

CHERRY SQUARE

A NEIGHBOURLY NOVEL
by GRACE S. RICHMOND

It was practically the first time, Jo reflected, that Miss Sturgis had noticed the baby. Now, she seemed unable to proceed until she had spent some time with him upon the blanket. Mr. Hunt appeared much interested in young women who showed themselves so fond of little children. He caroled a gay song to the baby. And as soon as the song was ended, and Adelaide, who sat upon the blanket with her shoulder turned toward Jo, had begun to express her admiration for Mr. Hunt's remarkable voice, Jo picked up little Schuyler, and slipped away with him.

"Don't go—oh, don't go!" called Dallas Hunt after her.

She turned smiling. "Time for his morning nap," she explained.

"Let's make it a rendezvous—every morning at this hour—we four, eh?"

If a human back could express a contrary vote, Miss Sturgis' back expressed it at that moment. Her voice, pitched low, was yet audible to Jo, departing. It was suggesting that Miss Jenney's time—unfortunately—was not her own.

VIII.

Through the mist and fog of an English early morning the ship on which Mrs. Schuyler Chase had crossed the Atlantic nosed its way into the Southampton dock. She had had a wireless message from one of Schuyler's companions halfway over—"Doing well," so the worst of her anxiety had been allayed. Yet she was sure there was a crisis of some sort to be faced in her husband's life, and she was eager to be with him.

At the earliest possible point on the pier at which he could join her, the Reverend Howard Caldwell was found, his rubicund face lighted with a reassuring smile.

"All's going well, your husband's improving. Mrs. Chase," were his first words, as he took her in charge. She thanked him and expressed her relief, but asked no questions till they were in the London train. Then she turned to him.

"Please tell me all about it," she said.

"The doctor can do that better than I. But I can give you a general outline of the attack."

This he proceeded to do, showing a grasp of the situation rather beyond that of the average layman. He described the acute illness which had laid his friend Chase low, and then proceeded more cautiously—as Sally instantly felt—to let her know the chief reason why she had been summoned.

"It seemed to us that he needed you to help him through what is really more of a mental and spiritual emergency than a physical, though it's the physical condition which brings on the other. You see"—his tone was very gentle, though straightforward enough—"his eyes are affected."

"Oh!" It was more a breath than an exclamation, but it meant that Sally's imagination had leaped ahead of his information: Schuyler's eyes—his richest possession, after his brilliant mind—were they in danger? It must be so, or the manner of informing her would be less careful. She tried to subdue the sudden racing of her heart, and he as calm as Schuyler's wife needed to be if she were to be worthy the trust reposed in her by Schuyler's friends.

"Go on, please, Mr. Caldwell," she said quietly. "It is a serious affection, then?"

"The doctors can't quite tell yet. They say that sometimes such acute conditions subside, with due care, and don't be-

come progressive. But—your husband has somehow learned enough about such cases to understand that on the other hand they are sometimes progressive and—perhaps—incurable."

Now she had it. No wonder Schuyler wanted her if there were only half a chance of his trouble being as desperate as these last phrases showed her it might be. Poor Schuyler, so intensely sensitive to impressions, so subject to despondency as the almost inevitable sequence to the hours of exaltation which came to him in his church relations. The faintest foreshadowing of a coming limitation to his powers—what must not the thought do to him? Oh, how thankful she was that she had come, that she hadn't had to delay a day in coming! And how the train crawled that was taking her to him!

"He's really quite comfortable," Mr. Caldwell hastened to say, though now Sally, having heard the worst, hardly listened, her mind was so busy with the image of Schuyler waiting for her to come to him. Only she could know how he needed her. . . . "He's up and partly dressed, sitting in a reclining chair, and his eyes aren't bandaged, he's only wearing very black glasses. But of course his continuing the trip is out of the question. There's only one thing to do, Doctor Burton says, and that's to go home when he is able, and spend the rest of his vacation in absolute quiet. I needn't tell you what a disappointment this is to Kirk Bronson and me. Your husband was the vital spark of our expedition, and it seems almost not worth while to continue it without him."

"Oh, but of course you must go on," Sally said warmly. "No one will be more anxious for that than Schuyler himself. And if I may take him home I shall be so glad."

"If no new symptoms develop," Caldwell thought best to provide. He had taken counsel with Schuyler's physician as to the exact manner in which he should inform his wife, and had been warned that of all things he must avoid being definite. "As a matter of fact," the eminent London specialist had said bluntly to Schuyler's two anxious friends, "such conditions are the devil to deal with, they're so indefinite—for a while, at least. There is no predicting just what's coming till it shows its head. There's always the chance, with such patients as Doctor Chase, that the condition is partially hysterical—meaning that it's the result of overworn nerves rather than due to serious organic lesions. If that is so, he may recover his eyesight. If not, the trouble is very nearly bound to be progressive, with no known remedy. The great thing at present is to keep him from worrying and brooding and forecasting."

So this was why they had sent for Sally. Schuyler had not definitely asked to have her son for—she had been right about that—but he had hardly needed to ask, it was so easy for his companions to divine his longing for her. It was an open secret among all his colleagues in the ministry that Mr. Schuyler Chase was indispensable to her husband's power, and they knew she undoubtedly was equally indispensable to his very life, if that life were threatened.

The journey to London seemed endless to Sally, and the great city having finally been reached, the trip in the cab through the congested streets seemed unbearably slow. But at last they drew up before a dingy but commodious-

matter how poor or lowly you may be, some kindly souls will always follow you to the grave and some tender hearts will weep with those who love you. Those small town folks may be prying and curious and ignorant, but when trouble comes, they are always ready to help. Perhaps they are what we like to call small-souled individuals, but then, what does that matter so long as they have such big hearts? The city's a fine place for living but lonesome place to die. For we are all so ambitious, so intent on keeping pace, so engrossed with our trivial occupations, that we have no time to stop when death passes,

looking house. Conversation between the two had long since languished and died, for which Sally had been grateful. If Mr. Caldwell had tried to "entertain" her all the way, she couldn't have endured it.

"He's in this nursing home," he said, as Sally looked up at the smoke-stained walls. "It is really quite pleasant inside."

He led her up the stairs, presented the nurse in charge, and suggested that Mrs. Chase be allowed to see her husband by herself. The nurse nodded, went into the room, came out again, and held the door open for Sally.

"He's expecting you," she said. "It will do him a great deal of good to see you—if he doesn't get too tired."

Sally didn't hear her. She went in and closed the door, and stood for an instant looking across at the long figure in its dressing-gown, stretched in the invalid's chair, the blackest of spectacles shielding the eyes, but the mouth smiling bravely as Schuyler stretched out his arms.

"Oh, Sally!"

She came across the space, dropped upon her knees beside him, and held him close, subduing her own emotion sternly as she felt his.

"You mustn't cry, dearest," she said. "I'm here now, and everything's going to be all right." And how she wished she knew that this was a sure prophecy!

Her husband controlled himself, though she knew that in his weakness it took all his will not to break down and be like a child in her warm arms. Schuyler's tears had always been the sign of his dangerous over-emotionalism—she realized that more now than she had ever done before.

"I'm so terribly glad to see you," he murmured. "It's hard not to be a baby about it. Oh, Sally, I wanted you so! But I didn't send for you—you know that."

She nodded. "Mr. Caldwell said you didn't, though you had every right. Anyway, I'm as glad to be here as you are to have me. Together we'll have you on your feet in no time."

"On my feet, but not—able to see my way around, perhaps." She felt him shudder. "You—know?"

"I know you've had something of a breakdown, but I know you're going to get over it. And we're going home just as soon as they'll let us. Out at Cherry Hills you shall have a wiser vacation than a hurried, tiring European trip. And Rich Fiske will be better for you than the most distinguished doctor London can produce. You'll love it at Cherry House, Schuy. The children are getting brown as chestnuts, and so am I."

"You look like a southern darkey through these con-founded glasses. I wish I dared push them up and see my lovely wife as she is."

"No—you'll have to take it for granted I'm as lovely as you think me!" Sally told him gayly. The meeting safely over, she felt her will and power to help him, to lift him out of his depression, actually to make him well, flooding into her being as water fills a dry pool at the lifting of a dam. Her weeks in the country had given her reserves of vitality, and they should all be his. Already she was stimulating his courage, for his smile was brighter than at first, and his pale cheek had taken on a tinge of color.

When the nurse came to end the interview Schuyler murmured.

"She's better for me than any tonic, Miss Stoughton!" he pleaded.

But Sally rose. "I need to powder my nose and change my frock," she protested. "Even tonics mustn't be taken too freely."

When she had seen the great doctor who had Schuyler's case and the eminent oculist who had been called in consultation,

and so we rush our dead off swiftly to the cemeteries and lay them away as quickly as possible. We send our floral offerings to the undertakers and let it go at that. We say it with flowers in the city; in the country they say it with tears. And it is not that we have harder hearts. It is only that we have grown so used to rubbing shoulders with tragedy that we ignore it. Death is our neighbor so often that we have learned to turn our eyes away. And gradually we have allowed the undertaker to do for our dead, what friends once did.

As I looked at that broken man

all the known facts were before her and she faced them. The one thing to tie to was that nothing was yet sure—there was a good fighting chance that the alarming symptoms might subside. That was enough for a working basis for Sally; she would take her husband home with a brave heart.

It was a fortnight before she was permitted to sail with him. In the meantime she had sent off Howard Caldwell and Kirk Bronson, insisting that they were no longer needed. They left reluctantly, yet with obvious relief which they tried valiantly to disguise. One didn't go on well-earned vacations in Europe to stay nursing a fellow clergyman if a way out of such a duty were provided; and they could hardly be blamed. They took leave of Schuyler with great heartiness, many predictions of swift recovery, and a final duet of "God bless you!" which left the patient chafing and exhausted.

"They're good fellows—princes," he said wearily to Sally, as their departing cab turned the corner, "and they've done everything on earth for me. I'm no end grateful—but—if they hadn't gone just when they did I know I should have gone myself—to pieces. I'm ashamed to be so weak. But I felt as if they were the traditional bulls in the china shop—and I were the china, and a mighty breakable sort, at that. Caldwell's preaching voice is based on his speaking voice—either one would drown out a fog-horn in a test."

"They have been wonderfully kind," agreed Sally, "but I did begin to feel much that way myself. Lusty health always finds itself rather difficult to subdue to the needs of convalescence, and I could hear the china shaking on the shelves. Forget them, dear, and remember only their friendliness. We've a minister at Cherry Hills I think you'll like, he's such a contrast to these more conventional clergymen."

"At Cherry Hills? He must be pretty small shot. And I thought you planned to take a justifiable vacation from church-going while you were there, since there'd be nothing worth hearing in such an isolated spot."

There was a touch of jealousy in Schuyler's tone which was startlingly familiar to his wife. He had never much liked to have her listen to and admire other speakers. It was one of his weaknesses of character which she had never been able to understand. And to be jealous at the mere mention of a country preacher! But in the next breath she said to herself that the poor fellow was bound to be envious of all activity just now, and particularly of any form of platform activity.

"Mr. Mackay doesn't seem like a minister, more like an understanding friend," she said lightly. And went on quickly to other topics more congenial to one who was already eating his heart out at the thought of other men's preaching, when he was to be long barred from his own.

They got off comfortably, within the fortnight, with Doctor Burton and Miss Stoughton to see them on board the ship and establish them in the roomiest stateroom obtainable. July though it now was, the voyage began on a gray day, with heavy weather threatening.

"I hope Dr. Chase won't be seasick," the English physician said to Sally, aside. "It would be the worst possible strain on his eyes. At the first hint of it put him to bed and have the ship's surgeon give him bromides."

(TO BE CONTINUED)

Out of Style

Janet—I went to the doctor again today and he said he wouldn't have to operate after all.

Jeanette—What a pity, my dear. I'm so sorry.

and those sobbing children, I wished that this mother might be privileged to die in the little town where I was born.

COMMITTEEMEN NAMED

Indianapolis, Ind.—Appointments to the American Legion Trophies and Awards Committee, a sub-committee of the National Executive Committee, to serve one year, were approved by the executive committee at the January meeting as follows: J. M. Henry, chairman, Minnesota; Robert B. McDougale, West Virginia; Wolney Diltz, Iowa; and H. L. Plummer, Wisconsin.

Former LeMars Banker Quoted on Interest Rates Paid Depositors

From Bulletin of American Bankers Association.

Opposition to reduction of interest paid depositors, as proposed by some bankers to meet the situation caused by diminishing margins of bank earnings, is expressed by J. F. Sartori, president of Security Trust and Savings bank, of Los Angeles, in an article in the current issue of the American Bankers Association Journal.

"One of the easiest ways to meet the problem would be to reduce interest paid depositors, but it might prove the most inopportune, for reduction would challenge depositors to transfer their savings to some financial institution not affected by the reduction," Mr. Sartori says. "They would find a cordial welcome at many thousands of financial institutions catering to the saver's business although not themselves banks. Millions have already withdrawn savings from the banks and deposited or invested them elsewhere. Added millions have under consideration making a change to secure higher income."

"A lessening of the interest rate would expose our savings business to a general onslaught from competing financial institutions eager to capitalize just such an opportunity. Thousands of professional investors and financial organizations of different kinds would ask for no better opportunity. Instead of making our savings business less attractive it is desirable that it be made more attractive, for it is being undermined by competition so keen that many savers are bewildered by the number of invitations to invest their savings at from 5 per cent. to 10 per cent. The mails are clogged with offers, and printers' ink is being worked overtime. With the advent of the radio, even the air is alive with investment offers addressed to the savers of this country. House-to-house canvassers are, many and persistent. Just imagine how the business of our competitors would pick up if the banks lowered the savings interest rate!

"Where a high rate of interest is paid on savings deposits, the banks have been able to meet competition and show substantial growth. Granting that the trend of interest on commercial loans is downward, the average savings depositor is not interested in commercial loans nor benefited by the low rate they bear. Any argument that reduction in interest on savings deposits is justified by the fact that commercial customers are paying a low rate on their commercial loans would serve to convince savings depositors that they are being treated unjustly. On the other hand, if rates on savings loans were so low banks could not pay present rates on deposits, argument in justification of a reduction would no doubt merit the co-operation of savings depositors.

"If interest is to be lowered, a good place to begin would be commercial depositors, for if any account has been misused since the war, it is the commercial account on which liberal interest is paid. Commercial depositors are receiving interest on temporary and fluctuating balances which prior to the war were left in banks without interest. In this case a reduction can be partially justified by the low rate on commercial loans."

State Department Makes Stand in Petroleum War

Foreign Attempts to Grab World's Supply of Petroleum

There should be no doubt in the minds of the American public that the Government at Washington is aware of the efforts of the Royal Dutch Shell Company, supported by the British Government, to corner the oil supply of the world outside the United States and exclude American companies from participation in these supplies.

The most striking example of this policy is in the bitter conflict with regard to Russian oil.

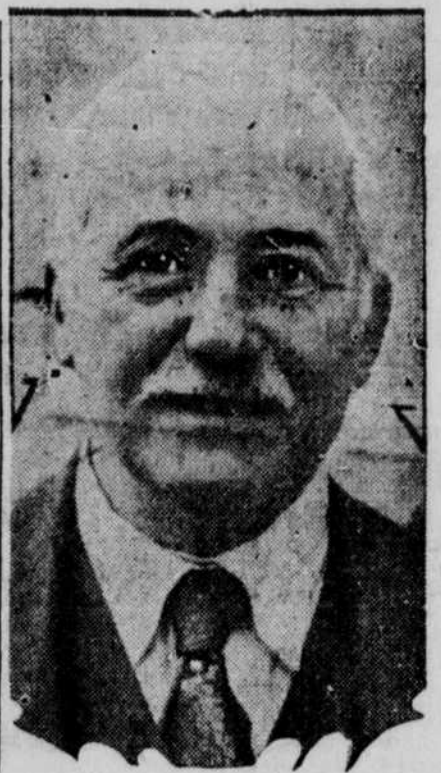
All well-informed Government officials know the Russian oil fields are potentially capable of a production second to the United States alone.

The State Department is not deceived by the cry that the Russian oil purchased by the American companies is "stolen oil."

Enraged by the American competition Sir Henri Deterding last September unleashed a price war in oil products in India, in which secret rebates were a feature.

The losses of Royal Dutch have been approximately three times as heavy as those of American companies. Sir Henri now purposes to have the Indian Government put a tariff on imported oil. This discrimination, aimed solely at American competition, would leave the field to him.

Every department of the Government attempting to protect the interest of American oil companies runs up against the close connection between

SIR HENRI DETERDING
(International Illustrated News)

the British Government and the Royal Dutch Shell Company. Sir Henri Deterding was knighted by the British Government for his services to the Empire during the war. Nominally, he is a Hollander. He has eighty-two thousand British stockholders on his books.

The State Department is by no means ignorant of the fact that in stiffening the back of American companies against Royal Dutch Shell it is up against the British Government itself. The department, however, feels that a strong American stand is justified, not only in the interest of a decent protection of American corporations but in the interest of the United States in acquiring an adequate supplemental oil reserve against the day when our own oil shall be gone.

—the new Alex Johnson in Rapid City, the Franklin in Deadwood, the Evans in Hot Springs, and the new Highland in Lead, a car or a saddle horse will find a remote wilderness in less than an hour. Away from the hotels in the towns, are log cabin inns by the wayside, and at the outskirts of nearly all the towns are tourist parks.

The recreations the Black Hills offer their summer visitors, range all the way from panning gold to playing golf. There are no more fortunes in the placer streams but there is a "string of coils" in the bottom of the pan bright and substantial enough to make the washing of gold a thrilling amusement.

Q. What is the size of the Great Salt Lake? A. E. S.

A. This Utah lake has an area of 1,800 acres.

coat, constituted the entire wardrobe of the primitive man.

"Nature simply is taking care of her own. The legs and arms of sweet 18 today already are as downy as peaches, and if the time ever comes when the girls wear nothing more than bathing suits, they will be fully protected against sunshine and rain, and, furthermore, will be as modest as Lady Godiva.

"It will be centuries before we develop into a race of hairy Ains, but meanwhile, the hatless craze has been working wonders for the hair of the head, and if the present tendency keeps up, baldness will soon be an unheard of phenomenon."