

CHERRY SQUARE

A NEIGHBOURLY NOVEL
by GRACE S. RICHMOND



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We heard two young women arguing recently about which kind of shaving cream is the best and that's another day we never expected to live to see, but, by heck, did.—Ohio State Journal.



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PHILLIPS Milk of Magnesia

Longings

We often feel that we'd like to see a girl with a skirt on once in a while, just to recall old times.—Ohio State Journal.

Often a man's character would be unable to recognize his reputation were they to meet.

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Schoolfield, Va.—"My mother had taken Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and I decided to take it for my own troubles and found great relief. I was hardly able to stand on my feet sometimes, and now I feel better than I have for several years. I credit the Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound with my present good health. I have taken five bottles of it and I am now able to do all my housework and sewing, feed my chickens, milk the cow and tend the pigs, and feel fine."—Mrs. J. C. BRADLEY, Box 249, Schoolfield, Virginia.



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... After all—I can't quite stay on that plane! . . . Before we go, each to our work—I must have something to live on. So must you. I haven't a particle of doubt—you want it, too!

XXVII.

"You don't think it will hurt him, Rich?"

Sally solved the question concernedly, as she always did when there was doubt in her mind as to any move of Schuyler's. Not that her husband had made many moves, or wanted to, in these last few months. But now strangely he was bent on what seemed to her a great effort, though she knew little of the details of his plans.

"Hurt him—to go in to a small dinner at Sage Pierpont's? I'm delighted that he wants to go. What if it should tire him, Sally dear? Better to suffer a little setback than live the drab life he lives now, without a break in the monotony. Let him go."

"He will go, anyway. I've sent in for his dress clothes and he's been trying on his dinner coat. It's—oh, frightfully loose over the back and shoulders. I didn't know how much weight he'd lost till I saw that. And there's no time to have it altered."

"What of it? The pleasure of being among people again, if only for an evening, will fill him out to fit it."

"Rich!" Sally bit her lip. "I want you to admit that Schuyler's forgotten himself of late. He's not self-centered now—not as he was, nor as you think him all the time. He spends hours with Bob and Barbara. And now he's deep in some plan with Mr. Pierpont that he won't tell even me about, except the merest outlines. He says he wants me to get the full value of the surprise of it. And yet with it all, Rich—oh, it doesn't mean improvement—not physical improvement. If I could only think that! But his poor eyes—"

"I know. But, Sally, you should be thankful for anything that takes him out of himself for a time. That's why I say give him his head, even though he tires himself out and has to pay for it. He's like—well—he's like a soldier who's going up to the front soon, and has a week's leave beforehand. Let him make the most of it—it will give him something to think about when he's in the trenches—waiting."

"Oh, Rich—a simile like that—"

"It's a true one, my dear—why hesitate to use it? And you must remember that some fighting men come back from the trenches."

She turned away, and he looked pityingly after her. He knew she fully understood how hopeless was Schuyler's case, as far as human knowledge could foresee. And he knew also that nothing could be of the comfort to her in days to come as would the memories of her husband's having advanced bravely to meet his fate. Fiske did admit—he had to, as she had begged him to—that since the shock of Bob's accident Schuyler had seemed to come to himself, to be trying as he hadn't tried before to be master of himself.

Fiske really was deeply curious to know what it was that Schuyler had been planning with Sage Pierpont, in the several conferences the two had had together. Pierpont's first visit, made at Schuyler's request, had by chance coincided with one of Fiske's own. He had seen the important man go into Schuyler's presence with an impassive face, his manner polite but none too warm. He

Spain's Dictator Is Lively

Verax in Revue des Deux Mondes, Paris

Primo de Rivera rarely dines alone and accepts invitations willingly. He is a delightful guest. Always in good spirits, he eats heartily, drinks freely and smokes a great deal. The biggest Havana cigars do not intimidate him.

In the evening in the drawing room he is pleasant and interested in the ladies, who seem not insensible to his charm. At all events he apparently forgets his daytime anxieties completely. His day, however, is not yet over, and he works

had seen him come out smiling, and if not quite rubbing his hands with satisfaction, at least showing that he was immensely pleased over something. When the dinner invitation had come to Dr. Richard Fiske from Mr. Sage Pierpont a few days later, it had stated that the small affair was given in honor of Dr. Schuyler Chase. Impossible not to wonder a little over that. Schuyler had sent for his chief trustee to suggest a dinner in his own honor? Unthinkable, even to one who had long thought cynically of the ways of public men to get themselves advertised. No, something of more significance than that was on foot. Fiske determined that he would permit no professional engagement, of whatever importance, to detain him from that dinner.

"Jo, you look simply lovely. I've never seen you in white before—such artful white, my dear!"

"Do you like it, Mrs. Chase? I'm so glad. I knew I must have one or two such frocks to use for college dinners and dances—the faculty do dance, you know, if anybody's good enough to take them out! So I bought this in the twinkling of an eye, yesterday, as I came through town. And it's so nice to christen it on my very last evening with you, and at this dinner for Doctor Chase."

"Don't mention it's being your last evening, Josephine Jenney." Sally Chase shook her head with a gesture of keen regret. "What are we to do without you—"

"But we're going to be very gay tonight, aren't we? And here's Doctor Chase, looking like a beau cavalier! It's such fun for us all to be so festive, after having lived in fustian, so to speak, all summer."

Both young women turned to meet the tall, slim, black-clad figure which had come into the room. Schuyler's shoulders, in the dinner coat, were straighter than usual; his head was up, a smile was on his lips. Except for the black glasses he looked to Sally more like his old self than she had seen him for many months. She knew the excitement sustained him, lent a hint of color to his pale face, so that he didn't seem the invalid he was. A wave of inconsistent hope—the sudden feeling that a miracle might happen and he might recover after all, if not his eyesight at least his general health—surged into her loyal heart. Anyhow, let her take this evening as a gift of the gods—no, as a gift of the God. Not "let us eat, drink and be merry for tomorrow we die," as she had been feeling it. "For tomorrow we live" was a better countersign. She would keep it in her heart, and be as gay as Jo had said.

"Yes—away with fustian for tonight!" Schuyler agreed. "If I'd known how getting into a dress shirt would inspire me with a desire for going out to dinner I'd have worn one under my dressing gown all summer. Where's Mackay? He ought to be here. Sally, you look like an angel in that peach-blow gown. Miss Jenney, hasn't my wife the most beautiful neck and shoulders you ever saw?"

"Oh, hush!" But Sally smiled as Schuyler came over to her and stooped to kiss her. She could feel his eyes straining through the black glasses to see clearly the beauty which the charming dinner gown exquisitely set off.

"She has. You're a picturesque pair, and I'm proud to be in your company tonight. And here's Mr. Mackay—that's his knock, of course."

on until late at night after he has returned to the ministry of war.

Ho lives there, for he is a widower; and his simple room would hardly satisfy some of his lieutenants. He and his friend and companion-at-arms, the duke of Tetuan, minister of war, keep house together. Each has retained his former orderly. One of the soldiers acts as housekeeper for the two generals, and the other serves as cook on occasions when they dine, often with friends, at the ministry. It is said that when their accounts come to be balanced at the end of the month, each protests

Gordon Mackay came in, and here was a mild sensation for these people, who had been living the life of recluses for so long. In his London cut dinner coat, his black tie knotted evenly beneath his aggressively Scotch chin, Mackay was extraordinarily good looking. At sight of his friends he made them a formal bow, and stood still to survey them, even as they were surveying him.

"All in our best plaidies, eh?" was his comment. "Hoots an' ye're a braw sight. . . . I hope you had an easier time dressing than I did. I must have been putting on weight since I came to America—I could hardly get into these things. And I'd forgotten how to tie this sort of tie. Is it right, Mrs. Chase?"

"Quite right, and you're very nice. We all flatter ourselves that we're dressed up, and we've undoubtedly somewhere to go. I don't know when I've been so keen about a party. Do let's be off."

"Off we are. Here's your wrap, Mrs. Chase—Doctor Chase wants to put it on you himself. Yet, thanks, this is mine, Mr. Mackay." Jo held out her arms for the soft loose coat which she was making do duty for the evening. Over the top of it she met his smile and his intent look. There was something very exhilarating about having this evening together. After all the walks and talks in the country out of doors, much as both liked and preferred such settings for their growing acquaintance, it was a new and stimulating experience to be wearing sophisticated evening dress in each other's company and to be going to view each other in the candle flame of the rich man's table. Jo's dusky beauty had never seemed so to gleam, Mackay's rugged comeliness so to assert itself, the bearing of both so unobtrusively to proclaim that here was to be found no new social situation for either. Sally, glancing from one to the other, said to herself that they were really a splendid pair, and that whatever other guests they were to meet that evening, none would be likely more to challenge the interest of all. With the exception of Schuyler himself—for she must except him. She foresaw that he would be not only the guest of honor in fact, he would be the figure which should appeal to the imagination of all who knew his history. There would be none there who didn't know it, she was confident.

The swift drive to the city, slowing gradually as they came into the more crowded streets, was soon over. The car was at the door of the imposing apartment house in the exclusive district in which the Sage Pierponts could feel themselves only appropriately housed. The party was in the private lift, was being shown out of it by an attentive servant, was presently being welcomed by Pierpont in his most expansive manner. Clearly, from the first, he was taking tremendous satisfaction in making a great occasion of it. By his side stood his wife, a tiny figure, gorgeously dressed and pleasantly smiling, but quite overshadowed by her husband.

"Here we are—here we are! Delighted to see you! Mrs. Chase, may I say you're looking marvelous tonight? That color is my favorite. . . . Miss Jenney—my eyes are positively blinded—youth and beauty always have that effect upon them, but never more devastatingly than this evening. . . . Doctor Chase, this is an extraordinary pleasure—and I hope with all my heart we shan't tire you too much—we shan't permit ourselves to do so. . . . Mr. Mackay"—his sharp eyes dwelt with unconcealed gratification upon the punctiliousness of this special guest's attire, which somehow he hadn't quite ven-

tured to expect—"we consider ourselves fortunate to have you with us—indeed we do."

He proceeded to present the other occupants of the room, such as required presenting, to this group who accompanied the guest of honor. There were six of the most prominent men in Schuyler's church—if it could still be called his, as it technically could. Their wives were there—a daughter or two, some younger men who had deeply admired Schuyler in his hey-day—24 in all.

When it was possible Pierpont took Schuyler aside. "Just in," he whispered. "I've sent a trusty messenger, since it was out of the question for me to be in two places at once. May not be here at the beginning, but I'm positive, in time for your purpose. Don't be anxious, will you?—it would be so bad for you."

Schuyler winced at this last phrase, but he put aside as negligible this second unctuous if not intentional stab at his own incapacities. His will was set on the thing he had to accomplish. Literally to him for the time being nothing else mattered.

Presently they went out to dinner. It was such a dinner as the Pierponts of this world order, thoroughly enjoying their power to offer to their guests nothing but the choicest and most costly of food, served upon a table whose appointments and decorations are of themselves a display of wealth. Schuyler and Sally Chase had often before dined here, but they noted tonight a lavishness of entertainment which suggested that Pierpont was attempting to outdo himself.

Schuyler found himself glancing appraisingly at Gordon Mackay. "Will this dazzle him—unsettle him? I hope so—for his own good. Yet—somehow I wonder why I once thought it so important to be in this rich man's good graces!"

The thought steadied him. He felt, for the first time in the years he had known him, independent of Pierpont. Though he was conspiring with him, at the same time he was nearer to despising him. He realized that this was no mood for a conspirator, and shrugged his thin shoulders, smiling whimsically to himself. There could be no questioning of his own purpose, of that he was sure. If ever he had been wholeheartedly attempting to do the big and generous thing, it was now. And if he knew his new self, he was not "dramatizing the situation," as he had confessed to Jo Jenney he had feared he might do, more than was necessary to carry his point. Certainly, as through the fog of his own vision he had viewed himself in his own mirror, while dressing that night, he had looked to himself a sorry figure. Could he dominate the scene, as once he could have been sure of doing? If he could, he understood that it would be partly through that very sorriest.

The dinner proceeded. It was noted by the guests that at Pierpont's right there remained an empty chair, and it remained empty while elaborate courses came and went. No explanation was given of the failure of this belated guest to arrive. But Schuyler Chase often glanced toward that chair—it seemed to him to denote a great and disturbing gap in his plans and their possible handicap if it were not soon filled.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

Q. When was the first horse car operated in this country? F. A. T. A. The first street railway in this country was operated in New York City, 1831-32. The car was a horse car built something like a stage coach and ran from Prince street, Bowery, to Harlem. The New York and Harlem railroad continued a horse car line until 1837. It was the only one in operation until 1852 when charters were granted for the Second, Third, Sixth, and Eighth avenue lines. Boston's first horse car appeared in 1856; that of Philadelphia in 1857.

invitations of his friends, who entertain him and make him drink the headiest of sherries, under the most treacherous of suns.

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Q. How does Trinity college, Cambridge, rank in size? E. N. A. This is the largest college in England.

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By MAE MARTIN



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