

Meet Mr. Lochinvar

By Marie Blizard

CHAPTER 28
Unlucky Cecily

"THERE was that young fellow," said the baggageman. "Oh, has he gone?" Cecily's heart sank painfully. "I hope he's not going to stay. He... he does excellent carpenter work. I... I had something else I want him to do. Did he say when he'd be back?"

"Nope. As I remember, he came in here 'bout a minute 'fore she pulled out. Didn't have no time even to get his key."

Cecily got up. "Well—!" There didn't seem to be anything else to say. Locke was gone.

"I'll let you know, Miz Strt," when your stuff comes. Ain't gitting as much as you uster, are you?"

"No, Joe. The season is nearly over."

"So 'tis. Seems like 'twas only yesterday you come in here. Just lookin' on before you leave, I reckon. Comin' back next year, is it?"

"Next year? I don't know, Joe." Next year. Next year was another age to Cecily Stuart that September afternoon.

She thought: I'll think of Doug and the autumn. Doug will be in New Haven. The Kendalls, bless them, will see to that. He won't have as much money as he used to, but he won't need it. I'll be in New York. I'll see faces and people who won't remind me that I found Arcey in the little summer colony. I have nearly five hundred dollars and with that I can find myself a niche somewhere and have a modest book-shop.

I'll see my old friends, go to concerts, hear Aunt Olivia in her triumph, go to parties with Gloria's friends. Oh, I'll have plenty to do and maybe some day I'll forget the sound of a voice, the way a man's eyes crinkle up when he smiles. Some day when I'm ninety-six.

It will take a long time and I'll start right now. Before he came into my life I had plenty of things to do, plenty of things to think about. I've grown richer in friends, in activities since I've known him and not because I've known him. Only I haven't paid any attention to them. From now on I will.

Cecily's resolution was noble; the execution of it was not. At least not for the next day. She put books onto the wrong shelves. She overcharged, stammered her apologies and repeated herself. She answered vaguely when spoken to and found herself straining toward sounds in the street beyond the window. Every footfall made her look up with hope. The tinkle of the doorbell made her start each time she heard it. She couldn't get over the feeling that surely Locke would come back, come back and explain everything.

"I had to go to Bangor because—" He would tell her his reason. It would be some acceptable reason. Then she would tell him what she had wanted to tell him, when he, and he would say that he would go to Mrs. Brewster immediately.

Oh, it would be quite all right, because Locke would come back. But Locke hadn't come back. And a black-browed man, with no luggage but a briefcase got off the train from Boston and asked to be driven to Mrs. Brewster's house.

Sleuthing
CECILY paid a visit to Locke's cabin. A shameless visit. Not only did she steal down the North road furtively, hoping that no one would see her, but when she got to the shack, she shamelessly pried open a window and went in.

She apologized silently to Locke for the thing she was doing, and then she prowled. There were very few things there and it was neat as the proverbial pin. A single cup and saucer, a few plates, a mixing bowl—all neatly arranged on a shelf in the spotless kitchen. Three shining pots at the back of the stove. A few potatoes and a turnip in the bin.

Cecily hesitated before drawing the curtain that divided the shack into two rooms. Nevertheless she parted it and went in.

There was an army-cot bed, meticulously made up; an old armchair, a straight chair and a make-shift table. On the table there was a locked portable typewriter. On a shelf over the bed there were twelve books. *Topography of the Mirror of Civilization*, Lord Jim, *The Oxford Book of English Verse*, *The History of Crime*, *The Desert Fathers*, *The Detection of Crime*, *Robert's Theorem*. The others were novels. An odd collection.

Cecily felt she ought to leave. At the end of the room, a burlap curtain concealed the corner. Cecily peered back of it. There hung three suits, the familiar dungeons, an old sweatshirt, two shirts with the sleeves cut off.

It was at the three suits that Cecily stared. They were not old. They were not rumpled. They were new, expensive, beautifully tailored and quite definitely not the sort that she had expected to find. Unhesitatingly, she drew back the lapel of each, searching for a written name in the pocket lining. There was no name.

Then she discovered a piece of luggage. The kind that cost a great deal of money. Heavy pigskin with expert workmanship. There were labels. Labels from Switzerland, Vienna, Paris, Leningrad, Mexico City. Not the labels you'd expect to find on the luggage of a man who was content to sell a pound of mushrooms, a few quarts of berries. There were labels, but there were no initials.

There wasn't a sign in that whole cabin to give her the slightest clue to the identity of the occupant. Labels from Europe could mean anything. Complete absence of any identifying marks also meant anything—it could mean that that absence was intended.

Cecily went to the old-fashioned dresser that she had not noticed at first. She couldn't bring herself to open the drawers. But on the dresser top there was a small basket. The kind that the Indians from the reservation brought around during the summer to sell to summer guests.

Cecily lifted the sweet-grass lid and at first she thought there was nothing in the basket. Then a gleam caught her eye and she took the basket to the light in the window.

There, at the very bottom, as though they had been forgotten, were two small black pearl studs. Cecily didn't know very much about black pearls but she knew from their luster, their perfect shape, that they were valuable.

She replaced the lid, carried the basket back to the dresser top and put it down. Then she let herself out the way she had come.

More Questions
SHE had accomplished nothing more than to increase the pace of the questions that stirred around her mind with feverish intensity. And to add another more startling question: what were those beautiful black pearls doing in Locke's basket?

Cecily Stuart, you promised yourself that you wouldn't think about it any more. You'd put it out of your mind. Immerse yourself in other things.

One of the other things was the coming dance at the Yacht Club. There were two "big" social affairs to which the summer colony was looking forward. These were the last flares of the season: the closing dance at the Yacht Club and the concert.

Gloria Watts was chairman of the dance committee. Olivia, naturally, was the moving spirit back of the concert. Olivia had sent for her secretary and already she was rehearsing for her program.

The dance was scheduled for the twentieth; the concert was to be given a week later.

"Cecily, you ought to be awfully good on a committee. How about a little help?" Gloria had asked. Cecily said she'd be glad to help. She was glad, returning from her visit to Locke's cabin, that she had found the pearls on the committee. There was to be a meeting the next night at the Yacht Club and it would serve to take her mind off her present problem.

"Laura's awfully good at decorations. Do you mind if I bring her along?" Cecily had said and Gloria answered the more the merrier.

Laura was good at decorations but mostly Cecily wanted her company for some reason she had not put into words; Laura was her only link to the thing that was closest to her.

Laura dined at Dorealea the night of the committee meeting. Gloria, poring importantly over her notebook, said, "There are only three important angles to it: music, decorations and food."

"At college," Tony contributed, "we used to say there were only two important things: men and music. We could get by if the music wasn't so hot, but it was a first class flop if there weren't enough interesting men."

"Alas!" Gloria sighed. "It's a good thing the same thing doesn't hold true here. We're lucky if we can get a man per girl. Like the Ark, we're two-by-two here. Husbands or imported escorts. There's seldom a stag-line."

"Lucky Cecily!" Both Cecily and Laura looked surprised when Tony said that.

"Lucky Cecily is right! She has Philip right here."

"Oh—Philip! Cecily had forgotten him."

"I say, Philip, you ought to be good about music. We really ought to put you on our committee. Can you think up some way of getting a good band for almost no money?" Philip laughed. "I'm afraid not, Gloria. Getting something for nothing isn't my strong point."

If looks could speak, Cecily would have ejaculated aloud: "Not much, it isn't!"

Continued tomorrow.

On the Radio Chains

STATIONS

Where to Find Them on the Dial:
KEX, Portland, 1180; KFI, 940; Los Angeles, KGA, 1470; Spokane, KGO, 590; San Francisco, KJW, 620; Portland, KJR, 970; Seattle, KXN, 1050; Los Angeles, KOA, 830; Denver, KOIN, 940; Portland, KOMO, 920; Seattle, KPO, 630; San Francisco, KSL, 1180; Salt Lake.

Sunday
5:00—Edgar Bergen, KPO, KFI, KJW; Adventures of Ellery Queen, KOIN; Concert orchestra, KGO, KJR, KEX.

6:00—Music from Treasure Island, KGO, KJR, KEX; Manhattan Merry-Go-Round, KPO, KOW, KFI; Sunday Evening Hour, KXN, KOIN.

6:30—Organist, KGO, KJR, KEX; Album of Music, KPO, KOW, KFI; 7:00—Playhouse, KXN, KSL, KOIN; Night Editor, KGW; Hour of Charm, KGO, KEX, KJR, KFI.

7:30—Carnival, KPO, KFI, KOW; Chorus, KGO, KJR, KEX; 8:00—Jenny's orch., KXN; News, KGO, KEX; Walter Winchell, KPO, KFI, KOW.

8:30—Aldrich Family, KPO, KOW, KFI; Lyman's orch., KGO, KJR, KEX; 9:00—Hollywood Playhouse, KPO, KFI, KOW; James' orch., KGO, KJR, KEX.

9:30—Grooby's orch., KSL, KOIN!

Martin's orch., KGO, KJR; One Man's Family, KPO, KFI, KOW; Headin' for Catalina, KXN.
10:00—Levant's orch., KGO; News Reporter, KPO, KFI, KOW; News, KXN.
10:30—Baker's orch., KOIN; Dancing with Clancy, KGO, KJR; Bridge to Dreamland, KPO, KFI.
11:00—News, KGO; Nottingham's orch., KPO.

Monday
8:00—Quaker Party, KPO, KFI, KJW; Order of Adventure, KGO, KEX.
8:30—Dance orch., KGO, KEX, KJR; Radio theater, KSL, KXN, KOIN; Quiz program, KPO, KOW.
9:00—Templeton Time, KPO, KOW, KFI.

10:00—Contented Hour, KPO, KFI, KJW; Conn-Fettina light-heavy-weight boxing bout, KGO, KEX; Lombardo's orch., KSL, KXN, KOIN.
10:30—Blondie, KXN, KSL, KOIN; Musical Sensations, KPO, KFI, KOW.

11:00—Amos and Andy, KXN, KOIN, KSL; Fred Waring, KPO, KOW, KFI; Winton's orch., KGO, KEX.
11:30—Winton's orch., KJR; Dance orch., KPO, KFI; Lum and Abner, KXN, KSL, KOIN.

12:00—Margaret Speaks, KPO, KFI, KJW; Model Minstrels, KXN, KSL, KOIN; This Moving World, KGO, KEX.
1:00—Tune Up Time, KXN, KOIN, KSL; News, KFI, KPO, KOW.

2:30—Hawthorne House, KPO, KOW, KFI; Hawkins' orch., KGO, KEX; Dance orch., KOIN; Ballot Box, KXN.
3:00—News Reporter, KPO, KFI.

Radio Highlights

By C. E. Butterfield
(Associated Press Radio Editor)
Pacific Standard Time.

NEW YORK, Sept. 23.—Another sports telecast, this time softball, will come to the New York area Thursday afternoon.

The participants will be Lowell Thomas' nine old men against the headhunters of the American museum of natural history, playing at the world's fairgrounds.

Like last spring's transmission of college baseball and the August picture of a big league game at Brooklyn, the scenes will be picked up by NBC's mobile equipment for relay to the Empire State building transmitter.

The following Saturday, NBC will televise its first football game, the contest between Fordham and Waynesburg at Randall's Island, New York.

(Networks resume standard time.)
Sunday brings: Program premieres: WABC-CBS 7:30 p.m., Screen Guild. European schedule WEAF-WJZ-NBC 5 a.m. and 7 p.m.; WEAF-NBC

STRANGE AS IT SEEMS—By JOHN HIX

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



CALLING ALL DOGS!
Zoe—the "blond bombshell" of Constable Adam Denholm, who is a hobby down in Australia, is the world's first radio-controlled dog.
The smart Alsatian carries a little portable receiver on her back that picks up regular short-wave police calls. Zoe is trained to track down missing persons.
DUMMIE LOCOMOTIVE
Complete with a cowcatcher, boiler cab and all the trimmings, a full-sized locomotive was duplicated from wood by Chinese to fool Japanese bombers.
FANCY DIVER
Death claimed Burl King shortly after his last annual aquatic exhibition in 1937, attended by 140 of his descendants. King's grandfather died at 103, his mother at 106, his sister at 109.
MONDAY: Heroic Hear-hunter.

SUBURBAN HEIGHTS

By GLUYAS WILLIAMS



9-19 (Released by The Bell Syndicate, Inc.)

TAILSPIN TOMMY—Surprise In Store For Tommy!



BEN WEBSTER'S CAREER—Missionary Work!



THE NEBBES—The Dynamo



By HAL FORREST



By EDWIN ALGER



By SOL HESS



LONDON AUTOISTS GET GAS RATION

LONDON, Sept. 23.—(AP)—High rationing of gasoline swept motor traffic from the streets of London and other British cities today and threatened an acute shortage of taxicabs.
At the same time, the government prepared for general distribution Monday of national registration forms on which food rationing will be based. Registration day for everyone in the United Kingdom is next Friday.
For the ordinary motorist, the new regulations meant a driving range of from 100 to 200 miles a month. For instance, the owner of a small, popular American car of 60 horsepower is allowed ten gallons a month.
Ploshed down to two gallons daily.

INDIANA UNIONS BAR TOM MOONEY

GARY, Ind., Sept. 23.—(AP)—The Indiana State Federation of Labor voted against letting Tom Mooney speak at its annual convention here. Delegates acted yesterday on motion of Harold Lafferty, Hammond hoodlumper, who charged the freed California labor leader had been working for the Congress of Industrial Organizations.
Mooney, told the day before he might make an address, was waiting to take the platform when the vote came.

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