

One Is Beloved

BY LOUISE PLATT HAUCK

YESTERDAY: Bob refuses to be snubbed, and Sue gets used to having him around. Allen is still hating about bringing home a wife, but Sue doesn't take him seriously.

him. "I know I'm a pretty new friend to be doing this—anything so intimate as this—for the old boy. Webb ought to, or Bill Seaton—half a dozen others. But it just happened that way."

Chapter Eight

Week Before Christmas

SUE laid down her book, smiled up at him. "Bob, I know all your friends now. Allen knows the girls you like, and don't like. I used to hope that if it had to be anyone at all, it would be Barbara. But you don't care for her at all, do you, Buddy?"

"He lighted a cigarette deliberately, squinted his eyes against the rising smoke in a way dear to her through long familiarity. "Not Barbara. No. I don't care at all for Barbara Webb. Knows her too long, I expect; as you have Forest."

"And there was that young widow who visited here last winter. Sue went on, unheeding. "For a while I got a little scared about her, if you'll believe me! You did hover around her a bit, you know, Allen!"

"Scared, Sis? Why should you have been scared—if I'd hovered to some purpose? Fellows do get married, you know; even fellows with sisters."

"I know; and some day you will, too, of course. But not just yet, Buddy dear! Not when we're so happy together, and life's such a lot of fun for both of us, and Maggie takes care of us, and you're forging ahead so fast in your work."

"Had you set a definite date for me to marry, Sue?"

Usually her ear was quick to detect every shade of feeling in the beloved voice; but tonight she lay back in her chair, dreaming eyes on the fire, her happy thoughts only partly on what she and Allen were saying.

"Thirty-five's a nice age, don't you think, Buddy? That'd make me twenty-nine. I want to be married before I'm thirty; but only before I'm thirty. I don't want to settle down too soon, and miss all the fun."

"It might be fun having your own home, Sis; having kids, you know—being young with 'em yourself."

But it was of no use. She only nodded and smiled, presently spoke of something else. And so Bob Trenton's news she took before Christmas almost shattered her very soul.

She and Barbara had been shopping all day, lurching downtown, coming home through the early dusk with packages they could not wait to have delivered. "Coming in, Babe? I'll give you a cup of tea!"

"No, thanks! Early dinner tonight, as it happens. Going with the parents to a concert like the dutiful daughter I am."

So Sue, her arms piled high with gaily wrapped bundles and unable to get at her latchkey, rang the bell for Maggie to open the door.

"Mr. Bob's here," the old servant said briefly. "Want I should bring in some?"

"Hello, Bob! Been here long? Maggie wants to know if you'd like tea."

"No tea, thank you. Only a few minutes to stay, sweet."

Firelight

"YOU'RE not to call me 'sweet.' The protest was purely automatic, unheeded, almost unheard by them both. "Oh, me, I'm tired! The shops are simply jammed. It's fun, though, Christmas shopping. Everybody's so friendly, you ever hear so many odds and ends of interesting bits about what people want for themselves and what they are buying for others... I adore Christmas! Everything about it, from the first wreath that goes up to the last holiday party! Want a light on, Bob, or shall we just ruminate in the firelight for a while?"

"Firelight, by all means. I want to talk to you, Sue."

"Bob, you solemnly promised—"

"It's not about us, sweet; at least it's not about me. It's about—Allen."

"Allen?" She started up in alarm. "He's not ill, Bob? There's not been an accident?"

"He was in the best of health when I saw him last—some two hours ago. Sit down, Sue. It's nothing to do with accidents—illness of any kind. But the old boy's in sort of a jam, and I promised to try my hand at—well, at making you get his point of view."

"Jam?" Allen? Vague thoughts of defunct banks carrying away their funds, of a loss of her brother's position, of all the things of which she had heard which were commonly referred to as "jams" for men, floated through her mind. "Tell me at once, Bob!" she commanded sharply.

He shook his head. "The idea was that I work tactfully up to it," he explained. "In fact, I promised Allen I'd do just that. He says he's tried it himself, time and again, but you're so darned unconscious, you change the subject so innocently but with such finality, that he never gets anywhere with it." He cleared his throat with the first trace of embarrassment she had ever seen in

"I know I'm a pretty new friend to be doing this—anything so intimate as this—for the old boy. Webb ought to, or Bill Seaton—half a dozen others. But it just happened that way."

"Bob, will you stop babbling and tell me what is wrong with my brother Allen?"

"Nothing's wrong," he replied doggedly. "You certainly can't call it wrong when a guy marries the girl he loves!"

An electrified silence fell upon them both. Sue sat gripping the arms of her chair as if they only could support her in the face of this devastating news. Bob, with a worried glance at her pale face and big dark eyes, bent to lay a "frank log" on the fire.

"M-m-married?" The word came in the merest echo of Sue's charming voice. "Allen married—and without telling me?"

"It's your own fault, Sue," he said bracingly. "You wouldn't let him tell you. I've heard him trying to myself." He went on. "I've heard him rag you about his getting on in years and needing a wife—"

"Ragging—yes! He's done that for years. But meaning it, oh! You're ragging yourself, Bob! It's your funny idea of a joke to come in here and give me a scare!" Her piteous glance begged him to admit it was intended for a joke. When he merely eyed her sympathetically, the back of her hand crept up to her mouth. Broken sounds came from behind it.

"Now, Sue, now, Sue! Pull yourself together, sweet! It had to come, you know. Allen was bound to marry one of these days, you must know that! And it seemed to him—I don't agree with him, but he claims he knows you better than anyone else does—it seemed to him easier to get the whole thing over with before he told you."

"Happy As A Kid"

THE tears ran unheeded down her small face. "But he didn't tell me! He—he sent you to do it! Oh, Buddy, Buddy! To think you'd do this to me!"

He knelt beside her, wiping her eyes with his own big white handkerchief.

"He didn't send me at all, Sue. It just happened that I—that I was in his office this afternoon when they came back. He was happy as a kid, and at the same time all shot to pieces about how you'd take the news—if you know what I mean. And, confound it! It seemed sort of a shame to spoil things for him right off the bat. So I offered—I said I was on my way here anyway and I'd take the edge off the news for him..."

She held her head very high but he could see her swallowing rapid sobs.

"Sue, get hold of yourself!" he urged. "They'll be here any minute now. You don't want Allen—you don't want her to find you like this!"

"Presently she freed herself, mopped valiantly at her wet eyes.

"Who—who is it, Bob? Babs? No, it can't be Babs. She's been with me all afternoon. Ellen Massey? Who, Bob?"

"It's a girl in his office, Sue; a pretty girl, an awful nice girl, I expect. Allen wouldn't be so keen on her. It's... Patsy Murray, dear!"

The name brought to Sue's mind a blurred recollection of a tall, somewhat striking-looking girl, one of the several secretaries employed by Allen's firm. Sue seemed to remember a good deal of lipstick and of manner, and little else.

"Married her?" she asked in bewilderment. "But why any Patsy Murray, Bob? Why not Barbara, or Ellen—someone of our own set?"

He shook his head. He had in truth been perplexed by a sight of the new Mrs. Allenavenport. And yet in a way he could understand that to staid and conventional Allen, a girl like Patsy Murray might be provocative in her very difference from the groomed and polished sisters and young daughters of his set.

"No one ever knows why one person marries another," he offered. "The point is, Sue, that they went to Kansas City and were married this morning; that he's bringing her for dinner—and mighty soon, too," he concluded warily.

"Oh—no!" The protest came on a long sigh. "Not so soon, Bob! Not for a while—until I can get a little used to the idea."

"In—?" he glanced at his watch—"about fifteen or twenty minutes, I should say. Brace up, sweet! Go bathe your eyes in cold water—you don't want her to know you've been crying about it, do you? Or Allen either?—and get into something a trifle more festive than that suit, and be all ready to welcome them. Want me to stay?" he offered a trifle reluctantly.

"No—oh Bob, yes, I do—yes, I do, too! If you will! Bob, I cannot—I cannot—" Her chin was quivering like a grieving baby's.

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; KXN, 1090, Los Angeles; KOA, 830, Denver; KOIN, 940, Portland; KOMO, 920, Seattle; KPO, 630, San Francisco; KSL, 1180, Salt Lake

9:00—Strange As It Seems, KNX, KSL, KOIN; Beyond Reasonable Doubt, KGO, KGA.
9:30—Those We Love, KPO, KFI, KGW, Owens' Orch., KSL, Auld's Orch., KGW, Heidt's Orch., KGO, Operetta, KNX, KOIN.
10:00—News, KPO, KFI, KGW, KNX, KSL, KOIN; Posters' Orch., KGO.
10:15—Noble's Orch., KFI, KGW; Concert Hall, KGO, Deutch's Orch., KOIN, KOIN.
10:30—Ravazza's Orch., KPO, KFI, KGW; Nottingham's Orch., KGO, KGA; Pio-Rita's Orch., KNX, KSL, KOIN.
11:00—Martin's Orch., KPO, KFI; This Moving World, KGA, KEX; Gray's Orch., KSL, KOIN; News, KNX, KGO.
Friday
5:00—Bud Barton, KJR, KEX; Sunset Shadows, KGO; Melody Time, KPO; Don't Forget, KFI.
5:30—Etchings in Brass, KGO, KJR; Musical Vignettes, KFI.
6:00—Plantation Party, KGO, KEX; KJR; Waltz Time, KPO, KFI, KGW; Prof. Quiz, KNX, KSL, KOIN, KGO.
6:30—Cavalade of Hits, KGO; First Nighter, KNX, KSL, KOIN; News, KJR.
7:00—Drama, KNX, KOIN, KSL; Lombardo's Orch., KPO, KFI, KGW.
7:30—Olsen's Orch., KGO, KJR, KEX; Big Town, KPO.
8:00—Fred Waring, KPO, KGW, KFI; Amos and Andy, KNX, KOIN, KSL; Buckaroo, KGO, KEX; KJR.
8:15—I Love a Mystery, KPO, KFI.

9:00—Lam and Abner, KNX, KOIN, KSL.
8:30—Humber's Orch., KEX; Aloha Land, KGO; Death Valley Days, KPO, KGW, KFI; Johnny Presents, KNX, KOIN, KSL.
9:00—Snow Sports, KGO, KJR, KEX; Heidt's Orch., KFI; Kate Smith, KNX, KOIN; London Letter, KPO; I Want a Job, KGW.
9:30—Quizzical Musicale, KGO, KEX; University Explorer, KPO, KFI; News, KJR; Music by Woodbury, KGW.
10:00—Martin's Orch., KGO, KJR, KEX; News Reporter, KPO, KFI, KGW; Paul Sullivan, KNX, KSL; News, KOIN.
10:30—Noble's Orch., KPO, KGW, KFI; McDonald's Highlanders, KGO; Deutch's Orch., KSL.
11:00—Nottingham's Orch., KPO, KFI; Gray's Orch., KSL, KOIN; This Moving World, KEX, KJR; News, KGO, KNX, KGW.

5:00—Sketch, KGA; Sunset Shadows, KGO; George Jessel, KPO, KFI, KGW.
5:30—Those We Love, drama, KOA; Strings at Sundown, KGO, KEX; Army Band, KPO, KGW.
6:00—Major Bowes, KNX, KSL, KOIN; Good News of 1940, KPO, KFI, KGW.
6:30—Town Meeting, KGO, KGA.
7:00—Miller's Orch., KNX, KOIN; Music Hall, KPO, KFI, KGW.
7:30—Florence Wyman, KGO; News, KSL.
8:00—Waring's Orch., KPO, KFI, KGW; Morgan's Orch., KGA, KEX; Aloha Land, KGO; Amos and Andy, KNX, KSL, KOIN.
8:15—Duchin's Orch., KNX; Morgan's Orch., KGO; Mystery, KPO, KFI, KGW.
8:30—Symphony Hour, KPO, KFI, KGW; Ask-It-Basket, KNX, KSL, KOIN; Drama, KGO, KGA.

LIST OF LOBLESS REDUCED IN 1939

Salem, Jan. 11.—(Sp)—The active file of unemployed in Jackson and Josephine counties was cut from 3,573 to 1,619 during 1939, according to year-end figures compiled under direction of L. C. Stoll, state employment director. Of these 181 were women and 53 veterans.

STRANGE AS IT SEEMS—By JOHN HIX

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

OHIO STATE HIGHWAY 365-- IS ONLY 264 YARDS LONG!

\$70,000 SHOW HOUSE PLANNED FOR BAKER

Baker, Ore., Jan. 11.—(P)—Officials of the Baker Theaters, Inc., announced this morning that ground-breaking will be started immediately for a \$70,000 theater here.

The structure, 58 by 100 feet, will have a seating capacity of 700 on the main floor. Space will be left for a balcony, which will be constructed if it is found necessary.

New applications for work filed in December were 346 while only 46 jobs were found. Last year 517 filed for jobs in the last month.

Unemployment benefits dropped 1 from \$165,243 in 1938 to \$140,187 last year. For the state the figures were \$5,918,398 and \$4,052,888, a decrease of 31 percent.

Job placements in the Medford office increased from 2,606 in 1938 to 3,329 last year. Of these 790 were with private firms for regular jobs, comparing with 571 the previous year.

SUBURBAN HEIGHTS

By GLUYAS WILLIAMS



THE NEIGHBORHOOD THOUGHT THAT FRED PERLEY HAD TAKEN LEAVE OF HIS SENSES WHEN ON A BITTERLY COLD NIGHT HE WAS OBSERVED, HATLESS AND COATLESS, STRIDING AROUND THE BLOCK MUTTERING TO HIMSELF. THEY DIDN'T KNOW THAT HE HAD JUST BID OPPONENTS' SUIT TO SHOW A VOID AND HIS WIFE HAD LEFT HIM IN

GLUYAS WILLIAMS

TAILSPIN TOMMY—

By HAL FORREST



THEY WEREN'T AT WAR... WHEN WE WERE ASSIGNED TO DELIVER THIS PLANE TO ELVANIA!

ENOUGH!... SEIZE THEM! I SUSPECT THEY ARE SPIES!

HEY, YOU CAN'T DO THIS TO US!

WE'RE AMERICANS! NEUTRALS! TAKE US TO OUR AMBASSADOR!

ALAS! I CAN NOT DO THAT!

UNFORTUNATELY, THE AMERICAN EMBASSY WAS BOMBED BY AN ELVANIAN PLANE LAST NIGHT!

OUR GOOSE IS COOKED TAILSPIN!

By EDWIN ALGER

BEN WEBSTER'S CAREER—Still a Friend!



GOSH! RUSTY CUT ME COLD! HE WOULDN'T EVEN SPEAK TO ME!

BRIARISIE, I FEEL LIKE HECK! YOU KNOW IT, DON'T YOU?

A FEW MOMENTS LATER, AT THE HOME OF MAYOR BALLINGER, WHO WASN'T FEELING ANY TOO GOOD HIMSELF, BEN WEBSTER POURED OUT HIS STORY AND...

NOW, BEN, DON'T TAKE THIS TO HEART—IT'S THE WAY OF THE WORLD—WHEN MONEY COMES IN, FRIENDSHIP OFTEN GOES OUT!

LET'S JUST ASSUME THAT RUSTY IS A WEAK CHARACTER AND—

SHUT UP! DON'T YOU SAY THAT ABOUT RUSTY MCGURK!

By SOL HE

THE NEBBES—Come Back Next Week



WEBB HAS RETURNED HIS HALF OF THE POWER PILL FORMULA TO EMBERT—WHICH LEAVES HIM NOTHING TO SHOW HE'S A PARTNER AND THEN

MY ASSOCIATES IN BUSINESS SENT ME BACK TO SEE YOU OR YOUR PARTNER. WHOEVER HAS THE AUTHORITY TO ACCEPT SOME CONCRETE OFFER FOR THIS POWER PILL

I AM THE BUSINESS END OF THIS COMPANY. MY PARTNER HAS ONLY THE MANUFACTURING END AND WERE IN NO POSITION YET TO MAKE OR ACCEPT AN OFFER—CAN YOU COME BACK IN ABOUT A WEEK?

WHY YES, MY ASSOCIATES WERE BEGINNING TO THINK I WAS A SORT OF BUSINESS VACUUM NOT BEING ABLE TO INTEREST OR AROUSE YOU

I'VE GOT TO GET THAT AGREEMENT IN WRITING FROM THIS BIRD EMBERT BEFORE THIS GUY GETS TO HIM AND MAKES HIM AN OFFER SO LARGE THAT IT WILL MAKE HIM FORGET HE'S HONEST AND WERE 50-50!

By SOL HE

REPUBLICANS SLATE FEB. 16 MEETING TO DECIDE CONVENTION

Washington, Jan. 11.—(P)—Continuing to jockey with Democratic officials over 1940 campaign arrangements, the Republican national committee was called today to meet February 16, when it will set a date and place for the party's national convention.

The Democratic committee will make similar decisions February 5 under a recent notification by National Chairman James A. Farley. Thus the Republicans, if they wish, can hold their convention after the Democrats have assembled. Although this would depart from custom, a number of party leaders have advocated the change on the theory it would give the Republicans the strategic advantage of knowing the Democratic candidates and platform. From the present outlook, it appears both conventions will take place later in the summer than usual—probably in mid-July.