MULBERRY SQUARE

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WNU Service

CHAPTER VIII

-13-Cella waited impatiently in the shadow of the lilac bushes beside the gate at the end of the garden. Tom had said that he would come in half an hour. It seemed an eternity since she had crept quietly out into the dark. If Tom shouldn't come . . .

She was frightened, desperate. The devil of doubt and his fifteen brothers marched in a fiendish procession through her mind.

Hugh was in love with Janie. Something had happened this afternoon. Janie had fallen downstairs. She wore, at supper, a bandage and a blissful smile. Celia hadn't needed to be told in words. Janie's face was enough and Hugh's expression as he pushed in her chair at the table. Janle had taken Hugh away from her. How had it happened? How could he prefer brown little Janie? Celia's nails bit sharp crescents into the palm of her hand.

She had to get away. She couldn't stay on in Mulberry Square with Father a cripple and Mother economizing and people talking and Hugh in love with Janie. Tom must take her away. California! She had never traveled. Only stupid trips with Greataunt Rose. It might be pleasant. Tom had always loved her. Would he take her? He must.

She grew very fond of Tom as she waited for him in the shadow of the lilacs. He was, in his way, quite as good-looking as Hugh. Every one predicted a brilliant future for Tom. Senator McAllister, Governor McAllister. The Governor's Lady. She would advance Tom's career, be a perfect hostess, entertain distinguished people . . . "He owes it all to his wife. Lovely little thing" . . .

There were volces in the garden. Hugh and Janle walked towards her under the arbor. Cella drew back further into the shadow of the lilacs. "I'm going with you," Janie said as they passed very close to Celia,

"Do you feel like driving that far?" "I'm going with you everywhere always." Janie's voice was

Celia felt very lonely, crouching there in the shelter of the bushes. It hurt her to see them walk together through the gate. Hugh's arm was around Janie; her head, with its white bandage, rested against his shoulder. Janie was secure. It was Celia who was frightened, desperate. How had it happened? Plain little Janie. Pretty Celia. Everything in the world was most decidedly wrong.

She heard the engine of the car they called "Horatius." She felt loneller than ever . . . If you are pretty you can take what you want from life . . . That theory hadn't worked out very well. What was the matter with the world?

Tom had kept his promise. Relief surged into her heart.

"Celia . . ."

"Tom!" She gave him both of her hands.

"What's the idea of having me meet you here?" He looked at her searchingly in the glow flickering in from the corner light. "I feel like Rachel's gentleman friend." "Something has happened." The

silver harp strings quivered. "Are you consulting me professionally?" he asked in the teasing voice which Celia could never quite understand. "You're trembling, dear." The teasing vanished. There was a tenderness in his voice. "Your hands are cold."

"I'm miserable," she said brokenly. "Tell me about it."

Celia drew a long quivering breath, "Hugh is in love with Janie." She lifted her face, dampened with dew, wan and wistful. She thought that she must look very appealing. "I know that," Tom said quietly.

"So I must go away." Cella's hands crept up to her heart. "Janie is my dear little sister. Her happiness means everything in the world to me." "Celia, Celia!"

She drew away from him. Her head lifted proudly.

"No one understands," she said in the patient voice of a martyr .. "There is no one who understands."

"I understand, my dear." There was only tenderness in Tom's pleasant voice. He drew her close to him. "Of course, I understand." His gentleness disarmed her.

"I am unhappy," she sobbed, knowing that with him she could not pretend, "Take me away with you. Please take me away from it all."

"Would you go with me, Celia?" "Yes." Her eyes were wide and imploring. "You must take me. I

can't stay here." He was slient for a moment.

"Would you marry me, Celia?" he asked gravely.

"Tonight?" "Tonight."

There was, just then, no thought of the future in her mind. She wanted only to get away, to climb out of this predicament with some credit to her-

"Yes," she said. "Yes, Tom, I'll marry you . . . now . . . tonight." She raised her lips. He kissed them

"The Scotch in me tells me to let you work it out alone," he said presently.

Fear returned, a sinking sensation. "You wouldn't Tom?"

"I couldn't," he amended. "The Irish in me has always loved you too much." "Then you will take me with you?" She waited breathlessly for his answer.

"It seems like taking an unfair advantage-"

She swayed towards him. Her hair brushed his cheek. She felt him trembling. She knew that she had won. "Yes," he said. "I'll take you with me. I'm feeling all Irish tonight."

"Janle!" Janle, roused from a pleasant dream, opened her eyes with a start. She fancied that some one had called her. Dreaming, of course. She glanced at the illumined dial of the clock. Quarter of three! She turned over, yawned,

burrowed her head in the pillow. "Janle!" This time she sat up and listened. It wasn't a dream. Hugh was calling her. He was rapping at the door.

"Janle!"

"Yes?" she answered.

"Come to the telephone, dear." Hugh was calling her "dear" in that tender intimate way. She forgot to wonder why some one should be telephoning for her at quarter of three in the morning. Hugh was calling her "dear"! She sat on the edge of the bed, drowsy, ecstatic, totally unconscious of the chill in the air.

"It's long distance. Hurry, dear." She tucked her toes into tiny slippers, fastened the cord of her quilted kimono and opened the door. Hugh went downstairs with her. She didn't wonder much about the telephone call. He loved her. That was the only matter of any importance in all the world.

"Hello," she called drowsily into the transmitter. Cella's voice answered from somewhere very far away. Celia's news, somehow, did not seem tremendously exciting. Janie talked for a few minutes. She placed the receiver on the hook. She glanced up at Hugh.

"Celia is married," she said. "Married!" Hugh echoed the word and yawned again. "She and Tom were just married,"

Janle explained. "Somewhere down in Maryland." "They're leaving tomorrow for Cali-

fornia," Janie added. "Celia said she left a note for me.' "Cella would." Hugh actually smiled.

"Where did she leave it?" he asked. "Under the bowl of lilies-of-the-valley on the plano." "Appropriate." Hugh's smile broad-

ened into a grin, "Celia would," he repeated. The note was short. "Janie-darling,

"Now that I know how matters are, there is nothing left for me to do except go away. Your happiness means more to me than anything else in the world. Tom seems to need me. I shall go with him. Don't let any thought of me sadden your happy hours.

"It sounds sad, doesn't it?" Janie nestled closer to Hugh and brushed her cheek against the shoulder of his dressing gown.

"Artistically sad," Hugh said drily. There was quiet in the living room, Jame knew why Celia had done it. She couldn't bear that anyone should think Hugh had preferred her. She hoped that Cella would be happy. It didn't seem fair to Tom. But Tom. she thought, could take care of himself. Cella could never deceive him with her poses. It might, after all,

be a very good thing for Cella. "What are you thinking?" Hugh asked softly.

"I don't think Tom really needs her," Janie answered. "But the Irish in him has always loved her. He must have been Irish tonight."

"Will your father mind?" Hugh asked, stroking with a caressing finger the peak of her brows.

"Father likes Tom," Janie answered thoughtfully. "Mother will probably be upset because of old Thomas and all." She glanced up at him, an anxious question in her eyes. "Do you mind, Hugh?"

"Poor Celia!" he said gently. The last small lingering doubt vanished forever. Janle sighed blissfully. The question was answered. There was peace in her heart,

CHAPTER IX

Father was coming home! That was the first thought which popped into Janie's head as she opened her eyes one morning late in June. She pattered over to the window and curled herself up on the seat. The sun was shining and the sky was a lovely blue. Father was coming home! Uncle Bradford was to drive into the city to meet them. Janie hugged her pink pajama knees. Father would be home for dinner at one o'clock!

"Isn't it nice it's such a beautiful day?" she said to Hugh at breakfast. "Great!" He swung her up from the floor and kissed her brow where

the chestnut hair dipped in a peak.

"You mustn't, Hugh," she protested, liking it very much.

"Why not?" "It isn't dignified."

"It's nice." He set her down in the chair at the head of the table behind the coffee urn. "Now, Mrs. Kennedy," he said with a crinkly smile, "you can be as dignified as you like."

The brightness faded out of her face. It was grave and very anxious. "Don't call me that," she said, her

voice catching a little. "Don't you like the name?" Hugh

pretended to be offended. "It's a lovely name." She looked up at him with the sunshine slanting in across her hair, a brown little girl with a shining look in her wide-set hazel eyes. "Only it scares me. I'm afraid something will happen. I'm afraid it can't possibly be true."

"It is true, Janie," he said gravely. "I love you. little fellow."

Janie glanced around the familiar old dining room bright this morning with sunshine, at Kiltie curled up on the floor beside her chair, at Mrs. Quillen puffing in with a plate of muffins, at Hugh smiling down at her with a tender expression in his ruddy brown eyes. She thought that today Father and Mother were coming home. She drew a long deep breath,

"If Heaven is any nicer than this," she said in a hushed sort of voice, "I simply couldn't stand it."

The old brick house was filled all morning with a great bustling and stir. Janie scurried about in a frenzy of excitement with the small black dog at her heels. There was only one thing to mar her happiness. It didn't seem right that Celia should be so far away. On one of her frequent trips



"Artistically Sad," Hugh Sald

upstairs she peeped into the cream and lilac room. She couldn't make it seem possible that Celia was married to Tom McAllister, that Celia would never be just Cella again. Cella had been a trial. But she missed her. She wished that Celia were home.

People came with offerings. It was a gala day in the Square,

"It's not much," said Mrs. Bangs, the elder, presenting a mound of a delicacy known as "Apple Float." "It's lovely, Mrs. Bangs." Gay little laughing notes sprinkling themselves

through the air. "Thank you very "You may find it a trifle sweet." Mrs. Bangs lingered in the hall. "I told Annie to use twice as much sugar as the recipe calls for so you wouldn't

think we was stingy." The "Apple Float" was more than a trifle sweet. Kiltie, in the privacy of the vine-screened kitchen porch, enjoyed it very much.

All morning the doorbell rang. "Roses, Mrs. Quillen-!" Janie uncovered a box of fragrant pink blooms. "From Mrs. Leland. Did you ever see"

"Every last vase in the house is full up now," worried Mrs. Quillen who was enjoying the excitement. "Twould seem a shame to cut them handsome stems."

"The umbrella jar!" Janie dragged it out of the hall closet, a hideous affair of mottled green ch'na which nicely accommodated the expensive stems of Mrs.-Leland's roses.

"You do beat all, Janie," Mrs Quillen admiringly observed. "If a brass band was needed, you'd find somethin' that would do."

It was a gala day in the Square. All morning the offerings arrived. Miss Ellie brought custards baked in pottery cups. Old Thomas brought the first strawberries from his garden. Tony Silver brought an indigestiblelooking cake iced with swirls of bright pink frosting. The "General" brought three geranium blooms which he had probably "borrowed" when the owner was not around. Great-uncle Charlle brought his last

bottle of sherry wine. There was an air of suppressed excitement about Great-uncle Charlie today, "What time do you expect them?"

he asked.

"About twelve," Janie answered, wondering if it could possibly be true that Father was coming home.

"Think I'll stay," the old man said, "if I won't be a bother."

"You're never a bother." Janle embraced him warmly. She couldn't help hugging people today. Hugh come in during the morning

"What is it?" Janie asked. "This is my present for the Doctor." Hugh smiled at her sparkling eyes, "A radio."

with a man who carried a box.

"You think of everything, Hugh." She clung for a moment to his arm. "You taught me, young fellow." The radio was installed in the room which had once been the parlor. Janie

surveyed it with some satisfaction. "It does look cheerful," she said. "It's great," Hugh agreed. "We'll try to make up to him for

everything." "I can, if you'll help me." He held her close. "You're a very good little

"Not that," she said very softly. "Call me 'darling,' Hugh." "Darling," he whispered with his lips

against her hair. They were lost to the rest of the world. They did not hear the front door open and close. They were totally unaware of an audience until a voice asked from the doorway: "Can't you lavish a little of that on

Cella was standing between the portieres, Celia faintly tanned from the California sun, Cella in a smart new suit and buckled slippers and a mammoth corsage of violets.

Janle ran to meet her. They clung to each other, both talking at once. Hugh was forgotten for a moment. He lit a cigarette. He said nothing at

"My husband had to stop at the office." Celia, before the mirror, repaired the ravages of Janie's enthusiastic greeting. "He sent me on in a taxi." "Your husband!" Janie echoed. "It

seems so strange." She searched Celia's face to see if she were really happy. She appeared to be. Cella looks like the cat that swallowed the canary, Janie thought. There are feathers all over her chin. "We're going to be friends, Hugh?" Celia extended a slim gloved hand.

"Of course." Hugh took the hand she offered, bent to kiss her lightly on the cheek. "The tan is becoming," he said. "You look almost real." "Tom adores beaches," Cella remarked with the wifely air of criticizing her husband in the most dulcet of

tones. "He's as brown as an Indian." "Did you know Father and Mother were coming home today?" Janie, to the detriment of the violets, was embracing Celia again. "What a little cyclone you are!" Celia gently disentangled Janie's arms. "Tom knew. He simply dragged me

away from California. We flew part

of the distance. Tom is a -masterful man." Celia looked to be happy. She greeted Tom prettily when he arrived half an hour later at the old brick house. Tom was obviously very proud of his beautiful wife. It was quite as obvious that he did not intend to let her rule him. His manner towards Cella was still half tender and half

teasing. A good thing for Celia, Janie thought, and a blessed good thing for They all talked at once. In the excitement, the real event of the day was temporarily overshadowed. Celia, since her first birthday, had contrived, on every occasion, to hold the center of

The clock was striking twelve when Great-uncle Charlle bounced into the

"They're coming," he announced with his air of suppressed excitement increased a hundredfold, "My sainted Aunt Maria! I'm glad I'm not asleep!"

There was a rush and a scramble towards the door. They gathered in the open doorway. People were assembling from all parts of the Square. "You'd think it was Lindbergh!" Tom exclaimed.

"It's a great day in the Square," Hugh said quietly. "I wish they'd hurry!" Celia was

dancing up and down. Janie said nothing at all. She just clung tightly to Hugh's arm, a lump

in her throat, happy tears on her

lashes. Father was coming home! Uncle Bradford's car turned into the Square. It seemed an eternity before it stopped in front of the old brick house. There was Stoney on the front seat with Uncle Brad. There was Aunt Rhoda. There was Mother in a new blue hat, smiling and waving her hand. There between them was Father, thin and pale but smiling, too, and waving

his hand at them. Stoney opened the door of the car. Aunt Rhoda stepped out. Mother followed, Mother not quite so plump but pretty still and wearing a new blue coat. Stoney would have to lift Father, of course. Janie felt that she couldn't bear it to see Stoney carry Father up the steps. She hid her face against Hugh's arm. The arm was shaking a little. She knew that Hugh was minding it dreadfully, too. She pressed her eyes tightly against the tweed of his sleeve.

"Praise Gawd!" That was Rachel's camp-meeting voice. It indicated that something of great importance had happened. Mrs. Quillen was booming. Celia was crying. Tom was exclaim-

"Look, Janie dear," Hugh whispered in a choked-up sort of voice.

Janie lifted her eyes from his arm. They widened with surprise. A wave of happiness rushed over her which almost bore her away. Father was walking! Using a cane, leaning on Stoney's arm, Father was walking towards them, mounting the steps of the old brick house.

There was a great deal of confusion at dinner. Mother sat behind the coffee urn and smiled tremulously. Father, in his familiar place, ate a little, sipped Uncle Charlie's sherry, embraced them all in the genial warmth of his smile. Stoney stood behind his chair and could not be persuaded to move. Mrs. Quillen hovered in the doorway. Janle left her place beside Hugh half a dozen times to perch on the arm of Father's chair and rest her cheek against his.

"I'm so happy," was all that she could say. It was quite enough. She made a song of it. Gay little laughing notes sprinkled themselves through the air. Father smiled at Hugh.

"You won't have to make the sacrifice, my boy," he said kindly. "You can go whenever you like."

"I shall stay as long as you need me," Hugh answered in a choked sort of voice, "And when I go-" He looked at Janie. Every one

looked at Janie. She felt that her cheeks were flushing, that her eyes were shining like stars. "Janie is so young," Mother obfected.

"Time will take care of that." Father patted her hand. "Plans, Hugh?" "No definite ones." Hugh still looked at Janie. "We'll go abroad for

a year or two.' We! That meant Janie and Hugh. She knew it was true but it seemed like a beautiful dream.

"We'll talk about it later." Father said. "Surprised, weren't you? Uncle Charlie knew."

"But I didn't tell." The old man chuckled. He glanced at Celia, Janie glanced at Celia. Her lashes shadowed her eyes. What was she thinking? Was she happy? Her hand, lifting a goblet, trembled. Drops of water spilled down on the cloth. Mother looked at her anxiously.
TO BE CONTINUED.

Stirring Days of Old Santa Fe Trail Recalled by Memorial Honoring Pioneer

These extracts from a bulletin of | gold, silver and copper was not even the National Geographic society vividly bring to mind the glamorous days of the winning of the West. A marker is to be placed at Ingalls, Kan., as a memorial to Jebediah Smith, one of the pioneers. The bulletin says:

Sunburnt, long-whiskered traders and trappers in buckskins and moccasins came into old Franklin to brag of their adventures and scatter their quick-earned profits. They made the river bottom ring with nightly wassail, with rough-and-tumble fights.

Rich St. Louis bankers, stirred by news of big profits in the newly opened Santa Fe trade, rubbed elbows in Franklin with buck-skinned mountain men and returning freighters. And in all men's mouths were new place names -Yellowstone, Columbia, Taos, Rio Grande. America was in the making. Seattle, Denver, San Francisco-they had yet to be built and christened The Yosemite, the Grand Canyon, Salt Lake-the East had never even heard of them. Hardly a handful of white settlers then where millions now make their homes, Arizons, Nevada, Callfornia—their stupendous wealth of it down to St. Louis.

suspected.

Yet, in all the history of civilization, no region was ever to see such swift and amazing transition from wilderness to populous empire of richness and power. It can never happen again; no empty place is left on earth where it could happen.

Today a speedy motor highway ties St. Louis to Kansas City. It sweeps through fading Franklin, wherein Kit Carson's youth the trail began. Over it parlor busses hum, running as far in 20 minutes as ox teams went in a day. Now men watch market reports or play golf where their forbears watched for Indians or tinkered with

mink treps. From a spot near where Kit Carson stitched horse collars and bellybands. a big highway bridge leads off to span the Missouri. Here busses and motor tourists stop for gas. Men get out to stretch their legs or buy a ginger ale. Across the Big Muddy stands Boonville, named for Daniel, whose sons whittle ramrods from Missouri hickory and made salt from the deer licks, packed it in hollow logs, and floated



MATCHES

The physician was giving an informal talk on physiology. "Also," he remarked, "It has recently been found that the human body contains sulphur."

"Sulphur!" exclaimed the girl in the blue-and-white blazer. "And how much sulphur is there, then, in a

"Oh, the amount varies," said the doctor, smiling.

"Ah!" returned the girl. "And is that why some of us make better matches than others?"-Vancouver Province.

Pa's Part

The two village gossips were ex-

changing the latest news. "And those Richleys," said Mrs. Jones. "He says very bitter things about his two good-for-nothing sons, but his wife is always making excuses for them."

Mrs. Hayes nodded. "Yes," she smiled, "she may make the excuses, but he has to make the allowances,"

SURE THING



"What causes hard times?" "Soft heads."

Numerically Speaking A little boy was balancing himself on his head when an old lady who

knew him came by: "Aren't you too young to do that?" she asked. "You're only six." "It's all right, missis," replied the boy without losing his balance. "I'm

nine while I'm upside down."

Fleeting Time Lecturer (who has spoken for two hours)-I shall not keep you much longer. I am afraid I have spoken at rather great length. There is no clock in the room, and I must apologize for not having a watch with me. A Voice-There's a calendar behind you, mister !- Exchange.

Ferry's Seeds are sold only in fresh dated packages. When you buy Ferry's Seeds you are sure of the finest quality available. Adv.

Right Size

McPherson was to be married. "Ye'll be given' us a send-off?" he inquired of his best man.

"We will." "With rice and white ribbons?" "And old shoes thrown after us?" "Oh, aye, of course."

"Well-I wear tens, an' Janet takes sixes."

To the Nth Degree New Hospital Patient-Say, doctor, I asked that nurse to put a hot water bottle at my feet and she stuck up her nose and walked away.

Doctor-What else could you ex-

Patient-Oh, do they specialize

that much? Then get me the foot nurse.-Capper's Weekly.

housecleaning soon.

pect? That was the head nurse.

Doing Well Mrs. Naybors-Your husband dusts the car very nicely. Mrs. Nexdoor-Yes, I'll put him at

