

Meet Mr. Lochinvar

By Marie Blizard

YESTERDAY: Locke kisses Cecily. She almost asks, "Do you love me?" but is glad she hasn't when he leaves the shop abruptly. The houseparty guests are having a picnic on the beach.

Chapter 21

'Strictly A Phoney'

"CECILY was invited, Tony, but she couldn't come, she said. Cecily certainly embraced her career all-embracingly, so to speak. She simply lives at that little old book-shop. Not that she has to. She has that widow to help her out, but you can't pry her away. Mother is too embarrassed about it!"

"Your mother ought to be proud of her," Tony said dryly. "I like Cecily. She's a very real person. She's got something back of her eyes. Brains! Bring her around when we get back to New York, will you, Gloria? I'd like to know more of her."

"Oooh! The coffee! It's boiled over!" Allene moaned.

"It has to boil over to be any good don't you worry about it," someone said.

"Guess everything's ready!" Gloria announced, and the girls fell on their food hungrily, conversation momentarily over. Conversation couldn't compete with lobster salad in boxes, fried chicken wrapped in oiled paper and thin bread-and-bacon sandwiches.

"She's pretty, too," Tony said for no apparent reason.

"Who?"

"Your cousin. Sometimes I think she's quite plain. Then I surprise an expression in her eyes, as though she were dreaming; and she's quite winsome."

"That's because she's in love," Allene contributed.

"In love with whom?"

"Darling!" Four voices protested.

Gloria said, "Didn't you know that Cecily is engaged to Mother's prize package, Philip Callen?"

Tony's eyes opened very wide.

"No!" she said expressively.

"He's sweet," Tony said. "Allene said, 'Allene and I both have a crush on him but Allene's one up. She had luncheon with him in New York.'"

"He's strictly a phoney," Tony said in very quiet.

"What do you mean?" "Do you know him?" "Have you ever met him before?"

"Never saw him before in my life but I know a phoney when I see one. Not that I have anything against him. He has a beautiful manner and that's just the point! It always seems so deliberately correct, as though he were trying to impress people. And you say Cecily is engaged to him? Somehow it seems awfully strange to me. He doesn't seem quite her type, I'd say."

"Well, he seems to be, Tony. He told Mother that he and Cecily were secretly planning to get married in the early winter. He didn't really mean to tell her but it sort of slipped out and then he made Mother promise not to tell anyone. He says Cecily is very shy."

"She must be," Lucinda said, sighing. "If I were engaged to any man as attractive as Philip, I'd want everyone in the world to know it, but you'd never guess they were from the way Cecily acts."

"Philip is terribly in love with her. He tells Mother all about it. He's so devoted to Mother!"

"Why?" Tony asked sharply.

All Very Gals

BEFORE Gloria had a chance to answer, Allene said smoothly, "It's a darn shame we have to go back home tomorrow, just when the one exciting thing of the season is coming off! I've always wanted to go to one of these frightfully formal eight-course dinner-parties out of a New England saga. Isobel Kettering would choose this time to stage her gymkhana, wouldn't she?"

"Oh, Lord, do they have those formal up here in the summer? I thought this was the simple life!" Tony was speaking.

"There's nothing more formal in Boston in the midst of the season than Mrs. Brewster's dinner tomorrow for Lord and Lady Rathbone will be," Gloria exclaimed.

"We'll all go decked out in our best bib and tucker, eat grand food, listen to a violinist or perhaps someone playing the harp, and rise—as in a body—at ten o'clock and leave. What really is fun though, Tony, is the concert. That's the night in September and it really is something!"

"Am I to be asked back, Gloria? I do so want to be here."

"If there's room, Lucinda, but that is really Mother's week-end. Our house is practically turned into a summer Metropolitan. There'll be about five stars here with their accompanists, their maids and secretaries, and loads of other guests. It's all very gala and Old-Worldish, after the concert at the town hall—and do the towns about turn out for it!—there's a big supper-party at Doreale. The night will be filled with music, and champagne, and star cap-spires, dusty laces and priceless

emeralds. It's an annual custom—really a show put on for charity. They make loads of money for the local charities and have a grand time doing it."

"Well, I'd love coming back for the concert, but I, for one, do not mind missing Mrs. Brewster's dinner-party," Lucinda said. "It's not too late for you to back out, Tony."

"I'm staying," Tony said. "It'll be interesting to go to a dinner-party where the guests arrive on time, are fed without cocktails and feel that some effort at intelligent conversation is necessary. Just as long as I'm not placed next to Cecily's beau, I might take to asking him personal questions. Does that best bib and tucker go for me?"

"But definitely," Gloria answered, forgetting her recent annoyance with Tony. "If you've something formal, wear it. I'm going in blue-satin."

White faille with a halter back. Took down her yellow crepe. She thought: If I wear a cluster of marigolds pinned at the belt and a narrow brown velvet ribbon tied in a bow at my throat, I ought to look formal enough for Mrs. Brewster's dinner-party tomorrow. Oh my, what a narrow social life I used to lead. I'll bet Gloria and Tony and the others own at least fifty evening dresses.

She slipped on the yellow gown. It was a clingy dress, cut adroitly in straight, slim folds that outlined her figure. Its simplicity was dramatic; there was no touch of contrast or detail in the long, tight-fitting sleeves, at the edge of the square décolletage. A carelessly knotted sash of self-material outlined the contour of her boyish hips, lengthened the svelte line from her small hips down cleanly to her toes. It fell in folds about her feet.

New Softness

SHE studied herself for a few minutes. She wondered what had changed her from the boyish girl she had been a few months before. Did she imagine there was a new softness about herself? Was it only because she had become conscious of her appearance? What had become of the girl who liked to putter around in denim pants held up by a piece of string.

That girl, was gone. In her place there was a woman.

The woman sank down on the side of the bed, dropping her face into her hands, her lower lip caught under the upper one. A penance, thoughtful pose. Her eyes moved slowly, not seeing the objects on which they rested. She was reliving the scenes that were now memories.

Locke had kissed her. But had he kissed her because she intended he should? She couldn't remember what she had been thinking of. She had sent Laura away on a false errand because she wanted to be alone with him. Yet, it seemed to her now that when he kissed her she had been thinking of something else. She vaguely remembered being sorry for him. There had been something so pathetic, something that played on her heart-strings, something that had to do with food. Why must she always think that he was hungry? Perhaps it was because he had a lean look.

He had kissed her. Then he had said he was sorry.

"I'm glad I wanted you to, Locke."

It was right that she should have said it. She couldn't have kept herself from saying it. The words had bubbled out of her heart. She had felt proud saying it, proud to have him know. She had felt exalted by her very feeling for him, as though she had become worthy because her heart was a vessel that contained something so worthy. Her thoughts tried to find coherency to put them into words; she couldn't.

"You shouldn't have," he had said. She shouldn't have wanted him to kiss her. He had been gentle, infinitely gentle when he put her from him. His eyes had been dark and grave and his face wooden. He had tried not to let her read his thoughts.

"But, he wanted to kiss me," she murmured into her cupped hands. "I knew that. I could feel his heart thumping next to mine. And he held his cheek close to mine for a moment. That was a gesture of tenderness, and tenderness is . . . is part of the heart. You only feel tenderness for someone."

She got up suddenly, sighing, and began to pull the yellow dress over her head.

"I ought to have lived in the Eighties when ladies had nothing to do but think about their loves. Mighty fine days they must have been, too, when they didn't know anything about the intricacies of human emotions and the only thing they had to worry about was whether Handsome Harry had a wife in his past that he was hiding."

With the dress pulled midway over her head, Cecily came to a full stop. Then, frantically, she ripped it off, flung it on the chair and shook her head violently.

He can't be! That can't be it! He can't be!

Continued tomorrow.

On the Radio Chains

STATIONS

Where to Find Them on the Dial:
KEX, Portland, 1180; KFL, 140, Los Angeles; KGA, 1470, Spokane; KGO, 790, San Francisco; KGW, 630, Portland; KJH, 910, Seattle; KNN, 1030, Los Angeles; KOA, 830, Denver; KOIN, 940, Portland; KOMO, 920, Seattle; KPO, 630, San Francisco; KSL, 1180, Salt Lake.

Friday:
5:00—Plantation Party, KGO, KEX, KJR, Wals Time, KPO, KFI, KGW, Prof. Quiz, KNN, KSL, KOIN.
5:30—Horlick's Orch., KJR: Quiz Prgm. KPO: In the Good Old Days, KGO: First Nighter, KNN, KSL, KOIN.

6:00—Drama, KNN, KOIN, KSL, Lombardo's Orch., KPO, KFI, KGW, Boxing Bout, KGO, KEX.
6:30—America Unlimited, KPO, KFI, KGW: Boxing Bout, KGO, KEX; Believe It or Not, KNN, KSL, KOIN; News, KJR.

7:00—Fred Waring, KPO, KGW, KFI; Amos and Andy, KNN, KOIN, KSL; Frank and Archie, KGO, KEX.
7:15—Teagarden's Orch., KFI, KGW; Lum and Abner, KNN, KOIN, KSL; Whimsical Swing, KGO, KEX; Who's in Town Tonight, KPO.

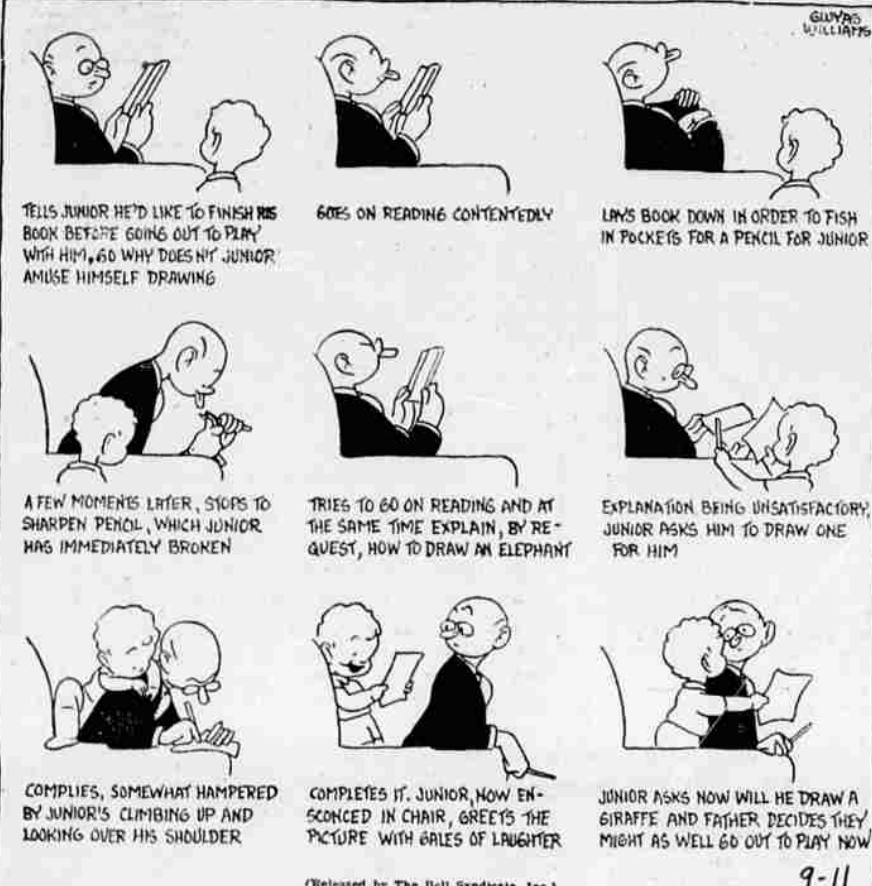
7:30—Dorsey's Orch., KGO, KEX; Johnny Preeness, KNN, KSL; Deutch's Orch., KPO, KFI, KGW.

8:00—Hawkins' Orch., KEX: Good Morning Tonight, KPO, KGW, KFI; Dance Hour, KGO: I Want a Divorce, KNN, KOIN, KSL.
8:15—Hawkins' Orch., KGO: Goodman's Orch., KNN, News, KEX.
8:30—Gabor's Orch., KGO: Martin's Orch., KSL: News and Sports, KNN, KOIN; Death Valley Days, KPO, KGW, KFI; Baseball Game, KEX.
9:00—Levant's Orch., KPO.
9:30—Tucker's Orch., KPO, KGW, KFI; Dance Orch., KOIN; News, KSL.
10:00—News Reporter, KPO, KFI, KGW; Kent's Orch., KSL.
10:30—Olsen's Orch., KPO, KGW; Grier's Orch., KEX, KFI; Martin's Orch., KNN, KOIN, KSL.
11:00—Nottingham's Orch., KPO, KFI; Pasadena Civic Auditorium, KOIN, KSL; News, KGO, KNN, KEX, KGW.

Saturday:
5:00—Sports Broadside, KNN, KOIN; Olsen's Orch., KPO, KGW; Maurice's Music, KX, KJR; News, KSL, KFI.
5:30—Oboler's Plays, KPO, KFI; Organist, KJR, KEX; Russ Brown, KNN, KOIN.
6:00—Goodman's Orch., KPO, KFI, KGW.
6:30—Address by President Roosevelt, KPO, KFI, KGW; Message of Israel, KGO; News, KJR.
7:00—Barn Dance, KPO, KFI, KGW; Dorsey's Orch., KGO, KEX; Fields' Orch., KNN.
7:30—Heidi's Orch., KGO, KJR, KEX; McCune's Orch., KNN, KSL, KOIN.
8:00—Hit Parade, KNN, KSL, KOIN;

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By GLUYAS WILLIAMS



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POLISH AIRPLANES CARRY REFUGEES

THORITIES declined permission, installing upon internment of the planes and warning the Poles that unless they departed within 48 hours it would be necessary to place them in an internment camp at Opatow. The refugees were understood to be departing by train for Paris.

Footballs Go to China

TOKYO (UP)—Japanese soldiers in China have been presented with a large variety of sporting goods purchased by the war office from patriotic contributions. The equipment includes 15,000 footballs, 1,700 sets of baseball goods and the same number of tennis sets.

STRANGE AS IT SEEMS—By JOHN HIX

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TOMORROW: The Blind Sculptor.

By HAL FORREST

By EDWIN ALGER

By SOL HESS

NARROW ESCAPE FOR BOYS IN RACE WITH PURSUING POLICEMAN

ROSEBURGH, Ore., Sept. 15.—(AP)—Two young men who miraculously escaped death in the crash of an allegedly stolen automobile, following a three-mile race with a pursuing state police car, were held in custody here today. The state police were attempting to connect them with a youth arrested at Grants Pass on a burglary charge.

Captured here were Harry O'Brien, 23, and John M. Farrell, 22, both of whom claimed residence in Connecticut. Under arrest at Grants Pass was

Paul L. Petters, 18, also claiming Connecticut as his home.

Sergeant Paul Morgan of the state police reported he attempted to halt O'Brien and Farrell about four miles south of Roseburg. They attempted to outrun the officer and were traveling at high speed when they struck heavy road construction work immediately south of the Roseburg city limits. They misjudged the distance between two gravel trucks and were caught between the two heavy machines and completely demolished their automobile. Both, however, escaped without serious injury.

Chopped Down

CLEVELAND, Ohio (UP)—Paul Schumacher, 30, admitted to police that he had chopped down a flagpole in a metropolitan playground. "The pole was on our baseball diamond," he said, "so I just chopped it down."

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