

Meet Mr. Lochinvar

By Marie Bizard

Chapter 38
Left Foot, Right Foot

There were excited whispers all about them. People stopped at tables on the way to their own, leaned down, whispered. The dance floor was deserted, and through the windows Cecily saw the men down on their knees, the porters with long brooms. Fine-combing the room. She prayed they'd find that which they sought.

"Must be worth ten thousand dollars."

"It couldn't have been stolen..."

"She said the clasp was weak..."

"Did you know that there's a rumor that the reason Lady Rathbone left Mrs. Brewster's suddenly was because she said a valuable diamond pin had been stolen? I told my husband..."

Cecily heard it all.

"Stupid woman to wear a jewel like that to a place like this," Gloria said.

"Why?" Philip asked. "Everybody knows everybody else. If there were any suspicion that it had been stolen, the committee would have gone about it more quickly, searched the guests..."

"That sounds reasonable," Jim Penny said. "Why don't we suggest it? Then there won't be any question about it. The men might submit to it without letting the ladies in on it."

"Good idea," Philip agreed. "It's nasty business. I'll tell Lochinvar. Suppose we go in first?"

Gloria said, "Don't be silly, Philip! Mrs. Goodale herself said the clasp was weak. It'll turn up. If you're feeling so energetic you might see if you can snag a waiter. I want some more coffee."

Mrs. Goodale came back, looking haggard under her smile. Immediately all heads turned toward her.

She stood in the door, holding up her hand. "It's all right, everybody. I'm sorry my carelessness spoiled the party. Please forget that it happened. We're sure it will turn up somewhere. Anyway, it's insured. I'm afraid there isn't going to be any more dancing, because the search isn't over and..."

So, the orchestra is moving over to my place and you're all invited!"

Immediately there was a concerted movement as chairs were moved back. As she got up, Cecily saw that the food on Laura's plate was untouched.

Olivia came over to her table. "Children, it's after one. I'm going home but you all go on to Mrs. Goodale's if you wish."

Tony said, "I'm going home." "So am I, Mother. The edge is off the party."

They all decided to go home. Laura leaned toward Cecily and said in a low voice, "Insurance companies don't pay large sums without making extensive inquiries, do they?"

Cecily shook her head. "Oh, definitely not, she thought. The time that Doug had lost his gold cigarette case given to him on his twenty-first birthday, the place had been over-run with investigators. If he had that before paying a two hundred dollar claim, what would they do for one as large as this one must be?"

They'd send detectives. They'd question everybody. They'd say, "Exactly who was at that party? They'd ask if there were any suspicious characters seen about the grounds. They might even tie this up to the Brewster affair."

Nightmares

They might learn of the figure on the veranda. Had anyone else seen it? Had anyone heard her call, "It's Cecily!"

All that night she dreamed nightmares. Dreams in which police stood over her menacingly, threatening her with prison. They finger-printed her. They said, "You know all about it and we'll make you talk." And she said, "No! No! But Laura knows!"

And then in horror of what she had said, she woke up and was unable to sleep the rest of the night.

A sudden thought assailed her. It wasn't like Laura to be secretive. Then why was she? Was Laura being blackmailed? Someone—or some group, had gotten poor little Laura into his clutches. That was why she couldn't talk. What had happened to Laura the night she went to Locke's cabin? Poor girl, she had looked frightened and ill!

Laura had said, "I can't tell you, Cecily... I don't know any more than you do."

Try as she would, Cecily, in spite of all she had seen, couldn't make a villain of Locke. His eyes kept coming between her and the picture of him with horns sprouting from that clear forehead.

Trying to plan her course, Cecily dropped off to sleep. When she woke it was bright morning. She felt under her pillow for her watch and looked at it through sleepy eyes. Ten o'clock!

She swung her legs out of bed and, not stopping for her exercises, washed and dressed hurriedly. She wouldn't even stop for breakfast. She felt she must be off to the shop, to Laura.

She put on a knitted dress, ran a comb through her hair and snatched up the polo coat she had worn the night before. The house

was still sleeping when she let herself out. The first deep breath of morning air made her feel dizzy. She was hungry but she could get something to eat after she had seen Laura.

Hunger and lack of sleep made her feel cold. The late September air had a sharp wintry tang. It bit at her eyes, making them smart. She tightened the belt of her coat, pulled the collar up around her throat and plunged her hands deep in the pockets.

Like the answer to some wireless message tapping at her mind, she slowed her steps, and her right hand in the pocket of her coat felt around in the depths finding something unfamiliar.

She knew what it was before she drew her handkerchief out. Knew instantly what that cold hard substance was.

Mrs. Goodale's necklace lay there bunched in her hand. The sun striking the emerald flashed a cold green fire.

As though were fire, Cecily thrust it back in her pocket.

Solution

LEFT foot. Right foot. Mrs. L. Goodale didn't lose her necklace. Left foot, right foot. Hard little marching steps increasing their pace. The necklace was a leaden weight in her pocket. On her mind, in her heart. Don't walk so fast. When you come to the end of your journey, you'll have to do something. There, Cecily struck a snag. She didn't know what to do about it. Take it back to Mrs. Goodale and try to explain how it got in her pocket?

Cecily opened the door to her shop, fumbling the key in the lock because her fingers were stiff.

She took her hat off and ran her fingers through her hair. There was a fire laid in the hearth. She touched a match to it and tried to warm herself before the blaze, hoping with the heat to melt the bands that bound her brain.

She sat there for twenty minutes... an hour... she didn't know how long, and then a solution came to her. The situation was now beyond her control. She could no longer accept responsibility for what had happened. She would have to take it to someone else.

That someone was Donald Hemingway. It was strange that it was Donald Hemingway who came to her mind. It wasn't when you followed her thinking processes.

Donald Hemingway was a balanced person, a man who was accustomed to weighing the problems of others, to finding solutions from an objective point of view. And Donald Hemingway cared for Laura Atwill. Cecily's intuition told her that. She dismissed Donald's attitude toward Laura in the past week, knowing that it was a misunderstanding, that prompted it.

She must still have had faith in Locke, she thought, or she wouldn't be going to see Donald Hemingway.

In Donald's old-fashioned private office at the rear of the bank where they would not be disturbed, she laid the necklace in his hand and told him the story.

She told him all she could. She told him how she had first found Locke. She told him other things that revealed more than she knew but she did not tell him in words that she loved Locke. She was as honest as she could be. She told him about the incident of Lady Rathbone's loss, took the responsibility for Laura's going to Locke's cabin. She told him everything that she knew about the night before.

When she finished, Donald was silent for a few minutes, drawing thoughtfully on his pipe.

"Why did you come to me with this?" he asked finally.

"Because... because I want your help. I want you to tell me the right thing to do. And I want you to find some way out of it without calling in the police. You see... I don't seem to know the right thing to do. I know that on the face of it all, he appears to be a very bad light, but yet... yet I don't believe he's guilty. I don't believe he is a thief!"

"Don't you, my dear?" He smiled slowly.

"No!"

"I don't know him," he said, "but I'm inclined to trust your judgment of people. Also, I'm grateful to you for making me see myself in an unpleasant light."

His remark surprised Cecily. "I don't understand..."

He got up and took his hat from a peg near the door. He held the door open for her.

"About Mrs. Atwill," he said. "I'm going to apologize to her."

At that moment Cecily's concern was not for Laura's more personal predicament. "But what about the necklace?"

"The handkerchief you found?" he asked blandly. "I'll drop in at the Yacht Club on my way out to Mrs. Atwill's and leave it in the owner's locker."

"Oh, thank you," Cecily couldn't say more. The weight dropping away from her shoulders left her weak.

"And my dear, I suggest that you have luncheon with us if Mrs. Atwill can join us. In a lower voice he said, "I think we should ask her advice."

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.
KNN, 1050, Los Angeles; KOA, 830,
Denver; KOIN, 940, Portland.
KOMO, 920, Seattle; KPO, 630, San
Francisco; KSL, 1180, Salt Lake.

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., KNN; Show's Orch.,
KPO, KFI, KGW.
6:30—Fibber McGee, KPO, KFI;
Crosby's Orch., KNN, KSL, KOIN;
True Story, KPO, KJR, KEX.

7:00—News, KGO, KEX, KJR; Variety
Program, KPO, KOW, KFI; Calling
All Cars, KNN.

7:30—Dog House, KPO, KFI, KGW;
Inside Story, KGO, KEX, KJR;
Sports Pop-Offs, KNN, KOIN; News,
KSL.

8:00—Amos and Andy, KNN, 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, KNN.

9:00—News, KGO, KEX; Tuesday

Night Party, KOIN, KNN; Good
Morning Tonight, KPO, KFI, KGW.
9:30—Messner's Orch., KGO, KEX;
Battle of the Sexes, KPO, KGW, KFI;
We, the People, KNN, KSL, KOIN;
News, KJR.
10:00—News Reporter, KPO, KFI,
KGO; Sullivan, KNN, KSL; Tucker's
Orch., KGO, KJR, KEX.
10:30—Poster's Orch., KPO, KFI,
KGO; James' Orch., KGO, KEX,
KJR; Chester's Orch., KNN, KOIN,
KSL.

11:00—Barazza's Orch., KPO, KFI;
Organist, KEX; Barnett's Orch., KSL,
KOIN; News, KGO, KNN, KGW.

Wednesday.
5:00—We Present, KGO; Sherman
Presente, KOMO; Fred Waring's Orch.,
KPO, KEX, KJR, KGW.

5:30—Buenos Noches Amigos, KPO,
KFI, KGW; Concert Orch., KGO, KEX,
KJR.

6:00—Star Theater, KSL, KOIN;
KNN; Home and Buggy Days, KGO,
KEX; Musical Solos, KPO, KFI,
KGW.

6:30—Martin's Music, KGO, KEX;
Hollywood Playhouse, KPO, KFI,
KGO; News, KJR.

7:00—Burns and Allen, KNN,
KOIN; Kysar's Orch., KPO, KGW,
KFI; News, KGO, KEX, KJR.
7:30—Burns and Allen, KNN,
KOIN, KSL; Radio Forum, KGO, KJR.

8:00—Waring's Orch., KPO, KGW;
Herb Trio, KEX; Aloha Land, KGO;
Amos and Andy, KNN, KOIN, KSL.
8:30—Whitman's Orch., KNN, KSL,
KOIN; This Moving World, KGO,
KEX; Avalon Time, KPO, KFI, KGW.

9:00—Honolulu Bound, KNN, KSL.

KOIN; Fred Allen, KPO, KGW; Cal
Composers, KGO, KEX.
9:30—Teagarden's Orch., KGO,
KEX; Dance Orch., KNN, KOIN, KSL;
News, KJR.
10:00—Martin's Orch., KGO, KJR,
KEX; News, KNN, KSL; News Re-
porter, KPO, KFI, KGW.
10:30—Tucker's Orch., KGO, KFI,
KJR; KEX; Barazza's Orch., KPO,
KGO; Dance Orch., KNN, KOIN,
KSL.

11:00—Barnett's Orch., KSL, KOIN;
Nottingham's Orch., KPO, KFI; Or-
ganist, KEX; News, KGO; News, KNN,
KGW.

HUNTER SHOOTS SELF THROUGH RIGHT THIGH

PORT ANGELES, Wash., Oct. 3.—
(AP)—Ernest Brock, 23, of the Round
mountain district near Port Angeles,
shot himself accidentally through the
thigh yesterday when he stumbled over
a log while deer hunting.

He told hospital attendants here
his rifle discharged when he stumbled
and the bullet grazed his wrist and
passed through his right thigh.

Intern Hitler's Friend
LONDON, Oct. 3.—(AP)—Dr. Ernst
(Putt) Hanfstaengl, American-edu-
cated publicist and one-time close
friend of Adolf Hitler, was said to-
day by acquaintances to have been
interred by the British government.

CANNERIES SELL ENTIRE '39 PACK

PORTLAND, Oct. 3.—(AP)—Edgar M.
Burns, secretary of the Northwest
Canners' association, said today ap-
proximately 65 Oregon and Wash-
ington canneries had sold or con-
tracted their entire 1939 pack.

By January 1, Burns added, buy-
ers would have to dip into the 1938
surplus for supplies. Prices are low,
but Burns declared a profit margin
for fruit and vegetable packers ex-
pected for the first time in years.
Burns said sharply curtailed mid-
western packs and slightly reduced
northwestern volume, combined with
sudden demand arising from the Eu-
ropean war, had created the situa-
tion.

Weather
Northern California: Fair and mild
tonight and Wednesday but cloudy

extreme north portion Wednesday;
moderate northwest wind off the
coast.

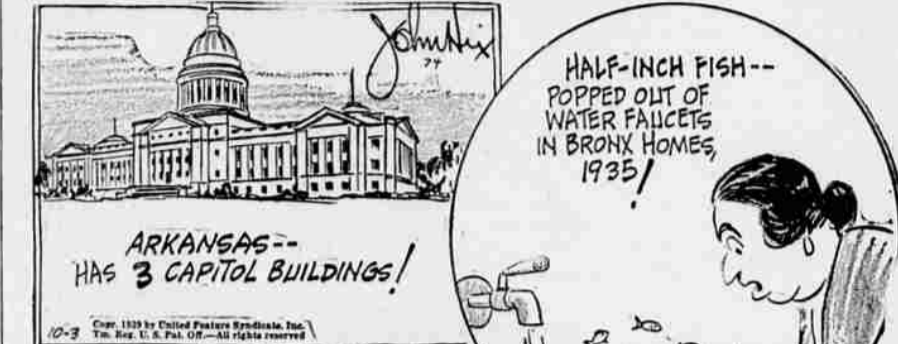
Oregon: Cloudy tonight with rain
in northwest portion, warmer in west
and cooler in extreme east portions;
Wednesday cloudy with rain in west
and north portions; gentle northwest
wind off the coast, becoming variable.

Marriage Tests Accepted

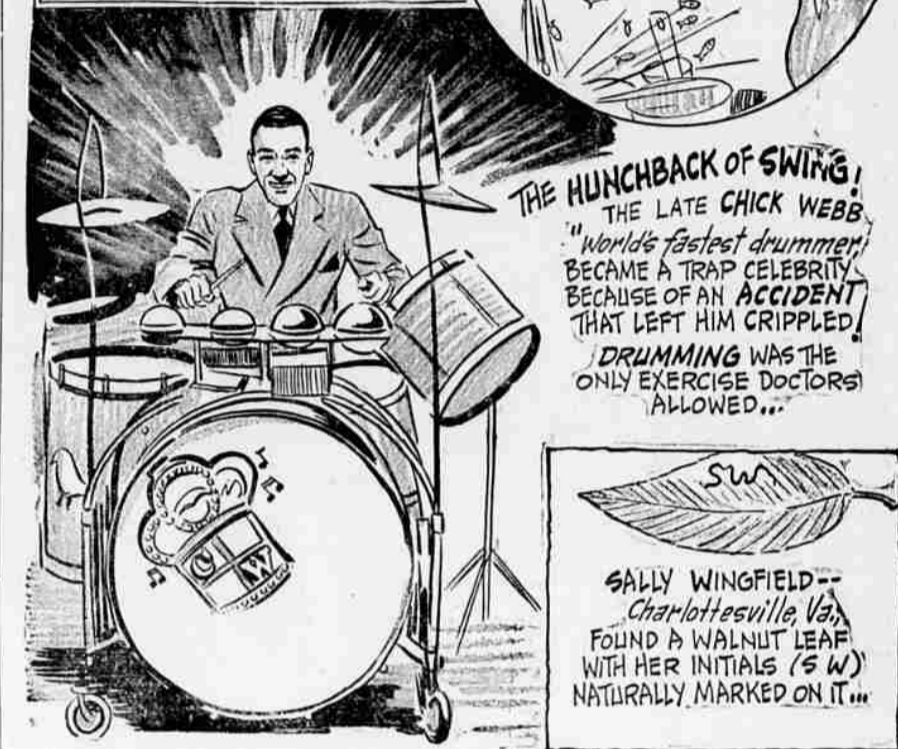
CAMDEN, N. J.—(UP)—Southern
New Jersey couples have withdrawn
opposition to New Jersey's pre-mar-
ital blood test law, according to the
marriage license bureau.

STRANGE AS IT SEEMS—By JOHN HIX

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



ARKANSAS--HAS 3 CAPITOL BUILDINGS!



HALF-INCH FISH--
POPPED OUT OF
WATER FAUCETS
IN BRONX HOMES,
1935!

THE HUNCHBACK OF SWING!
THE LATE CHICK WEBB
"World's fastest drummer"
BECAME A TRAP CELEBRITY
BECAUSE OF AN ACCIDENT!
THAT LEFT HIM CRIPPLED!
DRUMMING WAS THE
ONLY EXERCISE DOCTORS
ALLOWED...

SALLY WINGFIELD--
Charlottesville, Va.
FOUND A WALNUT LEAF
WITH HER INITIALS (SW)
NATURALLY MARKED ON IT...

HUNCHBACK OF SWING
A little Negro youth lay crippled for life in Baltimore by a fall that made him a hunchback. Young Chick Webb's mother was told by the doctor that the boy could stand no exercise, except, perhaps, the wailing of drumsticks. He developed, on his mother's pots and pans, a sense of rhythm that eventually won him nation-wide fame as a drummer. He wrote several hit songs before death halted his career last summer.

ARKANSAS' CAPITOLS
Still in existence are Arkansas' three capitol buildings—the first territorial capitol; the one used from 1836-1910, and the one in use today.

TOMORROW: What state had four governors in two weeks in 1935?

HAIR TROUBLE

By GLUYAS WILLIAMS



REALIZES HE OUGHT TO DO SOMETHING ABOUT HIS HAIR ON ACCOUNT OF COMPANY COMING

SMOOTHES IT DOWN WITH FINGERS, ONE STUBBORN LOCK PERSISTING IN STANDING UPRIGHT

USES BRUSH AND COMB, LOCK STILL CURLING UPWARDS. WEFS BRUSH, WITH NOT MUCH BETTER RESULT

GETS DESPERATE, AND DIPS WHOLE HEAD IN WATER.

AFTER VIGOROUS BRUSHING, IS PLEASED TO SEE THAT HE HAS FINALLY FORCED LOCK DOWN FLAT

GOES DOWN TO JOIN THE COMPANY, BLISSFULLY UNAWARE THAT LOCK HAS SUBMITTED ONLY MOMENTARILY AND IS STANDING UP AGAIN

9-28 (Released by The Bell Syndicate, Inc.)

TAILSPIN TOMMY—Tommy Blunders!



BEN WEBSTER'S CAREER—Identity Revealed!



THE NEBBS—An Invitation



SUPREME COURT OPENS NEW TERM

WASHINGTON, Oct. 3.—(AP)—Confronted by a number of important legal controversies, the supreme court justices met Monday to open their new 1939-40 term before going to the White House to pay their respects to President Roosevelt.

Justice Pierce Butler, 81 in a hospital, was the only one of the nine justices missing as the members of the court, clad in traditional black robes, marched solemnly into the chamber while the crier intoned the customary "Oyez, oyez, oyez."

tomorrow to practice and receiving a few motions, the court adjourned until next Monday. At that time it will announce whether it will review approximately 300 cases filed during the summer.

Same Territory
LARAMIE, Wyo. (AP)—The trailer camp ground is a favorite place this year for University of Wyoming students. So many wanted to park their trailers there for the winter, using them as college living quarters, the place became overcrowded. Locations, with light and water connections, rent for \$5 to \$10 a month.

Planes Plant Seeds
TUCSON, Ariz. (AP)—Airplanes now sweep over the wide open spaces of the southwest, dropping seeds. The aim is to promote growth of food grains on the range, thus improving grazing conditions.

After admiring a number of