

Meet Mr. Lochinvar

By Marie Bizard

YESTERDAY Donald "regrets" that he is unable to attend the Yacht Club dance with Laura. Cecily is distressed at the trouble she has caused her friend. They go to the dance.

Chapter 35

Emerald Necklace

THE door opened and two more women came in. "Hello, Cecily, you've quite a large party from Dorela, haven't you?" Nora Goodale greeted her. Mrs. Goodale's place was the most pretentious in Vickersport. She kept a staff of nine servants. It was rumored that her husband had made his money during the prohibition era in some manner with which the government wasn't acquainted. The colony went to Mrs. Goodale's large parties and invited her to theirs sometimes. She wasn't yet accepted. Perhaps in ten or fifteen years—

When she had gone out and Cecily was still struggling with her new hair-do, trying to make it roll up and not out, Laura said, "I really loathe myself for gossiping but Nora Goodale would get something quicker if she wouldn't always be so flamboyant. Did you notice her necklace?" Cecily said she hadn't. "Just a little platinum chain and an emerald drop that must be worth a fortune. Not exactly what Mrs. Brewster would consider de rigueur for a simple Yacht Club dance."

A blast of music greeted them as they opened the dressing-room door. Philip rose from a chair near the dressing-room. "I've never danced with you, Cecily," he said. "Are you terribly good?"

"Practically Pavlova," she said modestly. "But you'll have to dance with the two of us..." She turned around to include Laura. Laura had gone.

She fitted smoothly into Philip's arms and they glided off, falling into perfect rhythm. "You are..." he said.

"I am what?" She was thinking: Glide smoothly on this beautiful floor. I wonder how Locke dances. I'll bet he can't negotiate a turn without knocking into two other couples. He's just the kind of a man who couldn't dance.

"Perfect," Philip said. Cecily had forgotten what she had asked him. It didn't make any difference whether a man could dance well or not. You didn't spend all your life dancing. At least the Cecily Stuarts didn't.

General Harbord cut in. "Guess these young fellows can't corner the prettiest girl in the room," he said gallantly and swung Cecily off her feet.

Cecily, making an effort to keep her balance and feeling not a little like a storm-tossed craft, devoted her attention to keeping an even keel.

The dance was a long one and there were no young men who dared to cut in on the General. After they'd cavorted, hopped, skipped and careened around the room a seemingly endless number of times the music came to an end and Cecily disentangled her tulpas from the General's old-fashioned watch-chain.

"That was great," he panted. "I'll claim another dance." "It was fun," Cecily said aloud. Under her breath she said, "Not if I know it, sir!"

Freed of the General, Cecily freed herself inantly claimed by a procreation of the younger men. She danced for a solid hour, without sitting down.

She finally gave up when she was dancing with one of the Penny boys. "One more twirl, Jim, and I'll have housemaid's knee. Let's sit this one out and you go get me a nice long, cool drink, please."

Furtive Figure

THEY walked their way off the floor and went into the trophy room where cooling drinks were being served.

It was chilly there. Jim Penny said, "I'll get your wrap. Hold this table—I'll be back in a jiffy."

"You'd better take my check. All polo coats look alike," he said. Cecily's eyes sought Laura. She hadn't seen her dancing and she didn't see her anywhere about.

"She's probably holding hands with the smitten medico," Jim Penny offered. He folded Cecily's coat over her chair. "I say, that reminds me, I've asked Mrs. Fernandez for this next dance. Where'll I take you, Cecily?"

"Just leave me," Cecily implored, and wriggled her toes in her sandals. "My feet need a rest."

"Of course, it is. I want to give my feet a rest and if I go back I'll fall into the arms of the General or the indefatigable Grandpa Macdonald."

Cecily finished her drink, put her glass on a table and walked out through the French windows intending to return at once. Back of the clubhouse it was dark. And breathlessly beautiful. The music was muted there. The night was alive with beauty, the trees stirring in a September breeze.

The dock running down from the clubhouse was a shadowy skeleton in the moonlight. A tempting path to walk. Cecily stood unde-

termined for a few minute. It was chilly without her wrap but if he went back for it, she'd lose her mood.

She ran down the steps and along the walk, the breeze whipping her fragile frock. She leaned back against the rail and looked at the stars. Then her arms felt cold and she turned to go back.

She took a step and halted, her heart in her mouth.

There on the back steps of the club, peering into the room through the window where she had sat, was a single, furtive figure. A long, lanky figure with a hat pulled over its face. She watched it bend and straighten. **Looke!**

She tried to run. The wind, catching her skirts, impeded her progress. Angrily, she kicked them out of her way, clutched them so that she could run. She was angry, excited.

She dared not call out. There was something—everything—in the line of that figure that told her he did not want to be discovered. When she was almost at the beginning of the dock, she did call:

"Too-hoo!"

She saw him straighten, turn toward her.

"It's Cecily!" she called back. She was thinking: If he knows who I am he won't run away.

She began to run blindly. Throwing all caution, all pride, to the winds, if he went away she would never see him again. What difference did it make if he thought she was throwing herself at him?

She saw him turn back to look in the window, saw him raise his hand. He was signaling to her. Her foot found the first step.

Then she stumbled. Her high heel caught in the wooden step. She let herself fall, instinctively saving herself from wrenching her ankle.

When she scrambled to her feet, he was gone!

Lost

SHE hurried up the steps, looked right and left frantically on the veranda where he had been. Then she ran to the corner, peering into the darkness. There was no sign of him to be seen.

She saw her coat where she had left it over the back of the chair near the window. She reached in and got it, wrapped it around her shoulders and took a path off the side of the clubhouse.

She walked as far as the road and then turned back. She was thoroughly chilled. She wanted a hot drink and to see Laura.

The music had stopped. She heard the roll of the drum. That would mean the supper dance was finished and she wanted to find Laura before the couples paired off for supper. It was a good two minutes after the roll of the drum that she got to the clubhouse door.

She found the lounge rooms deserted. The crowd had not yet left the dance floor. Cecily made her way toward them.

When she got to the door, Mr. Lochinvar, chairman of the dance committee, was leaving the orchestra stage and the dancers were turning to each other, looking down at the floor, separating carefully, picking their steps.

"What's the matter?" she asked a man near her.

"Mrs. Goodale has lost a valuable necklace."

"Lost it?"

"Yes, she's just missed it. The committee is going to search the floor while we have supper."

Cecily wiped her dry lips. "Laura? Where was Laura?"

Cecily turned just in time to see Laura slipping in the same door through which she had come. Cecily made a quick slide on the polished floor and caught Laura by the arm.

"Where have you been?" she whispered.

"I went out... I went to the car. I couldn't find my vanity and thought I'd left it there. What's all the fuss here? What's the matter?"

Cecily dragged her aside, out of the way of the people leaving the dance floor.

"Mrs. Goodale has lost her emerald necklace."

Laura's mouth dropped open. "Lost it?" she breathed with the same emphasis Cecily had put on the word.

"That's what she says," Cecily said, keeping her eye on Laura's telltale cheeks where the quick color came and went swiftly.

"Well then, why not? What's being done about it?"

"The committee is going to search the room. Laura Atwill, have you seen anyone here tonight who wasn't invited?"

"Don't ask me, Cecily," Laura pleaded. "I... I think I'll go along and leave my wrap. I'm starved. Philip was looking for you a little while back. He says you're having supper with him."

"All right," Cecily said, turning away. "I can do with something hot. I've been out having a look at the moon and I'm frozen."

"How was the moon?" Philip asked, guiding her to a table in a far corner of the lounge where Gloria and Tony and the boys had already corralled supper for them.

"Cold. Very cold. I hope you don't mind if I keep by coat on while I get de-frozed."

"I want you to be comfortable," he answered gallantly.

Continued tomorrow.

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; KNX, 1050; Los Angeles; KDA, 830; Denver; KOIN, 940; Portland; KOMO, 926; Seattle; KPO, 630; San Francisco; KSL, 1180; Salt Lake.

Monday
5:00—Quaker Party, KPO, KFI, KGW; We Present, KGO, KEX, KJR, KEX; Time and Tempo, KFI, KGW; Music All American, KGO, KEX, KJR; Master Singers, KPO, KFI; Radio Theater, KSL, KNX, KOIN; Quiz Prim, KPO, KGW, KFI; 6:00—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; 9:30—Symphony, KPO, KFI, KGW; Model Minstrels, KNX, KSL, KOIN; This Moving World, KGO, KEX, KGW; 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; Ball 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; Organist, KEX; Barnett's Orch., KSL, KOIN; News, KGO; News, KNX, KGW.

Tuesday
5:00—Army Band, KPO, KFI, KGW; 5:30—Adventures of Sherlock Holmes, KGO, KEX, KJR; Tuesday night Party, KSL; Heidi's orch., KPO, KFI.
6:00—The Almanac, KGO, KEX; Aurand's Orch., KNX; Shaw's Orch., KPO, KFI, KGW.
6:30—Pibber McGee, KPO, KFI; Crosby's Orch., KNX, KSL, KOIN; True Story, KPO, KJR, KEX.
7:00—News, KGO, KEX, KJR; Variety Program, KPO, KGW, KFI; Calling All Cars, KNX.
7:30—Dog House, KPO, KFI, KGW; Inside Story, KGO, KEX, KJR; Sports Pop-Offs, KNX, KOIN; News, KSL.
8:00—Amos and Andy, KNX, KOIN, KSL; Fred Waring, KPO, KFI, KGW; Information Please, KGO, KEX, KJR; 8:30—This Moving World, KGO, KEX; Johnny Presents, KPO, KFI, KGW; Big Town, KOIN, KNX.

9:00—News, KGO, KEX; Tuesday Night Party, KOIN, KNX; Good Morning Tonight, KPO, KFI, KGW; 9:30—Messenger's Orch., KGO, KEX; Battle of the Sexes, KPO, KGW, KFI; Wa, the People, KNX, KSL, KOIN; News, KJR.
10:00—News Reporter, KPO, KFI, KGW; Sullivan, KNX, KSL; Tucker's Orch., KGO, KJR, KEX.
10:30—Foster's Orch., KPO, KFI, KGW; James' Orch., KGO, KEX, KJR; Chester's Orch., KNX, KOIN, KSL.
11:00—Razazza's Orch., KPO, KFI; Organist, KEX; Barnett's Orch., KSL, KOIN; News, KGO; News, KNX, KGW.

Jacksonville
JACKSONVILLE, Oct. 2.—(Sp.)—Lewis Ulrich of Medford called on friends here Thursday.
Regular meeting of the P-T.A. will be held Wednesday at 3 p. m. in the school auditorium.
Attending the missionary luncheon in Ashtand Presbyterian church September 28 were Mesdames Kleinhammer, Martin, Otto and Carl Niedermeyer, Beach, Brown, Mallory, Henspeter, Wyatt, Waters, Sanden and Miss Boozey. They enjoyed a speech given by Miss Vivian Joseph, a colored teacher from the Barber-Scott Junior College of Concord, N. C.
Annual freshmen initiation day was held September 28 when the 45 members of the freshman class each had to come to school riding a

broom-stick, with their clothes on backwards with mis-matched stockings and the girls with their hair done up in the "gay nineties" and adorned with reed ribbons. During the day they were required to bow to the upper classmen on meeting them and say "I am a little freshman." In the evening stunts were performed at a party in the gym with the sophomore class as hosts. Crowning event of the evening was a perfect impersonation of Herr Hitler by Loyd Smith. Refreshments were served at the close.

Attending the meeting of missionary women of the Federated Churches in Medford held in the Nazarene church Friday were Mesdames Kleinhammer, Nellie Niedermeyer, Gertrude Martin and Stella Beach. Mrs. A. S. Kleinhammer gave the devotion.
Honor guest at a surprise shower September 28 at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Ike Dunford was Mrs. Levon Dunford (nee Doris Clark), who received many lovely gifts.
Those attending from here were Mrs. Lois Reinking, Miss Francis

Wakefield, Mrs. Grace Swanson, Mrs. Julia Osborne, Mrs. Wilson and Mrs. Seth L. Waters.
Mrs. Adams and Mrs. Ziegler and infant daughter Nancy Lee, were Medford shoppers Thursday.
Shirley Cantrill of Grants Park visited her mother, Mrs. Tetha Cantrill, here Monday.
WINDOW GLASS—We sell window glass and will replace your broken windows responsibly. Trowbridge Cabinet Works.
Use Mail Tribune want ads.

DANGER ZONE

By GLUYAS WILLIAMS



STRETCHES OUT COMFORTABLY IN CHAIR WITH A GOOD BOOK



ALMOST IMMEDIATELY GETS SHARP CRACK ON ANKLE BONE, AS JUNIOR IN PURSUIT OF BALL, TRIPS OVER HIS FEET



VERY CONTRITE, CHILDREN FORTY-FIVE TO SEE IF HE'S BADLY HURT, STANDING AROUND MOSTLY ON HIS OTHER FOOT



A LITTLE LATER, BEING ALERT TO DANGER NOW, WHISKS FEET TO SAFETY JUST IN TIME TO ESCAPE JUNIOR PRETENDING HE IS A FIRE ENGINE



IN A MINUTE OR SO GETS A SHARP POKER IN BACK OF LEG AS CHILDREN TRY TO THRUST BALL OUT FROM UNDER CHAIR WITH UMBRELLA



GETS FEET OUT OF DANGER BY CURLING UP ON SEAT OF CHAIR, CHILDREN WANTING TO KNOW WHY THEY CLIMB UP THERE WITH HIM

TAILSPIN TOMMY—You'll Soon Find Out, Tommy!



BEN WEBSTER'S CAREER—Mass Meeting!



THE NEBBS—The Braggard



THE NEBBS—The Braggard



BEN WEBSTER'S CAREER—Mass Meeting!



THE NEBBS—The Braggard



THE NEBBS—The Braggard

STRANGE AS IT SEEMS—By JOHN HIX



WORLD'S BIGGEST TRUCK!
WEIGHS 112 TONS LOADED—36 PER CENT MORE THAN A LOADED RAILROAD COAL CAR!
IT RUNS ON A SPECIAL ROAD ALL ITS OWN... (Tiger, Missouri)
DUMMY SNAKES WERE ATTACHED TO POWER POLES NEAR SAN ANTONIO, TEXAS -- TO FRIGHTEN OFF WOODPECKERS...
ANTI-GRAVITY BOWL! A METAL TRAY THAT ACTUALLY FLOATS IN AIR—House of Magic, N.Y. World's Fair—
LEHIGH U. -- SCORED A TOUCHDOWN ON A 102-YARD RUN -- YET LOST TO PENN STATE 59-6! -- 1938--

LARGEST TRUCK
A giant electrically driven truck, operated at the Tiger coal mine in Missouri over a four-mile private roadway, speeds up to 35 miles an hour. It runs on 20-ply tires, 31 inches high, which carry 95 pounds pressure. A special permit was required to transport the truck over Missouri highways from Kansas City to the mine.
FLOATING METAL
A metal tray that "violates" the law of gravity has been developed by General Electric engineers to amaze New York fair crowds. An "electromagnetic levitator" holds the tray suspended in mid-air by interaction of electric currents in the tray and a magnetic field created below it. Tomorrow: The Hunchback of Swing.

By HAL FORREST



BEN WEBSTER'S CAREER—Mass Meeting!



THE NEBBS—The Braggard



THE NEBBS—The Braggard

Derby

DERBY, Sept. 30.—(Sp.)—Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Webber were pleasantly surprised Sunday when their son, Ralph Webber and family of Klamath Falls, came for a day's visit. Ralph has a spud patch and these are busy days for him.
Mr. and Mrs. F. D. Hill purchased an eight-tube radio in Medford Wednesday.
Mrs. Jack Lorton and Miss Smith of Butte Falls were guests at the Frank Hill home Thursday.
Murta Haynes of P. D. Hill roared a stack of hay for P. D. Hill Thursday.
Leonard Haynes was a winner in the pen blossom contest in a recent issue of the Oregon Farmer.
Frank Hill sold some of his cattle

Monday. Trucks were busy Tuesday and Wednesday hauling them.
Derby school enjoyed a visit from Mrs. Inch Monday.
Jerry Arnold has been busy delivering slabs for Totten's mill.
Mr. and Mrs. Vernon Haynes and three children of Klamath Falls visited Wednesday with his parents. Mr. and Mrs. Muri Haynes. They plan to make their home at the Happy Hollow ranch this winter.
Hotel Doomed
JOHANNESBURG, South Africa.—(UP)—Once the resort of Cecil Rhodes and Barney Barnato, the former Kimberley-boozers hotel, a landmark on the Rand gold fields, is to be demolished to make room for extensions to an engineering works. The hotel was the first stop for coaches out of Johannesburg in the days before the railway.