



Two KEYS to a CABIN

LIDA LARRIMORE

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 feels, is greater than her own. He, too, possesses a key, but more than that, is heir to it from his Uncle John, Gay's godfather. Gay is high handed with him, and he states curtly 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.

CHAPTER III—Before he leaves, John goes for a walk. When he returns he finds Gay sitting before the fireplace. They begin talking on a more friendly basis, and she asks him to reconsider his decision to leave. The next morning brings a different feeling, and John decides to remain for his vacation—one more week.

CHAPTER IV—The night before Gay and Kate are to return home to New York John gets an urgent request to call at a nearby farm. Gay accompanies him while he cares for the patient. Returning to the cabin at a late hour, John stops the car. He tells Gay that he loves her, and she admits that he is necessary to her happiness.

"Your mother has not been idle," Kate reminded her grimly, "not to mention a varied assortment of relatives."

"They're such an articulate family."

"Yes," Kate said dryly, "and, unfortunately, cable rates are no deterrent."

"But why couldn't they have waited?" The humor that had brightened her voice was gone. Though he saw her only in profile, John knew that her eyes were dark and mutinous. "Why must they jump to conclusions? Aunt Flora would, of course. But I thought Mother had more sense!"

"It's been five days," Kate pointed out. "They probably think you've been kidnapped. You can't wonder that they're anxious," she added in a tone of increasing exasperation. "I've been away longer than that."

"But not at a time like this when something has been arranged for you practically every hour. Think of the excuses, the questions, the evasions."

"You think of them. I haven't the strength."

"You haven't communicated with anyone?"

"No. Why should I? Todd—understand. I told both Mother and Aunt Flora in the notes I wrote them

that I would return at the end of the week."

"And will you?"

She remembered him, then. John's heart leapt as his eyes, for a moment, met her shadowed glance. It sank again as she replied with unconscious arrogance:

"I usually keep my promises, don't I?"

"In that case," Kate said, and he thought she sounded considerably relieved, "we'll be obliged to start in the morning. And I think we should both apologize to John. He can't have enjoyed having this discussed in his presence. And he couldn't escape," she added, humor, fostered by relief, breaking through concern and irritation. "He's holding me steady. Very generous of him not to have set me adrift."

"Think of me as a landing-post," John said, "if that will make you feel better."

Kate drew the rope into the canoe. "It would—if I could," she said. Her smile was faintly derisive but the expression in her keen light eyes was not unsympathetic. She took up the paddle. "I'm going to get lunch," she said, speaking past John to Gay who sat still and aloof at the edge of the float looking down into the water. "I'll call when it's ready."

The canoe moved off from the float. The dip and swish of the paddle grew fainter as Kate approached the landing. Gay remained silent, her eyes fixed upon the tiny waves disappearing in bright succession beneath the float. John's eyes rested upon her profile. Moments passed in an estranging silence.

"You needn't, you know," John said presently.

She glanced at him questioning.

"Apologize," he said. "You can think of me as a landing-post, too."

"I am, I suppose," she said, after a moment.

His glance, in turn, questioned.

"All the things you're thinking,"

She laughed, a clear brittle laugh,

quickly stilled. "Spoiled, selfish, inconsiderate."

There was no humility in her voice. She was neither apologizing nor admitting. She seemed, John thought, to be taking some sort of perverse pride in the unadmirable qualities she listed. The sincere protest which sprang to his lips remained unspoken. Tenderness crystallized into antagonism.

"If you are referring to the anxiety you are probably causing at home," he said coolly, "I think I agree with you."

"Of course," she said brightly. "What else could you think? I have everything, haven't I?"

"Certainly, by any standards, you have a great deal."

"There's no sensible reason why I should run away less than a month before my wedding?"

She did not look at him. Her eyes

were again fixed upon the waves disappearing under the float. Color

had flushed into the cheek that he saw in profile. Her hands were clasped so tightly about her knees

that the knuckles showed white.

"I can't answer that," John said. "I know nothing of the circumstances."

"Well, there isn't," she said. "No sensible reason. Todd is—splendid. I suppose we've been half in love

with each other since I was six and he was nine."

Only half in love? he wanted to ask. Instead, thoughtfully silent, in-creasingly astonished, he lit a cigarette.

"We're to be married at Southampton in the Little Red Church on the Dunes," she spoke lightly, quickly, adding word to word as though she were building a house with cards which a breath, a too impetuous touch would destroy:

"It's Mother's show. You see Dad gave me my debutante party. Now she has her inniting. It's a little complicated."

"Aunt Flora insists that she won't attend the reception in my step-father's home. She will, though, if only to point a reproving moral."

"Todd's father is giving us a boat for a wedding present," she went on as though there had been no break in the clear rippling stream of words. "We're sailing south. We'll leave the boat in Florida for the winter and bring her north next summer. The Janeways have a place at Palm Beach."

"Will you actually sail?" John asked, his interest for the moment quite detached from Gay.

She could not have made a stronger appeal to his imagination. She could not have presented her fiancée in a role which would so quickly have won John's admiration and respect.

A love for sailing was his heritage from ancestors who had captained their own vessels around the world. The glory of the days of clippers and packets remained in the village in which he had spent his childhood and early youth, in memory and mementos. The house in which he'd been born and in which his mother lived now had a square "look-out" on the roof; the walls of the library were covered with tea-paper from China; the bowl from which he'd eaten cereal as a child had been brought in the hold of a ship around the Horn. The sort of sailing she spoke of was different, of course, but the swift vision of sails filling in the wind, the smell of brine soaked rigging and rope, the thrill of a deck canting beneath feet instinctively braced, moved him to enthusiastic and, for the instant at least, quite unenviable response.

Continued Next Week

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**BEAVERTON
THE METHODIST CHURCH**
Earl B. Horsell, Minister
Sunday School 9:45 a. m. Chas. H. Roseman, Supt.
Morning worship 11 a. m. Sermon topic Dedicated to the Lord.
Evening worship 8 p. m.

**CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH
BETHEL**

Willard B. Hall, Minister
9:45 a. m. Church School. Prof. E. G. Webb, Supt. An interesting class for every age group.
11 a. m. Morning worship. The sermon subject will be The Great Betrayal. The choir will sing, under the direction of Willis Cady.
7 p. m. Christian Endeavor.

**ALOHA PHARMACY
HAZELDALE CHURCH**

Sunday School 9:45, R. C. Doty, Supt.
Young Peoples meeting 7 p. m.

**ALOHA PENTECOSTAL
ASSEMBLY OF GOD**

F. J. Huntley, Pastor
Sunday School 10:00 a. m.
Morning Worship 11:00 a. m.
Young People 7:00 p. m.
Evangelistic 7:45 p. m.

**ALOHA COMMUNITY
BAPTIST CHURCH**

Rev. B. Marcus Godwin, Pastor
Bible School, 10; morning church service 11; young people's meeting 7:15; evening preaching service, 8:30; Wednesday evening teacher training class and prayer service, 8.
All are cordially invited to these services.

SEVENTH DAY ADVENTISTS

Aloha and Huber Commercial Hall
Meeting Every Sabbath
E. Edgington, Leader
Sunday School 9:45 a. m.
Missions meeting 10:45 a. m.
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Vegetables---Fruits

Fresh Tomatoes, Peas, String Beans, Asparagus, Cauliflower, etc.

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MEATS

LIVER 16c BOIL BEEF 9c

ROAST CHICKEN 19c

PICNIC HAMS lb. 14¹/₂c

PLATE SAUSAGE, 2 lbs 25c

SANDWICH MEATS (M & D) 25c

Sweet & Dill Pickles in Bulk

OUR NEIGHBOR SAYS:

By MILLER



Hot Weather Suggestions

POTATO CHIPS 23c

Williams, 25c size 25c

15c size, 2 for 25c

PORK and BEANS 25c

Heinz 18 oz., 2 for 25c

Macaroni and Cheese 29c

Franco American, 3 for 29c

GRAPEFRUIT JUICE 25c

Del Monte, 12 oz., 4 for 25c

LEMON JUICE 10c

MCP 8 oz. 10c

WATERMELONS

ICE COLD We Cut Them

POTATO SALAD, pint, 15c

COTTAGE CHEESE, Pint 17c

Krafts Sanitary Cartons

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