

One Is Beloved

BY LOUISE PLATT HAUCK

YESTERDAY: Sue's home is not the same after Allen's wife, shallow, selfish Patsy, comes to live in it. Patsy starts agitating for a move to a large house.

Chapter 10

Sister Versus Wife

There's your money. Your share of the sale of your father's house," Patsy said impatiently. "I suppose you know Allen invested that money for you?"

"Yes, I believe so." "Well, Sue, for heaven's sake wake up and try to realize the situation. Allen's a family man now. His first duty is to me, not to you. If you are going on living with us—"

A cold hand closed on Sue's heart, that heart which had seemed to his owner to have been bruised into insensibility long before this. It was no longer Sue and Allen Davenport; it was Mrs. Allen Davenport, with a superfluous unmarried sister on their hands! She said chokingly:

"But I'm not! I'm moving at once. Patsy, I'll take an apartment somewhere—furnish it."

"And bring down Allen's wrath on my head! I'm married to him, Sue, whether you like it or not, whether you like me or not. Do you want to make trouble between us the very first thing?"

"It needs to make trouble," she said miserably. "I can explain to Allen that it's crowded here—that I need more room—that Maggie wants to leave—it'll all be quite simple, Patsy, truly it will!"

The older girl shrugged and walked away. She disdained to give further warning, she seemed to imply. If Sue loved her brother then of course she wanted him to be happy; and bringing about a difference of opinion with his wife was the surest way of troubling him.

Sue was mindful of this when she broached the subject of a change that evening. For a wonder the three Davenports were alone, Marie's party keeping her sisters at home, Bob out of town for the weekend.

Allen, finishing his paper, laid it down with a smile of pleasure. "Nice—being by ourselves like this, isn't it? My wife and my sister! We're getting to be a real family, Sue!"

It was not an auspicious beginning for what she had to say but such as it was, the girl seized it eagerly.

"Perhaps one too many for this small apartment, though, Buddy! I've been thinking. You know when we moved here, we regarded it as more or less temporary. How—how would it be if I—if I took a little place of my own? With Maggie, I mean," she added hurriedly, seeing Allen's quick frown. "Not even you could worry about me if I had Maggie."

He rose from his chair and stood before the fire, staring down at her sharply.

"What's all this, Sue? Do you mind so much the change of room? It's really a pleasant one than your old one; you've always said so. Is it too small for you? You're not such a large person that—"

"The room is well enough," she spoke with unusual shortness. "It's—well, Allen, it's the whole arrangement. Think," she went on reasonably. "We're just this one place to sit in, to entertain our friends. If people drop in to see me, you and Patsy are at a loss. If you want your friends for bridge, say, I must—"

"My friends and your friends! Sue, you must be crazy! Since when have we made a difference between them? We both know the same people. We've managed all right up to now. Why—"

"But, Allen, it isn't the same! You were a bachelor, you went out even more than I did. Now—"

you and Patsy will be entertaining, having her friends as well as yours and mine. It's her home, too, you know. We must both remember that."

In Earnest

THE man glanced perplexedly from one girl to the other. Patsy sat relaxed in a blue velvet chair, a faintly indolent smile on her lips. Sue, scarlet-cheeked and breathing a little rapidly, was bolt upright in her favorite corner of the couch.

"Patsy, what do you think about all this?" he appealed to his wife. "I think we should take a house," she replied promptly. "It's nonsense—three people all jammed up in a small place like this. Sue is talking sense. There's a perfectly dandy place on Ashland—"

"The stucco house—I know. But that's out, Patsy dear. I told you so when you first spoke of it. It's too far from the office, the rent's too high, it would cost a lot to furnish it. I'm sorry, darling, but I can't afford it just now. I explained all that to you when—before we were married."

"I know," she murmured. "I do understand, truly, Allen. But—"

after all, if Sue is to make her home with us, it's only fair that she share expenses, isn't it? She

has a car, and we don't. She has an income which she practically never touches. If we divided the rent and the heat—all our living expenses, lover, we could manage nicely. Sue's willing, aren't you, Sue?"

He shook his head. "Divide three ways, you mean? Even then I couldn't swing it; couldn't afford a car. You know how things at the office are, Patsy; that to meet competition with the Kansas City firms we're working as an actual loss, in money at least. We're building up a reputation which will make us a firm to be reckoned with when the tide turns. Luckily for us all, we each have a small but adequate income. I've been living on that. Sue's is big enough to run to the little car."

"But, Allen!" It was Sue herself who broke in eagerly. "I'm just realizing! It's because you have supported us both that I was able to buy the car. I honestly didn't know that before. I simply took it for granted that there was enough money for us both, and let it go at that. It's you who should have the car!"

"Now listen, Sis," he said firmly. "The arrangement has not been as onerous as you think. You've paid your share of expenses right along. As a matter of fact, I couldn't have kept up this apartment just at first if I hadn't deducted your share from your quarterly check. The last year or so I've been able to swing it alone. I shouldn't have dared ask Patsy to marry me, if I hadn't; knowing that a girl as pretty and attractive as you will in the nature of things marry soon and leave us. But until that time—" his face grew troubled—"can't you attack it, Sis? I—I don't want you to leave your brother's roof until you go to your husband's. Patsy, tell her she's not to think of leaving us! Why, gosh! he exclaimed. "I look forward all day to coming home to my two girls at night! I'm going to hate the fellow who takes my little sister away!"

He was so genuinely in earnest, his voice was so full of distress that Sue could only let the subject drop. She stole a glance at her sister-in-law and found that inscrutable person staring into the fire, her lip caught beneath her white teeth.

Like a Cat

"I'M GOING OUT," Sue Davenport declared one afternoon in late February. "Rain or no rain, I've got to get some fresh air. I've been cooped up here long enough." She wore a thin red rubber cape over her tweed suit, her small-brimmed hat was water-proof.

Patsy looked up lazily. "And I was just thanking my lucky stars I didn't have to trudge down to the office! I hate wet weather. Driving, Sue?"

"Walking. I need a good tramp." She resisted all impulse to close the door violently behind her. The living-room was stuffy since Patsy objected to the hour's airing of the rug after breakfast. It smelled faintly of food, of stale perfume and cigarette smoke. Patsy had become a chain-smoker since she had no working hours, lighting one from another, and being none too careful about where she flung the ashes.

Her sister-in-law's capacity for immobility had surprised the active Sue. At first she had thought Patsy resting from her long years of secretarial work. But January went by, February was ready to merge into March, and still Allen's wife spent most of her time curled into a deep chair or on the couch, not reading, not sleeping; just smoking and relaxing utterly, like a pretty Persian cat.

There were times when Sue forgot she was there; when Barbara Webb dropped in, and after a polite exchange of greeting with Allen's wife, she and Sue were off in a gale of lively chatter. Bob Trenton, at first acutely conscious of that languid silent figure, himself learned to ignore, if not to forget it. Patsy woke up only when Allen came home, or her sisters dropped in. Then she came to life with a rush of animation, a sparkle of talk which never ceased to astonish her small sister-in-law.

"I can't stand it any longer—I can't," muttered Sue today, as her face wet with the drizzling rain and her lungs welcoming the clean air, she walked briskly alone. "Allen thinks she is like that all day; that I'm lucky to have such a charming companion from morning till night. And if he knew that she spends the whole time smoking and brooding in that chair—"

she did when she narrows her eyes like that—he'd say that at least she doesn't interfere with my own life. But I have no life, that's the truth of the matter. I don't like to ask people in for the evening because I know it's the only time Allen has with Patsy. And I'm tired, tired; of movies, and parties—anything to get away!"

"Hey, slow up, you small tornado!" a cheerful voice bade her. "Where's the fire this dampish day?"

Continued tomorrow

On the RADIO CHAINS

Where to Find Them or the Dial: KEX, Portland, 1180; KFI, 640. Los Angeles; KGA, 1470, Spokane; KGO, 790, San Francisco; KGW, 620, Portland; KJH, 970, Seattle; KXN, 1050, Los Angeles; KOA, 830, Denver; KOIN, 940, Portland; KOMO, 920, Seattle; KPO, 630, San Francisco; KSL, 1180, Salt Lake

SUNDAY
8:00—Hour, KPO, KGW, KFI, KFI, Festival of Music, KGO, KJR, KEX, Adventures of Elmer Fudd, KOIN, KNX, KSL.
8:30—Manhattan Merry-Go-Round, KPO, KGW, KFI, Sunday Evening Hour, KNX, KSL, KOIN: Note Book, KGO.
9:30—Organist, KGO, KJR: Family of Familiar Music, KPO, KFI, KFI.
10:00—Commentary, KGW; Playhouse, KNX, KSL, KOIN; Sleep Set, KGO, KPO; Hour of Charm, KGO, KEX, KJR, KFI.
10:30—Carnival, KPO, KFI, KOW; Musical Moments, KGO, KJR.
11:00—Messer's Orch., KGO; Hobby Lobby, KOIN, KNX; Night Editor, KPO, KGW, KFI, News, KEX, KSL.
11:30—Sweet and Low, KGO, KJR; Jack Benny, KPO, KGW, KFI; March of California, KNX.
9:00—Winchell, KPO, KFI, KGW.

Ben Bernie, KNX, KOIN; Mr. District Attorney, KGO, KJR, KEX.
9:30—Van's Orch., KNX, KOIN; Martin's Orch., KGO, KEX; I Want a Divorce, KPO, KFI, KGW; News, KJR.
10:00—Martin's Music, KGO, KJR, KEX; News Reporter, KPO, KFI, KGW; Paul Sullivan, KNX; Dance Orch., KOIN.
10:30—Tucker's Orch., KOIN; Noble's Orch., KGO.
11:00—News, KGO; Nottingham's Orch., KPO, KGW, KFI, News, KNX; Ross and Yoo, KSL, KOIN.

Monday
5:00—Party, KPO, KFI, KGW; 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, KNX, KOIN; Quiz Program, KPO, KGW, KFI.
6:30—News and Views, KOMO; Templeton Time, KPO, KGW, KFI.
7:00—Little Or' Hollywood, KGO, KJR, KEX; Lombard's Orch., KSL, KNX, KOIN; Hour, KPO, KGW, KFI.
7:30—Blondie, KNX, KSL, KOIN; Kaye's Orch., KPO, KFI, KGW; Porum, KGO, KJR, KEX.
8:00—Amos and Andy, KNX, KOIN, KSL; 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; Court-ner's Orch., KEX.
8:30—Le Baron's Orch., KFI, KGW; KPO; Breeze's Orch., KEX; Bug Band, KGO, Model Minstrels, KNX, KSL, KOIN.
9:00—Tune-up Time, KNX, KSL, KOIN; True or False, KGO, KEX; KJR; Sherlock Holmes, KPO, KFI, KGW.
9:30—Hawthorne House, KPO, KGW, KFI; Hawklin's Orch., KGO; Mitchell Ayres' Orch., KNX; News, KJR.
10:00—News Reporter, KPO, KFI, KGW; Heidi's Orch., KGO, KJR; News, KSL, KNX, KOIN.
10:30—Foster's Orch., KGO, KJR; KFI, KEX; Music by Woodbury, KPO, KGW; Van's Orch., KOIN, KSL, KNX.
11:00—Bavazza's Orch., KPO, KFI; This Moving World, KEX, KJR; Organist, KOIN, KSL; News, KGO, KNX, KGW.

John T. Adams, chairman of the board of the Transcontinental broadcasting system, says in a statement on the postponed opening of the network scheduled for February 1, that negotiations to that end are still in progress. He says definite information on the chain's future status should be available within a few days.

Sunday brings Europe, NBC 5 a. m., WABC-CBS 6 a. m., 4:55, 8 p. m. WEAF-NBC 12:30; WJZ-NBC 2:15, 4:15, 7, MBS 4:45. WEAF-NBC, 4:30 p. m., Round-table, "Is Our War News Accurate?"

Monday expectations: WEAF-MBS, 11 a. m. Rep. Wright Patman on "Legislation Affecting Distribution."

Closing time for Too Late to Classify Ads is 1:30 p. m.

Decline To Finance Births Hood River, Jan. 13.—(P)—"Blessed events" among relief clients failed to receive the blessing of the Hood River public welfare commission today. The commission, declining to finance a birth from relief funds, deplored a tendency among young couples to "ignore their obligations" and charge blessed events to the commission.

Close Mail Tribune want ads.

STRANGE AS IT SEEMS—By JOHN HIX

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



BIGGEST "TIC TAC TOE!"
ANDY STINNIS AND DAVE DE BLASIO, SKY WRITERS, PLAYED TIC TAC TOE ON A 10-MILE DIAGRAM!
10,000 FEET IN THE AIR!
—New York City, 1939—

CIGAR STUMPS—
ONCE SOLD FOR ONE FRANC PER POUND!
—Paris, 1890—

DUCK HUNTERS
KILL AS MANY DUCKS BY MISSING THEM AS BY HITTING THEM!
(See Monday's cartoon)

WILLIAM HOWARD TAFT
William Howard Taft four times put aside his chief personal ambition, appointment to the supreme court, because he believed his duty lay elsewhere. In 1902 President Roosevelt twice offered him the coveted position, but Taft decided to remain as the Philippines' first civil governor. However, in June, 1921, President Harding nominated him to succeed the late Edward D. White as chief justice. Taft took office in July and served until February, 1930, when ill health forced him to resign. Strange as it seems, Taft died on March 8—the 89th birthday anniversary of Justice Oliver Wendell Holmes—just five hours after death took a third member of the high court, Associate Justice Edward T. Sanford. Monday: Duck's Dilemma.

PAYING ATTENTION

By GLUYAS WILLIAMS

MOTHER ASKS HIM TO SKIP UPSTAIRS AND LOOK IN HER POCKETBOOK; HER BROWN ONE, NOT HER BLUE ONE



REALIZES HE HAS LOST HIS PLACE IN BOOK AND LOOKS UP AS MOTHER GOES ON THAT THE POCKETBOOK IS IN RIGHT BUREAU DRAWER AT THE BACK



ASSURES HER THAT OF COURSE HE HAS BEEN LISTENING HE KNOWS JUST WHAT SHE WANTS, AND SETS OFF TRYING TO BALANCE BOOK ON HEAD



AFTER INTERMINABLE SEARCH UPSTAIRS BRINGS DOWN HER BLUE POCKETBOOK

By GLUYAS WILLIAMS

1-15

TRIES TO BALANCE BOOK ON FINGER, AS MOTHER CONTINUES THERE'S A CARD IN IT WITH AUNT SUE'S ADDRESS AND THAT'S WHAT SHE WANTS HIM TO BRING



IN REPLY TO QUERY IS HE LISTENING, SAYS, "SURE," AND SETS TO HIS FEET



REALIZES HE HAS LOST HIS PLACE IN BOOK AND LOOKS UP AS MOTHER GOES ON THAT THE POCKETBOOK IS IN RIGHT BUREAU DRAWER AT THE BACK

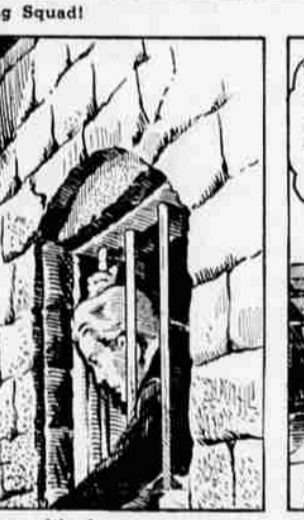


AFTER INTERMINABLE SEARCH UPSTAIRS BRINGS DOWN HER BLUE POCKETBOOK

TAILSPIN TOMMY—The Firing Squad



COME HERE, SKEETS, AND TAKE A LOOK AT YOUR LAST SUNRISE!



THEY'RE COMING FOR US, PAL! IT'LL ALL BE OVER IN A FEW MINUTES!



WELL, TAILSPIN, WE'VE HAD A LOT OF SWELL TIMES TOGETHER, ANYWAY...



READY... AIM...



BUT WHY IS THE BELUVIAN FLYER LOOKING SO CONFIDENTLY INTO THE SKY?



BY EDWIN ALGER

BEN WEBSTER'S CAREER—Proposition?



GEE, GRANDMA WALTERS, IT'S GOOD TO...



YOU MAY STEP OUTSIDE, CLARRISSA—YOU, TOO, CALVIN—AWAIT MY FURTHER ORDERS!



YOU CERTAINLY LOOK PROSPEROUS, GRANDMA—



FIDDLESTICKS!

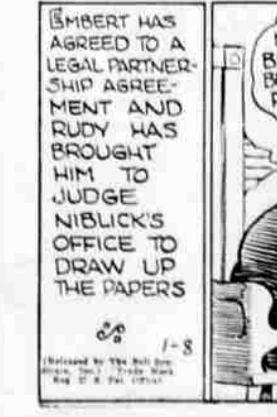


YES, FIDDLESTICKS! YOU HEARD ME, BEN WEBSTER, 'CAUSE I AIN'T ONE TO SPLIT HAIRS ON ANYTHIN'—



I'VE COME TO BUY ONE OF YOUR SPARE LOTS YOU'VE GOT TO SELL IN HAPPY VALLEY, YOUNG MAN—

THE NEBB'S—An Honorable Man



EMBERT HAS AGREED TO A LEGAL PARTNERSHIP AGREEMENT AND RUDY HAS BROUGHT HIM TO JUDGE NIBLUCK'S OFFICE TO DRAW UP THE PAPERS



JUDGE NIBLUCK, SINCE MR. NEBB FEELS THAT THERE CAN BE NO HONORABLE AGREEMENT BETWEEN MEN WITHOUT WRITTEN PROOF OF IT, GIVE HIM WHAT HE WANTS



JUDGE, I PUT MY MONEY IN THIS THING WHICH IN ITSELF PROVES MY CONFIDENCE IN MR. EMBERT—I THINK HIS REMARKS ARE UNFAIR!



YOU GENTLEMEN CAME HERE TO HAVE ME DRAW A PARTNERSHIP FROM YOUR REGARD FOR EACH OTHER I THINK YOU SHOULD HAVE ONE



I WON'T TAKE SIDES IN THIS ARGUMENT BUT I WILL SAY I HAVE ALWAYS FOUND NEBB HONORABLE TO SUCH A DEGREE THAT THERE IS ALWAYS LOTS OF ROOM IN HIS POCKET-BOOK



BY SOL HF

TOWNSEND PICKS CONVENTION SITE

Chicago, Jan. 13.—(U.P.)—The fifth national convention of the Townsend old age pension organization will be held in St. Louis June 30 to July 4, Dr. Francis E. Townsend announced today after conferring with 15 field workers. Baxter T. Rankine, director of organization for the Townsend group, reported to the meeting that 600,000 new members had been enrolled since the last national convention at

Indianapolis last June. Townsend, founder and president of the organization, and L. W. Jeffery, vice-president, will leave Chicago in a few days to consult with house and senate leaders interested in the new Townsend pension bill to be introduced in congress next week.

STATE HOSPITAL HAS 440 INMATE EXCESS

Salem, Ore., Jan. 13.—(U.P.)—The state hospital here contained 440 patients more than capacity today, with the population reaching a record of 2705. Dr. J. C. Evans, superintendent, asserted the overcrowding makes it impossible for the staff to segregate cases properly.