

Meet Mr. Lochinvar

By Marie Blizard

Chapter 37

End Of The Season

AT NOON, Laura came in alone. "Cecily," she said without preamble, "Donald is waiting for me at the inn. We've been to see Locke and I want you to go and see him yourself."

"What will I say to him?" "I can't tell you. You'll know what to say. I can't say anything else. But please believe that you can trust Donald."

"Is... is everything all right? I mean you and Donald?" "Laura smiled broadly. "Everything is all right between me and Donald. And, Cecily..."

"Yes." "Don't expect men to have faith and remember that women need it," she said cryptically. While Cecily was trying to formulate questions, she turned and was gone.

"They know!" Cecily said softly. Her knees actually knocked together as she approached Locke's cabin. Her pulse beat wildly in her throat and her back felt spineless. She pushed on. Her rubber-soled shoes made her approach on the porch noiseless. She rapped on the door, her feeble knocks sounding like thunder in her ears.

"Come in!" Locke called cheerfully. She pushed open the door. He was sitting before a typewriter. Papers littered the table.

"Oh, hello!" he said. "Excuse the litter." He collected the papers hastily, sweeping them up from his only other chair. "I didn't expect company. I was... er... writing some reports."

Cecily stood backed against the door. Now that she was here she couldn't find any words in her dry throat. She felt rigid, paralyzed in her limbs.

"Won't you sit down? I might even invite you to lunch if you'll have..."

"Please, Locke!" He saw that she was trembling, made a step toward her.

"No, please," she said. "Don't come any nearer."

"What's wrong?" he asked, his face gone somber.

"You know," she accused. "Perhaps I don't," he said slowly. "Or perhaps I don't want to believe it. Why did you come here?"

She swallowed, unable to say it. Her eyes, dark and steady, did not leave his face.

"Do you want to hear me say that I am a thief?" he asked, his voice controlled. And when she didn't answer,

"Or did you come to tell me that I am one?"

"No," she whispered. His face relaxed then. His voice was very gentle when he said, "Did you come to warn me, Cecily?"

"Perhaps."

"And for what else?" "To hear you deny it," she said so low that he could hardly hear her.

"Only Your Heart"

HE LAUGHED with no mirth. "A woman's faith is a beautiful thing."

Laura had told her she must have faith.

"Will you tell me who you are? What you're doing here?"

He turned away from her, foraging among the papers for a crumpled cigarette. He lit one deliberately, put it down on the edge of the table and came toward her.

This time she did not—could not—resist when he tilted her chin as he had before, looked into her eyes and smiled slowly, wryly.

"I'll tell you nothing, Cecily. For your own good."

She waited for him to say more. His hand fell away from her chin. His eyes went to a point beyond her.

She was thinking: This is the end, my darling, you must speak! You're tearing my heart to pieces! Now I know why women stick to their men whatever they have done. Only speak!

"The only thing I wanted to steal was your heart," he said at last.

"Instead, you found an emerald!"

His only answer was a lifted eyebrow.

"And then you were afraid! Well, the emerald is back where it belongs! Now you can go! Get out of Vickersport! I never want to see you again!"

She found the door-knob, wrenched the door open and ran out before he could see her tears. She stumbled on the dusty road, running.

The motors were still arriving at Dorella. They were parked two deep in the drive as far back of the garage as the foot of the gar-

den. Crunch of wheels on gravel. Dooring opening. Voices. The door opening below. Greetings.

"Olivia, you were magnificent! There must have been fifty hundred people there! Where did they all come from?"

"Is it true that General Harbord paid a thousand dollars for the auction for your music?"

Click of high heels on the polished floor. Tinkle of glasses. The string quartet tuning instruments. Over it all the excited foreign voices. And the clock in the great hall striking twelve. Midnight.

The end of the concert. The end of the season.

Olivia's annual supper-party was starting. In the kitchen, four aproned maids added last touches to the delectables on the table. One stirred the onion soup simmering on the big stove. Another added paprika to the steaming lobster newburg in chafing dishes. One carried a platter of salad in aspic, picking her footsteps warily to avoid the jellied perfection.

A man carved paper-thin slices of pale pink ham, passed the silver platter on and carved the birds.

Two waiters stood in the pantry waiting to have their trays loaded with the fragile glasses filled with champagne.

A thousand candles burned palely against the blazing logs in every hearth. Perfume mingled with wood smoke and the aromas of tobacco. Olivia moved gracefully from group to group, a majestic woman in her deep rose velvet, the rubies at her throat and in her ears, the diamonds on her arms making her seem regal even to her own.

A Salon

AMONG the guests there was also a blaze of jewels, the sheen of handsome gowns, an opulence that was foreign to the community. Olivia's drawing-room was no longer a familiar, simple room in a little seacoast summer colony—it was a salon.

Cecily sipped her champagne and watched it through dull eyes that ached for sleep. She wanted sleep more than anything in the world. For eight nights she had lain awake until dawn.

At last it was over. The candles burned to their ends, the fire turned to embers. The waiters had taken away the last of the plates, the empty glasses. The musicians were packing their instruments. There had been beautiful music there that night. The great Branzanga, Despechi had sung their hearts out. And Cecily had heard it in a dream.

She slipped away at the last of them were leaving.

There was a chill in Cecily's room in the ell. A maid had turned her bed down.

This, then, was the end.

Her trunk, half-packed, yawned openly. Her suitcase, her hat-box lay on the floor beside it. She was to drive back to New York with Helene and Manuel the next afternoon.

It was all over. In two days she would have another room, see her old friends, be with Doug. Make a new life. A new life with no spirit. The summer sun, the break of waves on a white beach would be gone and with them Philip and Laura and...

She couldn't say his name. She tried to find happiness thinking of Laura. Laura was staying on for another fortnight. Staying on to oversee the painting in the old Hemingway house to which she was returning as a bride within a month.

"Well, the summer did some good to someone anyway and I'm glad it was Laura." The clock striking three in the hall stirred her.

She got into bed hurriedly and turned down the lamp. The house grew quieter and quieter. Cecily fell asleep hearing the last of the good night from the corridor around the turn.

Gloria went in to kiss her mother good night. "It was wonderful, Mother! The auction netted over five thousand dollars. And I've never heard Despechi sing the way she did tonight."

"All for sweet charity," Olivia yawned. "Run along now, dear, and get some sleep. Oh, hand me that box... the long white one."

Gloria picked up a jeweler's box. "Despechi's?"

"Yes, I'm putting all the jewels in my safe."

"Some day I'd like to own a half a million dollars' worth of emeralds," Gloria said. "Maybe Jim Penny can buy them for me when we get married."

"Despechi would probably be tickled to death to sell these," Olivia commented as she thrust the box into her wall safe.

"Well, if I ever own them, darling, I'll see that they're kept in a safe that has a lock on it."

"Oh, they're safe," Olivia said. "No one knows that the combination doesn't work. It's the psychological effect that matters. Do run along, child."

The clock in the lower hall struck three.

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, 650; Portland: KJR, 970; Seattle: KSN, 1930; Los Angeles: KOA, 830; Denver: KOIN, 940; Portland: KOMO, 920; Seattle: KPO, 630; San Francisco: KSL, 1180; Salt Lake: KSL, 1180.

Wednesday
5:00—We Present, KGO, Sherman Presents, KOMO; Fred Waring's Orch., KPO, KEX, KJR, KGW.
5:30—Buena Vista Amigos, KPO, KFI, KGW; Concert Orch., KGO, KEX, KJR.
6:00—Star Theater, KSL, KOIN, KXN; Horse and Bugby Days, KGO, KEX; Musical Solace, KPO, KFI, KGW.
6:30—Martin's Music, KGO, KEX; Hollywood Playhouse, KPO, KFI, KGW; News, KJR.
7:00—Burns and Allen, KXN, KOIN; Kyrer's Orch., KPO, KGW, KFI; News, KGO, KEX, KJL.
7:30—Burns and Allen, KXN, KOIN, KSL; Radio Forum, KGO, KJR.
8:00—Waring's Orch., KPO, KGW; Herby Trio, KFXE; Aloha Land, KGO; Amos and Andy, KXN, KOIN, KSL.
8:30—Whiteman's Orch., KXN, KSL, KOIN; This Moving World, KGO, KEX; Avalon Time, KPO, KFI, KGW.
9:00—Hondolu Bound, KXN, KSL.

Thursday
5:00—Songs, KGO, KEX, KJR, KSL; 32nd, KGO, KEX, KJR; Kopen's Orch., KFI.
5:30—Major Bowes, KXN, KOIN, KSL; Good News of 1940, KPO, KFI, KGW; Thomas Orch., KGO, KEX.
6:00—Music Hall, KPO, KFI, KGW.
6:30—Dance Orch., KGO, KJR; Sports Pop-Offs, KXN, KOIN.
6:00—Fred Waring, KPO, KGW; KFI; Dance Orch., KEX, KJR; Aloha Land, KGO; Amos and Andy, KXN, KSL, KOIN.
8:15—Basile's Orch., KSL, KOIN; Hayes Orch., KXN; Dance Orch., KGO, KJR; Mystery, KPO, KGW, KFI.
8:30—Symphony Hour, KPO, KGW, KFI; Hemp's Orch., KXN, KSL, KOIN; This Moving World, KGO, KEX.
9:00—Ask-It-Basket, KXN, KSL, KOIN; Classics for Today, KGO, KEX.
9:30—Those We Love, KPO, KFI, KGW; Eldridge's Orch., KGW.

THE WORLD AT ITS WORST

By GLUYAS WILLIAMS



THE DISCOVERY AT THE END OF THE SUMMER THAT JUNIOR HAS OUTGROWN ALL HIS WINTER CLOTHES

(Released by The Bell Syndicate, Inc.)

TAILSPIN TOMMY—A Break for Tommy!



BEN WEBSTER'S CAREER—Opposition?



THE NEBBS—My Friend?



Scrap Iron Going To Jap Arsenals

PORTLAND, Oct. 4.—(AP)—A shipping survey revealed today the Portland area exported 28,887,750 pounds of scrap iron last month. All but 90,000 pounds went to Japan.

Crypt for Ross
SEATTLE, Oct. 4.—(AP)—A crypt chiseled from solid rock at the base of Mt. Ross, near the Skagit power project he sponsored, today held the

body of J. D. Ross. Bonneville power project administrator at the time of his death last March 14. The bronze coffin was placed in the mountain yesterday.

Endurance Billiards
WILKES-BARRE, Pa.—(UP)—Preparatory to staging a billiards marathon at the New York world's fair, George Glidden and Francis Hittel tested their endurance by playing for 47 hours and 15 minutes. They played 634 racks in 1,544 innings. Glidden winning 4,829 to 4,142.

Marriage Costly For Aged Husband

PINCASTLE, Va., Oct. 4.—(AP)—Married life cost 84-year old Harrison Bryant exactly \$200 a day. Bryant testified in his divorce suit that he made a \$500 property settlement on his bride, but she deserted him the third day after the wedding. The divorce was granted. Closing time for Too Late to Classify Ads is 1:30 p. m.

STRANGE AS IT SEEMS—By JOHN HIX

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



DEMOCRATIC CAPITAL!
28 FOREIGN NATIONS OWN PROPERTY IN WASHINGTON, D.C.
THE DANCING DEER—Odd foot formation found on the Mojave Desert...
MORE TOUCHDOWNS THAN FIRST DOWNS--WERE SCORED BY NOTRE DAME VS. MINNESOTA, 1938! THEY WON 19-0, YET MADE ONLY 2 FIRST DOWNS

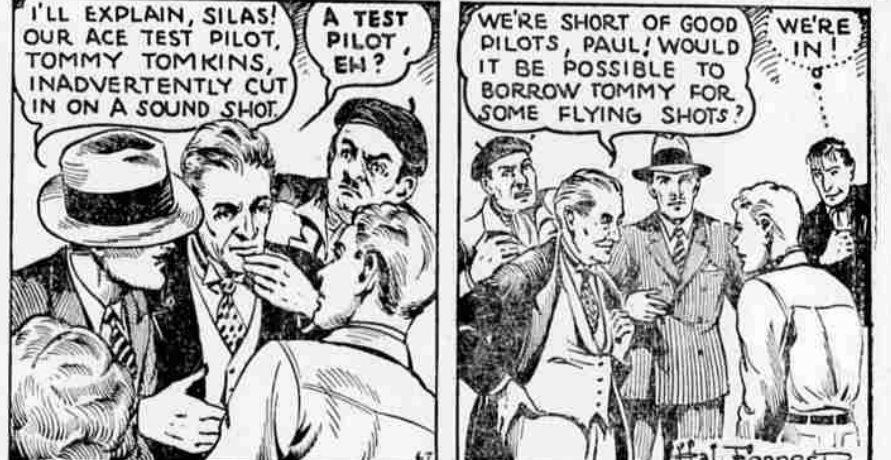
NEW JERSEY'S GOVERNORS

New Jersey's Governor Moore resigned to become U. S. senator on Jan. 3, 1935, and Clifford B. Powell, president of the senate, became acting governor, serving until Jan. 8. Horace G. Prall was then elected senate president and acting governor. He served until January 14, when Harold G. Hoffman was inaugurated.

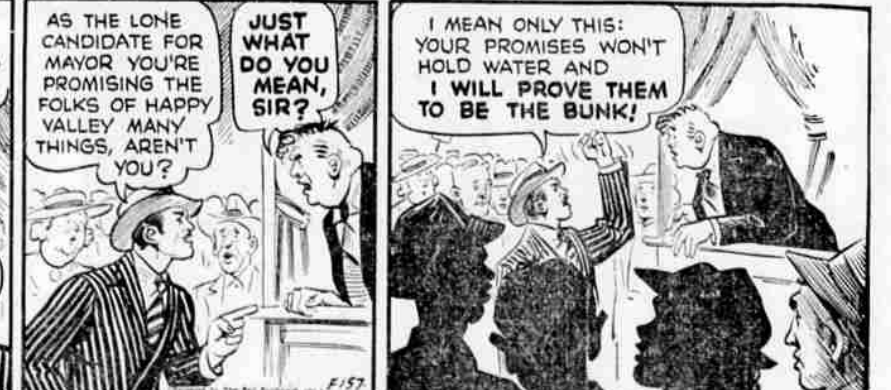
FOREIGN SOIL IN U. S.
The following foreign governments own either embassies or legations in Washington, D. C.: Argentina, China, Cuba, France, Germany, Great Britain, Italy, Japan, Mexico, Panama, Poland, Spain, Turkey, U. S. S. R., Venezuela, Canada, Czechoslovakia, Egypt, Greece, Guatemala, Norway, Lithuania, Netherlands, Rumania, Sweden, Thailand, Union of South Africa and Yugoslavia.

Tomorrow: Mystery of the Cyclops.

By HAL FORREST



By EDWIN ALGER



By SOL HESS



Japanese Blanket Fair Broadcasts

SHANGHAI, Tuesday, Oct. 3.—(UP)—New Japanese voice news broadcasts (JEX JEX) were started today on the same frequencies as those used by the powerful Treasure Island station at San Francisco, which was completely blanketed for Oriental listeners.

Broadcasts from the Treasure Island station had been extremely popular throughout the Orient and thousands of listeners will be cut off by activities of the Japanese station.

Jews In Hungary Will Lose Jobs

BUDAPEST, Oct. 4.—(AP)—A government order issued today placed in effect anti-Jewish laws whereby tens of thousands of Hungarian Jews employed in factories and wholesale and retail businesses eventually will lose their jobs.

Train Hits Timber In Rounding Curve

UKIAH, Calif., Oct. 4.—(AP)—A Northwestern Pacific northbound passenger train struck a timber-bleed railroad tie on a curve near here yesterday and hurtled 1200 feet into a switch track. The train was not derailed.

The company began an investigation today to determine how the timber got on the track.

Fresno Students Killed In Smashup

FRESNO, Calif., Oct. 4.—(AP)—Three 16-year-old students at the Washington Union high school at Easton were killed today when their light roadster overturned on North avenue, southwest of Fresno.

The dead: John William Mullis, Lillian Schmidt and Clyde Parson, all of Fresno.

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