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To the Manor Born

"Do you think Churchill is more a master of the king's English than the President?"

"Well, perhaps he clothes it in a little more of the royal purple."

Told Him So

"What's in this bottle?" asked the customs officer.

"It's only ammonia," stammered the passenger.

"Oh—is it!" sneered the customs officer, removing the cork and taking a long sniff.

It was!

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THE Secret OF THE MARSHBANKS

• BY KATHLEEN NORRIS •

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THE STORY SO FAR: Charlotte (Cherry) Rawlings, an orphan at Saint Dorothea's convent school since she was seven, knows almost nothing of her early history but has gradually realized that like other girls at the school she has no family. She questions whether she has the right to her father's name. Judge Judson Marshbanks and Emma Haskell, housekeeper for wealthy Mrs. Porteous Porter in San Francisco are her guardians. When Cherry is twenty Emma gets her a secretarial job with Mrs. Porter but goes first to the Marshbanks mansion, meeting the judge's young wife, Fran, and his rich niece, Amy, daughter of his brother Fred, now dead. Life at Mrs. Porter's becomes monotonous, and Cherry is thrilled when Kelly Coates, an artist, sends her a box of candy. She is jealous when he brings Fran to a party at Mrs. Porter's. Emma tells Cherry that her sister Charlotte was Cherry's mother. Kelly takes Cherry along so Fran can visit his studio and Cherry senses that he is very much in love with Fran, but soon he tells Cherry despondently that Fran has promised the judge she will not see him any more. Mrs. Porter dies, leaving Cherry $1,500, and she learns from Marshbanks that his brother, Fred, who was Amy's father, was also her father. Cherry, much depressed, phones Kelly, who takes her to his studio and comforts her. They agree to cheer each other up. She decides to go to Stanford University and the judge suggests she live at Palo Alto with a Mrs. Pringle. As Fran is driving her there, Fran says, "Cherry, I wonder if you will do something for me."

Now continue with the story.

—10—

Cherry leaned against the rough homespun shoulder of Kelly's coat and listened dreamily although this talk was mostly about Fran.

CHAPTER X

"Mother, I didn't know Miss Rawlings was here! How do you do? Are you hungry? What could I offer you?" said George Pringle.

"How were you ex-es?" asked the mother.

"Repulsive," said Rebecca Pringle calmly. Cherry laughed and Rebecca smiled at Cherry and they immediately liked each other. "It was all stuff he'd never dreamed of mentioning to us before," said Rebecca. "But I think I hit some of it. You've been up to school?" she asked the visitor. "You haven't? Then I'll tell you what we'll do; we'll take a run up there now, and I'll show you 'round—"

"Oh, but you're tired! I wouldn't think—"

"I'd love it," Rebecca, whose manner was goddesslike in its serenities, said pleasantly. She and Cherry went out to a battered open two-seater at the gate and were immediately engulfed in a town full of small cars from which students dangled hilariously.

The college buildings were set in long cloisters and flower-edged lawns. When they stopped at the co-operative store, boys swarmed about the car and Rebecca introduced them, and Cherry could talk of classes she wanted to visit and of coaching in a group that was thoroughly absorbed in the same interests.

Altogether when they went back to the Pringle house and sat on the steps in real small-town fashion, Cherry was half intoxicated with happiness and anticipation, and felt that of all the changing phases of her life this one promised her the most contentment and the most to which to look forward.

She had telephoned Kelly only once in her life; she thought she might telephone him legitimately tonight, making an appointment to tell him of her good fortune. Although she put in the call immediately upon reaching home and waited for it until ten o'clock, the number was reported as not answering, and somewhat chilled, she abandoned the idea.

However, two weeks later when Easter vacations were over and she was conscientiously visiting classes, and studying dutifully with a coach who had been recommended, she had a telegram from him that sent her spirits to the skies.

"Coming home from Carmel Sunday morning. Can I pick you up for picnic at Topcoate at about ten? Love, Kelly," read the message. Cherry could not answer it but she was ready and waiting when he stopped the battered old car at the gate, and when she settled herself beside him she would not have changed places with any woman in the world.

"Goody!" she said.

"Why 'goody?' "

"Because you're alone."

"Who'd you think I was bringing?"

"No one special. But it's more fun to be alone."

"I've been a little too much alone," he said. "I came down for the Rasmussen wedding, and then went on to Carmel and painted cypresses and rocks."

"When—" She felt a prick of sick premonition. "When was the Rasmussen wedding?" she asked, with a slight quiver in her voice.

"Two weeks ago—two weeks ago Wednesday. Alice Rasmussen is the closest friend I have, you know. She's a peach. It was a small home affair; no fuss. Her brother must be fifty and the bride looked about that, and Stan wanted me for his best man. So I stayed there a couple of days—I was bluer than indigo anyway—and then went on down to Carmel."

"Then you saw Fran," Cherry stated rather than asked, with the bright day going dark about her.

"Fran?" His amazed eyes gave her a side glance. "How d'you mean?"

"She brought me down to the Pringles' to make arrangements and things. That was on Thursday, two weeks ago."

"I didn't know Fran was there!" He was honestly astonished. "Did she come to see Alice Rasmussen?"

"Well, maybe she didn't." Again Cherry must stand corrected about Fran. Instantly the solution occurred to her. Fran had learned in some way that Kelly was there, that by an extraordinary accident he was the Rasmussens' guest. And she had determined to avoid him.

Perhaps she had made her other call first and someone there had happened to mention him. Whatever she had done, Cherry knew she could believe Kelly now, for his consternation at the thought of her having been so near and his having missed her was unmistakably genuine.

This might be her chance to speak to him of Fran.

"Maybe she didn't want to see you, Kelly. Maybe she thought it would be no use," she offered timidly.

"I haven't any illusions as to its being any use, if by 'it' you mean my feeling for her," he answered decisively, almost savagely, and there was a silence. After a moment or two he said that he was sorry to be so rude, and they talked by rather awkward degrees of other things until they were at ease again.

But the morning's gala mood was hard to recapture, and Cherry felt something lacking in the beginning of the day. The bridge and the Sausalito hills were wreathed and buried in fog; the picnic turned itself into a house party. Three or four friends had been asked to lunch with Kelly, all bringing picnic contributions far more suited to the woods or the beach than to the living room.

Cherry's cheeks glowed; more than once the others smiled to hear her ringing laughter.

"Oh, Kelly," she said ingenuously when they were back beside the fire again, "it's such glorious fun here! Why can't we all stay here always!"

"All right by me," Kelly said, busy with drinks.

"It seems so horrible to go out again into the fog!"

"We'll give you girls the bedroom," Kelly arranged it, "and we can go over to the studio and bunk there."

"Oh, no!" Cherry turned a fire-flushed face toward the room. "I was only fooling. I have to be at Judge Marshbanks' for dinner."

"We have to go. We'll take you over," said little Mrs. Wilcox.

"No I'm responsible," Kelly told them. "I brought her here, and I'll see that she gets back safely."

Cherry leaned against the rough homespun shoulder of Kelly's coat and listened dreamily although this talk was mostly about Fran.

She was deliciously tired after the long day in the open air. She thought how she loved him, and how proud she would be to belong here, in the front seat of his car, resting against him.

They reached the Marshbanks house only too soon for her, and she said good night and ran up the steps.

Cherry found a comfortable robe, slippers and a nightgown laid out for her. She was anticipating the comfort of an hour's rest and reading before Amy arrived when there was a knock at her door.

A little puzzled, she said "Come in," her heart leaping with irrational terror when the invitation was accepted by old Mrs. Marshbanks, the formidable woman who was her grandmother and Amy's.

"I hoped I'd find you alone, Miss Rawlings. I wanted to speak to you," Dora Marshbanks said. She advanced to a deep chair, seated herself and by a slight inclination of her head indicated that Cherry was also to be seated.

"I don't know whether you know," the older woman began, with a steady look, "how definitely I object to your presence in this house. You should know, for I've asked my son to speak to you of it but I have no idea that he has carried out my wishes up to this time.

For a few seconds the words did not seem to make sense to Cherry; their shocking import reached her, in all its deadly simplicity and she felt her throat thicken and her hands grow cold.

"Or has he done so?" demanded Mrs. Marshbanks.

"He—he—No," was all Cherry could feebly stammer.

"I thought he hadn't. I thought even the least sensitive person would hardly come here after any suggestion from him. I am no longer the mistress of this house," said the old lady, in a sort of cold passion, "but I am not a cipher yet! I am asking you civilly not to make it a habit to come here."

Cherry sat staring at her in a fascinated horror of silence.

"You know your own history," said the inflexible voice. "You know why your presence here is an—an insult to decency and to me. I bitterly regret the—circumstances that have given you what you seem to consider a right to regard yourself as a daughter of the house!"

"I am a daughter of the house!" Cherry answered, her own words surprising her as much as they could possibly have surprised her companion.

"How dare you say that!" Mrs. Marshbanks said sharply. "You have absolutely no claim. You have been well established in life; you are being cared for now. Be careful that you don't lose even what you have!"

"I am not afraid of losing it, and I am not afraid of you!" said Cherry, at white heat. "I will come to this house as long as Amy and Fran and the judge want me! I wish you would go out of my room! I am sorry that any blood of yours runs in my veins!"

"And you think you can go on with your college work, be asked about in good society, once your history is known?" the older woman demanded, rising. "You think that Amy will continue to think you the most charming friend in the world once she knows that you are her half sister, that you are the living reminder of her father's weakness and immorality. I think you won't risk that. I think you'll realize that only you can keep your own people from being disgraced in the eyes of the world. Your own father and your mother too, you know."

"Your own son!" cried Cherry.

"What about Fran's own son?" Amy asked, coming in from her room, tired and cold and blown after her long ride. "What's Uncle Jud done? Why, what's . . ." She looked in amazement and concern from one face to the other. "What is it?" she asked. "What were you saying about Uncle Jud?"

There was a silence while the three looked at one another. It seemed to Cherry to last for a long, long time.

"There we stood like statues," Cherry said, telling Kelly about it a few weeks later, "until I thought we must all be frozen! Amy knew something was horribly wrong, and she kept asking 'What is it? What is it?' and old Mrs. Marshbanks was sort of panting, and she wouldn't say anything, and I couldn't. And finally Amy said: 'I know it's about uncle, because I heard Cherry say so!' "

"You hadn't said so?" Kelly was lying face down in the fresh, deep grass now, biting a blade thoughtfully; he looked up at her. The sun was sinking. Below the hill where Cherry and Kelly were sitting were the lake and the college buildings and beyond them the roofs of Palo Alto.

"No, I hadn't said a word about the judge, but I had said 'your son' and Amy heard that!" Cherry answered. "That's the whole trouble! That old fiend—that old inquisitioner—had told me that if I didn't break off my friendship with Amy, she'd tell everyone who I was—who I am, and I said that would mean her son was in it too!"

"You meant that wouldn't help her family reputation much?" Kelly asked, with a faint smile.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

The Washington MERRY-GO-ROUND

By DREW PEARSON

Washington, D. C.

MARTINIQUE APPEASEMENT

How tolerant we have been of the French island of Martinique, for two years thumbing its nose at us within bombing distance of the Panama canal, is illustrated by a conversation which took place between the state department's Sam Reber and treasury department officials.

Reber had gone to Martinique to negotiate with Vichy Admiral Robert regarding the airplane carrier, cruisers and six oil tankers rusting in Martinique waters. Subsequently, the state department announced that an agreement had been reached with Admiral Robert whereby these ships would be turned over to the U. S. A. Months have passed, however, with no result.

After state department envoy Reber returned, treasury officials asked him:

"What about the gold in Martinique? What is to become of that?"

They referred to 25 billions of gold francs still stored in Martinique.

"Oh," replied Reber, "that didn't come up."

"Wasn't it even mentioned?" asked treasury officials, who remembered how France had defaulted on her debts from World War I, still owing us several billion dollars.

"No," replied Reber, "did you think it would be safer up here?"

"Well, it certainly isn't very safe down there," countered the treasury.

"We decided," replied Reber, "that we didn't want to do anything which might infringe on the sovereignty of France."

That ended the matter. The gold is still in Martinique, and Admiral Robert, who apparently isn't much impressed by the subtleties of state department appeasement, has continued to thumb his nose at the United States.

• • •

RED CROSS DONOR

Several weeks ago Mrs. Roosevelt phoned the Red Cross to say that she wanted to donate blood to the Washington blood bank, but wanted no publicity.

Red Cross officials agreed and the visit went off without any fanfare. Mrs. Roosevelt merely took her place in line with other blood donors, rolled up her sleeve, had a pint drawn from her arm, and went on about her business.

Some weeks later, Red Cross officials were astounded to have Mrs. Roosevelt appear at the blood bank again. This time she had not telephoned, but they felt their pledge of no publicity still held good. Once again, the First Lady took her place with other blood donors, and scarcely anyone knew she had been there.

Red Cross officials wished they could have publicized the incident, because they were in the middle of their drive for funds. However, they did not do so, and this column learned of the facts quite by accident.

• • •

PAY BEFORE PATRIOTISM

War Production board officials tell of a heavy snow-and-sleet storm that blanketed Seattle and left the Boeing Aircraft plant snowbound, unable to operate for two days. By the end of the week roads had been opened, and Boeing broadcast a back-to-work call.

Men came to the gates of the plant, but stopped there. And they declined to go further until they could be assured of receiving time-and-a-half pay for week-end work.

"But you haven't put in 40 hours this week," officials retorted.

The men stood their ground, however, and Boeing officials telephoned Washington for advice. They talked with Madame Perkins, who ruled that nothing should be allowed to interfere with production and that the men should be paid.

• • •

MERRY-GO-ROUND

¶ U. S. department chiefs have asked for the deferment of very few government workers, but local draft boards, acting on their own, have deferred a tremendous number simply because they worked for the government.

¶ The diplomatic envoys of Honduras, Costa Rica, Salvador, Guatemala, and Nicaragua soon will become ambassadors extraordinary instead of ministers plenipotentiary. This would give all Good Neighbor diplomats the rank of ambassador except Haiti and the Dominican Republic; would also place them ahead of Australia, Canada and New Zealand.

¶ Figures for accidents on the home front continue to be almost as tragic as war casualties. Ned Dearborn of the National Safety Council says that 93,000 Americans were killed and 9,300,000 injured last year.

¶ Of the 26 British camera men who filmed General Montgomery's "Desert Victory," four were killed, seven wounded and six taken prisoner . . . The film is imperfect and hard on the eyes because it was taken under battle conditions. But it is a great story of British heroism.

¶ Only American journalist to visit the Japs' secret naval base, Truk, is Willard Price. In his book, "Pacific Adventure," he scooped the world on Japan's surreptitious plans to dominate the Pacific from Truk. Recommended as required reading for the state department.

New Tea Towels Add Gayety to the Kitchen

ANIMATED cutlery, dishes, glassware, pots and pans bring their infectious gaiety to a new set of tea towels. They offer a mixing bowl parade, a knife, fork and spoon dash, the soup spoon dance, and four more equally interesting tea towel designs, with a trio of teaspoons as motif for a matching panholder. Outline embroidery does the set in a jiffy—it could even be done in running stitch.

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WNU—13 15—43

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Nature designed the kidneys to do a marvelous job. Their task is to keep the flowing blood stream free of an excess of toxic impurities. The act of living—*life itself*—is constantly producing waste matter the kidneys must remove from the blood if good heath is to endure.
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