

TWO KEYS TO A CABIN

spent at the cabin with Uncle John. He should have cleared out then, he told himself a trifle grimly, instead of prolonging what he had intended to be a week-end visit into a stay of three weeks.

He should have left before the day she'd turned her ankle walking with him through the woods and he'd carried her to the cabin in his arms. After that nothing could have induced him to leave. He remembered with a feeling of tenderness for the innocent ardor of their relationship which resentment could not efface, the week which had followed. He remembered saying good-by to her at the station in Machias, straining for a last glimpse of her face, young and defenseless in the transient grief of parting, tears glittering on her lashes, her wide sweetly curved mouth trembling in an effort to smile. "I'll see you soon, John," she'd said, clinging to his hand as they stood together in the vestibule of the train. And, sustained by his presence, too much in love with her to reason or question, "Yes, very soon," he'd replied.

But he had not seen her again until he'd gone with Uncle John to New York for her debutante party. Her mother had taken her abroad that fall after her summer here. She'd written to him at lengthening intervals during the first year, from Geneva where she was in school, from various points on the French Riviera when her vacations permitted opportunities for travel. He'd been relieved when the letters stopped coming, glad that he had been on a canoe trip in Canada when, nearly two years later, the cablegram announcing her return to America had arrived, glad, too, though he'd watched the mail for weeks, that she had not answered his formal note of apology and explanation. It had been easier, then, to close a door in his mind, for reason, during long hours of logical if rebellious thought, had convinced him that the door must be closed and locked and the key thrown away.

The key? John turned, realizing that he had reached the village. Why had Uncle John made that gesture? he wondered, walking more slowly back toward the cabin. He'd known, of course, of that young attachment between himself and Gay. It probably hadn't been difficult for Uncle John to read his thoughts the morning after the party in New York when he, John, had insisted, stubbornly and not very considerably, that they return to Cambridge at once. And Uncle John loved Gay. He had for her a deeper affection, perhaps, than for anyone in the world except him.

But Uncle John should have foreseen, he thought irritably, that nothing

of lasting value could come of that attachment. He was romantic, idealistic, in the way of his generation, but he was neither sentimental nor impractical. He must have seen that he, John, and Gabriella Graham lived in different worlds, that each would be a stranger in the atmosphere familiar to the other. Perhaps though, the thought continued, when you were dying, such things as wealth or a lack of it, the differences in viewpoint which wealth engendered, the distinctions and antagonisms it raised seemed relatively unimportant. Uncle John had known he hadn't long to live when they'd gone to New York. Perhaps during the following weeks, when his grasp on living had loosened, some wisdom had come to him which, by the gesture, he had attempted to communicate to them.

Perhaps—but the wisdom which might come with death was, now, of no practical value. He and Gay had, in all probability, a great deal of living to do. Their divergent courses were charted, had been determined, he supposed, long before they met here at the lake. That meeting was accidental and had no influence upon the direction of their separate lives. He was going to Portland to take over Dr. Sargeant's practice for a year in payment for loans which had enabled him to complete his medical course at Harvard. After that, if he could manage to support himself, he was going on with scientific research. There were before him years of work which he loved, of loneliness which he accepted. Gay was to marry Todd Janeway.

He had not allowed himself to think of that until now. His thoughts had moved warily, dodging that painful fact. But it must be faced, squarely and honestly. The fact must be accepted and removed from his mind. He'd known, of course, almost as soon as the engagement had been announced. He'd thought he had accepted it. He'd been able, during the summer, to look at camera poses of Gay and Todd Janeway with interest not intolerably mixed with pain. There had been a great many of them. It would be an important wedding. Todd Janeway was connected with the private bank in New York of which his father was president. The Janeway estate on the Hudson adjoined "Dunedin," the Graham estate. It was all eminently suitable, he supposed. He'd met young Janeway at Gay's party and had been impressed with his friendly manner and blond good looks. Oh yes, it was all eminently suitable, Gay's destiny, determined at her birth, an eventuality which no chance meeting could alter or efface.

The cigarette he had lit and neglected had burned his fingers. The smart of physical pain routed memories, brought him abruptly to his senses. What he'd been thinking was madness. Uncle John had not intended them to have a stolen week together, hidden away in the woods. And he'd been presumptuous in assuming that Gay had any such thought or desire. Besides, there was Miss Oliver—

No, not too presumptuous, reverting to Gay's possible thought and desire. He'd seen the expression in her eyes when she'd looked at him through the lamplight. There was no sane middle-course of friendship for them. At a word, a gesture, the antagonism which was their safeguard would melt and with more far-reaching consequences, now, perhaps, than in the past, since now they met as a man and a woman and would never meet again.

His resolution wavered as he opened the door into the kitchen. Knowing that she was there seemed to give the door she had opened an especial significance. He felt her presence in the atmosphere of the kitchen and more materially in the perfume that filled the air with a fading scent. A light burned in the living-room. He would not go in there. He passed the door with his face averted. And then he heard her voice calling his name. He turned, disconcerted, incensed at having his resolution so unexpectedly frustrated, immensely and joyfully relieved.

"Hello," he said from the doorway. "I thought you were asleep." "I am—almost." She sat curled against heaped cushions in a corner of the couch beside the hearth. She wore a soft white woolen robe fastened close up around her throat with long sleeves and a cord knotted about her waist. The light from the lamp fell upon her loosened mop of red-brown hair, lay warmly against the curve of her cheek. She smiled up at him drowsily, an overtone of friendliness in her long very deep blue eyes.

"You should be in bed." He walked to the fireplace in which a log she had evidently placed there burned above a bed of embers. "Are you warm enough? It's cool here at night."

"It's heavenly. New York has been a blazing furnace."

"The papers report a heat wave." He bent over the log on the andiron, making a clattering noise with the tongs.

"It's been really dreadful."

"So I've understood."

She laughed suddenly, disarming. "Must we talk about the weather?" she asked.

He rose to a standing position, stood looking down at her, unable to resist the appeal of her smile. "You suggest a subject," he said. "I'm afraid I lugged in the heat-wave."

The smile slowly vanished. "I've been thinking of Uncle John," she said. "I was terribly sorry not to have come for his funeral."

"It was pretty ghastly. The college turned out. You were fortunate to have escaped it."

"But I would have come. I was in Bermuda."

"Yes, I know." He walked to the side of the hearth opposite to the couch, rested his elbow on the low stone shelf, stood looking down at her through the smoke of his cigarette. "You wrote me."

"Dad cabled. I couldn't have made it." Her eyes moved slowly, a little sadly around the room. "It's strange to be here without him."

"I've become accustomed to it. I've been here half a dozen times in the past three years."

"Kate told me I shouldn't have assumed that he left me this." Reviving humor glinted between her thick dark lashes. "She pointed out a few things I'd overlooked, that there would have been a deed, a transfer of property, tax bills."

"Uncle John's estate pays the taxes. There has been a transfer of property. The estate—there's very little—is held in trust for my mother during her life-time. At her death it reverts to my sisters and to me."

"Then I am—intruding?" she said uncertainly. "The cabin is—yours?"

"Not entirely, apparently. Not for an uncertain number of years."

"I've been wondering. That's why I waited up to talk to you. I'm afraid you've been bearing some expense which I should have shared. After all, my option—is that the word?—should entail responsibility as well as create privilege. Do I owe you anything?"

"Certainly not," he said a trifle brusquely.

Continued Next Week

NOTICE OF SCHOOL MEETING

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN to the legal voters of School District No. 48, of Washington County, State of Oregon, that a SCHOOL MEETING of the said district will be held at BEAVERTON HIGH SCHOOL on the 17th day of June, 1940, at 8 o'clock, p. m., for the purpose of discussing the budget for the fiscal school year, beginning June 17th, 1940, and ending June 17, 1941, herein after set forth, and to vote on the proposition of levying a district tax, and to authorize sale of Loan Warrant for \$5000.00 in accordance with 35-1104 Oregon School Law.

Notice of School Election Upon Question of Increasing Tax Levy Over Amount Limited by Section 11, Article XI, State Constitution

Notice is hereby given that an election will be held in School District No. 48 of Washington County, State of Oregon, at Beaverton High School in said school district, for the purpose of submitting to the legal voters of said district the question of increasing the tax levy for the year 1940-41 over the amount limited by section 11, article XI, of the Constitution of Oregon.

The reasons for increasing such levy are:
Necessary to carry on school program 1940-1941.
District levy year 1937-38 \$19,642.64
District levy year 1938-39 \$21,154.89
District levy year 1939-40 \$22,065.19
The amount proposed to be levied for said year is \$32,729.68.
Dated this 21st day of May, 1940.

Attest: ALTHEA HAULENBECK, District Clerk W. D. CAMERON, Chairman Board of Directors

BUDGET

TOTAL ESTIMATED RECEIPTS FOR THE YEAR:

Balance on hand		
From County School Fund	\$ 6,244.26	
From State School Fund	639.57	
From Elementary School Fund	2,274.12	
From Grade School Tuition, rent & other Sources	350.00	
From High School Tuition	\$1,000.00	
From Loan Warrants	5,000.00	\$45,507.95

TOTAL ESTIMATED EXPENDITURES:

Gen. Control	Elemen.	High	Total
Supt.	\$ 800.00	\$ 1800.00	\$ 2,600.00
Clerk and Bond	180.00	243.45	423.45
Supplies	60.00	200.00	260.00
Print. & Adver.	40.00	100.00	140.00
Clerical		450.00	450.00
TOTAL	\$1,080.00	\$2,793.45	

INSTRUCTION:			
Teachers	\$11,105.00	\$21,175.00	\$32,280.00
Sup for Instruc.	500.00	900.00	1,400.00
Text Books	500.00	30.00	530.00
TOTAL	\$12,105.00	\$22,105.00	34,210.00

OPERATION OF PLANT:			
Jan & Others	\$ 1,294.92	\$ 1,584.27	\$ 2,879.19
Janitors	115.00	300.00	415.00
Fuel & Phone	300.00	700.00	1,000.00
Light & Power	275.00	400.00	675.00
Water	100.00	300.00	400.00
TOTAL	\$2,084.92	\$3,284.27	5,369.19

REPAIR & REPLACEMENT:			
Furn. & Equip.	\$ 250.00	\$ 1,000.00	1,250.00
Heating Plant		4,800.00	4,800.00
Rewiring Building		2,300.00	2,300.00
Grounds	175.00	100.00	275.00
Buildings	100.00	750.00	850.00
TOTAL	\$ 525.00	\$ 8,950.00	9,475.00

AUXILIARY AGENCIES:			
Library	\$ 200.00	\$ 500.00	700.00
Transportation	\$ 1,000.00	\$ 200.00	1,200.00
TOTAL	\$ 1,200.00	\$ 700.00	1900.00

FIXED CHARGES:			
Insurance	\$ 390.00	\$ 550.00	940.00
CAPITAL OUTLAY:			
New Fur & Eq.	\$ 250.00	\$ 1,500.00	1,750.00
Bldg Improve	1,200.00	2,000.00	3,200.00
TOTAL	\$ 1,450.00	\$ 3,500.00	4,950.00

DEBT SERVICE:			
Prin. on Bonds	\$ 6,000.00		6,000.00
Int. on Bonds	1,220.00		1,220.00
Int. on Warrants	100.00	200.00	300.00
TOTAL	\$ 7,320.00	\$ 200.00	7,520.00

TOTAL	\$26,154.92	\$42,082.72	
TOTAL ESTIM. EXPENDITURES			\$68,237.64
TOTAL ESTIM. RECEIPTS			45,507.95
Dated this 21st day of May, 1940			\$22,729.69

Signed: ALTHEA HAULENBECK, District Clerk W. D. CAMERON, Chairman, Board of Directors

Approved by Budget Committee May 21, 1940

Signed: MRS. S. S. PAXSON Secy., Budget Committee MRS. R. B. McMINN Chairman, Budget Committee

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H & D Vertical Pack STRING BEANS No 2 can 15c

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H & D FRUIT COCKTAIL, 2 1's tall cans 25c

Sunshine Krispy CRACKERS, 2 lb pkg 27c

H & D Tender Garden No. 303 Cans

PEAS - 3 for 35c

Dinty Moore BEEF STEW 1 1/2 lb can 17c

CRISCO, 1 lb can 19c, 3 lb can 49c

Today's Coffee Two 1 lb. cans 43c

Ivory Flakes, large pkg. 23c

P & G White Naphtha SOAP, 6 giant bars 25c

MEATS

BOILING BEEF, lb 9c

PLATE SAUSAGE, 2 lbs 25c

BEEF LIVER, lb 15c

BEEF ROAST, lb 14c

BEEF STEAK, lb 19c

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