

One Is Beloved

BY LOUISE PLATT HAUCK

YESTERDAY: Sue wants to fall in love with Bob, but can't. Meanwhile Patsy's extravaganzas are creating a strained situation in the Davenport home.

Chapter 13 Jealousy

"I'm not going to have you charging things," Allen told Patsy. I increased your allowance last month—though you'd said you had laid in your whole season's outfit; and yet here is a perfect sheaf of bills. It would hurt the firm if I got behind with my payments. Even if I could square it with my conscience—with my sense of the fitness of things—to let you squander money like this, I couldn't let people think business was so bad for Monroe, Davenport and Long that one of the firm couldn't pay cash for his wife's clothes. Unless you give me your word—and keep it! that you'll not charge another thing, I shall be compelled to go around to the various shops and explain that I will not be responsible for what you buy.

"Allen Davenport, you wouldn't think of it!"
He gave her glance for glance, and her eyes drooped beneath his steady gaze.
"I would—I will, if you make it necessary for me, Pats!"
She shrugged, and the subject dropped. There were no more bills charged at the store, and for a time life flowed along smoothly for Allen. Then a new order of things set in.

"Sue, honey, you won't mind sleeping on the couch for a night or two, will you?" Patsy said coaxingly one evening at the dinner table. "There's a friend of mine coming from Chicago and there isn't a place in the house for her."

"Take her in with you, Pats," Allen said quickly. "I'll sleep on the couch. I don't mind a bit, and it's asking a lot of Sue to leave her own room."

His sister told him affectionately that she was glad enough to do it, and the matter seemed to end there. Grace Griffith, a plump woman somewhat older than Pats, arrived that night and took calm possession of Sue's room. Two nights passed, a third, a fourth, and Grace made no suggestion of terminating her visit. Sue was obliged to sit up until all hours, since Patsy had people in to meet her friend. She dressed in the bathroom, signed at the door with spilled powder, smeared lipstick and rolls of blond hair on her dressing table. She was taking advantage of the guest's absence late one afternoon to tidy her possessions when her brother came in.

"Where's Pats?"
Sue looked up from the fresh cover she was putting on her table.
"Taking Grace for a drive."
"Your car?"
She nodded. "I was glad to let her have it, Allen, truly I was."

"Even after crumpling both fenders the other day? The car was a constant source of friction in the little family. Patsy drove very badly, but was bitterly resentful of the slightest criticism. Sue was proud of her little car and hated to have its beauty marred. But she had learned that anything was better than to be the cause of a quarrel between her brother and his wife.
"Pats say anything about Grace leaving soon?"
"Not a word. I think she'll stay another week anyhow. I know they plan to go to Barbara's lunch and that's not until next Thursday."

A Mistake

HE BEGAN to pace the small room, his head bent, his hands in his pockets.
"Sue, this is terribly hard on you. Not just having Grace keep you out of your room, I mean; everything—the whole arrangement. Would it help if we took a larger apartment—a house?"
She folded her hands on the edge of the table, looked down at them to hide gathering tears. Allen, her adored brother, was unhappy. In less than six months after his marriage he was tacitly admitting it was a mistake.
"I think—she said when she was sure of her voice—"that the only thing that will—help at all. Buddy, is for me—to live by myself. All—the things that upset you are done—done to make you see I'm in the way. Even the bills last March; Patsy didn't really want those clothes—not enough to make you angry about them, at any rate. She wanted you to see that there isn't enough—enough of anything, Allen dear, for her and me both: enough money, enough room, enough love."
Two months—even two weeks ago, he would have denied this; sharply and with resentment. It made her young heart sick for him that he nodded quietly now.
"She's jealous of you, Sis. Has been from the first, I think. Because you're . . . because you have qualities and advantages she

hasn't; she'll never have. Sue, what is to be done?" he finished hopefully.

On an evening in late June, Bob Trenton, about to descend from his car across the street from where the young Davenports lived, was astonished to see Sue come out, suitcase in hand, and move toward a taxicab which stood in front of the entrance. Bob was just in time to halt the driver as his car began to move.

"Hi!" the young man yelled breathlessly. And to Sue: "What on earth? Have you forgotten you have a date for me this evening?"
Sue, he noticed, was white and troubled.

"I did forget, Bob. I'm terribly sorry."
"Going out to town?"
She shook her head, sending a warning glance at the patiently listening driver.

"Then hop out and I'll take you where you want to go." He paid the interested man, tipping him liberally; helped Sue out and swung her suitcase after her. Not until there were moving smoothly down the street in his own car, did he speak.

"Where were you going, sweet? To a hotel?"
To a hotel? She opened her lips to answer him, but her chin quivered and she took out her handkerchief and put it quickly to her eyes.

"Don't, my darling," he said huskily. "And don't think you have to explain. The situation got too much for you at home, didn't it? Patsy went a little too far this time and you thought it best to get out."

"How—how do you know, Bob?"
"How do I know anything about you, Sue? I do—that's all. And it doesn't take much of a detective to know that Patsy has been determined to get you out of the place since the actual day Allen brought her home. I suppose she put the poor old lad on the spot today? Tried to force him to choose between his wife and his sister—that sort of thing?"

She nodded, still mopping at wet eyes.
"And you took matters in your hands and left without forcing a decision upon your brother? You would, of course. What puzzles me is that Allen actually let you go!"

Kind Friend

"HE DIDN'T know," she said in a strangled voice. "I slipped out while he and Patsy were still arguing about it. I couldn't endure another word. I couldn't, Bob!"

"Of course you couldn't. The marvel is you've endured it so long. No other girl would, you may be sure of that. But what now, sweet?"
She struggled for a return to composure. "The hotel at present; after that, a little apartment somewhere, I suppose. Maggie will come with me, of course—luckily she was in her room tonight and didn't hear the row."

Bob had headed his car away from town and now they were bowling along the boulevard which led to the Lovers' Lane of Eugene Field fame. As they turned into the "early sables where Cupid smiles," he said: "Sue, I don't want to take advantage of the situation, but—aren't you ever going to marry me? You do care for me, you know—a little, anyway!"

She smiled at him, laid a small cold hand over his on the wheel. "More than a little, Bob dear! A great deal, in fact. But not enough—enough to—"

"To marry me? But if I think it is enough, Sue—if I'm willing to take any risk you may think there is . . . Sue, I've waited a long time now, long enough, at any rate, for you to discount your idea that it was a sentimental impulse with me, that it wouldn't last. Long enough, too, to get ahead of any other men you might—might have cared for. Won't you marry me, sweet, and come to the home that's all ready for you?"

"It's a temptation, Bob," she admitted. "I feel so terribly forlorn tonight, so homeless. The tears started again and she wiped them away patiently. "But that's really why I mustn't decide tonight, at least. It would be the circumstances which influenced me, not—not my feeling toward you."

He was silent so long that she presently stole a glance at him. He looked almost grim, for Bob, stern and a little angry, she thought, with something like fright in her bewildered thoughts. Was she going to lose Bob, too? Was he going to force a choice on her tonight—as Patsy had done? She gripped her hands tightly in her lap.

But at last he turned and smiled at her, the gay understanding smile he kept just for her.
"It's all right, dear. Of course you mustn't decide tonight. We'll drive a bit and then I'll take you to the hotel, and tomorrow or the next day—whenever you feel up to it—we'll talk about it."

The exquisite relief of it told her how great had been the crisis. That momentary glimpse of a life without this kindest and closest of friends unconsciously pleaded Bob's cause far more than any words of his could have done.

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; KJR, 970, Seattle; KNX, 1050, Los Angeles; KOA, 830 Denver; KOIN, 940, Portland; KOMO, 950, Seattle; KPO, 630, San Francisco; KSL, 1180, Salt Lake

Wednesday
5:00—Frank and Archie, KJR, KEX; Sunset Shadows, KGO; Warning's Orch., KPO, KGW, KFI.
5:30—Whispering Rhythm, KPO; We Present, KGO, KJR; Sketch, KSL.

6:00—Radio Guild, KGO, KEX, KJR; Star Theater, KSL, KOIN, KNX; Musical Solace, KFI, KGW; Safety First, KPO.

6:30—Horse and Buggy Days, KGO; Hollywood Playhouse, KPO, KFI, KGW.

7:00—Miller's Orch., KNX, KSL, KOIN; Kyser's Prgm, KPO, KEX, KFI; Shield Revue, KGO, KJR, KEX.

7:30—Burns and Allen, KNX, KOIN, KSL; Adventures in Photography, KGO.

8:00—Warning's Orch., KPO; Johnny Presenta, KGO, KJR, KEX; Amos and Andy, KNX, KOIN, KSL.

8:15—I Love a Mystery, KPO, KGW, KFI; Lum and Abner, KSL, KNX, KOIN.

8:30—Quiz Prgm, KGO, KJR, KEX; Avon Time, KPO, KFI; Dr. Christian, KNX, KOIN.

9:00—Al Pearce's Gang, KNX, KSL, KOIN; Fred Allen, KPO, KGW, KFI; Beyond Reasonable Doubt, KGO, KEX, KJR.

9:30—Noble's Orch., KGO; Lopez's Orch., KNX, KSL; News, KJR.

10:00—Garber's Orch., KGO, News, KNX, KSL, KOIN; News Reporter, KPO, KFI, KGW.

10:30—Heldt's Orch., KGO, KJR, KEX; Ravazza's Orch., KPO, KGW, KFI; Gray's Orch., KOIN, KSL; Nottingham's Orch., KPO, KFI; This Moving World, KEX, KJR; News, KGO, KGW, KNX.

Thursday
5:00—Bud Barton, KJR; Sunset Shadows, KGO; George Jessel's Variety Program, KPO, KGW, KFI.

5:30—Strings at Sundown, KGO, KEX, KJR; Army Band, KPO, KGW.

6:00—Major Bows, KNX, KOIN, KSL; Good News of 1940, KPO, KFI; KGW; Green Hornet, KGO, KEX, KJR.

7:00—Miller's Orch., KNX, KOIN; Music Hall, KPO, KFI.

7:30—Florence Wymann, KGO; News, KSL.

8:00—Fred Warning, KPO, KGW, KFI; Morgan's Orch., KEX; Aloha Land, KGO; Amos and Andy, KNX, KSL, KOIN.

8:15—Duchin's Orch., KNX, KSL; Morgan's Orch., KGO; I Love a Mystery, KPO, KGW, KFI.

8:30—Symphony Hour, KPO, KGW, KFI; Ask-It-Basket, KNX, KOIN, KSL; Breeze's Orch., KGO.

9:00—Strange As It Seems, KNX, KSL, KOIN; Beyond Reasonable Doubt, KGO, KEX, KJR.

9:30—Those We Love, KPO, KFI, KGW; Owen's Orch., KSL; Auld's Orch., KGW; Heldt's Orch., KGO; Operetta Series, KNX, KOIN; News, KJR.

10:00—News Reporter, KPO, KGW, KFI; Foster's Orch., KGO, KJR; Paul Sullivan, KSL, KOIN, KNX; News, KOIN.

10:30—Ravazza's Orch., KPO, KGW, KFI; Ted Pio-Rito's Orch., KSL, KOIN, KNX; Nottingham's Orch., KGO, KEX.

11:00—Garber's Orch., KPO, KFI; This Moving World, KEX, KJR; Gray's Orch., KSL, KOIN; News, KGO, KNX, KGW.

Klamath Attorney Seeks Judgeship

Salem, Jan. 17.—(P)—A. C. Yaden, Klamath Falls attorney, filed a declaration of candidacy today for circuit judge in Klamath county, the post now held by Judge Edward B. Ashurst. His ballot slogan will be "23 years in law practice—six years referee in bankruptcy."

GERMAN FREIGHTER IN BLOCKADE RUN ATTEMPT

Rio De Janeiro, Jan. 17.—(P)—Authorities disclosed today that

the 5,943-ton German freighter Santos here since Oct. 30 had sailed at dawn Sunday for an undisclosed destination. She was loaded with minerals, iron and 10,000 bags of coffee.

can safely hope, an Inter-American neutrality committee today sought concrete means of enforcing the "keep out" sign for all belligerents.

Forest Supervisor

Portland, Jan. 17.—(P)—Regional Forester Lyle F. Watts confirmed today the appointment of Charles D. Simpson as supervisor of the Whitman National forest. He succeeds Lester

Moncrief, new personnel manager of the intermountain region at Ogden, Utah.

Paris, Jan. 17.—(P)—French officials announced today that Britain and France have made loans to Turkey totaling 42,000,000 pounds and 264,750,000 francs (altogether about \$174,000,000) part of which is to be used to finance the purchase of armaments.

AMERICAS SEEK MEANS TO FORCE NEUTRALITY

Rio De Janeiro, Jan. 17.—(P)—Faced with Great Britain's rejection of the 300-mile Ameri-

STRANGE AS IT SEEMS—By JOHN HIX

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



FLYING FAMILY
"Never too old to learn"—is the motto of W. T. Piper of Lock Haven, Pa., who at the age of 50 decided to learn to fly. So enthusiastic was Piper that four of his five children also became pilots. Piper's interest in aviation is natural; he is the head of a factory that turns out more planes than any other in the world. Last year he delivered some 2,000 "Piper Cubs."
DIARY FILE
If you think your private papers will be of interest to future generations, contact the New York City Public Library. That institution maintains a special file for private letters, diaries and manuscripts of ordinary citizens. Diaries, the library believes, give the true character of a period or individual better than any other form of writing.
TOMORROW: Machine-Shop Mayors!

SUBURBAN HEIGHTS

By GLUYAS WILLIAMS



WHILE THE WOMEN'S CLUB WAITED IMPATIENTLY, WONDERING WHAT HAD BECOME OF THEIR SPEAKER, FRED PERLEY, WHO HAD SAT DOWN TO REST WHILE WAITING FOR HER TRAIN, WAS HAVING A PERCEPTUAL NAP, AND THE SPEAKER, INDIGNANT AT NOT BEING MET, WAS WAITING FOR THE NEXT TRAIN BACK TO TOWN

TAILSPIN TOMMY—After the Black Hawks



BEN WEBSTER'S CAREER—The Yeas Have III



THE NEBBS—Quote



ARMY'S GIANT PLANE NOW IN CONSTRUCTION PROMISES LONG RANGE

Washington, Jan. 17.—(P)—The army is building the world's largest plane, believed capable of flying to Europe and back without stopping.

Authoritative sources disclosed today this was the ship which J. Edgar Hoover was talking about when he told congressmen recently how the plane had been stolen and then recovered by G-men.

The 70-ton craft, understood to have a wing spread of more

than 200 feet, is nearing completion now in the Santa Monica, Cal., plant of the Douglas Aircraft company.

At least one foreign government was said to be interested in obtaining the stolen plans of the plane, which would dwarf any army plane now in service. Army and commercial engineers who have been working on the plane for 18 months, were understood to plan first tests next summer.

The plane's new model high-powered motors promise a range of 6,000 or possibly 7,000 miles.

Ashlanders Wed.
Reno, Nev., Jan. 17.—(P)—Marriage licenses issued here today included: Melvin Gordon, 22, and Vera Duncan, 18, both Ashland, Ore.

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