

Meet Mr. Lochinvar

By Marie Blizard

YESTERDAY: Locke returns, looking like a fashion plate. Cecily confides to Laura what she found in Locke's cabin.

Chapter 30 Telephone Call

"YOU can't be in love with him," said Laura, "or you would not be so ready to be suspicious of him."

Cecily was beyond reason. "But, Laura, he was in Vickersport last night. We both saw him. And never have I seen him looking the way he did. He came back yesterday. Tony saw him getting off the bus. And he hasn't been in all day! I haven't left this shop since nine this morning."

"He's a man of affairs, probably." "Affairs! Filling cerry buckets, dangle a fishpole over the side of a dock, whittling a piece of wood! Affairs!"

"Well, Cecily, make up your mind. You like him, and accept him for what he is, or you forget him." "I'll forget him. How could I do anything else?"

"If I were you, I'd find out. I'm on his side. I like him! I don't know much about men but I do know something about human nature. I agree with you that things look suspicious, his clothes and his pretense, and his air of mystery about himself, but I'll rely on my instincts about him. He's a gentleman and I don't believe he'd do any wrong. Why don't you have it out with him? Why don't you tell him how you feel about him... well, his banter."

"Easier said than done, my friend. Do you bid the east wind come when you want it? Can you turn on the moon? Can you wave your hand in the air and make people appear out of a cloud of dust?"

Laura laughed. "Goose! This isn't New York. No one could find you here if you wanted to see them."

"There is also the point that I don't want to talk to him. I can't explain it to you, Laura, but things are just that way between us. I simply can't seek him out."

"But I could," Laura said simply.

"The idea arrested Cecily. 'Oh, let's forget it. I guess I'm just tired. You're quite right—I have been making a situation out of something that really isn't important.'"

"She got up and put on her white coat."

"I wish I could ask you back to the cottage with me, Cecily, but I'm having supper at the inn tonight with Miss Dixon."

"I'd better hurry or I won't have a chance to change for dinner," Cecily said.

"Cecily hurried through her bath, put pads of cold water-soaked cotton on her swollen eyes and came down to dinner a little later as the others were going into the dining-room."

"She took little part in the conversation, feeling herself no part of anything."

"They were having coffee in the drawing-room when Helene said, 'Olivia apparently the recent unpleasantness at Mrs. Brewster's is not finished business. Your housemaid informed Wilson who told it in turn to Manuel that Mrs. Brewster sent for a detective from a Boston agency. He came yesterday and left today.'"

"I wouldn't!" "But Mrs. Brewster said it was all nonsense! That Lady Rathbone never did have the pin."

"Wouldn't she say that to make her guests feel more at ease?" Olivia dismissed it. "I suppose she would. What a lot of unpleasantness over one small pin!"

"Mother, you'd be having hysterics all over the place if you lost an ear-ring," Gloria said banteringly.

"Listen to the child! Do you see me making fun, Gloria? And haven't I a half-million dollars' worth of jewels in my bedroom safe?"

"Do let us see them, Olivia," Helene pleaded.

"It's silly of me but I always take them with me even up here. I never wear more than a piece or two but I do rather drape myself for the concert. Aurelia Despechi always wears her rubies for the concert and Madame Bronzeng wears every one of her famous pearls. I'll go along and get them."

Olivia sailed toward the door but Tony reached it as quickly. She placed a hand gently on Olivia's arm.

is arm. "I wouldn't, Madame Darrell. Much as we'd like to see them, I do think they're safer where they are. After all, one never knows..."

Olivia hesitated, measured glance for glance with Tony and laughed softly. "Dear child! They'd be quite safe here. However, I think it would be a bore. Some other time."

She turned back to the room and crossed to the piano. Tony's gaze followed her and Cecily rose swiftly, intending to follow an impulse that came to her.

For once she intended to follow an impulse without questioning it. The telephone—there was only one at Darrell's and an old-fashioned one that required ringing the extension one wanted by simply turning a handle—was at the end of the main hall, back of the coat closet.

Cecily made her way to it and picked up the receiver. She twisted the handle once slowly, twice fast, trying to do it gently so that the echoing tinkle wouldn't be heard in the drawing-room.

After a little while a voice answered her.

"Is this the inn? May I please speak with Mrs. Atwill? She's having supper with Miss Dixon."

"Yes, thank you, I'll wait."

Cecily, waiting for Laura, couldn't see around at her back. She heard footsteps come into the hall and go away again.

Then she heard Laura's voice. She dropped her hand so that she was speaking barely above a whisper: "Laura, this is Cecily. Mrs. Brewster has had a detective up from Boston. I must see Locke. He knows something, I'm sure. I just have a hunch that there is something afoot. Do you think it would be all right for me to go to his cabin? It's moonlight and I'm not afraid. I want to talk to him. I have a feeling he can clear up things... Yes, that trip of his had something to do with it, I'm sure."

"You will?... But should you?... Oh, it's easy to find... Yes, straight down the North road past the Soderstrom's place. No, there isn't another place anywhere along the road... All right, tonight."

Reasonable Explanation?

SHE rang off, not knowing what to do. Laura was right, of course. Laura should go, not Cecily.

And Laura had promised her that she would not go alone; she'd get one of the Calder boys to walk the lonely road with her.

Cecily stood undetermined for a minute and then went out into the hall. She came almost face to face with Philip.

"I was going to call the drug-store and ask them to send up some soda, Cecily, but now I have a better idea. Why don't we take a walk to the village together? I haven't had your pleasant company alone for a long time."

Cecily's eyes scanned his face searchingly. Had he heard her conversation?

Satisfied that he hadn't, she said, "Not tonight, Philip. I've had a hard day and I'm going to turn in early and read my book to sleep."

"Okay, little one. I'll see if one of the others will go. I could do with a bit of fresh air."

Cecily went back to the drawing-room and picked up her knitting. Mechanically, she lifted thread over thread, clicking her needles smartly in time to the quickening pace of her thoughts.

Laura, as a disinterested stranger, could talk to Locke, demand to know all about him, explain the situation and get a reasonable explanation.

After tomorrow everything would be all right. And if the explanation were not reasonable—she thrust the knitting into her bag and got up. "If you'll excuse me, I think I'll turn in."

"Don't go, Cecily. Philip is going to the village to get some soda. He's going to make a hot punch. Think how well you'll sleep after that."

"I'll sleep well enough now, Gloria," Cecily yawned extravagantly.

She did sleep. But it was not well enough. Troubled dreams and a troubled conscience haunted her. She tossed the night away, dreaming that Laura—poor, scared, timid little thing—had been accosted by a mountain lion on the road to Locke. She woke with the subconscious thought haggling at the edge of her consciousness and was glad for the daylight which would bring an end to it.

Continued tomorrow.

Woman Directs Fire Force On Ground or From Plane

By Lewis Marcy

United Press Staff Correspondent

COWSETT, R. L. (UP)—Men may laugh at the fashionably grotesque hats womenfolk wear, but they don't laugh at Anne Crawford Allen when she dons her old headgear—a fire hat.

For socialite Anne Allen is the nation's only "flying" woman fire chief.

Miss Allen began chasing fires a dozen years ago. It all began when incendiaries set fires on the 2,500-acre Allen estate, 12 miles from Providence.

When these blazes increased in size and number, Miss Allen organized the "Cedar Hill Fire Department." The community elected her department chief, and 15 men were put on the active list.

But it hasn't all been smooth sailing. Fire truck manufacturers declined to build a truck to her specifications. So, she bought a truck chassis and supervised construction from her own drawings.

Chief Allen's special fire truck has a device for allowing more speed around curves and a 400-gallon water tank for use in localities lacking hydrants. There also are portable fire-fighting pumps, booster hose for roofs and three 200-watt floodlights, in addition to regular equipment.

A cabin monoplane is a part of the department's apparatus. Miss Allen is a licensed pilot and sometimes leads the battle from the air.

She once directed from her airplane the rescue of six men trapped in a forest fire.

"The airplane comes in handy during forest fires," she said. "I took to the air because that's the only way you can tell the nature of the blaze and the direction in which it's spreading."

As for her hat—well, it's white, and it hangs behind the truck driver's seat, and Miss Allen would not trade it for a slipper of the latest Paris creations.

To Wed In Reno

RENO, Nev., Sept. 26.—(AP)—Marriage licenses issued here during the week-end included: Warner Cottrell, 32, and Vionne Burr, 28, both Lakeview, Ore.; Dennis W. Smith, 22, and Bethel Pustion, 17, both Klamath Falls, Ore.

Mrs. Finley Dies

PORTLAND, Sept. 26.—(AP)—Mrs. J. P. Finley, 80, mother of the noted Oregon naturalist William L. Finley, died at the home of a daughter, Mrs. F. A. Kenny, here Saturday.

On the Radio Chains

STATIONS

Where to Find Them on the Dial:
KEX, Portland, 1180; KFI, 640.
Los Angeles; KGA, 1470; Spokane, KGO, 790, San Francisco; KGW, 630, Portland; KJR, 970, Seattle; KXN, 1050, Los Angeles; KOA, 830, Denver; KOIN, 940, Portland; KOMO, 930, Seattle; KPO, 630, San Francisco; KSL, 1180, Salt Lake.

Tuesday

5:00—Army Band, KPO, KFI, KGW; Melody Rendezvous, KGO, KEX, KJR; Big Town, KSL.

5:30—Organist, KGO, KEX, KJR; Tuesday Night Party, KSL; Hold's orch., KPO, KFI, KGW.

6:00—The Almanac, KGO, KEX, KJR; Auraland's orch., KXN; Shaw's orch., KPO, KFI, KGW.

6:30—Pibber McGee, KPO, KGW, KFI; Crosby's orch., KXN, KSL, KOIN; True Story, KGO, KJR, KEX.

7:00—If I Had the Chance, KGO, KEX; Bob Hope, KPO, KGW, KFI; Calling All Cars, KXN.

7:30—Dog House, KPO, KFI, KGW; Inside Story, KGO, KEX, KJR; Pop-Ora, KXN, KOIN.

8:00—Amos and Andy, KXN, KOIN, KSL; Fred Earing, KPO, KFI, KGW; Information Please, KGO, KEX, KJR.

8:30—This Moving World, KGO, KEX; Johnny Presents, KPO, KFI, KGW; Big Town, KOIN, KXN.

9:00—News, KGO, KEX, KJR; Tuesday Night Party, OIN, KXN; Good Morning Tonight, KPO, KFI, KGW.

9:30—Messer's orch., KGO, KJR; Battle of the Sexes, KPO, KGW, KFI, We, the People, KXN, KSL, KOIN.
KFI: News Reporter, KPO, KGW, KFI; News, KXN, KSL; Tucker's orch., KGO.
10:30—Foster's orch., KPO, KFI, KGW; James orch., KGO, KEX, KJR; Dance orch., KXN, KOIN, KSL.
11:00—Ravazza's orch., KPO, KFI; Organist, EX; Barnett's orch., KSL, KOIN; News, KGO.

Wednesday

5:00—We Present, KGO, KEX, KJR; Solista, KGW, KFI; Waring's orch., KPO.

5:30—Hobby Lobby, KPO, KFI, KGW; Buene's Noches, Amigos, KGO, KEX, KJR.

6:00—Star Theater, KSL, KOIN, KXN; Horse and Buggy Days, KGO, KEX, KJR; Musical Soiree, KPO, KFI, KGW.

7:00—I Want a Divorce, KXN, KSL, KOIN; Kyr's Prm., KPO, KGW, KFI; Spitalny's orch., KGO, KEX.

7:30—American Viewpoints, KXN, KOIN, KSL; Dance orch., KGO, KJR, KEX.

8:00—Waring's orch., KPO, KGW; Osborne's orch., KGO, KEX; Amos and Andy, KXN, KOIN, KSL.

8:30—Whiteman's orch., KXN, KSL, KOIN; This Moving World, KGO, KJR; Avalon Time, KPO, KFI.

9:00—Honolulu Bound, KXN, KSL, KOIN; What's My Name, KPO, KFI, KGW; Calif. Composers, KGO, KJR.

9:30—Jewel's Prm., KPO, KFI, KGW; Teagarden's orch., KGO, Dance

Orch., KXN, KOIN.
10:00—Martin's orch., KGO, Sullivan, KXN, KSL; News Reporter, KPO, KFI, KGW.
10:30—Tucker's orch., KGO, KFI, KJR, KEX; Ravazza's orch., KPO, KGW; Dance orch., KXN, KOIN, KSL.
11:00—Barnett's orch., KSL, KOIN; Nottingham's orch., KPA, KFI; Organist, KEX; News, KGO.

GROWTH IN FREIGHT REQUIRES BOX CARS

NEW YORK, Sept. 26.—(AP)—Wall street analysts today noted the nation's railroads, spurred by heavily mounting carloadings have taken drastic steps to prevent traffic delays including an emergency order for all box cars in western territory to be returned to home territory immediately.

Shippers and carriers executives will meet in Newark October 4 and 5 to discuss means of avoiding shortages.

Closing time for Too Late to Classify Ads is 1:30 p. m.

Use Mail Tribune want ads.

RECORD TURKEY CROP SEEN IN WASHINGTON. 1,518,000 IN OREGON

SEATTLE, Sept. 26.—(AP)—Washington state turkey growers will harvest a record crop of 889,000

birds this season, the federal agriculture marketing service estimated today. This figure is 30 per cent above last year's crop.

The increase in the national production is about 22 per cent. Oregon's turkey production is estimated at 1,518,000; California 3,281,000; Montana 290,000 and Idaho 245,000.

While turkey flocks range from a dozen to 10,000 birds, 90 per cent are grown in flocks of 300 or more. The larger production is laid to the move toward year-round con-

sumption although the bulk still is sold at Thanksgiving and Christmas.

The federal statisticians said fully 11 per cent of the birds will be ready for market next month; 41 per cent for Thanksgiving and 36 per cent by Christmas. Producers generally are marketing an unusually large percentage of their turkeys early this year.

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.

THE DEAD SEA OF THE PACIFIC!
AN UNEXPLAINED BARRIER OF STAGNANT WATER—CONTAINING ALMOST NO OXYGEN, DIVIDES THE NORTH AND SOUTH PACIFIC OCEANS AT A DEPTH OF 300 TO 2500 FEET... IT IS 100 MILES WIDE!



ISLAND OF RELIGION!
CORFU--IONIAN SEA, IS ONLY 40 MILES LONG, YET HAS NEARLY 500 ORTHODOX CHURCHES...

PACIFIC DEAD SEA
A strange barrier of "dead" water—almost devoid of dissolved oxygen—is one of the mysteries of the Pacific ocean.

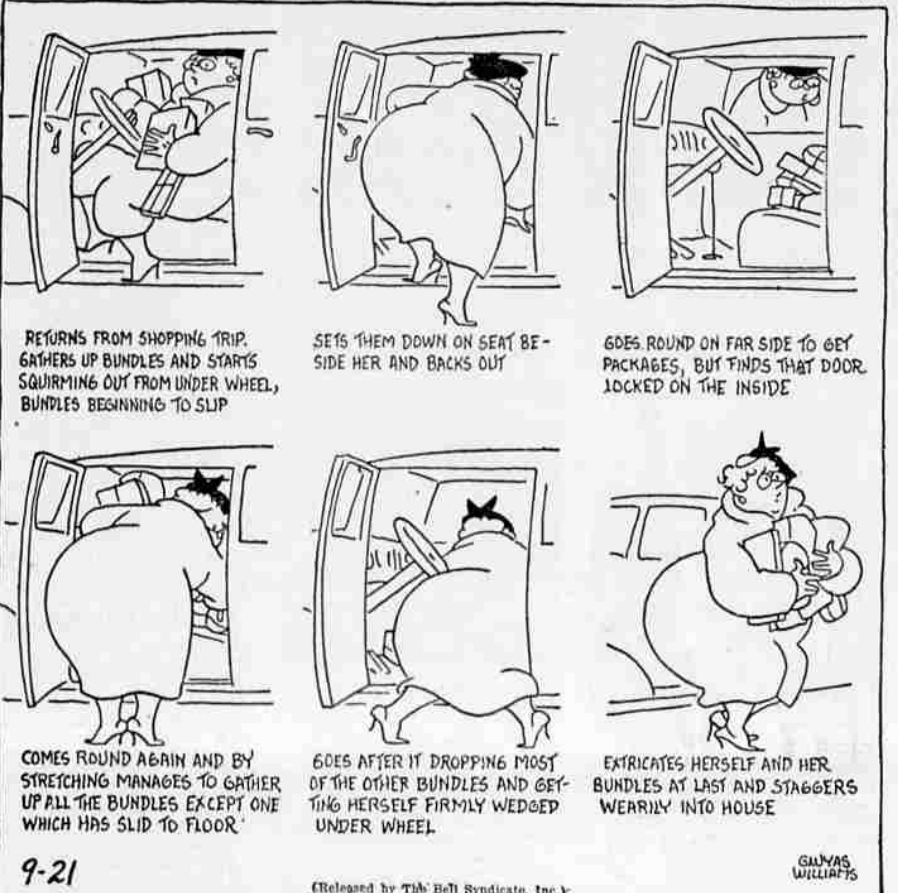
This "dead" sea, first discovered in 1929, lies at depths between 300 and 2,500 feet, extending thousands of miles westward from Central America to longitude 180 degrees.

No satisfactory explanation of this condition has been offered, says H. U. Sverdrup, Director of the Scripps Institute of Oceanography. He suggests that the area is nearly stagnant, so that currents do not bring in fresh oxygen.

"It is a surprising fact that in this oxygen-poor water one finds a number of organisms," he says, "but I doubt that any deep-sea fishes have been found."

TOMORROW: The Shadow That Walks Alone!

EXIT



TAILSPIN TOMMY—The Fatal Crash!



BEN WEBSTER'S CAREER—What's He Up To?



THE NEBBES—On With the Dance



By SOL HESS