

# BRENTWOOD

By Grace Livingston Hill

## NINTH 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 Bower, 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 and determines to buy it back for them. She confides her plan in her brother and goes to see a real estate man about making the deal.

So she was soon in his car speeding toward Brentwood rapidly.

After she had gone over the house without comment, allowing the man to continue his sales parley without interruption, she said as they were about to leave:

"Well, now I may as well tell you, I am Mr. Gay's daughter. I was away for several years during the time my father lived here and I had never seen the house. I know all the circumstances of my father's having to give up the house of course, and I know how they hated to lose it. I have been wondering if there is any way in which my father can recover the house. Can you tell me the lowest terms on which he could recover it?"

The man's face fell. "Oh, in that case you had better see Mr. Horgan. He has charge of all those cases. But I am quite sure that mortgage was foreclosed."

"I was not speaking of putting a mortgage on the place. I was speaking of paying cash. As I understand it my father had only lapsed in his payments a short time. If he were ready now to pay up all obligations, and whatever other expenses you had been obliged to meet, isn't there some way that the matter could be settled and the property be taken off your hands?"

"Why, my dear young lady," said the man patronizing, "what reason do you have to suppose that your father could pay his obligations now any better than six months ago when he finally surrendered the property?"

"When you finally took the property from him, you mean," said Marjorie coolly. "I understand you gave him no chance to

refinance the mortgage and that you were very hard on him indeed. However, that has nothing to do with my question. I have some money myself and I would like to clear my father's home and put the deed in his hands for a Christmas gift if I find that your demands are within reason. I shall call up my Chicago lawyer, of course, and have the whole affair looked into before I pay the cash, but if I do this I shall want to do whatever I do quickly."

There was something about Marjorie's air of assurance, that impressed the real estate man, who had been having a hard time himself just now. He looked at her a minute questioningly and then he said: "Well, we'll go and see Mr. Horgan."

Mr. Horgan was an elderly man with gray hair parted meticulously in the exact middle and thin lips that seemed never to give an advantage to anyone. He had small steel-colored eyes that looked coldly through her, and tried to put her through a questionnaire about her family.

"Excuse me, Mr. Horgan," she said. "I have no time to answer questions. I want to know if there is any way in which my father can now meet the obligations. Perhaps I had better get my Chicago lawyer to attend to the matter, since you do not seem to be willing to name any sum that would satisfy the demands."

"Oh, not at all," said Mr. Horgan rising in protest. "I was merely interested to know just how sure a thing this would be."

"If I decide to do this thing," said Marjorie, drawing herself to her full height and trying to act as grown up as possible—though in reality she was very much scared—"I will see that you have a certified check for the full amount within the week."

Marjorie knew about certified checks. She knew their power.

Mr. Horgan became suave at once. "I would have to talk this matter over with my partner, of course, for usually you know we do not do things in just this way," went on Mr. Horgan. "It would be, however, you understand, at least—and he named a sum so much smaller than Marjorie had dreamed that she was almost afraid she showed how surprised she was.

"Very well," said Marjorie taking a deep breath and hoping the man couldn't see how excited she was. "I will get my lawyer on the telephone and consult with him about this. He will know what I should do about it, and I shall either return sometime this afternoon for your answer, or send a representative of my Chicago lawyer to talk with you."

Marjorie, still holding her head high, sallied out of the office coolly, with only an icy little smile for the impressed agent. He bowed her out ostentatiously, almost afraid to have her go lest he was losing a prospect that perhaps never would return.

Marjorie, out on the pavement, summoning a taxi, found herself so excited that she could scarce-

ly give a direction to the driver. She had gotten from Betty a list of some of the best department stores, and she went straight to one and hunted up a telephone booth, calling the Wetherill lawyer on long distance.

"Well, I certainly am glad to hear your voice, young lady," said Mr. Melbourne. "I was beginning to think you had eloped or been kidnaped or something. A certain gentleman in Chicago has besieged me night and day to discover your address. Nothing the matter, is there, that you take such an expensive way of communication?"

"No, nothing the matter," said Marjorie. "I'm quite all right, thank you. But I telephoned this morning instead of waiting to write because I want your help. I've found the house that used to belong to my own parents and I want to buy it. I want very much to get possession of it before Christmas if I can. I shall need several thousand dollars at once and I would like to have you put it into some bank in this city where I could draw on it within a couple of days. Would that be possible?"

"I suppose it would," said the lawyer. "I could wire it to them today. But are you quite sure this house is a wise buy? It's my business, you know, to advise you in such matters."

"I know," she said. "but I'm quite sure about this. And even if it were not a wise buy I should want it. But, Mr. Melbourne, of course I know I'm not very experienced in buying real estate, and I was wondering if there isn't some lawyer in this city to whom you could recommend me, who would take charge of this transaction for me? I think perhaps these people who have the house are a little tricky."

"Yes?" said Mr. Melbourne. "Well, you certainly should have someone whom you can trust to look after the affair. Let me think. Yes, there's William Bryant. He's in the Federal Trust Company Building. I'll call him up right away and ask him to look after you. Could you go to his office at once? All right, I'll phone him about you."

"Oh, thank you, Mr. Melbourne!" said Marjorie in a relieved voice. "And by the way, Marjorie," said Mr. Melbourne, "I don't suppose you have any idea of selling your Chicago property, have you? Because I had a very good offer for it last week."

"Oh!" said Marjorie a little breathless. "I hadn't got that far yet. I—don't—quite know what I am going to do."

"Of course," said the lawyer, thinking he knew pretty well that she would like to be married before long, and would have to consult a certain young man before she made any decisions, but he did not voice any such idea. "I just thought I'd mention it."

"Thank you, Mr. Melbourne. And please, Mr. Melbourne, you won't let anybody, not anybody, I mean, know about this matter of my buying this house. I don't see that it's anyone's affair but my own."

"Certainly not, my child. You can trust me for that."

"And, Mr. Melbourne, there's just one more thing. Would you have any connection in this city that would give you influence to get an opening for my father somewhere here? He's very much discouraged. He had a very fine position and lost it. He is an expert accountant!"

"Indeed? What was the name of the firm, do you know?"

"Hamilton, McIvor and Company," said Marjorie, glad that she had remembered to ask Ted that yesterday.

"You don't say!" said Mr. Melbourne. "That's a fine standing. I should say there ought to be something pretty good somewhere for a man whom they employed. I'll see what wires I can pull."

Five minutes later Marjorie turned from her expensive telephone call well satisfied. Mr. Melbourne had been just as kind and helpful as she had known he would be.

She took another taxi to the Federal Trust Company Building and found to her joy that Mr. Bryant was in and had just been talking with the Chicago lawyer, so her way was smoothed for her at once.

Marjorie was delighted with the kind interest he took in the matter and promised to return to his office at three o'clock to learn the result of his interview with the real estate company.

She went on her way with a lighter heart now, summoning her wits to remember all the things she wanted to buy.

First of all she had in mind to get a warm lovely negligee for her mother, and comfortable pretty slippers to go with it. Then she hurried up to the credit department, opened a charge account, giving her Chicago references, and also Mr. Bryant, then went and found a squirrel coat for Betty that was almost an exact duplicate of her own.

Fassing the millinery department she found a little soft gray felt hat with a bright dash of pheasant's feather cocked askant in the crown. She was sure it would be becoming to Betty.

After that it didn't take much time to select warm house coat of brown for her father, a nice leather coat for Ted, and a thick, warm sweater for Budd with a bright Roman band of colors in the roll of the turtle collar. Then she was off breathless with anxiety to meet the lawyer.

She found a better report than she had hoped for. Mr. Bryant had looked up the records of the transactions at the time Mr. Gay had surrendered his property, and found more than one questionable trick that the perpetrators would not care to have

brought to light by such a lawyer as William Bryant, so he had succeeded in bringing them to accept a reasonable sum for bank payment with interest, and the transfer of the property was not going to cost quite as much as Marjorie had been told at first.

She could hardly wait for her purchases to come home. They would probably wait for two or three days before sending them until they had looked up her references, but they had promised positively that the things would all be there before Christmas.

She stopped on the way out of the store to get a five pound box of candy and another of salted nuts. Those would be things she couldn't well purchase at the little grocery store near Aster street.

She realized as the taxi drove up to the door that the house had become home to her, so different from what it had seemed the day she arrived, only a few brief days before! Home because there were dear ones there, and already her interests were tied up with theirs.

Betty came wearily from the kitchen peering out into the hall at her with a relieved look: "Oh, I'm glad you've come! I thought something dreadful had happened to you in the strange city—or else—!" She stopped abruptly.

"Oh else what?" Marjorie looked at her with a sharp note in her voice as if her answer meant a great deal.

"Or else, maybe you had got tired of us and gone back to Chicago," she said with her eyes half averted.

"Oh, and would you have cared?" asked Marjorie breathlessly. "Wouldn't you have been rather glad to get rid of me?"

(Continued Next Week)

## BOONVILLE

Miss Frances Thomas, a teacher in the local school, visited her parents at Summerfield. Her father has been very ill for several weeks, but is much improved at the present time.

Miss Mary Speer made a business trip to Sparta recently.

Miss Ruth Honeycutt, a teacher at Mills Home Orphanage, visited here the past week-end with friends. She was a former teacher in the local school.

Mr. and Mrs. Paul Speer visited in Yadkinville recently.

Mrs. John Hobson, who has been in Baptist hospital in Winston-Salem where she had an appendicitis operation has returned home.

Miss Reba Kate Hobson, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. D. W. Hobson, is an appendicitis patient at Baptist hospital.

A large number of school folks attended the county-wide teachers' meeting held at West Yadkin school last Thursday night.

Among those attending from Boonville were Mr. and Mrs. Watt Deal, Mr. and Mrs. Albert Martin, Mr. and Mrs. J. R. Walker, Mr. and Mrs. A. B. Hobson, Frank Woodhouse, Mr. and Mrs. Thad Reece, Misses Sadie Fleming, Frances Thomas, Amanda Hallman, Ruby Winkler, Ruby Hinshaw, Mrs. Nova Reece, Gene and Clifford Shore, and Jones Todd. While there they heard

Lloyd Griffin, of the North Carolina State School Commission.

Mr. and Mrs. Allen Jessup and Dorothy Coram made a business trip to Mt. Airy Saturday.

Francis Woodhouse, Joe Hobson, and Howard Reece went to Norfolk, Va., to view the United States fleet the past week-end. They have returned home. They were greatly impressed with the display of warships and airplane carriers.

E. M. Gough, of Pinnacle, visited his mother, Mrs. M. F. Gough, and brother, Everett Gough, recently.

L. F. Amburn, Mrs. Amburn, and Mrs. Nathan C. Dobbins attended the Winston-Salem Methodist District Conference which was held at Mt. Airy last Friday. It was reported at the conference that the Yadkin Methodist circuit rated well in money paid into the conference. The churches were far ahead of their obligations for the first half of the conference year. There were only 8 churches in the district that paid more than Boonville. The local church stood ninth.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Poindexter, of Winston-Salem, visited relatives here recently.

Mr. and Mrs. Sparger, of Mt. Airy, visited Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Oakley.

Y. W. A. Meets  
The Boonville Y. W. A. met at the home of the councilor, Mrs. Arlie Steelman, Tuesday night, with twelve members and three visitors present.

Mrs. Arlie Steelman conducted the devotionals. The program was in charge of Miss Dorothy Coram, assisted by Lucy Brendle, Catherine Jones, Ruby Winkler and Lillian Church. After the business session, Mrs. Jane Craver Hemric, a bride of the early spring, was presented a shower of gifts from the members. Mrs. Allen Jessup closed the meeting with prayer.

The hostess served fruit salad, cake, and Russian tea.

## EAST ELKIN

A large number were present at Sunday school at 9:45 a.m. at East Elkin Baptist church.

Rev. J. L. Powers, our pastor, has returned from West Hillsboro where he has been assisting in a meeting. He reports a successful revival.

We are sorry to note that Mr. Lon Baker and Mr. Reece Mastin are ill at this writing. We wish for them a speedy recovery.

Rev. Claude E. Fincham, Miss Helen Bostic, Mason, Herman, Swanie and Dilver Burcham visited friends in Mt. Airy Saturday evening.

Mr. and Mrs. T. E. Thomas, of Winston-Salem, were the guests of Mrs. Jack Day Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Marshall Woodruff were guests of relatives at Friendship Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Ather Newman had as their dinner guests Sunday evening Rev. Claude E. with her son, Mr. Mack Burcham, Miss Emma Burcham spent the

week-end in Altavista, Va., visiting relatives.

Mr. Curtis Sechrist and Miss Mary Welborn spent Saturday evening in Mt. Airy.

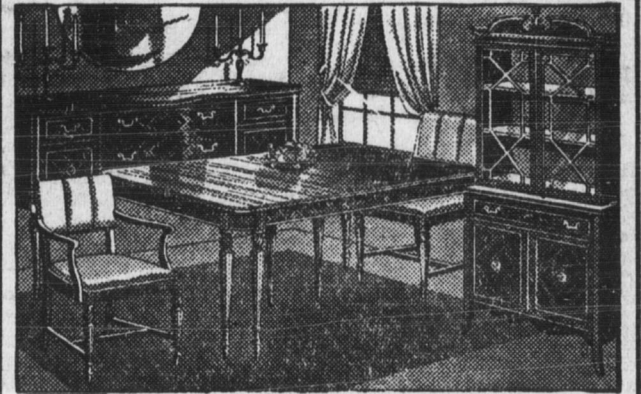
Mrs. Blane Ray, of Roaring

River, was the week-end guest of Mr. and Mrs. Mode Swaim.

Mrs. Ada Burcham has just returned from a two weeks' stay with her son, Mr. Mack Burcham, of Altavista, Va.

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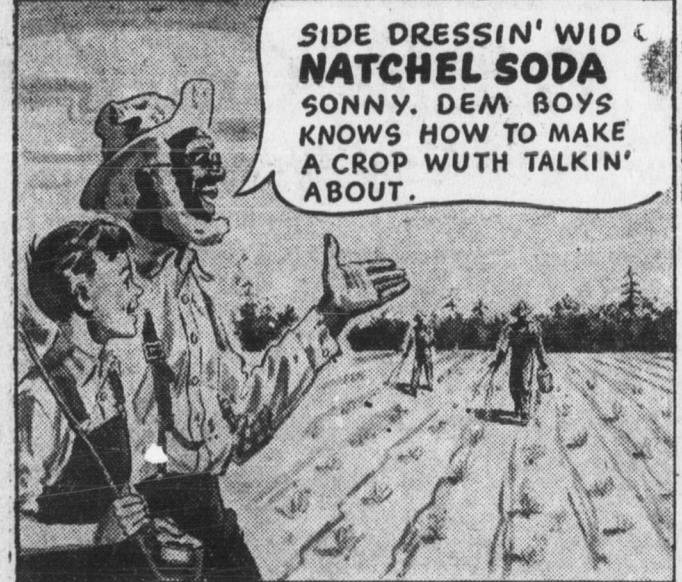
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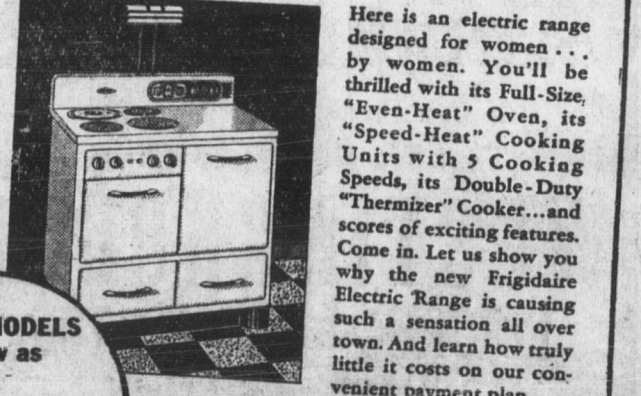
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