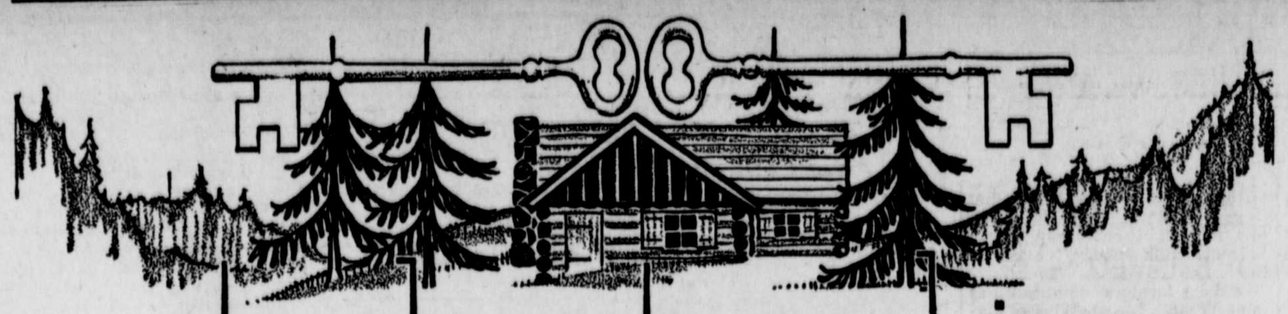

two keys to a cabin

BY LIDA LARRIMORE

© MACRAE SMITH CO. WNU SERVICE

CHAPTER VIII—Continued

—13—

"I expected that you'd either be leading John through the art gallery or that you'd be sitting here in utter silence."

"You underestimate the privilege it is to me to be permitted to talk without being interrupted."

"I suppose so." Gay was silent for a moment, then asked, "Have you told John, Dad?"

John saw David Graham's expression alter. The diffidence he had lost while he had talked of John's uncle returned. He glanced at John, almost, he thought, watching, in apology, then up at Gay, consideringly. "No," he said. "I haven't."

"It's about getting a place for you in the research department at Johns Hopkins," Gay said, eagerly.

"That is what you want?" John heard the hesitancy in David Graham's voice, saw the considering expression in his eyes.

"I'd hoped that I might work and study there," he said slowly. "It's seemed pretty far in the future to make definite plans."

"There will be an opening for you the first of the year. I've been in communication with the authorities. Your training and ability will be investigated, of course, but that's largely a matter of course."

"Grandfather had an operation there." Gay's voice was excited and happy. "Considerate of him, wasn't it?"

John looked directly at David Graham.

"I appreciate what you've done," he said, "but I couldn't accept a place there the first of the year."

"Gay has told me—" David Graham's embarrassment visibly increased. "But I—we—she seemed to think that some arrangement might be made."

"Isn't it possible, John?"

"I'm afraid not." He saw a little of the brightness go out of her face but continued, "I've given Dr. Sargeant my promise to remain in Portland until October. You see, Mr. Graham, I'm discharging an obligation. Dr. Sargeant made it possible for me to complete my medical course and that was the stipulation."

"But if it's only a question of money." Gay's color deepened and her eyes were very bright. "Couldn't you—" She paused at a warning glance from her father, looked down at her hand.

"It isn't entirely. I've been working with Dr. Sargeant since October. He's leaving for a cruise the first of the year. There wouldn't be time to break in another assistant even if—"

"—Even if you could swallow your—" She broke off, her eyes blazing, her chin held high.

"Gently, Gay." David Graham's face was very troubled. "This is a decision which John must make."

They were staring at each other like strangers, John thought, antagonism humming between them in vibrations across the dim, richly furnished room. But he could not, he would not yield. It was not, he told himself, entirely pride, not only stubbornness. There was a deeper reason, something he was unable to analyze fully. It had to do with all the other pressures being exerted upon him by this life into which he had been plunged.

"I'm sorry," he said, conscious of David Graham's eyes fixed upon him in compassion. "I can't break that promise, Gay. Dr. Sargeant is depending on me. I can't let him down."

There was silence for a moment. Then Gay's expression softened. She gave a low shaken laugh.

"I'm as bad as Aunt Flora," she said. "I've just been despising her because she very kindly offers to arrange your life for you. I'm doing the same." Her breath caught on a sob. "Forgive me. I'm sorry." She slipped from the arm of her father's chair and came toward him. "I'll be patient. I can wait."

He looked down at her as she stood beside him, lovely in this changed and softened mood.

"You do understand, Gay?" he asked, wanting to take her in his arms, to heal the hurt he had been obliged to give her in the only way at his command. Diffidence held him motionless, self-conscious in the presence of her father.

Her eyes fell away from his pleading glance. "Of course I understand." She laughed too quickly, too brightly. "It's just that Grandfather's offspring have always had too much of everything, I suppose. We don't accept disappointments gracefully. Except you, Dad. You're the only one of us who doesn't snatch and grab." She linked her arm through John's. "Have you finished with John?"

"I hope not." David Graham smiled but his eyes were grave. "I hope to have the pleasure of a prolonged acquaintance."

"At the moment, I mean. This house. Swarming with relatives. No wonder we're all on edge. Will you excuse us, Dad? John and I are going out and walk five miles."

CHAPTER IX

—

The sun, dropping toward the horizon, laid a dazzling sheen on the snow, which covered the wide lawns sloping away from the gray stone towers and turrets and Victorian embellishments of the house, but when they entered the grove the glow was dimmed by the foliage of evergreens, striped and filigreed by the trunks and bare branches of trees. Rabbit tracks printed the path before them, whorls, scalloped indentations, like waves on sand, where the snow had been blown by the wind. They ploughed through, kicking up a fine white mist that sprayed their faces with stinging cold.

"It's like a Maine snow," John said, as Gay became silent.

"Yes, isn't it?" she said brightly. "Dry and like powder. We don't often have them like this."

"Do you ski near here?" Why wouldn't she look at him? Her arm, linked through his, was unresponsive beneath the thick fur coat sleeve. When he glanced sidewise and down, he saw only tendrils of red-brown hair curling out under her cap, the curving line of her cheek half-buried in fur. He had thought that here, alone, out of doors, he would find her again, but she had ignored or deliberately misinterpreted his diffident attempts to effect a reconciliation so that he no longer made an effort to break through the brittle gaiety of her mood.

"We have," she replied. "On the slope just beyond the grove, between the Janeway place and ours. It isn't very exciting though. Coasting there is more fun."

"The Janeway place is beyond the grove?" John asked. Why should he apologize again? he asked himself. Gay had known that he was obligated to Dr. Sargeant until the coming October. She shouldn't have made plans for him which she knew he would be unable to endorse. She'd always been able to buy what she wanted. Well, in this instance, there was something more important than money. It was his services the doctor needed. Besides—

"Yes. 'Highcliff,'" Gay said in reply to his question. "It was a show-place until 'Dunedin' was built. Originally—I don't remember but I've seen photographs—people spoke of it as an Italian villa. It looked like a steel-engraving with terraces descending in a series to a lake and balustrades and urns and weeping conifers. Our family are parvenus in comparison with the Janeways. The land was granted to one of Todd's ancestors in 1630. That's why they can live simply now, without observing all the silly conventions that Aunt Flora struggles to maintain."

A hemlock branch, weighted with snow, cut across the path.

"Duck!" he cried and reached forward, too late, to thrust it aside. He caught her as she stumbled.

"Heavens!" she gasped and looked up at him, snow covering her face like a mask. She blinked, then laughed, a gay laugh, free from constraint. "You look like a snowman," she said.

He blinked to clear his vision. "You look like a snow-maiden." He laughed with her. "No, that's too poetic. You look as though you'd fallen head-first in a barrel of soap flakes. I can't see anything but the tip of your nose. Here. Wait."

His arm held her while, with the other hand, he brushed the snow from her face. As he bent toward her, he saw the laughter dim in her eyes. A half-smile trembled across her lips.

"I've been—Can you forgive me?"

"Oh, darling— Yes!" His arms held her but did not draw her toward him. "But," he said steadily, "you must understand."

"I do. I've been despising myself for—I'm hateful to you because I love you. That long stupid dinner and then Aunt Flora. I told you that we Grahams don't accept disappointments gracefully. It was a disappointment."

"But you knew I was obligated."

She smiled ruefully. Her eyes were shy. "I wanted it so much," she said. "When I was away from you, I thought that when we were together again, you'd want it as much as I did, that being together would mean more to you than keeping a promise."

"I do want it. You know that, Gay."

"Yes, I know. But—

'I could not love you, dear, so well
Loved I not honor more—'"

"You're making fun of me."

"No, John, I'm not. Have I quoted correctly? Dad read the 'Idylls of the King' to me when I was little. I thought the king was very noble, but even then—" Humor shone fleetingly in the blue depths of her eyes, "—that it was a little hard on the queen."

"You make me feel—"

"I have great respect for your honor," she said steadily, "but I resent your lack of confidence. Oh, I don't blame you," she went on as he made a sound of protest. "Now that you've had a chance to look us over, you're probably justified. Mother is a dear, generous and amusing, but not very reliable, I suppose, and Aunt Flora and Uncle James— Isn't Uncle James ridiculous? And Muriel and Elsa and Dirk and Reggie Lancaster. Dad's the only one of us you could possibly admire—"

"I do admire him. You're like him—a little."

"You want to believe that, don't you? I am, a little, I guess. But I wouldn't be satisfied to shut myself off from life as he does. There's something of Mother in me and a great deal of Grandfather, but nothing of Aunt Flora," humor shone

"We don't accept disappointments gracefully."

in her eyes again, "if that's encouraging as it should be."

He laughed reluctantly. Her face lifted to his, in the dimming glow of the sunset, was very grave.

"When we talked in Dad's study, you were thinking of your work."

"Yes," he admitted, disconcerted by her penetration.

"You are afraid for your work." She waited and then went on. "Don't you know I'll never interfere with that, that it will be my pleasure to help you? Not that I am a noble and self-sacrificing character but," her voice faltered. "But because—I love you."

"I love you." He caught her to him. Their lips met. But though she clung to him, though her cheek, cold and wet with snow, lay against his and she whispered soft endearments, he felt something lacking in the embrace. Each misunderstanding, each prolonged explanation blunted a little the sharp ecstasy they had felt at the cabin, when their lips met, when, her cheek against his she whispered soft endearments. She drew away from him and he made no effort to hold her. They walked on, breaking a path through the grove, closer now, but not united. When they spoke their voices were gentle, their glances meeting, separating, questioned but received no answer. They came out of the grove into the open again.

"That's the Janeway place."

John looked across the sloping expanse of snow to the white stone house which stood on a rise overlooking a series of terraces which descended to a small irregular lake.

"Not the Italian villa," he said.

"Oh, no. Todd's father had the Patroon's house moved up on the site of the original house."

"Patroon?" he questioned, only vaguely familiar with the word.

"The ancestor to whom the land was granted," she explained but her voice was absent. "They're coasting," she said.

John's glance turned from the rambling stone house, washed over with faint pink light, standing serene among evergreens and the bare lofty branches of trees, toward the direction in which she was gazing. Figures in bright colored ski suits toiled up the slope which extended from the lake to the high wall planted with hemlocks which marked the boundary of the estate. As he watched, one of the figures raised an arm in greeting and a welcoming shout came ringing through the clear frosty air.

"There's Todd!" Gay's arm slipped from his. She took a few running steps forward. "Let's coast with them," she called back over her shoulder, then stopped and turned. "Shall we?" she asked, hesitantly. "Would you enjoy it?"

"If you would," he replied, conscious of the constraint in his voice, "and I—we aren't intruding."

She returned to him, slipped her hand under his arm.

"Idiot!" she said. A half-smile curved her lips. Her eyes, lifted to his face, were very gentle. "John! Don't you know—?"

"Of course I know." He smiled, and saw her half-smile widen and deepen. "I'm rather good with a toboggan. Let's go coasting."

The sled sped down the runway glittering with a sheen that was faintly blue in cold moonlight.

"Hold tight!" Todd shouted back over his shoulder.

"I'm holding!" Gay tightened her grip around his waist. The words seemed to be torn from her lips and flung backward as the speed of the sled accelerated. Rushing cold stung her face and half closed her eyes. It was freedom, it was exciting.

"Here's the camel's hump!"

The sled rose and dipped. Gay laughed, gasping. She leaned out around Todd's back and looked ahead through squinting eyelids. The wall rose ahead of them, the dark hemlocks outlined in snow. She closed her eyes as Todd made the slithering turn. The sled tilted, spilling them off into the snow. They lay where they had fallen, laughing, gasping, struggling for breath. Todd scrambled up.

"All right?" he asked and pulled her to her feet.

"All right." He dropped her hands. She stood brushing the snow from her ski suit. "I've never gotten over the feeling that sometime we're going to crash into that wall again."

"Do you remember when we did?"

"I should. I still have the scar."

"It was your fault. You jerked the rope."

"It wasn't. You didn't make the turn in time."

They broke into laughter.

"I suppose we'll be arguing that question when we're eighty," Todd said. "Breath okay? Can you make the climb now?"

They started back in the soft snow at the side of the run. Todd pulled the sled. Gay linked her arm through his. Figures moved ahead of them, climbing the slope, pulling the toboggan. Other figures were dark against the fire blazing at the edge of the lake.

"Feeling better?" Todd asked, after an interval of silence.

"Better? What do you mean?"

"You didn't look too happy this afternoon, when you first came over."

"It's been an awful day. Aunt Flora—"

"I can imagine."

(TO BE CONTINUED)

Current Building Trend Is Toward Small Home

There is every indication today that the swing toward the smaller, less expensive home is a permanent one, says the Plumbing and Heating Industries bureau. The preference today is for the compact type of servantless house, even among the income group which in former years built larger houses.

Paralleling the trend toward the small house incorporating the maximum compactness and convenience in its design and furnishings, is the steady progress made by the plumbing and heating industries in the development of space-saving features.

Radiators have been redesigned in modern slenderized lines and have lost 40 per cent of their bulk and size in the reducing process. Due to its handsome streamlined design, the new radiator looks smaller.

The factors have made it possible for heating contractors to design steam or hot-water heating plants with all essential parts such as radiators, boilers, and piping, considerably smaller than the sizes it was formerly necessary to use.

The advent of insulation, for instance, has decreased the heating load so that a smaller heating plant will do the work. Better construction, too, has had the effect of reducing the infiltration of cold air.

In the case of hot-water heating plants, automatic heating with forced circulation and dependable safety controls has made it possible to carry higher temperatures of water in the system.

AROUND the HOUSE

Items of Interest to the Housewife

Strained honey, mixed with cottage cheese, a few broken nut meats and soft butter makes a delicious filling for sandwiches for the school child's lunch box.

• • •

To protect the surrounding wall when cleaning electric light switch plates, cut a hole the size of the plate in a piece of cardboard or heavy paper and lay it on the wall so that just the plate is exposed.

• • •

A teaspoon of mixed pickle spices tied in a small bag and added to the water in which fish, ham or tongue is boiled, will add a very pleasing flavor.

• • •

When refilling a feather pillow crush a small block of camphor and mix in with the feathers. This will keep the feathers "fresh" and will help to preserve them.

When lighting a birthday cake always light the candles in the middle first and those on outside last.

• • •

After a blanket has been washed and dried pin it on the line and beat with a carpet-beater. This makes the blanket beautifully soft and fluffy.

DRINK Kool-Aid ...KEEP COOL
FREE! 3 CIRCUS CUT-OUTS In Every Package
Makes 10 BIG COOL GLASSES! KOOL-AID 5¢

Grasping Passion

Control your passion, or it will control you.

SWITCH TO SOMETHING YOU'LL LIKE!

Copr. 1940 by Kellogg Company

MADE BY KELLOGG'S IN BATTLE CREEK

Conceit in Weak

Conceit in weakest bodies strongest works.—Hamlet.

With Friends

They are never alone who are accompanied by noble thoughts.

Look *20 Years* beyond the Refrigerator you buy today

Every NORGE ROLLATOR REFRIGERATOR is backed by the reputation and the resources of the great BORG-WARNER CORPORATION, world-famous manufacturer with 20 factories in 5 states

When you buy an electric refrigerator, look wisely to the future. Look 10 years ahead . . . or 20. Look beyond the refrigerator as it stands today, new and bright and gleaming. Visualize the greater needs which it may be called to meet in the years to come. Consider the satisfactions of service well rendered that can come only from a product ably engineered and ably built by an organization experienced in precision manufacturing.

Such an organization is Norge, backed by the resources and engineering skill, the seasoned reputation and world fame of the great Borg-Warner Corporation whose score of factories employ thousands in five states.

You will look today, of course, at the advanced features that distinguish the Norge refrigerator in its field . . . at the highlights of detail and design that are winning such high acclaim throughout the world. In the big SR-8 model, as shown above, you will admire extra size and ample capacity, a freezer of stainless steel, the convenience of the exclusive Handefroster and Coldpack, the sliding shelves, glass-covered drawers and Cellaret. You will appreciate the simple efficiency of the refrigerant-cooled Rollator Cold-Maker which Norge has built to almost unbelievable limits of precision for lifetime service.

But before you decide, look again at the record of integrity and achievement which Norge has made in the past. That, we submit, is the reason you also may look far to the future with faith in Norge.

See NORGE Before You Buy!

NORGE
DIVISION
BORG-WARNER CORPORATION
DETROIT, MICHIGAN