

BORAH JOINED BY CARAWAY IN SESSION PLEA

Congress Should Adjourn When It's Through Says Arkansas Senator

Washington, Dec. 23 (AP)—Senator Caraway, Democrat of Arkansas, today supported Senator Borah's demand for an extra session which is desirable, he said, for dealing with additional farm relief legislation, the disposition of Muscle Shoals and action on the bill to regulate the use of injunctions in labor disputes.

"Why this fear of an extra session?" he asked. "If the president is not playing politics with human misery what is it that he dreads? I regret the constitutional limitation on the length of the session. Congress ought to adjourn when it is through and not before."

HUGE STATE (CONTINUED FROM PAGE ONE)

000,000 from that amount of short term notes to be issued Jan. 13 and \$1,200,000 made available today by the federal bureau of roads to the state, will finance the work, and in addition, this amount will release money from gasoline tax revenue to be expended for maintenance of existing roads.

Following closely of nearly 100 banks which tied up highway funds, the department ceased construction work and curtailed maintenance as much as possible.

Resumes Huge Program

The action of the commission today in effect is a resumption of the huge highway construction program which has been in progress continuously since enactment of the Hartnett highway law in 1927, except for the past 45 days when work was suspended because of the banking situation.

Mr. Parks said only closing of the gaps in the four main trunk roads would have the effect of producing more gasoline tax revenue which in turn would make possible earlier completion of the remainder of the construction program.

To Give Hundreds Work Mr. Christian said several hundreds of unemployed could be put to work immediately after the contracts are let.

Availability of the \$15,000,000 proceeds from the short term notes also will permit the department to issue "work orders" on approximately \$1,500,000 of contracts let last fall, but which were held up after the collapse of many banks.

UNIVERSITY ASKS (CONTINUED FROM PAGE ONE)

the board of trustees, would prohibit loitering on the campus, on roofs or in trees to see athletic events; would prohibit mutilation of trees and shrubs; would keep all vehicles except passenger cars or trucks delivering to the University off the thoroughfares through the campus; would make the speed limit 15 miles an hour on roads through the campus; would prohibit parking inside the campus except on the east side of the road from Maple street to University hall, when cars could be parked only between 6 p.m. and 12 midnight; and would designate as parking places only the areas south of University hall, south of the Commerce building, west of the home economics building, west of Gray hall and at the south end of the athletic field.

BETWEEN WAVELNGTHS

Try These On Your Radio Tonight: All Central Standard Time: "Dickens" "A Christmas Carol" with Arthur Allen as "Scrooge" via WEAF and eastern network at 8:30.

Julia Sanderson and Frank Crumit on the WABC chain at 7:00. Brad Browne and Al Llewellyn and Freddie Rich's orchestra, WABC hookup at 7:45.

Musical Magazine opening, WEAF stations at 8. Mendelssohn Glee Club singing and Happy Bakers, WEAF coast-to-coast, 8:30.

Christmas music, Howard Enlow orchestra at 8:30 on WABC stations.

Salute to San Francisco at 9:00 over WJZ coast-to-coast.

Tomorrow is to Bring: National Press Club Christmas carols from Washington, WEAF and WABC networks at 12:30 p.m. Arthur M. Hyde, secretary of agriculture, in Christmas reading.

Chime Service from Trinity Church at 1 p.m. over WEAF.

Children's Christmas Carol service from Trinity Church over WEAF stations 1:30.

Times Square community Christmas celebration, New York; address by Mayor James J. Walker, WEAF hookup at 2:00.

Carols singing from the 81st floor of the new Empire State building, New York, at 2:30.

Christmas greetings to the nation by President Hoover, from the White House lawn, Washington, at 5:09, WEAF and WABC hookups.

Roses for "Her"—A beautiful plant for her mother will make things right. Call 17. The Mary-Lu Flower Shop.

New "Billy Barton" May Run in National

London, Dec. 23 (AP)—In the next year's Grand National there may be another "Billy Barton" among the field.

Victor Emmanuel recently bought the crack American jumper, Le Digidar, with the intention of giving him over to have a cut at the famous Aintree track, George Duller will train him at Wantage.

Le Digidar, which is a French bred horse, had no great reputation as a steeplechaser in his native country.

BROOKHART SCORES LUCAS; WOOD APPROVES

Republican Committeeman Under Fire Today; Hoover Silent

Cleveland, Dec. 23 (AP)—While the Republican national committee stood revealed at Washington as financial guarantor of Robert E. Lucas' secret campaign against Senator G. W. Norris in Nebraska and while the capital was publicly wondering if President Hoover would support Lucas by retaining him as executive director of the committee, Joseph R. Nutt, treasurer of the committee here, urged himself in support of Lucas. Wood was first of the regulars in Congress to speak out. President Hoover has said nothing. Meanwhile the independent Republicans were preparing for a dispute.

Senator Brookhart said: "Robert H. Lucas says there is a cancer in the Republican party and that it must be cut out. He is right. But he does not recognize the cancerous part. The personal head of this cancerous growth is Andrew W. Mellon.

"Robert H. Lucas is only a little malignant wart under the toenail of this big personality."

ROTARY ANNS (CONTINUED FROM PAGE ONE)

attractively decorated in Christmas motif with red tapers and evergreens, and a Christmas tree wore lights, ornaments and colored tinsel.

During the dinner which was served about 80 Rotarians and guests, a novel game furnished amusement. A lemon was given a man and a flower a woman, and each time a bell was rung at the head table they were passed to a neighbor. The man holding the lemon when an alarm clock sounded, was to buy a present for the woman who held the flower. Mrs. J. W. Fitzjarrell was the lucky woman and received a box of candy from Ed McAllister.

Russian Supplies For Santa Claus A great deal of merriment was provided when Santa Claus, in the person of Victor Rossum, distributed gifts to each person present from a tree, after recipients had been drawn. Each recipient read the verse accompanying his gift aloud.

The following guests were introduced: William Meltrun, Fulton, Mo., visiting Rotarian; and Miss Marcelline Campbell, Fayetteville; Miss Evelyn Lewis of Dallas and New York, guest of Paul Lewis; Mr. and Mrs. Allan Wilson, guests of Ed McAllister; Mrs. Banks Newton of Atlantic City, guest of her father, A. M. Harding; Mr. and Mrs. Hayden Melroy, guests of Marion Wasson; Mr. and Mrs. Roy Brumfield and children; Jack and Tom, guests of Tom Brumfield; and Mrs. and Mrs. Virgil Baker, guests of the program committee.

MUST SLOW DOWN (CONTINUED FROM PAGE ONE)

Appraised that Rockne was reported planning to rely on aerial transportation to take him to Los Angeles for the football clash between Notre Dame stars and a west-south eleven Saturday, Dr. Barhorka said:

"If Rockne flies to Los Angeles, we will refuse to assume responsibility for his future care."

Dr. Barhorka said he understood Rockne planned to remain here until next Tuesday to complete his rest.

Column Girl Scout

Brownies Have Christmas Party A Christmas party for members of the Bentic Pack was held yesterday afternoon at the home of their leader, Miss Thelma Clark. The 15 girls met at the First Presbyterian church at 2 o'clock, and were taken to Miss Clark's home by Mrs. G. L. Wilson and Mrs. Merle Cruse.

Gifts which the Brownies had made for their mothers were wrapped, after which games were played. They then marched into another room where there was a pretty Christmas tree, and an exchange of gifts was held.

Miss Clark assisted by her mother, served refreshments of brick ice cream and angel food cake.

Girl Scouts Assist Lions Club Here Local Girl Scouts have been assisting the Lions club in their Goodwill work at their Christmas headquarters this week.

Sunnyside Troop To Pack Box Sunnyside Troop, of which Yvonne Fugitt is captain, met this morning at the home of Marjorie Reid to pack a Goodwill box.

OSCEOLA WOMAN KILLED BY HER HUSBAND TODAY

Rex Knowlton Admits He Fired Shot But Claims Self Defense

Memphis, Dec. 23 (AP)—Mrs. Jessie Knowlton, 28, Osceola, Ark., was shot to death at a hotel here today. Her husband, Rex Knowlton, 40, surrendered to police and said he killed her.

Knowlton said she had been friendly with another man, and threatened him with a poker when he warned her this morning. Police found a poker in Mrs. Knowlton's hand.

The two had divorced and remarried within the year.

Reuloh Fite, juvenile court officer, said they had quarrelled about custody of their eight-year-old son, Fred. She said the boy was taken from them several years ago by juvenile court authorities at Augusta, Ga. After regaining him, they moved to Blytheville, Ark., where authorities placed him with his grand-parents.

Miss Fite said Knowlton kidnaped him and brought him here. He was discovered and returned to Blytheville. Meanwhile the Knowltons divorced and remarried.

Police said Knowlton draws government compensation as a disabled World War veteran. He and his wife lived at the hotel where she was killed.

Dr. Martin Funeral Held At Springdale

Dr. James Ellsworth Martin, 57 years old, who died suddenly at Springdale yesterday morning, was buried this afternoon at 2:30 o'clock from the First Methodist church by Rev. J. C. Hankins in charge. Burial was in the Bluff cemetery.

Active millmen were Elmer Lineberger, P. W. Boone, R. A. Morrey, W. A. Graves, Lee Sanders and Dr. L. A. Smith; honorary millmen were E. B. Cummings, A. A. Backus, F. F. Hanzel, Dr. F. R. Anthony, G. A. Stubblefield, S. D. Vaughn, T. J. Walker and Dr. E. F. Ellis of Fayetteville.

Dr. Martin was serving as president of the school board in Springdale at the time of his death and also was president of the Men's Bible class of the Methodist Sunday school. He was a member of the Masonic lodge.

Mrs. Ida Springston Dies At Durham

Mrs. Ida Springston of Durham, 68 years old, died Sunday night at 11 o'clock.

Funeral services were held Monday afternoon with interment at Cross Roads cemetery.

Surviving are her husband, J. H. Springston, and a son and daughter, all of Durham. Mrs. Springston was born Oct. 23, 1862.

SOCIETY NEWS

Christmas Prayer Service At Church Mrs. W. F. Duskin will tell the story of "The Other Wise Man" by Henry Van Dyke, at a special Christmas prayer service for the Central Methodist church Wednesday evening. The meeting will be held in the parlor at Wesley hall and will last one hour. Christmas songs will be sung by the choir.

Mrs. Beth Ellis, who is attending the Women's Medical College of Pennsylvania in Philadelphia, arrived last night to spend a two weeks' vacation with her parents, Dr. and Mrs. E. F. Ellis.

Mrs. E. O. Glason and daughter Pease Elaine of Hoxie, Ark., are spending the holidays here at the home of Mrs. Glason's parents, Mr. and Mrs. E. G. Gollaher. Mr. Glason is principal of the schools at Hoxie.

Mr. and Mrs. Tom Taylor have had as their guest for several days Miss Mary Barton George, teacher in the Tulsa high school. She left today for Berryville to spend Christmas with her grandmother, Mrs. W. P. George, and will go from there to Springfield, Mo., to spend the remainder of the holidays with her mother, Mrs. Annie C. Geotze.

CAPT. VANCE GETS PENSION FOR XMAS

Captain Charles Vance and Lieut. McGee, Fayetteville's only Confederate Veterans, were recipients today of checks for \$50 from the state pension board. They are two of Washington county's many pensioners for whom checks were received \$9,100.

FEAR FORT SMITH GIRLS 'RABIES'

Fort Smith, Dec. 23 (AP)—Wilma Jean Leeper, three-year-old daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Hamilton Leeper of Huntington, was in a hospital here today in a critical condition, believed by physicians to be suffering from rabies. The child was bitten by a dog a month ago.

Mushroom with the pure juice of freshly picked-hot-house mushrooms. Street by Santa, 105 South West Street. Maybell Adell Combs.

SANTA CLAUS LETTERS

Fayetteville, Ark., December 11, 1930

Dear Santa Claus: Please send me a bear and a box of cheese. And a pair of boots. And a pair of breeches and some shirts. And my sister said she would like a doll and doll buggy and a doll bed.

And send me a steam engine. And a bee gun with some bees, some nuts and oranges, apples and some candy too.

Please send it to 651 Withham St. St. Paul, Arkansas.

Dear Santa Claus: As so many little boys and girls have written you I have decided to write, too. You have brought me toys every Christmas ever since I could shake a baby rattle.

I am not writing for anything in particular. We are poor folks but I know there are some who are in worse circumstances than we are, and, too, there are so many little orphans who want Santa to come to see them.

Now, Santa, fill your pack with lots of toys and good things to eat and wear for them and if you have anything left please bring me something. I live in a little white house on what mama calls Bunker Hill in the north part of town. So I don't think you will have any trouble finding our house.

Now Santa, I don't mean for you to bring me a doll, rouge or lipstick, I mean something suitable for a 13-year-old boy. I guess I will close with best regards to Lady Claus. Tell her I said for her to buy you a Christmas present, a cob pipe or a twist of tobacco (or snuff).

Santa, I planted a garden last summer but the drought got the best of it, so I didn't have any thing to sell, so you see I haven't any money to buy you a present.

I'll try again next summer and maybe I'll have better luck and I'll buy you a Christmas present next year. It won't be a cob-pipe either.

Well, Santa, I just must get to studying my lessons for I am a very good boy to study and a very good scholar at school. If you don't believe me, just write and ask my teacher. But Santa, as you are so busy I'd rather you wouldn't write him until after Christmas anyway.

With love to yourself and family, I am as ever, Your little friend, Loyd George Jackson.

Dear Santa Claus: I am a little girl, I live at 125 W. Lafayette Ave. My father's name is R. E. Wages. I am writing you a letter to tell you what I want this Christmas. I want a book of paper dolls that can be cut out and something that will make a noise so I can pass the time away. Santa don't forget my little brothers, Marlon and Junior, and my sisters Helen and Loreta.

Love, P. S.—Santa, I forgot to tell you not forget my friend Ruth. Bring me and her a stick of lipstick.

Hello Santa Claus: I am going to tell you what I want. I would like to have a bicycle and that is all this Christmas. Santa don't forget the little poor boys and girls too. I am a little boy 9 years old. I am in the fourth grade. I go to the South school.

Lots of love, Billy Mayes Fayetteville, Ark.

Dear Old Santa: I do not want many toys this year. I just want a little train and a sack of candy, but don't forget all the poor little children that don't have no father or mother. I am 7 years old and in the first-A. Good-bye. Allen Combs, 105 So. W. St.

Dear Santa Claus: I know you have gotten many letters. If you bring all the things that have been asked for you will be very busy, I am sure. But Santa Claus, I want a big doll with long curly hair. I still have the one you brought me two years ago and I love her too, but I do want another one.

I hope the banks haven't closed up there where you are, so all little children can have a happy Christmas and a visit from you. Edith Clair Varrington. Greenland, Ark.

Dear Santa Claus: I am so glad I got to see you and shake hands. You may please bring me a beebee gun, some oranges and candy too. I will not ask for much because there are so many poor little boys and girls that need it more than I do.

Santa, kindly remember me to Mrs. Claus.

We thank the Democrat for publishing the letters.

I am ten years old and in the fifth grade.

I hope it will be pretty that night so you can reach everybody. With lots of love, Harold Gollaher.

My mother and father name is Mr. and Mrs. A. E. Gollaher. Fayetteville, Ark.

Dear Santa Claus: How are you? I am all right. I believe your reindeer name is Dasher, Dancer, Prancer, Vixen, Comet, Cupid, Dunder and Blitzen. You have eight reindeers haven't you, Santa Claus. Don't get too big a load because the eight reindeers couldn't pull the load.

I don't know what you have, please visit the poor little boys and girls. If I was to call some presents time you got to here you might not have it. The other day you shook hands with my brother. Street by Santa, 105 South West Street. Maybell Adell Combs.

Fayetteville, Ark.

I would like for you to bring me a pair of boots, a football, a flashlight, about a couple of shirts and a box of oranges, apples and candy.

And my little brother wants a pair of boots, a flashlight, a pair of riding trousers, a football and some nuts, oranges, apples and candy.

Both of us are trying to be good. This is all I can write. I'll have to close my letter. Good bye. Your friend, Merle Skilleen, age eight.

Dear Santa Claus: I am six years old and I have been being a good little girl so you would remember me at Christmas time. I saw you at school last week, but I didn't get to tell you what I wanted. If you can, please bring me a doll, a play wrist watch, a sweater and some nuts and candy. And Santa, please don't forget my little chum, Ann Martin Lewis, my sisters, and all the other little children. I live at 211 North East Street.

Your little friend, "Smookie" La Rou Hite. Fayetteville, Ark.

I am a little girl 10 years. I am in grade 5th.

As Christmas is drawing near I thought I would write you a letter and tell you what I want.

I know it is cold where you live in the North Pole. But you can rap up good and fly in the air with your sled and reindeer. I have a little niece and nephew. My little nephew wants dump truck. My little niece wants a doll.

There is a poor family near me. There are two little twin boys and little nephew wants dump truck. All the poor children.

I have my Christmas tree up. It looks very beautiful.

I will tell you what I want. I want a fountain pen and a little kitchen cabinet.

My mother and father name is Mr. and Mrs. Frank Dowell, R. F. D. 4, Box 46.

With love to Mr. and Mrs. Santa from Lorene Dowell. North College, Fayetteville, Ark.

Dear Santa Claus: Please bring me a beebee gun and a box of candy. I will thank you very much for the box of beebees and the beebee gun that is all I want this year. For there are so many little girls and boys for you to get to their house. We have had a hot summer. I am 9 years old.

By Santa Claus, pecks of love from Sammy Gregory. R. F. D. 2.

STATE HAULAGE RATES SOUGHT

Little Rock, Dec. 22 (AP)—A state-wide agreement upon haulage rates among motor transportation systems in Arkansas is the aim of the Motor Transportation Association.

Meeting here yesterday, about 20 members of the association adopted bylaws for their organization, created last week at the initiative of J. E. Thompson, of Little Rock, now its president.

"We want to reach a state-wide agreement about haulage rates," W. N. Bynum, Little Rock, secretary, said, "to help both the public and the bus operators to realize the greatest benefits. The success of motor truckage is already proven, but we can greatly improve our service as individuals by cooperation."

Approximately 50 bus and truck operators are members of the association.

PRAIRIE GROVE

Special to the Democrat Prairie Grove, Dec. 23-J. R. Willbanks of the Center Point community will have all of his children with him as his dinner guests on Christmas day. Mrs. Rosa Baker and four children of Steele; Mr. and Mrs. Calvin Smith and five children, Mr. and Mrs. Pies Ware and three children are expected. Miss Bobbie and a son John make their home with their father.

For the past 40 years Mr. and Mrs. John Taylor have entertained their children with an early morning Christmas tree followed by breakfast. Those to be present this year are Mr. and Mrs. Jim B. Hannah and children Taylor and Louise; Mr. and Mrs. Everett Murphy and son John William; Miss Emma Hurst all of Fayetteville. Mrs. Marie Harris will come from Forrest City, Ark. for the day. Mr. Harris goes to Louisiana to spend the day with his aged mother.

Mr. and Mrs. Roy Norwood came from Oakland, Calif., to spend the Christmas holidays with Mrs. Norwood's parents, Mr. and Mrs. E. A. Barnes. Other guests for breakfast and to welcome Santa will be Mr. and Mrs. Herman Carl and son Jack, of Fayetteville; Mr. and Mrs. Autrey of Springdale; Mrs. Tom West, Miss Ollie Barnes and Miss Ethel Barnes. Another daughter, Miss Jennie Barnes is unable to come from her position at Oakland, California.

Mr. and Mrs. Lincoln Maupin and son Frank will be hosts at a one o'clock dinner Christmas Day followed by a tree which is annually celebrated by the Maupin relations including Mr. and Mrs. H. C. Magruder and son Preston of Inola, Okla., the aged grandmother, Mrs. Emma Maupin, Dr. Will Mock, Mr. Ella Barnett and son, Milton, and the families of Robert Magruder, Duane Cummings, J. P. Harvey, Grover McCord and Mr. J. C. Chayton Nobley and daughter, Marjorie Ann of Blytheville and Miss Betty Campbell, R. N., of Fayetteville.

Dressed poultry and select fresh roasters at Bates. Open Wednesday night, closed Christmas day.

JORETTA A LOVE STORY By EDNA ROBB WEBSTER Author of 'DAD'S GIRL' etc.

READ THIS FIRST: Joretta Hasting is the beautiful daughter of a wealthy merchant whose ambitious mother has influenced her engagement to a wealthy shipbuilder, Norman Williams. As they go on, Joretta dislikes him more, but her mother wishes the wedding plans for the autumn. Joretta has fallen in love with Jim Norton, the chief engineer on her father's shipyard. She finds that he is a gentleman by birth and a mechanical genius. He confides to her that he is inventing a carburetor for gas engines. Meanwhile, her father is making mysterious trips with the yacht to a southern port, to look after a yacht which he has bought from three crooks. Finally, Joretta's love for Jim reaches a climax, but her mother will not listen to her plea for a postponement of her marriage to Norman, secretly knowing what she is doing, she goes to the yacht to see Jim, on the pretext of wanting to run the yacht, and it is then that they confess their love for each other.



"I love you for saying that."

CHAPTER 25 O' COURSE, sweetheart, I know how it is. Why? I have a carbon copy of every word you have ever spoken to me, filed in my brain cells.

Joretta stood beside him, leaning against him and her hands on the wheel beside his. She knew she shouldn't be there—that is, conventionally speaking—and yet, her place was there, right beside him. And just this one golden hour was hers. What was one hour out of a whole lifetime to be with the one person in the world that you love?

"Couldn't you give beautifully together—always, Jim?" she whispered, close to his face, feeling his nervousness and living the minutes to the utmost.

"Could we? Well, rather! I couldn't take care of you very well, Jim, but perhaps you wouldn't mind until we—made some. Why? With you to work for, honey-girl, I'll succeed so much sooner. Do you think you could consider living very comfortably for awhile?"

"Could I? Well, rather!" mimicking his words. "Oh, Jim, I could live anywhere, any way with you, and it would be heaven. It isn't that, darling. Please believe me. Only dad and mother would never listen."

"You don't listen to me. You'd let me try, wouldn't you? You wouldn't forget the chance of our happiness because you are so sure of what they wouldn't do?"

"Why—no—only you can't know, Jim dear, just what it means to me."

"Well, just your happiness of most importance."

"That's it, exactly. You see, they are very sure that they know just what will bring me the most happiness. Don't you see that they would be very certain that I was plunging myself into perfect tragedy. I married you?"

"I believe your mother took something of a chance when she married your father and came out here to this new world, according to the story I've heard."

"Exactly, again. And by her sacrifice she purchased my freedom, as it were, from poverty and care and jealousy; forever, she believes."

"But you have a right to live your own life," he insisted.

"Physically speaking, yes, but not mentally." Her tone was bitter, but brightened. "But darling, let's not brood on all this precious time arguing about them. I've already decided to make one more desperate attempt. But please let me manage it. Jim, not knowing the camp of the enemy, you're attacking, you had better not attempt it, yet. You might just lose your position with dad, and if I started right out causing you trouble, I'd never forgive myself."

"But anything is worth risking to get you."

"I love you for saying that," she kissed him shyly. "But just the same, that would gain us nothing. Promise you will let me talk with dad and mother first. You see, they wouldn't believe you if you told them that I love you."

"They will believe you, if you can manage to look like you do right now. I never knew before that the stars could shine when the sun did."

"What do you mean?"

"Your shiny eyes are like stars with the sunshine of your hair around them."

"It's because you love me, and I'm so happy," she sighed contentedly. "Don't aren't we awfully far out, dear?"

"Not so far. We've been going parallel with the shore, sparring for time. It's a crime I have to watch this wheel, but I don't want you to notice anything unusual. Besides, if I got loose to come up here, we'd have to go below and probably have Uncle Charley with us there. Too, it's more private right here and gives you a good excuse for being here."

"Now, tell me, you don't come down to run the yacht, really? Look at me—see you—Jim?" she said softly, meeting the gaze of his clear grey eyes.

"Why have you been staying away from me?"

and had a pleasant day with Jim Norton; only this day her emotions were amplified a hundredfold. Just as her pleasure in being with him had been, she felt his kisses, with a little chill of liquid fire in her veins. She felt the warmth of his embrace and the pounding of his heart against hers. It reminded her only of beautiful things—that made one ache with pleasure at beholding them. Oh, like—morning sunlight on trees and deep shadows on still water. Beauty and peace—and love.

"Then why today?"

"Well, I just—couldn't stay away any longer. I think I almost came without knowing it. I—that to come to you," the last words were only a whisper.

"And don't you see, Jettie, that you could never marry Williams and stay away from me, forever?"

"It would be—horrible," she almost gasped. "But lots of women have been denied love."

"Not in this day, honey-girl. Women get what they want these days. Your parents are pretty old-fashioned to be insisting on something like that. And you're something to tell you. Oh, darling, I'm not being critical, at her quick glance of surprise. "That's just one reason why I love you—one of a thousand reasons or so—your sweet wholesomeness in this generation of sophistication."

"Don't you think we'd better go back, Jim dear? I wish we hadn't. I'd like to go on and on with you forever—but I must get back. Mother that is, I pleaded illness just to stay home alone and think about you," she confessed.

"You didn't! Precious girl. Why? Jettie, we've got to make your family see this thing straight. It can't be any other way," confidently.