



EIGHTH 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 Brower, 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 and gradually persuades them to accept things they need. When the doctor calls to see her mother she notices that he seems particularly interested in her sister. Marjorie goes to church in Brentwood where her family used to live, and becomes very much interested in the young minister there. She then sees the nice home there that her family had owned, buys it back for them and gives the deed to it to her father on Christmas morning. The whole family is very joyful. Evan Brower finally finds Marjorie, she has lunch with him, refuses to marry him and clearly shows that she is interested in the minister and doesn't approve of Evan's views on religion. Meanwhile Betty meets Ellery Aiken, a man she used to know, who asks her and Marjorie to go to a night club. Marjorie refuses, but Betty agrees to go.

"I'll tell you what you can do," she said with a shaky little voice that was trying to be gay. "You go and find Ellery Aiken for me and tell him I've been taken sick. Tell him I want him right away." He stared at her a minute and laughed. "Is this some joke?" he asked. He wasn't exceedingly keen or he would have seen that she was frightened. But then he had been drinking freely and he was somewhat foggy in his perceptions. "No!" she said sharply. "It's true—I'm sick! Get Ellery for me—quick!" He studied her stupidly another minute and then he said: "All rightie, darling, if you shay its sho it must be sho! I'll do my best!" He got up and tottered off. But then to her horror he turned back again and leaning over her chair said: "You wouldn't razer I'd take you home, m-shelf?" "No, thank you!" she said drawing a deep breath and feeling suddenly faint. The world seemed whirling under her. But he went off and was lost among the dancers. Her estimate of Ellery had gone down a good deal. Yet she was glad to see his familiar form wending its way toward her, even though unsteadily. "What's the matter, Baby? Didn't ya like the millionaire I got for ya, darling? Poor fish been taking too many drinks. I'll get ya 'nuther fella!" "No, no! Ellery, I want to go home! I'm sick!" she shuddered and certainly did look sick. "Aw, Baby! Don't get harsh with me! I'm your own dear Ellery! You wouldn't do that to me! Come on, Faby. Have it your own way then. We'll go home." Ellery was really drunk. She wasn't used to drunken men. She didn't know what strange things they could do. But when she saw the car start off with a leap and a shock she was more frightened than she had ever been in her life. They were going at such a wild pace now that Betty felt that every moment might be her last. Past red lights they dashed on and the tears rolled down Betty's cheeks, as she gripped the seat and tried to keep her balance. "Here! Here! Isn't this Aster Street? Yes, let's stop here! This will do nicely." "This it? Okay by me! Let's just park awhile an' get a little sleep, Baby!" said the gallant knight bringing his car up to the curb with such a flourish that he mounted the curb and headed right into the pole that held the street sign. Betty thought the end was coming and she had a wild thought of her mother, wondering who would tell her. The next second came the shock and she was thrown to her knees with her head against the dashboard of the car, stunned for the minute. Then her senses re-

turned and she could hear Ellery talking, apologizing over and over to the sign post. Frightened and bruised and trembling, Betty managed to get the car door open and stumble out to the street. She looked wildly back at Ellery, but he was unconscious of her presence. Already he was drawing long loud breaths in a drunken sleep. Then she fled up the dark street. Keith Sheridan coming home that evening from a hard drive which had taken him into the country on a road that had a long rough detour turned into the city at last with a sigh of relief. He was tired out and needed a good night's rest. As he turned a corner he noticed a car ahead of him being crazily driven, turning a corner on two wheels and tearing madly away. A block farther on the same car came around another corner straight at him and he barely avoided a collision. He swerved away from the catastrophe and looked ahead to where the car was dashing up on the sidewalk. He heard the crash of the pole and the splintered glass of a windshield, heard a girl's voice cry out in fear, and then silence. Quickly he drove to the spot to see if anyone was hurt. He stopped his car and listened. He heard a man talking, but there seemed to be no girl, and he was about to drive on, when suddenly he saw a stealthy form like a shadow slip out the other door of the car and topple up the street in the shadow of the houses. He started his car slowly again and followed, watching. And now Betty was aware of a car, and tried to hurry faster. Blindly she ran, then caught her toe in a brick of the pavement and fell prostrate. For a minute the breath was knocked from her body so that she thought she was dying, and then she felt someone lift her, and she froze with horror again. Had Ellery run after her and caught her? Oh she wished that she had died! Rather anything than to be in his power again; The doctor lifted her very tenderly and looked into her face, gently lifted one of her eyelids, and in the flare of a street light Betty suddenly recognized him. "Oh, Doctor, Doctor, you won't tell Mother, will you?" she gasped. "It would kill Mother to know I had done this!" And suddenly Betty burst into a flood of tears and buried her face in the breast of the doctor's big fur-lined overcoat. "Betty! Is it you, dear child!" The doctor's voice was very tender, and he held her close in his arms an instant looking quickly up and down the street. He quickly strode with her in his arms to his car, and put her in. "You won't tell Mother!" pleaded Betty between the sobs. "No, of course not, dear child! Now tell me all about it." "Oh—I went out—with a young man from the office. I thought he was all right—He was going to take me to a night club!" Betty was talking very fast, trying to get her breath and tell a coherent story, but her sobs interrupted her. "He took me to a dreadful place—it was awful! Everybody was drunk—I was frightened. I made him bring me home. But I found he was drunk too! He wouldn't stop—and let me out!" She gave way in another burst of tears, and he put both arms about her and held her close again, as if he were comforting a little child. "Oh, I'm so—so—glad you came! I thought he was—chasing me!" Keith Sheridan's face suddenly went white and his lips touched for an instant the hot wet lashes that lay on the wet cheeks. "And so am I glad!" he whispered. Then suddenly he drew his handkerchief from his inside pocket and softly patted her face dry from the tears. "There," he said in a matter-of-fact voice, "now let's get going! The sooner we get home the less for anybody to worry about. Now, put your head down on my shoulder and rest and forget it. It's going to be all right. I'd like to get out and while that friend of yours, but I guess I'd better confine my efforts to getting you home. Now, cheer up, little girl, and don't try to talk about it. I'll fix things up at home for you. Straighten up your face and put on a grin and we'll face 'em out. Ready? Here we are at Aster Street!" He helped her out most tenderly and went up the steps with her. The door opened at once and a much scared Ted stood behind it,

white with anxiety. Marjorie in a dark robe stood just behind him and their relief when they saw the doctor was almost amusing. "I brought her home. I hope you didn't worry," the doctor said comically. "She preferred my company to the fellow she started out with, and the pleasure was all mine." "Okay," said Ted gravely, his face relaxing from its anxious strain. And Marjorie put her arm around her sister and led her upstairs softly. Betty closed the door softly, faced around toward her sister, and spoke in a low shamed voice: "Marjorie, I've got to tell you that you were right, and I'm ashamed! I don't know whether it was a regular night club I went to or not, but even if it wasn't, even if night clubs are a great deal different from that one, I never want to see one as long as I live! And I never want to see Ellery Aiken again either! I'm cured!" Marjorie put her arms around her sister and kissed her lovingly. "You precious sister! There wasn't anything to forgive. I'm only so thankful you are safe home again. Now, don't think another thing about it tonight. Get to sleep as soon as you can." They were just sitting down to breakfast the next morning when a messenger came to the front door with a special delivery letter for Mr. Gay. His hand trembled as he took the letter which Betty handed him, and the family were utterly still while he opened it. Then, as he read, a new look dawned on his face. A look of self-respect in place of the dejection that had been making the corners of his mouth droop habitually. "Read it, Mother," he said, his voice husky with feeling as he handed the letter over to his wife. "Read it aloud!" and there was a ring of triumph and relief in his voice. The letter head was of a well known and respected firm in the city—1565 Aster Street, City. My dear Mr. Gay: Having known of your connection with the former firm of Hamilton, Melvor and Company and being in need of the right man to head our accounting department, we are writing to know whether you are at present open for a position, and whether you would like to come to our office any time this week between the hours of 2:30 and 4 to talk over our suggestions? Hoping to hear from you at your earliest convenience, Very truly yours, Martin Heath & Company. "Oh, George!" His wife beamed at him a look such as she must have given him on her wedding day, a look so full of trust and triumph that at last his ability had received recognition. "Oh, Father!" said Betty her face all shining with relief and happiness. Marjorie realized that she hadn't understood till then how terrible it had been for her father, and also for the others, to have the beloved father out of a job. Her own heart was throbbing with a gladness too. But she mustn't let them see how relieved she was, how thankful to the two lawyers who had helped to bring this about! "And now, Mother, there's something I need your advice about," said Marjorie. "Will you promise to tell me honestly what you think I ought to do about something in Chicago?" The mother gave her a quick startled look. Was this to be about the aristocratic insolent young man who came on Christmas Day? "It's about my furniture, Mother," went on Marjorie, "the Wetherill furniture! The lawyer said he had a good offer for the house, so if I sell it, what about the furniture? It's beautiful furniture, Mother. Fine old walnut and mahogany, some of it very rare, some of it antique. What shall I do, put it in storage out there, or over here? Or sell it somehow, or give it away? I don't imagine it would bring much at a sale, except the antiques—and those are the ones I like the best. Mother, if I should live with you, would you hate to have me bring any of it into your house?" "Hate!" said Betty who was listening wide-eyed. "I should say not! Why, Marjorie, Mother has done nothing else since she went to Chicago but tell us how wonderfully that house was furnished."

"Betty, dear!" reproached her mother. "Well, you did, Mother. You gave us the idea that there wasn't anything more beautiful in the world than the furnishings of that house." "Well, I felt that way," said the mother, "but I was never envious. It just seemed to me that it was the most ideal way for a house to be furnished one could ever have." "Yes, but Mother, that's not saying you would want another woman's furniture in your own home. We could sell these things and buy some more, letting you pick out just what you want," said Marjorie. "Why, my dear, I don't think I have any feeling against those things. In fact it would be lovely to live amongst them. If you come, of course!" "Yes, if I come," smiled Marjorie. "Mother dear, I'm thinking that it will all rest in your hands whether I come or stay there. Because, remember, you promised to write the truth to me too after you have thought it over. As for me I can't see that my mind will change a particle." Then suddenly, they heard Mr. Gay's step at the door and all else was forgotten. He came in with a shining face. "Well," he said, "I'm hired! Isn't it great? It isn't a job, it's a position. I'm head of the accounting department. I can't understand how it came about. It must be a miracle." But Betty stood there staring thoughtfully at her father, and marveling at the response in her mother's face. Somehow there seemed to be depths in her mother's and father's characters that she had never sounded. It surprised her. Perhaps they knew more about life after all than she had dreamed. Suddenly the time began to go by at a terrific speed. It was the day before New Year's and Marjorie was to leave the day after. The doctor stopped a minute or two to ask how his former patients were, and then he suddenly got up and sauntered out in the kitchen whither Betty had been hastily called by a smell of burning cookies. (CONTINUED NEXT WEEK)

Defense Savings Stamp To Be Sold at Retail Stores
Defense Savings Stamps will go on sale very shortly in department stores, grocery, drug, variety, furniture, hardware and all other types of retail outlets, according to a release by Secretary Mergenthau. The sale of stamps nationally by retail stores follows the success of such a plan by retail merchants in the State of Michigan, where such sale was started as a test July 10th.

A Mystery
Mother: "Helen, do you know what happened to the canary? It isn't in its cage."
Helen: "No, ma'am. It was there a while ago when I cleaned the cage with the vacuum cleaner."
The Answers
1—Mitchell Field, N. Y.
2—The body of water between Scotland and the Hebrides.
3—Bohemia.
4—An African tree-snake.
5—It is under guard in New York City.
6—From \$25 to \$100.
7—Tripled.
8—Better.
9—Oct. 5, 1937, at Chicago.
10—Above 20,000.

STATE OF NEW YORK, COUNTY COURT, COUNTY OF ALLEGANY. KATHRYN JOYCE JORDAN, Plaintiff, against KATHERINE E. DAWSON and EARL J. DAWSON, Defendants. By virtue of an order of foreclosure and sale granted in the above-entitled action and entered on the 1st day of August, 1941, in the Office of the Clerk of the County of Allegany, the undersigned Frank W. Burrows, the Referee duly appointed in this action for such purpose, will sell at public auction on the 20th day of September, 1941 at 10 o'clock in the forenoon of that day in the Law Office of Earley & Sootheran, in the Village of Andover, New York, ALL THAT TRACT OR PARCEL OF LAND, situate in the Town of Andover, County of Allegany and State of New York, being part of Lot No. 80, commencing at the southwest corner of a four acre lot sold to Jason Hunt by Samuel Russell and Sophia R. Russel by deed bearing date the 29th day of August, 1848, and recorded in the Clerk's Office of the County of Allegany on the 26th day of August, 1851, in Book 32 of Deeds, Page 201 in the center of the highway; thence north along the center of the highway eight rods; thence east in a line parallel with the south line of said four acre lot twelve rods, being the center of Pleasant Avenue; thence south in a line parallel with the center of said highway to the south line of said four acre lot; thence west along the south line of the said four acre lot to the place of beginning, containing ninety-six (96) rods of land and no more.

EXCEPTING AND ALWAYS RESERVING THEREFROM, thirty-two (32) square rods of land off from the easterly portion thereof, as conveyed to Beriah Phinney by A. D. Brown and wife, by deed dated September 25, 1873, recorded in Allegany County Clerk's Office in Liber 93 of Deeds at Page 629. ALSO EXCEPTING AND ALWAYS RESERVING, from the operation of this mortgage, ALL THAT TRACT, PIECE OR PARCEL OF LAND, situate in the southwest corner of the premises first above described bounded and described as follows: Commencing in the center of Church Street in said Village at the southwest corner of the premises first above described; running thence easterly along the southerly line of said premises first above described eighty-four feet (84'); thence at right angles northerly on a line parallel with the center of said Church Street thirty-four feet (34'); thence at right angles westerly on a line parallel with the aforesaid southerly line eighty-four feet (84') to the center of said Street; thence southerly along the center of said Street to the place of beginning, be the same more or less. Dated: August 1st, 1941. FRANK W. BURROWS, Referee. Earley & Sootheran, Attorneys for Plaintiff, Andover, New York.

WHO KNOWS?
1—Where are the headquarters of the U. S. Air Defense Command?
2—What is The Minch?
3—In what country did the polka originate?
4—What is a bucephalus?
5—What happened to the large French liner Normandie?
6—What are the denominations of the Series A, tax anticipation notes?
7—Has aircraft production in the U. S. doubled, tripled or quadrupled in the past year?
8—Are the harvests in Europe this year better or worse than last year?
9—When did President Roosevelt make his "quarantine speech"?
10—How strong is the U. S. Army in the Philippines?
(See "The Answers" on Page 6.)

Erie County Has State's Best Oak Tree
Albany, Aug. 6.—The State Conservation Department thinks it has found the best red oak tree in New York, and perhaps the biggest also, if all dimensions are considered. This tree is growing in Erie county on the farm of Alfred Johnston of Conger Road, Collins, N. Y. According to a department representative who made an inspection last week, it measures 13 feet in circumference at four and one-half feet from the ground and is 110 feet tall. A splendid specimen, it appears perfectly sound at the base and passes up thru the surrounding forest in a clean, straight column, 50 feet to the first branch. The crown is still vigorous and symmetrical. This patriarch was no doubt a member of the original "first-growth" forest of the locality, and thru some accident escaped cutting. The discovery of this tree came about as a result of the publicity given to the "Biggest Tree" campaign of the American Forestry Association, in which the Conservation Department is participating. Street thirty-four feet (34'); thence at right angles westerly on a line parallel with the aforesaid southerly line eighty-four feet (84') to the center of said Street; thence southerly along the center of said Street to the place of beginning, be the same more or less. Dated: August 1st, 1941. FRANK W. BURROWS, Referee. Earley & Sootheran, Attorneys for Plaintiff, Andover, New York.

South Hill
(Mrs. Earl Schooner)
Aug. 19.—Dean Starey York, after passing a few days with his cousin, Jim O'Leary in Andover. Miss Marion Fanton week-end with her cousin Owen Wilson in Olean. Mr. and Mrs. Roy Yeager to Buffalo Sunday where they attended the zoo and airport. Mr. and Mrs. Charles tended the horse traders' in Almond Saturday. Mr. and Mrs. Bernard children, Elaine and D. Sunday guests of his parents and Mrs. Floyd Fanton. Mrs. Flo Dean of spent Friday evening with Mrs. Roy Yeager. Mr. and Mrs. Lewis and son Leon were Sunday guests of Mr. and Mrs. Glenn Dean and their niece, Miss Elnora Dean, Dean and their niece, A. turned home Friday evening after passing an eight day vacation in Canada. Mr. and Mrs. Howard daughter Betty Jo were guests of their parents, Harold Bainey of Indiana.

Slate Creek
(Mrs. Raymond Stewart)
Aug. 19.—Mr. and Mrs. Stewart attended the ice banquet held at the hall in Canisteo last evening. About 300 representing about every Stuben county. Mr. Kingston county was the guest of the Canisteo banquet. The charge of Helen Annona. Old Home Day will be held at Canisteo August 30th. Everyone is invited. Many of the farmers' community are thrashing. Mrs. Newell Stephens home after visiting Hornell a few weeks. Mr. and Mrs. Ray and children, Charles, Barbara Leigh and Perry motored to Roseton Canandaigua Lake Sunday. Mr. and Mrs. Burr daughter Wanda of J. and Mrs. Miles W. Bath were dinner guests. Mrs. Raymond Stewart and also called on Mr. Thur Stewart. Mrs. John Mullen mother, Mrs. Warren Canisteo Wednesday. She is ill and confined. Guy Drake and the horse traders' day in Almond Saturday. Mr. and Mrs. Lloyd dy Creek were recent guests of Mrs. Raymond Ellsworth Henry of parents at Purdy Creek.

West Green
(Mrs. Dan Mullen)
Aug. 19.—Miss has returned home some time with relatives. A party was held for their sons, Dan and ward, whose birthday falls on the same day. Gifts were presented attending were Mr. Campbell and Mr. Robbins and Clifford Belvidere, Mr. and Mrs. family of Eight Mrs. Alwin Campbell, land, Mr. and Mrs. and son of Freeman Terbury of this place. Guy Donaldson thrashing rig and oat harvest. Harry Baker was on business Monday. Jenny Terbury on Mrs. Fred Howard Edward Clancy Pennetta Creek a time with friends. Beatrice Terbury few days with Mr. Evans of Freeman.

THE HOUSE OF HAZARDS By Mac Arthur

Con
All
South Hill
(Mrs. Earl Schooner)
Aug. 19.—Dean Starey York, after passing a few days with his cousin, Jim O'Leary in Andover. Miss Marion Fanton week-end with her cousin Owen Wilson in Olean. Mr. and Mrs. Roy Yeager to Buffalo Sunday where they attended the zoo and airport. Mr. and Mrs. Charles tended the horse traders' in Almond Saturday. Mr. and Mrs. Bernard children, Elaine and D. Sunday guests of his parents and Mrs. Floyd Fanton. Mrs. Flo Dean of spent Friday evening with Mrs. Roy Yeager. Mr. and Mrs. Lewis and son Leon were Sunday guests of Mr. and Mrs. Glenn Dean and their niece, Miss Elnora Dean, Dean and their niece, A. turned home Friday evening after passing an eight day vacation in Canada. Mr. and Mrs. Howard daughter Betty Jo were guests of their parents, Harold Bainey of Indiana.