

# One Is Beloved

BY LOUISE PLATT HAUCK

**YESTERDAY:** The young man, whose car crashes into Sue's because of bad breaks, apologizes abjectly. The next day he sends her dozens of roses.

## Chapter Four 'Crown Prince Stuff'

SUE deflected Maggie's inquisitive questions by sending her after receptacles for the blossoms.

"Every vase we have in the house—and I doubt if they will be enough—Line 'em up on the kitchen table, Mag darling, and fill 'em with water. I'll be out to arrange these beauties by then."

She was trailing about the living-room in her bathrobe when the telephone rang.

"For you," Maggie said briefly.

"I've waited just as long as I can!" exclaimed an impatient voice. "I've been sitting here gnawing my nails down to the quick until I thought you were up. How are you?"

"I'm inquiring but an anxious demand for news."

"All right, thank you—but nearly smothered in roses. Are there any at all left in town?"

"Both the roses! Tell me about you. Not stiff, not the least bit bruised? How do you like 'em?"

"Perfectly all right. Praise be to lipstick, it didn't show at all last night!"

Then the lateness of the hour occurred to her and she said curiously: "It's noon. Why did you think you'd have to wait so long to call me? You couldn't have known I went to a party last night!"

"I did though. I'm staying at the Benton Club, and they were talking of a Miss Webb's affair; mentioned you as a friend of hers."

"But how did you know who—?"

"Looked up your license number, of course! Sue, dear, when may I come up and see for myself how—?"

"Hey!" she said aggrievedly. "You're not to call me Sue with or without descriptive adjectives. We haven't met—socially. I'm sure that—"

His disgusted voice interrupted her protest. "What the dickens does either of us care about the social end of it? I'll but mind cared you yesterday. If that doesn't give me a right to call on you, I don't know what does!"

She began to laugh helplessly. "What a precipitant young man this was!"

"I'm tempted to quote a popular book title and say 'Stay Out of My Life!' You're a violent sort of person."

"Are you dressed? Had your breakfast—lunch? I'll ring your bell on the stroke of three."

He told her, said goodbye and hung up before she could refuse her consent if she had been minded to.

It was, however, two and not three o'clock when Maggie admitted him.

"Thought you might give me the slip," he informed her coolly, handing her the openly disapproving old woman his hat and gloves.

"There was not the forgiving note in your voice I craved to hear. I take it you're still simmering with wrath toward me?"

She shook her head. "I wasn't—until you showed up here just now. How do you know I haven't a weak heart? One shock right after another like this—"

"Don't joke," he bade her sternly. "I tell you I didn't sleep a wink all night! Every time I shut my eyes I saw that confounded river crawling below so terribly far below—and you, a little thing with a bit of scarlet silk around your neck, curled up like a kitten in your car!"

Without waiting for permission, he pulled forward a chair close to where she sat, and subsided heavily into it. "I've had some scares in my time, but never like that! If you'd gone over that bluff I'd have sent my car after you, give you my word!"

Sue frowned, Maggie was, she knew perfectly, hovering close to the kitchen door. She had been Sue's nurse years ago and still preserved an attitude of authority toward the girl. She would report this to Allen, and Allen would be annoyed, and there would be an end to the solitary visits she paid to Wyeth Hill.

**Young Business Man**

"That would have been most sensible!" she said bitingly. "And now may we forget the whole affair? You see for yourself I'm whole and unscathed. You've apologized adequately, not to say profusely! With roses. Her eyes roved about the flower bedecked room. "I take it you're merely passing through the town—"

He shook his head, the seriousness of his manner already gone. "Never take anything for granted in this day and age. Sue darling! Far from passing through I'm about to become one of your most promising young business men. Hadn't you heard? Does the name Trenton mean nothing to you? I'll wager it does to your brother. Trenton's Treasons. Do I make myself clear?"

"The new shoe factory?"

"A bull's-eye, no less. I'm it!"

"The whole factory?"

"Practically—now." His face sobered. "My father died several months ago. He was president of the concern. I'm more or less stepping into his shoes—no pun intended. I was in England—and

then I was busy settling Dad's affairs in the East—and that's how I happened to lend my car to this guy who wanted to do some folklore research in the Ozarks."

He leaned back as though he felt himself completely at ease. The autobiography in those few jerky sentences.

"Okay, Miss Davenport?"

"They surveyed each other frankly, slim, dark-eyed girl and blue-eyed stalwart man. A forgiving grin began to twitch at the corners of Sue's lips. There was an endearing frankness about this Trenton person; a trustful belief in the goodwill of the world toward his appreciative self which was hard to resist."

"That's right!" he encouraged her. "In the words of the song, smile, smile, smile! You look much, much nicer when you smile. All dark people do. There's a touch of grimace in knitted black brows, did you know it? And I have no intention of beginning what is going to be one of the most charming friendships that ever came into my life with grimace."

"You take a lot for granted, Mr. Trenton!"

"Bob," he corrected. "It's one of the easiest of my names. I'm pronounced. Even a baby can say it. Sue now is harder. The sibilant sound presents certain difficulties which do not appear to be surmounted before the second or third year—or so my married friends tell me. Not that I've ever known any girl named Sue; but I had an Aunt Susan—"

She was too young not to chuckle at his blithe audacity. Encouraged by the sound, he beamed at her.

"Now we're getting some place!"

**Effortless Ease**

ALMOST before his roses were faded, Bob Trenton had become an intimate of the little household. It was accomplished with the effortless ease characteristic of him.

"Met a peach of a guy today," Allen had announced that first night. He interrupted himself amazingly. "Golly, look at the flowers! You and Kettle settled it between you?"

She dimpled at him as she unfolded her napkin. "Jim? Jim would regard such a display as in the worst possible taste. It's a new man. A sudden thought occurred to her. "Maybe it's your man, Allen—your peach of a guy. This town's not so large that he could remain undiscovered long; not a shrinking violet like Bob Trenton, anyway!"

"Trenton! That's the name! Trenton's Treasons. Shoes you know. But he's only been here a day or so, he tells me. How come the lavish floral offering?"

"He bumped into me yesterday afternoon," she answered, prudently suppressing the details. "No harm done, but the roses are a peace offering."

"I asked him out to dinner to-morrow night. All right?"

She was young enough to enjoy meeting this personable young man before her friends did. The town's social set was small and closely knit. It would not be long before Trenton was a part of it. And as the days went on, she was amused and a little startled at his whirlwind attentions to herself.

He had behaved from the first as though he had some claim upon her. If he had not informed himself of her activities for the day before he left the previous evening, his telephone call caught her before she could leave the house in the morning.

He made no secret of his devotion; rather invited attention to it. If she appeared at some function with Jim Kettle, or Forest Webb, or any other of the men who had known her for years, Bob was always to be found hovering near the door, awaiting her entrance. He would join her as matter-of-factly as though it had been arranged for him to relieve her escort of all responsibility toward her.

"Who does he think he is, anyhow?" Forest would growl. "Just because he's Trenton of Treasons with a Harvard accent and London-made clothes, doesn't give him the right to monopolize you all evening, Sue. Unless you're engaged," he demanded.

She shook her head. "He's just giving me a rush. And why on earth do you let him bluff you, Forest? He asked me to come with him tonight and I told him I'd already promised you. Why don't you stand up for yourself?"

"He rinned in, frankly defeat. "He's the white-headed boy of the Chamber of Commerce, and Dad and his friends won't have him scared away; not while he's negotiating for a branch factory here, at all events."

"It's love you, love your job, is it, Forest?"

"You bet! I hope to get married one of these fine days, honey chile, and I don't see old Allen turning you over to a jobless husband. Besides, this Eastern guy will be on his way pretty soon—I hope and trust! Just sit tight, and don't get your head turned by all this crown prince stuff."

"You think he's amusing himself with me?" she asked in a voice sweet enough to have warned him.

Continued tomorrow

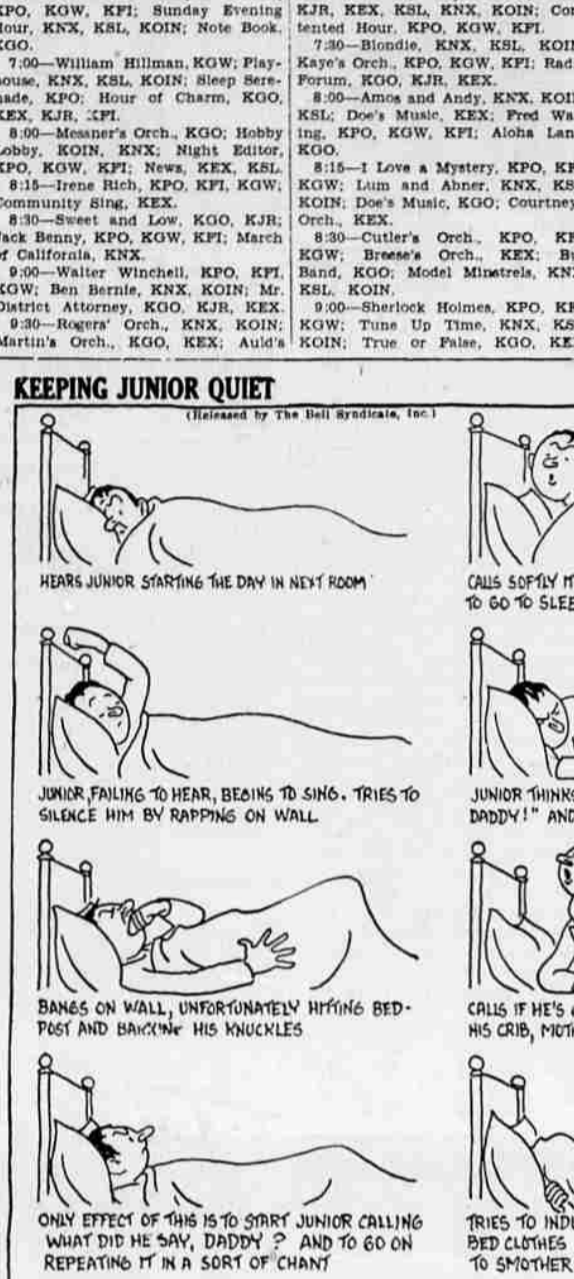
# On the RADIO CHAINS

Where to Find Them on the Dial:  
KEX, Portland, 1180; KFI, 640.  
Los Angeles; KGA, 1470; Spokane;  
KGO, 790, San Francisco; KGW,  
620, Portland; KJH, 970, Seattle;  
KNX, 1050, Los Angeles; KOL, 830,  
Denver; KOIN, 940, Portland;  
KOMO, 826, Seattle; KPO, 630, San  
Francisco; KSL, 1180, Salt Lake.

**SUNDAY**  
5:00—Hour, KPO, KGW, KFI: Festival of Music, KGO, KJR, KEX; Adventures of Ellery Queen, KOIN, KNX, KSL.  
6:00—Manhattan Merry-Go-Round, KPO, KGW, KFI: Sunday Evening Hour, KNX, KSL, KOIN; Note Book, KGO.  
7:00—William Hillman, KGW; Playhouse, KNX, KSL, KOIN; Sleep Serenade, KPO, KOL, KEX; Charming, KGO, KEX, KJR, KFI.  
8:00—Meador's Orch., KGO; Hobby Lobby, KOIN, KNX; Night Editor, KPO, KGW, KFI; News, KEX, KSL.  
8:15—Irene Rich, KPO, KFI, KJR; Community Sing, KEX.  
8:30—Sweet and Low, KGO, KJR; Jack Benny, KPO, KGW, KFI; March of California, KNX.  
9:00—Walter Winchell, KPO, KFI, KGW; Ben Bernie, KNX, KOIN; Mr. District Attorney, KGO, KJR, KEX.  
9:30—Rogers' Orch., KNX, KOIN; Martin's Orch., KGO, KEX; Auld's

Orch., KPO, KFI, KGW; News, KJR, 10:30—Martin's Music, KGO, KJR, KEX; News, Reporter, KPO, KFI, KGW; Paul Sullivan, KNX; Dance Hour, KOIN.  
10:30—Tucker's Orch., KOIN; No-bles' Orch., KGO.  
11:00—News, KGO; Nottingham's Orch., KPO, KGW, KFI; Ross and Yeo, KSL, KOIN; News, KNX.  
**Monday**  
5:00—Quaker Party, KPO, KFI, KEX; Sketch, KJR, KEX; Sunset Shadows, KGO.  
5:30—Kelsey's Orch., KGO, KJR; Voice, KPO, KFI, KGW.  
6:00—Civic Orch., KGO, KEX; Radio Theater, KSL, KOIN; Quiz Program, KPO, KGW, KFI.  
6:30—Templeton Time, KPO, KGW, KFI; News, KJR.  
7:00—Jackson Day Dinner, KGO, KJR, KEX, KSL, KOIN; Concerted Hour, KPO, KGW, KFI.  
7:30—Blonde, KNX, KSL, KOIN; Kaye's Orch., KPO, KGW, KFI; Radio Forum, KGO, KJR, KEX.  
8:00—Amos and Andy, KNX, KOIN, KSL; Doe's Music, KEX; Fred Waring, KPO, KGW, KFI; Aloha Land, KGO.  
8:15—I Love a Mystery, KPO, KFI, KGW; Lum and Abner, KNX, KSL, KOIN; Doe's Music, KGO; Courtney's Orch., KEX.  
8:30—Cutler's Orch., KPO, KFI, KGW; Breeze's Orch., KEX; Bug Band, KGO; Model Minstrels, KNX, KSL, KOIN.  
9:00—Sherlock Holmes, KPO, KFI, KGW; Tune Up Time, KNX, KSL, KOIN; True or False, KGO, KEX.

**KEEPING JUNIOR QUIET**  
By GLUYAS WILLIAMS



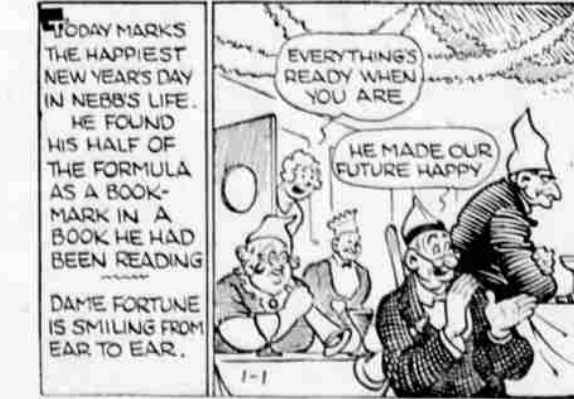
**TAILSPIN TOMMY—What Lies Below?**



**BEN WEBSTER'S CAREER—Ben's Decision**



**THE NEBBS—Happy New Year!**



# Radio Highlights

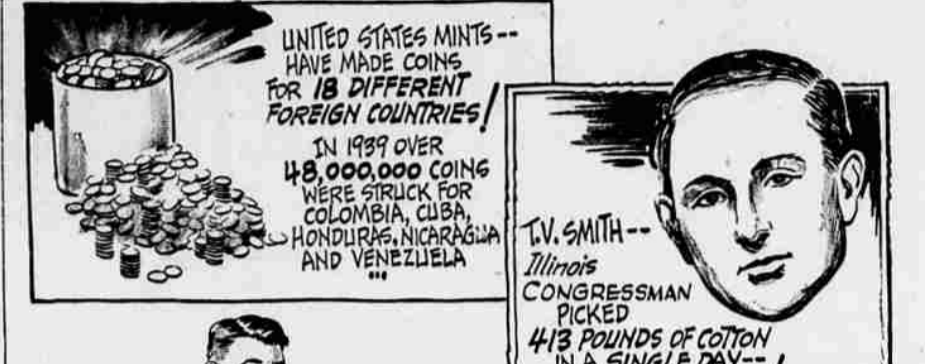
By Associated Press  
(Pacific Standard Time)  
New York, Jan. 6. —(AP)— Broadcasters believe the audience for the New York film critics' annual program, scheduled for Sunday evening will be considerably larger than usual. That is because of the one-day controversy and the attention it attracted when one NBC official said Mayor F. H. LaGuardia, because of his political status, couldn't appear as the master of ceremonies of entertainment program. Later another higher NBC official overruled this decision. NBC's press department in advising from the sidelines that the program, for WJZ-NBC at

3:30 p.m., would go on "as originally scheduled"—the records show it never actually was cancelled—said the mayor and Kate Cameron, critics' chairman, would speak from New York and that from Hollywood would come the voices of movie talent. Among them are expected to be Vivian Leigh and James Stewart.

5 a.m., WABC-CBS 6 a.m., 4:55, 8 p.m.; WJZ-NBC 12:30, 8: WJZ-NBC 2:15, 4:15, 7. WEAF-NBC 1:15 Attorney-General Murphy before conference for Palestine. WJZ-NBC 12:15 Foreign policy talk; 3 discussion on reciprocal trade agreements. MBS—10 a.m. Rabbi A. H. Silver on conference for Palestine. Sunday Brings: Europe—NBC

**Prisoners' Friend Dies**  
Walla Walla, Wash., Jan. 6.—(AP)—James M. McCauley, a small town businessman who became a prison warden and developed a reputation as a friend of the men behind the bars, died in a hospital last night. McCauley, warden of the state penitentiary for seven years, had been in ill health more than a year and under went an operation December 27.

# STRANGE AS IT SEEMS—By JOHN HIX



**U. S. MINT**  
Two years after a law was passed in 1874 authorizing U. S. mints to manufacture coins for foreign countries, the Philadelphia mint struck coinage for Venezuela. Since then the U. S. has coined money for 18 different nations, says Director Nellie Taylor Ross. Largest single order for one denomination was received from Mexico, consisting of 60,000,850 fifty-centavo pieces, made in 1935.

**RIFLE COACH**  
Completing the season with a record of 104 matches won out of 105, Sergeant Thomas' U. C. L. A. varsity and R.O.T.C. rifle teams defeated collegiate teams from every West Coast school they met. Only loss was to Georgia Tech. Later they defeated Marine Corps Reserve riflemen. Monday: Flying Congressmen.

By HAL FORREST



By EDWIN ALGER



By SOL HES

# Gold Hill

Gold Hill, Jan. 6.—(Sp.)—Mr. and Mrs. Norman Bailey and their three children, of Tacoma, Wash., former residents of this city, have returned to Gold Hill to make their home.

W. B. Patterson, mining engineer who has been stopping at the Gold Hill hotel for the past several weeks, returned to his home in Tulsa, Okla., Saturday.

Junior Robinson returned home here Tuesday from Port Lewis, Washington, and expects to remain here indefinitely.

The fire department was called Tuesday evening by a fire in the home occupied by Mrs. Lily Gib-

son and children. Little damage was done, and it was not necessary to use the fire truck.

Amethyst Rebekah lodge held a regular meeting Wednesday evening and supper committees were appointed for Birthday night on Jan. 17th and for installation of officers to be held next Tuesday night. Installation will be held jointly with the Odd Fellows. Members are asked to bring cake or sandwiches. Special entertainment has been planned for the evening.

J. H. Coons, foreman of the Sylvanite mine and J. Jackson, engineer, have returned from Washington, where they spent the holidays at their homes.

Mr. and Mrs. J. E. Sullivan and four daughters, residents of Klammath Falls, have rented the logging house on the highway.