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Eat KELLOGG'S ALL-BRAN regularly and drink plenty of water—and you'll find wonderful relief. For this way, ALL-BRAN gets at the cause of constipation due to lack of "bulk" and corrects it. ALL-BRAN is made by Kellogg's in Battle Creek and sold by your grocer. Try it!

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THE Secret OF THE MARSHBANKS

BY KATHLEEN NORRIS

W.N.U. RELEASE

THE STORY SO FAR: Charlotte (Cherry) Rawlings, an orphan since she was seven, had been at Saint Dorothea's school for girls. She knows almost nothing about her early history. Judge Judson Marshbanks, her co-guardian with Emma Haskell, a trained nurse who had taken care of her mother, arranges for her to leave the school, and take up a secretarial position with the wealthy Mrs. Porteous Porter in San Francisco. But first she goes to the Marshbanks mansion. She dines alone with the Judge as Fran, his young wife, and his niece, Amy, are dining out. Kelly Coates, an artist, drops in, and Fran and Amy stop on their way out, nodding only casually when Cherry is introduced. It is evident to Cherry that Coates and Fran are interested in each other. As Fran and Amy leave she hears laughing reference to herself and her convent clothes, and is bitter. Her surroundings are luxurious when she goes to work for Mrs. Porter, but soon she finds life most monotonous. Kelly, horseback riding in the park with Fran, stops to talk with her as she is motoring with Mrs. Porter and later sends her a box of candy. Mrs. Porter gives a big party for her niece, Dorothy Page-Smith. Cherry finds Dorothy crying.

Now continue with the story.

CHAPTER VI

The hours went by; chill daylight came into the room. She got up jaded and weary, bathed and brushed her thick hair and somehow was at breakfast with Emma as usual at eight o'clock. Emma gave her a sharp look as if she thought that even last night's activities should not have left such traces, but she said nothing; both women rustled the morning papers and drank their coffee almost in silence.

The customary miracle of service was going on in the house, was accomplished when Cherry walked through the downstairs rooms at noon after a full, fire-warmed morning in Mrs. Porter's apartment, the ordinary procedure of letters and compliments and telephone calls. The great house had reassumed its aspect of luxurious mausoleum.

Cherry felt stifled. She told Emma she did not want any lunch; she took a long walk instead, for Mrs. Porter, all cheerful restoration and amazing vitality at breakfast, had admitted in mid-morning that she felt sleepy—not one bit tired, but sleepy. So the machinery of the day had been stopped. Cherry was free until late in the afternoon.

She walked toward the Presidio and down its narrow eucalyptus-shaded paths to the cliffs, and so along by the bay shore. Right across the bay, under the arch of the long red bridge, was Sausalito, and somewhere there was Kelly's studio, "Topcote."

Cherry sat down on a wall and stared wistfully at the hills as if her thoughts could cross the miles, and somehow find him and somehow let him know how eager she was to make her apologies. "Topcote" could easily be reached on a long afternoon's walk; it would be but a short half-dozen miles in all. Her fancy began to play.

Some day—her next all-free day—she would start early and walk straight across the bridge, and when she reached the great ramps on the Marin County side, she would ask someone where Spanish Farm Road was, and follow it to some gate or fence that said, "Topcote."

Emma, quiet and stern-faced and impersonal, had to concede herself sufficiently like the rest of humankind to succumb to a heavy chest cold when changeable March weather was vexing the city, and for a few days the household was seriously alarmed about her. Her old employer was ill too, and a nurse who had often cared for Mrs. Porter was installed in the rooms of the mistress; there was a second nurse as well to relieve the first.

For the little time that Mrs. Porter needed diversion, her nurses read to her or chatted with her and Cherry formed the habit of spending the early evening hours with Emma, as Emma grew convalescent. Although the older woman never acknowledged in words that she liked her companion or missed her or waited for her, Cherry grew to enjoy these evenings, and suspected that Emma did, too.

Emma was about fifty, but she might have been any age between thirty and seventy. Her face was thin, narrow and marked by sternness and reserve. Her graying hair she wore coronet fashion in tight braids in which never a hair was awry.

A strange, cold, repressed woman, Cherry used to think, as Emma, belted into a gray wrapper, sat back panting against her pillows and attacked the day's bills, menus, reports. Cherry brought up a lamp that illuminated the ceiling and sent a soft light down for the invalid's eyes, brought up a glass bowl of crocus blossoms and set it on the table, put a Chinese plate of brown bulbs in the sunshiny south window where Emma could employ times of languor in watching their almost hourly change. And finally, shyly, she brought Emma a tiny kitten, a bundle of wet, wailing fur that she had found by the Presidio wall.

Emma laughed a short, scornful laugh at this last contribution. She never could stand cats, she said. But Cherry, noting the confidence with which the small stray, newly warmed and fed, was advancing toward Emma's languid hand, promised with great confidence that she would remove the little creature the minute he became troublesome. From that moment the cat was visibly the absorbing consideration of Emma's life.

"Did you go first to the Marshbanks as a nurse, Emma?" Cherry asked idly one night. Emma looked at her quickly, hesitated before speaking.



She was some blocks away from home when a low slung, open, disreputable car drew up close to her on the curb and a voice said, "Jump in."

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"Yes," she answered then. "I'd taken the boys, Fred and Judson, through tonsil operations, and then through scarlet fever, at the hospital when I was in training. The old lady took me back from abroad a few years later and I'd been widowed, the old madame—as we used to call Mrs. Marshbanks, though I don't suppose she was more than fifty then—sent for me to take care of the colonel. He'd been struck down with sleeping sickness; he was on a couch for years. Then Miss Louise—she was the only daughter and had married an engineer from Springfield—came home to have the baby. The old lady was so pleased about it—they both talked so much about the grandchild. And then to have both die—yes, that was a bad time.

"I stayed on as a nurse and housekeeper; I had my sister to support, and it was a comfortable place. I wasn't twenty when I graduated and came to them."

"How'd you know my mother, Emma? Did you meet her at the Marshbanks?"

Emma looked thoughtfully at her companion.

"No; I knew her before that," she finally said. And then, after another pause: "Your mother was my sister Charlotte."

Cherry stared at her. The words did not seem to make sense.

"My mother—" she began in a whisper, and stopped.

"Yes. Your mother was my sister. You were named for her."

"But Emma," Cherry said breathlessly, confusedly conscious of shock and reluctance, "you never told me!"

"Well, you don't always tell children everything," Emma said after a moment. "You weren't but a little thing when your mother died."

"I could have known that!" Cherry exclaimed. A thousand bright dreams vanished with the revelation, and she felt hurt and wronged. But amazement still had first place in her thoughts.

"Maybe I never told you because I didn't think you'd be especially pleased," Emma said dryly. The girl's color came up warmly.

"It's not that! Of course I'm—I'm glad," she stammered. "I've never had any family, and—and of course I'm glad!"

And, immediately, to her own amazement, she burst into tears. She had often imagined what her connections might be; she had never dreamed this. Emma—so contained and cold and distant—her own aunt! Cherry pushed the table away blindly and went to the window, and stood looking out at the dark night, and the far city lights that shot arrows and flashes through her tears.

"Mother—mother never told me!" she stammered. "I wish she had!"

Cherry looked down at her cards with blinded eyes, and made herself move them here and there as if she were playing. She finished her game, and said with a shaking voice that she was tired and thought she would go to bed. Emma still making no comment, Cherry put away the table and asked Emma if there was anything more she could do.

"No," Emma said, "nothing."

The girl came to the bedside, looked down.

"Good night then," she added in a light, level tone, with a resolute smile. "Would you—I would if you liked—shall I call you Aunt Emma?" she added hesitatingly.

Emma eyed her steadily for a few long seconds.

"No," I don't know that I'd make any change," she said then, in the same emotionless voice that Cherry had used.

"Need more tea?"

"No; I'm going to listen to the radio and then I'm going to sleep."

"Good night," Cherry said, with

a parting second attempt at a pleasant smile.

She walked to her own room, slipped into bed and lay with narrowed eyes and a bitten lower lip, pondering. Thought, long denied, came with a rush, and she was drowned in the bitterness of it.

Other girls had mothers and fathers and homes. And she had—she had only the drab background of Saint Dorothea's and this humiliating revelation tonight!

Slow tears began to creep down Cherry's cheeks; presently she began to sob heavily. She cried herself to sleep.

One morning Cherry found herself free at noon, and determined to take one of the long walks she loved.

She was some blocks away from home when a low-slung, open, disreputable car drew up close to her on the curb and a voice said, "Jump in."

The world wheeled about her for a few dizzy seconds, for it was Kelly Coates who had spoken; he was driving the car and beside him sat Fran Marshbanks smothered in soft fox skins, with a daring red hat topped on her dark hair.

"I want Mrs. Marshbanks to come over and have lunch with me," the man explained it honestly with his wide, flashing smile, "and she won't come unless you do."

"Are you free from those old ogres for a while?" Fran asked in her careless, fascinating, hoarse voice.

"I'm free until half past four," Cherry did not want to go and yet was wild with eagerness to go. The thought that he was in love with Fran made being in Kelly's company exquisitely painful to her, but she had hungered to see these persons again, to be one of them, to know what was going on, and this golden opportunity would not come twice.

"I'd love to," she said, smiling as she climbed in and wedged herself snugly beside Fran. The moment she did it she regretted it, wondering through what fatuity of complacency she had accepted the invitation to play a third in their affair. Why had they asked her? she wondered.

"Mrs. Marshbanks," Kelly said, "once went to a movie in which a girl visited an artist in his studio, and everything went wrong for fifty years afterward. Was that it, Fran?"

"Something like that," said Fran's exquisite voice lazily.

"So she didn't want to come home and lunch with me," Kelly went on.

"Perhaps I know my own weakness," Fran contributed idly.

They crossed the bridge and on the eastern shore moved along a wide, smooth highway for a few miles, turned left and mounted an earth road that wound up the hill. Scattered cottages, hidden among oaks and eucalyptus, faced the road here and there. Kelly's place was at the head of a small tree-lined canyon, and consisted of a cottage of perhaps three rooms, a large white barn, various sheds and fences that suggested that the place had once been a small farm. There was an arbor covered with young grape vines, sheltering a long table and two benches, young berry bushes just in leaf, a languishing little garden whose neglected rose and geranium bushes were choked with last season's dried grass and some apple and apricot trees getting ready to bloom.

Cherry was under the spell of the peace of Kelly Coates's place, its simplicity, its beauty almost before she had gotten out of the car; she had never dreamed of anything so informal, so comfortable, so complete.

They were all hungry; they fell upon preparations for luncheon together. All this went on in the small kitchen, for a bleak wind had blown up from the south and it was too chilly and overcast out of doors for the arbor to be the dining room, much to Kelly's disappointment.

They were very much in love, Kelly and Fran; Cherry could see that. Or at least Kelly was. Perhaps Fran was only pretending; Cherry could not be sure, but this was evidently a game of which she knew every move.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

Prints Styled for Wear Now And Right on Through Summer

By CHERIE NICHOLAS



ENCHANTING fillips for the mid-season wardrobe are the gay new print frocks designed in fine rayon fabrics to bloom with spring-flower freshness under winter coats and furs. Fetching styles bring a breath of spring to the daytime picture for both tailored and dressy wear, with the season's new slim lines flattered by soft styling and intriguing new trimming details.

Because light tones are a welcome contrast to the deep shades we've been wearing all winter; and because it's patriotic to buy clothes that will be appropriate for more than one season; and because a possible scarcity of dyes brings pastels into prominence; many of the fine new rayon prints are done with pastel and white touches or light colored grounds that will be as fresh and right in midsummer as they are for immediate wear.

The attractive dressmaker shirtwaist frock centered in the above illustration is just such a type, designed as it is to be worn now under furs, later on under a smart spring coat and right throughout the summer with no coat at all. Little white birds are printed on the rose-colored soft rayon crepe of which this charming dress is made.

For dressy wear there is renewed interest in prints with feathery fronds splashed across contrast backgrounds. The smart afternoon frock for immediate wear shown above right is made of a print of this description heightened in beauty with confetti accents scattered in snowy white on a deep navy ground. Radiating tucks in the slimly flared skirt and self-fabric spaghetti trim at the draped V-neck are chic details.

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(TO BE CONTINUED)

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300 Registered Berkshires. Fall, spring, open. Bred glits. Tried sows. Bred to farrow Feb.-Mar.-Apr. Also weaning pigs, any size, age. Ives Stock Farms, New Boston, Ill.

Gems of Thought

THE intellect of man sits enthroned visibly upon his forehead and in his eye; and the heart of man is written upon his countenance.—Longfellow.

The higher type of man seeks everything he wants in himself; the inferior man seeks everything he wants from others.—Confucius.

He slept beneath the moon, He basked beneath the sun, He lived a life of going-to-do, And died with nothing done. —JAMES ALBERRY

In this thing one man is superior to another, that he is better able to bear prosperity or adversity.—Philemon.

How To Relieve Bronchitis

Creomulsion relieves promptly because it goes right to the seat of the trouble to help loosen and expel germ laden phlegm, and aid nature to soothe and heal raw, tender, inflamed bronchial mucous membranes. Tell your druggist to sell you a bottle of Creomulsion with the understanding you must like the way it quickly allays the cough or you are to have your money back.

CREOMULSION for Coughs, Chest Colds, Bronchitis

Texas Flower The bluebonnet, official flower of Texas, was earlier called buffalo clover, wolfflower, and the "rabbit"—"el conejo"—the last because of the white tip's resemblance to a rabbit's tail. It was given its present name because it suggests a woman's sunbonnet.

Gas on Stomach

Relieved in 5 minutes or double money back. When excess stomach acid causes painful, suffocating gas, sour stomach and heartburn, doctors usually prescribe the fastest-acting medicine known for symptomatic relief—metolins like those in Bell's Tablets. No laxative. Bell's brings comfort in a fifty or double your money back on return of bottle to us. See at all druggists.



RESINOL

Immortal Youth There is a feeling of Eternity in youth which makes amends for everything. To be young is to be as one of the Immortals.—Hazlitt.

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If you suffer from hot flashes, dizziness, distress of "irregularities", are weak, nervous, irritable, blue at times—due to the functional "middle-age" period in a woman's life—try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound—the best-known medicine you can buy today that's made especially for women. Pinkham's Compound has helped thousands upon thousands of women to relieve such annoying symptoms. Follow label directions. Pinkham's Compound is worth trying!



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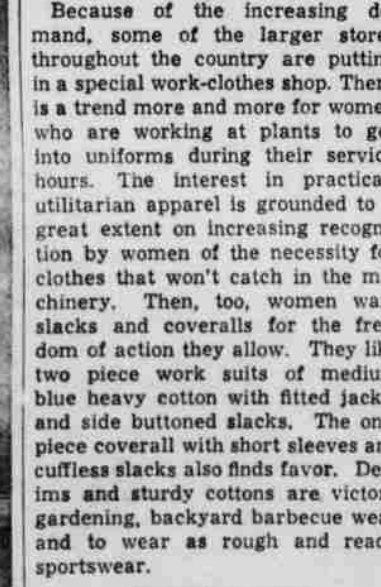
That Nagging Backache

May Warn of Disordered Kidney Action Modern life with its hurry and worry, irregular habits, improper eating and drinking—its risk of exposure and infection—throws heavy strain on the work of the kidneys. They are apt to become over-taxed and fail to filter excess acid and other impurities from the life-giving blood.

You may suffer nagging backache, headache, dizziness, getting up nights, leg pains, swelling—feel constantly tired, nervous, all worn out. Other signs of kidney or bladder disorder are sometimes burning, scanty or too frequent urination.

DOAN'S PILLS

Pastel Crepe



Here is one of those charming little dresses fashioned of solid-color pastel crepe that tell the news of what's what in smart frocks to wear now under your coat and later to come out in as you join the spring style parade. The newy item about this eye-appealing frock is that it is trimmed with narrow color-matched fringe. You'll love these fringe-trimmed pastels, they are so "just what you want" for immediate wear. To add to the exclusive effect of this good looking dress there is a deep hemstitching on the bodice, together with a smart use of gold plastic buttons.

Jeepees Creepers! Now

It's Moleskin Mittens! A touch of fur is giving smart distinction to many a midwinter costume. There are endless fur novelties available. Perhaps the most popular are the new pocketbook mufflers of Persian lamb and other flat furs. Moleskin mittens appear with moleskin ascot scarfs.

If mink is your choice, choose a Russian - inspired mink chechia. Novel indeed is the idea of wearing a big pompon made of silver fox fur in the same manner as if it were a chrysanthemum pinned to the lapel of your seal coat. To complete the ensemble, carry a silver fox fur muff. These fur accents are striking worn with cloth suits on cool days.