



# Two KEYS to a CABIN

LIDA LARRIMORE

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### THE STORY

**CHAPTER I—**Charming, wealthy Gabriella (Gay for short) Graham, engaged to Todd Janeway, returns to a cabin in the Maine woods accompanied by a friend, Kate Oliver. The idea of a stay at the cabin occurred to her when she received a key to it following the death of her godfather, Uncle John Lawrence. The two girls notice immediately that someone has been, and probably is, living in the cabin. Kate suspects that Gay knows the identity of the mysterious occupant.

**CHAPTER II—**While the girls talk the mystery man returns. Gay, surprisingly enough, introduces the man to her. He is John Houghton, a young doctor whom Gay had known in previous years. Soon after arriving at the cottage Gay discovered his identity through an old monogrammed sweater. Immediately aggressive, Gay asks him by what right he is in the cabin. His right, she finds, is greater than her own. He, too, possesses a key, but more than that, it is her to it from his Uncle John, Gay's godfather. Gay is high handed with him, and he states courteously that he will leave. Looking at him in the doorway, her old feelings return. She knows that he is more necessary to her than is Todd Janeway, the man she is to marry.

"But the expense of taxes and upkeep must cut into your mother's income," she persisted.

"There's a special fund for the maintenance of the property."

"But that's hardly fair, is it?" she asked impulsively. "That fund might be added to your mother's income if some other arrangement was made. Why can't I help? If Uncle John intended me to have the privilege of coming here whenever I like, certainly you shouldn't object to my sharing the expense."

"That's quite unnecessary," he said stiffly and saw her expression change. She had, he knew, interpreted the words, the tone of his voice, as a rebuff. And rightly, too, he thought 'a bitter self-reproach. Her offer had been fair and generous. Why couldn't he have accepted it in the spirit in which it was made? Why couldn't he make amends, now, instead of letting moments pass in stubborn silence until the opportunity was gone.

Presently, with a gesture which expressed some thought completed, some course of action determined, she dropped the fringed end of the cord. As he watched her, still broodingly silent, she rose from the couch, composed, lovely, remote.

"Then I shall be obliged to stay as your guest," she said and walked toward the closed door into the room she was to share with Kate.

"You win again, Gay." Strange that it was less difficult to renew his resolution now that he realized he'd been a presumptuous fool. Odd that now, when her manner expressed indifference, he was impatient to go. "I won't be here. I'm leaving—"

But flinging off at this hour was unnecessarily dramatic and so he added, "—tomorrow."

"You're being pretty—stuffy about this, aren't you?" she asked.

"Possibly." The knowledge of what he had seen in her face was sustaining. He felt himself relaxing as though, by some agency, a strain had been relieved. "Worse than that," he continued responding to the humor and the friendliness in her smile. "I'm being, I've been, unparadoxably rude."

"You have," she agreed cheerfully. "I understand, though. The shock was, is, mutual. We've neither of us behaved very well. Let's not make—decisions tonight."

"But my decision is made."

He knew that his voice lacked conviction. He saw her smile widen and deepen. "Irrevocably?" she asked.

"What big words you use, Gabriella!"

"She appeared to be satisfied. 'Shocks are wearing,' she said. 'I'm going to get some sleep.'"

"You'd better. You look all in."

"Thank you. Aren't you afraid you'll turn my head?" She stood smiling back over her shoulder, her hand on the knob of the door. "Good-night."

"Good-night. Pleasant dreams."

"I know I shall have them. Re-

member. No decisions. We'll draw Kate's straws—tomorrow."

Gay lay on the float in front of the cabin, her face buried in the hollow between her crossed arms. The sun shone warmly on her back and legs and the wind, ruffling her hair, was refreshingly cool. The float moved gently, rocked by waves which scurried before the wind across the surface of the lake. The warmth, the gentle motion, the whispering sound of the water, induced a state of drowsy contentment. She found it increasingly difficult to concentrate upon problems and eventualities though that was what she had gone there to do.

Not that problems were pressing. They seemed to retreat farther into the hazy distance with each day that she spent at the lake. She was active from the hour of their early breakfast until the inevitable moment when her eyes dropped over a magazine, the parched board or the word games which Kate instigated to while away the after-supper interval when darkness fell over the woods and the lake. She slept soundly, without dreaming.

It was the air of Maine, she supposed, and the simple life she'd been living for—How long? Five days, she calculated, surprised that it had been that long, equally surprised that time had passed so swiftly. She hadn't realized how tired she'd been until she began to rest. It was for this she had come to the cabin, she thought, the contentment she felt, her pleasure in the sun and wind, the daylight hours of activity, the long nights of restful sleep. But would she have stayed if John had gone? Would she be so contented now, lying warm and drowsy in the sun on the rocking float, if he were not there in the cabin pottering with his test-tubes and microscope in the room that had been Mrs. Dill's?

But he wasn't there. At a cheerful hail from the shore Gay rolled over and then sat up. He stood on the boat-landing in swimming trunks and jersey, an arm raised in salute.

"Is the water cold?" he called.

"Frigid. I have icicles in my ears."

"Think I'll paddle over."

"Sissy!" she taunted. "I swam." "You were showing off." He dipped his toes into the water and withdrew them with a grimace.

"Pure exhibitionism."

"Superior stamina."

"Oh, yes?"

Thank heavens they'd gotten over being so terribly polite, she thought, watching him take a shallow dive from the end of the landing. The first day after she and Kate had arrived it had been pretty dreadful. They'd watched each other warily, suspicious of the meaning behind every gesture, all defenses stoutly guarded. It was different now. Each day that passed brought them closer together in an impersonal companionship, based on experiences shared, household chores squabbled over and gaily performed, a great deal of laughter. Kate's presence was a safeguard. Her wry humor, her resourcefulness, her energy and enthusiasm kept them occupied and amused. Gay, sitting on the float, her arms hugging her knees, wondered what would have happened if Kate hadn't been there. She was glad, really glad, that Kate was.

"Perishing?" she asked as John's head bobbed along the side of the float.

"Practically." He pulled his long body up on the planking, shook himself, scattering a shower of drops.

"Hey!" Gay said, ducking.

"Sorry." He sat beside her, opened the pocket on the belt of his trunks, produced matches and cigarettes. "Will you light one for me?" he asked. "My hands are wet."

She lit a cigarette, placed it between his lips. The brief contact was closer to intimacy than they had been during the past five days. For an instant their eyes met and held, then Gay glanced away.

"Are your germs behaving well?" she asked, when the light quick beating of her heart had subsided.

"Abominably." He stretched out on the float beside her, his hand supporting his head. "I've just buried the whole lot under a pine tree. The odor of the cabin is vastly improved."

"Oh, what a shame!" she said in sympathy, surprised that he seemed so cheerful.

"That's the way it goes," he said. "You've got to have the patience of Job."

"Aren't you—?" An altered tone in his voice caught her straying attention.

"Mmm?" she hummed on a rising inflection.

"I asked you if you were bored."

"Certainly not."

"You weren't listening."

"I was."

"Don't be polite." He sat up to light a cigarette. "There's no reason why you should be interested. It must seem very dull and, as you said, unrewarding."

"I can think of gay subjects," she said, wanting to hurt him because he had hurt her.

"Such as—?"

"Well, aquaplaning, for instance."

"All right. Talk away. I'll listen."

"As a penance?"

"I shouldn't be able to add anything to the conversation. I've had neither the time nor the opportunity for luxury sports."

"Skiing, then."

"You're good at that, aren't you?"

"Fairly. It was included in the curriculum of the school at Geneva."

"I can't add much to that subject," he said. "I've done a little skiing on the hills at home. Nothing sensational. You'd consider my exploits amateurish, I'm afraid."

There was no humility in his voice. His obvious intention was to imply that an interest in sports was trivial in comparison with his more serious aspirations. Gay turned her head and looked out across the water toward the shore. If it was a defense, she could break through it, she thought. But was it a defense? Didn't he, hadn't he always, considered her interests trivial? Heavens knew, she thought they were. If, in justification, she could talk to him, tell him why she'd returned to the cabin—

"I can't talk about polo, either," he said, breaking a lengthening pause. "Or horse shows or yacht races or the Costume Ball at Southampton."

"Well," she said, presently, "I suppose we can talk about the weather."

"Always." She turned her head to find him smiling at her, not the ironical smile which fostered hostilities, but a smile which widened into his engaging grin. "I understand there's been a heat-wave in New York."

"Idiot!" Gay laughed. They laughed together, amused friendly laughter which narrowed the distance between them, laughter which held a trembling vibration more conciliating than words.

"That's better." He offered her a cigarette. "I suspect your motives when you're polite."

"When you're polite, I know very well what your motives are."

"What?" His eyes met hers above the match that he held to her cigarette.

"You're filled with disapproval."

"I'm not." His smile softened the contradiction. "I'm filled with suppressed curiosity."

"Scientific curiosity?" She sat back on the float, her arms around her knees.

"No, purely human." He hesitated, then asked, "Your experiment? Is it working out? Or have you buried it under a pine tree?"

His question caught her off-guard. Her eyes turned, again, to the canoe tied to the landing.

"It isn't so easily disposed of," she said.

"Are you—working at it?" His voice was very persuasive.

"Not seriously. I never seem to find time. I'm always sleepy or hungry or interested or—contented."

A shout hailed them from the shore. Gay turned to see Kate gesturing from the landing.

"Hello!" she called in reply to the hail. Kate eased herself down into the canoe, unfastened the tie-rope and picked up a paddle.

"The marines are coming." Gay looked at John, not knowing whether she felt more relieved or annoyed by the interruption. What he felt was obvious.

"Tell them to go shoot an Indian," he said.

### CHAPTER IV

John caught the side of the canoe. It wobbled, then steadied against the float. Kate dropped the paddle.

"Are you landing?" he asked.

"No, thank you." Something had disturbed her, he thought. Her plain clever face, usually serene, looked

both irritated and concerned. She glanced up at him as though he was the cause of her concern and irritation. "I'm going back in a minute," she said.

Then, why had she come? He thought, he was sure, that Gay would have answered his question if they had remained undisturbed. He liked Kate. He'd been glad, at first, that she was here. Lately, though—this morning—"Have you robbed the mail-man again?" he asked. "You'll land in jail. All those papers—"

"New York papers?" Gay scrambled to the edge of the float. "Where did you get them?"

"I sent for them," Kate said.

"Is there—?" Gay asked quickly. Then, more deliberately, "What's the news?"

"Your father sailed three days ago," Kate said in reply to Gay's question.

"But he wasn't to have returned until—"

"Exactly." His eyes turned to Kate. She sat with compressed lips looking up at Gay through slightly narrowed eyes. "He missed the auction in London," she said.

"That's bad. That's really very bad." Gay gave an exclamation, half dismay, half exasperated rage. "Aunt Flora probably cabled him," she said.

Continued Next Week

# WEEK-END SPECIALS

OUR NEIGHBOR SAYS:

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 No. 2 can, 18 oz. 3 for 25c  
 No. 211 can, 12 oz. 4 for 25c

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# FLIT, Fly Spray

Pints 23c Quarts 39c  
 Sprayers 19c



## 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 ..... \$19,642.84  
 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, W. D. CAMERON  
 District Clerk 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		31,000.00	
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	283.45	463.45
Supplies	60.00	200.00	260.00
Print. & Adver.	40.00	100.00	140.00
Clerical		450.00	450.00
			3,873.45
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 Sup.	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 Furn & 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, W. D. CAMERON,  
 District Clerk Chairman, Board of Directors

Approved by Budget Committee May 21, 1940

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

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