

Meet Mr. Lochinvar

By Marie Blizard

Chapter 24

Dinner Party

THE marigolds. The orange marigolds that she had intended to thrust into the sash of her frock. The frock was so plain, she really needed them. And she had forgotten them.

Cecily looked at her wristwatch, lying on the dresser. It was almost seven. The other would be already dressed and in the drawing-room. She had time to slip down the back stairs and out to the garden by the back door.

She picked up the long skirt of her frock and, still in her soft bath slippers, stepped out into the hall. She walked along, her head bent, wondering if she should stick to all-orange or if she could add some of the late pink zinnias.

"Oh, hello! Fancy seeing you here!" Philip, his face as pink as the flowers she had been thinking of, rounded the corner of the corridor leading from the guest part—or the main house—into the ell where Cecily's and the servants' rooms were.

"Nothing so strange about it, Philip. This is where I live." She wasn't thinking very much about it, except that she was rather in a hurry to get down to the garden and clip her flowers before it was too dark to see what she was cutting.

"As a matter of fact, I was looking for you," Philip said.

Cecily looked up, surprised.

"Yes, you're really the domestic little one around here. Are you very good at tying dress ties?"

"Not a bit," she answered blithely. "Besides, you're supposed to be quite perfect. You'll have to think of a better excuse than that, I'm afraid."

Cecily's unintentional shaft struck home. For a brief moment Philip Callen appeared to be more angry than nonplussed.

"I'm afraid that you're prejudiced in my favor," he replied sarcastically, recovering quickly.

"Are you truly?" Cecily said and made to move on.

"I know darned well that you're not. If you think I'm a bit of all right, I'll accept your opinion." He turned and went back the way he had come.

Cecily's thoughts almost immediately returned to her task. Before they did, she had a peculiar impression that Philip was very angry with her, not merely annoyed.

When she came into the drawing-room a half-hour later, she dismissed the thought with a shrug. Philip, impeccable, impressive in his tails, was his most urban self.

The drawing-room seemed to say, "We are all going to a party." There was an air of expectancy about it. There were the same people there, doing the same things, yet there was an atmosphere that filled Cecily with a pleasant sense of anticipation.

A Sapphire Bauble

PERHAPS it's our clothes, she thought. Her eyes moved appreciatively to all of them in turn. Aunt Olivia in a frilly maroon crepe. Reminding her instantly of the mezzanine tier of boxes at the Metropolitan. Look at her and you think of delegations of admirers bringing her roses. Brunhilde back-stage. The magnificence of all operatic traditions, a psychological magnificence—with all the new crop going into the movies, mezzo sopranos looking like school-girls who will inherit the seats of today's mighty?

Olivia got up and crossed the room. Cecily giggled, thinking how quickly the action followed her thoughts and how silly it would sound if she were to explain it.

She took a cigarette from Manuel's proffered case.

While he held his lighter, first to his own cigarette and then to hers, she thought of a look very distinguished. Philip does too. Is it just because it is such precise black-and-white or is there some truth to the saying that a man has to be a gentleman to wear his evening clothes with distinction? I don't believe it. I think it is all a matter of getting the right tailor.

She had a quick picture of Locke in tails. A picture that would take away a girl's breath.

Helena Fernandez came into the room, strapping a voluminous velvet coat over her yellow skin. Ugh! Yellow with that yellow skin! Cecily looked quickly at herself reflected mellowly in the long French windows, made into a mirror by the background of night that was swiftly falling.

"Are we ready?" Gloria asked, already bored.

Philip was holding Cecily's coat for her.

Olivia organized things. "Helene, you and Tony and Gloria and I will go in the town car. Cecily, you won't mind going in the station wagon with Philip, Armando and Manuel!"

"Where's Tony?" Helene demanded.

"She was dressed before I was," Gloria said. "I can't imagine what's keeping her."

"Speaking of angels," Tony said

in her cool, clipped voice, coming down the wide flight of stairs.

Cecily was struggling with her coat. She couldn't seem to find the sleeve and Philip was of little use. His hands were clumsy.

"Sorry to keep you all waiting," Tony said. She moved into the drawing-room, swinging her pale chiffons cleanly as though she were cutting through them with her stride.

She went directly to the table and opened a cigarette box. She lit her own cigarette and blew a ring of smoke into the air. "I was looking for a bauble that I wanted to wear with this frock," she said.

"Well, come along, dear. We don't want to be late. Mrs. Brewster is a stickler for punctuality. She said dinner at eight." Olivia was trying to get her party together.

"What kind of a bauble?" Philip said to Tony.

"A sapphire bracelet. It doesn't really matter... only I was quite sure I had seen it there when I got out my dress this morning. It was a 'You've probably misplaced it,' Philip consoled.

Tony didn't answer. She swept a deep blue velvet cape over her shoulders.

It wasn't easy getting a party of eight off in two cars. Everyone apparently wanted to be self-sacrificing and ride in the station wagon. Olivia was mildly exasperated and finally managed things her own way to discover that she had forgotten her evening purse when they were ready to start. Philip went back for it.

"It can't be Vickersport!" Cecily murmured to Manuel Fernandez while she stood beside him in front of the hearth in Mrs. Brewster's drawing-room.

Page From The Past

SHE sipped her dry sherry—no cocktails were served at Mrs. Brewster's—and played with the fancy that the station wagon had been a magic carpet. It couldn't be that, of course, within calling distance of these high-ceilinged rooms, there were the familiar simplicities. Calder's lobster store. Her own small book-shop. Simplicity and informality. She was glad that she had never before seen the inside of this great house. She would never have dared to invite the austere Mrs. Brewster to her own party, served from paper plates.

The slender-stemmed glass that she held in her hand, angling with the light of a fingerling. The design of its cutting caught and reflected points of light from the numberless candles that studded the cut-glass sconces on either side of the old-fashioned hearth, the chandelier that hung from the center of the high ceiling. It was amazing what a brilliant light the candles gave, how theatrically it set off the appointments of the room. Horsehair and needlepoint. Carved rosewood and black marble. Snuff boxes and old-fashioned photographs in carved silver frames. There were ash-trays, too.

At Cecily's left, the long, narrow windows were shrouded in drawn damask curtains of rich amethyst. Cecily, sipping her sherry, thought: If I were to peer through them I should not see Vickersport on a mild September evening. I should see Boston's Commonwealth Avenue on a crisp wintry night in the Nineties. There would be a hansom cab stopping before the house. I would be fluffing my bustle, touching a nervous finger to my frizzed bang, biting my lips to make them red because the gentleman getting out of the cab—the gentleman in the silk hat, looking like Richard Harding Davis—would be Locke.

She knitted her brows together and looked into the amber liquid her glass as she raised it to her lips. She was wrong—somehow she couldn't fit Locke into any theatrical pictures. It was Philip who fitted the theatrical roles. She looked around for Philip. She couldn't see him.

She wondered when, if ever, they were going in to dinner. It seemed an hour since she had been presented to Lady Rathbone, Lord Rathbone, the dusty Misses Smithers from Portland.

Tony Richardson crossed the room and stood at Cecily's side.

"You're going in to dinner. I've invited for dinner," she murmured.

Cecily smiled wanly, conveying her complete understanding.

"I wouldn't be a bit surprised to find Governor Bradford on my left and Governor Brewster on my right." Tony's innocent expression indicated that she was engaged in the most polite conversation as she continued. "What did you think of the 'powder room'? I can't wait to get back and look back of things."

Cecily found it hard to keep a straight face. The "powder room," or ladies' dressing room, was a room. Big. Black. Overpowering. Gargantuan furniture, a dresser with a dish of large bone hairpins and a jar of talcum powder as overtures to modern necessities of make-up. They had been directed to it by an elderly maid-servant. "Ladies' dressing room, on the right. Gentlemen will please leave their things in the bedroom at the end of the hall."

Cecily had wanted to peek into the room she passed in that long, narrow hall. Echoes of the past all being slightly damaged by German depth bombs.

The submarine SEP (Vulcan) limped into port yesterday with a crew of 67 who had been without food for several days.

Use Mail Tribune want ads.

On the Radio Chains

STATIONS

Where to Find Them on the Dial:

KEX, Portland, 1180; KFL, 640; KGW, 1230; KGA, 1470; Spokane, KGO, 790; San Francisco, KGO, 630; Portland, KJR, 970; Seattle, KNN, 1030; Los Angeles, KOA, 830; Denver, KOIN, 940; Portland, KOMO, 920; Seattle, KPO, 630; San Francisco, KSL, 1180; Salt Lake.

Tuesday

5:00—Summer Concert, KGO, KEX, KJR; Aurora's Orch., KNN; Shaw's Orch., KPO, KFL, KGW; 5:30—Pibber McGee, KPO, KFL, KGW; Crosby's Orch., KNN, KSL, KOIN; True Story, KGO, KJR, KEX.

6:00—If I Had the Chance, KGO, KEX; Mr. District Attorney, KPO, KGW; KFL; Classic Time, KNN.

6:30—Dog House, KPO, KFL, KGW; Songs, KNN, KSL; Inside Story, KGO, KEX, KJR; Kallenborn Edit. and News, KOIN.

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

7:15—Jimmy Fidler, KSL, KNN, KOIN; Osborn's Orch., KPO, KFL, KGW; Borowski's Trio, KGO, KEX.

7:30—Lyman's Orch., KGO, KEX; Johnny Presents, KPO, KFL, KGW; Big Town, KOIN, KNN, KOIN.

8:00—Variety Show, KOIN, KNN, KSL.

KSL; Olsen's Orch., KPO, KFL, KGW; Information Please, KGO, KEX, KJR.

8:30—Messner's Orch., KGO, KJR; Battle of the Sexes, KPO, KGW, KFL; We the People, KNN, KSL, KOIN; Baseball Game, KJR, KGO.

9:00—Tucker's Orch., KGO, Levan's Orch., KPO, KFL, KGW; Prima's Orch., KOIN; News, KJR.

9:30—James Orch., KGO, KJR; Grier's Orch., KPO, KGW, KFL; Dance Orch., KSL; Pop-Offs, KOIN.

9:45—Dance Orch., KOIN; Fellow Sportsmen, KPO.

10:00—News Reporter, KPO, KFL, KGW; Kent's Orch., KSL; Dance Orch., KGO, KJR; News, KOIN.

10:30—Music by Woodbury, KPO, KFL, KGW; Sleepy Time Tunes, KGO, KEX, KJR; Dance Orch., KNN, KOIN, KSL.

11:00—Harrington's Orch., KPO, KFL; This Moving World, KEX; Will Osborne's Orch., KSL, KOIN; News, KGO, KNN, KGW.

Wednesday

5:00—Star Theater, KSL, KOIN, KNN; Night Was Made for Living, KGO, KEX, KJR; Fred Waring, KPO, KFL, KGW.

5:30—Drama, KGO, KJR; Organist, KPO, KFL.

6:00—Concert Orch., KNN, KSL, KOIN; Kyser's Program, KPO, KGW, KFL; Spillman's Orch., KGO, KEX.

6:30—American Viewpoints, KNN, KOIN; Heavyweight Championship, KGO, KJR, KEX.

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

7:15—Waring's Orch., KFL; Lum and Abner, KSL, KNN, KOIN; Stanford University Program, KGO; Organist, KEX.

7:30—Whiteman's Orch., KNN, KSL, KOIN; Heidi's Orch., KGO, KEX; Dorsey's Orch., KPO, KFL, KGW.

8:00—News, KGO; Honolulu Bound, KNN, KSL, KOIN; What's My Name, KPO, KFL, KGW; Jenny's Orch., KJR.

8:30—Jesse's Program, KPO, KFL, KGW; Composers, KGO, KJR; Brandwynne's Orch., KNN, KOIN.

9:00—Harvey's Orch., KFL, KGW; Olsen's Orch., KGO; The Almanac, KPO; Olsen's Orch., KGO.

9:30—Ravazza's Orch., KPO, KGW, KFL; Dance Orch., KOIN, KSL; James' Orch., KGO, KJR.

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

10:30—Grier's Orch., KGO, KJR, KEX; Lewis Orch., KGO; Milne's Orch., KPO, KGW; Dance Orch., KNN, KSL, KOIN.

11:00—Osborne's Orch., KPO, KFL, KGW; News, KGO, KNN, KSL.

LONDON'S BLACKOUTS BOOST TRAFFIC TOLL

LONDON, Sept. 18.—(AP)—Police disclosed today nearly five times as many persons were killed in London traffic accidents the first ten days of the "blackout" as during the previous 10 days.

In the first 10 days of September, 38 were killed and 975 injured, compared with eight killed and 316 injured the last 10 days of August.

Pear Markets Yesterday

CHICAGO, Sept. 18.—(AP-USA)—Pears: 3 cars California, 2 Illinois, 1 Michigan, 3 New York, 8 Oregon, 1 Washington; arrived: 27 cars on track; Oregon Bartlett's 240 boxes extra fancy \$23.50, average \$24.60; NEW YORK, Sept. 18.—(AP-USA)—Pears: 23 cars California, 16 Oregon, 3 Washington unloaded; 44 cars

on track; Oregon Bartlett's, 2500 boxes extra fancy \$22.50, average \$23.75; 3500 boxes fancy \$22.35, average \$22.24; Oregon Bosc 430 boxes extra fancy \$15.50, average \$17.79; 270 boxes fancy \$17.70.

Earthquake

VIENNA, Sept. 19.—(AP)—Two persons were killed today when an earthquake collapsed an apartment house at Puchberg. The Vienna seismographical institute registered 14 tremors.

Use Mail Tribune want ads.

139 Yellow Jackets Nearly Kill Farmer

YONCALLA, Ore., Sept. 19.—(AP)—Stings from yellow jackets almost proved fatal for Wade Crow, Yoncalla farmer, when his plow struck and cut a nest. Suffering from 139 stings, he collapsed at the office of his physician and was reported to have been near the point of death before he finally responded to treatment. He now is reported to be recovering.

STRANGE AS IT SEEMS—By JOHN HIX

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

BINGO!

JOHN STRINGER, East St. Louis, Ill., BROKE OPEN A LUMP OF COAL AND FOUND 5 PERFECT NUMBERS INSIDE IT! (38838)

HOW THEY GOT THERE IS A MYSTERY...

1-2-3-4-5 REARRANGE THESE 5 DIGITS SO THAT THE FIRST TWO MULTIPLIED BY THE MIDDLE DIGIT EQUALS THE LAST TWO...

-Answer tomorrow-

NATURE'S NUMBERS

Imagine John Stringer's surprise when he split a two-foot lump of coal for his stove and found the cryptic numbers—3 8 8 3 8—imbedded therein. Slightly raised, the numbers are about one inch high and perfectly formed.

MONUMENTAL ERROR

Dr. Elisha Mitchell (1793-1857), professor at the University of North Carolina, in 1824-28 organized the first state geological survey, thereby discovered Mt. Mitchell.

This he found to be the highest peak east of the Rockies (6,684 feet), but was nevertheless 40 feet off in his calculations. In 1857 Dr. Mitchell returned to the peak to correct the mistake—and there met death in a fall during a storm.

TOMORROW: Bare-handed Wolf Catcher.

HOT TUB

By GLUYAS WILLIAMS

WANTS TILL FAMILY IS THROUGH IN BATHROOM SO HE CAN ENJOY AT HIS LEISURE A GOOD HOT BATH. STARTS FILLING TUB

CAN'T MAKE OUT WHAT JUNIOR IS SHOUTING OUTSIDE DOOR, ON ACCOUNT OF WATER RUNNING

TURNS WATER OFF, AND FINDS JUNIOR HAS FORGOTTEN TO BRUSH HIS TEETH

TURNS WATER ON AFTER JUNIOR HAS GONE, AND OFF AGAIN WHEN MILDRED CALLS WILL HE SEE IF SHE LEFT HER WRIST WATCH IN THERE

AFTER SEARCH REPORTS HE CAN'T FIND IT, AND MAKES A FRESH START AT FILLING TUB

ALMOST AT ONCE MILDRED HAMMERS ON DOOR AND CALLS TO TURN THE WATER OFF SO SHE CAN HEAR WHAT MOTHER IS CALLING FROM DOWNSTAIRS

WANTS SLEEPILY WHILE MILDRED AND HER MOTHER GET EMBROIDERED IN AN ARGUMENT

ARGUMENT ENDING, TURNS WATER ON, AND FINDS THE KITCHEN HAS USED UP ALL THE HOT WATER

TAILSPIN TOMMY—The General Alarm!

THERE GOES TH' DAM, BOSS!

IF ONLY TOMMY GOT THROUGH...IN TIME TO WARN THE VALLEY!

BEN WEBSTER'S CAREER—Slogan!

GEE, RUSTY, YOU MUST KNOW ALL ABOUT ELECTIONS AND CAMPAIGNS—

LISSEN, PAL, I KNOW LESS'N NOTHIN', BUT WITH YOU HELPIN' WE KIN GO PLACES AND DO THINGS!

—BUT YOU MENTIONED A CAMPAIGN SLOGAN, TORCHLIGHT PARADES AND—

THAT'S JUST IT! SEE, YOU'VE READ ABOUT 'EM, TOO— NEITHER ONE OF US EVER BEEN IN A CAMPAIGN, BUT—

—WE GOTTA GET STARTED SOMETIME, DON'T WE? WE CAN'T GET ARRESTED FOR TRYIN', KIN WE? AN' YOU OUGHTA BE ABLE TO GET SOME KIND OF A DEE FOR A SLOGAN, SHOULDN'T YOU?

HOW ABOUT 'KEEP HAPPY VALLEY HAPPY'!

CH, BEN, THAT'S A SWEETHEART! I KNEW YOU'D SPARK! AN' WITH OLD WILLIS BALLINGER ROARIN' IT'LL HAVE THAT OIL COMPANY WHACKY IN NO TIME!

THE NEBBS—The Guide

By SOL HESS

SAY, DON'T YOU THINK YOU'D BETTER BRING A MATTRESS AND A PILLOW? IT MAKES ME FEEL UNCOMFORTABLE SEEING YOU SLEEPING IN A BOAT THAT WAS NEVER DESIGNED FOR ANY KIND OF COMFORT

NO, I'M USED TO IT, BUT THANKS FOR WORRYIN' ABOUT ME

I WAS JUST WONDERING IF YOU COULD ADVANCE ME A LITTLE MONEY ON MY TIP—I WANTA TAKE SARY TO A PITCHER SHOW TONIGHT

WHAT? DO YOU THINK I SHOULD GIVE YOU A TIP FOR ROWING ME OUT A HUNDRED YARDS AND THEN GOING TO SLEEP—YOU'RE A SWEET GUIDE—YOU DON'T EVEN KNOW WHERE THE FISH ARE

NOBODY ELSE DON'T KNOW NEITHER. THEY AIN'T GOT NO PARTICULAR PLACE WHERE THEY STAY AND IF THEY WAS AROUND THE BOAT THE WAY YOU THROW YOUR BAIT OUT THEY'D THINK YOU WAS THROWING ROCKS AT 'EM

EMBARGO ON RUSSIA IF WAR IS DECLARED

WASHINGTON, Sept. 19.—(AP)—A state department official indicated today the United States would not apply an arms embargo against Russia unless Great Britain or France declare war on her.

He also left the impression with reporters no action of any kind would be taken concerning Russia's invasion of Poland until Britain and

France had announced their positions.

POLISH SUBMARINE IN SWEDISH HAVEN

STOCKHOLM, Sept. 19.—(AP)—The Polish submarine RYB, with an exhausted crew of 54 aboard, took refuge in a Swedish harbor today. The commander said the craft had been slightly damaged by German depth bombs.

The submarine SEP (Vulcan) limped into port yesterday with a crew of 67 who had been without food for several days.