

NO TIME FOR LOVE

By WALTER J. WRIGHT

Chapter 20

NEARING the Inn Lavinia saw people upon the wide verandah, and tried to rearrange her features, as it were, so as not to give away her real feelings. Several people looked up as she mounted the steps, and she immediately sensed excitement in the air.

Groups were talking in an excited, tense sort of way—as though something extraordinary had taken place. She was tempted to stop and make inquiries, but knew this would mean being drawn into conversation. It would be better to get to her room and rest for a time. She had no desire for dinner. She much preferred to stretch out upon her bed and try to collect her thoughts.

But before she could reach her room Margot Linden saw her. She came hurrying forward.

"Where on earth have you been all day?" she asked, excitedly.

"With my aunt in Portland," said Lavinia. "We lunched and saw a movie."

"And missed all the excitement!" Margot said. "Imagine those government men locating the escaped prisoners, and actually rounding them up."

"You—you—mean they came here?" Lavinia said in a voice she scarcely recognized as her own.

"Yes, they were in the Inn," said Margot. "It seems that several men in and near Harbor Head have been helping the men who escaped from Canada—supplying them with outfits, and aiding in any way possible. You know, enemies of the Allies—that sort of thing."

"Yes, I—I—know," said Lavinia.

"They even used their boats to aid the men," Margot rushed on.

"But the government representatives got them all. They were marched off today, to be locked up awaiting trial."

Lavinia couldn't speak. Her thoughts were running around in mad circles. Rod gone. Also his boat. Rod, who had been so reticent about himself. The odd way he had acted the night before. Could he have known this was going to happen? Was that why he had said he had no right to kiss her?

"Was—my friend—" she tried to speak lightly, "was he an escaped prisoner, or one of the men who helped?"

"I don't know—only he did have a boat," said Margot. "You ought to remember that."

"So you know about the trip?"

"Who doesn't?"

"I suppose you all lined up on the porch with field glasses the day Rod took me to the island?"

Margot laughed. "No, not as bad as all that, my dear!" she said. "But I warned you there's always a lot of gossip at a summer resort."

"And how right you were!" said Lavinia. "I'm sorry I missed all the excitement. You must tell me more about it later on. I'm going up now and get a little rest. Aunt Dorcas and I had a strenuous day."

Margot touched her arm as she turned to go.

"Tell me something, Miss Prentiss," she said.

"What is it?" said Lavinia.

"Maybe I'm barging in where I've no business," Margot said, "but you hadn't grown fond of the Elliott man, had you? Just between ourselves."

"How ridiculous!" Lavinia exclaimed, praying that her voice carried conviction. "Do I look like the sort of brainless female who'd grow fond of a chance acquaintance—who was afraid to come out and mix with honest people?"

Margot shrugged. "Well, I just wondered," she said. "You did spend a lot of time with him."

"He amused me," said Lavinia. "That's all."

With this she stepped into the elevator, and was carried up to her room.

She bathed her face, kicked off her shoes, and flung herself down upon the bed. Tears came finally. Then sobs—sobs that shook her from head to foot. Another choking sob, and then quietness. It was then that Lavinia made herself look matters squarely in the face. And when she did she knew she could not stay on at the Inn.

She sprang from the bed. She reached for the telephone and asked for the room clerk.

"Will you please make out my bill?" she said, when a voice answered her call. "Miss Lavinia Prentiss speaking."

"But, Miss Prentiss, your bill isn't due yet," said the clerk.

"Yes, I know. But I'm leaving. I find I must get back to New York as quickly as possible."

"Not tonight, I trust."

"No, the first thing in the morning."

"We're sorry to have you go, Miss Prentiss."

"Thank you," said Lavinia, and hung up.

Then she began taking her clothes out of the closet. Good-bye to castles in Maine. Good-bye to Harbor Head. Good-bye to foolish dreams. Hello, Manhattan! How do you do, Armworth!

Home Again

GRAND CENTRAL Station again. Lavinia following a redcap who carried her luggage—following him, but glancing up now and then at the artificial stars high up in the vaulted ceiling.

"They sure do look real, don't

they, miss?" said the redcap, grinning.

"Yes," said Lavinia. "They do." And she remembered the stars up at Harbor Head, the stars that twinkled down at the ocean, the stars she and Rod Elliott had looked at and talked about.

"Sometimes I wondered if they are inhabited," Rod had said. "And if they are, I hope things are in better shape up there than down here."

"If you look at 'em long enough," miss," the redcap was saying, "you can see 'em twinkle."

"Yes, I know," Lavinia said. "I've done it."

They moved on across the huge rotunda.

"Did you want a taxicab, miss?"

"Yes. But I want to send a telegram first."

"There's a Western Union stand right over there, miss."

"Thank you."

Lavinia wrote a short message to her aunt. "Back home again. To heck with romance."

Then she paid the clerk, and went back to where the redcap was waiting. She thought, "This is the first lesson in romance—and what a lesson! She tipped the redcap generously, told the taxi driver her address, and leaned back against the badly-worn upholstery.

"What a homecoming! What a vacation! She felt cheated, and oddly disappointed. She closed her eyes, squeezing the lids tight against the tears that tried to flow. She wondered what her aunt would say—what she would do—what she would think, when the telegram reached her. It ought to arrive in Portland within a few hours, that is, if the girl got it off immediately.

Dorcas To The Rescue

AND the girl did get the wire off immediately. It reached Miss Dorcas Prentiss in record-breaking time. It found her sitting on a high stool in Professor Plunkett's woodshed. There was a clothespin on her nose, and a notebook in her hand.

"If you don't hurry up this research business," she said to the Professor, "the health department is going to do some researching. My, that whale smells unpleasant!"

"Even with the nosepin on your clothes?" said the Professor. "I mean, even with the clothespin on your nose?"

Miss Dorcas laughed. "Yes," she said. "And, frankly, Professor Plunkett, I'm beginning to feel a decided lack of interest over the kinship between that Jonah-sounding mammal and the dinosaur."

"There, there, Miss Dorcas," the Professor chided, "don't let a little unpleasant odor discourage you."

It was at this point that Mrs. Plunkett came out to the woodshed bearing Lavinia's telegram.

"For me!" said Miss Dorcas.

"Yes," said Mrs. Plunkett, "it just came."

Miss Dorcas laid down the notebook, took off the clothespin, and tore open the envelope.

"I hope some ambitious archeologists aren't after me to get off on another digging expedition," she said. Then: "Oh, it's from my niece."

The Professor examined a piece of bone with a magnifying glass, and Mrs. Plunkett watched him, holding a handkerchief to her nose.

"Well!" Miss Dorcas exploded.

"Nothing unpleasant, I hope, my dear," said Mrs. Plunkett.

"Do they want you to go into a jungle again, Miss Dorcas?" asked the Professor.

"No," said Miss Dorcas. "It's a message from Lavinia Prentiss, the niece I told you about."

"Is she ill?"

"No, she's not ill. She's cut short her vacation and gone home."

"But why should she do that?" Mrs. Plunkett wanted to know.

"That's what I'm going to find out," said Miss Dorcas. She got down off the high stool. "Professor Plunkett, you'll have to get along without me from now on."

The Professor looked up, pushing his glasses high up upon his forehead. "What's that, Miss Dorcas?" he said.

"She said you'd have to get along without her from now on," said his wife. "Ethelbert, I wish you would pay attention to what people say."

"But, Miss Dorcas," the Professor said, ignoring his wife's remark, "I can't get along without you!"

"You'll have to," said Miss Dorcas.

"Why—why—the research is at a critical point," said the Professor, much distressed. "I've discovered a decided similarity in the vertebra of the whale and the prehistoric animals, and now—"

"Sorry," said Miss Dorcas briskly, "but I've an idea my niece is on the verge of making a mess of her life. The business of vertebra will have to wait. Maybe I'm being silly and precipitous, but I can't help feeling, Professor, that my niece's heart is more important than a whale's backbone."

No amount of argument would make Miss Dorcas change her mind.

"And so you're going to leave me all alone with the whale," the Professor said sadly.

"You've got your wife," said Miss Dorcas. "Why can't she take notes for you?"

"And smell that awful odor!" said Mrs. Plunkett. "No indeed."

To be continued

On the Radio Chains

Chain affiliation and where they are on the dial:
KALB (MBS) 1330, Portland.
KEX (NBC-Blue) 1190, Portland.
KGA (NBC-Blue & MBS) 1510, Spokane.
KGO (NBC-Blue) 810, San Francisco.
KGW (NBC-Red) 620, Portland.
KJH (NBC-Blue) 1000, Seattle.
KNA (CBS) 1070, Los Angeles.
KOA (NBC-Red) 850, Denver.
KOIN (CBS) 970, Portland.
KOMO (NBC-Red) 950, Seattle.
KPO (NBC-Red) 680, San Francisco.
KSL (CBS) 1160, Salt Lake City.

Time shown is PST

Thursday
 5:00 p. m.—Adventure Stories, KGO, KEX, KJR; Death Valley Days, KSL; Adventure in Toyland, KEX; Stars of Today, KGO; Ken Stevens and Erwin Yeo, KXK; Eyes of the World, KOIN; Don Winslow of the Navy, KPO.
 5:30 p. m.—News of the World, KGO, KEX, KJR; Duffy's Tavern, KSL; Ricardo's Rhapoduses, KPO; KGW, KOMO; Bill Henry, KXK, KOIN.
 6:00 p. m.—Major Bowes Original Amateur Hour, KXK, KSL, KOIN; Bing Crosby, KPO, KOMO, KOW; Chorus, KJR, KGO, KEX; Victory, KOIN.
 6:30 p. m.—Big Town, KXK, KSL, KOIN; Joe Galluchio's Orch., KGO, KEX, KJK; Harry Owens, KSL, KOIN; News, KXK, KGO.

Friday
 5:00 p. m.—Kate Smith Hour, KSL; Adventure Stories, KGO, KJR; Ed Stoker's Or. b., KPO; Jane Arden, KOMO; Stars of Today, KOW.
 5:30 p. m.—News of the World, KGO, KJR, KEX; Bill Henry, KXK; Bill Sabransky, KPO; Cocktail Hour, KOW; Leon F. Drews, KOIN; Victory Chorus, KOMO.
 6:00 p. m.—Waltz Time, KPO, KOMO, KOW; Secret City, KGO, KEX, KJR; What's On Your Mind, KXK, KOIN, KSL; Victory Chorus, KJR.
 6:30 p. m.—Michael Piper, KEX, KGO, KJR; Uncle Walter's Dog House, KPO, KOW, KOMO; First Nighter, KXK, KSL, KOIN.
 7:00 p. m.—Ella Maxwell's Party Line, KGO, KJR, KEX; Hap Hazard Show, KSL, KXK, KOIN; Wings of Destiny, KPO, KOMO, KOW.
 7:30 p. m.—How'm I Doin', KXK, KSL, KOIN; Grand Central Station, KPO, KGW, KOMO; Modern Music Box, KEX; Amateur Hour, KGO; Victory Chorus, KJR.
 8:00 p. m.—Fred Waring in Pleasure Time, KGO, KOMO, KOW; Phil Harris' Orch., KGO, KEX; Amos 'n' Andy, KXK, KSL, KOIN; Buy Washington, KJR.
 8:15 p. m.—Lanny Ross, KXK, KSL, KOIN; Lum and Abner, KPO, KOW, KOMO.
 8:30 p. m.—Variety Show, KPO, KOW, KOMO; Gang Busters, KGO, KEX, KJR; Playhouse, KXK, KOIN, KSL.

Saturday
 7:00 p. m.—Glenn Miller's Orch., KXK, KOIN, KSL; Al Pearce's Gang, KPO, KOMO, KOW; Rudy Vallee Program, KGO, KEX, KJR.
 7:30 p. m.—Ricardo, KGO; Frank Pay, KPO, KOMO, KOW; Streamlined Fairy Tales, KEX; Captain Quiz, KJR.
 8:00 p. m.—Amos 'n' Andy, KXK, KSL, KOIN; Fred Waring, KPO, KOMO, KOW; March of Time, KJR, KGO, KEX.
 8:15 p. m.—Lum and Abner, KPO, KOW, KOMO; Lanny Ross, KXK, KOIN, KSL.
 8:30 p. m.—Maudie's Diary, KXK, KOIN; Saunders of Circle X, KGO, KEX; Panny Brice, KPO, KOMO, KOW; News, KSL; Flowers for the Living, KEX; Victory Chorus, KJR.
 9:00 p. m.—Easy Aces, KGO, KEX, KJR; Duffy's Tavern, KXK, KOIN; Aldrich Family, KPO, KOMO, KOW.
 9:30 p. m.—Elmer Queen, KPO, KOW, KOMO; Death Valley Days, KXK, KOIN; News, KSL, KJR; Moonlight Sonata, KEX.
 10:00 p. m.—America's Town Meeting of the Air, KEX, KGO, KJR; Reporter News, KPO, KOMO, KOW; News, KXK; Masterworks of Music, KSL; Five Star Final, KOIN.
 10:30 p. m.—Reid Tanner's Orch., KSL; Masterworks of Music, KXK; The World Today, KOIN.
 11:00 p. m.—Echnings in Brass, KPO, KOW; This Moving World, KEX, KJK; Harry Owens, KSL, KOIN; News, KXK, KGO.

Sunday
 8:00 p. m.—Who Done It? KPO, KGW, KOMO; Three Ring Time, KGO, KEX, KJR; Kate Smith Hour, KXK, KOIN; Sports, KSL.
 9:30 p. m.—Tommy Dorsey's Orch., KGO; Dark Fantasy, KGW; News, KSL, K.; Moonlight Sonata, KEX; Victory Chorus, KOMO; Floyd Wright KPO.
 10:00 p. m.—Hollywood Legion Stadium Fights, KGO, KEX; Reporter News, KPO, KOW, KOMO; Red Nichols' Orch., KSL; News, KXK; Shining Hour, KJR; Five Star Final, KOIN.

Monday
 10:30 p. m.—Hollywood Legion Stadium Fights, KGO; Unlimited Horizons, KOMO; Dance Orch., KGW; Broadway Bandwagon, KEX; Northwest Bible Institute, KJR; Masterworks of Music, KXK; The World Today, KOIN.
 11:00 p. m.—Dance Orchestra, KPO, KGW; This Moving World, KGO, KEX, KJR; Harry Owens' Orch., KSL, KOIN; News, KXK; Reveries, KOMO.

Closing time for Classified Ads 9 a. m.—Too Late to Classify 12:30 p. m.

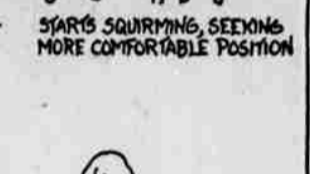
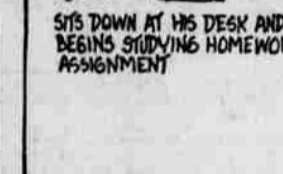
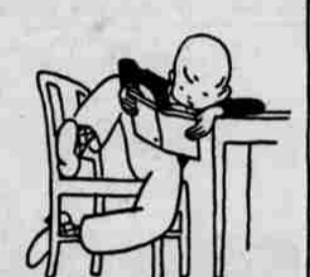
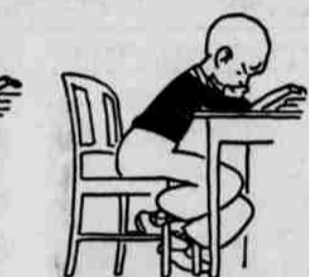
Young Japanese Quizzed by FBI

Seattle, Jan. 22.—(AP)—Federal bureau of investigation agents were questioning a 17-year-old Japanese-American youth, arrested last night by the waterfront patrol.

John C. Kjos of the patrol found the youth hiding between an oil company dock and pier 14. He carried an open knife.

STUDYING

By GLUYAS WILLIAMS



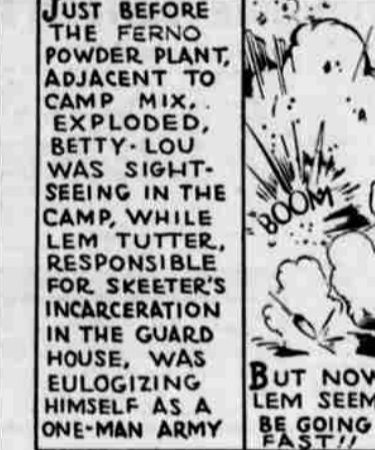
GLUYAS WILLIAMS

(Released by The Bell Syndicate, Inc.)

1-22

TAILSPIN TOMMY—Chaos in Camp

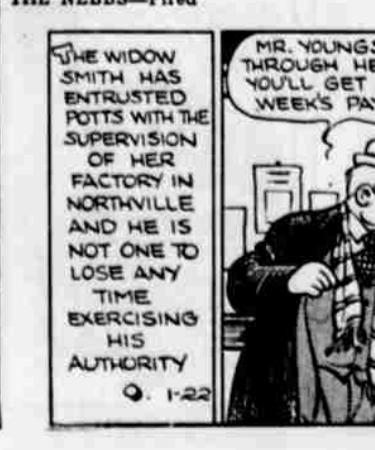
By HAL FORREST



LIL ABNER—A Barnsmell's Progress



THE NEBBES—Fired



32-YEAR-OLD SUIT IS BANKER'S PRIDE, JOY

Kansas City, Jan. 22.—(AP)—J. Z. Miller's boss made him buy a new suit when he sent him into New York on a banking errand in 1910.

It cost \$90 and was—or is—some suit. The banker has worn it exclusively on his New York and Washington business trips, the past 32 years.

And he's let it be known he

wants to be garbed in it for that last trip of all.

LOTTERY DRAWS TERM

Seattle, Jan. 22.—(AP)—Arthur W. Kane, a Superior, Wis., railroad clerk, was sentenced to serve 11 months in the King county jail for his part in the operations of the International Transportation and Communication Mutual association, a lottery, Federal Judge John C. Bowen ruled yesterday.