

# BRENTWOOD

By Grace Livingston Hill

## FIFTH INSTALLMENT

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 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 treats her like an enemy and resents her offer of help, but finally, after many explanations, agrees to take money to buy coal and food in order to save her mother's life. Her father comes in sick and hungry but hurries to the cellar to build a fire and get the house warm. Her brother Ted comes in, is resentful of her being there at first, but when he finds all that she has done both he and Betty decide they like their new sister.

He studied her for an instant and then he said gravely:

"But we can't live off of you! It's great of you to help us a little until we get on our feet, but we can't keep on letting you feed us. Perhaps I can get a job soon and pay you back."

The brightness went out of Marjorie's face.

"Listen, Ted, if I had lived here, and you had plenty, wouldn't you have shared it with me?"

"Of course!" said Ted crossly, "but that's different! I'm a fellow!"

"Well, that's all right, 'fella,' dear, but it isn't different. I'm a part of this family, unless you throw me out, and what's mine is yours. And now, come, I'd like to say a word about what you did to me when you first came in. You took that cup of tickets away and told me they wouldn't interest me. But they do interest me very much. They're pawn tickets, aren't they? Well, what are we going to do about them, Ted? Are those Mother's things that she's fond of? Oughtn't we to go and get them?"

"They're her things. They're all the things she has. And she couldn't get new things even if she did want them. She can't get these either," he added dejectedly.

edly. "I tell you it costs a lot of money."

"Yes, but how much, Ted?" persisted Marjorie.

"It isn't your responsibility," said Ted doggedly. "It's mine. I pawned them."

"Now look here, Ted, you just stop pushing me out of the family like that. Now you reach up to that top shelf and take down that teacup and we'll add those tickets up and see what it comes to. Please!"

Half shyly Ted did her bidding.

They got out the tickets and Marjorie added them all up, a pitifully small sum, it seemed to the girl, to represent the household goods of a home, but to the boy it seemed a breath-taking fortune.

"Is that all?" said Marjorie when he handed her the sum.

"Why, I can give you that right away."

"But I can't bring them till after five," said Ted. "That will be after dark too. The neighbors are so curious. Mother hates that! Having them all find out just what we've got and what we haven't. You know we used to have a nice home over in a suburb on the other side of the city. Nice big house, built of stone. Plenty of room. We each had a room to ourselves, and there was a garage and a big garden, and flowers and fruit trees. It was a swell place. And Dad had a position with a good salary. That was before the depression, you know."

"Oh, my dear!" said Marjorie, quite honestly crying now. "My dear! I'm so sorry you've been going through all that!"

"Well, don't bawl!" said Ted crossly, brushing his hand over his own eyes. "I can't stand bawling! I just told ya because I thought you'd want to know. We haven't always been down and out this way. We had a swell home!"

"Well, now let's make this one as cheerful as I can before evening," said Marjorie, taking a deep breath. "I'll get the money!"

She went into the parlor to her handbag that she had left on the bare little high mantel shelf and brought back a roll of bills that made Ted's eyes open wide.

"I put in a little extra," said sister smiling. "I thought perhaps you'd think of something we need that I've forgotten."

"Gosh!" said Ted gazing down at the roll of bills in his hand. "Don't know's I can trust myself out alone. I might get held up carrying all this wealth."

The boy grinned. "I can see where you're going to spoil us for living again when you're gone."

"Gone!" said Marjorie with dismay in her voice. "Do you want me to go?"

"No, not on yer life! But you're not going to stick around these diggings. Not with the home you've been used to! - Say!"

He added irrelevantly, "you look a lot like Betty, and yet you don't look like her. You don't look quite so frowsy as Betty, and you've got a cute little quirk in the corners of your mouth. Maybe Betty would look like that too if she hadn't had to work so hard, and have such a lot of trouble."

"You're sweet!" said Marjorie, and suddenly reached up with a quick motion and kissed her new brother on his lean hard young cheek.

Then he turned sharply away toward the window and she saw him brush his hand across his eyes, and swallow hard.

"You're awright," he said grudgingly.

"Thank awfully!" said Marjorie, trying to enter into his spirit. "But who is that coming in the door?"

"That's Bud," said Ted, peering through the crack into the hall. "Hey, Kid! Hush up there! Dad and Muth's asleep!"

A boy about ten came panting into the room, so out of breath he could scarcely articulate.

"They sent me to tell ya!" he panted. "You gotta come right away an' get the kids. Bonnie's got a fever—an' she—wouldn't eat her cereal—an' she's crying for Betty—an' Sunny is yellin' his head off!"

"Okay, you come with me, Kid. We'll get 'em," said Ted, "but I don't know what we'll do with 'em here. Gosh, can you beat it?" He cast an apologetic eye at the new sister.

"What is it?" she asked puzzled. "Who are they?"

"The kids!" answered the brother in astonishment. "Didn't you know about them?"

"No!" said Marjorie. "Oh, I remember, Betty said something when I first came about taking the children somewhere, but I had forgotten about it. I didn't realize there were more of us."

"Two besides Bud!" said Ted lifting his chin maturely and sighing. "I don't know how we're going to make the grade with any more sick folks."

Marjorie gave a little gasp of amazement and then her soft lips set firmly.

"Well, manage!" she said. "I'll go with you to get them. I can carry one of them."

They walked along almost a block before Marjorie spoke again and a great shyness was possessing Ted.

Then they arrived at the neighborhood creche and Ted led the way in.

About that time back at Marjorie's home in Chicago Evan Brower was standing at the front door impatiently ringing the doorbell.

Since he had left her, Evan Brower had been vaguely disturbed by Marjorie's attitude, and wished he had stayed, in spite of her request that he go and let her think things over. He should have reasoned with her right then and there.

He had never considered Marjorie Wetherill impulsive before, but now he recalled a certain look in her eyes as she had spoken of her own people, that smacked of fanaticism.

Also, she was young and utterly without experience in financial affairs, and here she was suddenly left with a fairly large fortune, and menaced by a family of unknown quantity and quality.

These thoughts had been milling about in his brain all day as he drove from one appointment to the other and then back to his home city, coming straight out to Wetherill's instead of going to the office first.

He walked around the house to the garage where he found the chauffeur out washing the car.

"What is the reason I cannot get any answer to my ring?" he asked severely. He was the kind of young man who always required perfect service, and usually got it.

The chauffeur looked up from his work deferentially, recognizing a friend of the family.

"Why, sir, they're all away for the holidays. Miss Wetherill went last night and gave all the servants a holiday while she is gone. Very kind of her, sir. She's always kind."

"Indeed!" said Evan Brower as if it were somehow the chauffeur's fault.

"You don't know where she's gone? Haven't you her address?"

"No, sir, I haven't."

Evan Brower frowned. This was really serious. What a fool he had been not to make Marjorie sit down and listen to him the other night!

Evan Brower got into his car and drove away in much dissatisfaction.

So! She had gone. Headstrong little girl! Impetuous! He hadn't thought she was like that. If he married her, and he had practically committed himself to that course, he would certainly have to train that out of her.

Marjorie had slipped neatly through his fingers and gone her own way in spite of his protests. He would try the letter carrier and post office of course, though they were not supposed to give such information.

But the post office when consulted said they were to hold all mail for further orders. She had left no address.

Well, somehow he must get in touch with her.

So he went his way, and made his plans for going after Marjorie when the right moment should come, and that would be the first minute he knew where to find her.

He went out and bought a delightful Christmas gift for her. He even went so far as to look at engagement rings.

The more he thought about it the more his thoughts became intrigued with the girl who was so sweet and unspoiled. How easily she could be molded to fit the environment in which she would live if she were his wife.

Then, he reflected, Marjorie had always been fond of his company, had been ready to accept his invitations, always, although until recently he had taken her out very little. There was no reason thinkable why she should not want to marry him.

And it was quite the appropriate thing for him to marry her. More and more as he turned it over in his mind his common sense as well as his inclination approved the plan. And it was comfortable to think of the girl of his choice as being utterly unspoiled by contact with the world. There had been no other man in her life, he was sure of that. He would not have to worry about any youthful indiscretions. Innocent and lovely, that was what she was, and very likely he had been the ideal man in her eyes.

Not that he had always had one ideal of womanhood himself, but of course men were different. It was man's part to choose, and naturally, he had considered other girls, but had never been quite satisfied.

He began to think back to his first consciousness of Marjorie, when she had come home from college after graduation.

He remembered her as she sat in church, across the aisle, a row in front of where he was sitting with his mother. He had been struck with her beauty then, and wondered that he had never seen it before.

He had watched her during the service, as she gave attention to the sermon; her sweet seriousness attracted him strongly.

This difference they had had the last time he had talked with her, about hunting up her own people, had been the first unwise decision he had ever seen her make.

In the meantime his mind was making itself up very definitely that Marjorie was desirable. The more so as he discovered through an old friend and confidante of the Wetherill family that an unusually large number of shares of very valuable stock were a part of the Wetherill estate which Marjorie had inherited. Marjorie had a lot of money and needed the right man to look after it. And he was convinced that he was the right man.

That was the day he selected the great blue diamond engagement ring.

But Marjorie was walking along a sordid back street holding the thin cold hand of a little new brother who was crying.

Marjorie suddenly swooped down and swept the youngster

into her arms. She had never had much to do with children before, but she was quite strong and held him firmly.

(Continued Next Week)

## NOTICE!

Elkin Masonic Lodge No. 454, meets every 2nd and 4th Tuesday nights at 7:30. All members requested to be present. Signed: Secretary of Lodge. tfe

## NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Having qualified as Executor of the last Will of W. S. Gough, deceased, notice is hereby given to all persons holding claims against the estate of said deceased to present same properly verified, to the undersigned, at Yadkinville, N. C., on or before the 16th day of February, 1940, or this notice will be plead in bar of recovery. All persons indebted to said estate will please call on the undersigned and make settlement without delay.

This the 16th day of February, 1939.

DAVID L. KELLY,  
Executor of W. S. Gough, Dec'd.  
Yadkinville, N. C.

## NOTICE

North Carolina,  
Surry County.

Under and by virtue of the power of sale contained in those certain Deeds of Trust executed by the Brewer Hotel Company, Inc., on July 1, 1928, and recorded in Book 107, page 122 and Book 107, page 133 in the Office of the Register of Deeds, of Surry County, North Carolina, and the undersigned W. M. Allen having been substituted as trustee in said deeds of trust, see Substitution of Trustee recorded in the Office of Register of Deeds of Surry County, North Carolina, of March 7, 1939, which instrument substituted W. M. Allen as trustee in the place and stead of Virginia Trust Company, the original named trustee, and giving and granting unto the said W. M. Allen, as Trustee, all of the powers, authority, and duty as if he had been named trustee in the original instruments.

THAT WHEREAS default has been made in the payment of the notes or bonds secured by said deeds of trust and demand having been made upon the trustee to sell the property described in said deeds of trust, therefore, the undersigned substituted trustee will on April 14, 1939, at 2 o'clock P. M. on the premises of the Brewer Hotel Company, Inc., at

Hotel Elkin, in Elkin, Surry County, North Carolina, sell at public auction to the last and highest bidder for cash the following described property, to-wit:

FIRST: All that certain lot, piece or parcel of land, lying and being situate in the Town of Elkin, with the hotel-building and all other improvements thereon, at the northwest corner of Bridge and Market Streets, and being bounded and further described as follows: Commencing at said corner and running thence in a northerly direction, along the western line of Bridge Street, the distance of 115 feet; thence at right angles westwardly the distance of 100 feet to an alley; thence with the Eastern line of said alley, in a southerly direction, along the line parallel with Bridge Street, the distance of 115 feet to the Northern line of Market street, and thence with the Northern line of Market Street, in an easterly direction, the distance of 100 feet to the point of beginning.

SECOND: All that certain lot, piece or parcel of land, lying and being situate in the Town of Elkin, N. C., on the northern line of Market Street, and being separated from the lot above mentioned by said alley, and being bounded and further described as follows: Beginning at the point of intersection of the West line of said alley with the northern line of Market Street, and thence extending northwardly, along the Western line of said alley, the distance of 100 feet, to the southern line of another alley, and thence extending Westwardly, along the Southern line of said last mentioned alley, the distance of 40 feet, and thence at right angles southwardly the distance of 100 feet to the northern line of Market Street, and thence eastwardly, along the northern line of Market Street, the distance of 40 feet, to the point of beginning; being the same parcels of real estate conveyed to the said Brewer Hotel Company, Inc., by Elkin Hotel Company, Inc., by deed dated July 7th, 1926, and of record in office of Register of Surry County, N. C., in Book 103, p. 567.

THIRD: Together with all and every the furniture, fixtures and equipment, now or at any time hereafter placed or installed in the said hotel building, or in any of its outhouses, and used or intended for use in and about the operation and maintenance of said hotel.

Inventory of the furniture, fixtures and equipment to be sold is on file in the office of W. M. Allen, in Elkin, North Carolina to which any person interested may

have reference by calling at said office; also copies of said inventory of the furniture, fixtures and equipment will be available on the day of sale for the benefit of persons interested or purchasers.

This the 14th day of March, 1939.

W. M. ALLEN,  
Substituted Trustee.

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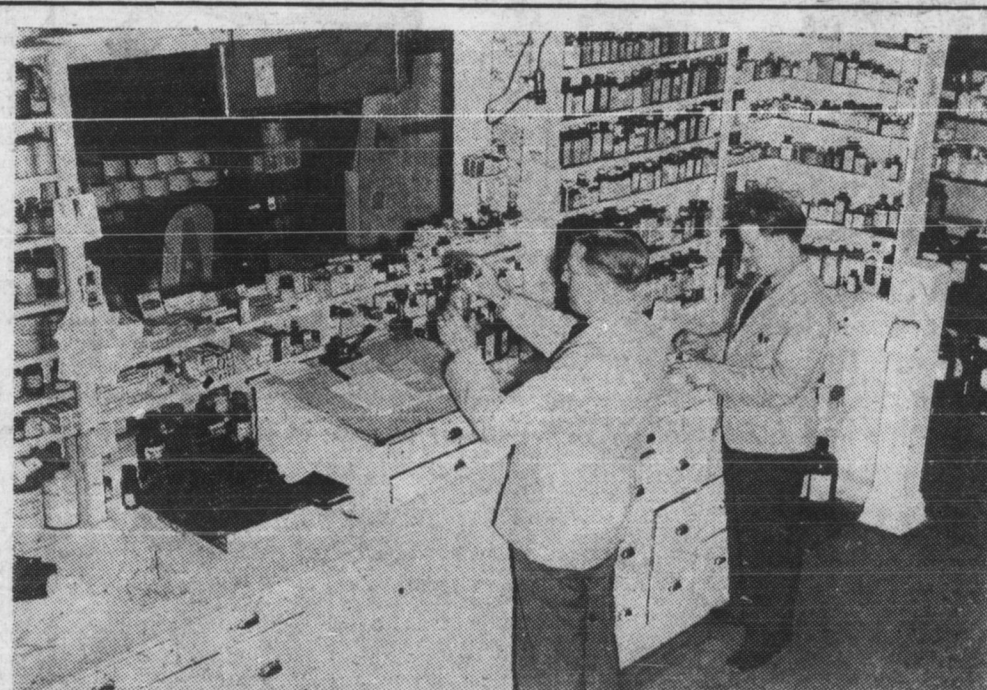
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We will be glad for you to visit and inspect our modern Prescription Department at any time, a section of which is pictured above.

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OCTAGON SOAP, Small, 10 Cakes	23c
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OCTAGON POWDER, Sm., 10 Pkgs.	23c
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OCTAGON CLEANSER, 2 Pkgs.	9c
OCTAGON GRANULATED, 2 for	18c

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PURE LARD, 4 lbs.	39c
SUGAR, 10 lbs.	49c
THICK FAT BACK, lb.	8c
PURE COFFEE, lb.	10c
FLOUR, 100 lbs.	\$2.00
MIXED BEANS, lb.	4c

## Cash & Carry Stores

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