

## CHERRY SQUARE

A NEIGHBOURLY NOVEL  
by GRACE S. RICHMOND

"A year ago he became so ill he could hardly keep on, but he would stay where he was. He spent his time trying to find somebody who would carry on there, if only for a while, till a certain crisis he felt was coming should be past. I didn't know of this. I hadn't heard from him for a long while, until just yesterday when I had a long letter from his wife. From that I learned that previous letters telling me of his condition had miscarried. I had changed my address more than once during the year—the letters hadn't been forwarded. Janet Macpherson had brought Jamie back to Scotland to die. . . . But he hadn't been able to give it up that he should find another man to take his place at his South African station. He was praying with every breath that before he went he should have the joy of knowing that somebody would carry on there. It was only a two-year term he was begging for. At the end of two years a man he knew was planning to go, but couldn't be released from his present task earlier. 'Only for two years,' begged Jamie Macpherson of me. 'Won't you give that much of your life? Gordie, won't you pick up the torch that I have to drop, while it's still blazing?'"

Mackay looked down at his plate for an instant. The room was so still that more than those nearest Doctor Mackay could hear the intake of the father's breath.

"That letter had been two months finding me. Meanwhile, I'd agreed to go to a church in this city—in the slums. . . . You know—here a little smile touched his lips as his eyes again met his father's piercing gaze—"I was always wanting to be in the slums. Last night while I was going over and over the contents of that letter, someone called me on the telephone to say that in the early morning that old church where I was to go had burned down. Rebuilding it couldn't be thought of. . . . Such coincidences in a man's life don't happen. . . . Last night at midnight I sent a cable to Edinburgh to tell Jamie Macpherson I would go to South Africa for the two years. This noon I had the answer from his wife. 'Cable reached Jamie hour before passing.'"

He sat down, and his lowered eyes refused to meet those of the silent, moved people about him who were watching him. A strong color glowed in his face, and—as if it were a reflection—in that of Jo Jenney, opposite him. Her eyes were twin lights, brilliant, dazzling.

Nobody stirred—not even Sage Pierpont. Down Schuyler Chase's think cheek a tear was rolling. Sally was choking back the impulse to cry out to Gordon Mackay: "You're splendid!" Dr. Richard Fiske sat steadily regarding the younger Scotsman, as if here was something new to his experience. Then Carmichael Mackay got to his feet.

"I have been ambitious for my son," he said. "I came across just now, a fortnight in advance of an engagement I had made to lecture in this country, to add my influence to the effort Doctor Chase was intending to make tonight to persuade Gordon to accept this opportunity to serve a great cause. Doctor Chase is right—the Scots are stubborn. When we set our wills we cannot change them easily. But he is also right—I admit it—that when our hearts become aflame they take charge of our affairs. Gordon's heart has taken charge of his for the sake of Jamie Macpherson, whom I also knew and loved.

### The Craze for Antiques

We have no sympathy for its victims, but let us hasten to say that we allude only to those people who clutter their homes with things only because they are old. We have seen too many rooms that look like second-hand furniture displays, too many hideous old clocks and rickety spinning wheels, to have any patience with them; and have been disliked by too many people from whom we have tried the information that their "collections" have no personal or historical significance. We admire the relics which are a part of a family's history, or which

. . . I can only say that I am proud of this, my son."

As he sat down Gordon's eyes lifted to his, and a look of the deepest understanding passed between them. From that moment the son was like a new man; his face was ablaze with some strange joy.

Sage Pierpont drew a mighty breath. "Well," he said, "it looks as if the thing was settled. I'm terribly sorry—my heart was set on this thing, as Doctor Chase's was—since—" he floundered a little—"since he felt he absolutely couldn't go on himself. But I guess all we can do is to wish Mr. Mackay luck, if he's set on taking all the toughest jobs that come along. If Dr. Carmichael Mackay backs his son like that—well—two Scotch wills—not to mention their hearts. . . ."

When Gordon Mackay met Schuyler Chase, sometime during the next 10 minutes, the guests having risen and general conversation having taken the place of strained silence, he drew him to one side.

"Doctor Chase," he said, "I can never thank you. But not for what you tried to do—for something quite different. I know, to come to the place where you are tonight, you have—you'll let me say it—"fought with beasts at Ephesus," as any man in such conditions must. The sight of what the victory in that fight has made you, is what I am so grateful to you for. It's the thing another man can't forget—the memory of it stays with him, as my memory of Jamie Macpherson's bravery stays with me. It's the greatest thing one man can do for another—to give him the sight of a splendid courage like that.

"I don't deserve that, Gordon," said Schuyler Chase, after a minute of silence.

"You do deserve it. I'd fight any man who said you didn't."

The two clasped hands. It was the clasp of men who respect and love each other—and see in each other something deeply to admire.

It was half an hour before Mackay could get a word with Jo Jenney. Meanwhile, he could guess by her face the confusion of her thoughts. The dramatic crisis past—which had taken her out of herself with pride in him—her own problem had come uppermost. Well enough he knew what she must be thinking. It was that he couldn't be quite all things to all men, and that one man must be left out of his plans—one who sorely needed him. He was anxious to reassure her.

"You know," he said, when after careful maneuvering he had got her to himself for a moment, a little apart from the others, in a draped window seat, "this makes no manner of difference in my looking after Julian. I managed to see him today. He's wild with excitement over going to South Africa with me. It will be the best possible thing for him, to be cut off for two years from all the old contacts with life as it's lived in this city. In the slums I could have found work for him; in South Africa the work is waiting for him. Hard, interesting work, such as he needs."

"Oh!" She found it difficult to assimilate all in an instant this amazing plan. Then, as she searched his face, she saw in it his confidence that it was a better plan for Julian than they could have made without this intervention of fate—of Providence.

"He'll be my right-hand man; he'll be with me constantly. He'll grow strong physically and mentally—and I be-

have come down from great statesmen, soldiers and rulers, and so have direct personal significance. But these people far from home, dodging in and out of antique shops along the highways, we pity. It is a perverted taste that separates them from their money and classifies them.

We like souvenirs that recall pleasant personal experiences when they are natural—a shell from a seashore, a shining stone from a lake, a pine cone picked up under a tree associated with a person or an event in which we participated. But not the manufactured things made

lieve spiritually—with the demands we shall make upon his manhood."

"It's a rough life—isn't it?" "He needs a rough life, doesn't he? We shall be able to put enough fineness into it to keep it from hurting him. Why, it will make him, Josephine! If you could have seen his face—"

She looked away. "You see—it's impossible for me to keep from thinking of him as my little brother. I want—I know I'm not logical—to shield him from temptation for a while, at least."

"You can't shield him from temptation—and you don't want to. You want to make him strong to meet it. There's only one way to do that—give him a safeguard against it by building up his moral fiber. I thoroughly believe this new experience will do that."

"If it does—it will be because he's with you." She looked at him as one might at a deliverer from trouble.

"Being with me will help, I know. He seems to like me. He said today, 'I shouldn't dare to go alone, I feel like something weak just coming out of a shell. But to go with you—it'll be like having an older brother along.' Surely you'll feel that way about it too, Josephine?"

"Yes," She nodded slowly. "Yes, I can trust him with you. It's just that it's hard to get used, all in a minute, to such a great change in plan. For the moment, while you were speaking, an hour ago, telling us about Jamie Macpherson, I forgot everything—even Julian—in my thought of that dying man, and in my pride in you. It was proud of you, Gordon Mackay—a nd proud that you were my friend. It was a tremendous challenge, and you met it. I should have known you would."

He was silent. Then, as Sage Pierpont, spying him across the room, called genially: "Come, Mackay, we want you back here to settle a point of dispute," he said to Jo, who took it with me to South Africa."

"South Africa!" She repeated it with a note of wonder. "I can't believe you are going to South Africa—to be gone two years. You know—the thing I really think is—that you will never come back—to stay. Men like you don't stop doing a thing like that."

"Sometimes they do. In this case, as I told you all, there's another chap who has promised and made all his plans to go after two years. He can't get loose now from the job he's doing. No, I don't think it's a life-work that's waiting for me there. I'm not a Jamie Macpherson—I'm not pretending to be. It's no heroic flinging myself upon the altar I've done. I'm just a sort of relief guard for the time being, to ease Jamie's passage out of this world. But I'll admit I'm keen for the experience—in one way. In another—it takes all my will to go away from you."

"You said"—Jo lifted what was now a glowing face to him—"under your breath you said—brave words about being nearer me there than here. I find it hard to believe them."

"Being nearer you there than here—if I think that's what I said." He came across the floor to stand before her.

"If you give me what I want to take with me. Otherwise—well—a million miles is a short distance compared with the distance between us then, if I have to go without that."

"Even if you had my promise to think about what might be when you came back?"

ed on taking Schuyler away to bed, eager though he was to stay and seeming strangely supported against undue fatigue. A room had been offered Doctor Mackay, which he had been constrained to accept.

"I've just one sleeping place over at my quarters," his son had admitted reluctantly. "Father might roll off it—it isn't quite so wide as he is, I'm afraid. But I'll expect him over to breakfast. Nobody else can give him his oatmeal porridge as I can; and I know what he wants with it."

So now the house was quiet. But candle light still burned in the room downstairs where Jo Jenney and Gordon Mackay were to take leave of each other—for two years. In the morning Jo was to leave for her college. There would be little sleep for her, but somehow she didn't care, if there were none at all.

Sally Chase smiled back at them as she left them, Mackay had asked her permission to stay another hour, though by the time the last footstep had gone up the stairs the hands of the old clock pointed to half after one in the morning. She shook hands with him at the foot of that staircase; he felt in every look and word of hers how deeply grateful she was to him.

He came back into the parlor and softly closed the door. Then he stood still with his back against it, looking over at Jo. She sat upon an old-fashioned footstool beside the fire, and the light played over her face and hair, and touched the shimmering whiteness of her shoulders into a ruddiness of her shoulders into a ruddiness like that of the summer dawn.

"Sit still, please," he said, as she would have risen. "I want to see you like that. I want to look at you like that till I've burned the picture of you into my brain. I want to take it with me to South Africa."

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(TO BE CONTINUED)

Q. How long has Primo de Rivera been the dictator of Spain?

A. He came into power, September 13, 1923. At first he had a directorate of eight members, but was alone responsible to the king and to the people. Later, the directorate was changed somewhat, and his collaborators became ministers. Their power is restricted, however, and important business is handled by the dictator.

home in from France. There are 'ca' things to have and to hold.

Not So Dumb.  
From Gemuetliche Sache, Leipzig.  
"You never play any music now?"  
"No, my neighbor lent me \$20 and I had to give him my piano key as a pledge."

Q. What is the present total capitalization of the telephone industry? W. A. W.

A. The capitalization of all of the telephone companies in the United States on June 30 was \$3,630,000. The total mileage of wire was 59,355,000 miles.

## BAR TREE OF DANIEL BOONE

Tablet Placed Where Pioneer Left Inscription Where 3 States Meet

From the Louisville Courier-Journal.

September 3 was a great day at the point where Virginia, North Carolina and Tennessee meet. What is said to be the best mountain road was opened across the Blue Ridge at Fancy Gap, but the centennial of the occasion and the real excuse for the celebration was that rugged old pioneer, Daniel Boone, whose character and exploits are being brought home vividly to us by spoken word and printed page today.

There at Fancy Gap stands a huge tree, possibly 400 years old, upon whose bark is carved the inscription: "D. Boone called a bar on this tree, 1793." Daniel Boone was only a youth of 25 years at the time of this exploit. His family had removed from Pennsylvania to the banks of the Yadkin in North Carolina, and it was shortly after he "called the bar" at Fancy Gap that he gave up the life of a farmer and set out to follow his natural bent as a hunter and explorer. It was at Fancy Gap, too, that a pack of wolves chewed up Daniel's hunting dogs. The cave where the wolves lived and the bear tree were marked with appropriate monuments and tables setting forth briefly the facts at the recent celebration.

Daniel Boone "bar" trees were quite common some years ago. Of course, many of them are fakes, some done with the ulterior motive of attracting tourist business, others out of mischief. As alleged Boone tree in Iroquois park, for instance, bears the legend: "D. Boone Kill (a word illegible; either deer or bear) 1803." This is considered by many to be a hoax because Boone moved from Kentucky to Missouri in 1795. However, Boone made at least one trip back to Kentucky, and he may have done the carving at that time.

The story of this trip back to Kentucky is interesting enough to repeat here. Boone had left Kentucky deeply in debt. He met with ill success in hunting and it was some time before he collected a store of peltry sufficient to give him cash enough to pay his creditors. Without a book account, Boone walked back to Kentucky and paid everyone what he demanded, returning to his western home with one silver half dollar left.

As to the "bear trees," it was Boone's habit, as well as that of other hunters, to make such carved records and the fakers have taken advantage of this custom. Often adventurers in the Indian country carved words in tree bark for the guidance of others who might follow. Sometimes these pioneers, who were real children of the wilds, scratched their names and exploits on cliffs and boulders. When Boone and Michael Storer were sent to Kentucky to rescue Virginia survivors, threatened by Indians, they descended the Kentucky river, scratched their names on a rock at its mouth, and then paddled down the Ohio to the falls, where Louisville later was to arise, whence they set out overland for Mann's Lick. Three miles southwest of the river Boone carved the inscription, "D. Boone, 1774," on a beech tree which some older residents remember having seen.

The Boone beeches were the Egyptian obelisks, the limestone rocks, the Rosetta stones of the pioneer days. They were the historical records which today are found in the personal columns or of the sporting notes of the daily papers.

### OLD ROLLING STOCK

Washington Star  
What becomes of the old railway cars and engines that have outlived their usefulness?

They are sold to small roads and to contractors. The market for them is worldwide. The supply is tremendous, but the demand keeps pace with it steadily.

When someone in India or Africa wants to build and equip a short railroad cheaply he sends word to an agent in New York. The rest is easy. There are a number of dealers in used railroad equipment from rails to rolling stock in New York and Chicago. The advertisements of their stocks on hand appear in every railroad journal. Negotiations are concluded quickly and it is not long before a big tramp steamer, loading at the Brooklyn docks, has a consignment of hundreds of tons of railway cargo tucked away in its hold to be unloaded at some port at the world's end.

One of the largest lots of used railroad material ever put on the market at one time was some years ago, when the motive power of the New York elevated was changed from steam to electricity. There were 340 engines and 134 cars discarded. Only cars of the oldest type were retired.

The engines were sold quickly, but a few of the cars remained for a long time in the storage yards up in the Bronx. One may travel the world around and find these elevated engines working hard in some of the queerest corners of the earth. Some are in Africa, some in India; they are scattered all over South America.

### FAIR EXCHANGE

From Pele Mele, Paris.  
Bank Clerk—Now you work in a theater you can send me a few tickets for the theater.  
Theater Clerk—Certainly; and in return you can send me a few notes from your bank.

True to His Art.  
From Life.

Lady bystander (at the seaside): Why don't you jump in and save him?  
Another bystander (an actor): Wait till he goes down for the third time. I want to make this dramatic.

## Salts Fine for Aching Kidneys

When Back Hurts Flush Your Kidneys as You Clean Your Bowels

Most folks forget that the kidneys, like the bowels, sometimes get sluggish and clogged and need a flushing occasionally, else we have backache and dull misery in the kidney region, severe headaches, rheumatic twinges, torpid liver, acid stomach, sleeplessness and all sorts of bladder disorders.

You simply must keep your kidneys active and clean and the moment you feel an ache or pain in the kidney region begin drinking lots of water. Also get about four ounces of Jad Salts from any good drug store here, take a tablespoonful in a glass of water before breakfast for a few days and your kidneys will then act fine. This famous salt is made from the acid of grapes and lemon juice, combined with lithia, and is intended to flush clogged kidneys and help stimulate them to activity. It also helps neutralize the acids in the urine so they no longer irritate, thus helping to relieve bladder disorders.

Jad Salts is inexpensive; makes a delightful effervescent lithia water drink which everybody should take now and then to help keep their kidneys clean.

A well-known local druggist says he sells lots of Jad Salts to folks who believe in trying to correct kidney trouble while it is only trouble.

## Sure Relief

## No more NAUSEA

Gas, heartburn, sick headache, nausea, over-acidity and other digestive disorders quickly and surely relieved. Safe. Pleasant. Not a laxative. Send for free samples to Bell & Co., Inc., Orangeburg, N. Y.

Normalizes Digestion and Sweetens the Breath



Had to Come Again

Pedro Martinez, twenty-four, "no spik much Englis," but he knows how to make love. Pedro went to see Police Judge Wade Moore at Pittsburg, Calif., with Francisca Garcia, Francisca had just arrived from Mexico and Pedro made the judge understand they wished to be married. Pedro proudly displayed his license, obtained earlier in the day from the county clerk, and prepared to say "I do." Before the judge tied the knot he scrutinized the license and discovered that it permitted Pedro to fish in California.

Easiest and cheapest way to put on style is with clothes.

Matrimony—one of the United States that isn't on the map.



## Makes Life Sweeter

Next time a coated tongue, fetid breath, or acid skin gives evidence of sour stomach—try Phillips Milk of Magnesia!

Get acquainted with this perfect anti-acid that helps the stomach keep sound and sweet. Take it whenever a hearty meal brings any discomfort.

Phillips Milk of Magnesia has won medical endorsement. And convinced millions of men and women they didn't have "indigestion." Don't diet, and don't suffer; just remember Phillips. Pleasant to take, and always effective. The name Phillips is important; it identifies the genuine product. "Milk of Magnesia" has been the U. S. registered trade mark of the Charles H. Phillips Chemical Co. and its predecessor Charles H. Phillips since 1876.

## PHILLIPS Milk of Magnesia