

Meet Mr. Lochinvar

By Marie Blizard

...NDAY: Locke finds Laura knocked out on the path to his cabin. She doesn't recover until morning. Locke tells her she must keep secret what happened. Meanwhile, Cecily, worried, gets Donald Hemingway to help her look for Laura.

Chapter 32 Odd Behavior

COMING toward them was the slight figure of a woman leaning on the arm of a tall young man, her face turned up to his.

Laura and Locke.

As the two couples approached each other the air was electric.

Cecily could feel Donald Hemingway stiffen. She was conscious of feeling two things in herself at once: relief to see that Laura was safe, a quick stab of jealousy.

Laura's face had been turned up to Locke the way that she, Cecily, had so often looked at him. Whatever Locke's reaction, none of them could tell.

Laura was nonplussed. She was startled to see Donald there so unexpectedly. Cecily's presence had destroyed completely her joint plan with Locke to tell her another story. Waves of flushes rose in her cheeks, giving her a look of blatant guilt.

"Hello," she said. There was so little else to say.

"Hello," Cecily said.

"Nice day for walking," Locke commented.

They might all have met casually on Fifth Avenue. Cecily said, "Oh, Locke... I... I don't believe you know Mr. Hemingway."

They bowed to each other.

Oh, if only I could call a taxi and get into it, Cecily thought. Why doesn't somebody say something? Why did people have to look guilty?

Laura, surprisingly, broke the silence. "I was just coming in," she said. "It was such a beautiful morning I couldn't resist the impulse to take a long walk. I had no idea it was so late. Then... then I... I happened to turn my ankle and... and Locke came along and offered me his arm."

"Oh! Is it turned badly?" Cecily inquired quickly, solicitously. Anything to ease this strain. "Mr. Hemingway dropped in to take you to lunch and I... I thought that we might walk out and pick you up at your place."

Cecily was thinking: Never mind that you know Laura hasn't turned her ankle. Pay no attention to the thought that Laura's cottage was in another direction. "Oh, thank you, Donald. I'm... I'm afraid that I can't lunch with you today."

Donald murmured that he was sorry.

Cecily thought that perhaps the four of them would spend the rest of their lives as an inanimate group standing there by the roadside. And how could she spend another minute there when she couldn't meet Locke's eyes?

She had met them once and for the first time since she'd known him, his glance had dropped to her feet. After that she couldn't look at him.

Funny, how quickly a thought can dart through your mind. You can think: Laura is in her early thirties, but she is as pretty as a young girl and men like Locke could like girls like Laura. He might have been attracted to her all the time that he was coming to see me!

At last they began to move along. Donald walking as though his legs were sticks and his mind was fixed on the mortgage to foreclose. Cecily thought.

Then Locke said, "Sister Anne! Sister Anne! What do I see in the distance? As I live and breathe, a chariot! Now, milady, you shall ride!"

Speechless

CECILY was never so glad to see anything in her life as the ancient horse-drawn lumber wagon that had come into view and drew up beside them.

"Hi, Dod!" Apparently Locke knew all the natives. "We've got a lady here who's an injured ankle. Do you think you could balance her on that plank that serves as your carriage?"

Dad reckoned he could.

Very tenderly, Donald giving no help, Locke assisted Laura to a comparatively safe spot on the single plank between the rear wheels.

"When you get home—and you must go home directly—put that ankle in water as hot as you can stand it and keep off it for the rest of the day. It'll be all right tomorrow. I'm sure."

Cecily, anxious to escape, said, "I had better go with Laura."

Laura said, "Oh, it isn't necessary, Cecily."

Cecily couldn't believe her ears. "But I..."

"Locke's right. I really ought to rest and I'll be good as new tomorrow. You'd better get back to the shop, Cecily."

"Since I'm leaving you in good hands, I'll be getting back to work," Locke said, as Laura drove off. And with no more than a wave of his hand he turned and walked back the way he and Laura had come.

"Pinch me," Cecily whispered when she could get her voice.

"I beg your pardon," Donald said.

Laura called out, "Thank you for the invitation, Donald. Please visit me another time."

Cecily hadn't seen the expression on Donald's face but she did see the desolation on Laura's before her cart rounded a corner in the road.

Donald and Cecily, speechless for the first few yards, retraced their steps. Then Cecily said something bright about the Yacht Club dance, getting, she noted, no response. Somehow she managed to keep conversation going until Donald escorted her to her door, without once wondering what his guest at the inn would think of the delay. It was then nearly two o'clock. An odd hour for lunch in Vickersport.

But would you tell her, please, if there was anything that wasn't odd about the way that she, Cecily, had so often looked at him. Fate, that wily playwright, takes the moment when you start looking for her to turn up that old cottonball of a bank president that she's foolish enough to fall in love with.

You know perfectly well that Laura and Locke are not interested in each other that way. Or do you? Anyway, you know that Laura is incapable of doing anything wrong or unfair.

What had Locke told Laura? That man could get away with anything! At this very minute Cecily was prepared to think that he'd murder Laura in her bed to get away her wrist-watch with the ten diamond chips.

Also, at that moment, Cecily would like to have strangled someone who had rid of the frustrations that choked her.

While you're asking yourself questions, Miss Stuart, why did Laura treat you that way? Why did she say she didn't need to have you go home with her? Anyone with half an eye could see that there was nothing wrong with her ankle.

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'Please Come'

IT SEEMED to her that day that every person who came into the shop came in merely to find someone to talk to. She discussed her silicotics with one woman, the loss of nuances in translations with another. She picked out love stories for a fierce-browed old lady, did up a gift package for an invalid, hunted down a copy of "Jamaica Flies" for someone else. She exchanged books in the circulating department. Stamp. Write the date on a card. Six cents. Fifteen cents. The little strong-box was filled that day, but it gave her no satisfaction.

She got out her cost sheets and calculated and calculated and took her new stock back to New York. She tried to wrestle with the problems attendant on opening a shop in New York. But figures flew out of her mind. She couldn't make herself write neat columns.

Cecily was to do with books. With people. With Cecily Stuart.

At five o'clock she drew the Venetian blinds in the window, banked the fire in the hearth and put up the fire-screen. She tidied the effects of the day's business, put away her cards and put on her coat.

She was angrily tucking her hair under her blue felt when the knocker on the door thudded heavily.

"No more customers," she said under her breath. "I'm tired of waiting on people."

The knocker was insistent. She sighed and opened the door. There was a little girl there. "I gotta note," she said, holding it out in her grimy hand.

Cecily tore open the envelope. "Please come out, Cecily," Laura had written. "I want to talk to you." There was nothing more but Laura's name.

Cecily felt as though a weight had been lifted from her heart. It was bad enough to lose Locke; it was a tragedy to lose her friend.

Cecily said, patiently, "I'm trying to understand, Laura, if only you'd tell me something!"

Laura's face, under her brave rouge, was white. Her head thrummed with pain and she couldn't tell the difference between the pain kept coming between her and what she was trying to say to the other girl. She wished that she could take a sedative and shut out all the impressions that possessed her mind. Shut out the memory of Donald.

She had watched it soften during those weeks that she'd known him, watched the light in his eyes grow warm, and in that warmth she had blossomed.

"Surely there is a simple explanation," Cecily persisted. "I'm trying to give you one. I've said all there is to say." Laura made a turn about her living-room and stared out the window morosely. "I did go to Locke's place, or I started to... that is, as I told you on the telephone. I did talk to him, and I feel the same way I did when I talked to you in the afternoon. But what was said—well, I can't tell you."

They were right back where they started from.

Continued Monday.

On the Radio Chains

STATIONS Where to Find Them on the Dial: KEX, Portland, 1180; KPL, 640. Los Angeles, KGA, 1470. Spokane, KGO, 790. San Francisco, KGW, 630. Portland, KJH, 970. Seattle, KNX, 1050. Los Angeles, KOA, 830. Denver, KOIN, 940. Portland, KOMO, 920. Seattle, KPO, 630. San Francisco, KSL, 1180. Salt Lake.

Thursday, 5:00—Songs, KGO, KEX, KJR; Rudy Valley, KPO, KGW, KPL. 5:30—Pay Dirt Dan, KGO, KEX, KJR.

6:00—Good News of 7940, KPO, KFI, KGW; Major Bowes, KNX, KOIN, KSL; Symphony Hour, KGO, KJR, KEX.

7:00—News, KGO, KEX, KJH; KOIN; Music Hall, KPO, KFI, KGW. 7:30—Concert Orch., KGO, KEX. Sports Pop-Ots, KRX, 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. 10:15—Tucker's Orch., KFI; Foster's Orch., KEX; Nightcap Yarns, KNX, KOIN; Dance Hour, KPO.

10:30—Havazza's Orch., KPO, KGW, 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.

Friday, 5:00—Music for Listening, KGO, KEX, KJR; N.A.B. Prgm., KOIN, KNX; Jamboree, KPO, KFI.

5:30—Don't Forget, KGO, KEX, KJR; Music of the Theater, KOIN; Now and Then, KFI; Quiz Prgm., KPO.

6:00—Plantation Party, KEX, KGO, KJR; Waltz Time, KPO, KFI, KGW; Prof. Quiz, KNX, KSL, KOIN.

6:30—Horlick's Orch., KGO, KJR; In the Good Old Days, KPO, KFI; First Nighter, KNX, KSL, KOIN.

7:00—Drama, KNX, KOIN, KSL; Lombardo's Orch., KPO, KFI, KGW; Drama, KGO, KEX.

7:30—America Unlimited, KPO, KFI, KGW; Hold's Orch., KGO, KEX, KJR.

8:00—Fred Waring, KPO, KGW, KFI; Amos and Andy, KNX, KOIN, KSL; Dance Orch., KGO, KEX.

8:15—Teagarden's Orch., KPO, KFI, KGW; Lum and Abner, KNX, KOIN, KSL; Swing, KGO, KEX.

8:30—This Moving World, KGO, KEX, KJR.

KEX; Dorsey's Orch., KOMO; Death Valley Days, KGO, KPO, KFI; Johnny Presents, KNX, KOIN, KSL. 9:00—News, KGO, KJR, KEX; Dance 'Orch., KNX, KOIN, KSL; James' Orch., KPO, KGW, KFI; Dance Orch., KNX, KOIN, KSL, KPO, KGW, KFI.

10:00—Barnett's Orch., KGO, KJR; News Reporter, KPO, KFI, KGW; News, KNX, KSL.

10:30—Tucker's Orch., KPO, KGW; Roberts' Orch., KGO, KJR, KEX; Pasadena Dance, KOIN, KNX, KSL. 11:00—Nottingham's Orch., KPO, KFI; Civic Auditorium, KOIN, KSL, News, KGO.

BRITISH CRUISERS KEEP GERMAN SHIPS BOTTLED

SAN DIEGO, Cal., Sept. 28.—(AP)—Three British cruisers are lurking off the Central American coast, waiting for 13 German vessels to leave the safety of neutral ports at Corinto, Nicaragua and Puntarenas, Costa Rica, the San Diego Union says today. Nine of the vessels were reported tied up at Corinto and four at Puntarenas.

Lost Man Safe

ASTORIA, Ore., Sept. 28.—(AP)—Joe Anderson of Warrenton, a deer hunter, missing for two days found his way out of the timber to the Wolf creek highway yesterday.

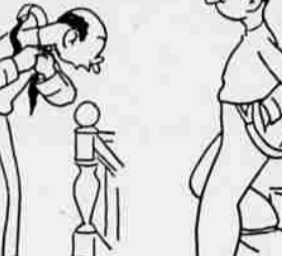
Closing time for Too Late to Classify Ads is 1:30 p. m.

EARLY TO BED

By GLUYAS WILLIAMS



GOES UP TO BED EARLY ON ACCOUNT OF BEING VERY TIRED



CALLS TO FAMILY TO MAKE SURE THE BACK DOOR IS LOCKED BEFORE THEY COME UP



MAKES THEM HEAR BECAUSE RADIO IS GOING, GOES DOWN AND ATTENDS TO IT HIMSELF



RETURNS AND PRESENTLY TROTS DOWN TO SATISFY HIMSELF THAT PANTRY WINDOW IS CLOSED



CLIMBS INTO BED AT LAST AS REST OF FAMILY COME UP TO RETIRE



HALF AN HOUR LATER GOES DOWN TO MAKE SURE HE PUT CELLAR LIGHT OUT, AND SO, AT LAST, TO BED

9-23 (Reprinted by The Bell Syndicate, Inc.)

TAILSPIN TOMMY—Ritis Makes a Demand!



MR. RITIS



AN' HERE'S WHERE I CUT IT, SKEETS! THAT WON'T BRING JOKE BACK TO LIFE!



YOU HEAR... HEEM, YOU MEN? HE THREATENS ME!



MEESTAR SMITH, YOU ARE THE OWNAR OF THEES AIRDROME... I DEMAND YOU FIRE THEES BRAWLING LOU... OR ELSE...

BEN WEBSTER'S CAREER—Doubt and Certainty



AIN'T SHE A HONEY, BEN? SHE SURE IS, RUSTY!



AN' IT'S KINDA SWEET ABOUT HER WORRYIN' OVER WHETHER MR. BALLINGER'LL WIN OR NOT—HE CAN'T LOSE—HE'S THE ONLY CANDIDATE!

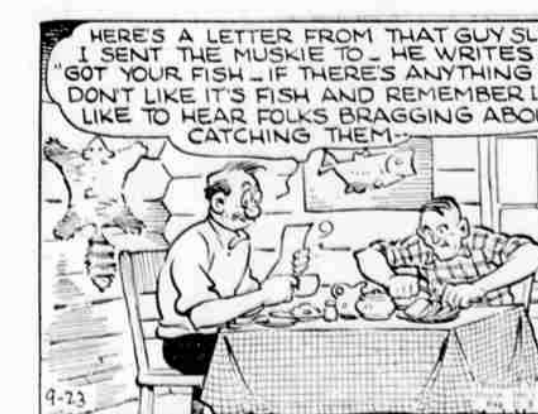


I KNOW HE IS, BUT SOMEBODY ELSE MIGHT GET IN THE RACE—THERE'S STILL TIME—



LET SOMEBODY ELSE JEST TRY! WILLIS BALLINGER'S GOT HAPPY VALLEY IN THE HOLLOW OF HIS HAND!

THE NEBBS—Honest Obie



HERE'S A LETTER FROM THAT GUY SLIDER I SENT THE MUSKIE TO— HE WRITES... 'GOT YOUR FISH— IF THERE'S ANYTHING I DON'T LIKE IT'S FISH AND REMEMBER I DON'T LIKE TO HEAR FOLKS BRAGGING ABOUT CATCHING THEM—'



'MY WIFE STUFFED IT AND BAKED IT— I ATE THE STUFFING— IT TASTED GOOD. IF YOU CATCH ANYMORE FISH SCRATCH ME OFF YOUR SHIPPING LIST— IF YOU CAN TOSS YOUR HOOK INTO SOMEBODY'S PASTURE AND CATCH A STEAK, SEND IT ON.'



THERE'S AN APPRECIATIVE LITTLE GUY— IF A FELLOW SENT ME A FISH AND IF I DIDN'T LIKE IT I'D THANK HIM AND MAKE HIM BELIEVE I ENJOYED IT



WELL, MEBBE HE AIN'T AS DECEITFUL AS YOU BE— HE SOUNDS LIKE THE KINDA FELLER I COULD LIKE

MRS. ROOSEVELT FOR REPEAL OF EMBARGO ON ARMS SHIPMENTS

WASHINGTON, Sept. 28.—(AP)—Mrs. Franklin Roosevelt said today she would like to see the arms embargo in the neutrality act repealed.

but, she added, that was for congress and her opinion was not very important. "Looking back over our experience in the last war," she said, "I feel that we are in greater danger with the embargo than without it." Asked at a press conference whether she was less of a pacifist than formerly, Mrs. Roosevelt said she never had been a pacifist in the sense that she did not believe in defending her own country, but that she was just as anxious as ever to see this country remain at peace.

When a reporter asked Mrs. Roosevelt if she did not think the foreign situation would "almost insure" the first term for the president, the first lady replied the questioner would have to ask her husband. She said she personally could not see why the present situation should have any bearing on the question. Mrs. Roosevelt laughed delightedly when asked whether the president ever called her down or picked on her about her newspaper columns. She said the president never had said a word about a thing she wrote.

STRANGE AS IT SEEMS—By JOHN HIX

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



CO-EDITOR... MISS JUNE BIERBOWER... IS SPORTS EDITOR OF THE U. OF NEBRASKA "DAILY NEBRASKAN"

Grid for a puzzle with numbers 1-17 and instructions: Answer to yesterday's puzzle: FILLING THE SQUARE-- WITH DIGITS 1 TO 5 (5 TIMES EACH) TO OBTAIN THE GIVEN TOTALS...

Answer to yesterday's puzzle: FILLING THE SQUARE-- WITH DIGITS 1 TO 5 (5 TIMES EACH) TO OBTAIN THE GIVEN TOTALS...



-- TWO LOCOMOTIVES ARE GOIN' TO BUMP! A TRAIN WRECK -- WAS SPONSORED BY THE MISSOURI, KANSAS AND TEXAS RAILWAY IN TEXAS, 1896! A COMPLETE CITY (CRUSH, TEXAS) OF 30,000 CAME INTO BEING AT THE SCENE -- AND DISAPPEARED THE SAME DAY!

ONE-DAY CITY The quickest growth and demise of a city on record was that of Crush, Texas, which mushroomed from the tumbleweeds to a population of 30,000 only to disappear again—all in a single day. C. W. Crush of the Missouri-Kansas-Texas railway conceived the idea and the town was named after him. It was literally a municipal theater, playing to one of the greatest crowds of thrill-seekers ever assembled. Presented that day was the only railway-sponsored head-on collision on between two locomotives. Amid the shouting of the crowd, two steel behemoths roared toward each other as their crews jumped to safety. The impact demolished both engines and their six-car trails. Flying steel cut through the crowd, killing two persons. TOMORROW: He Eats Flames!

BIG DOUGLAS DC-4 WILL GO TO JAPAN

OAKLAND, Calif., Sept. 28.—(AP)—Workmen were busy today dismantling the 42-passenger Douglas airliner, DC-4, world's largest land plane, for shipment to Japan.

The Japanese Air Transport company completed arrangements several months ago for purchase of the four-motored transport.

Because of its size—the wing spread is 138 feet—it was believed the plane would be carried across

the Pacific on the deck rather than in the hold of whatever liner it is sent on.

Four American line airlines concern co-operated to aid the Douglas company build the plane, developed as an experimental ship at a reported cost of \$2,500,000.

It made a coast-to-coast test flight several months ago, but has had less than 500 hours in the air.

LITTLE LAD DROWNS IN FALL IN FISH POOL

PORTLAND, Sept. 28.—(AP)—Paul Estep, 14 months, drowned in a fish pond today while his 4-year-old brother played nearby. The children's mother has been in a hospital for several weeks.

Use Mail Tribune want ads.