

CHERRY SQUARE

A NEIGHBOURLY NOVEL
by GRACE S. RICHMOND

XXXI.

"Doctor Rutherford?"
"Yes, Miss Jenney!"

The college president looked up pleasantly from behind her ordered desk. She presented to this new member of her faculty not only the face of a woman of affairs but that of a good friend. Doctor Rutherford was never too busy to be seen by any one who really needed her.

"I want to ask a tremendous favor."

"Ask it. I can see it's tremendous."

"It's the middle of the week. I'm deep in my class work. And yet I want so much to rush down to New York and see two men sail for South Africa this afternoon, I don't know how not to ask you to let me go. One of these men is my brother, who has been—you know his story—very lately released. The other is the man I'm going to marry in two years—you know that, too. I thought I could let them go without seeing them again, but—Doctor Rutherford—"

"I see, my dear. You haven't the stolid composure of an Indian chief or the iron will of an Italian dictator. Why should we expect it of you? You are a woman and you love these two men. Take the first train down, Miss Jenney. Of course you will explain to the Dean and to Professor Huston. Miss Dayton will see that your classes are looked after."

"I've told them already I was going to ask you. They—it's a very bad time to spare me."

"Nevertheless you are to be spared."

"Oh, thank you, Dr. Rutherford!"

It's not often done to college presidents. It had to be done to this one, this time. Jo glanced about her—the office was momentarily empty, even of the president's secretary, who had gone to the next room to consult with somebody. Jo came forward, stopped, and laid the breath of a kiss on Doctor Rutherford's broad white forehead. Then she was gone. Behind the closing door the president put her hand to her brow. She understood that only a very intense feeling could have prompted this unusual act from one of her faculty. She smiled—and there was a touch of wistfulness in the smile. To have 1500 pseudo daughters can't quite be equal to having one real one.

This was how it came about that, a few hours later, at the shore end of a gangway, Jo stood with either hand held fast in those of her "two men." They were really three now, for Dr. Carmichael Mackay was there, too. She looked into the face of her brother Julian—the face of a handsome boy still, though there were lines upon it and shadows under the eyes, which told of hard experience. He was full of excitement. How well she remembered that he was always excited over something. Never young man needed guidance more than he. And he was to be with Gordon Mackay for two critical years. How thankful she was for that!

"Jo, you wonderful girl! There's never a sister like you!"

"Julie! . . . I didn't expect to come. But I had to."

"I should say you did. We tried to plan to get up to see you and surprise you, but we couldn't make it. I thought I couldn't sail without another look at you. I say, Jo—do you know you're a young beauty?"

"Nonsense. I'm just your sister, and you like to look at me."

"You bet I do. And, Jo—"

Canada Seeks Settlers

Editorial Opinion of the Ohio State Journal.

Canada is working hard and spending large sums to stimulate immigration from the mother country. She wants home makers to help develop and bring under cultivation the millions of acres of fertile prairie, now open and wild. She is learning that home makers are not so numerous as job hunters. During her last fiscal year she admitted 151,597, and there were 72,154 Canadians who changed their homeland and came to the United States. Canada spent enormous

I'm crazy over going to Africa—with your Gordon Mackay. He's a peach, Jo, if I do say it to his face. After these three days with him he feels to me like an older brother. Scotty, I call him—he doesn't seem to mind."

Jo looked at "her Gordon Mackay." No doubt that he was hers! His answering look told her that. Never had he seemed to her such a rock of steadfastness as he did at this parting moment. And wonderfully good to look at—she hadn't quite known how good till she saw his face in contrast to her brothers more comely but far less interesting features, if one cared for virility in man's looks rather than for boyish charm.

"Scotty! That's rather nice. I think I'd like to call you that, too," she said.

"Call me what you will, so that you call me it on paper with every South African mail. I'm looking forward to those letters, Jo—I can't tell you how."

"If you're looking forward to them as I am to yours, they'll jump out of the mail bags at each other, as they pass in the Atlantic."

But Julian couldn't let his sister talk to her future husband till he had had a word alone with her. He drew her to one side, with an apologetic glance at the older men.

"Jo, you won't think, seeing me off my head like this over going—that I've forgotten—any of it? My God, Jo—as if I could ever forget!"

"No, dear. I understand."

"If you knew what it is to be free—"

"Yes, Julie—I think I almost do know. I haven't been exactly free—while you—"

"No—I know—bless you! But—you can't possibly feel what being out of that hell means. I don't know how I ever—"

"Don't talk about it, dear. Try to forget. It's a new life for you now. Oh, I'm so happy that you're going with Gordon."

"He's a prince. If you knew what he's done for me already—"

"I can guess."

"I'm glad you're going to marry him. He's a wonder."

There was not much time. The signal for going on board was given, Jo had a train to catch back. She did not mean to take more hours away from her post than were needed barely to accomplish her wish. Gordon said his farewells to his father, holding the strong hand hard and looking steadfastly into the eyes which looked steadfastly back.

"I'm satisfied, laddie. And pleased—well pleased. Don't forget that."

"I'll not forget, father. I couldn't. It means too much to me."

Gordon came to Jo. His gaze dwelt upon her as Julian kissed her and clung to her like the emotional boy he still was, in spite of his 25 years. When he let her go to Mackay there was little time left.

"Josephine," Gordon's hand held hers tightly, his eyes were deep in hers, "in those letters I want every thought, every feeling, everything of you."

"You shall have everything, Gordon."

"I'll give you back the same."

"Yes—I know."

He put his hand into an inner breast pocket and drew out something. He put this into Jo's hand and closed her fingers over it tightly.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

Jumping Meridians

By LINTON WELLS and NELS LEROY JORGENSEN

Rogers was across the room. He saw his rival's dark, handsome eyes following Frances' progress as she parted the portiers and slipped through them.

He started after her and then felt a hand on his arm.

"Jimmy—wait, won't you?"

It was Billy Crane, who had lowered his voice so that it could scarcely be heard; yet there was an imperative eager insistence in it.

"For what?" retorted Jimmy impatiently.

"For—oh, anything. She's going to turn you down, I know, just as certainly as I know you're going to ask her. Wait until—oh, let's talk it over tonight, at my house. Billy Crane seemed almost upset, even nervous. His glance flickered across to Rogers.

"She—she's his, Jimmy. I don't want to see you make a fool of yourself for any girl. You're too good a man!"

Jimmy smiled quietly. "So that's it!" He gripped his friend's arm hard. "Forget it, old son. I've got to know, and this is the first chance I've had to discover. The sooner it's over—the better for me."

He went out, and the portiers fell behind him.

CHAPTER II.

Even as he stepped into the den, lighted now by only one pale lamp that shed a quite lovely glow over the girl's hair where she lounged against the cushions of the window seat, Jimmy frowned at her first words.

"You're being serious, Jimmy. Don't you know that you're not half as nice when you're serious?" She hesitated her eyes on his face, and some of the determination there she seemed to sense. "If it really is serious, old thing, let's have it. I'm due back there in a minute."

"So I supposed," he murmured dryly. "Also, it is serious." He stopped. Rogers, he reflected, would not have stopped there; Rogers would know what to do. But for the first time, Jimmy realized that he had never made love to any woman before. "Frances," he began, "I wonder if you know why I've stayed on in New York."

Her blue eyes were wide, ingenuous. She was terrifically beautiful, Jimmy thought, and the knowledge hit him with a sudden pang that was nearly fear. She lay back among the cushions of the window seat with all the languid, well-bred grace of 19 and the drawing sophistication that comes with post-debutante days in New York.

"I haven't thought," she acknowledged. "I rather fancied people stayed in New York because it wasn't absolutely necessary for them to go anywhere else. Aren't you enjoying it?"

"Not a bit. I'm staying here because you're here, and because I want to be with you every minute, Frances. And I'm not enjoying it," Jimmy rushed on, "because I'm not with you every minute. In fact, I'm scarcely ever with you—never alone!"

She turned away, her gaze questing through the pallid blue twilight visible beyond the diamonded panes of the window.

"Go on," she murmured. "This is the first time you've made love to me, Jimmy."

"I can't make love!" he exclaimed fiercely. "I can only tell you that you're the only creature in all the world that matters to me—that I—" He stopped. She was looking at

him again, wide-eyed, wondering, and puzzled. "Frances, I love you and I want you for my wife. That's all—I've stayed, to tell you that. And—and to hear your answer."

He looked away. He didn't dare to touch her even though her white, slender hand was toying with one of the roses he had sent that morning—she was too fragile, too utterly lovely. For a long time there was silence in the den, while, from the room beyond, there came a low-pitched murmur of voices—a woman's laugh.

The laugh seemed to recall Frances Lassiter to the moment. Some sober mood which the ringing sincerity of Jimmy's words had induced dropped from her. For a moment it was almost as though she had forgotten herself; as though she had been waiting as a child waits for the rising of the moon. Then—in the next breath, she was herself again; her eyes lost their dreamy mistiness, her face its soft petulance.

"It's a perfectly corking idea—marrying you, I suppose, Jimmy," she murmured, and he watched her red, drooping lips as they brushed lightly over the dew-wet petals of the rose. "But then, I can't get wild about it. I'd feel as though I were married to an international time-table."

She hesitated; then a slow smile grew. "And at that, a time-table is useful, once in a while."

The slight note of levity caused a little frown between Jimmy's eyes. Also, it helped to balance him.

"If you knew time-tables as I do, you wouldn't even say that," he returned coolly. "But even so, I think you're laying it on a bit thick. I'm useful, occasionally."

Ruminatively, he ran his fingers through his hair. "Get stuck some time in Port Said or Hongkong or Zanzibar, and mention my name. I'll admit I'm rather a flivver in New York; but I've not been entirely useless in some corners."

"I suppose so," she murmured. "You've been a good newspaper man, they say. And apparently you've made a strike somewhere. I wonder, though, if you know what an expensive luxury I am. I'm demanding, too—of many things. Port Said and Zanzibar aren't New York. If I were to marry you, what would you be offering your wife—besides past performances in dubious parts?"

"Then I must offer you something besides—besides love!" he asked gravely.

Frances caught her lower lip between two white teeth and looked intently at the floor. But at last she gave a fretful toss to her golden hair and spoke.

"It's customary, isn't it? Have you ever thought of doing something really worth while—something big? And then—"

"Then come back!" he finished eagerly.

"Then—" But she never finished.

Jimmy Brandon turned at a slight sound behind him. The portiers were parted. Austin Rogers stood between them. The millionaire bowed, with a swift, half-ironical glance from one to the other of the room's occupants.

"I'm sorry!" he exclaimed. "So sorry. I've—intruded."

(TO BE CONTINUED)

His Nightmare

From Life

"Does your wife nag you as much as formerly?"
"Yes; but now she calls it psychoanalyzing."

the number of such impatient drivers is very large. If there was a general disposition to impose severe penalties on such driving there would be a powerful protest. But the time will come when our people will see the folly of allowing such driving and will take measures to stop it.

LOCATION

From Punch.

Jones (to constable who is taking down description of missing wife)—And-er-two very pronounced dimples.

Constable (with poised pencil)—Chin or knees?

ITALY'S BIRTH RATE FALLS

Decline Causes Alarm and Press Urges Larger Population

From the London Observer. France's low birth rate we are accustomed to read about every so often, especially when there is brought to notice the energetic campaign there to encourage an increase. But it is somewhat of a novelty, we are told, to hear that the decline of the birth rate in fascist Italy is such as to cause serious alarm. The latest official returns show that in the first six months of this year there was a reduction in the number of births by 2 per cent, as compared with the same period last year. Moreover, it is related, the southern provinces, which have always had the highest birth rate until now, show the greatest decline. In Puglia the difference registered is just over 5 per cent.

The press urges the vital importance of a growing population. Italy, it is declared, can not take its proper rank among the big powers unless an increase of at least half a million takes place each year. Fascism has been looking forward to a population of 80 millions by the end of the century, and this decline has come as an unpleasant surprise, especially after all that has been said and written in favor of large families; after the tax on bachelors, and the rebate of taxes in favor of fathers of seven children and over.

But even this cloud has a silver lining, because census returns show that there are actually still 20,000 families in Italy which boast more than 10 children apiece.

A Maniac Contest

Worcester Gazette.

The Merchants' Limited is a crack train. It makes good time between New York and Boston, over the shore line route of the New York, New Haven and Hartford railroad. It leaves New York at 5 o'clock in the afternoon and is due in Boston at 10:10 in the evening, daylight saving time. The country through which it runs is thickly populated, but it is enabled to make this time safely and regularly because it runs on steel rails where at all times it has a clear right-of-way. Barring unusual occurrences, it finds it necessary to make only a few scheduled halts during the journey.

An automobile is not an express train. When an automobile leaves New York for Boston, following the shore or any other route, it has no business making the time of an express train. It leaves New York at 5 o'clock in the afternoon, it should not be due in Boston for hours after 10 in the evening. The country through which it would have to run is thickly populated, and it would have to go on roads where much of the time it would not have a clear right-of-way. Barring most unusual circumstances, it should find it necessary to make more than a few halts, travel more than a few miles slowly because of traffic encountered during the journey.

A man who would race an automobile on the road against an express train on the rails should have his head examined. If the facts in the case of the New Yorker who is said to have raced the Merchants' Limited from New York to Boston, beating it by checking in at a Boston hotel 18 minutes before the train was due in Boston, are correctly reported, the most drastic action Registrar of Motor Vehicles Parker can take would appear to be inadequate.

Behind the wheel of his road locomotive, this man is pictured as driving at a speed never less than 40 miles an hour, reaching 83 at times and maintaining an average of 53 for the whole frantic journey. It is somewhat unnecessarily stated that there were many narrow escapes from collisions.

Altogether, the picture of one so insane an exhibition of motor mania as could well be drawn. There must have been many, many places where the minimum of 40 miles an hour was greatly excessive speed; there could have been no place where 80 miles an hour was justified. To make the tale complete, the trip is said to have been done on a wager. An attempt to commit an undetected murder would hardly be a less fitting subject for a wager. This wager put every passenger of every car the racer passed on the road in danger of death or injury.

Massachusetts' action will not be sufficient unless it is followed by action in New York, Rhode Island and Connecticut. A man who would race a train with an automobile has no future business on any road in any state.

But perhaps he didn't do it, and it's all a joke anyway. How could he have raced like this past the police of four states?

ELEPHANT IN MALAY STATES. From the North China Standard. "Bring the elephant around at 9," is quite the convention first order of the day when traveling in portions of the Malay states, according to Mr. Robert V. Walton, or New York, now in Tokio.

In Slam, Mr. Walton said, the elephants work in "gangs," with an "overseer" who is quick to reprimand any laziness. The boss elephant jangles a heavy chain in the direction of any shirker, and if the offense is repeated, resorts to more drastic punishment. When the teak logs are floated down the north and the drowned jam occurs, the elephants quickly discover the key log and break the jam.

Proof Positive.

From Kuprex.

"I once knew a man who stayed home with his wife every night for 30 years."

"Ah! that was true love."

"No, it was paralysis."

Q. What part of the ordinary receipts of the Treasury does the income tax furnish? L. H.

A. In the fiscal year 1927 the total ordinary receipts of the United States treasury department amounted to \$4,128,422,887.61, of which amount \$2,219,952.72 was represented as income tax receipts.

Touches that Add Style to Dresses

By MAE MARTIN

It's amazing to see how faded, out-of-style dresses can be transformed by a few buttons, a little braid and the quick magic of home dyeing or tinting. You don't need any experience to use true, fadeless Diamond Dyes. Tinting with them is easy as bluing, and dyeing takes just a little more time to "set" the colors. They never give things that re-dyed look which comes from using inferior dyes. Insist on Diamond Dyes and save disappointment. Over 20 million packages used a year.

My new 64-page illustrated book, "Color Craft," gives hundreds of money-saving hints for renewing clothes and draperies. It's Free. Write for it, now, to Mae Martin, Dept. G-148, Diamond Dyes, Burlington Vermont.



Aviators Have Found Use for Old 'Chutes

Muffs for aviators are being made from worn-out parachutes used in the aviation branch of the United States army.

Parachutes are made of the finest, softest Japanese silk. They are made in many pieces, so that if a break occurs it will not run the entire length of the cloth.

A parachute usually lasts about five years. The silk is then turned in and the larger pieces are used to make muffs for pilots. The soft silk serves a valuable purpose in protecting the throat of the wearer from chafing of the helmet strap, especially on long hops.

After the World War the discarded covering of airplane wings was much in demand by both men and women for outing shirts.

Champion Spark Plugs



The Doctor

It is essential that my car should always operate properly and accordingly I use Champion Spark Plugs.

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

CHAMPION Spark Plugs Toledo, Ohio

Dependable for Every Engine

Without a Cover

Miss Tittle—I had a most romantic gift sent me. Just this plain open box with "Meet Your Counterpart" on it. What can it mean?

Miss Tittle—My dear, how intriguing. Did you say it won't shut up?—London Opinion.

On the quiet—that bottle on the dumbwaiter.

Reputation is a bubble that is very easily punctured.

Cunningham RADIO TUBES

Replace old or inferior tubes with new Cunningham Tubes and enjoy modern radio reproduction.

