

Meet Mr. Lochinvar

By Marie Blizard

YESTERDAY: When Cecily learns that a detective has arrived at Mrs. Atwill's to investigate the disappearance of the pin, she hurriedly telephones Laura from the house. Laura offers to go and talk to Locke.

Chapter 31 A Secret

Laura opened her eyes and the sunlight striking the eyeballs struck through her skull, making the pit of her stomach feel queasy. She stretched her aching legs out experimentally and the hard cot beneath her felt like a board. She twisted her head around to look at the unfamiliar room.

She saw that her shoes were neatly placed under the chair. Her white coat was folded and placed over the back of it. Her pocket-book and wrist-watch lay on the top. She picked up the watch and squinted at it. The effort to see pierced her head with another pain.

It must have stopped, she thought; it can't be after twelve! She sat up and called weakly "Yoo-hoo!"

"I'm right here, Laura. Stay where you are and I'll bring you a cup of tea."

Laura stayed where she was, suddenly longing for the tea. In less than ten minutes, Locke said, "Okay to come in?"

"Okay." "Good." He parted the curtain and brought her a tray on which there was a steaming cup of tea and two pieces of quite presentable toast.

"Get this under your belt and you'll feel better," he said. Laura sipped the tea gratefully without speaking. Then she broke off a corner of the toast, found that it was good and devoured the rest of it.

"You're right—my belt does feel better now," she said. "Let's have a look at the head?" She bent her head forward obligingly and Locke, with gentle fingers explored the bump at the back below her ear. "It's gone down but it was a nasty one! Might have been much more serious, too. Do you see any spots before your eyes?"

Laura blinked. "No, I feel fine. I was dizzy when I woke up but the tea worked a miracle."

"Take your time, there's no rush." "Oh, Locke, I'm so sorry. This is your only bed, isn't it?"

"Not at all. I have a good blanket and the whole outdoor sleeping under the stars is an old habit of mine. I'm afraid that you weren't very comfortable."

"It was grand of you to let me have it. Shall we talk about last night?"

"There doesn't seem to be anything to say, I guess we covered it all pretty well last night. You say you haven't the least idea how it was done? You saw no one? You were coming along the road just this side of Soderstrom's when suddenly you went out cold and you didn't come to until I found you?"

"That's right. Don't you think I could have stumbled over a stone?"

"Fall on your face and have a bump on the back of your head? It isn't likely, Laura. That has all the earmarks of a man aimed blow. Now can you see why I had to take you into my confidence and why you can't say anything at all about it? We've got a secret, Laura, and I want you to promise that under no circumstances will you breathe it to one person. Say nothing—no matter how it happens. It may be wrong, but I don't think I am, and I'm counting on you to see me through. Will you?"

"Darn Sweet Girl!" "It all sounds fantastic, Locke, but I'll see you through."

They shook hands solemnly. "Now I've got to get to the village. Cecily will be worrying about me. I'm sure she expected me early this morning. I'll tell her I over slept."

"Think we ought to bandage up that head?" "Good heavens, no! I don't want to go back to town looking like the spirit of '76."

"I'll walk as far as the junction of the road with you. You look pretty white."

Laura looked at herself in the mirror from her handbag. "I look quite blooming, or at least I will when I get some rouge on. No one would ever know what I feel like."

Locke was troubled. "You ought to drop in and see the Doc." "Nonsense! What's a little blow on the head?"

"I'm afraid I'm going to have trouble before I'm through, Laura, and I don't want to have any with you."

"You won't," she promised. "Laura, I . . . Locke appeared to be embarrassed. Cecily's Locke!"

"Yes?" "You know what you might be getting in for, don't you?" "I do."

"You're a darn sweet girl, Mrs. Atwill." Laura sent him out with the tray and got up. She tidied her hair as best she could, got her shoes on and went into the small kitchen to wash. Then when she was ready and steady, she said, "I'd better be getting on back."

"Laura, why do you do it! I haven't given you any credentials. I know you haven't but I'll gamble this time." She smiled at him. "There's only one thing: what shall I tell Cecily?" "Please don't tell her anything and if you can keep the news about being ambushed as you were to yourself, please do. And above everything else, don't go out at night alone!"

"I won't," she promised. But he was not satisfied. "You're quite sure that no one knew you were coming here?"

"Oh, quiet! Even then Laura wouldn't tell him that Cecily had begun the thing by saying she was going to him. It wouldn't do any good for him to know that. Laura incurred romantic that she was determined to preserve Cecily's romance."

"Then there's nothing to worry about. Evidently the person who did it, was taking a shot in the dark and it has nothing to do with this business. Now, your story is: you came here and found me gone and that's all there is. I shall be gone tomorrow and then it will be the truth."

Out All Night
CECILY STUART counted the hours. Nine o'clock. Ten o'clock. Eleven. Surely Laura must come any minute, she thought. Laura knows how anxious I am to hear what Locke had to say.

"Yes, Mrs. Hargreaves," she heard herself saying to a customer, "you can always depend on Fletcher for a good murder mystery. Have you read The Communist Corpse? I think you'd like it."

She was thinking: I wish to goodness you'd take it and get out. Mrs. Hargreaves, smile, shopkeeper. Business before pleasure. But this waiting is no pleasure.

Twelve o'clock—and a new fear took possession of Cecily's thoughts. Suppose something had happened to Laura? Suppose Laura had been taken suddenly ill? Suppose there really was a mountain lion. Stranger things than that did happen. Suppose Locke had kidnapped her?

At half-past twelve Cecily corralled a small boy, gave him five cents, promising him a dime if he'd run out to Mrs. Atwill's and ask her if she could come in at once.

With the small boy dispatched, Cecily felt better and applied herself to satisfying the wants of her customers who came in in what appeared to be droves. Another day, she would have been delighted at the start of business.

The small boy came back quicker than Cecily had expected. Cecily's note was still in his hand. "She ain't there," he reported. "She ain't been there neither."

"Why-what?" "She ain't been there," the boy repeated.

At that precise moment, Donald Hemingway appeared at Cecily's shoulder.

"Good morning, Cecily. I wondered if Mrs. Atwill had had luncheon yet. I've a guest that I would like her to meet."

"The little boy said, 'Her hired girl says Miss Atwill didn't come home last night. Her bed ain't been slept in.'"

Cecily gave him his dime and struggled for composure. Her face was white when she turned to Donald. She smiled weakly, trying to drown her rising feeling of guilt and apprehension.

"It's nothing, really," she said. "I'll go and . . ."

"Has something happened to Laura? Where is she?" "I don't know," Cecily said miserably. "But I . . . The real thing that she had to say trailed off as she went back for her coat."

Donald was waiting at the door for her. "I'll go along with you," Cecily caught her breath. She didn't want him to go along with her. Or did she? If something had happened to Laura she would never forgive herself. She had a vision of Laura lying in a ditch with a broken leg. Perhaps she had stumbled over a cow. Perhaps a car had struck her in the darkness. Only cars never went out that dark road late at night. Oh, what a little fool she had been to bring Laura into this. At what horrible expense to her friend?

"All right," she said, "come along."

Donald's stride was long but he was breathless with the effort of trying to keep up with her.

"Look here, where are we going?" "Out. Just out," Cecily said. She was in no mood for explanations. Why, of all things, did Donald Hemingway have to turn up at that moment? Whatever had happened would be forgiven her by Laura, she knew. But what would Mr. Hemingway think of it?

Cecily was very much annoyed at Mr. Hemingway for being himself. Strong, Silent, Down-Easter. Quick to judge. Quick to think a girl a fool. Unforgiving. Poor Mr. Hemingway.

He matched his stride to hers and they cleared the main street, striking off toward the left, following the road to the junction.

"Cecily," he asked reasonably, "why are we going this way? Laura's cottage is in the other direction."

Cecily did not need to answer him. Two figures emerged over the rise of the road.

Continued tomorrow.

On the Radio Chains

STATIONS
Where to Find Them on the Dial:
KEX, Portland, 1180; KFL, 640
Los Angeles; KGA, 1470, Spokane;
KGO, 790, San Francisco; KGW,
620, Portland; KJR, 970, Seattle;
KNX, 1050, Los Angeles; KOA, 530
Denver; KOIN, 940, Portland;
KOMO, 926, Seattle; KPO, 630, San
Francisco; KSL, 1180, Salt Lake.

Wednesday.
5:00—We Present, KGO, KEX, KJR;
Soloists, KGW, KFI, Waring's Orch.,
KPO.
5:30—Hobby Lobby, KPO, KFI,
KGO; Buenos Noches, Amigos, KGO,
KEX, KJR.
6:00—Star Theater, KSL, KOIN;
KNX; Horse and Buggy Days, KGO,
KEX, KJR; Musical Solree, KPO, KFI,
KGO.
7:00—I Want a Divorce, KNX, KSL,
KOIN; Kyser's Prgm., KPO, KGW,
KFI; Spitalny's Orch., KGO, KEX.
7:30—American Viewpoints, KNX,
KJH; KSL; Dance Orch., KGO, KJR,
KEX.
8:00—Waring's Orch., KPO, KFI,
Osborne's Orch., KGO, KEX; Amos
and Andy, KNX, KOIN, KSL.
8:30—Whiteman's Orch., KNX, KSL,
KOIN; This Moving World, KGO,
KJR; Avalon Tim., KPO, KFI.
9:00—Honolulu Bound, KNX, KSL,
KOIN; What's My Name, KPO, KFI,
KGO; Calif. Composers, KGO, KJR.

9:30—Jesse's Prgm., KPO, KFI,
KGO; Teagarden's Orch., KGO; Dance
Orch., KNX, KOIN.
10:00—Martin's Orch., KGO; Sulli-
van, KNX, KSL; News Reporter, KPO,
KFI, KGW.
10:30—Tucker's Orch., KGO, KFI,
KJR, KEX; Ravazza's Orch., KPO,
KGO; Dance Orch., KNX, KOIN, KSL.
11:00—Barnett's Orch., KSL, KOIN;
Nottingham's Orch., KPA, KFI; Or-
ganist, KEX, News, KGO.

Thursday.
5:00—Songs, KGO, KEX, KJR;
Rudy Valley, KPO, KGW, KFI.
5:30—Pay Dirt Dan, KGO, KEX,
KJR.
6:00—Good News of 7640, KPO,
KFI, KGW; Major Boxes, KNX, KOIN,
KSL; Symphony Orch., KGO, KJR,
KEX.
7:00—News, KGO, KEX; Drama,
KOIN; Music Hall, KPO, KFI, KGW.
7:30—Concert Orch., KGO, KEX;
Sports Pop-Offs, KNX, KOIN.
8:00—Fred Waring, KPO, KGW,
KFI; Amos and Andy, KNX, KSL,
KOIN.
8:15—The Parker Family, KNX,
KSL, KOIN; Doe's Music, KGO, KEX,
KJR; Symphony Hour, KPO, KGW,
KFI.
8:30—Joe E. Brown, KNX, KSL,
KOIN; This Moving World, KGO,
KEX, KJR.
9:00—Concert Hall, KGO; Ask-It-
Basket, KNX, KSL, KOIN; James
Orch., KGO, KEX, KJR.
9:30—Eldridge's Orch., KPO, KFI;
Strange As It Seems, KNX, KOIN,
KSL; Barnett's Orch., KGO, KJR.
10:00—News Reporter, KPO, KGW.

KFI; Sullivan Songs, KSL; Foster's
Orch., KGO, KJR.
-0-15—Tucker's Orch., KFI; Foster's
Orch., KEX; Nightcap Yarns, KNX,
KOIN; Dance Hour, KPO.
10:30—Ravazza's Orch., KPO, KJR,
KFI; Nottingham's Orch., KGO, KJR,
KEX; Tucker's Orch., KNX, KOIN,
KSL.
11:00—Martin's Orch., KPO, KFI;
Barnett's Orch., KOIN, KSL; News,
KGO.

U.S. PROSPECTING FOR WAR METAL TO MEET NEEDS

BOISE, Ida.—(UP)—What geologists describe as potentially the greatest deposits of antimony in the continental United States are located in the yellow pine-athabasca area, about 60 miles northeast of Boise. The United States bureau of mines and the U. S. geological survey plan to investigate the deposits in the near future as a possible source of ore vital to national defense needs. Sinclair H. Lorain of the U. S. bureau of mines said preliminary prospecting work in the area started recently and will continue through

the fall. They will prospect for likely spots where test drills can be made. Antimony is essential to the making of steel and lead alloys. It now is obtained by the United States principally from China and Mexico. In the event importation was stopped, domestic production, now comparatively small, would have to be increased to meet needs of the vast steel industry so vital to national defense. The Bradley Mining company already is taking commercial quantities of antimony from its Valley

county gold mining operations as a by-product of gold. During the World war, large quantities of antimony were mined and shipped in Idaho. The present development work is being undertaken as a part of a strategic metals program for which congress recently appropriated \$500,000 a year. The survey work will cost in Idaho about \$20,000. The metal is found in stibnite rock, a combination of antimony, sulphur and other metals. It must be milled and smelted.

Military Rites For German Army Chief
BERLIN, Sept. 27.—(AP)—The body of Col. Gen. Baron Werner von Fritsch, one-time commander-in-chief of the German army, was buried today with full military honors. He fell before Warsaw last Friday. The general's aged mother and Field Marshal Hermann Goerring stood in a cold rain for the state funeral ceremony at Berlin's World war memorial.

STRANGE AS IT SEEMS—By JOHN HIX

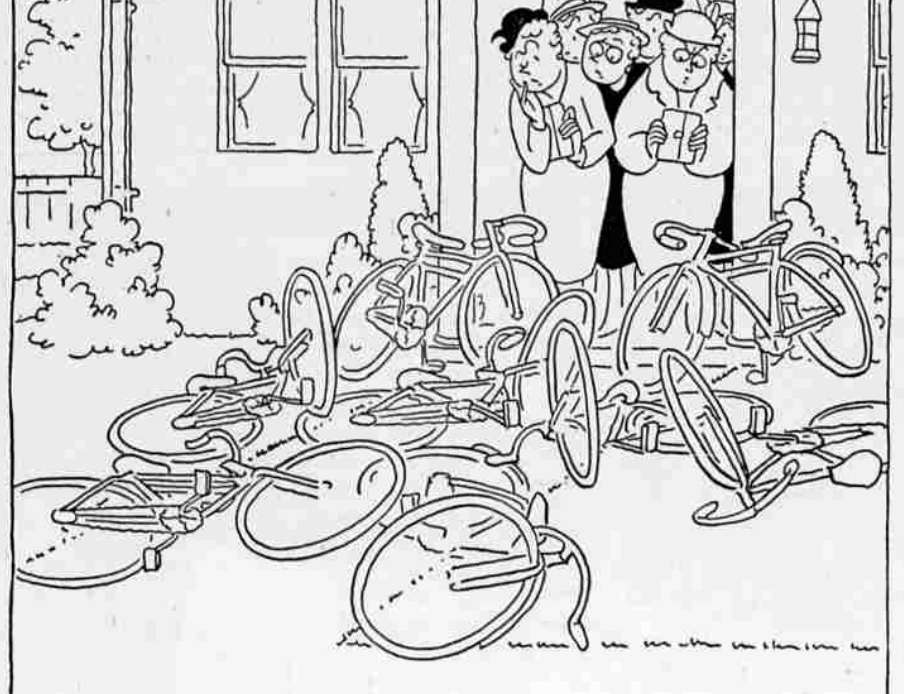


ME AND MY SHADOW!
YOU CAN SHAKE HANDS WITH YOUR OWN SHADOW-- THEN GO AWAY AND LEAVE IT!
("House of Magic," N.Y. World's Fair)

RAILROAD ENGINEERS BLEW POST HORNS-- PRIOR TO 1932 -- England--

INDEPENDENT SHADOW
"I have a little shadow that goes in and out with me. And what can be the use of him is more than I can see." Robert Louis Stevenson, who wrote the above lines, would be amazed at the new "streamlined" shadows developed by science that "stay put." The secret is this: the screen on which the shadow is cast is made of a phosphorescent material which stores up light received from a powerful spotlight and continues to glow for as long as 10 minutes. LOCOMOTIVE HORNS
Like coachmen, engineers on trains prior to 1932 blew post horns. In that year a British train upset an egg cart, which led to development of the steam whistle. Tomorrow: City For a Day!

BLOCKADE



By GLUYAS WILLIAMS
THE BRIDGE CLUB HAS HAD TO GIVE UP MEETING AT MRS. WEMPLE'S, BECAUSE WITH JUNIOR WEMPLE'S FRIENDS WORKING ON A MODEL AIRPLANE IN HIS CELLAR, IT IS ALMOST IMPOSSIBLE TO GET OUT OF THE HOUSE WHEN THE BRIDGE SESSION IS OVER.

9-22 (Released by The Associated Press, Inc.)

TAILSPIN TOMMY—Skeeter Insurges!