

Is it Love? by MARGARETTA BRUCKER

Chapter 27
Tragedy

"Do we have to go over all that again, Riv?" Sue Ellen demanded.

"And why not? If you'd been different, I would never have married Deedora Waller."

Suddenly he broke down and his voice became pleading. "There's one thing you can do—one thing you must do, to help the Colonel. He can't stand having an investigation made of his affairs; it will ruin him."

"Then why not say that you came to beg me to do something to help the Colonel, not attempt to arouse a feeling which is dead, which never existed."

Riv said: "Listen, Sue. You're the girl I love, the only girl I ever loved and I never realized how much I loved you until I lost you. The other affair was a hideous mistake and every day makes it worse. You know about Deedora?"

"I know. And you should be asking Deedora to help you, not me, for it is help you want, isn't it, Riv?"

"I have to have it," said Riv suddenly, "but I'll not go to Deedora and bargain for it. She would like nothing better. She's down here now, waiting for some opportunity to force me to live with her. She tricked me into marrying her. She thinks she can put me on a horse to manage that estate and settle down here in Tyler Springs. She knows the Colonel's lost most of his money. She's cunning. I saw her yesterday and asked her to give me a divorce."

"She refused because she loves you, Riv."

He stared at her angrily. "Don't tell me you want me to live with her now. Remember how you rushed up to Washington a week ago begging me to marry you at once? Or maybe you've forgotten all that. Maybe that Yankee soldier informed you that the Colonel had lost his money and you suddenly changed your mind. You love Belle Acres—not a man. You'd sell your soul for that plantation. Well, you'll help me now or else."

"Riv—stop being melodramatic. What do you want me to do?"

"Turn Belle Acres back for the Colonel to manage. That will silence all this gossip."

"I plan to manage Belle Acres myself."

"You?" Riv laughed scornfully. "What do you know about business? Your aunts raised you to be a beauty. You've no more sense than a baby or you would have seen."

"What would I have seen?"

"That this northern married you for the same reason Deedora married me. You're the type to be the mistress of a big plantation, just as I'm the type to manage Deedora's estate. You're the composite of a dream this man has of a southern sweetheart."

It was what Ginny had said so shrewdly just a short time before, and against her will Sue listened. "Love is something different," said Riv, and she knew by his expression that Riv believed he had touched upon a subject which might win her over to his way of thinking. "Love is what I feel deep in my heart for you, honey."

Truth To Riv

"ALL of which is more running true to type," Sue Ellen arose. "Making love is an accomplishment with you, Riv—you're adept at it. But you don't love me any more. You love your self. There is something else you should know, Riv. I think it will simplify things for you—for me."

"And what is that?" he demanded angrily.

"I love my husband."

She had expected an outburst of sarcasm. A flood of angry words, even oaths, but Riv simply stood and stared at her out of hot, angry eyes, then turned and flung himself out of the house, hatless—his raincoat huddled about his neck. She watched his tall figure disappear in the gathering darkness and the rain, with a feeling of vague uneasiness and apprehension.

She went back into the library and stood before the fire with her hands outstretched to the cheerful blaze. She was cold and shivering.

Aunt Car looked up from her work. "You got rid of him?"

Sue Ellen said: "I don't know. I have a feeling that Riv plans to make trouble for me, Aunt Car. He frightened me."

"Nonsense. He's headstrong and impetuous, but Riv Moore's a coward."

"Even a coward can be dangerous," said Sue Ellen.

But she shook off her depression and went back upstairs to put away her clothes strewn about her room. She had lost all eagerness to dress for Johnny. The thought of what Riv might do obsessed her. Poor Riv. Weak, yes—but she could not help pitying him. If only he could decide to go to Deedora, who had money and influence and could help him. But he knew he must bargain with Deedora.

What bargain had he hoped to make with her, Sue Ellen? What- ever it had been, beyond men-

tioning that it concerned the Colonel, he had been too upset and angry to give her a clear idea of what she could do to help him. Johnny was expected at four, but four came, and four-thirty, and he did not appear.

It continued to rain. A gloomy, dismal afternoon with a rising wind howling down the library chimney as she and Aunt Car sat before the fire. Sue Ellen lost in her thoughts—Aunt Car glancing at her anxiously from time to time as the minutes passed and the clock in the hall chimed five—five-thirty—six.

Aunt Pleas bustled in from the kitchen with a huge lace-trimmed apron tied about her stout waist. From the kitchen drifted Aunt Pleas's mournful voice singing a spiritual. The aroma of fried chicken filled the house.

At six-thirty Aunt Pleas became indignant. "A gentleman should be careful about keeping appointments," she observed.

Accident

JUST then the doorbell rang. Sue Ellen ran to answer it. Toby Tyler stood outside, his round face sober and anxious. "Miss Sue Ellen," he began.

"Yes," she drew him inside. He was hesitating, breathless. "There's been an accident—"

"Johnny?"

Toby shook his head. "It's Riv and he's badly hurt. He's been drinking. He drove out to the Waller plantation and coming back he skidded on a bad curve—he isn't expected to live," said Toby. "He keeps asking for you, Sue Ellen."

"Where is he?" She was shaking all over with nervousness and fright. Just for a minute the thought of Johnny flashed through her mind. Johnny had been delayed. He would be here any minute and when he came she must not be gone, for only now she realized how much this evening meant to her. Someway she would tell Johnny that she loved him. He might take her away with him. All this spun through her mind as Toby talked and as she found herself rushing upstairs for a coat, when Toby told her that he had a car outside waiting, that Riv was at his father's plantation ten miles beyond the town, that a surgeon was flying from Memphis.

Mechanically she pulled on rubbers and raincoat and took the umbrella Aunt Car brought from the hall closet. Aware that Aunt Pleas had come in and was asking questions, that far back in the pantry door she could see Aunt Jennie's black face peeping through at her. Someway she knew that Aunt Jennie cared less about Riv Moore and his accident than about the dinner which she had prepared and which would be ruined.

"Tell Johnny..." She clutched Aunt Car's arm as Toby caught her arm and hurried her toward the door. Tell Johnny... Her mind was a blank of bewilderment and fear. Why did this have to happen, but hadn't she felt all day that the hours were leading up to a climax, that each stroke of the clock had not given her the lift of spirits she should have had as she awaited Johnny's coming.

Riv again. Stepping into her life and upsetting her hopes and her plans. Would Johnny understand? Could he?

"What shall I tell Johnny?" Aunt Car stood on the porch with the wind and rain tearing at her soft grey hair.

"Tell him to call me. I want to talk to him—I must talk to him." She was all but sobbing as Toby jerked open the door of the car at the curb and pushed her inside.

As the car rolled away through the rain, she saw the headlights of another car cut through the darkness ahead. As the car passed them she leaned forward and recognized it.

"I can't go, Toby." Toby ignored her cry and his face was grave as he bent over the wheel. "Shut up," he said briefly. "This is no time for hysterics. A man's life may hang on whether I can get you ten miles out in the country on these wretched roads."

A man's life—Riv's life. A life was more important than love, wasn't it? While they rushed through the night, slipping, sliding, skidding on a treacherous bit of clay and back on the road again.

"Hold the wheel a minute, will you, while I light a cigarette." Her hands were stiff and cold and had no feeling, as she bent over and hung to the wheel at Toby's bidding.

"Here—I have it."

Toby's coolness was steady as her own shattered nerves. Presently she asked in a small shaken voice: "How did it happen?"

"He was drunk. He'd been out to the Waller place and he and Deedora Waller had an argument. He was found just a few miles this side of the plantation. At first the men who found him wanted to take him back, but he was so violent demanding that he be taken home that they complied. Then he began to call for you. He's still calling. It's partly delirium from the pain. His back is broken," said Toby.

To be continued

On the Radio Chains

STATIONS:
Chain affiliation and where they are on the dial:
KALE (MBS) 1190, Portland.
KEX (NBC-Blue) 1190, Portland.
KGA (NBC-Blue & MBS) 1510, Spokane.
KGO (NBC-Blue) 810, San Francisco.
KOW (NBC-Red) 620, Portland.
KJH (NBC-Blue) 1000, Seattle.
KNX (CBS) 1070, Los Angeles.
KOA (NBC-Red) 850, Denver.
KOIN (CBS) 950, Portland.
KSL (NBC-Red) 680, Salt Lake City.
KSL (CBS) 1160, Salt Lake City.

Time shown is PST

Thursday
5:00 p. m.—Adventure Stories, KGO, KJH, KEX; Death Valley Days, KSL, Jane Arden, KOMO; Stars of Today, KGW; Eyes of the World, KOIN; Don Winslow of the Navy, KPO.
5:30 p. m.—Duffy's Tavern, KSL; News of the World, KGO, KJH, KEX; Ricardo's Rhapsodies, KPO, KGW; Tonight's Best Buys, KNX; Leon P. Drews, KOIN.
6:00 p. m.—Major Bowe's Amateur Hour, KNX, KSL, KOIN; Bing Crosby, KPO, KGW, KOMO; Scandinavian Reporter, KJH.
6:30 p. m.—Joe Gallicchio's Orch., KGO, KJH, KEX.
7:00 p. m.—Glenn Miller's Orch., KNX, KOIN, KSL; Cugat Rumba Re-

vue, KPO, KOMO, KGW; Rudy Vallee, KGO, KEX, KJH.

7:30 p. m.—Frank Fay, KPO, KGW; KOMO; News Here and Abroad, KGO, KEX, KJH; Who Dunit, KNX, KOIN, KSL.
8:00 p. m.—Amos 'n' Andy, KNX, KSL, KOIN; Fred Waring, KPO, KOMO, KGW; March of Time, KJH, KGO, KEX.
8:15 p. m.—Lum and Abner, KPO, KOW, KOMO; Lanny Ross, KNX, KOIN, KSL.
8:30 p. m.—Maudie's Diary, KNX, KOIN; Saunders of Circle X, KGO, KEX; Panny Broke, KPO, KOMO, KGW; News, KSL; Hot Stove League, KJH.
9:00 p. m.—Easy Aces, KGO, KEX, KJH; Duffy's Tavern, KNX, KOIN; Aldrich Family, KPO, KOMO, KGW; Sports, KSL.
9:30 p. m.—Paddy Brown's Orch., KPO, KGW, KOMO; Death Valley Days, KNX, KOIN; News, KSL, KJH; Moonlight Sonata, KEX.
10:00 p. m.—America's Town Meeting of the Air, KGO, KJH, KEX; Reporter News, KPO, KOMO, KGW; News, KNX; Five Star Final, KOIN; Masterworks of Music, KSL.
10:30 p. m.—Ed Stoker's Music, KGO; Reid Tanner's Orch., KSL; Masterworks of Music, KNX; The World Today, KOIN; Industry and Defense, KOIN; Concert Hall, KPO.
11:00 p. m.—Ed Stoker's Music, KGO, KGW; This Moving World, KJH, KEX; Ken Stevens, KSL, KOIN; News,

KNX, KGO; Emmanuel Tabernacle, KOMO.

Friday
5:00 p. m.—Katie Smith, KSL; Adventure Stories, KGO, KJH, KEX; Jane Arden, KOMO; Stars of Today, KGW; Eyes of the World, KOIN; Don Winslow of the Navy, KPO.
5:30 p. m.—News of the World, KGO, KJH, KEX; Eugenia Clair Flat-tol, KNX; Leon P. Drews, KOIN; Three-Four Time, KOMO.
6:00 p. m.—What's On Your Mind, KNX, KOIN, KSL; Waltz Time, KPO, KOMO, KGW; Scandinavian Reporter, KJH.
6:30 p. m.—Michael and Kitty, KGO, KEX, KJH; Uncle Walter's Dog House, KPO, KOW, KOMO; First Nighter, KNX, KSL, KOIN.
7:00 p. m.—Rochester Civic Orch., KGO, Hollywood Premiere, KSL, KOIN, KOIN; Wings of Destiny, KPO, KOMO, KGW; Candlelight Concerts, KEX; What's Doing in Sports, KGO; Fish Pinder, KJH.
7:30 p. m.—Al Pearce's Gang, KNX, KSL, KOIN; Grand Central Station, KGO, KJH, KEX; Weekly Spectator, KGO, KJH; Modern Music Box, KEX.
8:00 p. m.—Fred Waring, KPO, KOW, KGW; Romance and Rhythm, KGO, KEX; Amos 'n' Andy, KNX, KSL, KOIN; Musical Quinella, KJH.
8:15 p. m.—Lum and Abner, KPO, KGW, KOW; Along the Sidelines, KJH.
8:30 p. m.—Don't Be Personal, KPO,

KGW, KOMO; Gang Busters, KGO, KEX, KJH; Playhouse, KNX, KOIN, KSL.

9:00 p. m.—Radio Chatter, KPO; Pigskin Party, KGO, KJH, KEX; Kate Smith Hour, KNX, KOIN; University of Oregon Forum, KGW; Along the Sidelines, KJH; Sports, KSL.
9:30 p. m.—Freddie Martin's Orch., KGO, KJH; Chuckwagon Days, KPO, KOMO; News, KSL, KJH; Moonlight Sonata, KEX; Symphony of Melody, KGW.
10:00 p. m.—Hollywood Legion Stadium Fights, KGO, KEX, KJH.

Reporter News, KPO, KGW, KOMO; News, KNX, KOIN; Masterworks of Music, KSL.

10:30 p. m.—The Land That Never Was, KOMO; Hollywood Legion Fights, KGO, KJH; Dance Orch., KGW; Broadway Bandwagon, KEX; Masterworks of Music, KNX; Bob McGraw's Orch., KOMO; Mysterious Hale, KPO.
11:00 p. m.—Pickard Family, KPO, KOW, KGW; This Moving World, KEX, KJH.

Money for Cripples

Mount Gilead, O. — (AP) — Often during the 30 years that Charles Ellsworth Parsons delivered mail to farm homes in this vicinity did he think of what he could do for crippled children. Last month he died and his will disclosed he left the bulk of his estate of \$79,972 to Morrow county with the stipulation it establish a home for crippled children on his 80-acre farm.

STRANGE AS IT SEEMS

LADY OF THE BLACK HORSE

MRS. ST. CLAIR STOBERT, AN ENGLISHWOMAN, WAS A MAJOR IN THE SERBIAN ARMY DURING WORLD WAR I. DURING THE SERBIAN RETREAT OF 1915 SHE LED A MEDICAL COLUMN TO SAFETY OVER 600 MILES OF MOUNTAIN ROAD AT ONE TIME REMAINING IN THE SADDLE FOR 81 HOURS!

air corps groups. The strategy board proposes at least 25 new bases, which will cost many millions of dollars to establish. Two of the new bases will be placed in the northwest, and there will be a line of such bases extending from Everett, Wash., to Cheyenne, Wyo., and on into Kansas, and another line from Orchard field and Pendleton to

From the local appeal of the cars in Lake condi-

by JOHN HIX

NOISY ERRAND

By GLUYAS WILLIAMS

ASKS JUNIOR TO BE A GOOD BOY AND FETCH HIM HIS PIPE FROM HIS BUREAU UPSTAIRS

RESUMES READING, A LITTLE DISTRACTED BY THE NOISE ACCOMPANYING JUNIOR'S PASSAGE UP THE STAIRS

THUMPS GETTING LOUDER AND MORE STARTLING, DISCOVERS JUNIOR IS TRYING TO HOP UPSTAIRS ON ONE LEG

FORTUNATELY NOISE ABATES AS JUNIOR GETS TO UPPER HALL

SILENCE IS BROKEN BY A CRASH, AS JUNIOR TRYING TO STEP ONTO A RUG JUMPS ACROSS AN OPEN GAP AND SLIPS

WAYS TENSELY, WONDERING WHAT MISHAP OF PROGRESS JUNIOR WILL INVENT NEXT

DISCOVERS IMMEDIATELY AS A SERIES OF HOUSE-SHAKING CRASHES INFORM HIM JUNIOR IS JUMPING DOWN STAIRS THREE AT A TIME

NEEDS A HANDKERCHIEF PRESENTLY AND DECIDES IT'S MORE RESTFUL TO GO UP AND GET IT HIMSELF

L'L ABNER—A Voice From the Blue

AH! H! A F-FOOL FO' RUNNIN'—BUT WHEN AH SEES THET SIREN A-COMIN' FO' ME—AH JEST G-GOTTA!!

TAILSPIN TOMMY—Next Stop—Panama!

SENOR CASMETTO, YOU TOLD ME THAT FOR THE AID I HAVE RENDERED YOU WHATEVER YOU HAVE IS MINE... I HOLD YOU TO THAT PROMISE AND CLAIM AS MY REWARD... YOUR LOVELY DAUGHTER!

B-BUT... BUT, SENOR EL CONDOR... I HAVE PLEDGED YNEZ'S HAND IN MARRIAGE TO CAPITAN GOMEZ...

WHUFFO?—IT HAIN'T DONE, NOTHIN' TIME?

KICK THET MULE!!

By HAL FORREST

THE NEBBS—Kick In!

EMMA WRENCHED HER BACK IN HER EXPERIENCE UNDER THE BOARDWALK RECOVERING THE 67 CENTS SHE LOST THE NIGHT OF THE ATTEMPTED HOLDUP, AND MAX IS ENJOYING HER INCAPACITATION

WELL, MAX, HOW ABOUT THE TEN BUCKS FOR PULLING THAT PHONY HOLDUP ON EMMA?

YOU FELLERS GOT A LOT OF NERVE WANTING TEN BUCKS FOR PULLING THAT BUNGLING JOB... A COUPLE OF MICE TRYIN' TO TAKE SOME MILK AWAY FROM A CAT

LOOKA THE LUMP ON MY HEAD WHERE SHE SLUGGED ME WITH THE BAG OF DOUGH, THAT'S WORTH 25 BUCKS AND YOU SAID VERY DISTINCTLY THAT WE SHOULDN'T HURT HER

By SOL HESS

COSTLY LESSON

Greenwood, Miss.—(P)—Willie Page found a bright object on the street and pounded it against the sidewalk. It was a dynamite cap. Willie lost a finger.

FIFTY DOLLARS WORTH OF FUN!

try one of those new Kuppenheimer's
Sold Only at
Barkers
Store for Men

BRUMBAUGH LEAVES

Fort Lewis, Nov. 13.—(P)—Col. Harry C. Brumbaugh, commander of the 162nd infantry regiment, left his post today for an undisclosed "special detail" with the 4th army headquarters at the Presidio, San Francisco.

SPANISH FAVORED

New York.—(P)—In the public schools of the city, French—long the most popular of all foreign tongues—continues to be the pupils' favorite, but its pulling power is dwindling rapidly since France fell under the Nazi yoke. German and Italian are also falling off. In contrast Spanish classes are enjoying a tremendous boom the number of students doubling from about 14,000.