two keys to a cabin

BY LIDA LARRIMORE

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CHAPTER XIV—Continued

—21—

"And with all of those deeds your mother has tied you to her for the rest of your lives, you, John, and Sarah, at least," interrupted Gay. "Oh, of course she's been splendid. I mean that sincerely. But it's a sort of selfishness, too. She resents me because I can do things for you which she can't. She's afraid of me, for you, for your work, for Debby, mainly because she wants to be the source of all giving, like God, like—"

"You're uncharitable, Gay."

"I'm honest. I've seen. If I weren't Gabriella Graham, if I had no money, she would welcome me for your sake. I being who I am, she fears and resents me."

"Lack of security breeds fear. When you are obliged to consider the possible result of every move you make, you are cautious."

"You're afraid, too," she said, barely audibly, as though the words had been forced through her lips. "You don't trust me."

He turned to look at her miserably.

"You needn't tell me. I know." Her voice steadied. "The things I've been thinking are true, the things I thought tonight while I was waiting here for you."

"What things, Gay?"

"That it isn't possible. We hurt each other. Love isn't enough."

"Oh, Gay! I do love you!" His arms reached for her. Passion flamed through the dark misery in his eyes. "I adore you. Since I first met you, when you were fifteen years old, I've worshiped you."

"No! Don't touch me!" She slipped away from the sofa, went to stand, leaning, against the wing-chair beside the hearth. He half rose to follow her, dropped back, sat with shoulders drooping, his hands swinging between his knees. "It's just biology, isn't it?" she asked with a little brittle laugh. "I hoped there was more than that. I had the naive notion that biology was only a part of it, that there could be companionship, too, and faith and security."

"Gay—!" He groaned.

"I'm beginning to understand. No, not that. I guess I've known but I wouldn't admit it. Do you remember Christmas Eve in New York when Suki announced callers? You asked me what you should say to them. I think I asked you what you said to me. You said 'I tell you I love you.' That's the only thing we can say to each other without quarreling. What will we talk about when—?"

"But if—when we're together, we won't be here or in New York. There won't be people getting in the way, your family, mine—"

"I've told myself that, but it isn't true. We can't escape our environments. We'll take them with us wherever we go. We'll quarrel and make up and quarrel again, but each quarrel will leave a scar. Let's not spoil it, John."

He started up from the sofa.

"Gay! Do you mean—?" he asked hoarsely.

She held him off with an instinctive gesture. "Uncle John may have known," she said steadily, her hands grasping the back of the chair. "But he was—dying. We must live, John, you and I. We can't let something that was beautiful become tarnished and scarred. Let's stop hurting each other. Let's end it now, neatly and definitely."

He stood beside her, at a little distance, his lips moving, his eyes searching her face. She glanced away.

"Do you want to do that?" he asked quietly.

"Yes—" Her reply was as controlled as his question had been. "I want to go home tomorrow and start to forget you. It will be difficult but I'll manage it. You forget anything, don't you, in time?"

"Do you mean that? Look at me, Gay."

Her head turned. She looked up at him through a film of tears.

"I mean it—" Her voice faltered. Clinging to the back of the chair, she swayed as though her strength was gone.

He caught her, held her. For an instant they clung together, urgently, despairingly, then she broke away.

"That doesn't change anything, John."

"Doesn't it? Oh, can't we, Gay? I love you so."

His arms held her again. Her face, streaming with tears, lifted to his face. "When I'm with you like this—Darling! How can we? I don't know . . ."

CHAPTER XV

—

Kate sat up straight in the chair beside the long triple window in Kitty Cameron's drawing-room and closed the book she had been reading as Gay and Todd came into the room.

"Hello," she said, removing her reading glasses.

"Hello." Gay returned her greeting cheerfully.

"Hello, Kate," Todd said smiling.

Kate's keen eyes regarded them speculatively. "Where have you been?" she asked.

"Driving in Connecticut." Gay dropped into the chair opposite Kate's. "It's a heavenly day."

"Grand. Summer at last." Todd stood beside Gay's chair, looking especially handsome, Kate thought, in a light flannel suit and a green shirt with a darker green tie which accented the lights in his hazel eyes. "What are you reading, the dictionary?"

"Anthony Adverse. Since I can no longer get a kick out of telling people I haven't read it, I thought I might as well. But riding in Connecticut." Kate's eyebrow lifted. "Aren't you working these days?"

"This was business." Todd grinned at Kate with a light-hearted air which raised the eyebrow higher. "An estate the bank may risk a mortgage on. We were looking it over."

"Gay must have been a great help," Kate said dryly.

"Moral support," Gay said, smiling.

"I've got to run along," Todd said. "Will eight be too early, Gay?"

"Just about right, I should say." Gay smiled lazily up at Todd. "Tell your Dad I think it's a safe risk, except that the well-sweep, though picturesque, is a fake."

"I'll remember that." Todd started toward the door. " 'Bye, Kate. Good-by, Gay. See you at eight."

"You should learn to control your voice, Todd."

"What big ears you have, Katie. 'Bye. Eight o'clock, Gay. Don't move. You look too comfortable. I think I can find my way out."

His footsteps sounded along the hall. The grill of the lift slurred and clicked. Kate looked at Gay leaning back in the chair beside the windows.

"Hats are getting crazier and crazier," she said.

"Yes, aren't they?" Gay pulled off the scrap of straw to which Kate referred.

"That one looks like a fez without the tassel. Are you a Shriner?"

"No, I'm an elk. Didn't you know?" Gay spun the hat on her forefinger. "Any word from Mother?"

"None. You're going out for dinner?"

"Yes. And dancing afterwards."

"Well, thanks for this fleeting glimpse of you."

"Do you mind? I won't go if you do. I know I haven't been home with you much and it was nice of you to come in and stay with me while Kitty and Robert are away."

"Go on. I don't mind. I have Anthony here for company. Quite a lad, too, I've gathered from the portion I've read thus far."

"Do you mind, really? You sound—"

"Oh, go on." Kate regarded Gay in silence for a moment. Then, "I suppose you know what you're doing?" she said.

"What do you mean?" Gay's glance turned to the windows through which showed a glimpse of blue sky and early June sunlight.

"You know what I mean. Don't pretend that you don't."

"Todd understands."

"If he does, it's more than I do. You break your engagement, upset the entire family, and then you proceed to spend a part of every day with him."

"Don't scold me when I'm cheerful. Todd and I are just very good friends."

"Which, I suppose, is the reason he comes in here fairly dripping moonlight and roses. There's nothing like a good friend to put a song in the voice and a shine in the eyes."

"There's no pleasing you." Gay laughed. "When I stayed at home you urged me to go out. Now that I'm following your advice, you scold me."

"You have no sense of proportion. You either act like a hibernating ground-hog or a slightly intoxicated moth. You're going too hard." Kate's brows drew together in a frown. "You're so thin you scarcely cast a shadow and your eyes are too big for your face."

"It makes me interesting looking."

"Oh, nonsense! I don't like what you're doing to Todd."

"That should be Todd's concern, shouldn't it?"

"I know. You needn't tell me. None of my business."

"I'm sorry, Kate. It's all right. Todd has gotten all over being in love with me."

Kate looked at her with an expression of studied derision which did not conceal the concern in her eyes. "I suppose you think it's charming modesty to pretend that he isn't more in love with you than ever." Kate waited, then burst out. "What has happened? What about John?"

"Nothing." Gay's eyes fell from Kate's anxious face to the hat in her lap.

"Excuse me. I've wondered, but you've been so stately that I haven't dared to ask questions. "Have you—?"

"Nothing, really. I hear from him. He's well and busy. There's a chance of his getting the sort of work he wants in Boston. He isn't particularly interested in general practice and the doctor for whom he has been substituting has returned. I ought to start to dress if I'm going out. We're having dinner at the Heron Club. The food isn't much but the music is good. Denny O'Connor is there again. I adore his songs."

"That's right. Change the subject. Has something happened? I was afraid—"

"You were right. It isn't, it hasn't worked out." Gay lifted shadowed eyes dark with pain which contradicted the half-smile trembling across her lips. " 'East is east and west is west,' as Mr. Kipling pointed out. What's that about the rich young man and the camel and the

"We could go away, now, tonight, down into Maryland."

needle's eye? You, with your rectory training, should understand. It applies to young ladies who have too much money, as well." She sagged down in the chair, her hands falling in a gesture of hopelessness. "I'm so tired, Kate."

"Don't go out. Go to bed. I'll bring you something on a tray."

She sat erect, forcing animation into her gestures, her voice, her smile.

"I want to go. When I'm dancing, where there are people—" She sprang up from the chair. "Oh, how I hate good times!"

"Gay!" Kate rose and went to her. "There's no sense in this, you know. Go to bed. You're as white as chalk."

Gay stood by the windows looking out into the clear atmosphere still bright with the after-glow of the sun.

"June," she said, barely audibly. "It's lovely at the cabin now. There are wild strawberries in the meadow across the road and the ferns are uncurling along the lane."

"I wish you'd never seen the cabin!"

"Do you? I don't. I wouldn't have missed it. I'm grateful—"

"You're half sick, Gay," Kate cried desperately. "Please go to bed."

"I'm going out to dance." She turned from the windows, not looking at Kate.

"If it takes the rain to make the pretty flowers," she sang a little off-key. "Have you heard Denny O'Connor? He's marvelous."

"Well, if that's a sample—"

"Are you criticizing my voice?" She swayed toward Kate, dropped her head against Kate's shoulder. "It just takes time, doesn't it? Kate, how much time does it take?"

The music stopped. Todd led Gay to the seat against the wall upholstered in peacock-blue leather.

"Are you having fun?" He seated himself beside her. "Has anything happened since this afternoon?"

"I am." She turned to smile at him brightly. "No, nothing has happened. Why do you ask?"

"You're so quiet. I thought you enjoyed this afternoon."

"I did." She raised her glass. "Did you tell your Dad that we thought the property was a pretty good risk?"

"You're unhappy, Gay."

"That's very ungrateful of me. When a gentleman takes a lady dancing the least she can do is to be bright and merry."

"I don't care about that." Todd's face above the conventional black and white of his dinner clothes was very grave. "Is there anything I can do?"

She was silent for a moment. Then, "I must do it myself," she said, slowly, listlessly. "I should have made it a clean break three months ago. I've always disliked loose ends."

"Gay—" He bent toward her. "Do you think of what I told you, of what I've been telling you all spring?"

"Very often." Her glance lifted, then fell to the table. Her fingers twirled the slender stem of the glass.

"Will you?" he asked very low.

Her eyes lifted again, met his eyes steadily. "I couldn't do that to you, Todd."

"But if I'm willing to take a chance—"

"We'll neither of us have any peace," she said thoughtfully, "until — He, John —" She paused, glanced away.

"You know that you can talk of him to me."

"Yes, I know. You've been—" Her voice faltered. "I can't tell you."

"You do—like me, Gay?"

"You are my best and my dearest friend."

"Then why not? You say that he, that John, half expects it. Wouldn't it be the most simple solution? We could go away, now, tonight, down into Maryland. You can't keep on like this. You're making yourself ill. I know you love him. But you love me, too, in a different way. And if he's—"

"It would be a simple solution for him, for me, too, perhaps. But you, Todd? You're too fine to have anything but the best. You'd be sacrificing yourself—"

"To have you, even the part of you that has always belonged to me? That's not a sacrifice. It's pure selfishness, Gay. I'm conceited enough to think that in time—"

"And you're probably right. I don't know—"

"We've always come together again, after either of us has—strayed." He smiled. "You remember when I was pretty crazy about Julie? I woke up one morning while visiting her in Charleston, and couldn't wait to get back to you. I had myself all primed for abasements and declarations and when I burst in on you at Southampton all you said was, 'Go change your clothes, Todd. We're sailing in a race this afternoon.' "

"I remember." A faint reflection of his smile curved her lips.

Encouraged by the smile, he went on eagerly, persuasively. "And when you were running a temperature about that aviator— What was his name?"

(TO BE CONTINUED)

Great Lakes Area Yields Valuable Data on Indians

Indians had a feast on the beach of an island in Lake Huron at some time between 500 and 800 A. D. The fact that this feast was held, however, is not nearly as important as the fact that there were Indians in the Great Lakes region from 1,100 to 1,400 years ago. Until recently no definite evidence had ever been produced to prove that there were human inhabitants of this area at such an early date.

Searching for early Indian data on Great Cloche island, just north of Manitoulin island in the Georgian bay region, Dr. E. F. Greenman, University of Michigan archeologist, discovered the remains of this ancient Indian meal. Later Dr. Greenman returned to the island with Dr. George M. Stanley, Michigan geologist, to determine the age of the find.

Evidence that Indians held such a feast on the beach of Great Cloche island consists of the discolored sand and stones on which their fires were built, scraps of foreign flint and quartz, and bones of fish and animals which made up their meal. Evidently the meal consisted of moose, deer, beaver, sturgeon and another unidentified type of fish.

The beach on which the Indians ate their meal, now 28 feet above the water of Lake Huron, says Dr. Stanley, was on the water level when the red men visited the island hundreds of years ago.

FIRST-AID to the AILING HOUSE

By ROGER B. WHITMAN

(© Roger B. Whitman—WNU Service.)

Canvas Decking.

QUESTION: How can I cover a porch floor with steamboat decking? Twelve-ounce canvas costs 33 cents a yard, and 24-ounce canvas costs 75 cents. Will the difference in cost be justified? How should the canvas be laid?

Answer: Get heavy canvas, and buy a kind that is intended for the purpose. The best qualities will not shrink, and they have a water-proofing treatment. You should start with a flat deck of closely fitted boards, with no uneven places. On this put a fairly thick bed of white lead made into a soft paste by adding linseed oil. Stretch the first strip of canvas at the edge of the roof, rolling it into the paste and securing it with long copper tacks put in an inch apart all around. Lay the second strip with its edge overlapping the edge of the first one by two inches. Put paste under the overlap and secure by tacks. Continue in this way. When the roof is covered, put on a priming coat of deck paint, and when it is dry, two more coats of the same, used as it comes in the can.

Silverfish and Crickets.

Question: How can I get rid of silverfish and crickets?

Answer: For both of these insects use pyrethrum powder, which is the common yellow insect powder. Put it in a powder puffer and for the silverfish blow it into cracks in the woodwork, such as the crack between flooring and baseboard; blow it on shelves, behind books, and in similar places. For crickets blow it into the air behind pieces of furniture, boxes and radiators, and other places where crickets conceal themselves. Pyrethrum powder loses its strength on exposure to the air. It should be bought in sealed packages, and blowing should be repeated every three days.

Building a Cottage.

Question: Being handy with tools, I am undertaking to build a summer cottage. What book that is fairly up-to-date will give me details and explanations of small house construction?

Answer: The National Lumber Manufacturers association, Washington, D. C., issues pamphlets on construction details, which would be well worth sending for. You will also find several pamphlets in Price List 72, "Publications of Interest to Suburbanites and Home Owners," to be had for the asking from the Superintendent of Documents, Washington.

Problem of Dampness.

Question: We live on the street level in an apartment house built on a slight rise, and 100 yards or so from tidewater. Parquet floors show no sign of warping or unevenness, except in one spot where boards creak and sink a little. Do you think the apartment may be too damp in spring and summer?

Answer: With the ventilation that you describe, I see no reason why the apartment should be especially damp. The creaking boards should be investigated, however, to learn if the supports underneath have rotted or otherwise given way.

Plywood Walls.

Question: The kitchen walls of my new country cottage are finished with plywood. Can I use a spar varnish finish on the walls? Is it advisable to first coat the walls with linseed oil?

Answer: Spar varnish will be all right. I would advise two coats. Dull the gloss of the first coat of varnish by rubbing down with fine sandpaper, then wipe off the dust before applying the second coat. Linseed oil is not necessary.

Refinishing Station Wagon.

Question: The woodwork of my station wagon has weathered dull. Would like your advice on refinishing.

Answer: If the varnished finish is not peeling, wash the surface with soap and warm water, rinse with clear water; then wipe dry. Allow the moisture to dry out for a few hours. Refinish with one or two coats of a top quality spar varnish. Be sure the surface is dull before applying the varnish.

White Paint on Screens.

Question: My house is somewhat shaded by trees, but when I put on the screens the house is noticeably darker. Would white paint on the screen wire help? Would it make the house look crazy? It is now painted cream.

Answer: It would not be objectionable, and would help brighten the interior. Make sure the paint is thin enough so it will not clog the openings in the screen.

Cleaning Reed Chairs.

Question: Is there a good way to clean chairs made of bamboo peel cane? They are decorated with a small black design.

Answer: Those chairs can be scrubbed. Use any cleaning powder in a weak solution, applied with a scrubbing brush and cloth. Follow by rinsing with clear water and wiping dry. If refinishing is needed, use quick-drying varnish.

Bright Electric Light.

Question: Is a 200-watt electric bulb O. K. for reading when used in an inverted lamp?

Answer: It is perfectly safe provided the eyes are protected from the direct glare of the light. The light from a lamp of such size is usually thrown against the ceiling for indirect lighting.

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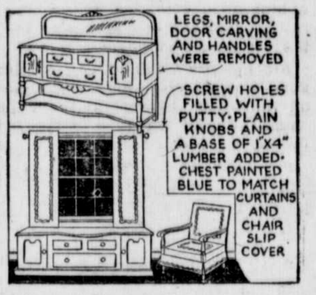
Transformation of Gram's Old Buffet

By RUTH WYETH SPEARS

YOU have heard quite a good deal in these articles about Grandmother, who is just "Gram" to her family. Also about her favorite grandson, Bill, and his up-and-coming bride, Marty — the same for whom Gram made the stunning rag rug in Sewing Book 3. Then there is Bill's kid sister, Betsy, who streamlined the old iron bed illustrated in Book 3. You



all know "Mom," too. She has become almost famous because of her curtains and slip-covers and "The Rug That Grew Up With the Family." And there is "Dad" who is handy with hammer, saw and screw driver.

Well, recently the family have "ganged-up" on Gram about her fancy out-of-date buffet. They think she deserves and can afford something new. Gram decided to get rid of the buffet, then Marty said that she wanted it! This sketch shows you one of the things she and Bill did with it. Watch next week for what became of the mirror and legs.

NOTE: That is white rick-rack that trims the blue chambray curtains and slip-cover. The chair is the one made over from an old rocker described in the new Book 5. To get your copy send order to:

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