





# two keys to a cabin

by Lida Larrimore

"She said Debby hadn't voice enough for opera," Sarah said, "and that no amount of musical education would eliminate the huskiness. It's something about the formation of her vocal cords."  
"I don't care," Debby ran a rippling chord. "I don't want to sing in opera. I don't want the husky tones trained out of my voice."  
"What do you want?" The patience in Sarah's gentle voice intimated to Gay that the question had been asked of Debby many times before.  
"You know, I've told you. I want to sing popular songs. On the radio or in a club. Do you think I could, Gay?"  
"Maybe—I don't know," Gay added, seeing Debby's face brighten, not wanting to raise false hopes.  
"I have a friend who sings in a supper club."  
Sarah's eyes, sherry-colored like her grandmother's but with less vivacity of expression, widened in surprise not unmixed with shock. Gay thought. Debby gave a bounce on the piano bench.  
"Oh, have you?" she cried. "Will I—?" She broke off and ran a series of noisy chords.  
"It's personality rather than voice which puts a singer on," Gay went on, realizing that Debby had not spoken to Sarah of the possible visit in New York. "That and the fact smart club managers are featuring debutantes this season. Debby has personality."  
"Rather too much at times," Sarah sighed, then smiled. "There'll be no question of anything of the sort for some time, anyway," she added. "Debby is too young to make independent plans."  
"I'm eighteen!" Debby flashed an antagonistic glance at her sister. But her mood was too joyous to permit her to bear a grudge. She played a few preliminary chords, then sang again. The sultry negro minors of "The St. Louis Blues" moaned inconspicuously in the high-ceilinged New England room, from the old square piano where another Deborah Houghton had sat at twilight playing gentler tunes, her thoughts with her husband at sea. Through Debby's singing, she

heard a door open and glanced up expectantly, hoping that John had come. His mother entered the room. Debby's voice was silenced. Her hands dropped from the keyboard into her lap. She glanced quickly at Gay, then to her mother walking toward the piano.  
"John hasn't come yet?" Ann Houghton asked with a glance at Gay.  
"Not yet, Mrs. Houghton."  
"I hope nothing has happened." Her brow cleared. "Mr. Sewall asked me to say good-night to you. He had only just time enough to make the train. Debby seems to have amused you adequately."  
"Oh, very much," Gay said quickly. "She sings remarkably well."  
"It's an agreeable accomplishment, though I can't always recommend her choice of songs." John's mother smiled and went to sit in the wing-chair beside the hearth. Her hands reached instinctively toward the knitting bag on the arm of the chair. Debby had been correct in her prediction, Gay thought. Ann Houghton looked subtly flattered and pleased. There was a faint color in her cheeks. The dress of knitted silk she wore, dull amber in shade, was becoming. "Mr. Sewall was delighted with the material I gave him," she went on. "I let him take your great-grandfather's diary. If anything happens to it—" "I should imagine that Mr. Sewall is trustworthy," Sarah said.  
"Of course, but with things that could not be replaced—" She took the length of knitting from the bag and her needles flashed in the fire-light.  
"Mother—" Debby rose from the piano bench, stood, her hands nervously clasped, irresolutely.  
"Yes, Debby?" Ann Houghton raised her eyes.  
"Mother!" Debby plunged across the room to the arm of her mother's chair.  
"What is so important? Careful, dear. You'll make me drop a stitch."  
"Mother!" Debby burst out in a breathless jumble of words. "Mother, Gay has invited me to go back to New York with her. May I please? I want to awfully."  
Ann Houghton's faint smile faded. Her eyes turned to Gay who came forward across the room.  
"I'd like to take her with me, Mrs. Houghton," she said.  
"That's impossible. No, dear. It's very kind of Gay to suggest it, but it's quite impossible."  
"Why is it?" Debby's color deepened. Gay saw her hands knot into fists as John's hands did when his fighting instinct was aroused.  
"Well, there are your courses for one thing," Ann Houghton said evenly. "You were very eager to take them. You can't very well stop—"  
"But Mother," Debby interrupted, "Gay says I can go to a business school or have a tutor."  
"We couldn't afford that, Debby."  
"But I should like to do it for—"  
Gay began, then stopped short, checked by the expression which had settled over Ann Houghton's face.  
(CONTINUED NEXT WEEK)

## REORGANIZED WMS PLANNED BY METHODIST

Methodist Women's Missionary Society will be reorganized Monday afternoon, September 2, to conform with the new Unified Methodist Church plans. All women who attend the Monday afternoon meeting in the church auditorium at 3:00 o'clock will become charter members of the local group.  
Rev. I. A. Smith will be in charge of installation, using the beautiful ritual service to install the new officers and the charter members. The reorganized unit will be known as the "Women's Society of Christian Service," according to Mrs. R. H. Odum, Sweetwater District secretary of women's work, who has made special study of the unit.  
All women of the church are extended a cordial invitation to be present at the meeting Monday afternoon, when full explanation of the new work will be announced.  
Plans for the reorganization meeting were presented at this week's missionary society meeting, which included members of the Ruth Anderson and Susanna Wesley Circles, Mrs. Sterling Williams, R. H. Odum, Clifton Gilmore and Clyde Murray were hostesses at Mrs. Williams' home Monday afternoon to 25 members of the two groups.  
Music by Mrs. T. M. Howie, pianist, opened the program, and Mrs. J. O. Littlepage was leader for a program on "Comfort to Zion." Mrs. Hodgett and D. P. Strayhorn presented discussions; Mrs. Warren Dodson gave the meditation, "The Way of Holiness"; and Mrs. Joe Stinson presented the missionary topic. The program was closed with prayer by Mrs. M. W. Clark.  
Ice cream and cake were served by the hostesses to the Methodist women present for the meeting.

## Wesleyan Guild Is New Society Name

Reorganization meeting of the Business and Professional Women's Circle of the Methodist Missionary Society was held at the home of Mrs. Harry S. Lee, general president, Tuesday evening of this week. Attending members were made charter members of the newly formed group, which will be known as the Wesleyan Guild.  
Officers to serve this new Wesleyan Guild for the next 15 months are the following: Mrs. P. L. Pierce, president; Ida Mae Callis, vice president; Nellon Minix, secretary; Mrs. W. P. King, treasurer.  
Next meeting will be held September 10 at the home of Mrs. R. H. Odum. All business and professional women of the town are cordially invited to attend this meeting and join the church group.  
Present Tuesday evening were the following: Meses. I. A. Smith, F. L. Pierce, M. W. Clark, Joe Caton, King and Misses Callis and Minix, members, and Mrs. Lee.

Mrs. Jack Deakins and small daughter, Margaret Ann, were joined here Sunday by Mr. Deakins of Floydada, and the family returned home Monday. The three were guests here of Deakins' parents, Mr. and Mrs. E. M. Deakins.

Mrs. Charles F. Shell and granddaughter, Joann Shell, both of Pine Bluff, Arkansas, after visits in Big Spring, Abilene and Colorado City, spent a few days here this week as guests of Mrs. Mary B. Shell and family. They were accompanied by petite Mary Ruth Shell of Colorado City.

### ITCH SPREADS

to all members of the family unless stopped quickly. At the first sign of ITCH between the fingers use BROWN'S LOTION. You can't lose; it is GUARANTEED and sold STINSON NO. 1

## Five-Year-Old Celebrates Thursday

Five-year-old Gail Grissom of Abilene celebrated her birthday here last Thursday afternoon at a party given for a group of her Snyder friends by her grandmother, Mrs. H. P. Brown, and her aunt, Mrs. Harold Brown. The youngsters enjoyed the afternoon of games and treat-time refreshments.  
Gail has been a guest of her grandparents here the past two weeks while her mother and father, Mr. and Mrs. Ed Grissom, were vacationing in Glenwood Springs, Colorado. They returned here Friday, and small Gail accompanied them back to Abilene.

Gwen Gray left last Wednesday afternoon for her August vacation in Snyder with relatives and friends. J. E. Minor of Sweetwater is visiting this week with Dr. and Mrs. C. E. Walker.

## Father of Local Cafe Man Dies in Home of Birth

Rev. H. T. Leath, 93-year-old pioneer Baptist preacher of Jamestown, Alabama, and father of G. H. Leath, local cafe operator, succumbed last Wednesday morning at his family residence following a brief illness. With him when death came were Mr. Leath and several of the Leath children.  
Funeral services for the veteran soldier of the cross were held last Thursday afternoon, 2:00 o'clock, at the Mount Bethel Church. Rev. Horace Downey, pastor of the church and a resident of Center, Alabama, officiated.  
Surviving are five daughters and six sons. The daughters are: Mrs. Janie Lowe, Wynona; Mrs. W. W.

Turner, Jamestown, Alabama; Mrs. S. L. Williams, Gadsden, Alabama; Mrs. W. C. Gilliland, Hokes Bluff; and Mrs. S. W. Thornton, Gadsden, Alabama.

Sons, who acted as pallbearers, were: G. H. Leath of Snyder; W. J. Leath, minister at Camp Hill, Alabama; John R. Leath of Gadsden, Alabama; J. G. Leath of Jamestown, Alabama; J. A. Leath of Asheville, North Carolina; and D. G. Leath, also of Jamestown.

Rev. Leath had lived at his old homestead at Jamestown, Alabama, for 93 years. He was prominently known as a preacher and farmer of the Cherokee section. Burial was in the Mount Bethel Cemetery.

Vernie Stinson, teacher of public school music in Clisco, is visiting in Snyder with the H. P. Browns, J. O. and C. W. Stinsons and the Bud Rogers families.

Miss Estella Rabel, county home demonstration agent, returned Tuesday afternoon from Weimar, where she went last Wednesday to visit her father, Joe Rabel, who was suffering from a foot injury incurred when a beam in a building fell on his foot. Miss Rabel reports her father greatly improved this week.

Mrs. P. C. Chenault and son, Maxey Chenault of Lubbock, spent Sunday in Big Spring.



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<b>Pork JOWLS</b>	No. 1 Grade, Per Pound	<b>5c</b>
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