



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, he is heir 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, 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.

CHAPTER V—Meanwhile, worried by their absence, Kate has called Todd Janeway in New York. She knows that Gay and John feel a strong attachment for each other, and wants Todd to come to Maine where he can talk to Gay. Todd arrives while Kate is alone. She breaks the news to him. Todd, warm hearted and generous, is heart sick but refuses to become melodramatic.

CHAPTER VI—Gay and John, who have been canoeing, return to the cabin, and find Todd. John leaves temporarily and Gay tells Todd that she has fallen in love with John. Todd, understanding that it is unavoidable, tells her he is still her best friend. Gay realizes that Todd will always be her friend, and that if she ever needs help she has but to turn to him.

CHAPTER VII—It is Christmas and Gay is home in New York, awaiting John's arrival for the holidays. She meets him at the station, and they go to her home to be met by Gay's mother and step-father, Mr. and Mrs. Robert Cameron. John likes her father, but is ill at ease in the presence of Kitty Cameron. Gay's mother is an elderly woman. Frequently divorced, she remains on friendly terms with her former husbands. She divorced them because she grew bored by their company.

"Your slippers are wet, I'm afraid," her companion, the burly but well-groomed young Englishman who was her fiancé, said.

"Don't fuss, Hal. You can't kill an Indian with a little snow." She leaned back against the apricot leather of the upholstery and held up two fingers. Her fiancé put a cigarette between them.

The girl in red laughed. "Don't you two talk the same language?" she asked.

"Well, you must admit that my English is a little different from Hal's," Tory Wales said, her light eyes, startling in contrast with her skin, twinkling with derisive humor which reminded him of Kate. "When his family was here in October we practically had to use deaf and dumb signals. I'm learning, though." She glanced up at her fiancé who smiled as though he found her very amusing, relaxed against the upholstery, graceful legs crossed, and made a half turn toward John, seated between her and the girl in red, who, now that reinforcements had arrived, showed no inclination to leave. "When are you planning to locate in New York, Dr. Houghton?"

"I don't expect to locate in New York," John said, a little startled at the question.

"Oh, aren't you going to practice here?" the girl in red asked. "We naturally assumed that you were."

"Why 'naturally'?" John asked smiling, but with the uncomfortable feeling that he was being deliberately quizzed.

"Well, Gay's connections are here. We thought—that's very disappointing." The girl in red gave a ripple of laughter which held John thought, some confusion. "I was planning to develop a chronic ailment. After all, one must be loyal to one's friends."

"I appreciate your interest," John said, "but I shouldn't have a private practice in any event."

"Dr. Houghton is a scientist, darling," Tory Wales said speaking across him to the girl in red.

"That's very interesting." The Englishman lowered his glass to look at John.

"Are you working with a foundation?" the boy in the tweed suit asked.

"Nothing so impressive," John laughed briefly. "Just now I'm assisting a physician in Portland. General practice. I'm hoping—"

The girl in red interrupted with a request for a cigarette. John felt both irritated and relieved. He didn't want to talk of his work, especially, but that was preferable to more

personal references. In the hurry of providing the girl at his right with a cigarette, he glanced toward the group at the piano. Gay turned, as he watched, started across the room with Janice Howard. The others followed.

"Jan and Rickey think they must go," Gay said, coming up to the davenport.

"You needn't, Tory," Janice Howard said. "We can call a cab. But if we're to join the family festivities tomorrow, steps must be taken at once."

"We must go too, Tommy," Ellen Janeway rose. "We're meeting the midnight train in from Chicago. Francie and Ned are arriving. Gay. Maybe we'll see you in the country tomorrow."

"I want to see Francie and Ned. Are they bringing the babies?"

"Oh, yes. We're driving them out to the country tonight. The roads are fairly clear. Todd phoned—"

She stopped and her soft color deepened.

"We're shoving off, Hal," Tory Wales said quickly. She rose and shrugged into the white fur coat.

"We're going home and hang up our stockings. Maybe you'll get a bale of oats in yours, if you're good," she added, linking her arm through the arm of her fiancé.

"Good-night, Gay. Good-night, Dr. Houghton. We'll see you Wednesday evening."

"Good-night, Dr. Houghton," Janice Howard extended a slender hand. "It's been pleasant to meet you."

"Good-night, everybody," Gay said. "Merry Christmas. Good-night—"

John was standing at one of the long windows when Gay came into the drawing-room. She went to him, moving swiftly, noiselessly over the rugs which Suki had replaced.

"What do you see?" she asked, standing beside him. "Are you watching for Santa Claus? He doesn't come in a boat."

He turned when she spoke, glancing at her, looked out and down through the window again.

"Manhattan is an island, isn't it?" he said in a detached, distant voice. "I've never been able to believe it. But seeing water down under the windows—"

"John—" Her breath caught in her throat. He looked so unapproachable standing there with his back to the room, in darkness, now, except for the blue and silver dazle of the Christmas tree, the restrained glow of the birch-log fire. She slipped her hand into the pocket where his was thrust, laid her cheek against his arm.

"It must be colder," he said steadily. "The snow isn't melting. See it on the deck of that scow there under the light."

"John—Darling—I know what you're thinking. Don't!"

He looked at her then and she saw the unhappiness in his eyes. His lips moved as though he meant to speak but no sound came.

"John," she said quietly, "look at me."

He turned, silent, unsmiling, waiting for her to continue.

"Have you changed your mind?" she asked steadily. "Are you trying to tell me—?" Her voice faltered, trembled, was stilled.

"Oh Gay, no!" He made a despairing gesture. "I'm trying to see this thing clearly. We can't rush into it blindly."

"Can't we be comfortable, at least," she said wearily.

He followed her to the davenport before the fire, sat at a little distance from her.

"Cigarette?" she asked.

"Thank you." He struck a match to light hers. As he bent toward her, she saw that his expression had softened. "You're tired," he said gently.

"A little."

"He did not touch her, though she willed him to with all her strength. When his cigarette was lit, he sat back against the upholstery. "I don't wonder," he said bitterly. "You've carried me on your shoulders all evening and I'm a pretty heavy load."

"Don't be an idiot, darling."

"You watched me, you watched your friends, as though you were afraid—"

"I was afraid."

"That I'd do or say something that would humiliate you?"

"No, John. That they would try to make you feel uncomfortable, an outsider, someone who didn't belong."

He turned to her, puzzled.

"Deliberately?" he asked.

She nodded.

"I sensed something of the sort."

"You can't understand it, I suppose."

"I'm trying. I've been trying all evening." He crushed out his cigarette. "It's the assurance that wealth gives, I suppose. These friends of yours who were here tonight—"

"They can be loyal, too," she said quickly, more defensively than she knew. "It would have been loyalty to Todd if they'd been unpleasant to you, tonight."

"But what about you, and your cousin?"

"He—I—" She was silent.

"You broke the rules. It's like a labor union, isn't it? Only instead of skill in a trade you must have wealth to be admitted. Money. You must inherit it or marry it. I—"

"Don't speak that way of money," she said, her voice sharpened by weariness, by a consciousness of the distance widening between them. "We've all lost a great deal and are likely to lose more."

"I've learned that. Your friend, Connie Belmont, told me that her family are 'practically paupers.'"

"It seems so in comparison with what they've had. Mother, Robert, Dad—they feel that their world is changing, that in their life-time, perhaps, things will never be as they have been. Oh, why do we talk of it? They, my friends, who were here tonight, aren't important."

She moved close to him and put her hand in his. "We're here together. It's Christmas Eve. Let's forget them."

His fingers closed around her hand but the pressure was negligent.

"They are important. You defend them. You were afraid they wouldn't accept me."

"I was afraid for you, not for myself."

"Is that true? Would you be content to go away with me and never see any of them again?"

"Yes, oh, yes!"

"You think so now. But in a little while, when being with me isn't a novelty any longer, when I'd be at work and you'd have nothing to amuse you—"

"You have no confidence in me. You still resent me. How can I convince you?"

"Forgive me, Gay. I'm sorry." His arms went around her, drew her close to him. His lips followed the curve of her cheek to her lips. She clung to him, conscious of a sort of desperation in the embrace, more of fear than of passion or tenderness.

Gay laid down her crumpled square of heavy damask as Burton, at a signal from Aunt Flora, stepped behind her aunt's chair.

The gentlemen rose as the ladies left the table. Gay glanced at John, standing very stiffly beside his chair at Aunt Flora's right. She smiled and his face brightened. She felt him watching her a little forlornly as she, with her aunts and cousins, followed Aunt Flora's measured steps out of the dining-room, as studied as when, wearing the traditional train and three feathers, she had walked along a strip of carpet which led to a throne.

Aunt Flora sat on the love-seat before the fire and Ernest, the footman, set a tray with the coffee service on a table before her. Aunt Lucy, Uncle James' wife, her fading prettiness extinguished by wine-colored satin and the jewels she wore, sat in a chair at the opposite side of the marble hearth. The younger women, Elsa Lancaster, Aunt Flora's daughter, Muriel Von Steedham, her daughter-in-law; Margaret Newland, Aunt Lucy's married daughter, and Janet Graham, her unmarried daughter, grouped themselves, respectfully or resentfully, around the room. Gay stood in the curve of the small piano, resigning herself to the half hour of boredom which was Aunt Flora's tribute to tradition.

"Millicent and Grace were unable to be with us today," Aunt Flora's diamonds flashed as she poured coffee into porcelain cups set in cases of filigreed silver. "Grace has a touch of neuritis."

"The weather has been so changeable," Aunt Lucy contributed brightly.

Continued Next Week

REEDVILLE

Mrs. Mary Allman has been ill and under care of a physician.

June Weeks, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Lloyd Weeks started work with a Portland hardware firm Monday. She is a recent graduate of Beaverton high school.

Maurice Herron of Columbia City, a summer guest of his aunt Mrs. E. L. James has gone to Canyonville where he will be the protégé of Glen Newell the author.

Mr. and Mrs. Lloyd Fluetsch and small son of Nampa, Idaho, are visiting Mrs. Fluetsch's parents Mr. and Mrs. Ira Lowe.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred Dent of Halsey, have rented the Mrs. John Teller place, north of Reedville, with an option to buy.

Full term of the local school will open Tuesday, September 3, according to Mrs. Anna Lingman, clerk. Melvin Vandermost principal, Miss Thelma Graham and Miss Grace McCormick will comprise the faculty.

Mrs. S. A. Becker, who recently underwent an appendectomy at Good Samaritan hospital in Portland, is convalescing and is expected home this week.

Born to Mr. and Mrs. Melvin Vandermost, a girl, weighing 8½ pounds, August 6, at Emanuel hospital in Portland. This is their first child.

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11 a. m. Worship, sermon subject Vows—Some Reflections on Summer Camp.
7 p. m. Christian Endeavor. Leaders, Dolores Seldon and Martha Randall.

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Earl B. Horsell, Minister
Morning worship 11 a. m. Theme Institute Over-flow-on -the-Mountain-Top with Jesus in which those who attended Summer Camp will share their experiences.

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Morning worship 10 a. m. Theme Institute Echoes—On the Mountain-Top with Jesus in which those who attended Summer Camp will share their experiences.
Sunday School 11 a. m. Mrs. E. W. Conklin, Supt.

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Young Peoples meeting 7 p. m.

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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.

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Huntington Clan Holds Reunion

Dr. and Mrs. W. D. Huntington of Aloha, attended the Huntington clan reunion at Mt. Tabor park, Portland. More than 100 of the clan came from Washington and Oregon. Darby Huntington came from Indiana in 1848 and settled in Monticello, Wash., now the site of Longview. Dr. W. D. Huntington was born on a land claim five miles south of Kelso, Wash. His father came to Oregon in 1852, settled in Milwaukie and Oswego, Oregon and operated a tannery at Oswego. The Huntingtons hold a national reunion every four years in Connecticut. A prize is given to the one coming the greatest distance. Last year one from Manila, P. I., won the prize.

One of the early Connecticut Huntingtons, Samuel Huntington, was one of the 53 signers of the declaration of Independence. The Huntington family tree goes back to the year 800. Doctor Huntington has a genealogy book of 1,000 pages.

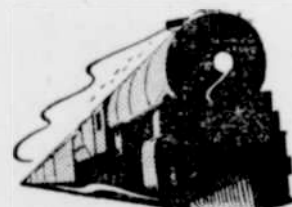
The membership dues in the national organization is \$1 per year. Huntington, Indiana, Huntington, West Virginia, and Huntington, Oregon, were named from this ancient family.

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