

Meet Mr. Lochinvar

By Marie Blizard

YESTERDAY: Tony misses a sapphire bracelet she intended to wear to Mrs. Brewster's dinner. Philip thinks she must have mislaid it. The party arrives at Mrs. Brewster's, and meets Lord and Lady Rathbone.

Chapter 25 Diamond Pin

CONVERSATION flowed gently, softly, about the table. Like the red roses clustered richly in the center, above the priceless lace, there was an air of formality about it that was at once impersonal and pleasing.

The American visit of the king. Was Honolulu truly the garden spot of the world? The recent biography of an English statesman. Historic vignettes of the past that seemed somehow to be brought up to date in Mrs. Brewster's dining-room.

Lady Rathbone, with her beautiful, slim neck, her startling way of smiling—showing the garden spot of the world? The recent biography of an English statesman. Historic vignettes of the past that seemed somehow to be brought up to date in Mrs. Brewster's dining-room.

Mrs. Brewster rose. Her guests followed and, bowing to the gentlemen, she led the ladies back to the drawing-room.

"I'll be darned!" Tony murmured into Cecily's ear. "They're really going to stay to have port and cigars? Do you suppose if I have a cigarette, I'll turn the Brewsters over in their graves?"

Lady Rathbone halted, blocking the girl's way. "Excuse me," she murmured and went back to the dining-room.

Frankly curious, Tony stared after her. "Undoubtedly gone back to tell His Lordship to go easy on the port," she commented.

The ladies had cigarettes, ash-trays having appeared out of thin air. Cecily, blowing smoke slowly, suddenly felt all her party spirit evaporate. She was bored, wishing she was at home, or that she had some knitting to do. Her eye traveled to the ormolu clock on the mantel. Only a half-hour to ten and then, thank goodness, the party would be over. It was so utterly lacking in animation. Her lazy glance went from chair to chair, to the sofa where her aunt and Lady Rathbone were talking together.

His Lordship came in, bent over to speak to his wife.

"Excuse me," Cecily heard Lady Rathbone murmur. "I must go upstairs. I have asked Cecil to get something for me and he can't find it."

It seemed but a moment later when she reappeared in the doorway, her face white. "Mrs. Brewster, may I speak to you for a moment?"

Mrs. Brewster was saying, "Dear Lady Rathbone, are you quite sure?"

Then Mrs. Brewster, turning back to the room, said in a very clear voice, "Lady Rathbone has lost a valuable pin."

"I haven't lost it! I left it in my jewel box on my bureau. I opened the box before lunch and took out the things that I am wearing. The pin was there then. It is gone now."

Lady Rathbone looked even more grim than when she smiled. Cecily thought, as well she might.

Mrs. Brewster laid her wrinkled hand on Lady Rathbone's arm. "Couldn't it be possible that your sleeve caught in the pin? Let us all look for it. I'm sure we'll find it. Will you describe it for us?"

"It is a sunburst design. There are forty diamonds surrounding a large central stone. There is a safety clasp and I'm quite certain..."

Mrs. Brewster interrupted, tactfully suggesting that each of the ladies search an upstairs room. "The men had come into the drawing room and Mrs. Brewster explained the situation to them, assigning them to the downstairs floor."

Tony, Gloria and Cecily drew the upstairs hall and the ladies' dressing room.

Gloria closed the door behind them. "Am I wrong, or is the old gal suggesting that her pin has been stolen?"

"Right! Quite right," Tony agreed. "And it looks as though our hostess were pretty much annoyed about it. Which one of us will do the noble thing and confess and get the agony over?"

Cecily was horrified. "She can't think any of us would steal her pin!"

"She's quite sure it was stolen. Perhaps one of the servants," Tony ventured.

Gloria looked up from her position on all fours on the floor. "I'm sure Mrs. Brewster would be ready to suspect Mother's taking it rather than one of her servants. She only has four and they've been with her for high onto forty years. They wouldn't be likely to embrace a life of crime at this late date. Most likely Lady Rathbone will find it pinned in one of her own things. Come along. It's not here."

"Very Strange" WHEN the girls returned to the drawing-room, they found the others gathered there. Mrs. Brewster, looking older than Time—worn, but with a manner that assured them no one would be made uncomfortable, was already bidding them good night.

car, "our hostess certainly handled that to the queen's taste. It looked rather unpleasant for a few minutes. Lady Rathbone was so determined to make it unpleasant!"

Olivia said thoughtfully, "It all seems very strange. Lady Rathbone was certain that she had left her pin in her jewel case. She told me it was a family heirloom, in addition to being worth a considerable sum. I don't believe that she would be so ungracious, or so unbalanced in her point of view, to state the case wrongfully."

"On the other hand, Olivia," Helene said reasonably, "Mrs. Brewster was equally certain she had. She knew her guests and she knew her servants. And she knew every right to believe that Lady Rathbone was mistaken. Why should we all be disturbed about it?"

"We shouldn't," Olivia agreed. "We've had a very pleasant evening, up to a point, and I suggest that we forget it. It's all quite impossible. Things like that just don't happen in Vickersport. Anyone feel like a little bridge when we get home?"

Tony said softly for Cecily to hear. "I'm glad I didn't give way to my impulse to explore the ladies' dressing room before dinner. I'd be sure to be accused of eavesdropping."

"All of them," Cecily retorted obligingly, "even to getting suspicion away from yourself. Didn't you announce before we left that you had missed a sapphire bracelet? That's supposed to be part of the pin."

Tony brought her full glance to bear on Cecily. "So, it is," she said slowly. "So it is. Things like that don't happen in Vickersport! Maybe we'd better look into it when we get back."

"Count me out. As a detective, I'm a very good librarian," Cecily said. She disliked any echo of the unpleasantness. It made her feel as though she wanted to get into a tub of water and wash away the thought of it.

The big house at Darclea looked pleasant, warm, inviting, after the strained atmosphere they had left. The brief charm of the Old World quaintness that Cecily had enjoyed earlier in the evening was dispelled by the ugly suspicion that had invaded it later.

The girls went upstairs to leave their wraps.

Philip and Manuel were already getting out the bridge tables and cards.

When Cecily came downstairs, Gloria was saying, "Let's have a little game to get the cold out of our bones. Could we have highballs, Mother?"

Olivia nodded to Philip who went to the dining-room and returned with a tray of bottles and glasses.

"I found my bracelet," she announced. "It was lying right on my bed. I can't imagine how it could have been so careless as to leave it there! I'm rather fond of it. It's an expensive trifle."

"I told you you'd find it," Philip said, bringing her a glass.

Cecily shuffled the cards. "Now everything is all right," she said. "Shall we cut for partners?"

Nothing Wrong—

CECILY opened her eyes, stretched, curling her toes like a cat, extending her arms in a rigid movement. Then she lay relaxed. Her eyes felt clear, refreshed, as though the early morning sunshine, warm with crisp edges, were a celestial bath.

Out of doors, she heard the proud croak of the crane, the tinkling of cowbells in the meadow beyond the pines. The cry of seagulls rose on the clear air. The sweet smell of hay mingled with the lavender scent of her bed-sheets.

"Nice! Nice!" she said, as though she were biting into the word with pleasure.

She turned her head to look at the clock on her bedside table. It was only seven.

For a few moments she thought of the night before. Lady Rathbone's cold, angry face. Then she dismissed it. Surely, in the clear beauty of this new day, that would be righted. There was nothing wrong—could be nothing wrong—a day like this—that the day would not clear up.

She let her thoughts swing in the inevitable circle back to yesterday.

It was no good trying to stay in bed any longer. Cecily hopped out, grasped the foot-rail of her bed, bent, twisted her body in exercises like a dancer limbering up. Then she plunged her arms into the cold water she had poured into the wash-bowl and splashed it on her face. She dried it hastily, rubbing her skin until it glowed.

Hunger hastened her as she dressed. I would have made a good pioneer wife, she thought. I like to get up early in the morning. I love the out of doors. I'd get meals on time just because I'm always hungry.

Mrs. Ratson was not in the kitchen. Wouldn't be for, an hour. Into a small tin pail Cecily poured a glass of thick cream from the crock where it had been left at dawn. Then she went out to the barn and foraged in the hay. She found a half-dozen eggs, still warm, and put them in a paper bag.

With her booty, she struck out the back way toward the beach. In long strides she covered the smooth stones, scrambled up a cliff and struck off through a shortcut toward Cramer's Road.

She was going to give a surprise party to Laura.

Continued tomorrow.

On the Radio Chains

Where to Find Them on the Dial: KEX, Portland, 1180; KFL, 640; Los Angeles; KGA, 1470; Spokane; KGO, 790; San Francisco; KJW, 620; Portland; KJR, 970; Seattle; KXN, 1050; Los Angeles; KOA, 830; Denver; KOIN, 840; Portland; KOMO, 920; Seattle; KPO, 630; San Francisco; KSL, 1180; Salt Lake.

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

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

Friday: 5:00—1001 Wives, KGO, KEX; Columbia Workshop, KOIN, KSL, KNX; Music Hall, KPO, KFI.

Saturday: 6:30—Concert Orch., KNX; American Viewpoints, KOIN, KSL, KNX; News, KJR.

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

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

Tuesday: 7:30—Whitman's Orch., KGO, KSL, KOIN; Heidt's Orch., KGO, KEX; Dorsey's Orch., KPO, KFI, KGW.

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

KPO, KFI, KGW; Jenny's Orch., KJR.

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

8:15—Now and Then, KGO, KOW, KFI; News, KNX.

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

9:00—Levant's Orch., KGO; News, KJR.

9:30—Ravazza's Orch., KPO, KFI; Marisco's Orch., KGO, KJR; Dance Orch., KSL; Sports Pop-Offs, KOIN.

10:00—News Reporter, KPO, KGW, KFI; Ken's Orch., KSL; Classics for Today, KGO, KJR; News, KOIN.

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

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

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

6:00—1001 Wives, KGO, KEX; Columbia Workshop, KOIN, KSL, KNX; Music Hall, KPO, KFI.

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

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

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

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

PHOENIX LIBRARY IN NEW QUARTERS

PHOENIX, Sept. 20.—(Sp.)—The Phoenix public library has been moved from its old location on the Pacific highway to new quarters in the city hall building on Second street. The city hall structure, 20 by 30 feet in dimension, was purchased by the city several months ago when it was partially built, and was completed recently.

The building is one-story frame, and in addition to the library it provides a room for the council chambers and a rest room.

Today was wedding day for Alberta St. John, 17-year-old Indian girl. Before the ceremony she was riding with her fiancé, Joe Geary. A tire blew out, the car overturned and Alberta was killed.

TWO AMERICANS HELD IN POLAND, IS REPORT

CHICAGO, Sept. 20.—(AP)—The Chicago Daily News announced today receipt of information expressing belief Richard Mower, one of its European correspondents, and William Morton of the American consular service, were being held by Russians who had taken over Zaleski, Poland.

The two men previously had been reported missing somewhere in Poland.

STRANGE AS IT SEEMS—By JOHN HIX

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



AN "ELECTRIC NOSE"—HAS BEEN DEVELOPED TO DETERMINE THE FRESHNESS OF FISH!

A 60-FOOT STATUE OF BUDDHA—CARVED FROM A TREE, STANDS AT CHING YEN TOO, Manchuria... IT IS 27 FEET ACROSS THE BASE...

DE SOTO RICHARDSON—Azwell, Wash., HAS CAUGHT 88 WOLVES WITH HIS BARE HANDS! HE PULLS THEM ALIVE FROM THEIR DENS...

Answer to Yesterday's puzzle... REARRANGING THE DIGITS 1-2-3-4-5 SO THAT THE FIRST TWO MULTIPLIED BY THE THIRD EQUALS THE LAST TWO... Answer: 13452 (13x4=52)

WOLF-CATCHER Mr. Desoto E. Richardson thinks nothing of crawling into a den of wolves and pulling them out with his bare hands.

Except... he first makes sure the mother wolf is not around. Richardson, also an inventor and song writer, has extracted no less than 88 wolves from six dens.

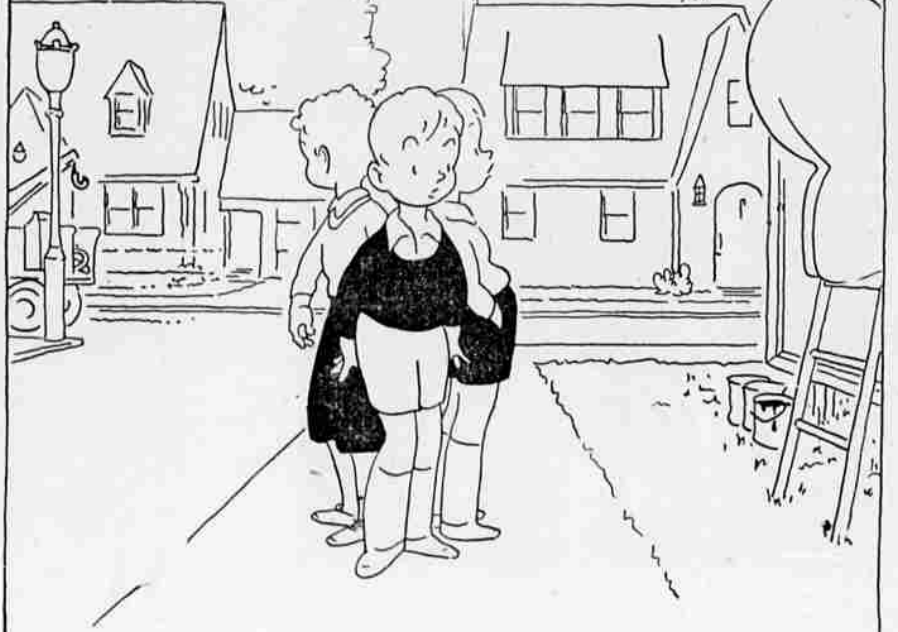
FRESH FISH TESTER In general, a fish is of high quality while in the state of rigor mortis that first follows death, says the U. S. Bureau of Fisheries.

Thereafter decomposition of the fish's protein content (about 16%) sets in. To measure this decomposition, an "electric nose" has been developed—not to "smell" the fish but to check it by measuring electric potentials.

TOMORROW: Ace of the Test Pilots.

DIFFICULT DECISIONS

By GLUYAS WILLIAMS



AFTER HAVING NOTHING MUCH OF ANYTHING TO DO ALL AFTERNOON, YOU COME ON A SIGN PAINTER WORKING ON AN INTERESTING REAL ESTATE SIGN, A TROUBLE CAR THAT LOOKS WORTH FOLLOWING GOES BY, AND YOUR MOTHER CALLS SHE'LL MAKE LEMONADE FOR YOU AND YOUR FRIENDS IF YOU COME HOME RIGHT AWAY

9-15 (Released by The Bell Syndicate, Inc.)

TAILSPIN TOMMY—The Law Is the Law!



HAD IT NOT BEEN FOR THAT BRAVE YOUNG FLYER, WE WOULD ALL BE DOWN THERE NOW, MARTHA!

IT SEEMS A MIRACLE THAT EVERYONE IN TOWN ESCAPED!

ON A MOUNTAIN SIDE THE VALLEY PEOPLE Huddle TOGETHER WATCHING THE BOILING WATERS FROM THE BROKEN MILLTOWN DAM SWEEP AWAY THEIR HOMES...



WELL, I DID IT... BUT WHERE DOES IT LEAVE ME? I FLEW A PLANE WITHOUT A LICENSE... AND THE LAW IS THE LAW!

OUR POLITICAL CAMPAIGN—

WHAT'RE YOU WORKING ON AT SUCH HIGH PRESSURE, RUSTY?

THE BOYS LOST NO TIME IN ORGANIZING! IN FACT, THEY WERE SO BUSY IN POLITICS THEY ALMOST FORGOT THEY WERE IN THE REAL-ESTATE BUSINESS, TOO— BUT THEY WERE NOT AWARE OF THIS FACT AND....

THERE! I'VE GOT THE NAME OF EVERY FAMILY LIVING IN HAPPY VALLEY.



SAY, GRISWOLD, ISN'T THIS THE THREE-POINT FLYER WE "GROUNDED" SOME TIME AGO FOR RECKLESS FLYING?

AND IN OFFICIAL WASHINGTON

HOW'S THIS, PAL? GRANDMAW WALTERS HAS AGREED TO HEAD UP ALL THE WOMEN'S ACTIVITIES—AN' YOU KNOW JIM AN' SALLY CRANE, DON'T YOU?

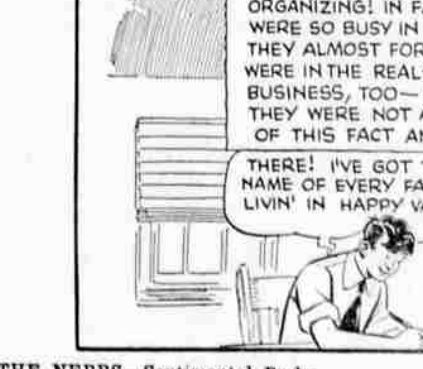
SURE!

WELL, THEY'RE BOTH FOR BALLINGER FOR MAYOR AN' JIM'S AGREED TO HANDLE ALL THE PUBLICITY!



THAT'S THE LAD, ALL RIGHT! AND HE KNEW HE COULD NEVER FLY A PLANE AGAIN, UNDER PENALTY OF IMPRISONMENT! THE LAW IS THE LAW!

BEN WEBSTER'S CAREER—The Organization Takes Form



THE NEBBS—Sentimental Rudy



BEN WEBSTER'S CAREER—The Organization Takes Form



THE NEBBS—Sentimental Rudy



BEN WEBSTER'S CAREER—The Organization Takes Form



THE NEBBS—Sentimental Rudy



BEN WEBSTER'S CAREER—The Organization Takes Form



THE NEBBS—Sentimental Rudy



U. S. WARNED BY JAPANESE PAPERS

TOKYO, Tuesday, Sept. 20.—(UP)—Strikingly similar editorials today in the Aashi Yomiuri and the Meiyako Shinbun asserted that the United States is assuming Britain's role of "Far Eastern watchdog," and warned

America against provocation of Japan. The latter advocated a Japanese-American non-aggression pact and the former said: "The United States is threatening to protect British and French interests in China, thereby increasing the chance of Japanese-American friction."

This paper added that the American naval policy is directed against Japan.

WINDOW GLASS—We sell window glass and will replace your broken windows reasonably. Trowbridge Cabinet Works.