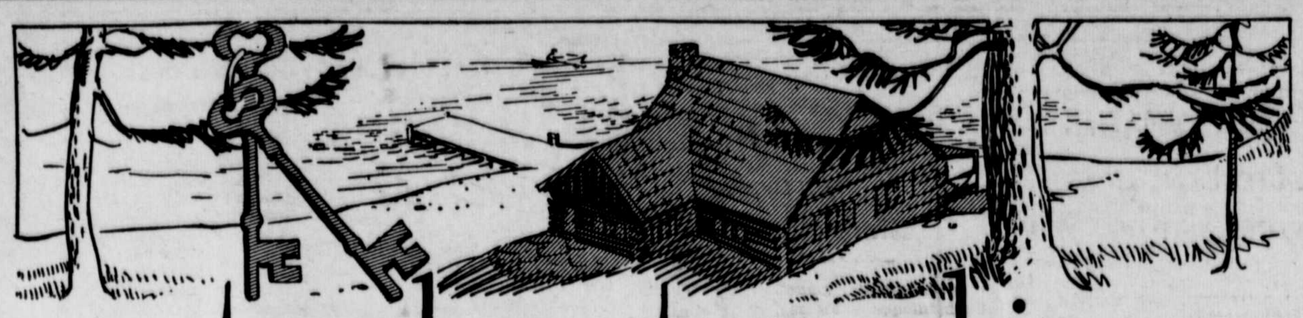


two keys to a cabin

BY LIDA LARRIMORE

© MACRAE SMITH CO. WNU SERVICE

CHAPTER XIII—Continued

—20—

The door opened before Debby reached it. John stood there, smiling, his face glowing with cold above the collar of the bear skin coat, his hat in his hand.

"Hello—" he said. The smile faded as his eyes moved questioningly about the room. "What's the matter?" he asked hesitantly. "What's going on here?"

Debby conquered her sobs. Her head lifted.

"Gay wants to take me back to New York with her," she said, "and Mother won't let me go."

"So you threw a tantrum." Over Debby's head John's eyes flashed a question at Gay. She tried to smile reassuringly but his expression, concerned and apprehensive, told her that she had not succeeded.

"I think it is wiser for Debby to remain at home." Gay saw that Ann Houghton's eyes, lifted quickly to her son, were frightened, now, heard the shaken note in her voice.

"Wiser!" Debby's voice rose again to an hysterical pitch. She whirled from her mother to face John, standing grave and silent in the doorway. "You know why she won't let me go. You know that she doesn't approve of—"

"Go to your room, Debby." John's voice, cutting through her hysterical outburst, silenced Debby. She went past him out of the room, her head drooping again, her defiance crumpling beneath his stern, uncompromising expression. Sarah followed. The door closed.

CHAPTER XIV

—

"What is it, Mother?" John threw off his coat and walked to the hearth. "What started this? What is it all about?"

"I don't think we need to discuss it." Ann Houghton resumed her knitting. During the interval of silence which had followed the closing of the door, she had regained her composure. Her hands manipulated the amber needles steadily. Only the dull red flush that burned in her cheeks betrayed any inward agitation.

"I don't agree with you." John stood with his back to the fire, his glance turning from his mother to Gay, then back again to Ann Houghton. "I find Debby in hysterics, Sarah crying, you and Gay obviously distressed. I should like to know, if you please, exactly what has happened."

Gay's hands tightened on the back of the chair behind which she stood.

"It was my fault," she said. "I invited Debby to go back to New York with me."

"And you don't want her to go?" John's eyes, grave and concerned, turned again from Gay to his mother.

"I don't think it advisable. Unfortunately, Debby had her heart set on it. She was rude to me and inconsiderate of Gay. I did think she'd outgrown tantrums."

"I should have consulted Mrs. Houghton before I spoke of it to Debby. I'm sorry. It didn't occur to me that any objection would be raised."

"Why do you object, Mother?"

Ann Houghton regarded her son with a studied deliberation which chilled Gay's sympathy, aroused her antagonism. As deeply as memories of her own turbulent adolescence had moved her to sympathy for Debby, she had pitied John's mother, too. Now, watching her manner with John, its effect upon him, pity crystallized into resentment. Debby's accusations had held a measure, at least, of truth. If she had not seen Ann Houghton's gesture in John's room this morning, if she had not had that revealing glimpse of the possessive passion which burned beneath her controlled and reasonable manner with her children, she might now be convinced that only wisdom motivated the decision she had made. But she had seen. She knew—

"You know how difficult Debby has been," Ann Houghton replied, her eyes holding John's troubled glance. "This year, especially. She's just beginning to show a real interest in the courses she's taking at the high school. I'm sure it would be unwise to allow her to make a break now."

"Perhaps you're right," John said doubtfully.

"I offered to have her tutored in the courses she's taking," Gay said, "or send her to a business school. It's quite probable that she might make more rapid progress with a tutor than in a class at the high school here."

She had not meant to give an impression of patronage. But that, she saw, was the effect of her words upon Ann Houghton, upon John.

"That's very generous, Gay," John's mother said, "but quite unnecessary."

John gave a short laugh. "You aren't going to assume full responsibility for all of us, are you?" he asked. "I think we can leave Debby's education to Mother."

"I wasn't thinking of Debby's education," she said lightly. "I thought she would enjoy a visit in New York and that I would enjoy having her there. My motives, as usual, I'm afraid, were almost entirely selfish."

John looked at her, then, questioningly, pleadingly. She smiled and his face cleared.

"She would enjoy it," he said. "She's always been crazy about you. The idea of you before she met you. I suppose, now, after these past three days, she's your slave." He

John stood there, smiling.

turned to his mother. "Let her go with Gay, Mother. She isn't doing much here."

The distance between them narrowed. Gay's spirits lifted. It was as though he had come to stand beside her and taken her hand in his.

"I don't feel that it would be wise, John," Ann Houghton said reasonably, quietly. "Debby is impressionable and immature. It would be mistaken kindness, if you'll permit me to express myself frankly, Gay, to give her, at this time, a taste of something she can't have permanently. I'm afraid she would be more discontented than ever when she returned."

"Good Lord, Mother." John's voice held a note of irritation. "Nobody wants to eat fruit cake for every meal, but it's pleasant once in a while."

Ann Houghton smiled faintly.

"I think that sort of fruit cake, just now," she said, "would be very bad for Debby. With this notion she has of singing on a radio program or in some place of entertainment, I'm afraid that being in New York with Gay would turn her head completely."

"I shouldn't allow her to do anything of which you would disapprove, Mrs. Houghton."

"I don't question that, but your life is so different from our life here. I'm afraid that the contrast—"

"You know Debby is a chameleon, Mother. She adapts herself easily to any environment."

"That's just why I don't—" she broke off, glanced quickly at John, at Gay. "I'm not presuming to criticize your mode of living, Gay, but I'm convinced that for Debby just at this time— If it were Sarah, that would be a different matter." She folded her knitting into the bag. "I shouldn't think you would want her for a visit after the scene you've just witnessed. I feel that she, that I, owe you an apology."

"No, please, Mrs. Houghton. She was terribly disappointed. It was my fault. I should have consulted you. It's all right. I understand how you feel, but I'm disappointed too."

John made a restless movement on the hearth. "Then it's settled, isn't it? Debby doesn't go back to New York with Gay. Now may we talk of something else? Food, for instance. I'm starved. Did Huldah make chocolate doughnuts? Come out to the kitchen with me, Gay."

Ann Houghton rose from her chair. "If you please, John, I'd like you to go to Debby with me."

"Oh, let her alone. You know how she is when she's had a tantrum. Don't play up to her and she'll get over it."

"I don't think she's well. She's not been herself these past few days."

"You'll turn her into a neurotic if you don't stop coddling her."

"Debby is sensitive in a way which I think I understand better than you."

John turned to Gay in smiling exasperation. "What was the use of my spending four years in medical school and two years interning when mother, by instinct, knows more than I do about my profession."

Again a faint chilling smile touched Ann Houghton's lips.

"I should like you to go with me, John," she repeated. "Debby is nervously excited. She'll probably need a sedative to put her to sleep. The doughnuts will wait, and Gay will excuse you for a few minutes, I'm sure."

"Certainly, Mrs. Houghton."

"Back in a minute, Gay." John's eyes were pleading. His smile was strained.

"Good-night, Gay."

"Good-night, Mrs. Houghton."

John went out of the room with his mother. The door closed. Gay stood leaning against the back of the chair, staring into the fire.

Gay did not turn when the door opened. She remained seated in the chair beside the hearth, looking up at the painting above the mantel.

"Were you asleep?" John asked, coming to the chair. "I'm sorry I've been so long."

"No, not asleep. I've been getting acquainted with the gentleman up there. It's your great-grandfather, isn't it?"

"Abner Houghton—yes."

"You don't look like him. In an hour of intensive study I haven't been able to find a trace of resemblance."

"I'm sorry it's been an hour. I wanted to get back to you." He bent to lift her hands lying in her lap. "Come over here where we can be close together. I haven't kissed you for three days."

"Has it been only three days?"

"Darling, have you been miserable?"

She drew her hands from his, sat looking down at them, silent.

"What is it? What are you thinking?"

"I want to go with you tomorrow."

"Into Portland? I meant to take you."

"And then on to New York—tomorrow."

"But Mary expects you to stay. And the kids. Nat made me promise to bring you."

"That's dear of them, but—"

"Look at me, Gay."

She raised her head. Seeing his grave and troubled face, she gave a little cry. He bent toward her. Her arms went around his neck. Their lips met and clung. Presently he drew away, straightened, took her hands to pull her up from the chair. "Did taking Debby to New York mean so much to you?"

"I should have enjoyed having her, but that isn't important."

"That act she pulled must have been unpleasant for you."

"It wasn't an act." She sat beside him on a sofa with a high back curled at one end like a snail. "Debby meant every word she said."

He looked searchingly into her eyes.

"Do you believe that, Gay?"

"Of course I believe it. I've been here for three days."

"Mother told me. I hadn't realized—"

"I don't want to discuss your mother, John."

"But you can't believe the things Debby said were true."

"They are true. I'm sorry if it offends you but you asked for it."

He drew a little away from her. "Mother is only thinking of what is best for Debby. She is emotional and immature, and she has this notion about singing—"

"Why shouldn't she have a chance?"

"That isn't what Mother wants for Debby."

"What does she want for Debby?"

"She wants her to go to college."

"So that Debby can spend the rest of her life being grateful to her?" Her voice softened. "Oh, I am sorry, John. I shouldn't have said that."

"You can say what you like to me, what you think, how you feel."

"No, I can't. When I do, we quarrel. Debby isn't important insofar as we are concerned. But your mother is. She doesn't want Debby to go to New York with me because she's afraid of me, of the things I can do for her. She wants to be everything to all of you."

"That's natural, isn't it?"

"Natural, perhaps, but selfish. Yes, selfish, John. Can't you see?"

"If you knew what Mother's life has been. Her every thought has been for us."

"It would have been better for her, for you, if she had to plan for us, Gay. There wasn't much money. You can't understand, I suppose."

"No, frankly, I can't."

"That's because you have the protection of wealth," he said stiffly.

"Oh, money! Because my grandfathers left a trust fund for me, we bicker and quarrel." Antagonism sharpened her voice, a sense of the distance widening between them. "You attach too much importance to what I have—"

"It isn't because you have it now," he said slowly, with measured deliberation. "It's because you've always had it. From the hour you were born every thought you've had, every move you've made, has been colored and shaped by the fact that both your grandfathers were wealthy men. Your mother—"

"How absurd we are!" She gave a short strained laugh. "In New York we quarreled because my mother did not display a properly maternal attitude. Now we quarrel because your mother is a model of

"If you knew that Mother's life had been."

maternal devotion. Oh, is it important, John?"

"We are each of us the product of our separate environments," he said carefully, thoughtfully. "You had nurses and governesses. You were sent to camps, to schools, to the sea-shore in summer, to dancing class. For your birthdays magicians were hired to entertain you and your guests. When you were sick there were nurses. Mother did everything for us. When we were sick, she couldn't afford to engage a trained nurse. There was no money for elaborate toys, amusement, entertaining. Mother made fun for us at home. She scrimped and saved to send me to college, to send Sarah. She managed it in ways you couldn't understand, hamburger instead of steak, never quite enough heat in the house, dried vegetables instead of fresh ones in winter, Sarah's dresses made over for Debby—"

(TO BE CONTINUED)

Many Non-Metal Parts Are Used in Automobile

Steel and iron are the basic materials of automobile construction but a surprising number of non-metallic substances enter also.

Rubber is the principal contributor to quiet, vibration-free riding, providing cushions between frame and body, bumpers to take the shock of slamming doors, windlaces and gaskets to keep out drafts, cement to seal joints along the floor, pads to keep feet from skidding off the pedals, hose for radiator, heater and windshield wiper, mats for running boards and floor.

All told, a number of cars have as many as 250 rubber parts, and one of current manufacture has 335. Sixty pounds of rubber products apart from tires is not unusual in a car.

Next to rubber perhaps the most useful non-metallic ingredients are the plastics which serve many useful purposes of which some are conspicuously new, though really belonging to a family of products with which engineers have been long familiar. It was at least three decades ago that phenolic resinoids were taken up as substitutes for defective electrical insulation. Today, similar synthetic products are widely used also for steering wheel rims, control knobs, instrument panels and elsewhere.

FIRST-AID to the AILING HOUSE

by Roger B. Whitman

Soiled Wallpaper.

QUESTION: Wallpaper and ceiling near one of our hot water radiators are darkened by a soot-like deposit. Sometimes there is an odor in the room that resembles that of sediment of a hot water tank. Can these annoyances be remedied?

Answer: The soiling of the wallpaper is due to dust carried up by the current of hot air rising from the radiator. The odor is very likely to be due to the repeated heating of dust and other material in the lower part of the radiator. Both of these troubles can be eliminated by keeping all parts of the radiator thoroughly clean.

Soot Removers.

Question: Would you please advise me the name of the powder that is used in oil burner furnaces to destroy soot and carbon? Where can I purchase this powder?

Answer: There are various makes of powder sold as soot removers. They can usually be had from any of the oil burner dealers. The best way to get rid of a deposit of soot is with brushes or a vacuum cleaner. Heavy and frequent depositing of soot in a boiler is an indication of faulty adjustment in the oil burner, which should be corrected.

Stuck Stopper.

Question: The glass stopper of a large cut-glass bottle is stuck fast. How can I loosen it?

Answer: One thing to try is to put a drop or two of glycerine at the joint; in a day or two the glycerine may work down enough to loosen the stopper. Another idea is to expand the neck of the bottle by heating without expanding the stopper. For this hold the bottle horizontally and dribble some hot water over the neck. This must be carefully done, for otherwise there is a chance that sudden expansion would break the bottle.

Oily Wallpaper.

Question: A small lamp was placed so close to a wall that oil from the lamp shade ran into the wallpaper. How can I remove it?

Answer: Cover the oil spots with a paste made of a non-burning spot removing liquid and fuller's earth, powdered chalk, or some similar powder. Allow to remain until dry and then remove by brushing. If the wallpaper is soiled, this will leave a noticeable clean spot, in which case you should go over all of the wallpaper with a wallpaper cleaner to be had at a hardware store.

Noisy Water Pipes.

Question: Whenever a faucet is opened or closed, there are unpleasant noises from the air in the pipes. How can this be overcome?

Answer: If the noise is a rattle that occurs when a faucet is opened, the cause is a worn or loose washer. Replacing the washer will stop the noise. If the noise occurs when the faucet is being closed and is worse when the faucet is closed abruptly than when the closing is slow, the trouble is from lack of an air cushion to take up the momentum of the water. This is something that can be corrected by any plumber.

Sound-Proofing Ceilings.

Question: In my apartment the ceiling plaster was replaced by insulating board. What can I do to make it more sound-proof?

Answer: Sound-proofing an apartment ceiling is a difficult thing to do, because much of the sound travels through the framework of the building. It will help to put on an extra ceiling of the same kind of board that is now used, supported on furring strips one inch thick. Heavy felt should be laid on both sides of the furring strips to give additional sound-proofing.

Poplar Stumps.

Question: How can I get rid of poplar stumps?

Answer: Saw the stumps off close to the ground, bore as many and as deep holes into them as possible, fill and refill with kerosene until the wood is well soaked; then build a fire on each stump to ignite the oil-soaked wood. Do not do this if there is anything nearby that might be harmed, for the heat will be intense. For an alternative, dig out a stump for as far below the ground as convenient, and cover with earth; poplar is a soft wood that rots quickly.

Beach Cottage Walls.

Question: What would you recommend for the inside walls of a beach cottage? Outside walls are pine boards, shingled.

Answer: You should use a kind of stiff insulating board that is moisture proof and that will not shrink and swell in the damp air near the shore. Some makes of these boards can be had with a protective treatment of asphalt. Follow the manufacturer's directions in filling the joints. For a finish, put on a first coat of aluminum paint, which can be followed by painting or papering.

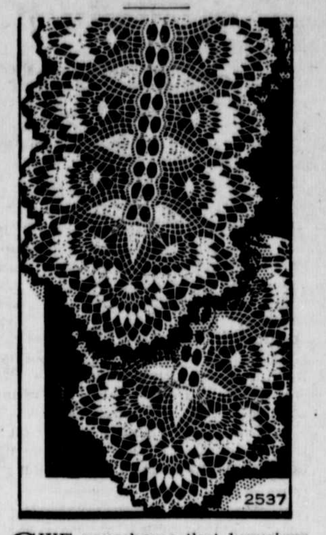
Cats.

Question: How can I keep cats from digging up and destroying my yard?

Answer: Spray the yard with a solution of nicotine sulphate, which can be had at any seed or hardware store. This is an insecticide, and will not harm vegetation; but cats and dogs hate the odor.

(© Roger B. Whitman—WNU Service.)

Luxurious Scarfs Easily Crocheted



GIVE your home that luxurious air and at little cost, too. Crochet these scarfs (there are two sizes, 18 by 60 and 18 by 36 inches) for buffet, dining table, or dresser. Pattern 2537 contains directions for scarfs; illustrations of them and stitches; materials required. Send order to:

Sewing Circle Needlecraft Dept.
82 Eighth Ave. New York
Enclose 15 cents in coins for Pattern No.....
Name .....
Address .....

All Could Not Be Peace And Quiet at That Gallery

"If you want to spend a quiet hour," said the solicitous native to the visitor, "there is no better place than our art gallery. You will be well repaid."

"Just a minute," replied the stranger. "I've been reading about it in the guide book. It says that the visitor, on entering, is struck by a statue of Hercules. Then he is stunned by the splendor of the great staircase. A picture in one room is full of punch, while farther on one is crushed by the overwhelming magnificence of another painting. Finally, brilliant colors run riot everywhere. No, sir, if I want a quiet hour I'll take a boxing lesson!"

CLASSIFIED DEPARTMENT

OPPORTUNITY

127 WAYS TO MAKE MONEY, home or office, no peddling; little or no investment. Particulars FREE. J. D. Richardson, 235 W. 63rd St., New York City.

BABY CHICKS

Continually BLOOD-TESTING and BREEDING for Big 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.

Each Inevitable

Each of us inevitable; each of us limitless—each of us with his or her right upon the earth.—Whitman.

"Black Leaf 40" KILLS LICE
OUR "Cap-Brush" Applicator makes "BLACK LEAF 40" GO MUCH FARTHER
JUST A DASH IN FEATHERS.. OR SPREAD ON ROOSTS

True Peace

Peace is what all desire; but all do not care for the things that pertain unto true Peace.—Thomas a Kempis.

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!*

DOAN'S PILLS

YOUR ASSURANCE

The buyer's assurance is the advertising he or she reads in the newspaper. That is the buyer's guide. It tells the prices one must expect to pay. Let the seller who tries to charge more beware!