Meet Mr. Lochinvar

By Marie Blizard

YESTERDAY: Laura tells Cecily that something peculiar is going on, but can say no more. At peace with Laura, but disillusioned with Locke, Cecily prepares for the end of the season. She goes shopping with Philip.

Chapter 34

Yacht Club

PHILIP was hard put to divorce the banter from the sarcasm. He hid behind similar banter. "Wouldn't you be willing to starve in a garret, Cecily?" he asked.

"With your social gifts, we wouldn't have to! And then, of course, you could always write another book."

He seized on her suggestion. "As a matter of fact, I've a great book in mind, my girl. You know, Cecily, as I've said to you before, I'm only a weak fellow unable to resist the pleasant lure of your cordial invitations. But now . . . well, I'm getting anxious to be at work. If I didn't know that your aunt was counting on me to stay around for the concert, I'd jolly well get out and get to work."

"Of course, she's counting on you," Cecily murmured, wondering just what he had to do with it.

"I'm going to Rio. Did I tell you?"

"No!"

"Yes. The background of my next novel is laid in South America and I want to run down to get a little local color."

"Oh, Philip, I'm so disappointed. I thought you were staying here to get local color! I was so sure we'd all be in the pages of the next best-seller."

"That wouldn't be quite cricket, would it?"

"No, it wouldn't, and you're strong on cricket, aren't you?"

He stole a quick glance at her out of the corner of his eye but the darkness hid her face. Baffling girl. He couldn't make up his mind whether she was clever by accident or intent.

She was silent then, tired of her play. The rest of the drive they talked very little. The next day she took her new frock down to the shop to show it to Laura. Laura said it had *swish*. But it was patent that she had to make an effort to be interested in it.

"Swish is what I need. I started something a long time ago on that cruising party when I said I was engaged to Philip Callen and now I've got to see it through. If Philip isn't going to be interested in me, I'll have three new men to work on."

"What do you mean 'Philip isn't interested'?" Laura asked, instantly alert.

Cecily said, "Oh, his brief ardor expressed on another occasion seems to have deflated. He's anxious to get back to work, he says."

"Back where?"

"He's going to Rio, he says."

Laura was showing unwonted interest in Philip. Poor Laura, Cecily thought. She probably feels the way I do. Maybe my mood is contagious. We used to be so gay around here, a couple of schoolgirls playing at romance.

"What are you going to wear to the dance, Laura? Your turquoise satin?"

"I'm not going," Laura said quietly.

"Not going to the Yacht Club dance? Why, Laura, where's your patriotism, or local pride, or social consciousness, or something. See how brave I am, Laura. Can't you be the same? What's the matter with you? You haven't lost anything."

Laura lifted her head proudly but her face looked as forlornly pathetic as a child's. "Donald was in yesterday. It's the first time I've seen him since . . . since . . ."

Cecily knew when that *since* was. She hadn't seen Locke since that day.

"Go on," she said gently. "Donald was in, and—?"

'He Regrets'

"HE SAID he was very sorry to disappoint me but business calls him to . . . to some other place. I didn't even hear the name of it. He 'regrets that he will be unable to be here.'"

"And what do you make of it, Mrs. Atwill?"

Laura said tonelessly, "What is there to make of it? He doesn't want to see me again. He doesn't want to be seen at the dance with me. He thinks . . . oh, what he thinks is dreadful!"

Now, see what you've done, Cecily Stuart, getting your friends in trouble!

"Oh, Laura! I'm so dreadfully sorry. That stick-in-the-mud!"

"Calling him names doesn't help any of us. Besides, I don't blame him."

"Don't blame him? Laura Atwill, haven't you any backbone? What in Sam Hill can't you tell him? Tell him what an idiot he is! He's been taking you out—'sparkin', they call it up here—all summer. His intentions must have been serious. So what are you afraid of?"

Laura didn't answer her.

"If I were you, I'd send a note right over to his bank asking him to please drop in this afternoon. Then when he gets here, I'd back him into a chair and say, 'Look here, Donald Hemingway, what sort of a girl do you think I am?' Then I'd tell him the truth."

"It sounds easy enough, Cecily, but it isn't," Laura was saying. "You seem to forget that I can't tell Donald any more than I can tell you."

"Oh!" Cecily groaned.

A little later she said determinedly, "We'll show Mr. Hemingway! You're coming to the dance without him. We've two extra men to stay at our place. The Penny twins are coming and Dr. Kettering, Aunt Olivia's pet physician, and a man named Frank Smith will be there. They'll be delighted to have you."

"That's sweet of you, Cecily, but I'm afraid not."

The dance was on Saturday. It had been Wednesday when Donald told Laura that he had to go away on business. On Friday Cecily asked Laura if she would change her mind.

Laura had looked pained to have to refuse but she had been adamant.

Then, Saturday morning, Laura had gone to the post-office for the mail, bringing their joint mail back in a bundle. Cecily took the bunch of letters, saw that there was one from Doug, three or four for the shop, and one for Laura, the latter addressed in a strong, masculine handwriting.

She passed them on to Laura and slit the fat, stuffed envelope of Doug's letter.

Doug was coming home! She skimmed the lines first to get that news, then she read his almost unreadable scrawl slowly, page by page.

"Doug's coming home," she announced, looking up.

Laura said, "Is he? How nice!" Her head was bent over her letter, "If your invitation still holds good, I think I'll accept it. I've . . . I've changed my mind about the dance."

"Grand!"

Laura tore her letter into infinitesimal pieces and scattered them on the burning hearth.

"Then that wasn't . . . er . . . Donald isn't coming . . . ?"

"That wasn't from Donald," Laura said.

The Dance

TONY RICHARDSON looked at herself in Gloria's long mirror. She smoothed the flat folds of her green satin frock over her slim hips. "I'll do," she said, and added magnanimously, "We'll all do. We ought to be the belles of the ball."

The girls—Tony, Gloria, Cecily and Laura—were gathered in Gloria's bedroom getting their wraps on.

Tony's guess wasn't far wrong. The four of them were lovely to look at. Tony herself, a slim reed in a sheath of pale green satin. Gloria had chosen a picture frock of rich fuchsia with a billowing skirt and stiff, puffed sleeves. Cecily was a flame in her red gown. Laura had taken on a new beauty with the pallor of her skin dramatized by her cap of dark hair, the brilliance of her turquoise frock.

"Well," Tony said, looking at the pearls which Gloria clasped about her throat, "if we're going in for show, I'll break out with a bracelet if you're sure I won't be spreading it on too thick."

She clasped a wide diamond bracelet on her slim wrist.

"You won't." Gloria said patly. "The place will be a-glitter. Good Lord . . . it's after nine! Let's all get moving. It's the last party of the season and we might as well make the most of it."

Cecily said, "I'll get my polo coat."

Cecily, Tony and Laura with the Penny twins and Dr. Kettering drove down to the Yacht Club in the doctor's sedan.

The dance had already started. Through the trees they could see the windows of the Yacht Club smiling a yellow welcome from every window. The loud, merry music wakened the night as they swung the car off the main road and drove through the tree-bordered road that wound round to the front of the clubhouse.

Philip stood on the veranda waiting for them. He did look attractive in his white mess jacket, Cecily thought. He was by far the most attractive man on their party.

He opened the door. "First dance with my girl," he said, giving Cecily a gallant hand.

"Do you mind if I take off my coat?" she laughed.

"Don't be long. The music is good," he said.

The girls crossed the floor to the dressing-room. Cecily paused at the door and took a sweeping, appreciative glance at the main lounge where the floor was cleared for dancing.

"Now, aren't you glad you came?" she said to Laura. "This is your handiwork and it does look beautiful!"

Laura didn't say anything.

"What, by the way, did make you change your mind?" Cecily asked.

Laura's mouth closed tightly.

Continued tomorrow.

LONG WAR SIGNS SEND STOCKS UP

NEW YORK, Sept. 30.—(AP)—Buyers pushed shares likely to benefit from a prolonged European conflict higher in today's stock market and leaders added fractions to 5 points or more.

Activity was moderate at the opening and continued at a fair rate thereafter. At the finish prices were near the best of the day.

Transfers approximated 800,000 shares.

Return of the "war infants" to favor after their temporary eclipse yesterday was based largely on the belief Prime Minister Chamberlain in the British house of commons Monday would announce the rejection by Britain and France of the Russo-German peace move.

England, it was argued, would not be likely bargain on the basis of a partitioned Poland, with the "menace of Hitlerism" which Chamberlain once mentioned, unchanged.

Other diplomatic moves lent argument to those who think the present war will continue for perhaps the three years the British premier said was possible.

Fifteen Fractures

MELBOURNE, Australia—(UP)—A woman now in the Royal Melbourne Hospital is believed to have established a new world medical marathon record for fractures as a result of an automobile accident. She acquired 15, including fractures of both thighs, two main bones in each leg, two bones of one hand, two heel bones, one forearm, the other arm and three ribs. She is recovering.

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

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, 620, Portland; KJR, 970, Seattle; KNX, 1050, Los Angeles; KOA, 830, Denver; KOIN, 940, Portland; KOMO, 926, Seattle; KPO, 680, San Francisco; KSL, 1180, Salt Lake.

Sunday

5:00—Adventures of Ellery Queen, KOIN, KNX, KSL; Edgar Bergen, KPO, KGW, KFI; Symphony Orch., KGO, KJR, KEX.

6:00—Manhattan-Merry-Go-Round, KPO, KGW, KFI; Symphony Orch., KNX, KSL, KOIN.

6:30—Organist, KGO, KJR, KEX; Familiar Music, KPO, KGW, KFI.

7:00 — Playhouse, KSL, KOIN, KNX; Voice of Hawaii, KPO, KGW; Hour of Charm, KGO, KEX, KJR, KFI.

7:30—Carnival, KPO, KFI, KGW; Cheerio, KGO, KJR, KEX.

8:00—Spelling Bee, KNX; Messner's Orch., KFI; Dance Orch., KSL; News, KGO, KJR; Night Editor, KPO.

8:30—Aldrich Family, KPO, KGW, KFI; Lyman's Orch., KGO, KJR; Dance Orch., KNX.

9:00—Walter Winchell, KPO, KFI; Mr. District Attorney, KGO, KJR, KEX.

9:30—Crosbys Orch., KOIN; Martins Orch., KGO, KEX; One Man's Family, KFI, KGW; Heading for Catalina, KNX, KEX; News, KJR.

10:00—Dancing with Clancy, KGO; KJR, KEX; News Reporter, KPO, KFI, KGW; Sullivan, KNX, KSL.

10:30—Dance Orch., KGO, KJR; Bridge to Dreamland, KPO, KFI.

11:00—News, KGO; Nottingham's Orch., KPO, KGW; News, KNX.

Monday

5:00—Quaker Party, KPO, KFI, KGW; We Present, KGO, KEX, KJR;

5:30—Time and Tempo, KFI, KGW; Music All American, KGO, KEX, KJR; Master Singers, KPO.

6:00—Dance Orch., KGO, KEX; Radio Theater, KSL, KNX, KOIN; Quiz Prgm, KPO, KGW, KFI.

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

7:30—Blondie, KNX, KSL, KOIN; Clinton's Music, KPO, KFI, KGW; Boxing Bout, KGO, KJR.

8:00—Amos and Andy, KNX, KSL, KOIN; Doe's Music, KJR, KEX; Aloha Land, KGO; Fred Waring, KPO, KGW, KFI.

8:15 Sketch, KGO, KFI, KGW; Doe's Music, KGO; Lum and Abner, KNX, KSL, KOIN.

8:30—Symphony, KPO, KFI, KGW; Model Minstrels, KNX, KSL, KOIN; This Moving World, KGO, KEX.

9:00—Tune Up Time, KNX, KOIN, KSL; True or False, KGO, KEX, KJR; Sherlock Holmes, KPO, KFI, KGW.

9:30—Hawthorne House, KPO, KFI, KGW; Stag Party, KGO, KEX; Dance Orch., KOIN, KSL, KEX; Ballot Box, KNX; News, KJR.

10:00—News Reporter, KPO, KFI, KGW; Dance Orch., KGO, KJR, KEX; News, KSL, KNX.

10:30—Foster's Orch., KPO, KGW, KFI; Dance Orch., KGO, KJR, KEX; News, KNX, KOIN, KSL.

11:00—Razazza's Orch., KPO, KFI; Organst, KEX; Barnett's Orch., KSL, KOIN; News, KGO; News, KNX, KGW.

Radio Highlights

By Associated Press
(Pacific Standard Time)

New York, Sept. 30—In televising its first season of football to the New York area, the National Broadcasting company expects to have a game a week on the air through October and November.

Sunday brings: Neutrality—WABC-CBS 4 p.m. Alfred E. Smith; WOR-MBS 8 American forum, Senators Key Pittman, Gerald P. Nye and others; WJZ-NBC 6:45 Sen Clyde Reed.

European schedule — WJZ-NBC 12:15 p.m. Winston Churchill on "First Month of War," WEAF-WJZ-NBC 5 a.m. 8:55 p.m. WEAF-NBC 12:30 p.m.; WABC-CBS 6 a.m., 5:55 and 8 p.m.; WJZ-NBC 4:15 p.m., 7; MBS 4.

WEAP-NBC 9 a.m., bill of rights anniversary, Sec. Wallace and others.

Monday expectations; European schedule — WEAP-WJZ-NBC 5 a.m. WABC-CBS 5 a.m. 3:30 p.m. WEAP-NBC 7:45 a.m.

Thursday Trips Spellers

PHOENIX, Ariz.—(UP)—Dr. H. E. Hendrix, state superintendent of schools, has classified "Thursday" as a "spelling demon." A state-wide "spelling bee" revealed the fact that almost one-half of the third grade elementary pupils cannot spell it and only about one-third of the fourth graders. Dr. Hendrix qualifies as spelling demons" words that are misspelled by 30 per cent of a class. He has a list of 54 such demons.

WINE PRICE WAR IN STATE BLOCKED

PORTLAND, Sept. 30. — (AP) — The state liquor commission told wine wholesalers yesterday the present retail price structure would be maintained in an attempt to curb an "apparent price war."

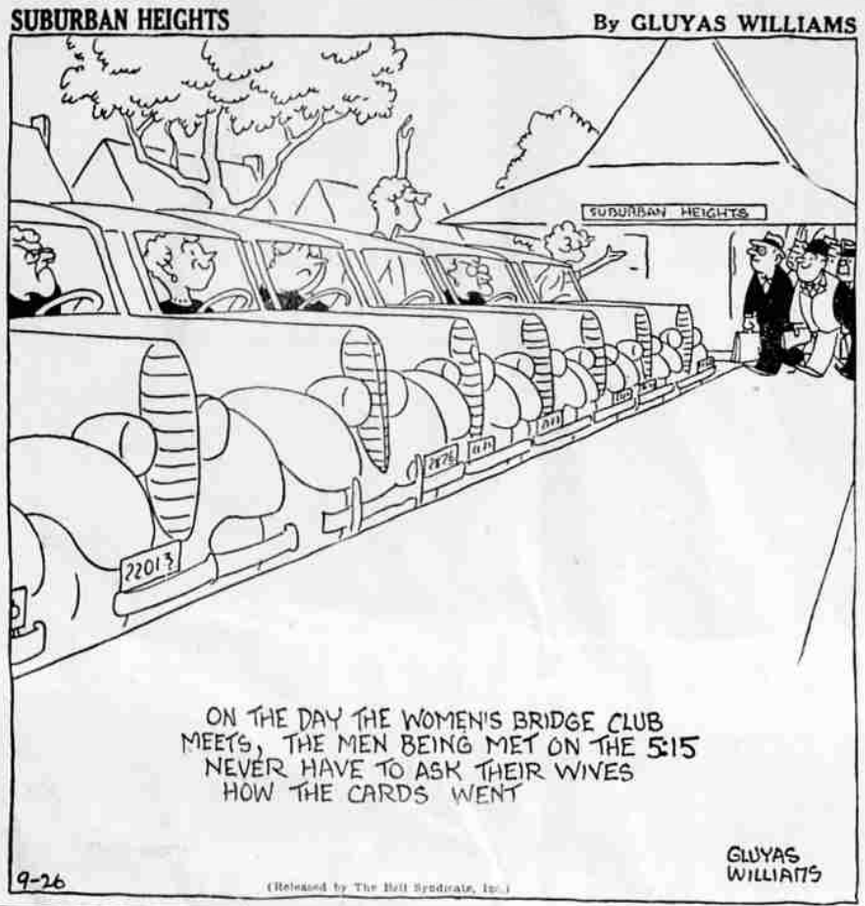
The commission's wine department, created July 15, said it had seized or blocked the sale of 33,772 gallons of wine and announced a laboratory for analysis of wines was being enlarged.

No Oregon Speech.

TOPEKA, Kans., Sept. 30.—(AP)—Pressure of state business prevented acceptance of an invitation to speak at the Oregon Republican convention, October 7, Gov. Payne said today.

SUBURBAN HEIGHTS

By GLUYAS WILLIAMS



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STRANGE AS IT SEEMS—By JOHN HIX

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

FOUNDING OF ANNAPOLIS

Strange as it seems, a mutinous attempt to turn a U. S. man-o'-war into a pirate ship caused the hanging of the son of the secretary of war—and resulted in the formation of the Naval academy at Annapolis.

Philip Spencer, son of Secretary of War John Canfield Spencer, was a midshipman aboard the brig "Somers," returning from a cruise to Africa in 1842. Like other midshipmen of his day, he hated the hard life.

Spencer consequently laid plans for a mutiny which never took place. Commander Alexander Slidell Mackenzie heard of it and Spencer was hanged.

In port, a storm of controversy broke over the incident, culminating in the formation of a well organized Naval academy at Annapolis by George Bancroft, secretary of the navy, on October 10, 1845.

MONDAY: Largest truck.

TAILSPIN TOMMY—Paul Explains!

By HAL FORREST

BEN WEBSTER'S CAREER—"Lay It On Thick"

By EDWIN ALGER

THE NEBBS—Job Wanted

By SOL HESS