



Bill:

"You can't mean that. I'll never forgive you. You'll regret it for the rest of your life."

"Anne and I used to see a lot of each other before I came West. I've always hoped to meet her husband."

"Anne's spoken of you. We're on our way back East — if the jalopy will make it."

As by signal they all looked out of the window at the unassuming green coupe. It seemed shabby against the crisp sophisticated architecture of the house.

"It'll make it," exclaimed Bill jovially. "Great little cars! Jean and I used to have one. Remember, Jean?"

His wife had been standing a little apart, but at his question she came closer and stood side by side with Anne. "I certainly do. They're fine little cars, all right."

Bill noticed with satisfaction that she appeared younger than Anne. Her coloring was better, and her figure was easily the trimmer of the two. Nothing involved or deep about Jean, that was the main thing, no wild dreaming. Life with Jean was placid — secure.

Heartened by the comparison, he turned to Paul. "Anne's husband, eh? Now I wonder — doctor? No." He inspected him with mock judgment. "Lawyer? No. Indian Chief?" His voice became bantering and cruel. "Anne always claimed she'd marry an artist, you know. I'll bet you're an artist."

Paul grinned. "As a matter of fact, I am. I paint."

"How exciting!" exclaimed Jean. "Won't you sit down? We'll have some tea."

Anne exchanged a quick look with Paul. "We can't," she said. "It's already late and we must be on the move."

Bill was still smiling faintly. "Who'd have thought fifteen years ago," he said, "that we'd all be here together in my brand-new house, you two on your way back East, and Jean and I stuck in this little shack of ours — at least until the oranges are picked. What a strange world it is."

"I've wondered several times," said Anne with mild interest. "You grow oranges now, do you?"

"Billy's groves are the best in this part of the state," announced Jean. "Year before last his oranges won a prize at the —"

"Please, honey!" Bill's voice was rough with anger. "Anne doesn't care about oranges."

"But I certainly do," said Anne. "The whole idea is fascinating." She turned to Paul. "Isn't it, dear?"

"William of Orange," said Paul, smiling. His mind did not seem to be on the conversation. When Anne spoke, he leaned slightly towards her in a sort of obeisance. "Why yes," he said. "I envy you. It's honest, and interesting, and evidently profitable. Not many professions combine all three."

"It pays the rent," said Bill brusquely. He was annoyed because he found himself nodding in agreement with Paul. He wondered what kind of apartment they had in the East. Small, cluttered with easels, and probably smelling of turpentine, he guessed. Maybe a fireplace and books on either side of it. That was another thing Anne had always said she wanted. "I've been awfully lucky, I guess," he continued. "Always wanted to travel and have a house exactly like this to come back to. We're thinking of Alaska next year."

"That would be nice," said Anne. "I've always heard it's a lovely trip."

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2 cups sifted cake flour	1/2 cup milk
1 1/2 cups sugar	1 1/2 teaspoons vanilla
2 1/2 teaspoons baking powder	2 eggs, unbeaten
(tartaric powder, 4 teaspoons)	1 teaspoon cinnamon
1 teaspoon salt	1/2 teaspoon cloves
1/2 cup Spry	1/2 teaspoon allspice
	1/2 teaspoon nutmeg
	1 tablespoon cocoa

Sift first four ingredients into mixing bowl. Drop in Spry (no creaming needed). Add milk, vanilla. Beat 200 strokes (2 minutes by hand or on mixer at low speed). Scrape bowl and spoon or beater. Add eggs; beat 200 strokes. (2 minutes on mixer). So quick and easy with Cake-Improver Spry.

Divide batter in half. Add spices and cocoa to 1/2 of batter; blend. Drop dark and light batters by alternate tablespoons in 10 x 10-inch Sprycoated pan. Run spatula through several times to marble. Bake in moderately hot oven (375° F.) 35-45 minutes. Admire the lighter cake Spry gives you! Frost with—

Penuche Frosting—Place in saucepan: 1 cup brown sugar (firmly packed), 1/2 cup granulated sugar, 1/2 cup milk, 2 tablespoons Spry, 2 tablespoons butter, 1 tablespoon corn sirup, 1/4 teaspoon salt. Bring slowly to full rolling boil stirring constantly; boil briskly 1 minute. Cool to lukewarm. Add 1 teaspoon vanilla; beat until thick enough to spread.