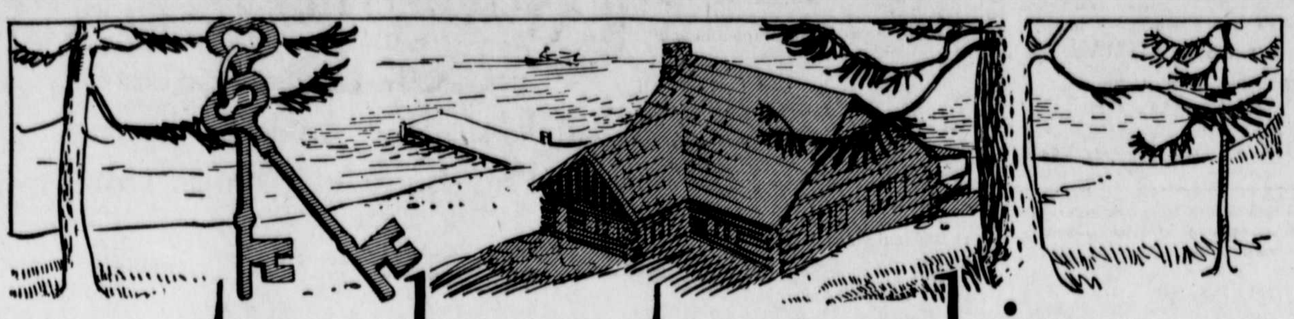

two keys to a cabin

BY LIDA LARRIMORE

© MACRAE SMITH CO. WNU SERVICE

THE STORY THUS FAR

Charming, wealthy Gabriella (Gay for short) Graham, engaged to Todd Janeway, returns to a cabin in the Maine woods accompanied by a friend, Kate Oliver. The idea of a stay at the cabin occurred to her when she received a key to it following the death of her godfather, Uncle John Lawrence. The two girls notice that someone is living in the cabin. Kate suspects that Gay knows the identity of the mysterious occupant. The mystery man returns. He is John Houghton, a young doctor whom Gay had known in previous years. Immediately aggressive, Gay asks him by what right he is in the cabin. His right, she finds, is greater than her own. He, too, possesses a key, but more than that, is heir to it from his Uncle John, Gay's godfather. Gay is high handed with him, and he states courteously that he will leave. Looking at him in the doorway, her old feelings return. She knows that he is more necessary to her than is Todd Janeway, the man she is to marry. Gay asks John to reconsider his decision to leave. The next morning brings a different feeling, and John decides to remain for his vacation—one more week.

CHAPTER IV—Continued

—6—

Gay could not have made a stronger appeal to John's imagination. She could not have presented her fiance in a role which would so quickly have won John's admiration and respect. A love for sailing was his heritage from ancestors who had captained their own vessels around the world. The glory of the days of clippers and packets remained in the village in which he had spent his childhood and early youth, in memory and mementos. The house in which he'd been born and in which his mother lived now had a square "look-out" on the roof; the walls of the library were covered with tea-paper from China; the bowl from which he'd eaten cereal as a child had been brought in the hold of a ship around the Horn. The sort of sailing she spoke of was different, of course, but the swift vision of sails filling in the wind, the smell of brine-soaked rigging and rope, the thrill of a deck canting beneath feet instinctively braced, moved him to enthusiastic and, for the instant at least, quite unenvious response.

"That's a pretty swell prospect," he said.

"Yes, isn't it?" she said brightly, too brightly, so that again he was aware of the passion beneath the light mocking words. "And that's only the beginning. Todd's father is giving us his place in Connecticut, too, so that we'll have an anchorage and Dad has bought an apartment house over by the East River because, of course, we'll have to spend some time in town. We're to have the top floor. The contest is on as to whether the decor is to be smartly modern or quaintly Victorian. I'm backing Mother to win. She's all for glass and chromium. Aunt Flora's what-not and ball-fringes haven't a chance."

"So you see there's no sensible reason why I should have run away. It was the whim of a spoiled little brat who hasn't sense enough to know her luck."

"Gay—!" he said, louder this time, his voice gritty with effort. "Will you stop talking like an absurd little fool?"

"But I am." She was moving, now, with a rocking motion back and forth on the float. "What a gift for description you have!"

"You're trying to make me think you are," he said brusquely, "but you aren't succeeding." He bent toward her and his voice softened from a demand to an appeal. "What are you getting at? What are you trying to tell me? Please—"

She drew a long sobbing breath and the house of cards tumbled into fragments. She looked up at him, her eyes dilated by tears, then down into the water.

"I don't want to go back to New York," she said, so low that he scarcely heard her and as though the words were forced from her by some agency beyond her control.

He did not reply. The sympathy that welled from his heart in an ungrudging flood made coherent thought impossible. He sat watching her efforts to regain the control his appeal had shattered, fighting a desire to take her in his arms, feeling in his own senses the throb of the pulse at the base of her throat, the trembling that shook her body. Presently she grew quiet. When she turned to him again, her face was composed.

"I suppose I should apologize, now," she said coolly. Her poise, her detachment, checked the rushing flood of sympathy and tender concern.

"It isn't necessary," he said stiffly, feeling that she had tricked him, humiliated because he had been so naively moved by what might very well have been feminine histrionics.

"I won't, then." She bundled her bright hair into a rubber cap. "Apologies are misleading." She sprang to her feet. "Come on. I'll race you to the landing."

She dove from the side of the float, came to the surface, set off toward the shore, swimming with an easy over-arm stroke. He followed, after a moment. His strong brown body cut through the water, caught up with her, slackened its speed to the slackening rhythm of her stroke.

"You aren't trying to win!" She smiled at him across the strip of water rippling between them.

"What's the use? I'm licked before I start."

Her face sobered. The smile, curving her lips, trembled.

"John—" she said, hesitantly.

"Yes, Gay—"

But she ducked her head. When it emerged, water streamed over her face as though she were weeping.

The bow of the boat cut through water which shimmered with the reflected glow of the sunset. Gay lifted and dipped the paddle slowly, watching circles, rimmed with gold and flame and amethyst widen out across the still surface of the lake. The wind which had blown all day had died down but the air was growing cold. She wished she had dressed more warmly but the sun had been hot when she'd set off, alone, directly after lunch.

He'd thought she was dramatizing that afternoon. Well, hadn't she been—a little? The rebellion beneath the words she'd spoken was sincere enough but her expression of it had been theatrical. Why couldn't she have talked to him directly? He'd given her an opportunity. She'd felt very close to him, for a moment, nearer to mutual understanding than they had ever been. Then pride had gotten in the way, had checked the spontaneous response to the tenderness in his voice that she had wanted to make. It was just as well. She was leaving tomorrow to keep a promise. What John thought of her was unimportant. She would, in all probability, never see him again after tonight—

No use thinking of that. Gay, at some distance from the shore, turned the canoe in toward the landing. There was only one explanation she wanted to make. She'd been, when she talked to John this morning, very unfair to Todd. Remorse for the impression she'd probably given John of him had nibbled uneasily at her thoughts during the afternoon. She was fond of Todd. She loved him as her best and dearest friend. Strange— But that was true. He was her best and her dearest friend.

But how could she explain Todd to John? The bow of the canoe bumped gently into the landing. Gay dropped the paddle and held on to the planking with one hand while she reached for the rope. Wouldn't anything that she might say be too much or too little? They hadn't merely drifted into an engagement. It wasn't only propinquity or the suitability of the match which had culminated in the promise she was leaving tomorrow to keep. They'd been dearest friends since she could remember, separated for long intervals when he or she had been traveling or in school or involved in a temporary infatuation, but always coming together again, taking up their friendship where they had dropped it, never admitting but mutually conscious of the fact that they liked each other best.

John's voice called her name. She turned. He was walking down the path toward her, a dim figure in the deep twilight of the thickly crowding trees.

"I was just setting out to look for you," he said.

"Were you?" Her voice steadied. "Supper over?"

"Some time ago." He stepped back to allow her to precede him up the narrow path to the cabin. "Kate took her car to the garage in the village."

"What for?"

"To have everything checked before you start in the morning. I offered to take it for her but she seemed to prefer to go herself. Where have you been all afternoon?"

"Just drifting."

"Didn't it occur to you that I—that we might be concerned about you?" He held the screen door open for her.

"Not especially." She glanced up at him as she stepped inside. He was frowning and the set of his mouth was stern. "If you were, I'm sorry," she added.

A fire blazed and crackled in the fire-place. She went to the hearth and held her hands to the warmth.

"Are you cold?" He struck a match to light a lamp.

"A little. The air is chilly after the sun goes down."

"And you've had nothing to eat."

"I'm not hungry." The constraint in the atmosphere lay like a weight upon her spirits.

"Kate left something in the oven for you." His eyes avoided her glance. He adjusted the wick and replaced the shade on the lamp.

"I don't want anything, thank you." She stood with her back to the fire, now, printing his features upon her memory as she saw them in the light striking up from the lamp. Her throat ached. Her heart felt too big for her breast.

"You'll be making an early start in the morning?"

"Probably."

"Then I'd better fill the wood-basket tonight."

He came to the hearth and bent to lift the basket. The firelight shone on his thick dark hair, on the lean angle of his jaw. By extending her hand she could have touched him. Why not? There was only tonight—

The telephone on the wall whirred and jangled.

"What the devil—?" he exclaimed in an undertone and walked across the room to the telephone box against the wall.

She watched him place the receiver to his ear, heard his brusque "Hello! Hello! Will you get off the

He was frowning and the set of his mouth was stern.

wire, please? HELLO! The call is for the Lawrence cabin, Mrs. Sprague. HELLO! Yes—" His voice quieted to a less aggressive tone. "Hello, Ralph. Yes. Houghton speaking—"

The call had nothing to do with her. Gay's apprehension subsided. She waited for the end of the conversation, not gathering much information from what she heard. John said, "Yes" at intervals, asked a direction, said, "Yes. Right away. Yes. Thanks, Ralph. Good-by."

"This telephone!" He smiled in comic exasperation as he placed the receiver on the hook. "Everybody from here to Machias listens in. It's a favorite amusement in Washington County."

"That's jolly, isn't it?" His smile, her response, relieved the constraint. "I thought it might be long distance," she said.

"Long distance? Good Lord! A call from here to New York would probably take a week." He hesitated, then asked, "Will you be afraid to stay here alone until Kate returns?"

Her quick glance questioned him.

"That was Ralph Sprague up at the store. They need a doctor at the Whittaker place. Somebody went to the store to telephone. They couldn't locate either Dr. Nelson or Dr. Branch, and Ralph thought of me. I don't like to leave you here alone—"

She thought that he was less concerned with her than with getting away. It didn't matter that this was her last night here. He was grateful for an excuse, perhaps. She lifted her chin.

"I'm not afraid to stay alone."

"You might ride out there with me," he suggested diffidently and without, Gay thought, any special enthusiasm.

"No, I'll stay here. Kate will be back before long."

"All right." He walked to the door opening into the kitchen, paused there to ask, "You're sure you don't mind, that you won't be afraid?"

"Certainly not," she said coolly, wanting to go with him more, she thought, than she had ever wanted anything in all her life before, feeling each foot-step that took him away from her fall like a blow on her heart.

His expression became more resolute. "You're probably right," he said crisply. "It might not be too comfortable. I may be detained."

He left the room without looking at her again. Standing on the hearth, she heard him moving about in the room he used for a laboratory. Moments passed slowly, dropping like water which might not be gathered up again, spilling, wasted, gone forever. Presently footsteps thudded across the kitchen floor. The back door closed.

The sound of the door closing vibrated through her senses. Gay took a step forward, stopped, then went running out through the kitchen, jerked open the door, sped down the steps and across the clearing.

"John!" she called breathlessly. "Wait for me! I'm coming!"

John opened the door of the farmhouse and looked out across a stretch of weed-grown lawn. His car was there under the willow where he had left it at the edge of the lane.

"Good-night, Ben," he said to the lanky young man in overalls who had accompanied him to the door. "Don't worry. Everything's all right."

"Thanks, Doc. Jenny and I are mighty grateful."

"That's all right. I'll run in some time tomorrow—today."

A thin high wail came out through the open door. The unshaded lamp trembled in the shaking young hands which held it. John laughed.

"Only a healthy one could make that much noise. He's going to be an opera singer."

"Not if he takes after his Dad." The boyish face traced with lines of weariness and anxiety shone, then darkened. "You sure Jenny's—all right?"

"Fine. She'll probably sleep until noon. Your mother will know what to do. You get some sleep."

"All right, Doc. We sure thank you. Good-night."

The door closed. John walked across the stretch of lawn toward the car. The full moon had dropped below the dipping hills but the farmyard was bright with radiance it had left. John drew in deep breaths of the cool damp air. He came up to the car walking quietly, shortening his long eager strides.

But she was not asleep.

"Hello, Doc," she said, and sat erect in the seat of the car.

"I thought I told you to go back to the cabin," he said, but his attempt to sound stern was not very convincing.

"You did," Gay said. "You've been telling me that at intervals all night."

"Are you frozen? Let me look at you." He leaned past her into the car and turned on the dash-board lights.

She wore his old college sweater, too large for her, the sleeves rolled back to free her hands and she had bundled herself into a cocoon of car robes and blankets.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

X-Rays of 'Voice Box' Aids Study of Larynx

If you stutter, don't blame it all on your tongue or your facial muscles. More probably it's the fault of your larynx.

That is the conclusion of Dr. Harold Westlake, instructor in speech at the Pennsylvania State college, based on an analysis of 1,500 original X-ray pictures of the mouth and "voice-box" of several hundred persons of all ages and both sexes, some of them stutterers.

"In singing, in speech instruction for the deaf and in voice correction, we have been over-emphasizing the tongue simply because we didn't know how important the larynx might be," he said. "The X-ray pictures show that this is important—that the obscure vocal folds and the back cavities of the throat influence our speech very decidedly."

In producing vowels, for instance, it was found that the hidden motions and placements of the larynx play a bigger role than the position of the tongue. With consonants, on the other hand, the major function is supplied by the tongue.

Pictures of stutterers revealed that in most cases spasms occur in the larynx before they are discernible at all in the tongue or facial muscles. The traditional treatments have dealt almost exclusively with the visible organs.

Dr. Westlake believes that as the larynx becomes better known, it will assume great importance in speech instruction. Electrical instruments are already available, he said, to measure the amount of energy being expended in the larynx, and these will facilitate correctional treatments.

"The Name Is Familiar"

BY FELIX B. STREYCKMANS and ELMO SCOTT WATSON

Comstock Lode

VIRGINIA CITY, NEV., was once the "greatest mining town on this continent." It got its start with the Comstock Lode, a vein of gold, that was named for a "lanky, loud-voiced, boastful, bullying prospector" named Henry Thomas Paige Comstock, who was called "Old Pancake" because he lived mostly on flapjacks.

One day in the spring of 1859 "Old Pancake" discovered two Irishmen, Peter O'Riley and Patrick McLaughlin, cleaning up the "rocker" they used in their placer mining. There was $200 worth of gold dust in it.

H. T. P. Comstock

"You've struck it rich, boys!" he shouted. "But the trouble is you've struck it on my land. You know I bought this spring here from Old Man Caldwell and I took up 160 acres around it for a ranch." There was some truth in his statement but he had never recorded title to the water rights.

However, he made his bluff good and they "counted him in." When news of the rich strike spread there was a grand rush to the scene. Because the vein of gold had been found on land which was supposed to belong to "Old Pancake" it was named for him and not for the men who discovered it. Later, when quartz mining started there, more than $100,000,000 worth of silver and gold was taken from the place.

But "Old Pancake" didn't profit much from it. He sold out early, for $11,000, soon squandered all of his money, drifted to Montana and there, penniless and almost starving, committed suicide in Bozeman on September 27, 1870.

* * *

Victorian

WHEN you hear a woman say "Oh, she's so Victorian!" you know immediately what she means—or do you? For she may mean that her friend is hopelessly old-fashioned or out-of-date in her clothing or her taste in furnishing her house. Then again, she may mean that she is prudish and easily shocked by frankness in speech or any deviation from propriety or conventional behavior.

Victoria

In either case she is helping perpetuate the spirit of the woman who ruled Great Britain longer than any other monarch—64 years—until her death in 1901. When William IV died in 1837, his 18-year-old niece came to the throne and during the next half century Queen Victoria gave her name to an era which was "a strange gap between the enlightened Eighteenth century and our own period of progress."

It was an era of self-complacency and dignity maintained in spite of everything. Most of all it was an eminently "proper" period—when crinolined, sheltered "females" embroidered sofa-cushions, painted china, made fringed lampshades and gilded cockle-shells.

* * *

Dun

BACK in the days of King Henry VII of England, a famous bailiff named John Dun, lived in the town of Lincoln. He was one of the earliest exponents of the "treat 'em rough" method of dealing with offenders against the law. He was also unusually proficient collecting rents, duties and general debts. He originated the idea of calling at debtors' houses, dressed in an odd and colorful costume, to attract the attention of the neighbors. Sometimes he would walk up and down in front of the debtor's house broadcasting to the whole neighborhood the nature of the debt he was sent to collect.

John Dun

So successful was Dun at this work that when a person refused to pay his debts, friends of the creditor would say to him "Why don't you Dun him?" meaning, why don't you send John Dun after him? From this arose the custom of calling a pressing request for the payment of money a "dun."

A variation of John Dun's methods survives among collection agencies in England today. Demands for payment of debts are mailed in envelopes printed in red. If the debtor ignores three such mailings, he can expect a call from a collector dressed in a bright red uniform. And then is his face red!

(Released by Western Newspaper Union.)

CLASSIFIED DEPARTMENT

KNITTING YARNS

Free style album—73 fashions—1001 samples. Tremendous savings. Peter Pan, 361 Grand St., Dept A. P. A., New York.

SALESMEN

IT'S HOT! Big repeater with plenty immediate and repeat commissions. No investment. Sells to every type retail dealer and service station. Sales kit free. Hurry! Universal, 2222 Diversey, Dept. C-14, Chicago.

ROSE BUSHES

ROSES

SEND $1.00 FOR 10 EVERBLOOMING, field grown plants; 3 red, 3 pink, 2 yellow, 2 white. Postpaid. ROSE HILL FARM, BOX L, TYLER, TEXAS.

WELDING OUTFITS

WELDING OUTFITS, $27.73; ELECTRIC Welders, $59.62. Superior Oxy-Acetylene. Mail Order Dept., HAMILTON, OHIO.

BABY CHICKS

Continually BLOOD-TESTING and BREEDING for B.g Eggs, Fast Growth, Long Life and Rapid Feathering produces chicks of unusual Livability, Growth, Fast Feathering and Uniformity. Inquire about our easy payment plan.

Write today for catalogue and price list

MILFORD BREEDERS HATCHERY, Pikesville P O., Rockdale Md.

HOTELS

Come to Baltimore, Maryland

Stop at

THE MOUNT ROYAL HOTEL

Mt. Royal Ave. and Calvert Sts.

9 stories — Fire-proof

Rates begin at $1.50 per day

Coffee Shop — *Music and Dancing in the* FAMOUS ALGERIAN ROOM

Embroidered Initials Are Newest Vogue

2435

ABCs are fun when they're wreathed with lazy-daisy flowers and embroidered on everything from handkerchiefs to household linens. Pattern 2435 contains a transfer pattern of nine 3 inch wreaths, three 1¼ and two ⅞ inch alphabets; illustrations of stitches; color schemes. Send order to:

Sewing Circle Needlecraft Dept.
82 Eighth Ave. New York

Enclose 15 cents in coins for Pattern No.....

Name .....

Address .....

OUT OF SORTS?

Here is Amazing Relief of Conditions Due to Sluggish Bowels

Nature's Remedy NR-TABLETS-NR If you think all laxatives act alike, just try this all vegetable laxative. So mild, thorough, refreshing, invigorating. Dependable relief from sick headaches, bilious spells, tired feeling when associated with constipation. Without Risk get a 25c box of NR from your druggist. Make the test—then if not delighted, return the box to us. We will refund the purchase price. That's fair. Get NR Tablets today. NR TO-NIGHT TOMORROW ALRIGHT

With the Rogue

If you pity a rogue you are no great friend of honest men.

WHY SUFFER Functional

FEMALE COMPLAINTS

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound Has Helped Thousands!

Few women today do not have some sign of functional trouble. Maybe you've noticed YOURSELF getting restless, moody, nervous, depressed lately—your work too much for you—

Then try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound to help quiet unstrung nerves, relieve monthly pain (cramps, backache, headache) and weak dizzy fainting spells due to functional disorders. For over 60 years Pinkham's Compound has helped hundreds of thousands of weak, rundown nervous women. *Try it!*

Miserable with backache?

WHEN kidneys function badly and you suffer a nagging backache, with dizziness, burning, scanty or too frequent urination and getting up at night, when you feel tired, nervous, all upset . . . use Doan's Pills.

Doan's are especially for poorly working kidneys. Millions of boxes are used every year. They are recommended the country over. Ask your neighbor!

DOAN'S PILLS