NO TIME FOR LOVE

By WATKINS E. WRIGHT

Chapter 24

Freddy Gone Too

IN A drugstore at the corner they found telephone booths, and Miss Dorcas lost no time in entering one, where she called Long Distance.

"I want to talk to someone in Hull, Connecticut," she said, when the operator answered.

She then explained that the man's name was Stone, and he was just outside the town.

"Tell her we want to talk to Lavinia," said Rod.

"We'll get the house first," said Miss Dorcas. "We can at least find out if Lavinia's staying there."

She then gave her name, and said she would be waiting there in the drugstore for the call. They climbed to high stools and waited.

"Maybe we ought to call Armworth's Department Store also," Miss Dorcas said.

"What for?" Rod said.

"To see if Freddy Rand is there—or if he's been in touch with Lavinia."

"I'll do it!" said Rod. He hurried back to a booth, found the number he wanted. "May I speak with Mr. Freddy Rand?" he said.

"Just a moment, please," said the switchboard operator. Then: "I'm sorry, but Mr. Rand isn't in."

"What time will he be back?"

"Not for several days. He's gone off on a trip."

"Oh!" said Rod.

"Did you wish to leave any message?"

"No, thank you." He hung up and went back to join Miss Dorcas. "He's off on a trip—for several days," he said.

"That," said Miss Dorcas, "is just ducky!"

"You don't suppose he's with Lavinia, do you?" said Rod. "That they've eloped?"

"Don't ask me," said Miss Dorcas. "I don't dare even think about it. It's too awful."

"You mean you'd rather Lavinia married me?"

"That," said Miss Dorcas, "is the prize-winning silly question of the season."

Rod smiled rather feebly. "I guess I am a bit off the deep end," he said. "But so much has happened within the last forty-eight hours, I don't seem to know just where I am—or what I'm doing."

Miss Dorcas patted his hand.

"I feel the same way, Rod," she said, "if that's any comfort to you."

They finished their drinks, sitting on the very edges of their chairs—listening—waiting for the Hull call.

It came at last. Miss Dorcas rushed into the booth. Rod stood outside, listening through a crack, since there wasn't room in the booth for them both. He tried to pray. He tried to think sanely. He tried to know that all was well. But his brain was chaos, refusing to function with any semblance of order.

In The Meadow

"HELLO?" said Miss Dorcas.

"Is that Mr. Stone?"

"Yes," came the reply.

"Have you a Lavinia Prentiss staying there?"

"A dentist? Sorry, you must have the wrong number."

"No!" said Miss Dorcas. "I want to speak with—"

"There's a dentist down the road a little way."

"I want to speak with Miss—Lavinia—Prentiss."

"Miss—who?"

"Miss—Lavinia—Prentiss."

"Oh!" Mr. Stone chuckled. "And me thinking you wanted a dentist!"

"Is she there? Is she staying with you?"

"Why, yes—she is."

"Thank God!" said Miss Dorcas. No kidnapping—no disappearance—no murder. The headlines faded away.

"What did you say?" Mr. Stone asked.

"Never mind that," said Miss Dorcas. "Let me speak to Lavinia right away, please. It's most important."

"I'm sorry, but she just went out."

"Well, call her!"

"She went for a long walk—down through the meadow."

"All right—all right," said Miss Dorcas impatiently. "Please tell her that her aunt telephoned—and that I'll be right up, the moment I can catch a train."

"Yes," said Mr. Stone. "I'll tell her. Shall I prepare a room for you?"

"Of course, unless you want me to sleep in a haystack."

Mr. Stone chuckled again. "I've got a small room left," he said. "It'll be all ready for you."

"Thank you," said Miss Dorcas, and hung up. She came out of the booth, mopping her face. "Quick!" she said. "We're going to Grand Central Station."

"But, Aunt Dorcas," said Rod, "is Lavinia all right?"

"Yes, but she won't be for long if you don't do something about it." Miss Dorcas grabbed Rod's arm, and fairly dragged him out of the drugstore, much to the amusement of the few customers who were there. "I've a sneaking feeling Freddy Rand's up there with her," she said, as they climbed into another taxicab. "She may be out walking through the meadow with him this very minute."

"Damn!" said Rod.

"Swearing won't do any good," said Miss Dorcas. "I left word I'd be up, but you're going instead. There's no time to lose either, not a second."

Once more they walked into Grand Central Station.

"You get your ticket right over there," Miss Dorcas said. "You buy it while I look after this luggage. If we pile it in and out of taxicabs a few more times there'll be nothing left of it."

"I want to keep the small suitcase," Rod called. "In case I stay in Hull overnight."

"Of course you'll stay overnight!" said Miss Dorcas. "Go on, get the ticket. I'll check the rest of your stuff."

Rod got the ticket. He kissed Aunt Dorcas, grabbed the small bag, and ran for the train.

"I'll expect you to bring Lavinia back with you!" Miss Dorcas called out after him.

"I'll do it," said Rod, "if—if—that Rand man hasn't already married her."

"Don't say that!" Miss Dorcas replied.

She saw Rod dash through the gates and disappear. Then after checking the rest of his baggage, she told the redcap to put hers in a taxicab. And again she gave the address of Lavinia's apartment, hoping against hope that her niece wouldn't be so silly as to marry some other man, when Rod was the one meant for her. She knew now that she would be terribly disappointed if she didn't have Roderick Elliott for her nephew-in-law.

Defeat

AT ABOUT the same time that Rod's train moved out of New York, Lavinia came walking back toward the farmhouse. She had been out in the meadow with her thoughts. And they hadn't proven to be very pleasant company. Nor could she run away from them.

She hadn't escaped them in Harbor Head, nor in New York, nor could she get away from them in Hull. Her aunt had wanted her to go to Harbor Head so that she might have some memories for the years to come. Well, she had some memories, all right! Memories of Rod Elliott, and the sun, and the moon, and the stars. And the rocks, and the surf, and the kiss in the moonlight.

"Lavinia Prentiss," she said to herself, "you've had your fling, you've shown yourself to be a complete idiot—so get back to Armworth's and do your stuff."

She walked up to the farmhouse porch. Mr. Stone met her and told her at once about the telephone message.

"You mean my aunt's coming up here?" Lavinia exclaimed.

"That's what she said." Mr. Stone replied. "I'm sending the station wagon into Hull to meet her, if you want to go along."

"Thank you," said Lavinia. "What train is she coming on?"

"The one that left right after her talk, I suppose. Anyway, she seemed in an awful hurry."

And an hour or so later Lavinia was pacing up and down the platform of the diminutive depot in Hull.

In a way she was glad her aunt was coming. They would have to talk matters out sooner or later, and up here in the country would be a good place. The sooner Aunt Dorcas knew her decision, the better.

And it was up to her to convince her here and now that she wasn't cut out for romance. Aunt Dorcas might as well be made to see that she was going right on with her work at Armworth's. It was the only thing left to do, and she was going to do it. With chin up, too. Although her life was going to be pretty empty—now that she didn't even have her dreams of sometimes visiting Aunt Dorcas in a far-off country.

The driver of the station wagon joined her.

"Here she comes, Miss Prentiss!" he said, as the New York train swept around a curve. "She sure does come like a mile-a-minute, don't she?"

"Yes," said Lavinia, "she does."

Then she walked along beside the train as it came to a standstill, eyeing all those who got off: commuters, summer people who had gone to the city for the day, natives of Hull. But not a sign of her aunt.

No doubt Aunt Dorcas had missed the train which left immediately after her conversation with Mr. Stone. She would probably come out on the next one, an hour or so later. She turned to tell the driver not to wait, but to go on back to the farm.

But while she was looking for the man she heard her name called. She whirled about, startled. And then she gasped.

Roderick Elliott was hurrying toward her.

To be continued

On the Radio Chains

STATIONS:

Chain affiliation and where they are on the dial:

KALE (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; KJR (NBC-Blue) 1000, Seattle; KNX (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

Tuesday

5:00 p. m.—Adventure Stories, KGO, KJR; Are You a Missing Heir, KSL; News, KOIN; Stars of Today, KGW; Don Winslow of the Navy, KPO.

5:30 p. m.—News of the World, KGO, KJR, KEX; Bob Burns, KSL; Horace Heidt's Orch., KPO, KOMO, KGW; Bill Henry, KNX, KOIN.

6:00 p. m.—Bob Burns, KPO, KGW, KOMO; We, the People, KSL; Victory Chorus, KJR; Second Husband, KNX.

6:30 p. m.—Symphony Concert, KGO, KEX, KJR; Report to the Nation, KNX, KOIN; Fibber McGee, KPO, KOMO, KGW.

7:00 p. m.—Bob Hope Variety Show, KPO, KOMO, KGW; Glenn Miller's Orch., KSL, KNX, KOIN.

7:30 p. m.—Red Skelton, KPO, KGW, KOMO; Red Ryder, KGO, KEX, KJR; Leon F. Drews, KOIN; Second Husband, KSL.

8:00 p. m.—Amos 'n' Andy, KNX, KSL, KOIN; Fred Waring, KPO, KGW, KOMO; That Night of Jan. 27th, KGO, KEX, KJR.

8:15 p. m.—Lum and Abner, KPO, KGW, KOMO; Lanny Ross, KNX, KSL, KOIN.

8:30 p. m.—Johnny Presents, KPO, KOMO, KGW; Information Please, KGO, KEX, KJR; Are You a Missing Heir, KNX, KOIN; News, KSL.

9:00 p. m.—We, the People, KNX, KOIN; Easy Aces, KGO, KJR, KEX; Adventures of the Thin Man, KPO, KOMO, KGW; Sports, KSL.

9:30 p. m.—Lang Thompson's Orch., KGO, KJR, KEX; Battle of the Sexes, KPO, KOMO, KGW; Bob Burns, KNX, KOIN; News, KSL.

10:00 p. m.—Cugat Rumba Revue, KGO, KEX, KJR; Reporter News, KPO, KOMO, KGW; Masterworks of Music, KSL; News, KNX; Five Star Final, KOIN.

10:30 p. m.—Stan Kenton's Orch., KSL; Henry Busse's Orch., KOMO, KGW; Tommy Dorsey's Orch., KJR; Broadway Bandwagon, KEX; Dance Orch., KGO; Masterworks of Music, KNX; The World Today, KOIN; Concert Hall, KPO.

11:00 p. m.—Paul Whiteman's Orch., KPO, KOMO; Bill Sabransky, KJR; Manny Strand's Orch., KNX, KSL, KOIN; News, KEX, KGW.

Wednesday

5:00 p. m.—Adventure Stories, KGO, KJR, KEX; Meet Mr. Meek, KSL; Ken Stevens, KOIN; Stars of Today, KGW; Don Winslow of the Navy, KPO.

5:30 p. m.—News of the World, KGO, KJR, KEX; Dr. Christian, KSL; Cocktail Hour, KGW; Bill Henry, KNX; Eyes of the World, KOIN; Parent-Teacher Ass'n, KOMO; Twilight Concert, KPO.

6:00 p. m.—Fred Allen, KSL; Fred Waring's Orch., KPO, KGW, KOMO; Secret City, KGO, KEX, KJR; Romance of the Ranchos, KNX; Victory Chorus, KJR; Best Buys, KOIN.

6:30 p. m.—Concert by Kalash, KPO; Highlight Hour, KOMO.

7:00 p. m.—Glenn Miller's Orch., KNX, KSL, KOIN; American Melody Hour, KGO, KEX, KJR; Kay Kyser's Musical Quiz, KPO, KGW, KOMO.

7:30 p. m.—News Here and Abroad, KGO, KJR; Modern Music Box, KEX.

8:00 p. m.—Quiz Kids, KGO, KEX, KJR; Amos 'n' Andy, KNX, KOIN, KSL; Point Sublime, KPO, KGW, KOMO.

8:15 p. m.—Lanny Ross, KNX, KSL, KOIN.

8:30 p. m.—Dr. Christian, KNX, KOIN; Plantation Party, KPO, KGW, KOMO; Manhattan at Midnight, KGO, KJR, KEX; News, KSL.

9:00 p. m.—Time to Smile, KPO, KGW, KOMO; Easy Aces, KGO, KEX, KJR; Fred Allen, KOIN, KNX; Hymn Service, KSL.

9:30 p. m.—Basin Street Chamber Music, KGO; Mr. District Attorney, KPO, KOMO, KGW; News, KJR, KSL; Moonlight Sonata, KEX.

10:00 p. m.—Reporter News, KPO, KGW, KOMO; Phil Harris' Orch., KGO, KEX, KJR; News, KNX, KOIN; Masterworks of Music, KSL.

10:30 p. m.—Tommy Dorsey's Orch., KGO, KOMO; Howard Becker's Orch., KSL; Henry Busse's Orch., KGW; Broadway Bandwagon, KEX; Serenade, KSL; Masterworks of Music, KNX; The World Today, KOIN; Concert Hall, KPO.

11:00 p. m.—Bill Clifford's Orch., KPO, KGW; Lu Gluskin's Orch., KOIN; This Moving World, KJR, KEX; News, KNX, KGO; Evening Reveries, KOMO.

Yunnan Province, through which runs the greater part of the 726-mile Burma Road, is the second largest province of China proper.

Nearly a million typewriters are produced in the United States yearly.

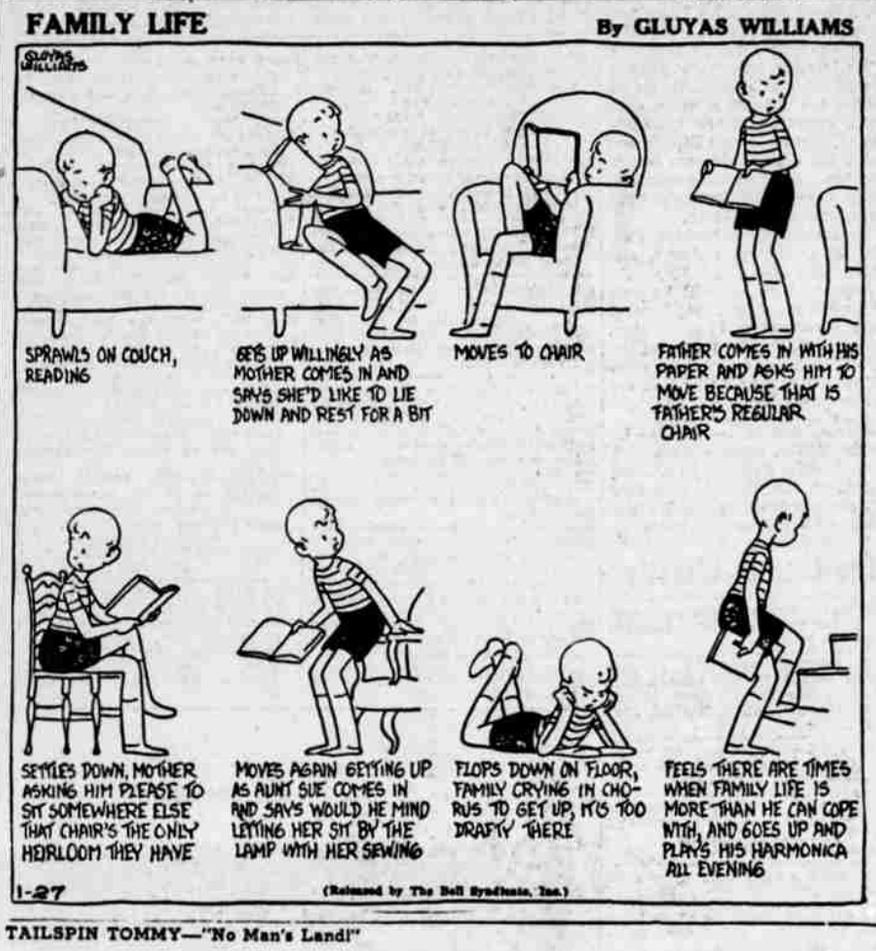
INVEST IN BONDS

Okmulgee, Okla. (U.P.)—Euchee and Creek Indians of Oklahoma in a special assembly in the intertribal council here have voted to spend $400,000 for defense bonds. They voted unanimously to turn over the money, now on deposit in Washington, to the government.

Ink is the name of an Arkansas town.

FAMILY LIFE

By GLUYAS WILLIAMS



STRANGE AS IT SEEMS

by JOHN HIX

SO SORRY!

Japan was feeling cocky, at the turn of the century, and was making a belated bid for world power. Early in 1904 negotiations with Russia over far east expansion bogged down and diplomatic relations were severed. Russia expected a declaration of war before open hostilities broke out. But already the Japs had laid their plans and put them into action.

Togo struck at Port Arthur to cripple the fleet and give his own navy control of the sea. Torpedo boats, supported by heavier craft, formed the spearhead of his attack, and the Russian ships were bottled up, tipping the balance of power in the direction of Tokyo. Because of this the Nipponese won the war and that laid the groundwork of their present program of aggression!

TAILSPIN TOMMY—"No Man's Land!" By HAL FORREST

LI'L ABNER—When Love Triumphs! By AL CAPP

THE NEBBS—The Way of the Peacemaker

EARLIER CLOSING OF FOREST URGED

Portland, Jan. 27.—(AP)—Earlier and more extensive closure of forests in Oregon to unrestricted public use has been recommended by the Oregon forest defense committee, N. S. Rogers, state forester, said today.

Rogers said that efforts would be made to minimize interference with the public's enjoyment, but that war-time precautions and serious lessening of available men for fire fighting made the recommendation to Governor Sprague advisable.

More than half a million patients are on the books of hospitals for mental disease.

SPRINGFIELD SAWMILL IS CLOSED BY STRIKE

Eugene, Jan. 27.—(AP)—The Springfield mill of the Booth-Kelly Lumbe rcompany was closed today by a strike of approximately 159 CIO members of an IWA local. The strike came after four months of negotiations between union and the company in an attempt to agree upon a minimum wage contract.

TREE HITS RINK

Vancouver, Wash., Jan. 27.—(AP)—Arloin Sullivan, Vancouver, was injured seriously and three other civilians received minor injuries when a fir tree fell on the roof of a roller skating rink at Vancouver barracks Saturday night during the heavy wind storm.

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