

Meet Mr. Lochinvar

By Marie Blizard

YESTERDAY: No explanations are forthcoming when Cecily and Donald find Laura and Locke near his cabin. Cecily can't understand. Locke acts as if the situation were perfectly normal. Later, Laura sends for Cecily, but tells her nothing.

Chapter 33

In The Dark

CECILY said, "Yesterday, I made up my mind that I had stirred up a situation out of whole cloth, imagined something important—even though I didn't know what it was—and that it was a silly, senseless thing to do."

"I put myself on the carpet and went at it analytically. My resulting conclusion was that I wasn't quite bright. I decided that I was as romantic as any foolish heroine of a cheap love story. Just because I didn't know anything about the man I'd fallen in love with, I clothed him with all sorts of backgrounds of a most lurid past."

"Cecily, when women fall in love, they always do that. A woman never takes a man for what he is, as she does other women; she always makes him into what she wants him to be."

"We're getting away from the point, I wanted to tell you that, having faced this whole thing, I finally got what I thought was the right value: a simple situation I had made into a melodrama. And then, having decided this, all of a sudden a great big mystery—a real mystery—breaks over my head. It's like a nightmare. No explanations for it."

Laura took one of Cecily's hands into her own. "Listen to me, Cecily, I've got more to lose, probably," she was thinking of Donald—"than you have. I'm going to ask you to believe me. Your hunch that there was something peculiar going on was intuitively correct. There is! And I'm as much in the dark as you are."

"But Locke? You said..."

"I know. I said that I was bound to secrecy, and I am. But I'm almost as much in the dark as you are."

Cecily let her breath out in a long, patient sigh.

"But, Laura, why did you say you'd turned your ankle?"

"Now, Cecily, act your age! What else was there to say?"

There was a moment of heavy silence.

Then Laura said with dignity, "Cecily, I won't attempt to explain anything else to you. I'm sure that you are quite well aware that I had a good reason for not coming back to my own place last night. And that there was nothing improper in my not doing so."

"I know it, Laura. You need not say anything more to me. May I ask you one more question?"

"Certainly."

"Did Locke say anything... anything personal about me?"

Laura wanted to give her some crumbs of comfort but she answered honestly, "No, he didn't. Cecily, but whatever you're thinking, I don't want you to think," she finished rather incoherently.

Cecily wasn't paying much attention to Laura's last words. A pall of finality had settled upon her.

"You're looking pretty fagged, Laura. I think I'll run along."

"Pax?" Laura asked, holding out her hand.

"Pax," Cecily said, sealing the word with a handclasp.

Only A Dream

A PALL of finality. An acceptance that her dream was only a dream. Lines she had read into a blank page. Music heard where there were no notes. Face the blankness, the silence, the void, Cecily Stuart. Strange that there could be such emptiness when there had been nothing more than a dream to occupy this now-empty space.

Be a good sport about it, Cecily. Think with your mind and not with your heart. Pay your losses with dignity and go on to something else. Nothing stands still. You have things to do. You have one business to wind up and another to start. Be alert. Be gay!

Cecily made arrangements to have her furnishings taken to Dorella for winter storage, to have her stock packed to ship to New York the first of October. She made a careful inventory. She mended book-backs, filed letters, catalogued her cards.

She wrote to Hilda Froman. "Keep a weather eye out for a spot for me in our old neighborhood. I won't want a big place," she wrote, "and I won't go for a large stock of new books. The circulating department and a magazine stand should provide a reasonable living and that's all I want. Aunt Olivia has said that she would prefer having me stay with her in New York to going back to my own apartment, so I'm leaving

my furniture here. Gloria will be in the South for most of the winter and I think that Aunt Olivia really enjoys my company."

She put down her pen. I have been selfish, she thought, thinking only of myself. I've given poor return for all that Aunt Olivia has done for me. She likes gaiety around her and I've done very little to add to it.

She took a day off and asked Philip to drive her to Portland. And found, to her surprise, that she enjoyed that day.

The started early in the morning, arriving in time for lunch. Philip was in an entertaining mood. Cecily laughed at his sallies, said to herself, "If I can enjoy myself so easily, I'll cultivate the habit. I'll learn not to think of anyone but the person I'm with."

After lunch she said, "Philip, do you mind being on your own for a couple of hours? I want to go to the hairdresser, and do some shopping. Then, we might meet for a cocktail before we start back."

Philip protested that he would be a great help to her. Nevertheless he went to the movies and Cecily went off by herself.

She bought an evening dress. A wisp of a dress fashioned of scarlet fabric. It was a sophisticated dress, backed and simple with a corsage of long-stemmed tulips of red and yellow thrust into the belt. It suited her mood exactly. It was a defiant sort of dress.

Need For Compliments

SHE carted the dress away to the hairdresser's and, with it in mind, told the hairdresser to do something "new" with her hair. He washed, brushed, combed and set it in a roll that swept away from her face.

"Mademoiselle is like a new woman," he pronounced.

Cecily picked up the mirror and studied herself. "I hope so," she said. If there was anything she wanted to be, it was a new woman.

Philip said he didn't like it. "It isn't like you," he said.

"Have you any idea what I'm really like?"

He merely shrugged his shoulders.

Cecily couldn't understand why she should feel let down. She wanted Philip to pay her compliments. But he never had before. Now she needed them. Her vanity had taken a blow as deep as her heart.

Driving back over the ribbons of road, she stuck her hands in her pockets and frowned into the darkness. She thought she'd probably be like the legions of women who spend all their money on clothes and all their time thinking up flattering remarks to make to men, making a life-long frantic effort to get back their self-respect. She could almost hear herself saying:

"Eloise, I think I'll have red polish on my fingernails today. No, I don't like it but I'm having dinner tonight with a gentleman who does. What am I wearing? Black. Men do like black, don't they? Personally I snipewitch, you're the green," and "Philip, you're such a perfect guest!" He likes his breakfast on a tray. He just loves caviar. He likes the rugged life served up by a proper butler. He likes ice-cream in a drug-store. He likes picnics and doesn't mind the ants. He likes everything so darn much he'll let you insult him as long as you don't take his fun away."

She thought, wickedly: I'll ask him if there's anything he doesn't like. She already had an answer to that. He didn't like work.

"Philip," she said, "is there very much money in writing?"

"Sometimes," he said noncommittally.

Cecily pursued the subject maliciously. "You don't mind my asking, do you?"

"Of course not." Not said very cordially.

"But, Philip, darling, what are we going to live on?"

Cecily shouldn't have said that as the car rounded a turn; Philip swung the wheel too violently.

"Or had you forgotten that I am your fiancé?"

He laughed.

He's worried, she thought. Goody!

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,
670, Portland; KJR, 970, Seattle;
KXN, 1050, Los Angeles; KOA, 830,
Denver; KOIN, 940, Portland;
KOMO, 920, Seattle; KPO, 830, San
Francisco; KSL, 1180, Salt Lake.

Friday.
5:00—Music for Listening. KGO.
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, KOIN, KSL.
Lombardo's Orch. KJR, KFI, KGW.
Drama. KGO, KEX.
7:30—America Unlimited. KPO.
KFI, KGW: Holdit's Orch. KGO, KEX.
8:00—Fred Waring. KPO, KGW.
KSL: Dance Orch. KGO, KEX.
8:15—Tengarden's Orch. KPO, KFI.
KGW: Lum and Abner. KXN, KSL.
KSL: Swine. KGO, KEX.
8:30—This Moving World. KGO.
KXN, KOIN.

QUICK PICK UP

By GLUYAS WILLIAMS

IS COLORING PICTURES IN OLD MAGAZINES ON LIVING ROOM FLOOR

HEARS MOTHER CRY TO PICK UP HIS THINGS QUICKLY, SHE SEES SOME LADIES TURNING IN, COMING TO CALL

STARTS GETTING TO FEET, ADDING A FEW FINISHING TOUCHES TO PICTURES

PICKS UP ARMFUL OF OLD MAGAZINES AND GRABS PAINT BOX BY COVER, CAUSING IT TO FLY OPEN

GETS EVERYTHING DOWN AND PUTS CONTENTS BACK IN PAINT BOX, DOORBELL RINGS

AS HE REACHES FOR GLASS OF PAINTING WATER, ARMFUL STARTS TO SLIP. GRABS FOR IT TOO LATE, GLASS OF WATER GETTING UPSET

FROM UPSTAIRS LISTENS TO MOTHER CLEANING UP. HOPES CALLERS WILL STAY A LONG TIME TILL SHE HAS CALMED DOWN

9-25 (Released by The Bell Syndicate, Inc.)

TAILSPIN TOMMY—Looks Bad For Skeeter!

THEES LOUT AVE INSULT ME...! DEMAND...

PLEASE OVERLOOK THIS UNFORTUNATE AFFAIR, MR. RITIS.

JAKE POTTER... WAS SKEETER'S FRIEND... NATURALLY SKEETS WAS UPSET

TOM DIDJA HEAR THAT? E-E-MAGINE! TH' CHIEF APOLOGIZIN'. IT'S TH' PAY OFF!

WELL... PER'APS I OVERLOOK, THEES WANCE BUT...

COME INTO MY OFFICE, SKEETER! YOU, TOO, TOMMY!

O-OH... GOLLY! HERE'S WHERE I GIT TH' BOUNCE!

BEN WEBSTER'S CAREER—Rusty's Discovery!

PER CRYN' OUT LOUD! NEVER SEEN SO MANY CARPENTERS AND BRICKLAYERS ON A SINGLE JOB BEFORE IN ALL MY LIFE!

WHAT'S GOIN' ON HERE? A RACE?

KINDA LIKE ONE, SON—WE'RE BUILDIN' A RESIDENCE FOR A MR. STEPPOCK. IT'S GOTTA BE DONE IN A WEEK!

WHEW! LEMME SEE, NOW—THIS IS BETSY BOULEVARD AN' THEM TWO LOTS THEY'RE BUILDIN' ON ARE OWNED BY...BY...BY THE OIL EXPLORATION COMPANY! WOW!

BEN, WE GOT 'EM LICKED! LICKED EVEN BEFORE ELECTION! THE OIL EXPLORATION COMPANY'S SELLIN' ITS F'MAININ' LOTS FOR HELL! WE GOT 'EM LICKED, PAL! WE GOT 'EM LICKED!

THE NEBBS—The Troublemaker

I GOT A LETTER FROM MY WIFE... SHE'S COMING HOME AND WANTS ME HOME. SHE'S LONESOME FOR ME

I'D LIKE TO GET LONESOME FOR NEWT ONCE IN AWHILE

WELL, THE THING TO DO IS TO GET AWAY FROM EACH OTHER ONCE IN AWHILE... ABSENCE MAKES THE HEART GROW FONDER. NEWT SHOULD GO AWAY FOR AWHILE

WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH ME GETTIN' AWAY? I AIN'T HAD A DAY OFF OR BEEN FIVE MILES AWAY FROM THIS PLACE SINCE WE GOT MARRIED. I MARRIED A JOB NOT A HUSBAND

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.
9:30—Osborne's Orch. KGO, KJR; 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. KGO, KGW; Roberts' Orch. KGO, KJR, KEX; Pasadena Dance. KOIN, KNX, KSL.
11:00—Nottingham's Orch. KPO, KFI; Civic Auditorium. KOIN, KSL; News. KGO.

Saturday
5:00—Sketch. KPO, KFI, KGW; Tengarden's Orch. KGO, KJR.
5:30—Ravazza's Orch. KPO, KGW; Tucker's Orch. KNX, KOIN, KSL; Drama. KGO, KJR, KEX.
6:00—Sports Broadside. KNX, KOIN; From Hollywood Today. KPO, KGW, KFI; Maurice's Orch. KGO, KJR.
6:30—Around the World in 30 Minutes. KGO, KEX; Russ Brown and Ivan Dittmars. KNX, KOIN; News. KJR.
7:00—Goodman's Orch. KPO, KFI, KGW; Dance Orch. KGO, KJR, KEX.
7:30—Oboler's Plays. KGO, KFI, KGW; Sports Pop-Offs. KNX, KOIN; Donahue's Orch. KGO, KJR, KEX.
8:00—National Barn Dance. KPO, KFI, KGW; Dance Orch. KEX, KJR, KGO; News. KNX, KSL.
8:30—This Moving World. KGO, KEX; McCune's Orch. KNX, KSL, KOIN.

VATICAN DENIES MOVE FOR PEACE

VATICAN CITY, Sept. 29. — A Vatican City news service said today Pope Pius had initiated no special efforts to end the European war "other than those of a general character and already known, directed toward pacifying and limiting the conflict."

Vatican prelates denied reports the pope had proposed the belligerent and neutral nations of Europe call a peace conference.

They said reports to this effect published abroad appeared to have originated not at the Vatican but at Berlin.

ELECTRIC CHAIR FOR SEX-SLAYER

WEST PALM BEACH, Fla., Sept. 29. — (AP)—A bogus theatrical promoter who lured two movie-truck girls from Miami with glib promises of fame, and then killed one of them, looked

with but faint hope today toward a supreme court appeal that might save him from the electric chair. A circuit court jury of ten married men and two bachelors last night convicted Charles Jefferson, 29, a 4-foot-11-inch man, of slaying 17-year-old Frances Dunn in a Palmetto thicket near the beach at Boca Raton last Aug. 8. The verdict of first degree murder without a recommendation of mercy made the death sentence mandatory, and Judge C. E. Chillingworth was expected to impose it this week.

Use Mail Tribune want ads.

CCC to Aid Wild Life
PORTLAND, Sept. 29. — (AP)—The biological survey announced today three CCC camps had been assigned to continue development of wild life refuges. The units will be located at Five Mile and Sed House on the Malheur migratory bird refuge and at Hart mountain in Lake county.

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.



HOT LUNCH
Major Otis Satyrdae (the Man with the Asbestos Tongue) has one of the strangest appetites in the world. He will place in his mouth anything hot that he can get his hands on. Satyrdae cultivated this taste at 14, when he learned to handle iron bars heated to a temperature of 1,000 degrees. Next he tried playing a plumber's blowtorch into his mouth—and finally graduated to extinguishing sizzling acetylene torches with his tongue.

BIGGEST NEWSPAPER
Celebrating the formal opening of the Miami Daily News company, the world's largest newspaper made its appearance in Florida, Sunday, July 26, 1925. It required 50 carloads of paper and 1½ tons of ink to print the issue. TOMORROW: The Mutiny That Founded Annapolis.

By HAL FORREST



By EDWIN ALGER



By SOL HESS



Derby

DERBY, Sept. 29. — (SPL)—Mr. and Mrs. Walt Allen spent Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. William Webster.

Frank Chaplin and sons Harry and Charles, spent last week-end pounding hay with their new hay pounder.

Jim Ryno, who has many mining claims here, died in Grants Pass last week.

Mr. and Mrs. William Webster visited Grandpa and Grandma Brown Thursday. They enjoyed the evening with Mr. and Mrs. John Allen and Mr. and Mrs. Walt Allen, taking supper with them.

Mr. and Mrs. Guy Johnson and son, Clive, of Gold Hill, were old-time friends, calling at the Muri Haynes home Wednesday.

Mrs. Dennis Clark and children moved to the Merle Jacks place on Reese creek Tuesday, to be closer to school for Betty Lou. Mr. Clark has work that keeps him from joining them temporarily.

Mr. and Mrs. Carl Haynes purchased a new radio in Medford Saturday.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Westcott and daughter Mildred, and Jim and Dave Jackson of Reese creek, visited Mr.

and Mrs. Muri Haynes Sunday. Callers at the Frank Hill home Sunday were Mrs. Frank Neal, Mr. and Mrs. Jack Lorton, Bobbie Chambers, Mr. and Mrs. Muri Haynes and son Freeman. Mrs. Hill has been ill but is improving.

Saturday contest was enjoyed at the T. R. Mercer home by several of Brian Mercer's friends. Games were played. Those invited were John Kirby, Loyd Mynatt, Freeman Haynes, Leonard Haynes and Charles Chaplin, who stayed the week-end.

Hard Winter
WILLOWS, Cal. (UPI)—Already William D. Byrd, old-timer and trapper, can give pessimistic assurance that there is a "hard winter" ahead. The prediction is based on a large crop of acorns and the presence of yellow-jackets — signs which have never failed before, he asserts.

Shell Races
NEW ORLEANS (UPI)—For the first time in 13 years, New Orleans will have eight-oared shell races. No races have been held in the city since 1926, when the Pontchartrain Rowing club was burned. The race this year will be played during the mid-winter sports carnival, a feature of the Sugar Bowl program held annually the last week of December.