

There's Only One

By
Sophie Kerr

© Sophie Kerr Underwood.
WNU Service.

SYNOPSIS

Preparing to close her summer home and spend the winter in France with a great aunt, Anne Vincent, a middle-aged widow, accedes to the pleas of her adopted daughter Rachel, twenty and pretty, that she tell about her real mother. Anne, an unselfish, understanding soul, finds the task difficult, since she feels Rachel is putting a barrier between them. Rachel learns that her real mother was beautiful eighteen-year-old Elinor Malloy, deserted by her young husband, before Rachel's birth. He was killed in the World War. In desperate financial straits, Elinor had agreed to Rachel's adoption at birth by Anne, whose own baby had died. Elinor subsequently had married Peter Cayne, a wealthy New York business man, and had a son. To soften the story for Rachel, Anne omits telling her that her mother had been callous and selfish. Rachel goes fishing with Bob Eddis, a local boy who runs a library and does wood carving. She refuses his plea to stay in Rockboro and marry him instead of going to New York.

CHAPTER II—Continued

Anne had been waiting for her anxiously, but now she relaxed. Rachel couldn't have been greatly agitated if she had gone fishing with Bob and asked him to dinner. What on earth they'd give him to eat—she hurried to the kitchen and was investigating supplies when Rachel returned, laughing.

"There's a frightful row going on over there, Mrs. Kreeel and Sister Susie are raving about our letting Mr. Kreeel use the radio. He ought never to have let them know it. My heavens—," she looked at Anne's rummaging—"nothing but bread and potatoes and that crumb of cheese!"

"I'll bake the potatoes and toast the bread," said Anne. "There's a can of asparagus, that'll do for salad, and a can of apricots for dessert. There's enough coffee for tonight and some in the morning before we start."

Through this homely patter Anne had been listening to Rachel, watching her to discover if there had been any change, any ferment of feeling since their talk on the beach. She could detect nothing. The barrier which had been high between them before she had told Rachel what the girl demanded to know seemed to have gone.

Bob arrived before the meal was ready, bringing cocktails in a paper container and a package of salted nuts. "They're probably stale," he said. "They were bought for the summer folks and as you're the last to leave it's right you should have them."

Rachel had put on the yellow crepe dress she'd saved to wear the next day, she had tied a velvet ribbon about her head and pinned a knot of floppy velvet roses at the point of the plain collar. "Decorations for the party," she explained.

Bob poured the cocktails with ceremony and the cheese canapes looked smart and professional. "Renewed assurances, girl friends!" he said, lifting his glass. "And am I going to miss you!"

"You could come to New York," said Rachel.

"So you mentioned. You know, Mrs. Vincent, I've been doing my best to persuade Rachel to marry me and stay here this winter instead of leading the wild life in the great and wicked city. She won't listen to me. I wish you'd use your influence with her."

"Mother wouldn't want you for a son-in-law," declared Rachel. "Look at her struggle between her truthful feelings and her kind heart."

"That's a shameful lie. Your mother has known me a long time and thinks I'm marvelous. Don't you, Mrs. Vincent?"

"In some ways you're certainly marvelous," Anne agreed.

"But seriously—about Rachel marrying me—"

"Rachel will decide that for herself. Rachel," said Anne deliberately, "will decide everything important in her life for herself without advice from anyone. And I believe that she'll strike a pretty fair average of deciding right."

"There, you see, Bob! Mother thinks I ought to decline your flattering offer."

"She didn't say that," said Bob. "She implied it," returned Rachel. "What's more, mother isn't bothered about my living in New York with Pink and finding a job for myself. Are you, mother?"

"And what would I do here all winter, Bob? You've got the library and your wood carving, but I'd have nothing to do except cook your meals and wait for you to come and eat them."

"I could lend you improving books from the library and teach you a little wood carving, angel. We could walk on the beach and back in the hills and go fishing and sing sometimes and talk and on very stormy days sit by the fire and spin."

"The excitement would be too much for me," said Rachel. Then, as if taking some secret resolution from her spirit and declaring it openly to define and clinch it for her own satisfaction, she added with emphasis: "I've got something I must do this winter, something of my very own."

CHAPTER III

In the night Anne had reasoned sharply with herself to get away from self-pity, to accept, as she had always accepted, the hard limiting things that happened to her, and go on calmly. Both she and Rachel were up too early and were restless with this extra time and nothing to do. Bob was to come for their baggage and take it to the station and they would talk. The bare house got on Anne's nerves. "Let's take our coffee out on the terrace and watch the sea," she said, "it's a divine day."

Mr. Kreeel appeared as soon as they did, anxious and eager. "You haven't changed your intention about the radio, have you?" he asked.

Rachel gave him the house key for answer.

"Mis' Vincent, I hate to keep on applying for favors, but could I look through your trash and see if there's any empty cereal or cracker boxes? I could mail the tops in with my letters, in the contests. She—" he nodded toward his own house—"she gets upset if I buy anything special for that puppus."

"You can look through everything and welcome," Anne assured him.

"Listen, Mr. Kreeel," added Rachel, "here's an idea. You speak to Bob Eddis, he's going to be here all winter and if there's any special cereal or cracker you want I'm certain he'd buy it and eat it and give you the box."

"That is an idea, Miss Rachel! No waste, no cost, no argument in the house. Is there so 'thing I could do for you to help out this morning?"



Both Were Glad When They Left Him.

No? Well, I wish you both a safe trip and an early return next year, and I'll look after everything here for you. I'll miss you sore."

They shook hands with the gentle little man and he scurried away.

By the time Bob's car rattled up they were both ready, the bags on the terrace, the house locked and the extra key for Ada hung behind the nearest shutter.

Bob's thin face was drawn tight and his eyes were tired, unhappy, but Rachel said nothing about it, nor did Anne, either to him or later as they walked down to the station. The stores were just opening, the housewives had not yet begun to sweep their walks. The streets were empty, cool, waiting yet content, the early sunshine was white gold through which the long shadows of morning made a frail and shifting pattern. "It's like walking on a stage set," said Rachel. "How people do spoil this town!"

"But you don't want to stay here when most of the people are gone?"

"Not as Mrs. Bob Eddis. Not a chance."

"I hope you'll have a good time with Pink this winter and I do hope you'll find a job you really like, not a mere something to do in the daytime."

"I'll find something," said Rachel.

The train was waiting and Bob had piled their baggage just inside the door of the one passenger car.

"I've decided to go as far as the Junction with you," he said, and all the way there he talked about nothing with defiant cheerfulness annoying to Rachel, pathetic to Anne, but both were glad when they left him and settled into the express train's swift impersonal comfort. "If there's anything I hate it's being seen off," said Rachel crossly. "Come on, let's dash into the diner and get some food."

"And let's go into the silence while we're eating," added Anne. Not talking at breakfast was a custom Anne and Harry Vincent had adopted early in their married life and found that it gave the day a good start toward civilization. It was of Harry Vincent that Anne thought as she sat across from Rachel, noticing how handsome the tall

brown girl looked in her yellow frock and how the other passengers watched her with interest and speculation. What would Harry have thought of her? Anne wondered, as she had wondered so many times before. The clack of the wheels made a monotonous rhythm of release to Anne's memory. She could never get done missing Harry, she was his widow now as much as on the day he had died so suddenly, so quickly she couldn't believe it. "A bad heart and he knew it," Dr. Ayres had said. That was why all his affairs were in such good order. There was no muss or muddle over his will and his property, though he hadn't so very much to leave. But he had guarded Anne and Rachel with a trust fund and since his death it had increased and given a good income; even during the lean years since '29 it had not diminished, for the trustee was a canny and foreseeing man with a passion for finance and his ability was reinforced by a considerable but unanswered tenderness for Anne herself. Anne knew perfectly that two amiable smiles would have had Hobart Grable proposing to her, so her dealings with him were curt and on business alone, except for an occasional concert with him. He was not only a good financier, but someone with whom music could be enjoyed.

The first year after Harry Vincent's death was a blank in Anne's recollection, she knew that she must have gone through the ordinary motions of living, but all she could remember of it was bleak desolation and a strange anger against all who could live on when he could not. But that had passed, she had forced herself into normal ways, the care of Rachel had helped. Presently the child was the reason, the validity of her will to live. There was enough money for a small apartment and a maid for the winters, the house in Rockboro in the summers. Rachel had gone to a private school and to special classes at Columbia, but obviously she was no scholar and to force her through the college mill seemed a pointless task to Anne.

With Rachel at twenty Anne had come to an impasse. The girl lived with her too contentedly, saw too few young people, passed on her decisions and her plans to Anne to make and only now and then took a stand of her own. Anne didn't want to depend on Rachel any more than she wanted Rachel to depend on her, and she was afraid that her love for her daughter might betray her. Not only her love, but the constant joy of Rachel's presence, the pleasure of having her by her side and in looking out for her, these might, she felt, so easily warp and limit Rachel, make her less of a woman, less of a person than she had a right to be.

Then that querulous difficult dowager, her Great-aunt Helende Besnard (born Helen Williams of Albany) had summoned Anne to her side, not because of affection or need, but because her sole aim of living now was to make people do what they didn't want to do. She had tried before to get Anne to stay with her and refusal had sharpened her demand. This new summons had provided Anne with a logical excuse to leave Rachel on her own, make her rub up against the world, give her companions of her own age.

Anne came out of the silence. "Will you stay at the hotel with me until I sail, or go right down to Pink?" she asked, hoping with all her heart for these last few days with Rachel.

"I'd better stay with you and watch your shopping, you'll buy nothing but old lady clothes unless I watch you. I want you simply to put Madame Helene's eye out when you get there. I'll phone to Pink that I'm on my way."

Anne opened her lips to say, "Best take your bags to Pink's so they don't have to be moved twice," but she changed it to "Very well,"

remembering that Rachel must now make her own decisions, however small. She added gratefully, "It'll be a big help to have you with me."

"That's a joke, you know Grable does everything. All you need is a couple of frocks and a visa on your passport. Poor old Grable, what'll he do with his Philharmonic tickets this year?"

"You might go with him."

Rachel laughed. "And have him tell me all about Brahms? That would be a thrill! All the same I mean to cultivate Grable a little, he might find me a job just for your sake."

With hesitation, because she had so determinedly kept her hands off this most important matter, Anne asked, "Rachel, are you any nearer knowing what kind of a job you'll look for?"

"No, not a bit. Pink will probably think up something and force me into it. And I'll hate it."

"I thought—from what you said to Bob last night—that you had something definite in mind."

Rachel replied with ostentatious carelessness: "Oh, that—that was on the side."

Anne decided to make a joke of it. "You and your secrets!" she said, smiling. "All right—keep out of jail, that's all I ask." And she would not notice that Rachel's smile was a little forced and anxious.

"Would you like to ask Pink to dinner tonight if she hasn't a date?" she went on.

"Yes, Rachel would like that. And for the rest of the trip if they talked at all it was of nothing with special meaning."

Pink, it appeared, could come to dinner and at seven; before they were ready, she came bounding into Rachel's room at the hotel without a sign of her day's work about her.

Pink was small and thin as a toothpick, her nose turned up, her skin was pleasantly freckled, her hair shoe-polish black. She hailed from Baltimore and was unlike the Southern belle of song and story in every possible way. She did not even have a Southern accent and she was 100 per cent unromantic. Her brain was keen and violent, she spoke her opinions instantly and acted on them as soon as made, and she was quick to be kind and tolerant and also to be sharp and hard, but she couldn't cherish a grudge no matter how she tried.

Anne heard her speaking to Rachel and in another moment Pink tapped at her door, popped inside, hugged and kissed her and said how grand it was to see her, all in one motion.

"You're coming to dinner with us," Rachel called in, "and we're going somewhere swank. I'll get enough cheap Italian dumps this winter and don't I know it."

"I'm not dressed for a swell place and we haven't any man. Or have we?"

"No, we haven't," said Anne, "but I don't think it matters, it's early and you have me for chaperon."

The talk went on after they had reached the roof garden which Rachel selected as their dining place. Anne listened, amused, as the two girls chattered.

"I tell you," said Pink, "this is the women's day and the men's depression. It's the women who've scrambled around and found some sort of jobs when the men couldn't find any. My part-time maid tells me that practically every woman she knows is supporting a husband or a brother or a father. And coming into the white-collar class it's the women who've kept the home fires burning, they've made new jobs when they couldn't find old ones. Two big women's clubs have built and furnished clubhouses, though building is practically dead, and they've financed them soundly, too. Ladies, someone said the other day, have found out they can work. So here's the town, Rachel, you can take your pick."

(TO BE CONTINUED)

Copy of St. Peter's Dome Allowed by Mistake; University Claims Duplicate

The story of how the only copy in the world of Michelangelo's famous model of the dome which he designed for St. Peter's Cathedral in Rome was permitted to be constructed has been revealed for the first time by authorities of the University of Cincinnati, says a Cincinnati United Press correspondent.

The university has had possession of the little-known copy for ten years. It was made, it was disclosed, by a student named Victor L. S. Hafner while he was studying under a fellowship at the American Academy in Rome in 1921. His idea was to make a comparative study of Michelangelo's model, then on the balcony of St. Peter's, and the actual dome itself as a thesis problem.

He first sought permission to make the copy from the cardinal in charge of Vatican properties but learned he was out of the city. The

cardinal's substitute, however, granted the request so Hafner started his work. His copy was well under way when the cardinal returned and learned of the action of his substitute, who was unaware of the centuries-old rule of the Vatican that the model could never be reproduced.

The cardinal decided to permit the work to continue only on condition that no reproduction of the copy could be made. The university obtained the copy several years later and agreed to these terms.

History records that Michelangelo was appointed architect in chief of the Cathedral of St. Peter about 1547. During the next ten years he constructed a large wooden model of the dome so that in event of his death the work could be carried out. The model was twenty feet high and twelve and one-half feet in diameter.

The Happiness Trio



PRIDE goeth with Fall and glamor, too, Milady, when you wear distinguished fashions by Sew-Your-Own! Today's trio gives youth a chance to express itself in an individual manner; gives the adult figure an opportunity to display a new high in chic, and last—but we wouldn't say least—a utility model that's as right for daughter as for mother, as attractive on cousin Emma as it is on Aunt Grace.

Swank 'n' Sweet. Young and inspired is the little two piece that just stepped into the picture at the left. The top is one that will set a vogue in this woman's town and make you the swankiest of the whole lot of Lafa-Lots. If you're asked to picnic in the colorful Autumn woods, wear this number in henna-colored wool for real satisfaction and that perfect harmony that makes picnicking a picnic.

For Kitchen Capers. And before you go, there'll be sandwiches to make, potatoes to peel, and lemons to squeeze—that's where and when the ginghams gown in the center comes in. Of course, its novel yoke-and-sleeve-in-one construction makes it a most attractive model to sew as well as to wear. The skirt has flare enough for cutting those kitchen capers one has to when minutes are few and work plentiful. Make this simple five-piece frock in two versions and be sure of everyday chic at minimum cost.

Style Success. While we go picnicking and places, don't think Mommy isn't going to swing out in style, too. She's certain of success when she goes to her Club; she's sure of well-groomed elegance for Sunday best in the slenderizing frock at the right. It does wonders for the figure that needs it, and it is equally becoming to sizes 18 and 20. So, Mommy, no matter what your size or the color of your hair, you'll be young enough and slim

enough in this frock to feel like the very essence of fashion.

The Patterns. Pattern 1336 is designed for sizes 12 to 20 (30 to 38 bust). Size 14 requires 5 1/2 yards of 35 inch material plus 4 1/4 yards of 1 3/4 inch bias strip for fold for trimming.

Pattern 1381 is designed for sizes 14 to 44. Size 16 requires 3 1/4 yards of 39 inch material.

Pattern 1286 is designed for sizes 36 to 48. Size 38 requires 4 1/4 yards of 39 inch material.

Send your order to The Sewing Circle Pattern Dept., 149 New Montgomery Ave., San Francisco, Calif. Patterns 15 cents (in coins) each.

© Bell Syndicate.—WNU Service.



Constipated?
Many doctors recommend Nujol because of its gentle action on the bowels. Don't confuse Nujol with unknown products.
INSIST ON GENUINE NUJOL
Copr. 1937, Glaxo Inc.

With Understanding
To understand everything would be to pardon everything.—Madame de Stael.

666 checks **COLDS** and **FEVER** first day
LIQUID, TABLETS
SALVE, NOSE DROPS Headache, 30 minutes.
Try "Rub-My-Tum"—World's Best Laxative

Friendly Silence
Silence is a true friend who never betrays.—Confucius.

DETOUR DOGS
"BLACK LEAF 40"
Keeps Dogs Away from Evergreens, Shrubs etc.
© 1937 Use 1 1/4 Teaspoonful per Gallon of Spray.

CHEW LONG BILL NAVY TOBACCO 5¢ PLUG

LIFE'S LIKE THAT By Fred Neher



"Paw's practicing . . . he's gonna hitch-hike to Florida this winter."