, KGO.

9:00—Harvey's Orch., KFI, KGW; The Almanac, KPO; Dance Orch., KSL.

9:30—Dance Orch., KPO, KGW, KFI; Dance Orch., KSL; Waller's Orch., KOMO.

10:00—Songs, KSL; Tucker's Orch., KGO; News Reporter, KPO, KFI; News, KOIN.

10:30—Grier's Orch., KFI, KEX; Milne's Orch., KPO, KGW; Martin's Orch., KNX, KOIN, KSL.

11:00—Osborne's Orch., KSL, KOIN; Nottingham's Orch., KPO, KFI; Organist, KEX; News, KGO, KNX, KGW.

**Thursday**

5:00—Major Bowes, KNX, KOIN, KSL; Good News of 1940, KPO, KFI, KGW; Symphony Orch., KGO, KEX.

6:00—Drama, KGO, KEX; Workshop Festival, KOIN, KSL, KNX; Music Hall, KPO, KFI, KGW.

6:30—Concert Orch., KEX; American Viewpoints, KOIN; News, KJR.

7:00—Fred Waring, KPO, KGW, KFI; Frank and Archie, KGO, KEX; Amos and Andy, KNX, KSL, KOIN.

7:15—Question Box, KGO; Jesters Orch., KGW; The Parker Family, KNX; KSL, KOIN; Safety First, KPO; Doe's Music, KEX, KJR.

7:30—Joe E. Brown, KNX, KSL, KOIN; Dorsey's Orch., KEX, KJR; Savitt's Orch., KPO, KGW, KFI.

8:00—Dance Orch., KPO, KGW; Concert Hall, KGO; Ask-It-Basket, KNX, KSL, KOIN; Now and Then, KEX.

8:15—Now and Then, KGO; Standard Symphony Hour, KPO, KGW, KFI; News, KEX.

8:30—Strange As It Seems, KNX, KOIN, KSL; Barnet's Orch., KGO.

9:30—Dance Orch., KPO, KFI; Pelton's Orch., KSL; Sports, KOIN.

10:00—News Reporter, KPO, KGW, KFI; Kent's Orch., KSL; News, KOIN.

10:15—Gentlemen Preferred, KPO, KFI; Classics for Today, KEX; Nightcap Yarns, KSL, KOIN.

10:30—Grier's Orch., KPO, KGW, KFI; Nottingham's Orch., KEX; Martin's Orch., KNX, KSL.

11:00—Olsen's Orch., KPO, KFI; Osborne's Orch., KOIN, KSL; News, KGO, KEX, KNX, KGW.

# SAVANT PROMISES SEEDLESS FRUITS

BOSTON, Sept. 13.—(AP)—Seedless tomatoes, which could be eaten by persons now allergic to tomatoes, and seedless watermelons, whose utility is obvious to anyone who has flicked the seeds from a slice, may well be on the fruit stands of the future, a University of Michigan scientist said today.

To a session of the American Chemical society's 98th meeting, Dr. Felix G. Gustafson disclosed recent research in developing seedless fruits through use of manufactured plant growth hormones.

Seedless peppers, summer squash, eggplant fruits, cucumbers and tobacco already have been produced experimentally by treating plants with chemicals resembling nature's growth hormone. But so far the method has been too expensive for commercial application.

Tomatoes of the seedless variety would be desirable, Gustafson said, because seeds now affect certain people physiologically.

Use Mail Tribune want ads.

# NEWS LACK CUTS WAR BROADCASTS

LONDON, Sept. 13. —(AP)— United States broadcasting companies have curtailed their transatlantic broadcasts from London of European war developments during the past week. Apparently this is partly due to the small amount of news officially released for publication.

Fewer commentators are heard on the international broadcasts.

The script for news or comment must be submitted to a censor at the British Broadcasting company—usually a member of the BBC staff assigned as censor. He heards and returns it to the speaker with any suggested changes, then listens to the broadcast.

The radio censors look mainly for military information which might be useful to the enemy.

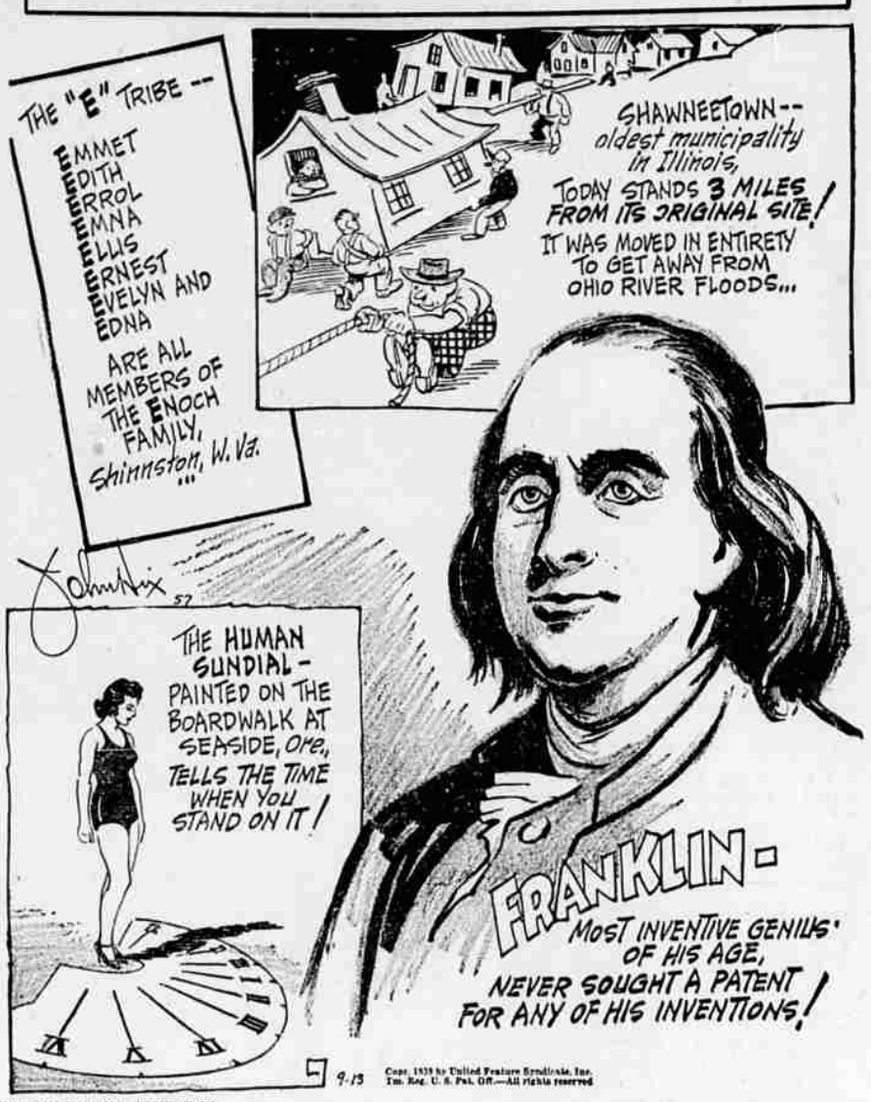
## WALKING LESSON

By GLUYAS WILLIAMS

(Released by The Bell Syndicate, Inc.)

## STRANGE AS IT SEEMS—By JOHN HIX

**For further proof address the author, inclosing a stamped envelope for reply. Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.**




**FRANKLIN THE INVENTOR**

Financial gain was no object to Benjamin Franklin, one of early America's most fertile inventors, who never asked a patent for any of his inventions.

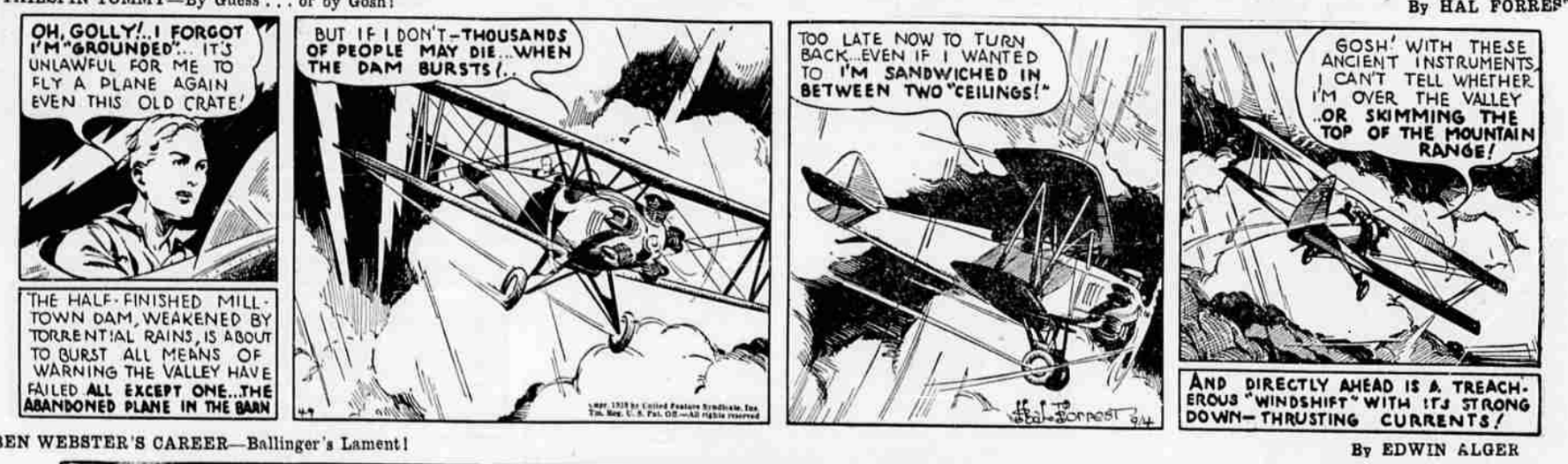
Among Franklin's contributions to science are: a method for retaining heat from a fireplace in a room; identification of lightning and invention of the lightning rod; bi-focal glasses; a musical instrument; a smoke-consuming stove and an electric stove; improvements in a street lamp, in meteorology, in hygiene, in oceanography; and a method of cooling by evaporation.

In his autobiography Franklin wrote: "I concluded to let my papers shift for themselves, believing it was better to spend what time I could spare from public business in making new experiments than in disputing about those already made."

Tomorrow: The Light That Failed!

TAILSPIN TOMMY—By Guess . . . or by Gosh!

By HAL FORREST




BEN WEBSTER'S CAREER—Ballinger's Lament!

By EDWIN ALGER

THE NEBBS—Old Heck

By SOL HESS

# SPEED UP RECRUITING TO ADD 115,000 MEN BY END OF NEXT JUNE

WASHINGTON, Sept. 13.—(AP)—The army ordered recruiting speeded today for the air corps and other branches, in response to President Roosevelt's limited emergency increases for the army, navy and marine corps.

More than 12,000 recruits will be sought by the end of October for the air corps alone, more than doubling the original enlistment schedules for the air force.

The accelerating was ordered before details were complete for enlisting the 17,000 net increase in army strength which Mr. Roosevelt decreed last Monday.

Already engaged in its most intensive drive for recruits in peacetime history, the war department had sought to sign up nearly 115,000 men as additions and replacements by next June 30, to reach a goal of 210,000 men, including the Philippine scouts.

One effect of the chief executive's order for a new objective of 227,000 army men will be to move the drive forward by several months, it was said. Including those for the air corps, possibly 50,000 recruits may be sought by the end of the year.

## LATIN-AMERICAN TRADE SEEN HEADING FOR U. S.

PORTLAND, Sept. 13.—(AP)—Latin-American orders to Germany probably will be diverted to the United States as result of the European war, H. E. Waterbury, district manager of the bureau of foreign and domestic commerce, declared last night.

He inferred hops and potatoes might find greatly enlarged Latin-American markets. Seven Latin-American countries bought $2,000,000 worth of hops from Germany last year. He said Venezuela already had made inquiries concerning Oregon hops.