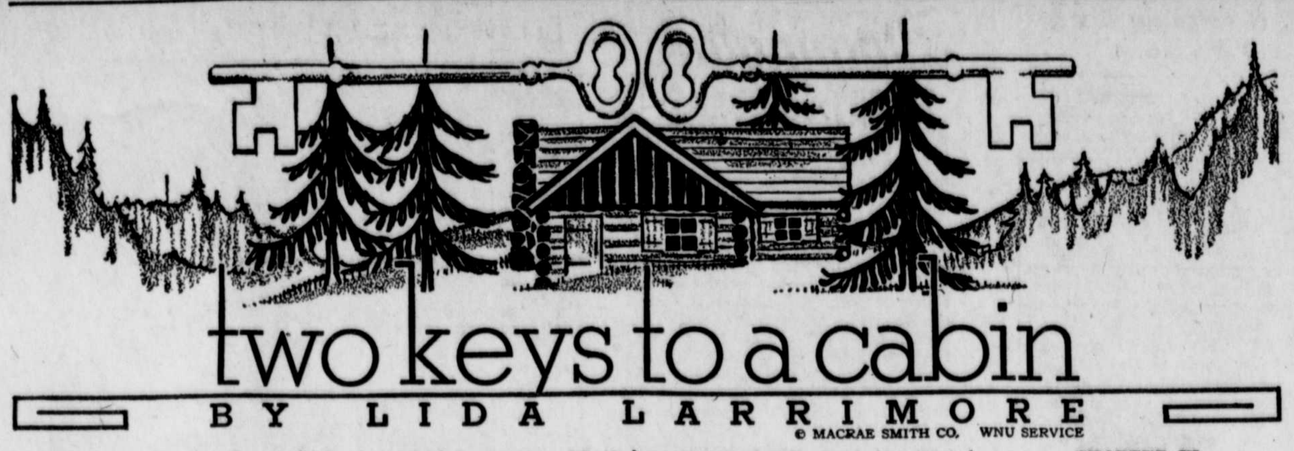

two keys to a cabin

BY LIDA LARRIMORE

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CHAPTER X—Continued

—15—

"You're in fine form tonight, Gabriella." Connie Belmont fluttered her long lashes at them across the table. "If Pete wasn't your cousin, I'd be a wall-flower, too."

John turned to Gay.

"Will you dance with me?" he asked quietly.

Her eyes, brilliant with animation for the others, clouded as her quick upward glance met his.

"I'd like to," she said and rose as he got up to pull back her chair. "Excuse me," she said directly to Robert Cameron and, silently, at John's side, walked to the edge of the dance floor.

She was light in his arms. He scarcely felt her hands, on his shoulder, in his hand. She held herself at a little distance from him. He could not see her face, only her red-brown hair, brushed smooth tonight, bound with a narrow bandeau of dull gold leaves. They circled the floor in silence. Then John said:

"It's a nice party."

"Yes, isn't it?" she said and was silent again.

He had thought that, dancing, he might find her again. During this interminable evening, she had held him off as, now, physically, she kept a distance between them. Her animation for the others excluded him, though he had sat beside her. Silently, miserably, unable to respond to her mood, he had watched the effect of her high spirits upon the party. Now with him, alone, she was silent.

"Are you having a good time?" he asked, when again and more slowly, as the number of dancers increased, they had circled the floor.

"Oh, yes!" she said. "Are you?"

"No! You know I'm not!"

She drew back and looked up at him. "Why not?" she asked lightly, smiling, her eyes sparkling in dark blue glints between the thick straight lashes. "It's a beautiful party. Robert always does things nicely." Her expression changed. "Oh John, no!" She gave a little despairing cry. "I'm miserable. I've never spent such a wretched evening. Why didn't we do as we'd planned? Robert wouldn't have minded."

"You were afraid we'd quarrel," he said.

"Yes, I was. If you'd seen your face when Mother asked me what I intended to do this winter."

"I never heard anything so completely selfish," he burst out with low vehemence.

"It was tactless of her to have spoken of it in your presence, perhaps. But that's Mother's way. She calls it being practical. It didn't occur to her that you would think her heartless, as you did—"

"But she's your mother, Gay!"

"We each lead a completely independent existence. It's not a bad idea. When I see what some mothers do to their children, I'm glad Kitty is like she is."

"But you don't want to visit Tory Wales in Palm Beach?"

"There's only one thing I really want to do."

"Don't you know how that makes me feel?"

"Flattered, I should hope." Her smile trembled.

"No, you can't know," he said bitterly. "You can't know what it's like to feel humiliated, not to be able to take you away with me, now, tonight, to have you make explanations which I should make. You haven't been happy and neither have I, except that first day, Christmas Eve—"

"Yesterday and today in the country? Weren't you happy? I was."

"But why?" They moved slowly, only their feet conscious of the rhythm of the waltz. "Because we avoided any reference to the subjects upon which we disagree, because we were alone except for Kate and your father."

"Oh, dear!" Her laughter shook. "I made you come here because I was afraid we'd quarrel if we were alone, and I wanted your last night here to be pleasant. Don't, John. Talking spoils everything. If we keep on at this rate—" Her head dropped against his shoulder. He felt her tremble in the tightened clasp of his arms.

"I'm sorry, but I've got to know. Look at me, Gay." His voice was rough with urgency. "Tell me. Do you want to go on—?"

Her eyes, lifted to his, were brilliant with terror.

"John!" she cried faintly. "Darling!"

"I don't see how you can," he said more gently. "I'm— There's nothing—"

"I love you," she said steadily.

"Do you, Gay?" His lips moved but no further words came. He saw that her eyes brimmed with tears.

"Darling," he said, moved as he was always by her rare tears. "Let's get out of here. I don't want to talk to the others. I want to be alone with you."

"I want that, too." She blinked, then smiled. "Do I look spotty from weeping? Lucky I don't use mascara."

"Very lucky. You look lovely." His arms released her reluctantly. "Can we say all the polite things now and get away?"

"Of course we can." She held his hand tightly as they made their way through revolving couples toward the table which her step-father had engaged. No one was there. The other members of the party were dancing in the glow of artfully mellowed lights on the crowded floor.

"We'll have to wait." John sighed.

"No, we won't."

"But politeness, darling."

"Wait!" She caught up her evening bag from the table, opened it, took out a lip-stick. Holding fast with her left hand to his hand, she printed in staggering bright red capitals on the table cloth—

"GOOD-BY!
GAY AND JOHN."

John set his cup in the saucer and pushed back the sleeve of his top-coat to glance at his watch. Gay watched him with widened eyes, holding her breath.

"Fifteen minutes," he said.

She let her breath exhale with a sighing sound.

"Time for another cup of coffee," she said, and glanced toward the waiter drowsing against the wall.

"No, darling. All those steps." His lips smiled at her across the table in the station restaurant, but the smile did not reach his eyes. "Do you want me to miss the train?"

"That's the object of drinking two cups of coffee. John must you go?"

"Must, Gay." He rose and walked around the table to her chair. "I don't want to go."

"Don't you?" She caught his hand resting on the back of the chair. "Even after—everything?" She tilted her head back to look up at him, her eyes soft and bright, a half-smile curving her lips.

"None of that seems important now. Darling, come."

She rose slowly. He held her coat. She slipped into it. He bundled the collar about her throat.

"I shouldn't have let you come with me." Going out through the door of the restaurant, he held her arm tightly. "It's so late and so cold."

"Carl is waiting. I'll be all right."

A red-cap with John's luggage followed them across the vast vaulted concourse of the station. Only a few late travelers moved past and before them. Their footsteps made a hollow echoing sound. She pressed close to him.

"Take me with you, John."

He smiled down into her lifted eyes, sad in the depths beneath the brilliance. "What would I do with you, Gay?"

"Couldn't we rent something? A house or an apartment. How do people in Portland live?"

"I live in Dr. Sargeant's home, as you know very well."

"Was—is that a stipulation?"

"A very important one. I couldn't have come here to see you if I'd had to pay board since October. I couldn't have bought this new hat which you don't admire."

"I do. It's a marvelous hat. Now that I've gotten used to it, I think it makes you look very handsome and distinguished."

"Liar!" He pressed her arm with his arm against his side. "Darling!"

"Has Dr. Sargeant a family, John?"

"Mrs. Sargeant. Their older daughter is there this winter with two small sons. Her husband is an officer in the Navy. There's a younger daughter in college who comes home pretty often for week-ends."

"Is she attractive?"

"I don't know. I'll look at her when I get back and send a report."

She laughed.

"I've never really seen a girl since I've known you."

"Darling! I'd like to believe you."

"Do you know how you look now?"

"Wan and exhausted from trying not to burst into a flood of tears."

"Like a Russian princess. In that fur cap and coat. There should be a drosky waiting outside for you instead of a limousine."

"There are no more Russian princesses."

"There are in illustrations for Tolstoy's novels."

"But they don't have blue eyes."

"They should." His voice faltered. "Oh, Gay."

"Don't go, John. It seems such a little while since I came here to meet you and we've wasted so much of it being unhappy."

"I can barely remember."

"And we're wasting what's left talking about Russian princesses and Dr. Sargeant's family."

"That's called whistling to keep your spirits up. What should we talk about, darling?"

"I don't know. I should be able to think of something beautiful, something that you would remember. I can't. All I can say is I love you."

"That's beautiful and I will remember it."

"Darling."

"You sweet!"

They neared the train gate. John tightened his grasp on her arm.

"Will they let you go down with me, Gay?"

"I'd like to see anybody stop me. My grandfather owned most of the New York, New Haven and Hartford once."

The official at the gate asked no questions. They started down the stairs.

"It was the chin up that did it," John said.

"Oh, I don't think they care, especially late like this."

They descended into the chill air and murky light of the lower level.

"We'll have to wait," John sighed.

The train with curtains drawn over section windows and lights burning dimly in vestibules waited on the track. The red-cap led the way toward the sleeper in which John's berth was reserved. They lagged behind, walking slowly, very close together.

"You're going, aren't you? I believe it now that I see the train. John, when will I see you again?"

"I don't know. I'll be tied down pretty closely after Dr. Sargeant sails, except on Wednesday afternoons and evenings."

"May I come to see you some Wednesday afternoon?"

"Would you, Gay?" His face brightened. "I want my mother and sisters to meet you. And my grandmother. You'll love my grandmother."

She glanced at him and away.

"What?" he asked.

"More family? Can we risk it?"

"They'll love you."

"I hope so." She hesitated, then continued. "I'm sorry," she said. "I wanted—"

"I love you."

"I love you."

A brake-man's call echoed past them. They made for the vestibule of the train.

"Better not go aboard, Miss," the porter said pleasantly. "We leave in one mo' minute."

"One more minute, John."

He caught her into his arms. Their lips met and clung. A second call echoed. He broke away from her arms. The porter leaned out of the vestibule. John raced into the train, colliding with the Negro.

"Good-by," he called as the train began to move.

"Good—" She ran a few steps beside the car.

John caught her hand, dropped it. "Remember. Some Wednesday afternoon."

The train picked up speed. She fell back, breathless, stood straining for a last glimpse of John's waving arm, his face, the hat that she hadn't admired. The train moved forward into darkness. The red light at the rear diminished into a dot, a pin-point, was gone.

Gay turned toward the stairs leading up to the station level. Some Wednesday afternoon—

CHAPTER XI

—

John stopped his car before a square frame house set flush with the pavement along a street of square frame houses separated by stretches of snow-covered lawns. The late afternoon light was gray and a sharp wind blew in across Casco Bay. John, stepping out of the car, glanced up through bare branches of elms, serene and gracious in summer, etched now in bleak austerity against a cold gray sky. There was snow in the wind, he thought. A March blizzard would probably leave in its wake an epidemic of influenza. Nothing to do about it, though. He sunk his chin into the collar of his bearskin coat and started across the icy pavement to the steps of the house.

A child's voice, shouting, drew him to the fence, parallel to the street. He looked through brown skeletons of lilac bushes into the side yard.

"Hi, Commodore!" he called.

The shouting stopped. Nathaniel Adams, Dr. Sargeant's eight-year-old grandson, standing on the seat of a garden swing strung with an intricate network of ropes and string, waved a mittened hand toward him.

"I'm Admiral Byrd," he called.

"Oh, are you? How's it going? Land in sight?"

"We're in desprit straits," Admiral Byrd in a blue and red snow-suit and high buckled galoshes shouted cheerfully across the ice-floes of the Antarctic. "Radio's gone dead. Can't get a squeak out of her anyhow."

"That's serious," John sympathized. "Have you tested the tubes?"

"Aya. Deader'n a door-nail."

John smiled, marveling at the rapidity with which a child adapted himself to an environment. Young Nat had been born in the Philippines and cut his teeth in San Francisco, but his "Aya" was as authentic as though, instead of six months, he had spent the six years of his life in Maine.

"Well, keep your courage up. You ought to sight land by morning."

"Maybe you can find out what's wrong with it?" Nat suggested.

"Sorry, old man. Excuse me—Admiral. I'm a doctor, not a radio technician."

"You could try anyway, couldn't you?" the child persisted.

"Got to keep moving, Nat. You'd better come in pretty soon. This wind is cold."

John went into the house. Lamps were lit in the wide hallway. The warm air made his face burn. He threw off his coat and went to the table beneath a gilt-framed mirror. The day's accumulation of mail lay there in a tidy heap. John ran through it rapidly. Nothing from Gay. There had been nothing for three days. That was not unusual, though. Sometimes he received two letters a day. Again several days would pass without a message from her. He'd hoped there would be something today. Her letters were graphic, amusing, affectionate. He enjoyed them. Well—

(TO BE CONTINUED)

Laundry Experts Advise Mending Before Washing

The tradition that mending follows washing as inevitably as spring follows winter is being gradually discarded in favor of the reverse way of doing things. Proponents of the modern school of laundering now advocate doing the mending first.

There are several advantages in getting the repair work out of the way before clothing and household furnishings go into the laundry. A small hole in a sock is likely to become a large one in handling. A frayed buttonhole may be torn apart or the thin portion of a sheet give way entirely. Perhaps it is just as well to exempt loose or missing buttons from advance restoration and sew them on later. But patching, darning, reinforcing, and such things, if done in advance, will prolong the life of the laundry bag's contents materially.

The chief objection to this order used to be a natural distaste for handling soiled laundry, but discriminating people no longer delay washing until clothing and linens become unpleasant to touch and smell. Practical reasons, as well as aesthetic ones, have brought about more frequent washing. Soil and perspiration left in fabrics wear them out through erosion and chemical action. And the vigorous handling needed to remove these harmful substances in washing causes additional wear and tear.

Frequent laundering with abundant soap and water and a minimum of rubbing is far more satisfactory in the long run than the mistaken thrift which may induce prolonged wear without washing.

GENERAL JOHNSON Says:

United Features WNU Service

Washington, D. C.

ARMY DRAFT

Should the President be given the authority to draft and use the National Guard? Yes and something more. He should be given the authority to recreate the selective service system and draft selected men for either the regular army or the National Guard.

This doesn't mean that either power will be used to any important extent.

It isn't to suggest the raising of a large conscripted army before we have the equipment for them to use —if at all.

It isn't a counsel of panic or hysteria. It is a means to avoid both and, above all, to prevent hardship and unfairness in raising the troops we need—even if the number be less than 750,000.

The reasons for these suggestions are simple. Recruiting by volunteering is lagging dangerously.

This is partly due to growing industrial activity and partly because there are so many men on relief. But there is a stronger reason than any of these. This country was sold

Hate That Will Start Next War
—By Thomas.

in 1917 the idea of raising armies by selective draft—the idea that each man should "serve in that place where it shall best serve the common good to call him."

* * *

Men, believing this is our national policy, do not feel the old urge to volunteer before they are told the country's wishes.

Another reason is that if the National Guard is called out in time of peace, about 200,000 men are going to lose their wages in industry to take the very low pay of a soldier and many of them have dependents. Until there is a stark military necessity this should be avoided wherever possible.

The regular army and the National Guard at the beginning should be largely made up of able-bodied men without dependents, to whom the loss of a civilian job involves no minor tragedy.

* * *

Setting up the selective service boards, roughly one in every group of 30,000 inhabitants, is very simple. We completed the organization in 10 days in 1917.

The next step is the registration of about 13,000,000 men between the ages of 21 and 30 inclusive. This is done by means of a fairly simple questionnaire which gives all the facts the board needs for selections.

Then the order in which registered men are to be called for examination is fixed by lot. The standards for the selection of the first 500,000 should be very liberal—such as to impose the very minimum of hardship on the man or his dependents.

Having skimmed off that number of men of this type, that class would wait to be called—either to the regular army as fast as it requires men, or to fill up the National Guard or replace the guardsmen, whose call should be deferred because of hardship or other good reason.

This is the swiftest, fairest, most efficient way to raise armies and it is by far the cheapest way, so that the cost per soldier is only a fraction of the cost of volunteering. In the interest of both prudence and calmness I think we should proceed along these lines at once.

* * *

FORD AND AIRPLANES

Could Henry Ford produce 1,000 planes a day at River Rouge? He could if all designs were alike, adapted to present production methods and there were not constant design changes. The success of Henry Ford in producing 10,000 automobiles a day was his invention of uniformity of design and interchangeability of parts. Under existing conditions of flux and uncertainty, Mr. Ford could no more produce 1,000 planes a day than he could produce 10,000.

There is another terrible bottleneck—impossible military standards of perfection which take no stock of our facilities for production. That stopped us often in the World war.

Henry Ford, in creating the first Tin Lizzie that put America on wheels, had the genius to see exactly this fault. He built a car that would do all that was required of it in 90 per cent of cases, but which sacrificed no more to theoretical perfection than was necessary to do the work required and meet the requirement of price and production. Charlie Nash did the same thing.

Things to do

STAR patchwork! Synonymous with this are three quilts which have been its consistently popular representatives from early American times right up to the present. Lone Star, Broken Star, Stars Upon Stars—all are equally lovely whether made in bright golden shades of yellow and orange, or in the delicate colors of the rainbow. And in this grand pattern, Z454, 15 cents, you receive cutting guides, color arrangements and estimated yardages for all three. Let your scrap bag assist in the making of star quilts—prize winning in design and beauty. Send order to:

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Origins of Cattle Brands

Probably most of the stories about the origins of the 1,500,000 cattle brands registered in the West are legends. One such outstanding tale, still told and published as a true story, is that Burk Burnett adopted the famous brand "6666" in 1900 because he won his great Texas ranch in a poker game with a hand containing four sixes.—Collier's.

The Better Way to Correct Constipation

One way to treat constipation is to *endure* it first and *"cure"* it afterward. The other way is to *avoid having it* by getting at its *cause*. So why not save yourself those dull headachy days, plus the inevitable trips to the medicine chest, if you can do it by a simple common-sense "ounce of prevention"?

If your trouble, like that of millions, is due to lack of "bulk" in the diet, "the better way" is to eat Kellogg's All-Bran. This crunchy, toasted, ready-to-eat cereal has just the "bulk" you need. If you eat it *regularly*—and drink plenty of water—you can not only *get* regular but *keep* regular, day after day and month after month! All-Bran is made by Kellogg's in Battle Creek. If your condition is chronic, it is wise to consult a physician.

WNU—4 25—40

Doubt Materializes

Doubt indulged soon becomes doubt realized.

Watch Your Kidneys!

Help Them Cleanse the Blood of Harmful Body Waste

Your kidneys are constantly filtering waste matter from the blood stream. But kidneys sometimes lag in their work—do not act as Nature intended—fail to remove impurities that, if retained, may poison the system and upset the whole body machinery.

Symptoms may be nagging backache, persistent headache, attacks of dizziness, getting up nights, swelling, puffiness under the eyes—a feeling of nervous anxiety and loss of pep and strength.

Other signs of kidney or bladder disorder are sometimes burning, scanty or too frequent urination.

There should be no doubt that prompt treatment is wiser than neglect. Use *Doan's Pills*. *Doan's* have been winning new friends for more than forty years. They have a nation-wide reputation. Are recommended by grateful people the country over. *Ask your neighbor!*

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