

Meet Mr. Lochinvar

By Marie Blizard

YESTERDAY, Cecily in an agony of shame over the thought that Locke was married, decides she had better forget him. Even if Locke is free he seems to be a man of no ambition, no future. Trying to be polite to Philip she accompanies him to a movie — sees Locke there.

Chapter 23

Something Definite

THEY rose when the house lights went on. Cecily was careful to give all her attention to Philip, not to look in back of him. Unconsciously—and entirely without volition—she was following the age-old recipe: be gay and he'll be jealous.

She was gay. She chatted easily, brightly, laughed at Philip's sallies until he felt he was a very amusing fellow and that she was beginning to appreciate him. They sat in the window of the drug store and ate ice-cream.

Lightly, seemingly indifferently, her eyes swept the small groups coming into the store, driving or strolling past.

She didn't find him. Perhaps he hadn't even seen that she was there.

There was no reason why she should permit Philip to take her arm so possessively when they left the drug store. But she no longer cared. Why always protest about everything?

Locke had seen her. He told her so the next day.

She was wrapping up a package for a customer when he came in.

She said, "Hello," casually, and, "I'll be with you in a moment."

"No hurry," he answered and turned the page of a book idly.

The customer was maddeningly slow about paying for his purchase. Cecily saw him, to the door, propelling him with her will to leave, praying hopefully that no one else would come in. It was Thursday, a busy day at the shop.

Who at last she had bowed, smiled and almost pushed the unwanted customer out of the shop.

She turned around with a gay little smile for a welcome on her lips.

Locke didn't look at her. Sensitive—exquisitely sensitive—to every nuance of a relationship, Cecily felt instantly that something had happened. Something that was not merely his withdrawing because of what had happened before. This was something new. Something definite had happened.

"Selling something today?" she asked with attempted lightness.

"No, just a little social call. Thought, like the minister, I'd drop in for a bit of local gossip and a cup of tea. Are you in both?"

"That depends," she answered, relieved at his words. She pretended that there was nothing new in his attitude. "Would you settle for some ginger cookies and a glass of milk? That's what I'd planned for my tea. I'm going to a big party tonight and I've got lots of work to do here."

"I'll clear along," he said at once.

At once she said, "Oh, please stay. Let's have it in back."

In back was the screened-off small space that Cecily used for her "office."

"A Long Story"

THEY perched companionably on the sturdy table with a pitcher of milk between them and nibbled ginger cookies.

"Do you think a woman should keep her part from her husband?" Locke said surprisingly.

Cecily almost choked over her biscuit. "W-what?"

"Not that I really care. I'm making conversation. It's not you I'm talking about. It's the movie last night. Not very well, I'm afraid. I'm afraid your attention was not on the plight of the misunderstood wife."

"Oh, so you did know I was there?"

"Of course."

"Then why didn't you wait and speak to me?"

"Who was the man you were with?"

Cecily made no answer.

"I see," he said coldly.

There was an imp in Cecily. She said, "I don't know what you saw but whatever it was, I'll thank you to remember that the gentleman was—to all intents and purposes—my fiancé, Mr. Philip Callen."

Cecily's words had an instantaneous and unexpected effect. Locke, in one smooth movement, got rid of his glass, rose to his feet, grasped both her wrists in his strong hands and compelled her to gaze.

you that. Now, do you want me to tell you about it, or shall we skip the whole thing?"

"Please," he said and waited. "It's so silly, I hate for you to hear it. I'm ashamed to admit I should have acted so childishly."

"Go on," he said patiently. "It's rather important for me to hear it."

Feeling exceedingly foolish, Cecily went through the whole thing. She omitted nothing that had happened since the day she had told what she thought was an innocent white lie to save face.

She told him how Philip Callen had turned up at Dorela's. Out of fairness to Philip, she told Locke how truly nice Philip had turned out to be. When she seemed to be making no impression, because Locke was busy with his own thoughts, she repeated:

"You see, Locke, I am the one who is really to blame for the whole silly situation. I suppose the real reason why I haven't told my aunt is because I'm ashamed to admit I could behave like such a fool."

"I see," he said and Cecily saw that he hadn't even been listening to her last words.

"Darling"

"CECILY, have you told anyone else about it? Think hard! Anyone at all?"

"Laura," she answered at once. "And that's absolutely all."

"Has Laura told anyone else?"

"Of course not! Why should she?"

"I don't know," he answered in that same don't-bother-me-I'm-thinking-of-something-important voice.

"I don't know what you're getting so excited about," Cecily pointed out.

"I'm not excited," he said at once. Then there was that half-humorous, quizzical smile of his. "I just naturally got anxious when I heard somebody'd stolen my gal."

"Who's your gal?" she asked.

"Guess," he answered and when she closed her eyes, he said quickly, "No, don't guess."

When she opened her eyes as quickly as that, she found the laughter had gone out of his. Her quick, happy moment was over. What had come down between them, shutting him away from her?

"All right, we won't play," she said and picked up the pitcher of milk to put it in the ice-box.

"Oh, yes, we will!" he answered easily. "Cecily, some day we'll play lovely games. I'll show you sights you have never beheld before. Behold before... now there's a phrase! Hand in hand, we'll explore new adventures..."

"Where are you going?" she called after him, helpless to keep from calling him.

He had gone toward the back door of the shop. He picked up a bucket he had left there.

He gave her a sweeping bow. "To peddle my berries to the plutocrats," he said "Au revoir, darling, don't tell anyone else what you've told me today. Let that be our little secret."

"Darling! He called me darling!"

Laura said, "I'm sorry I couldn't get here before, Cecily. I know you wanted to get away early this afternoon."

"Did I?" Cecily asked dreamily. She heard her own voice as it floated down from somewhere above. Some celestial place.

"Well, didn't you? I thought Mrs. Brewster's dinner was tonight. You said something about wanting to wash your hair."

"Oh, yes," Cecily got up, reluctant to go, reluctant to leave the shop. Once back at Dorela's, other things, other people, would come between her and the fragile thing that was her present happiness.

"Anything happen while I was away?" Laura inquired when Cecily was getting ready to go.

"Nothing important," Cecily answered at once. She wasn't really evading Laura; it was simply that she didn't want to talk about Locke then.

A little later, when she was setting waves in her hair, Laura and Locke came in. In her thoughts, she had a sudden sense that something was escaping her, something that Laura might be able to get right. Was Locke jealous? What did his concentrated interest in her recital about Philip's position at Dorela's mean?

Cecily jabbed her hand into her head in a moment of self-abnegation. What a foolish, unbalanced girl she was getting to be, always trying to find reason and meanings, writings on the wall where there were none!

On the Radio Chains

STATIONS
Where to Find Them on the Dial:
KEX, Portland, 1180; KFL, 640
Los Angeles; KGA, 1470, Spokane;
KGO, 790, San Francisco; KGW
670, Portland; KJR, 970, Seattle;
KNX, 1050, Los Angeles; KOA, 830
Denver; KOIN, 940, Portland
KOMO, 975, Seattle; KPO, 830, San
Francisco; KSL, 1180, Salt Lake.

Monday
8:00—Maigle Key, KGO, KEX, KJR;
Radio Theater, KSL, KNX, KOIN;
Quiz Program, KPO, KGW, KFI.
9:30—Heidt's Orch., KPO, KGW, KFI.
10:00—Continental Hour, KPO, KGW, KFI.
10:30—Lombardo's Orch., KSL, KNX, KOIN.
11:00—Blondie, KNX, KSL, KOIN; Clinton's Sensations, KPO, KFI; KGO; Radio Forum, KGO, KJR.
7:00—Amos and Andy, KNX, KOIN, KSL, Frank and Archie, KGO, KEX, Fred Waring, KPO, KGW, KFI.
7:15—Borowski's Trio, KGO, KJR, KEX; Lum and Abner, KNX, KSL, KOIN; English, KPO, Armchair, KGW.
7:30—Margaret Speaks, KPO, KFI; KGO; Model Minstrel, KNX, KSL, KOIN; Order of Adventures, KGO, KEX.
8:00—Tune up Time, KNX, KOIN, KSL; Tropical Moods, KGO; Tucker's Orch., KEX, KJR, KFI.
8:30—Dorsey's Orch., KPO, KGW, KEX.

Tuesday
5:00—Summer Concert, KGO, KEX, KJR; Aurand's Orch., KNX, Shaw's Orch., KPO, KFI, KGW.
5:30—Fibber McGee, KPO, KFI, KGO; Crosby's Orch., KNX, KSL, KOIN; True Story, KGO, KJR, KEX.
6:00—If I Had the Chance, KGO, KEX; Mr. District Attorney, KPO, KGW, KFI; Classic Time, KNX.
6:30—Dog House, KPO, KFI, KGO; Songs, KNX, KSL; Inside Story, KGO, KEX, KJR; Kaltenborn Edits the News, KOIN.
7:00—Amos and Andy, KNX, KOIN, KSL; Fred Waring, KPO, KFI, KGO; Frank and Archie, KGO, KEX.
7:15—Jimmy Fidler, KSL, KNX, KOIN; Osborne's Orch., KPO, KFI, KGO; Borowski's Trio, KGO, KEX.
7:30—Lyman's Orch., KGO, KEX, KJR.

KFI: Time and Tempo, KGO, KEX; Dance Orch., KNX, KOIN.
9:00—Hawthorne House, KPO, KGW, KFI; Calling All Cars, KNX; University Explorer, KGO, KEX; News, KJR.
9:30—Lapp's Orch., KEX, KJR; Grier's Orch., KPO, KFI; Dance Orch., KSL, KOIN.
10:00—News Reporter, KPO, KFI, KGW; Musical Pastime, KGO, KJR, KEX; Organist, KNX; News, KOIN.
10:30—Exposition Orch., KPO, KGO, KFI; Ravazza's Orch., KGO, KJR; Martin's Orch., KNX, KOIN, KSL; Dance Orch., KEX.
11:00—Swartout's Orch., KPO, KFI; This Moving World, KEX; Osborne's Orch., KOIN, KNX, News, KNX, KOW.

Wednesday
8:00—Variety Show, KOIN, KNX, KSL; Olsen's Orch., KPO, KFI, KGO; Information Please, KGO, KEX, KJR.
8:30—Messner's Orch., KGO, KJR; Battle of the Sexes, KPO, KGW, KFI; We the People, KNX, KSL, KOIN; Baseball Game, KEX.
9:00—Tucker's Orch., KGO, KJR; Levan's Orch., KPO, KFI, KGO; Prima's Orch., KOIN; News, KJR.
9:30—James Orch., KGO, KJR; Grier's Orch., KPO, KGW, KFI; Dance Orch., KSL; Pop-Offs, KOIN.
9:45—Dance Orch., KOIN; Fellow Sportsmen, KPO.
10:00—News Reporter, KPO, KFI, KGO; Kent's Orch., KSL; Dance Orch., KGO, KJR; News, KOIN.
10:30—Music by Woodbury, KPO, KFI, KGO; Sleepy Time Tunes, KGO, KEX, KJR; Dance Orch., KNX, KOIN, KSL.
11:00—Harrington's Orch., KPO, KFI; This Moving World, KEX; Will Osborne's Orch., KSL, KOIN; News, KGO, KNX, KOW.

Johnny Pressa's, KPO, KFI, KGO; Big Town, KOIN, KNX, KSL.
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8:30—Messner's Orch., KGO, KJR; Battle of the Sexes, KPO, KGW, KFI; We the People, KNX, KSL, KOIN; Baseball Game, KEX.
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9:30—James Orch., KGO, KJR; Grier's Orch., KPO, KGW, KFI; Dance Orch., KSL; Pop-Offs, KOIN.
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11:00—Harrington's Orch., KPO, KFI; This Moving World, KEX; Will Osborne's Orch., KSL, KOIN; News, KGO, KNX, KOW.

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7:30—Lyman's Orch., KGO, KEX, KJR.

Friday
8:00—Variety Show, KOIN, KNX, KSL; Olsen's Orch., KPO, KFI, KGO; Information Please, KGO, KEX, KJR.
8:30—Messner's Orch., KGO, KJR; Battle of the Sexes, KPO, KGW, KFI; We the People, KNX, KSL, KOIN; Baseball Game, KEX.
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11:00—Harrington's Orch., KPO, KFI; This Moving World, KEX; Will Osborne's Orch., KSL, KOIN; News, KGO, KNX, KOW.

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CLAIM F.D.R. BOOK SABOTAGE TARGET

NEW YORK, Sept. 18.—(P)—President Roosevelt's five-volume "Public Papers and Addresses," which his publisher charged, some booksellers tried to "sabotage," today went on the cut-rate shelves.

House, disclosed that while 3,000 of the 8,000 sets published in April, 1938, had sold for the list price of \$12, the 5,000 others had been turned over to a book dealer as "remainders at a little below what they cost us."

nation's leading book sellers, including "several big department stores" had "deliberately tried to sabotage" the work. Cert predicted then, however, that a second printing would be called for before the end of the year.

STRANGE AS IT SEEMS—By JOHN HIX

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

Answer to Saturday's puzzle... A MAN BOUGHT A CAR FOR \$90, SOLD IT FOR \$100, THEN REBOUGHT IT FOR \$80. HOW MUCH DID HE MAKE OR LOSE ON THE DEAL? HE MADE \$20...

THE ONLY TWO AUTOS -- in Kansas City, Mo., in 1901, CRASHED IN A HEAD-ON COLLISION!

THE REAL LOWDOWN! MECCA (Calif.) Post Office—188 FEET BELOW SEA LEVEL, IS THE LOWEST IN THE U.S.

REBECCA SIMPSON—of North Carolina, and REBECCA SIMPSON of South Carolina, UNRELATED, ARE ROOMMATES AT ERSKINE COLLEGE, S.C.!

BOTH GIRLS APPLIED FOR THE SAME ROOM WITHOUT THE OTHER'S KNOWLEDGE...

REBECCAS OF ERSKINE

When the big sister of Rebecca Simpson, Whitmore, S. C., graduated from Erskine college last semester, she applied for a room for Rebecca, who meant to enter Erskine this fall. Strange as it seems, the registrar informed the girl the room was "already reserved for Rebecca Simpson." It turned out that another girl by the name from Huntersville, N. C., had by strange coincidence applied for the same room. This fall the two Rebecca Simpsons are roommates and strange friends. COLLISION IN K. C.

Every automobile in Kansas City, Mo., was involved in a single accident in May, 1901. The reason: There were only two cars (both "steamers") in town. Tomorrow: Monument to a mistake.

BRINGING THE HAMMER

By GLUYAS WILLIAMS

FATHER CALLS FROM UPSTAIRS PLEASE TO BRING HIM THE HAMMER HE LEFT ON FLOOR IN HALL

FINDS HAMMER AND TRIES TO PICK IT UP BY STEPPING ON THE HEAD, THUS SWINGING HANDLE INTO UPRIGHT POSITION

FATHER CALLS WHAT'S THE MATTER, CAN'T HE FIND IT? PICKS HAMMER UP AND SAYS HE'S COMING

STARTS UP SLOWLY ON ACCOUNT OF TOSsing HAMMER UP AND TRYING TO CATCH IT BY HANDLE

DOES SOME REPAIR WORK ON A PROTRUDING NAIL AT TOP OF STAIRS UNTIL FATHER CALLS IMPATIENTLY

REPLIES AT SOME LENGTH HE THOUGHT HE'D WANT HIM TO FIX THIS NAIL, BECAUSE ANYBODY COULD TRIP ON IT ANY-TIME

CONTINUES ON WAY, BALANCING HAMMER ON FINGER

AT LAST MINUTE HAMMER TOPPLES LANDING ON FATHER'S ANKLE. HURRIES OUT OF EAR SHOT

9-13 (Released by The Bell Syndicate, Inc.)

TAILSPIN TOMMY—The Dam Goes Out!

DON'T BOTHER TO HELP ME!... SPREAD THE ALARM—THE MILLTOWN DAM'S ABOUT TO BURST!

WE'LL ALL BE DROWNED!

C'MON TO THE MOUNTAIN! WE'LL BE SAFE THERE!

WAIT! WE MUST WARN THE OTHER TOWNS IN THE VALLEY!

FORCED TO LAND IN THE CENTER OF WHEATVILLE, TOMMY NOSES IN BETWEEN TWO TREES SHEARING THE WINGS OFF!

BEN WEBSTER'S CAREER—Election Plans

RUSTY, DO YOU KNOW IT'S AFTER HALF-PAST THREE, BUT I'M TOO EXCITED TO GO BACK TO SLEEP?

THE HECK WITH SLEEP!

WE GOTTA GET BUSY ON WILLIS BALLINGER'S CAMPAIGN FOR MAYOR—THAT GUY'S ON THE LEVEL, BEN, AND HELL RUN THEM OIL WELL DRILLERS OUT O' HAPPY VALLEY!

WE BETTER WHIP SOME KIND OF AN ORGANIZATION TOGETHER FOR HIM AND ON ELECTION DAY GET EVERYBODY OUT TO VOTE FOR HIM—

THAT'S THE IDEE, PAL! WE'LL GET HIM UP A SLOGAN, A CAMPAIGN COMMITTEE, STAGE SOME TORCHLIGHT PARADES FOR HIM AN' EVERYTHING! YIPPEE! HOORAY FOR BALLINGER!

THE NEBBS—My Sweet Wife

I'LL WRITE AN ANSWER TO FANNY'S LETTER—MY SWEET WIFE—AND I MEAN THAT TOO AND I'M GETTING A BIT LONESOME FOR HER ALREADY—

I AM GRATEFUL FOR THE VAN MIDAS INVITATION BUT I ENJOY BEING AROUND PEOPLE LESS FORTUNATE THAN I AM—MAKES ME BETTER SATISFIED WITH MYSELF.

VAN MIDAS GOT HIS DOUGH

VAN MIDAS GOT HIS DOUGH FROM HIS DAD BUT THAT WAS ONLY A PIECE OF THE WORLD—MY DAD LEFT ME THE WHOLE WORLD—TO MAKE A LIVING IN

DESPERADO FILES INNOCENCE PLEA

PORTLAND, Sept. 18.—(P)—Allen D. Brumfield, 24, fugitive from the Washington state prison at Walla Walla, pleaded innocent Saturday to first degree murder for the shooting of Mrs. Hattie Hooker, 61, Good Sa-

maritan hospital attendant. He was indicted by the Multnomah county grand jury a week ago and arraigned before Circuit Judge James W. Crawford Saturday. Brumfield is charged with shooting Mrs. Hooker and Dr. C. H. Manlove after he wrested a revolver from policeman Sam Worrell and attempted to escape from the hospital where he was under guard. Dr. Manlove was shot in the leg. Brumfield was in the hospital with a superficial leg wound suffered when he tried to avoid arrest.