

BRENTWOOD

by Grace Livingston Hill



FOURTH INSTALLMENT

SYNOPSIS

When the wealthy foster parents of Marjorie Wetherill both die she finds a letter telling that she has a twin sister, that she was adopted when her own parents couldn't afford to support both of them and that her real name is Dorothy Gay. Alone in the world, but with a fortune of her own, she considers looking up her own family whom she has never seen. A neighbor, Evan Bowler, tries to argue her out of it and tells her he loves her and asks her to marry him. She promises to think it over but decides first to see her family. She goes to their address, finds that they are destitute. Her sister and brother resent her being there but her mother and father are very joyful over it. Finally, when she buys them all the things they need the whole family celebrate her appearance. They tell her about the wonderful place called Brentwood where they lived before her father lost his job.

"Oh, I'll straighten it a little. But I wish you would go up with him this time. I hate to meet him looking this way. I ripped the sleeve half out of my dress last night when I stooped over to pick up Sunny, and I've just spilled some grease down the front of it. I'm a sight! And this is the only dress I have. I couldn't possibly get it washed out and ironed and on before he comes."

"Oh, I can fix that," said Marjorie smiling, "you'll wear one of my dresses of course. We're just the same size, so it's sure to fit you. Let's open my suitcase and rummage."

Betty's eyes lighted with sudden longing but her lips set in a thin line.

"Indeed, I couldn't deck myself out in your wonderful clothes. I couldn't do that!"

"No!" said Marjorie teasingly. "Suppose I deck you then? Come on, let's see what I've got that will be suitable."

She dashed into the front hall, brought back her airplane baggage and opened it right there in the kitchen before the ravished eyes of her beauty-starved sister.

Marjorie reached under the neat muslin packing bags that contained frivolous evening things and pulled out two knitted dresses, simple of line, lovely of quality, and rich of color.

"There!" said Marjorie happily, "take your pick. I think there's a blue one here somewhere, too. Yes here it is," and she flung it across a chair. "Put them all on and see which you like the best!"

Betty stood spell bound.

"Oh, I couldn't wear those lovely things. It wouldn't seem right!"

"Now, please, Betty, don't spoil things by objections. Put them on one at a time and let me see which is the most becoming."

Betty finally chose the dark blue. "It is less dressy than the others," she said gravely. "tho it's awfully smart. I couldn't ask anything Landsome on this earth. I never thought I'd have a chance to even try on one of those wonderful hand-knit costumes."

"Well, I'll be awfully careful of it," compromised Betty, "and I'll take it off as soon as the doctor has gone."

"Nonsense! You'll do no such thing!" said Marjorie. "You'll wear it whenever you like. Here, I've got a couple of little house gowns, sort of aprons they are, to slip over another dress when you're actually working. You take the blue one and I'll take the pink, and then we can tell each other apart. We'll put those on for kitchen work."

"You make like a kind of play," said Betty as she wonderingly obeyed. "It doesn't seem right to be doped up like this to make a bed."

Presently they heard the doctor coming upon the porch and Betty in the slim blue dress went to open the door, her hair a little gold flame of light, about her shapely head. Marjorie, standing back in the tiny parlor almost out of view had time to notice the quick look of interest in the doctor's face as he took account of the exceedingly pretty girl who was meeting him, and the little flush of rose that crept up into Betty's cheeks as she met his gaze.

Then the doctor turned and looked keenly at Marjorie.

"Oh, you're the new sister, aren't you?" he said pleasantly. "Aren't you twins? You look so very much alike. I doubt if I could have told you apart if I hadn't met Betty several times."

Marjorie, looking up, caught a

bright flame of color on Betty's face and thought how pretty she looked in the new dress. She wondered in passing if this nice pleasant doctor was interested in her sister?

Betty lingered a moment at the door talking with the doctor, asking him particularly about her mother's diet and medicine, and the young doctor looked at her approvingly and smiled as he finally went out.

Ever since she had arrived Marjorie had been planning what she would do, but there hadn't as yet been time to carry out her plans.

"Monday you and I ought to go out and do some Christmas shopping," said Marjorie to Betty as they were putting everything in shining order Saturday evening after supper.

"Christmas shopping my eye! A lot of Christmas shopping I could do. I haven't got ten cents of my own," said Betty ruefully.

"Oh, yes you have," laughed Marjorie. "Look in your purse. I put some in there this afternoon while you were down at the store and it's for Christmas shopping and nothing else."

"Do you think I would go Christmas shopping with your money?" asked Betty scornfully.

"It's not my money," laughed Marjorie, "it's yours. I gave it to you so we could have some fun. You don't think it's any fun, do you, to do all the shopping myself, and not have anybody else be getting up secrets too? Now don't act that way."

"And I used to think you were selfish!" said Betty sorrowfully.

It was Sunday morning while they were getting breakfast together that Marjorie asked quite casually:

"Where do you go to church? Is it far from here?"

Betty stopped stirring the pancake batter she was preparing and stared at her.

"Go to church?" she laughed. "We don't go. We haven't since we left Brentwood. For one thing we didn't have the clothes to go there or anywhere else. And for another thing I guess we were all too discouraged and hisheartened to bother about church. People don't feel much interested in going to church when they are having such a time as we've had. It isn't easy to believe in a God who lets people like father and mother suffer as they have done. I don't believe in a God myself."

Marjorie looked at her agast.

"Oh, Betty! That's awful! You mustn't talk that way."

"Why not, I'd like to know? Do you believe in a God?"

"Certainly!"

"Why do you?"

Marjorie looked at her thoughtfully.

"I never stopped to think about why," she said slowly, "but I do. I certainly do!"

"Well, I didn't mean to worry you, only you asked about going to church, and I suppose you'll be disappointed in us if that's what you expect of us. Not one of us goes to church except Ted. He's the religious one of the flock."

"Ted?" said Marjorie lifting astonished eyes.

"Yes, Ted. He's as faithful as the clock. He walks away back to Brentwood every Sunday. He's got a crush on a young preacher back there, and we can't keep him away. He'll probably want to walk you away out there with him if you suggest church to him."

"Why, I'd love to go," said Marjorie. "Why don't we both go? It's a gorgeous morning."

"Thanks, no," said Betty coldly. "I don't feel religiously inclined, and anyway, I haven't a coat. You couldn't just divide your coat with me, tho I presume you would if that were possible. Besides, it's you that wants to go to church, not me. Here Ted," as the boy came in from the street, "here's a candidate to go to church with you."

Ted looked at Marjorie with a sudden sparkle in his eyes.

"Sure, I'll take her," he said confidently. "But you haveta walk. There's no carline except a long roundabout way."

"I'll love to walk!" said Marjorie. So Marjorie and her brother started off to church.

"I guess you'll be ashamed of me, but they don't mind clothes where we're going."

"No," said Marjorie thoughtfully, "I'm not ashamed of you. I'm proud of you. Things like that are only comparative, anyway, aren't they? They shouldn't have any part in going to church."

Ted eyed her speculatively, and finally ventured another question: "I guess you're saved, aren't you?"

"Saved?" said Marjorie altogether

started. The phrase was not common among the young people she knew.

"You haveta be born again, you know."

She gave him another keen look and as if he were answering the question in her eyes he said:

"You believe, you know, that's how you get to be born again. That's how you get saved. You just believe."

"Believe?" said Marjorie inquiringly. She didn't say "believe what?" But her tone said it. So he answered.

"Believe that Jesus is the Son of God and died to take our sins upon Himself and suffer their penalty." He explained it gravely, as if he had done it before, and understood thoroughly what it meant.

"Why, I guess I believe that," said Marjorie, "I've never really thought much about it, but I believe it of course. It's all in the Bible, isn't it? I believe the Bible. I was taught to believe that when I was very young, tho I'm not sure I know much about it."

"Gee, it's great when you get to studying it," said Ted irrelevantly.

Marjorie looked at him in surprise.

"Have you studied it?"

"Sure! We had Bible classes twice a week at the Brentwood chapel. Gosh, I was sorry to move away."

"You must have had a good teacher," said Marjorie wonderingly.

"I'll say he was! He was swell! He seemed to know just what you'd been going thru that day, and how to show you where you'd got off the track, see?"

"Who is this teacher?"

"Gideon Reaver's his name. He's just a young fella, only been out of Seminary a little over a year, but he certainly knows his Bible. He can preach all around any preacher I ever heard before. But you'll hear him. You'll see what he's like."

"Well, I hope I shall be able to keep from going crazy over him," Marjorie smiled.

Ted turned red.

"Oh, you're not like that. You're sensible! But he's a prince you know—I'm not blaming 'em for going crazy over him. If I was a girl I might do it myself."

"Did Betty used to go to church with you when you lived in Brentwood," asked Marjorie.

Ted's face darkened.

"No!" he said shortly. "She wouldn't go. She said she had no time for church. She was all taken up with a poor fish in the office where she worked. He usedta come out in a second-hand roadster and take her places. He made me sick. Had one of those little misplaced eyebrows on his upper lip, tho he was smart, could smoke more cigarettes in an hour than anybody I ever heard of, and wore his hat way off on the back of his head like he was bored with the world and thought he was too good to associate with common people."

"Then she doesn't know Gideon Reaver?"

"No, she wouldn't be introduced one day when I brought him home. She said she didn't care to know preachers, they would bore her, and it might be embarrassing to have him hanging around. Oh, she makes me sick, sometimes."

"I guess she's had rather a hard time," suggested Marjorie gently.

"Sure she has! We've all had a hard time. And she's been a good scout, worked like everything to take care of mother and father and all that, but still—sometimes she makes me sick."

He suddenly broke off and his voice grew jubilant. "There's Brentwood now! See it up there on the hill? And that's our house, that long low stone house with the white pillars to the porch! Isn't that some swell location? And there! Upon my word, if there doesn't come Gideon Reaver now!"

Then Marjorie looked up to see a tall finely built young man coming toward her with astonishingly wonderful eyes that seemed to have seen further into life than most men see, yet they had a deep sweet settled peace in them. She wondered if it could be real. She had never seen a young man who had that look.

Meantime back in Aster Street Betty was having a time of her own.

A united hyl arose.

Betty came flying down stairs, her eyes flashing fire; she beheld a dripping crowd of children.

"Buddie Gay! What are you doing? Naughty, Naughty boy!"

Betty seized Bud's arm and jerked him back from the sink, but some

subconscious reaction compelled him to keep his hold on the dishpan which he had been trying to right, end when Betty removed him from the sink the dishpan with its remaining dirty water came along, and deluged Betty who had just changed her kitchen dress for the pretty little house dress Marjorie had given her that morning. She had been upstairs getting into array to meet the doctor when she heard the tumult downstairs.

Betty looked down at herself in horror and gasped, the more so as the nature of the element that was doused over her was gradually revealed by the dregs of dirt in the dishpan.

Then suddenly Betty looked up and saw the doctor standing in the doorway with the most comical look of amusement and pity on his face that a man could wear, and all at once Betty knew that she too was crying! The utmost humiliation that life could bring had descended upon her. The handsome young doctor had seen her like this, wet and dirty and angry!

And all limp and dirty as she was she sank down into a kitchen chair and burst into real weeping.

If she could have seen the doctor's face at that moment she would have been surprised. The comical look of amusement vanished utterly and a look of utter tenderness and sympathy came into his eyes. In one motion he set down his medicine case on a chair in the hall behind him and strode over to Betty.

"Poor child!" he said. "You've been working too hard. We'll have you down in bed the next thing if you don't look out. Here!" he said seizing upon a towel that hung on the rack above the sink.

The doctor wet the end of the towel and came over to Betty, lifting her face very gently and wiping off the tears with the wet towel.

"There!" he said cheerfully. "You will feel better now. Nothing like cool water to brace one up."

Suddenly Betty looked up and laughed. Laughed with the tears streaming down her cheeks.

The doctor came over to her again taking a clean handkerchief out of his pocket, and lifting her chin with one hand gently wiped the tears away.

Betty stopped laughing and her face held something almost like awe.

The doctor smiled indulgently as he hurried upstairs. Betty smiled to herself and wondered if all doctors were so cheerful and comforting. He was probably just because he was a doctor that he had been so nice to her. But it thrilled her to think of his wiping her tears, of the touch of his smooth fingers lifting her chin so gently. It was that sense of being cared for that touched her, brought the tears to her eyes.

"Fool!" she told herself bitterly. "It didn't mean a thing! He was just kindly and impersonal! He's probably in love with some charming nurse, or maybe married to a heiress. Any good man might have done just what he did and think nothing of it. He was just being kind and helping me out of a mess." She stared after him wistfully as he went out to his car and drove away, and then she hurried upstairs to take off the pretty dress.

Marjorie, sitting in the pretty little old stone church of a hundred years ago, and listening to the young preacher making salvation plainer than she had ever heard it before, was happier than she had ever been in church before.

It was as if a strong sea breeze were blowing thru the little audience room, waking up and refreshing every mind to keener intelligence. As if a holy kind of glory pervaded the place. She heard one woman explaining to another: "Why, the Holy Spirit is here!"

Then, tho, the singing here seemed to have a different sound from that in ordinary churches. The people sang the words as if they meant them, and the music rose like incense from an altar and seemed to mingle with the heavenly choirs above.

But now suddenly it seemed that the Bible was the guide book for the Christian's way, the indispensable source of all knowledge, the deep hidden treasury of a Christian's wealth.

So she sat and listened wide-eyed to the eager young preacher with the wonderful holy eyes who seemed as he talked to be looking into another world.

When the sermon was over she felt breathless as if she had been privileged a glimpse into Heaven itself, as if God had been there speaking to her soul thru the lips of this young man. She was filled with awe. Her heart throbbled a response as tho she wanted to answer a high sweet call she had heard for the first time.

"You have shown me so many things," she said to him afterward as they stood together at the door a moment, waiting for Ted to gath-

er up the hymn books and straighten the extra chairs for the night service. "Things I never knew could be! I never knew the Bible was a book like that!"

He gave her a startled look.

"Oh, didn't you? I'm glad I helped," he smiled. "I hope you'll come again."

"Oh, I will!" she said fervently. "What you have said seems to be something I've been searching for a long time."

His face lit up with a kind of glory light.

"Oh, I am glad!" he said quietly. Then came Ted with his shy smile of adoration.

"I wish I could run you home in my car, Ted," said the young preacher wistfully, "but I have a funeral in half an hour, and just barely time to get to it. Sorry, I'd enjoy taking you."

He included Marjorie in his smile.

"Oh, that's all right, Mr. Reaver," said Ted shinningly. "I'm going to take my sister over to see our old place. She's never seen it, you know."

And then, as the minister looked at her inquiringly, Ted explained: "You know she's been away a long time. She's never seen it."

"Oh," said the minister looking at Marjorie quickly again, "then you're not the sister I saw before? I thought there was something different about you. You're not twins, are you?"

"Yes," smiled Marjorie, "and I guess we're quite alike in looks at least."

"Well, isn't that interesting. I'll have to take time off some day and come and call and get acquainted with you both. But you know, I really thought you were different—somehow—when I didn't know you weren't!"

They all laughed and then the minister looked at his watch and said: "Well I'll have to be off. Hope you come again, Miss Gay."

"Oh, I will!" said Marjorie, a bit breathless from hearing herself called a new name.

Then the brother and sister walked on in silence. Finally as they turned the corner and the minister went driving by in his car, bowing to them and smiling as he passed, Marjorie followed him with her eyes until he turned another corner and was out of sight and then she said slowly, gravely:

"He's rather wonderful, isn't he?"

"You're telling me?" said Ted in a reverential tone.

The Brentwood house made a great impression on Marjorie. As they approached it Ted watched her with jealous eyes. She had liked his minister, now would she like the house he loved? These were the two tests he had set for this new sister, altho perhaps he did not realize that he was testing her at all.

"Why, isn't it occupied?" she asked as they came in sight of the "For Sale" sign.

"No," said Ted with a heavy sigh. "I've been expecting every time I come this way to find that sign gone, but it stays."

"It's lovely!" said Marjorie, taking in the tall elm trees that were placed just right to make a picture of the house. The long slope of snowy lawn, the shrubbery and hemlock trees heavy with their burden of snow, making a delightful screen from the street, all added to the picture.

Ted led her around to the back and opened a loose shutter to let her look into the long low living room with its great fireplace, flanked on either side by bookcases reaching to the ceiling, and her enthusiasm for the house mounted until it equalled the boy's own.

As they turned away from the gate at last Marjorie took note of the sign board and made a mental memorandum of the name of the real estate agent.

Could she possibly make some arrangement with the people who had taken it over whereby they would transfer it back to her father's name clear, so that she could hand him the deed of it without any obligation for him to pay whatever? How she would love to give it to him for Christmas! Could a thing like that be done so quickly? There was still almost a week to Christmas!

So she carried on an undercurrent of thought while Ted rambled on, giving now and then a bit of information about the house that fitted right in with her thoughts.

"Suppose, Ted," she said finally, "that tomorrow morning some great man should send for you and tell you that he had been watching you and he liked the way you were doing, and he had a fine position ready for you, at say, ten thousand or so a year, and he would give you some of it in advance if you wanted it. Would you think you were great if you decided to use that money for buying your home and parents instead of buying yourself a Rolls-Royce?"

Ted grinned.

"Eat chance!" he said.

"Of course," smiled Marjorie, "but if you had it I think I know you

well enough already to know that you would just delight to turn in every penny you could to the family treasury and make them all comfortable before you thought a thing about any luxuries for yourself."

"Sure thing!" said Ted with shining eyes.

"And if some unheard-of relative off in Europe or somewhere should die and leave you a million dollars, I wonder what is the first thing you would buy? I wish you would tell me that, Ted. I'd like to know what it is."

Ted looked up and without hesitation replied:

"I'd buy the house back and give it to Dad."

"Thanks!" said Marjorie with stary eyes. "That's the way I feel. Now, brother, do I belong to the family or not?"

"You belong!" said Ted solemnly.

"All right!" said Marjorie. "I appreciate that. And now, suppose we keep this to ourselves for awhile, shall we?"

"Okay!" said the boy solemnly, as they went up the steps of the home, and only a quick smile passed between them to ratify the contract, but both knew that something fine and sweet had happened.

"I've got to go into the city and do a little shopping," said Marjorie the next morning.

Marjorie went first to the real estate firm whose name had been on the signboard yesterday at Brentwood.

"I've come to ask about a house you have for sale in Brentwood," she said, and the man looked her over keenly, noted her handsome attire, and said "Yes" in an eager tone.

He gave her a good sales talk.

"That's a bargain," he said, "it's just been thoroughly done over and modernized, and because the owner was caught in the depression we can sell it for a mere trifle."

Marjorie let him talk for a few minutes and then she said:

"Could I see the house?"

(CONTINUED NEXT WEEK)

Will a Fish Bite Twice on the Same Bait?

Probably most of them know better, but bass number 8648 fell for the same line twice. A numbered tag was put on this particular fish, a youngster of only five and one-half inches. When he was caught again, which happened to be the morning after he became a marked fish, there was no doubt as to his identity. Also, he was right in the same spot where he was caught the first time.

And Should Be Pressed

Judge: "And the plaintiff is suing for damages on two pairs of trousers."

Lawyer: "Yes, your honor—that is a two-pants suit."

STEUBEN
THEATRE - HORNELL
FRI. SAT., July 25-26

Sensational Revelations about Hitler's secret enemy

UNDERGROUND
with **JEFFREY LYNN**
—plus Second Hit—
RUBY KEELER in
"SWEETHEART OF THE CAMPUS"
with **OZZIE NELSON** and
His Band

COMING MIDNITE SHOW
SAT. NITE, JULY 26th
VIVIAN LEIGH
LAURENCE OLIVIER
—in—
That Hamilton Woman

The Answers

- 1—About 1,000 miles.
- 2—In August 1914, during the World War, the Germans under Hindenburg, annihilated a large Russian army in East Prussia.
- 3—\$6,048,000,000.
- 4—Television broadcasts are being transmitted by 21 stations.
- 5—No; his real name is Dzugarsvili.
- 6—Ask a Boy Scout.
- 7—1,500,000.
- 8—1930, fiscal year.
- 9—John Robinson, of San Diego, Calif., who recently soared 153 miles.
- 10—The Volga, one of Russia's important transportation routes.

Oriental Cream
A TOUCH OF ORIENTAL
THE BEST OF BOTH WORLDS
SWEET AND SMOOTH
AND WITH A TOUCH OF VANILLA
AND THE BEST OF AMERICA

CO

David
(Mrs. Floyd St.)
July 22.—Mr. Ordway and family, Mr. and Mrs. Berry, and Mrs. Frank H. Mrs. John Snyder, den were week-end grandparents, Mr. Green, Onnalee with her after Sp Camden and Betty with her for a vi The annual Su of the Baptist c was held at the Friday evening. present. A lovely with ice cream a ported a good tin Miss Jean Ken a visitor of Flore week-end. Mr. and Mrs. V family attended the home of Mr. Dodge Friday e Victor Hoagla week's vacation mountains, fishi Mr. and Mrs. guests of Mr. an row at Spring M Onnalee Green Slocum called on Mr. and Mrs. family were ir Mr. and Mrs. nalee and Betty der were in Wel ing. Mr. and Mrs. Kathleen Alexan Mrs. Nellie Sp tion Saturday e

White
(Mrs. Ella Mil) July 21.—W ed ill since Fri Mrs. Vesta F of Wilbur Bake united in marri ings of Hallsp ing, July 12th E. Blish at th The Rev. and of Short Tract here last week Mr. and Mrs. L day and 6 o'cl Mrs. Ella Mills ing. Together Lee Millspaugh and Beth. Rev pastor of the M The Vacation its second week tendance report A shower wa afternoon to M home of Mrs. J was a large at ceived a large ful and beauti The Misses paugh were c Andover Wed The Whites and Band atta parade in Elkli ing. Miss Beth been spending vacation at he Sunday to her morial hospital accompanied by Mr. and Mrs. of Wellsville. The Woman Service will b ing on Thurs Taylor. Ther luncheon.

POP
Above is Treasury Saving Pro duplication Man's statu Davis and Bonds and bank of America