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# You Can't Have Everything

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 134]

"Wondering if it was time for you to be stirring. But you have lots of time."

"Cam," John said lying at ease with his hands locked under his head, staring at the ceiling, "Rand Bristow's on his way here—he and Mrs. Bristow are going to China. That means we'll have to make a little effort to do something for them."

She was distracted at last. Her eyes widened.

"Not the Rand Bristow?" The great writer's name had been sacred to her for half the days of her life.

"Yep. I lived in their house for six weeks. I might get Bill Large to come up from Hollywood, if he isn't making a picture. He's crazy about Rand. But that might mean Tara O'Kane and I don't know anything about her."

"She has the reputation of being a perfectly lovely girl." Cam was excited in spite of herself. This sounded promising.

"Could we manage a house party, d'you suppose? It'd be an awful pest, but I've got to do something for the Bristows. He may be all dated up; he probably doesn't know that I'm anywhere in the neighborhood. But I ought to give him a dinner at the club. Save me, Cam! What's the least we can do for 'em?"

"Why, you utter ingrate," she said. "We'll have to do everything for them! Have to! It's going to be the greatest imaginable privilege to have that man in this house. Burlingame will go mad over him; we'll be besieged for invitations. We ought to have a sort of garden party—" Cam mused, already beginning to make desultory notes on the sheet of paper before her.

"I wish people wouldn't break in on us. We're perfectly satisfied without them, why can't they leave us alone?" John muttered.

"Why don't the Rand Bristows stop bothering us, ha-ha!" Cam said ironically. "Chicken Maryland—" she added under her breath.

"You're amazing," the man said drowsily. "It appalls me to think of even taking them to lunch, and you're already deciding when we'll have ham and when we'll have sand dabs. Have you decided what room you'll give 'em?"

"Well, of course!" Cam said calmly, penciling away busily.

WITH John, Cam called upon the distinguished English visitors at their hotel a few days later. Little Mrs. Bristow, wrinkled, pretty, friendly, with curly gray-brown hair, liked "Jawn's" wife immediately and the great writer was captivated before Cam had said a dozen phrases. The four went downstairs to lunch together and the next day the Bristows joined the Kilgarifs at Cherry Ridge.

Then Bill Large and the beautiful Miss O'Kane came up from Hollywood for the week-end and there was much loitering on the terrace, many games of croquet, one happy picnic in the woods, morning rides and evening talks on the dimly lighted terrace. Cam engineered her garden party successfully and Burlingame responded with invitations for one of the largest dinners ever given in one of its largest and most hospitable castles.

This was to take place the night before the dazzled Bristows were to sail

for Yokohama. Cam and John came into town for the occasion and stayed at the big hotel on the top of the hill. Their suite had a roofed balcony on the east, below which the world of city and bay, waterfront and far mountains spread itself in magnificent panorama. The Bristows were to join them for a piazza breakfast on the morning after the party, and later John and Cam would take them to their boat and see them off, the most grateful and pleasure-sated old couple who had ever quite lost their hearts to hospitable San Francisco.

CAM had a new gown for the Burlingame dinner. She had told John that she really did not need a new gown but they had wandered through a smart shop or two nevertheless, and finally a confidential saleswoman had taken them into a beautiful little gray-walled salon, begging to show them just one dress and no more, one unique and extraordinary garment that had only arrived that morning.

Cam had looked at it, a thin silky velvet of a heavenly pale blue, with a subtle cut to the low waist that wrapped it about her slender shoulders as simply as a handkerchief might have been bound there. She saw herself coming down the great curved marble stairs at the Livingstons' party clad in this royal garment; she knew that nothing could keep her from being the belle of the ball that night, between John's adoration and Rand Bristow's open affection.

"Jack, it's first sight," she said helplessly. Jack laughed in delight and the gown was immediately hers, and a fitter summoned to make it perfect.

John left her then. She would follow him to the hotel.

After the fitting Cam walked through the shop, glancing at beautiful things here and there. Brief dresses of every frail and exquisite fabric that hands could make; that one Jane's size, this one Joanna's—but no, she wouldn't think of them!

She stood waiting for the elevator. It was early afternoon and the shop was very quiet. And suddenly like a thin knife slipped into her heart, not even hurting yet, and yet delivering a mortal wound, she heard small feet running, heard a little voice that had never quite left her ears in all these weeks of silence:

"Mummy! Mummy!"

It was Jane, looking somehow a little odd and thin and older, with a new haircut, who came flying toward her, who was in her arms, crying and laughing and clinging tight. Cam had dropped to her knees; she saw no one else in the world; she neither knew nor cared that watching eyes were taking in the little scene.

"My darling, where did you come from!" Cam said, trying to smile, with her lips trembling and tears running down her face.

"Aunt Dixie-Belle was buying me shoes and she left me here with Mabel while she has her girdles fitted!" Jane said, still breathless and still strangling Cam with her little arms. "Oh, Mummy, why didn't you come, and where were you? Joanna's sick. She's sick, isn't she, Mabel?"

"What's the matter?" Cam's tone was quick and sharp; she got to her

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 139]

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