

Meet Mr. Lochinvar

By Marie Blizard

YESTERDAY, Cecily pays a visit to Locke's cabin but finds no identification on any of his things. He possesses expensive suits, luggage, and black pearl studs. Cecily tries to put him out of her mind by preparing for the Yacht Club dance.

Chapter 29 Back Again

"AND what are we to do for men?" Tony persisted. "Oh, there's Manuel and Armando, and they both do the Suzy-Q to perfection. Also, I've wired the Penny twins to pack their dinner jackets and come and rescue us. Or have you someone in mind, Tony?"

"Can we conscript men?" Tony asked with that lazy voice of hers. "Can't think of anybody worth conscripting around here unless... let me see, what have we in the way of bachelors? I have it. We've our leading banker, Donald Hemmingsway. He may be a bit rusty on the turns but he's one of those strong, silent men that I could go for."

Cecily tried to kick her cousin under the table before she said more.

Laura said, "Miss Watts, I'm afraid Donald is spoken for. He's going to the dance with me. But I'll give each of you a dance. He's very good."

Good for Laura! Cecily thought. Tony said, "I saw something that looked good to me today. He came in on the bus, waved to a couple of people, which made me think he might belong around here."

"If he was attractive," Gloria said, "he doesn't! Nothing under sixty visits here in the summer except as a house-guest. What was he like?"

Tony stabbed an olive. "Oh, tall and rangy, graceful, well turned out. Nice lean look around his eyes. That's why I wanted to know what the feeling was about conscription."

"Maybe, he's at the inn and we could look him up," Olivia suggested.

"He wouldn't be hard to find there," Gloria said.

"I looked into that quite thoroughly," Tony added. "No one there of his description. Who lives out at some place called the North road?"

Cecily deliberately chased an errand around the plate, spread it and held it suspended in the air unable to make any further movement.

Could it be that Locke had come back? If he had, it would mean that all was well. It was an overpowering thought. Cecily found that she could finish her dinner, sustained by the faint hope that it was true.

The committee sat in the chilly main hall of the Yacht Club and discussed the relative merits of a band from Portland with two drummers as against two saxophonists of the band from Bangor.

The saxophonists won and the committee took up the subject of decorations. Laura suggested nothing more than a profusion of greens, and the Club's flag, but Laura went into detail as to the simplicity of the operation. A small boy, she pointed out, could gather branches enough to transform the whole Yacht Club into a sort of sylvan glade. With lights adroitly placed and a great yellow bulb back of a circle of orange paper, a harvest moon could be simulated.

Cecily nodded, elated, seconded motions. She heard herself saying that she thought ice-cream and cake too heavy for the evening, but the committee think of serving long cool drinks, with a hot soup and salads at intermission? She heard herself, as though she were someone else, saying, "... at this time of year when it is cool..." and she went on.

There He Is!

SHE gave a very nice performance of a girl whose entire attention was fixed on what she was doing. You'd never have known that there was a sing-song in her ears which said over and over again, "There couldn't be anyone else going down the North road. It would have to be Locke, and if Locke is back, it will mean that all is well." The words began to take on a meter.

Philip gathered his "girls"—Tony, Laura, Cecily and Gloria—around him. Philip was at his best with all the girls.

As they were leaving, somebody said, "How formal is it going to be?"

The entire committee echoed, "Formal! No tails, but dinner jackets or flannels for the men and all ladies in evening dress."

"My old yellow," Cecily murmured. "My new turquoise," Laura said with a light in her eyes. Donald had never seen her in evening clothes.

"Mrs. Goodale in her ten diamond bracelets," Gloria said sarcastically. "Give the women a chance to break out in their tiaras up here and they blossom like Christmas trees. It's sort of a summer inhibition creeping out. Well, Philip, do we toss to see who stands treat for ice-cream?"

Philip made a move of being tremendously hurt, and herded them together.

Cecily waved good night, said things about seeing the other committee members at the dance, did the mechanical things and wished it were over.

She tried. She tried her best to get into the spirit of it as they found their way back to town. She

felt infinitely weary and the prospect of sitting up in a drug-store eating ice-cream seemed a waste of precious energy.

The clerk said, "What'll it be?" They played handies over their soda. Gloria tried a trick, building a structure of matches. Tony stared out the window. Suddenly she grabbed Gloria's arm.

"There he is!" she said. "Who? You nearly ruined my beautiful edifice, just when I had at least a hundred matches..."

"The man that got off the bus! Look over there by the gas station. The one in white flannels. Isn't he cute?"

Cecily put down her straw and followed Tony's stare. She had to bend her head to see past the glass jar in the drug-store window to the brilliantly lighted gas station.

And there, calmly leaning against the gas pump, looking as though he'd stepped out of a fashion page, his long legs in spotless flannels, his broad, lean shoulders smoothly encased in rough, careless tweeds was Mr. Lochinvar.

"The brute!" Cecily muttered under her breath.

You're In Love!

CECILY'S dustcloth flicked angrily over her bookshelves. Her gestures were more energetic than thorough. Resolutely, she kept her eyes from the street.

She inspected the hearth, found a few escaped wood chips and brushed them up. Then she stood poised in the middle of the room and swept it with her gaze.

Laura said, "You might borrow a step-ladder and have a go at the ceiling. It's the only point you've missed."

Cecily found an ash-tray that she had over-looked. She took it to the back and scrubbed it, polished it with a cloth and, bringing it back, plopped herself down disconsolately in a big chair.

Laura said, "I don't mean to probe, darling, but would you like to tell me what brought this outburst on? You've been cleaning the daylight out of everything around here. That's a well-known feminine gesture for getting things off your mind."

"There isn't anything on my mind," Cecily said miserably. "Then, let's just call it 'one of those days.' It's after six and I don't suppose there'll be anyone along now. Why don't you run along? I'll stay around for another half hour."

"It is after six?" Cecily asked. Then suddenly she dropped her head down on the arm of the chair and tears spilled over.

Instantly Laura's arms were around her; Laura's voice made soothing sounds. The sobbing increased and when Cecily had cried herself out, when her nose was pink and her eyes swollen, she let Laura bathe them with cold water.

"I feel better now," she said, making an effort to recapture her dignity. "I suppose you think I'm acting like a little idiot?"

"Not at all, dear. Only I haven't the least idea what it's all about. I'd like to help you if you'll let me."

Cecily tried to speak. She wanted to tell Laura about the state of her jumbled mind. It wasn't easy. Cecily had never known a confidante. It had always been part of her code to keep things to herself. But the code was an old one that belonged to that part of her life before she had grown up.

"It's about Locke," she blurted out. "I thought so. You're in love with him, aren't you, Cecily?"

"I don't know," she replied, trying to be honest. "Perhaps you can tell me."

Laura shook her head slowly. "If you are, I won't have to tell you. Do you think he's in love with you?"

Cecily nodded negatively and two big tears spilled over again. "Of course he isn't! I guess I was just silly to imagine that he felt anything for me."

"But why be so unhappy about it? Nothing has happened."

"But it has! Don't you see, Laura? You don't take this Brewster matter importantly, but I have to! I don't know anything about Locke. He hasn't even told me his name. Locke? What kind of a name is that? And... and I have something to confess. When I heard he had gone off suddenly to Bangor—oh, you know what I was thinking—I was afraid that he was guilty. I went to his cabin."

"I know it was a dreadful thing to do, Laura, but I simply had to know. And at his place I found something."

Laura's eyes were round as saucers. "Guns?"

Cecily had to laugh. "No, Laura, nothing like that. But I did find English-made suits—not the sort of thing he wears around here—a pigskin bag that shrieked Bond Street and... and two black pearl studs."

"So, is that supposed to make him out an international crook?" Laura demanded, more hotly. "Can't a man own studs and decent clothes without exciting suspicion?"

"But perfect black pearls, Laura! What would a man in Locke's circumstances be doing with anything like that?"

"I'm sure I don't know, Cecily, but I do know that you can't be in love with him or you wouldn't be so ready to be suspicious of him. It seems to me that you're making a mountain out of a molehill and being unfair in the bargain."

Continued tomorrow.

On the Radio Chains

STATIONS
Where to Find Them on the Dial:
KEX, Portland, 1180; KFL, 640; Los Angeles, KGO, 1470; Spokane, KGO, 790; San Francisco, KGO, 630; Portland, KJR, 970; Seattle, KEX, 1050; Los Angeles, KGO, 830; Denver, KOIN, 910; Portland, KONO, 920; Seattle, KPO, 630; San Francisco, KSL, 1180; Salt Lake.

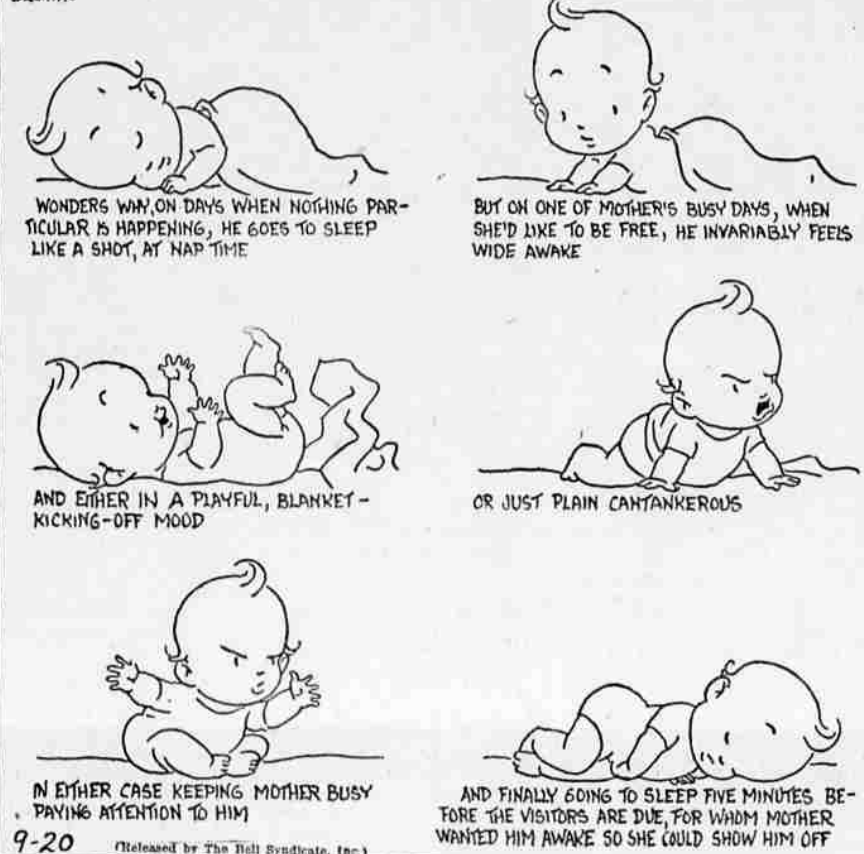
Monday
8:00—Quaker Party, KPO, KFI, KGW; Order of Adventure, KGO, KEX.
9:00—Dance orch., KGO, KEX, KJR; Radio theater, KSL, KOIN; Quiz program, KPO, KGW.
10:00—Templeton Time, KPO, KGW, KFI.

7:00—Contented Hour, KPO, KFI, KGW; Conn-Pettina light-heavy-weight boxing bout, KGO, KEX; Lombardo's orch., KSL, KOIN, KOIN; Musical Sensations, KPO, KFI, KGW; 8:00—Amos and Andy, KEX, KOIN, KSL; Fred Waring, KPO, KGW, KFI; Winton's orch., KGO, KEX.
8:15—Winton's orch., KJR; Dance orch., KPO, KFI; Lum and Abner, KEX, KSL, KOIN.
8:30—Margaret Sparks, KPO, KFI, KGW; Model Minister, KEX, KSL, KOIN; This Moving World, KGO, KEX; Tune Up Time, KEX, KOIN, KSL; True or False, KGO, KEX.

Tuesday
8:00—Army Band, KPO, KFI, KGW; Melody Rendezvous, KGO, KEX, KJR; Big Town, KSL.
9:00—Organist, KGO, KEX, KJR; Tuesday Night Party, KSL; Heidi's orch., KPO, KFI, KGW.
10:00—The Almanac, KGO, KEX, KJR; Aurand's orch., KEX, Shaw's orch., KPO, KFI, KGW.
11:00—Fibber McGee, KPO, KGW, KFI; Crosby's orch., KEX, KSL, KOIN; True Story, KGO, KJR, KEX.
12:00—If I Had the Chance, KGO, KEX; Bob Hope, KPO, KGW, KFI; Calling All Cars, KEX.
1:30—Dog House, KPO, KFI, KGW; Inside Story, KGO, KEX, KJR; Pop-Ops, KEX, KOIN.
2:00—Amos and Andy, KEX, KOIN, KSL; Fred Earing, KPO, KFI, KGW; Information Please, KGO, KEX, KJR.
3:00—This Moving World, KGO, KEX; Johnny Presents, KPO, KFI, KGW; Big Town, KOIN, KEX.
4:00—News, KGO, KEX, KJR; Tuesday Night Party, OIN, KEX; Good Morning Tonight, KPO, KFI, KGW; 9:30—Messner's orch., KGO, KJR.

SLEEP SCHEDULE

By GLUYAS WILLIAMS



TAILSPIN TOMMY—Skeeter's Explanations... Interrupted!



BEN WEBSTER'S CAREER—Cat's Out of Bag!



THE NEBBS—Ambition



LADY PROCLAIMED AS 'WITCH' SUES

OMAHA, Neb., Sept. 25.—(AP)—Mrs. Agat Pugliese, 60, filed a \$10,000 suit in district court today against the Biavoglio Italo American society and its officers, charging she was ousted from the Omaha Italian society after being tried by the group for practicing "witchcraft."

The trial by the society August 13 was a "mere farce," she contended. As a result, she alleged, she is pointed out on the streets as a "witch" by older Italians in the community and subjected to "fear and scorn."

And among the displays of the products to interest the restaurant men will be a pear booth arranged by the Oregon-Washington-California Pear bureau, and a demonstration by a leading chef of pear salad variations. The pear bureau also hopes to get the pear film scheduled for the program.

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

STRANGE AS IT SEEMS—By JOHN HIX

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



By HAL FORREST



By EDWIN ALGER



By SOL HESS



AQUITANIA SAILS; DEFIES U-BOATS

NEW YORK, Sept. 25.—(AP)—Hoping again to outwit lurking submarines the armed Cunard White Star liner Aquitania, coated in gray paint, sailed Saturday, presumably for England, as increasing numbers of Americans arrived from the war zones of Europe.

As before, when she eluded submarines on her trip to this country a week ago, the afterdeck of the British ship, second largest on the line, was cleared for action, and two 12-pounders were mounted on either side as defensive pieces.

Official sources refused to divulge her destination. Whether she carried passengers also was undisclosed.

20,000 at Fair

EUGENE, Sept. 25.—(AP)—An estimated 20,000 persons attended the Lane county fair which closed Saturday. Manager Allen Wheeler said, "Twenty-five communities entered displays."