

## CHERRY SQUARE

A NEIGHBOURLY NOVEL  
by GRACE S. RICHMOND

"I'm sure he'll be all right, Mrs. Chase," Jo said steadily, noting Sally's pallor under the strain of waiting. The finding of the busy village doctor wasn't always easy, and they had both administered all the first-aid they knew. "My school children were always getting hurt last year. They always came out all right, no matter how serious it seemed for a bit."

"I know," Sally nodded. "Please push that hot water bag nearer his feet. Are they still cold?"

"They're a little warmer." Jo knew that statement was safe.

It was at this moment that Schuyler looked in at the door of Bob's room. He had noticed from the window Jim O'Grady busily rubbing off Wendy's muddy side. If he had heard the sound of voices he hadn't been roused by them or by the rumble of the wagon. Farm wagons were always driving in, bringing fresh vegetables or milk and eggs. When Bob had been brought in everybody in the house had refrained from outcries, so instinctive and habitual had become the intent to shield the invalid from anything startling or exciting. But the sight of Wendy had recalled Bob to his father's thoughts, and the reluctant permission given by his languid will against his judgment and Sally's rules. He had risen unsteadily from his chair, gone out into the hall, and encountering a frightened Mary who had been listening at the foot of the stairs, had demanded with sudden premonition of disaster: "Where's Master Bob, Mary?"

"He's upstairs, Doctor Chase," Mary had murmured. He noted that her eyes were red. He went hurriedly up the stairs, pulling himself by the banisters at a pace that left his unaccustomed lungs breathless. In this state he arrived at the door of Bob's room.

"My God!—What's the matter?"

Both women looked up reassuringly, but he saw that Sally was deadly pale, that Jo's face was strained in spite of her faint smile. And that little Bob—why, how still the small figure lay under the heaped blankets! Schuyler dragged himself to the foot of the bed, and saw the ashen face almost as colorless as Sally's cotton rolls above it. With a groan he sank upon the bed, his own face drained of blood, even as theirs.

"We think he's all right," Jo whispered, as she saw how the sight of the shock to Bob's father had unnerved Sally, whose hands were trembling as she pressed the cotton close. "We expect the doctor every minute."

"Please go downstairs, dear," Sally now urged under her breath, alarmed for her husband's own condition at this crisis.

He shook his head. "God, no!"

They waited for a seemingly interminable half hour, and then the chug of Doctor Morse's old car was heard, and Norah's eager voice—"This way—come right up, Doctor. An' them eatin' their hearts out with fear for the little dear."

The doctor was self-contained, like all doctors, but they couldn't be sure that he wasn't alarmed for his patient. His first act was to turn up Bob's eyelids, comparing the dilated pupils one with the other. After examining the gash, feeling the pulse, and listening to heart and breathing, he again looked at the eyes, as though from their ap-

pearance he derived whatever anxiety he felt.

"We'll sew up the cut," he said at last brusquely, and turned to his battered old instrument-bag.

"Doctor, what—" It was all Schuyler's lips could do to form so much of the inevitable question.

"Can't tell yet. Children stand a lot of bumping. Just got to keep him quiet and warm—and wait."

And wait. That was what it soon resolved itself into. The jagged cut was sewed up expertly—the country doctor can do that sort of thing quite as well as his city brother. A hypodermic went into Bob's circulation, after which his pulse steadied a little and grew a trifle stronger. But the unconsciousness continued. It was hard to watch and be unafraid.

After two hours of it Schuyler stumbled downstairs to the telephone and called up Richard Fiske. When he arrived the situation hadn't changed. Doctor Morse had gone to another critical case, promising to return soon. Sally and Schuyler sat on opposite sides of the bed. Jo had gone downstairs to brace Mary, who insisted on crying, and whose effect on small Barbara was to make her tearful, too.

Fiske looked the situation over, examining Bob with thoroughness, while his parents watched. Then he beckoned them outside the door across the hall into Sally's room.

"Now see here," he said, in his quiet, calming way, "you're both scared to death, and that's perfectly natural. The youngster's had a bad blow, but Miss Jenney told me downstairs that Morse found no evidence of depression of the skull. Morse is all right—he's a good fellow, and clever. The concussion would put Bob to sleep, probably, for quite a while. I think he'll rally and wake up in good shape. Meanwhile, you've got to keep your heads and be patient, though I know every 10 minutes will seem a day. I'll stay up here, if you like."

If they liked! It was the greatest comfort to have him, and they needed him, for little Bob didn't wake that day, nor the next—nor even the next. Richard Fiske and James Morse grew more and more anxious over the long delay, though they assured each other and the parents that they could find no reason not to expect the child to open his eyes at any minute. He just didn't, and the strain increased with every hour.

"But Schuyler's wonderful!" Sally said to Richard in one of the infrequent minutes they had together. She herself had acquired a rigid self-command; she seemed to be going on automatically, and he had no doubt she would continue in the same controlled way till the issue was clear, one way or the other.

"He is rather wonderful," Fiske admitted, though privately he thought Sally more so, after a man's way of thinking. "I shouldn't have expected him to show up so well, in his condition. He would have every right to go to pieces, weak as he is."

"I'm frightened for the strain on him, but it's no use trying to get him away."

"Not a bit of use. What father worth the name, sick or well, would go away? It won't hurt him as much as staying outside would, especially if—"

That last phrase had slipped unawares from his lips. It was the first admission he had made that there might be any "if" about the case. It sent Sally flying back into the room

she had left but five minutes before to see if any slightest change had taken place. Fiske followed her, cursing his momentary lapse.

"His color seems a little better," he said. Then his eyes went to Schuyler. Lips set, profile like a beautiful, attenuated cameo, the father sat with gaze fixed on his son's face. There could be no doubt that Schuyler, in this intense absorption in another life, had at last forgotten to be anxious about his own.

It was at midnight that night that Bob, suddenly and without distinguishable preliminary signs, opened his long lashed brown eyes and fixed them upon his father's face. Sally was close beside her husband, her hand in his, but it was Schuyler who received that first conscious look. Except for the bandages about his head, and the only slightly wasted lines of his usually round face, it was precisely as if Bob had wakened from a night's sleep.

"Hullo, Daddy," said a small but natural voice.

Sally's head went down upon Schuyler's shoulder—she couldn't have spoken without a sob to save her life. But somehow Schuyler managed it. On the other side of the bed Richard Fiske, himself trying to overcome the constriction in his throat, acknowledged to himself that Bob's father could still play up at such a moment as a father should.

"Hullo, Bob, old man," returned Schuyler Chase, and smiled into the child's eyes. His thin hands were clenched convulsively, but his voice was only slightly unsteady.

Fiske got them out of the room then, as fast as possible, for he foresaw the inevitable reaction. He called in Jo Jenney, who had been close at hand through every hour, and with her watched the small patient drop away into sleep, relaxed and babyish in his posture, hand tucked away under cheek, his breathing normal.

"Lord, but that was a pull," his whispered, wiping the moisture from his forehead and then drying his wet eyes. Jo nodded, fighting back hot tears of joy, then letting them have their way.

The thoughts of both the watchers were inevitably with the two in the next room. It was easy to visualize them clasped tight in each other's arms, shivering and crying and smiling with the almost intolerable emotion of the relief, the little boyish greeting after the long suspense still sounding in their happy ears. Richard Fiske set his teeth as his imagination ran riot. A hundred times during these three days and nights of endurance had he longed intolerably to take Sally into his own arms and bid her lean on him, who was strong to support her as a man should be, not weak with invalidism and self pity. All he could do was to take her cold hand in his warm ones and hold it close while he bade her be of good courage. And now—there was the incontestable and increasing knowledge to face that after all Schuyler himself had behaved like a man, and more a little more so with each passing hour of waiting. It had been an amazing thing to watch, really. It had also been a beautiful and touching thing—to Jo, especially, who had no gnawing jealousy to fight.

In the early morning Gordon Mackay was at the door to ask about Bob. He had come and gone almost with every hour since he had heard of the struggle for life which was on at Cherry House, anxious not only for the child but for the father and mother. When now he saw Jo's radiant face a look of strong relief broke over his own.

"You don't need to tell me—"

"Oh, but I want to tell you! He's absolutely himself. Weak,

hours can be set by municipal ordinances. But with a noise making machine in one home out of two, enforcement will have to be left mainly with tenement owners and superintendents and to a community spirit of mutual consideration.

Unquestionably it is a new popular spirit which is being required. Americans have built the huge cities of the last generation with a heedlessness of noise which strikes every foreign observer. In our hurry and strenuousness, our individualism and good nature, we tolerate deafening elevated lines, surface cars which

grind and clatter, pile drivers, steam riveters, street cries, auto mobile honking and a wild variety of minor noises. It is no wonder that many people use the radio with careless license. We need a spirit which will recognize quiet as one of the fundamental decencies of life.

Q. How long did it take to develop the movietone? D. F. A. Theodore Case began 19 years ago to work toward this end. One of the first successful movietone pictures was shown in January, 1927. It starred Raquel Meller, the Spanish danseuse in her Catalan songs.

of course, but jolly little Bob all over. Doctor Fiske says a few days in bed, with careful feeding will make a well boy of him. They're so happy it's a joy just to see them."

"Of course it is. Thank God!—I'd like to see Doctor Chase happy."

"You shall. I'll call him. We can't get him to rest, and Doctor Fiske says we may as well let him work out of the excitement in his own way."

"I've no doubt he's right." He looked her into the old parlor, and stayed her as she would have gone.

"Wait just a minute, please. I like to see you happy, too. It's been a hard time for you, but I know the help you must have been to them. You're no idea how I've wanted to be of use. There seemed to be only one thing I could do—I've done that, with the rest of you."

"I know you have."

They stood smiling at each other, as do they who have watched a grim thing approach, and hover, and then mercifully recede. Or, as they who have seen the waves break over a sinking ship, and then have beheld a lifeboat swing back over the swirling waters and bring those in danger safely to shore. One needs not even to know the names of the ones in peril to rejoice over the deliverance. And when one does know and love those others to whom the rescue is a matter of life and death, the rejoicing is almost as if the agony of suspense had been one's own.

Gordon Mackay took Jo's hand in both his, stood looking at its firm flesh for a moment, then drew it up to press it against his heart. Knowing that an act of this sort doesn't come from a man of his type unless under the pressure of extreme feeling, Jo understood that he was very deeply moved—and she also knew that she herself, in spite of his affection for Bob, was the center of that reaction to the whole affair.

She had been through a trying experience, her face undoubtedly showed the strain of it, his thought was of her because he cared for her most.

"Love and pain," he said. "How inevitably they go together in this world. Yet—who would do without the one for fear of the other?"

(From Josephine Jenney's Notebook)

What a pattern these days have woven! Light and dark, white and scarlet—silver and gold!

Blessed little Bob is safe. Lovely Sally Chase can smile again without making me want to cry to look at her. Schuyler Chase—why, Schuyler Chase is strong! And I'm so glad.

Norah O'Grady says, beaming: "The prayers I've said for the blissed child—I've nearly worn me beads out, shippin' them through me fingers! Don't tell me Mary Mother o' God didn't hear."

"I'm not telling you that, dear Mrs. O'Grady. Someone heard—Someone listened. God knows Who."

Gordon Mackay—how many prayers did you say—not on beads—on your sturdy knees?

(TO BE CONTINUED)

## NO BOUNDARIES

Yellow fever has been steadily driven out of Mexico, Central America, Brazil, Peru and Ecuador until it has been practically banished from the western world. Now the Rockefeller Foundation is fighting yellow fever in West Africa. This wonderful organization for human betterment made possible by the wisely spent millions of the Rockefeller's know no boundaries. It knows only human need and it is animated only by unselfish ideals of human service.

What if 50 per cent. of the men of even moderate wealth had the vision of John D. Rockefeller? What a change would come over the face of the world!

Civilization is pretty sadly hindered by two classes—those who won't spend money and those who don't know how. A third class—those who have no money to spend—is the largest in number but the least harmful.

Too Much "Dote" From Life. "Vickers: I'm surprised to hear he's been making love to other women—his wife simply dotes on him." "Vickers: I guess maybe he wants an antidote."

Q. For what debts are greenbacks legal tender? A. T.

A. United States notes, commonly known as greenbacks, are legal tender for all debts, public and private, except customs and interest on the public debt; receivable for all public debts; redeemable in gold at the treasury.

## Carnegie Kin, Like Tunney's Fiancee, Leaped Social Bar

The announcement of the engagement of Miss Mary Josephine Rowland Lauder to Gene Tunney, retired champion heavyweight boxer of the world, recalls that 25 years ago Miss Lucy Carnegie, another member of the female line in the dynasty of Andrew Carnegie, the Scotch ironmaster, astonished the social world by the announcement of her marriage to a stud groom in her mother's employ. Lucy was the daughter of Mrs. Tom Carnegie, widow of the brother of Andrew. Her choice for a life partner was James Hever, an Irishman, who had spent many years as a coachman for various families prominent in New York and vicinity.

Miss Carnegie hurdled all barriers when she married Hever. The ceremony was performed in Ashville, N. C., where her mother had a great estate, the couple fleeing to New York from the parental wrath. There they were discovered in a hotel by the reporters. The bride insisted on her right to marry the man she loved, while her handsome, dashing husband toyed with a new driving whip he had bought that morning. When it came Hever's turn to talk he dismissed the matter with the statement that he was sorry his mother-in-law had taken such an attitude toward "the inevitable," that he'd look around for another job as soon as the honeymoon was over, that he was sure he wouldn't have much trouble getting one and that they weren't going to starve.

When the reporters saw Andrew Carnegie the little gray, be-whiskered millionaire grinned in his beard. He admitted that he had never met his niece's husband, but that he hoped to make his acquaintance soon.

"By the way," he asked, "do you boys know if he's a good groom?"

The reporters assured him that they had every reason for thinking that Hever knew his business. Hever, in his anxiety to prove that he could get a job, had exhibited to them references from his two former employers—the only people he had worked for since he had landed from Ireland some 10 years previously.

The ironmaster's sharp eyes twinkled when he received the information, and without any hesitation delivered himself of the following comment:

"I'm glad the boy knows his business. I'm sure it's better to have a good groom in the family than a no account count."

Carnegie presented the couple with an estate on Long Island, where the former coachman had a chance to follow his longing for breeding and raising horses. His wife, an ardent horsewoman, took a keen interest in the place until Hever had a bad fall in the hunting field, which resulted in his death about 10 years ago.

## PESTS TAKE HEAVY TOLL Millions in Damage Caused by Destroyers of Fruits and Vegetables From St. Nicholas

The money loss in this country, due to insects, exceeds \$2,000,000,000 a year; or, put in another way, the annual ravages of insects destroy the labor of 1,000,000,000 men.

"If insects were given perfect freedom, with neither natural nor human foe, they would soon dominate the earth."

When easterners came and brought the potato plant, the potato bug forsook his old habits and his food (a plant related to the potato) and soon formed a battle front 1,500 miles long, which moved eastward during the growing season at an average of two miles a day. In the middle '60s he reached Indiana; in 1872 eastern Pennsylvania; in the centennial year he was on the slopes of the Green Mountains. The poison spray just caught and controlled the advance in time—else he would have girdled the earth.

The cotton boll weevil became national menace in 20 years. His annual toll is still in excess of \$300,000,000. One female lays about 600 eggs before she dies, and the boll weevil is far from a past menace today.

The Japanese Beetle came in nursery stock to New Jersey, spread to Pennsylvania and Maryland, and is now spreading to New York. It eats and destroys almost anything green. From a number of peach trees 200 gallons of the beetles were shaken off, and the next morning the trees were again covered. Sprays do no good, but a wasp and two or three varieties of insects have been imported from Japan to help exterminate the beetles. These "fighters" either kill the beetle at once, or else lay eggs around the beetle's grub, and the larvae kill the bug in short order.

Against the cotton cushion scale, the black scale, the red scale, Mediterranean fruit fly, the cherry fruit fly, and others, California has waged unrelenting and successful war, through importation of killer bugs and through sprays.

An astronomer tried to cross the galaxy moth with the silkworm. A few escaped! And one of the worst of the insects pests was started on his pillage of trees in New England, New York, Ohio, New Jersey and elsewhere.

These are only a few of the insect pests of the United States today. They do not include the mink quitoes that spread yellow fever and malaria, or the tsetse fly, spreader of African sleeping sickness, or the tick that spreads spotted fever and Texas fever, or a great many others that spread both death and sickness to animals, plants, and to man.

Truly, the war on insects is a national problem today!

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## The Taxi Driver

I use Champion Spark Plugs because they help to make my service more dependable.

Champion is the better spark plug because it has an exclusive sillimanite insulator specially treated to withstand the much higher temperatures of the modern high-compression engine. Also a new patented solid copper gasket-seal that remains absolutely gas-tight under high compression. Special analysis electrodes which assure a fixed spark-gap under all driving conditions.



## CHAMPION Spark Plugs

Dependable for Every Engine

## A Correction

Mr. Laurels—Does it not move you strangely to watch the moonlight shimmering on the lake? Miss Gazippe—You said it! But, say, you mispronounced that word. Didn't you mean, "the moonlight shimmering on the lake?"

## Isolate Drunkards

In northern Russia chronic drunkards are given the same treatment as persons suffering from smallpox or any other pestilence. They are confined as a menace to health and life of the community.

## Might Be Both

Mother (anxiously)—Bobbie can hardly speak above a whisper. Doctor—What is it, ball game or a cold?

## POST Toasties

THE wake-up food

rich in energy quick to digest



crisp and delicious

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## APPETITE IMPROVED

... QUICKLY

Carter's Little Liver Pills Purely Vegetable Laxative move the bowels free from pain and unpleasant after effects. They relieve the system of constipation poisons which dull the desire for food. Remember they are a doctor's prescription and can be taken by the entire family. All Druggists 25c and 75c Red Packages.

## CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS

RECKLE OINTMENT

## SUMMER, RADIO AND THE NEIGHBOR

It is not surprising to read in a Washington dispatch that the Federal Radio commission is deluged by complaints of radio jazz which continues after midnight and radio setting up exercises which begin at 6:45 a. m. For one person who writes to Washington a score complain to neighbors, a apartment house owners or to city officers. For one who complains a hundred chafe in quiet. Privacy used to mean safety from physical trespass or from spying.

But intrusion or espionage worse than flooding a neighbor's home with an uproar which hampers his conversation, interrupts his reading, prevents concentration on work and cuts short his sleep? Every other household has his radio today; one chain of hotels has installed them in all rooms. They have been thrust into a civilization which lives behind thin partitions, and on courts where windows simply must be raised. The Federal Radio commission, of course, declares it has no power to stop late or early broadcasting. Some limitation on

hours can be set by municipal ordinances. But with a noise making machine in one home out of two, enforcement will have to be left mainly with tenement owners and superintendents and to a community spirit of mutual consideration. Unquestionably it is a new popular spirit which is being required. Americans have built the huge cities of the last generation with a heedlessness of noise which strikes every foreign observer. In our hurry and strenuousness, our individualism and good nature, we tolerate deafening elevated lines, surface cars which

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