Uncle A Says:

A Popular Fallacy_

Some believe opportunity is a chance to rake in money without earning it.

You have to cultivate good habits. Only the bad ones grow wild.

The man who sings his own praises is usually a soloist.

An Old Proverb-

Never shift your tongue into high gear until you are sure your brain is turning over.

"The man who wants to marry should make a little money first," says a social worker. Afterwards his wife has to make a little money last.

Success comes from cans. Failure is packed in can'ts.

Weight of Birds

Hummingbirds, which weigh about one-twelfth of an ounce, are the lightest birds in the U.S. Heaviest birds are the wild turkey, trumpeter swan and the Canada goose, which weigh from 15 to 31 pounds.



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SOUTHERN OREGON MINER, Ashland, Oregon

W.N.U. RELEAS

"I've hidden something for twenty years," Emma said quietly-

was leaning against me, resting her hair against my cheek, I asked her who it was, if I knew the man.

SECRET MARSH

CNORRIS

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 she 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 and 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 goes to

Stanford University and lives with the

Pringles. Fran asks her to be Kelly's friend, saying he likes her, and that she

camp, then take a motor trip to Canada

and on the way back Cherry goes to

CHAPTER XII

twenty years," Emma said

"I've hidden something for

"You ought to know," said Emma

-"not that you ever can prove it!

-that you aren't Charlotte Rawl-

ings at all, Cherry. You ought to

know that you're Amelia Marsh-

Cherry swallowed with a dry

"You said, Aunt Emma-?" she

stammered after a silence and

stopped. "You didn't say that I'm

Breath failed her again. The oth-

"I'll tell you what happened,"

"I was twelve years older than

Emma said in her unemotional way.

Lottie; my mother died when she

was two. She was pretty the way

Amy is, only slighter and smaller,

with Amy's kind of hair. After my

father died we lived with an aunt

and uncle; they weren't always kind

to me, but everyone adored Lottie.

When my aunt died I kept house

for my uncle and Lottie was my

baby. When she was six I took her

to her first school. I did her home-

work with her.

er woman looked at her somberly.

throat, essayed to speak, failed.

Now continue with the story.

see Emma.

quietly.

banks."

Amy

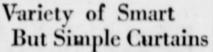
Emma went on. "My throat was through-we'd get through somehow. Had she told anyone? No, nobodyfive months.

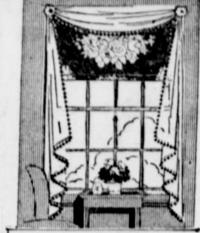
that they were getting ready for the Marshbanks baby, and of the way the world would treat my Lottie's unwanted little scrap, seemed to work like some terrible intoxicating poison in me. I put her to bed; she'd stayed at the house often enough; there was no comment by anyone; and if Fred Marshbanks ever had thought of her, he had probably put it all out of his mind, as a moment's foolish mistake months before.

next morning she was her quiet little self. I began to think if I could possibly keep Lottie safe up there, on the third floor of a big house. Where else would she be so hidden and so safe? I said to the Filipino servant Bonifacio that my sister would be with me a good deal. It was none of his business; he didn't care. Lottie could come and go in the quiet hours of the day, and in the evenings.

of it much. Weeks went by. Lottie expected her baby in January.

"January!" Cherry interrupted. "But we were both born in November. Amy and I!"



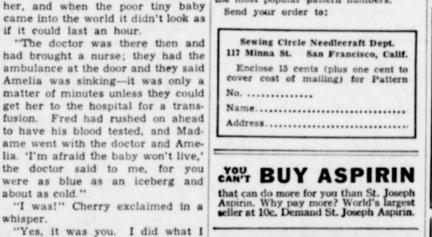


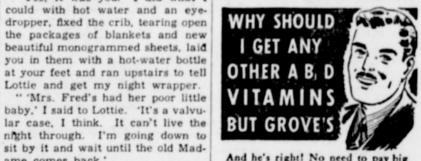


EEP your home attractive K through Spring and Summer killed her. She was crying wildly but after a while she sobbed only with airy, cool-looking curtains. now and then, and I was creeping Use inexpensive materials like back to bed again when the old theatrical gauze, fish-net, other Madame called me. Amelia was sheers. Even unbleached muslin having hysterics and for a few min- will do for those shown. They're utes it seemed as if we couldn't so easy to make, too. bring her around. From screaming

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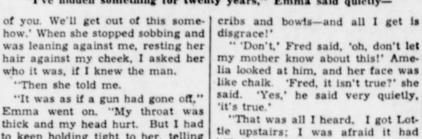
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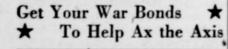


and Rebecca Pringle work in a vacation thick and my head hurt. But I had to keep holding tight to her, telling her it was all right, that we'd get nobody. She carried that secret for

"To think, Cherry of the Welcome

"Lottie went off to sleep, and the

"I don't remember that we talked





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17-43

24 hours every day, 7 days every week, never stopping, the kidneys filter waste matter from the blood. If more people were aware of how the kidneys must constantly remove sur-plus fuid, excess acids and other waste matter that cannot stay in the blood

kidneys must constantly remove sur-plus fluid, excess acids and other waste matter that cannot stay in the blood without injury to health, there would be better understanding of why the whole system is upset when kidneys fail to function properly. Burning, scanty or too frequent urina-tion sometimes warns that something is wrong. You may suffer nagging back-ache, headaches, dizziness, rheumatie pains, getting up at nights, swelling. Why not try Doan's Pills? You will be using a medicine recommended the country over. Doan's stimulate the func-tion of the kidneys and help them to flush out poisonous waste from the blood. They contain nothing harmful. Get Doan's today. Use with confidence. At all drug stores.



"My father was John Rawlingshe could never do much for us, and when he died and my uncle and aunt died-I was nineteen then-Lottie was all I had left.

"Well, I married Tom Haskell, and he was a father to her. She was ten, and pretty as a picture. One Sunday we were driving along comfortably, Lottie squeezed in between me and Tom on the front seat and suddenly a big truck smashed in on us from the left. Tom was dead at the wheel; I was broken almost in two. But little Lottie was protected by our bodies. "Three months later I went to the

Marshbanks. I tried St. Dorothea's for Lottie-an old friend of mine was a Sister there-but she couldn't stand it, so I boarded her with a fine Irishwoman who had three children. I saw her often, every week nearly.

"When she was old enough Lottie went to a nice, simple little boarding school in Belmont. Summers they had a camp, and she was happy and good and prettier and prettier.

"Fred Marshbanks, your father, was one of the handsomest men I ever saw, but weak. He had married Amelia Wellington by this time -she was a lovely girl with blue eyes and light hair, but for a long time it looked as if they couldn't have a child, and it broke her heart. Jud Marshbanks was married too. but he lived in the East, and they only saw his little boy now and then. That's Gregory, of course.

"I wanted Lottie nearer me then, and she'd left school, and boarded down in Redwood City. But she was often with me in the Marshbanks house.

"When Lottie was eighteen and I was thirty I was sewing in my room one night. We were all under a considerable strain in the house, for at last Fred's wife was going to have a baby, and they were terribly anxious for fear something would go wrong again.

"It was eleven o'clock, and I was thinking of going to bed when suddenly my door opened, and Lottie was there. She gave me a terrible stare.

"The minute I saw her I knew we were lost somehow, but I didn't know why. She looked pale and changed and she didn't smile or kiss me. She just crossed the room and knelt down at my knee, and said, 'Sis, I'm in trouble.'

"I asked her what kind of trouble, and she cried, and gradually it came to me-that I knew.

"I kept patting her hands, and swallowing, and looking away, and by and by I heard myself telling not fair that your child will have her, 'All right, darling, I'll take care everything-wealth and position and

"Yes, but one of you came two months too early." Emma went on with the story. "I was going to Fred, and if necessary bring in his brother, for the judge had moved out here then, and have them acknowledge his child. But it all came out differently.

"When I came upstairs one wet November afternoon I found her in bed. Her trouble had come upon her two months too soon. I slipped down and telephoned old Doctor Povlitski. He had been a friend of mine and I knew he would keep our secret.

"The old Madame was out, Fred wasn't home, and Fred's wife was dozing in her room. The doctor came in quietly the side way - I looked out for that-but fifteen minutes before he arrived Lottie's little girl, very tiny, but healthy enough, was born. There was nothing for him to do; he went away, and left her to me. And then I had some thinking to do again, for there isn't any hiding a new baby long." "Four nights later," Emma continued, "we heard a good deal of laughing and calling downstairs so I made some errand to go down to Mrs. Fred's room, and then came up and reported to Lottie. Mrs. Fred's father had arrived, and had brought he baby everything-his pram and chair and crib, his silver bowl and plate, and they'd been opening them up and making a great fuss.

"Well, old Mr. Wellington went away, and the Madame went to her room, and things settled down. As soon as she could be moved I was going to get Lottie to a boardinghouse I knew of. So I was breathing easier.

"I settled Lottie and the baby off for the night, and went to my room." This was maybe eleven o'clock. I was undressed, and just getting into bed when I heard the baby cry and went into Lottie's room.

"Her bed was tumbled and she was gone. I ran to the stairhead and saw lights in the hallway below and Lottie crossing it. Then I heard Lottie's voice in Mrs. Fred's room, and then Fred shouting. I don't know how I got down there. Mrs. Fred had stumbled back toward her bed and was staring at Lottie. There was a terrible silence when I got there, and then Amelia said in a whisper, 'You lie!'

"'I don't lie,' Lottie said. She was so weak she was leaning against a chair and her voice was hoarse and weak too. 'Ask him!' she said. "And it's not fair, it's

Lottie and get my night wrapper. "'Mrs. Fred's had her poor little baby,' I said to Lottie. 'It's a valvular case, I think. It can't live the night through. I'm going down to sit by it and wait until the old Madame comes back.'

with laughter she went into real

screaming, and in a few minutes I

told Fred to call the hospital and

tell her doctor we were taking her

there-that the baby was coming.

But we didn't have time to move

if it could last an hour.

about as cold."

whisper.

"Then I went downstairs and began a long vigil. Once Mrs. Marshbanks telephoned Fred's wife was very low. How was the baby? I had to say something cheerful; I said she looked much better. It was about five o'clock when Fred came in. I'd been within hearing of the child all the time, but I'd gone into the dressing room to drink a cup of coffee and twice I'd been out to telephone in Mrs. Marshbanks' room.

"He looked deathly; they'd taken a pint of blood from him, saving Amelia's life, he said. He came in to fling himself down for some sleep. But first he took a look at the baby. "'Why, Emma, she's small but

she'll make the grade. She looks like a different baby!' he said. I went over and looked down expecting to see you, breathing your very last, maybe-but instead I recognized Lottie's child."

Emma's breath had been coming shallow and fast as she reached the last phrases. Now she was perfectly still, and the room was still, "She'd changed them - changed

us!" Cherry said in a whisper. "Lottie. She'd slipped downstairs

while I was out of the room, put her own baby into the crib, carried you upstairs. I don't know," Emma said, whether-if I'd had time to think, if I'd had my wits about me-I mightn't have told him, then and there. But I was like a person struck senseless. What it meant to me, what it meant to Lottie, what it would give Lottie's baby if the other baby died, and if Lottie Try "Rub-My-Tism"- a Wonderful Liniment mightn't be in danger of-oh, I don't know what, prison maybe-if they found out. Anything!

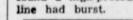
"They moved their baby to the hospital that first day. Well, that's all. You know all the rest. You didn't die. Every hour seemed the last but it wasn't. Days went by, and Lottie and I took you to the country. I'd told Fred, after that night, that of course I'd go; he needn't be afraid he'd ever see us again. But later he sent for me, and when I confessed that my sister had had a child-his child-he than made the provision that you know of. You grew strong and big, much stronger than Amy, and I ." The speaker's voice tried . . thickened; there was a pause.

"That's all," she said, and there was another silence. (TO BE CONTINUED)

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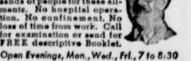








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