

# WITH BANNERS

SYNOPSIS

Brooke Reyburn visits the office of Jed Stewart, a lawyer, to discuss the terms of an estate she has inherited from Mrs. Mary Armada Dane. Unwittingly she overhears Jed talking to Mark Trent, nephew of Mrs. Dane who has been disinherited. Mrs. Dane had lived at Lookout House, a huge structure by the sea, built by her father and divided into two, for her and Mark's father. Brooke had been a fashion expert, and Mrs. Dane, a "shut-in," hearing her on the radio, had invited her to call and developed a deep affection for her. Mark discloses that Mrs. Dane had threatened to disinherit him if he married Lola, from whom he is now divorced. He says he does not trust Henri and Clotilde Jacques, Mrs. Dane's servants. He says he is not interested in an offer of Brooke's to share the estate with him. Leaving her department store job, Brooke refuses an offer to "go stepping" with Jerry Field, a carefree young man who wants to marry her. At a family conference she learns she must live at Lookout House alone, since Lucette, her younger sister who is taking her job, her brother, Sam, a young playwright, and her mother plan to stay in the city. Jed and Mark are astounded when they hear from Mrs. Gregory, a family friend, that she had witnessed a hitherto unknown will with Henri and Clotilde two weeks before Mrs. Dane died. Brooke had arrived just as she was leaving. Jed suggests that Mark open his part of Lookout House, get friendly with Brooke and try to find out about the will. Jed agrees to stay with him. Mark accepts Brooke's invitation for a family Thanksgiving dinner at Lookout. Mrs. Reyburn announces on Thanksgiving eve that she has been invited to England. Sam and Lucette decide to move in with Brooke and Sam plans to produce a new play locally. After the Thanksgiving dinner Brooke tells Mark that little of Mrs. Dane's silver collection is left. Jerry Field and his sister Daphne drop in and announce they will be neighbors for the winter. Sam adds them to the cast of his play. Later Inspector Harrison of the local police visits Mark and is informed about the missing will and silver. As Harrison leaves, Lola arrives. She announces that she and her new husband, Bert Hunt, have started a neighborhood filling station. Mark almost makes a break about the missing will and Brooke is suspicious.

## CHAPTER V—Continued

"You're a darling, Brooke. I appreciate now the color, and the sense of 'God's in His Heaven, all's right with the world' you brought into Mary Amanda Dane's life. I had intended to start a boycott against you and your family here because you had cut Mark out of his inheritance, but he asked me to be nice to you. I adore that boy. I would do anything for him. He lived in a nightmare of humiliation with a wife who came home night after night barely able to keep her feet. Why, why can't women realize that it's their privilege to keep up the standards of decency? He stood by her, though, and held his head high, and wouldn't allow his soul to be warped by the experience."

Brooke left her town car in the garage when she reached Lookout House. She was thoughtfully drawing off her gloves as she approached the garden door of her house. A stream of light laid a golden path on leafless shrubs and graveled walk. A woman was at the door! A woman in a fox cape. Mrs. Hunt! Talking with Henri.

Brooke stepped into the purple shadow of a spruce. She could see and she could hear:

"If you keep a level head we can't lose, Henri."

The man's murmur was indistinct. He closed the door softly as the woman went down the steps. She flung a furtive look at the windows of the house before she vanished in the dusk.

"That seems to be that," Brooke said to herself, before she started around Mark Trent's house that she might enter her own front door unobserved by a possible watcher in the garden.

As she entered the living-room at Lookout House, she rang for Henri. The green parrot squawked, "Stop!" ruffled his feathers, and hopped up and down in his cage. She was standing near the fire, letter opener in hand, looking over the mail she had found on the desk when the butler entered.

"Did anyone call, Henri?"

"On the phone, Miss?"

"At the house."

Henri opened the door of the parrot's cage. Mr. Micawber hopped to his shoulder and began tweaking his ear.

"Never mind about the parrot, Henri. Answer my question."

"But I take him out like this for a walk around three times a day, Miss: the old madame wanted him to have a change of scene. Not a person called at this house. Were you expecting someone?"

"Yes, the lady who is to have charge of selling tickets for the play phoned that she might come this afternoon. Probably she couldn't make it. That's all."

Her eyes followed him as he left the room with the green bird muttering on his shoulder. Always she had distrusted the man of whom Mary Amanda Dane had been so fond. Why should he have lied to her about Mrs. Hunt's presence at the garden door of Lookout House? Because the woman was there to see him of course. With her thoughts still on Henri and his evasions, she slit one of the envelopes in her hand and drew out the letter it contained. All thought of the butler fled as she saw that the letterhead was that of the firm for which she had been fashion adviser.

Dear Miss Reyburn,—she read—

Any chance of your wanting a job? We are opening a dress shop at Palm Beach under the name of Carston's Inc. Very swank, very expensive. Celeste will be business manager. We'd like you to be top mannequin—with a sal-

## By Emilie Loring

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WNU Service.

ary, of course, and percentage on the sales of the frocks you model. We'll put on a fashion show later in the season. Society girls as mannequins. We'll open this year January first. Don't say "No" until you think it over. Come in and we'll give you more details. Celeste and the directors are all for you on the job.

Yours truly—

Brooke's face flushed as she re-read the letter. Of course she couldn't accept—some girl who needed the money should have the chance—but it was thrilling to know that she was wanted. Palm Beach. All sunshine and fragrance and flowers. What a contrast to this stern and rockbound coast with the pound of surf, the wail of the siren, and the cries of gulls, to which she was anchored for the present.

The contents of the letter glowed in her mind as she dressed for the evening. It was heart-warming to know that her hard work had been appreciated.

Not until later, as, snuggled in a big chair before the fire in the living-room, she waited for Lucette and Sam to change for dinner, did the memory of Mrs. Hunt's presence at the garden door recur to her. Now it surged to the top of her mind. With unseeing eyes on the green parrot back in his cage, she thought of the woman's warning to her, of her threat to Mark Trent—it had been a threat, in spite of that sugary "darling." What had she meant? What object could Henri have had in denying her presence?



"How Perfectly Grand!"

Why should the remembrance of the low voice declaring: "If you keep a level head we can't lose, Henri," send icy prickles crawling up her spine and coasting down?

Brooke thoughtfully smoothed the lace of her dinner frock, lace the very shade of the high lights in her hair. If this were a movie, there might be a trick cupboard in the green paneling in which the silver had been hidden, but there was nothing so exciting here. She had been at Lookout House when the walls and trim were painted.

"Calling car 5! Car 5! Car 5!"

The frenzied call brought Brooke to her feet, set her heart thumping madly. Then she laughed as the parrot with a squawk preened his green and yellow feathers. She made a disdainful face at the chuckling bird.

"Mr. Micawber, sometime when you yell like that I'll forget that I'm a perfect lady and wring your neck. Sam, did you teach the parrot that police radio call?" she demanded, as her brother entered the room.

His eyes twinkled behind the lenses of his horn-rimmed spectacles. He pulled a piece of cracker from the pocket of his blue coat.

"Sure, I taught him. I've been at work on that bird ever since I came. Here, stout fella!"

The parrot twisted his head completely round, blinked lidless eyes, before he nipped at the reward which Sam had thrust through the bars of his square cage.

"That bird's a peach, Brooke. You can teach him anything if you try hard enough. Boy, I wish I had him in the play. He'd show some of the stiff's how to speak their lines."

"Who's the biggest problem?"

"Daphne Field. She's pretty enough but dumb. She'll stop the show, all right, but not because she's an actress. Hers is a feed-part for the leading woman. She's one of those darnfool girls who go off their heads in a crisis—in real life, I mean, not in the play. Glad she's not in the lead. Laura Crane, who is, is good; she's got plenty on the ball."

"How is Jerry in his part?"

"Okay, but I don't like the man who is playing the male lead. He's a spotlight hog. I wish Mark Trent would take it. He's just the type and a natural. I think he's great—and—he's darn friendly, but—"

Sam leaned against the mantel and faced his sister. "Have you ever thought that he is not particularly keen about the Reyburn family?"

Brooke said thoughtfully:

"Would he be likely to be keen, as you express it, about a family which was spending money that he felt should be his? I think he has behaved decently."

"Who said he hadn't? I have a kind of feeling, that's all. He told Jed Stewart that we might take anything we liked from his house for stage setting. But all things considered, I'll be glad when the show is over; sometimes I think I've written a smash hit and sometimes that the play is just a lot of tripe. I daren't hope for one or two first-string critics to give me the low-down on it. Anyway, a manager who liked those two sketches I wrote for the Workshop is coming for the opening to give it the once-over, and he'll bring a New York producer."

"Really, Sam! How perfectly grand! We—"

"Hi! Soft pedal! Here comes Lucette. I don't want her to know that they'll be in front, it might rattle her."

There was the sound of running feet on the stairs, a gay voice singing. Lucette dashed into the room. Her black hair was silky; her thin frock was only a shade redder than her lips and cheeks and fingernails. She dropped to the rug in front of the fire, hugged her knees, and looked up at her sister.

"How soon do we eat, Brooke? I'm starving."

"Henri waits till he hears you tumble downstairs before he announces dinner. What kind of a day did you have?"

"Hectic. Every woman in the city apparently has gone sports-coasting minded. They've stopped boasting of the extreme age of their frocks and hats and have begun to spend real money. They are buying for themselves and for Christmas gifts in spite of the fact that prices are being stepped up. I should worry. I get a sliver of commission on my sales. The girl who has taken your place had just one of those days, today. Madame Celeste was on the warpath. I brought Jerry Field down in the car. He was a gob of gloom when he came in and you were not here. By the way, who do you think runs that new filling-station in the white cottage?"

"Mark Trent's ex-wife and her husband!"

## CHAPTER VI

Brooke stood before the fire in the softly lighted living-room at Lookout House. Three days had passed since she had received the letter offering her the Palm Beach position, since she had heard that the Hunts were the proprietors of the filling-station she had been patronizing. She had refused promptly the business offer and had dropped it from her mind, but she couldn't forget the other. Sometimes she wondered if she would ever think of anything else. Questions were ever-lastingly popping up. Had Lola Hunt gone to Mark Trent's house to tell him about it, or had he known already? Why later had the woman been talking so confidentially to Henri at the garden door of Lookout House? What had she meant by: "If you keep a level head we can't lose, Henri?" What was behind that snapped off "wit" of Mark Trent's?

Why was she spending a moment's thought on Mark Trent's problems? Hadn't she plenty of her own? She frowned at the empty gilt cage. Where was Mr. Micawber? When she had come in this afternoon, Henri had been wringing his hands. He had gone completely French as he chattered, but she had gathered from the jargon that when he had stepped out on the lawn with the parrot on his shoulder, the door had banged behind him and the frightened bird had flown away. It wasn't that she cared for the parrot, she detested him, but Mrs. Dane had loved him and she felt as if she had broken faith with her benefactress.

"Wake up, sister!" Lucette prodded from the doorway. "Sam and I have been staring at you for three minutes, trying thought transference. Nothing doing. We couldn't penetrate your skull. You've been scowling as if addressing a hall full of women who refused to rally to your one-time battle-cry."

"Old age isn't necessary, it is nothing but a germ! Watch out that you don't pick it up!"

Brooke laughed. "I had no idea that the precepts of her elders made such an impression on our little sister, had you, Sam?"

"No. I—Where is Mr. Micawber?"

Brooke told him.

"No kidding, what do you know about that? I'll bet Henri let him go."

"He wouldn't do that, Sam, though he should have known better than to go to the open door with him. Mrs. Dane wouldn't have the bird's wings clipped; of course he would fly when he got the chance. Henri takes all the care of him, thank heaven. I think he adores him, if he can adore anything. Curious, Mr. Micawber likes Henri and you; he doesn't try to conceal the fact that he dislikes Lucette and me. I'm really troubled about the parrot. He may be flying outside, and Mrs. Dane was so careful never to expose him to draughts. Who is calling, I wonder?" Brooke asked, as the butler passed in the hall on his way to the front door.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

## IMPROVED UNIFORM INTERNATIONAL SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON

By REV. HAROLD L. LUNDQUIST, Dean of the Moody Bible Institute of Chicago. Western Newspaper Union.

### Lesson for August 29

#### GOD CONDEMNS INTEMPERANCE.

LESSON TEXT—Leviticus 10:1, 2, 8-11; Proverbs 31:4, 5; Isaiah 28:1-8; Romans 14:21.

GOLDEN TEXT—Wine is a mocker, strong drink is raging; and whosoever is deceived thereby is not wise. Prov. 20:1.

PRIMARY TOPIC—What a Wise King Said. JUNIOR TOPIC—When a Man Drinks. INTERMEDIATE AND SENIOR TOPIC—How Drinking Harms Others. YOUNG PEOPLE AND ADULT TOPIC—Why Beverage Alcohol Is a Social Foe.

The use of intoxicating liquors is financially unprofitable to the nation, scientifically unwise and destructive, socially degrading, and morally wrong.

I. The Problem. The selected Old Testament scriptures which comprise our lesson present the use of intoxicants as causing four socially undesirable results.

1. Religious disobedience (Lev. 10:1, 2; Isa. 28:7). Two things we may rightfully expect of those who serve the nation in its religious life: (1) a vision of God and obedience to that vision in life and service, and (2) the exercise of sound God-guided judgment in the affairs of the people. But note what happens when the prophet and the priest turn to wine and strong drink. "They err in vision" (Isa. 28:7). That is, they have no clear concepts of divine truth, and lead the people into error. Further, we see that "they stumble in judgment." To every true servant of God comes repeatedly the opportunity and the need of rendering judgment, that is, of advising and counselling those to whom he ministers. If his mind is befuddled by the use of alcohol (or, for that matter, of any other kind of worldly indulgence) he will "stumble," and cause his people to stumble.

A sad incident is related in Lev. 10:1, 2 of the sons of Aaron, appointed to the priesthood and instructed in its privileges and duties, but coming with strange fire to be offered before the Lord. Swift and terrible was the judgment they received. We are not told directly that they were intoxicated, but it is implied in the fact that there is an immediate injunction against the use of wine by the priests.

Let someone think that such a thing could not happen in our day the writer mentions word which recently came to him that a leading seminary has professors on its staff who defend the so-called moderate use of alcoholic drink.

2. Political disorder (Prov. 1:5). While political leaders make sanctimonious protestations that government agencies are not influenced by the liquor interests, it is common knowledge to even those who are slightly informed that the two are closely associated. The result of that unholy alliance is rightly described in Prov. 31:5—"They forget the law, and pervert the judgment of any of the afflicted." Much of the sad disorder in the body politic is traceable directly to the door of the makers and sellers of alcoholic beverages.

3. National decay (Isa. 28:1-8). "Overcome with wine"—stricken down, useless in life, without true ambition, such is the picture of the man who gives himself to drink. Poverty, with all its attendant social problems, follows on the heels of the sale and use of intoxicants. Some liquor dealers are beginning to sense a rising tide of opposition to their business, and are advertising. "We do not want bread money," but the fact is that it is all too often bread money that goes for liquor, and the vile stuff is still on sale where the poor man may readily spend his "bread money" for it.

4. Personal degradation (Isa. 28:8). "Vomit and filthiness" are not very nice words, but they describe accurately the ultimate condition of the drinker and his surroundings. The writer knows a young man who boasts that he never gets drunk because the "booze" makes him so sick that he vomits it up. Imagine a supposedly intelligent man drinking stuff so vile that his stomach (evidently having more sense than his head) sends it back—and then boasting of his ability to drink more!

II. The Solution, a Divine Principle (Rom. 14:21). Thousands of Christian people have solved not only the drink problem, but practically every question of conduct and social life by applying this principle. Surely no true follower of Christ will be guilty of doing anything that will cause any brother to be offended, to stumble, or to be made weak.

Foundations. The foundation of domestic happiness is faith in the virtue of woman; the foundation of political happiness is confidence in the integrity of man; the foundation of happiness, temporal and eternal, is reliance on the goodness of God.—Landon.

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### Fine Feathers for Three

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A Fun Frock. Rain, nor gloom, nor a flat tire (either kind), can dampen the spirits of the girl who wears this buoyant, young sports frock (above left) on her daily rounds—be they on the fairway, the campus, behind the counter, or merely from pillar to post. You can easily see why it's a winner: a button-all-the-way front, the matched collar and general shipshape styling make it just that. It's a surefire in acetate, or silk crepe.

Here's to Mothers. Sew-Your-Own loves nothing more than catering to mother's wardrobe needs. The frock above (center) is for all mothers: old sweet ones, young darling ones, yes, even for mothers-to-be. It is easy to run up, easy to do up, and best of all, easy to look at. Smart simple lines make it a favorite of women who demand more than a passable appearance when they're "just at home."

Little Brown Girl. An all-over sultan is her forte, and many sunny days are ahead for young Miss Fortunate whose mommy chooses to interpret the fetching model at the right. A scalloped waist front accentuated by frou-frou trim is right down her avenue, and a gored skirt, that's second to none for class, fits into her scheme of things to a T. Mother, why not make one dressy version, as pictured, another finished differently for school? (Perhaps with a simple braid trim) Rayon prints, gingham, or sheer wool, will do nicely as the material.

The Patterns. Pattern 1249 is designed for sizes 14 to 20 (32 to 42 bust). Size 16 requires 4½ yards of 39 inch material. Pattern 1207 is designed for sizes 34 to 50. Size 36 requires 4½ yards of 35 inch material. With long sleeves 4¾ yards of 39 inch material. Pattern 1366 is designed for sizes 6 to 14 years. Size 8 requires 2¾ yards of 39-inch material plus 1¼ yards of machine pleating. Send your order to The Sewing Circle Pattern Dept., Room 1020, 211 W. Wacker Dr., Chicago, Ill. Price of patterns, 15 cents (in coins) each. © Bell Syndicate.—WNU Service.

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### Through Persuasion

The child should be led to the right path, not by severity, but by persuasion.—Menander.

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### Perfect Sincerity

Fear is not in the habit of speaking truth; when perfect sincerity is expected, perfect freedom must be allowed; nor has anyone who is apt to be angry when he hears the truth, any cause to wonder that he does not hear it.—Tacitus.

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### LIFE'S LIKE THAT By Fred Neher

"How about a minstrel show now that we have two good end men."