

# CHERRY SQUARE

A NEIGHBOURLY NOVEL  
by GRACE S. RICHMOND

"See here, Mrs. O'Grady, why couldn't I take the place of that second maid?"

Norah O'Grady stopped stock still, staring at the face of the young woman before her. It was an interesting face, it indeed possessed actual beauty of a spirited sort, but it was notable rather for a certain sturdy look of will which might be counted on to carry away obstacles. To Norah's mind there certainly was a large obstacle looming in the path of such a proposal as this.

"My heart!" she ejaculated. "Do I be hearin' right? An' you a teacher! But you're jokin' that I know."

She turned away, but Jo's voice pursued her.

"It's vacation," she pointed out. "And I do mean it, Mrs. O'Grady. Why not? I've been wishing for something new to do this summer. I'm anxious to stay in this locality, for certain reasons. So why shouldn't I do this? I saw Mrs. Chase once—in the church where her husband preaches. I could hardly listen to him for looking at her, though I thought he was wonderful—everybody does. But I thought she was more so. I'd like very much to be in her home for a summer."

Mrs. O'Grady was still staring, the current of her work stopped in mid stream. "Are you thinkin' she'll make a companion of you, maybe, because of your bein' a teacher?" she inquired, with a touch of kindly irony. "Beacu she won't—not even her that's the real quality an' so ain't the uppish sort at all. But—they don't. Them as works for 'em they, kapes in their places. They're used to that—they don't think to do no other way, and we can't be blamin' 'em."

"I shouldn't expect her to make a companion of me," insisted Josephine Jenny, rather sternly. "Of course I understand, Mrs. O'Grady. And I shouldn't tell her that I'm a teacher. I shouldn't be a teacher while I'm her second maid, should I? And I do want to do something interesting—and I think this would be interesting. Will you recommend me?"

"What'll my Patsy say, that you've taught all he knows, an' more too?"

"Why, Mrs. O'Grady!" Jo was laughing now, with a gleam in her eyes. "If I've taught Patsy anything, it's that we are all free and equal in this country."

"Free an' equal, is it?" Norah O'Grady seemed about to launch into a fiery tirade on the searing irony of this well worn term, but something in Jo's look halted her. "An' you're serious, Miss Jenney?" she insisted.

"Perfectly seriously. And since you've written Mrs. Chase that you can't find anybody—When did the letter go?"

"Last night."

"Will you catch it with a telegram? 'Have found satisfactory maid on your own terms.' I'll send it, if you like, and pay for it, of course."

When Norah O'Grady had caught her breath, practical details rushed to her mind. She had resumed her work—scrubbing out a pantry—but her thoughts ran free. "Ye'll have to wear what she calls a uniform."

"I know. Black dresses and white aprons. Very attractive."

"And a cap."

For the fraction of a second Jo's assent halted. Then she said undauntedly: "Of course. Most becoming."

"So you don't mind wearin' a uniform? An' a cap?" questioned Norah again, with a sharp look.

"Your Rose wears them."

"Ah, but there's a difference. A trained nurse has her own position. A servant has no position."

"I mean to have one," said Jo Jenney lightly. "I mean to be such an unusual servant—such a fascinating servant—that—"

"They'll be takin' ye into the family," finished the Irishwoman scornfully. "Well, since there's nothin' I can say can hinder ye, I may as well give ye my blessing! An' it's needin' it ye'll be even though ye work for Mrs. Shyler Wendell Chase. That's the name on the card she give me, with her address. An' it's lucky I'm carryin' it around in me pocket. Handy for them as sends her tillygrams hirin' thimselfes out to her."

She fished in the pocket of her red petticoat, brought out a much rumpled calling card, and handed it somewhat proudly to Jo.

"Mrs. Schuyler Wendell Chase," read the name, and Jo smiled as she scanned it. Many times she had read it, in the columns of the Sunday edition of the great city daily, which she always bought at the village newsstand for the myriad marvellous contacts it gave her, if only by the printed page.

"I'm going now, to send the message and buy my uniforms," she said.

"I think—I know—Mrs. Chase said she furnishes thim herself."

Jo shook her head. "I shall furnish one myself, to begin with," she said, "so I can be sure I look the way I want to when she sees me."

Her hand was on the door-latch, but Mrs. Norah O'Grady had the last word, as always. "Ye may as well have that satisfaction for once. After that, ye'll look the way she wants you to," she said sternly.

But when Jo Jenney had gone, Norah smiled contentedly to herself. "There's plinty work before her," she said. "But I like to see thim a bit darin'. It ain't too interestin' a world, at that."

(From Josephine Jenney's Notebook)

Bought a new note book, the old one not having a blank page left. Must keep notes of this new experience. Invaluable sometime, perhaps. Notes will be staccato ones—shall not have time to draw them out into linkee sweetness. But mustn't miss setting down enough to record impressions of J. J. as servant! Boasted to Mrs. O'Grady I could be a fascinating one. Large order!

Put on my uniform ust, now and surveyed myself in my two by one mirror. Well—really! I almost faltered. To be sure, it's rather becoming. If it could be of block taffeta, with very short skirt, sheer silk stockings, and a tiny lace cap with long streamers, musical comedy style, I'd actually enjoy it. But in dark blue linen, even though it fits well, with immaculate linen collar and cuffs, and a cap which is almost knowing, I do feel rather odd—and ridiculously demure. But I'm in for it, and not retreating.

II

"Schuyler! What a send off! It looks like the stateroom of a popular debutante."

Dr. Schuyler Wendell Chase drew his wife Sally inside the door and closed it. "Never mind what it looks like," he said. "I'll soon have most of it distributed in the steerage. The thing that comes over me just now is that you're not going with me."

(TO BE CONTINUED)

Q. What is the full title of the king of England? M. A. L.

A. The king's title was changed as a result of recommendation of the Imperial conference of 1926 following the establishment of the Irish Free state. The title now is "George V by the Grace of God, of Great Britain and Ireland and the British dominions beyond the seas, King, Defender of the Faith, Emperor of India." The proclamation announcing the new title also gave the Latin rendering—"Georgius V, Dei Gratia magnae Britanniae, Hiberniae et terrarum transmarinarum quae in ditiois sunt, Britanniae, Fidei Defensor, Indiae Imperator."

His Troubles.

From Life.  
Terry—What are you looking so bored and mournful about?  
Jerry—Some friends of my wife's are planning a pleasant surprise for me tonight.

Novelist Sinclair Lewis is in a New York sanitarium as a result of overwork. These Main Street people, forsaking the easy life of rural endeavors, find it very laborious when they are compelled to go to the city and look up at the tall buildings.—Kansas City Post.

## Small Wonder Charge Made Her Indignant

Mayor Thompson of Chicago, congratulated on the 65 per cent crime reduction that he effected in three months, laughed and answered:

"Why, boy, it's enough to make us all as conceited as the film star, isn't it?"

"A millionaire, you know, married a film star, and he found he could never drag her away from the looking glass. There she'd sit, hour after hour, day after day, looking at herself. 'Gosh,' he said one night, 'stop looking at yourself, for goodness' sake. If I was as conceited as you are I'd—'"

"But the film star interrupted him. 'I'm not conceited!' she shrieked. 'Me conceited! Why, I don't think I'm half as beautiful as I really am.'"  
—Detroit Free Press.

## Less and Less

Mrs. Christine Frederick of New York, author of the epigram, "The woman of today is no longer a cook, she's a can-opener," was talking about modern fashions.

"We older people complain about them," she said, "and yet we have less and less to complain about every year. Where it's going to stop—"

Mrs. Frederick shrugged, then she continued:

"A young girl went into her mother's bedroom the other evening and growled:

"I'm dining downtown tonight, and I can't find my new dinner gown anywhere."

"Look again, dear," her mother said. "Maybe you've got it on."

## New Jail

Ralph Clark, age six, accompanied his father to Indianapolis recently. They entered the city on Road 31 and were driving along the canal toward Meridian street.

The steel frame of one of the new buildings at Fairview attracted Ralph's attention and he said to his father: "Look, daddy! I guess they are building a new jail. It takes a big one for Indianapolis, don't it, dad?"—Indianapolis News.

## No Such Combination

"I want a servant girl who is honest, sober, industrious, and neat." "Then, madam, you had better take four."

Silence is a friend who never betrays.

## Cheerful Outlook

Father—"How many times have you flunked in your exams?" Son—"Tomorrow will be the fourth time."

Courage and faith are akin.

# If you smoke for pleasure



People might smoke some cigarettes for a lot of queer reasons, but they certainly smoke Camels for pleasure. And they smoke more Camels by billions.

# Camels

"I'd walk a mile for a Camel"

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## Here's Safe Checker Tip

An electrically magnetized board had steel-based checkers is the new feature of the old game to prevent the checkers dropping off should the board be tipped over.

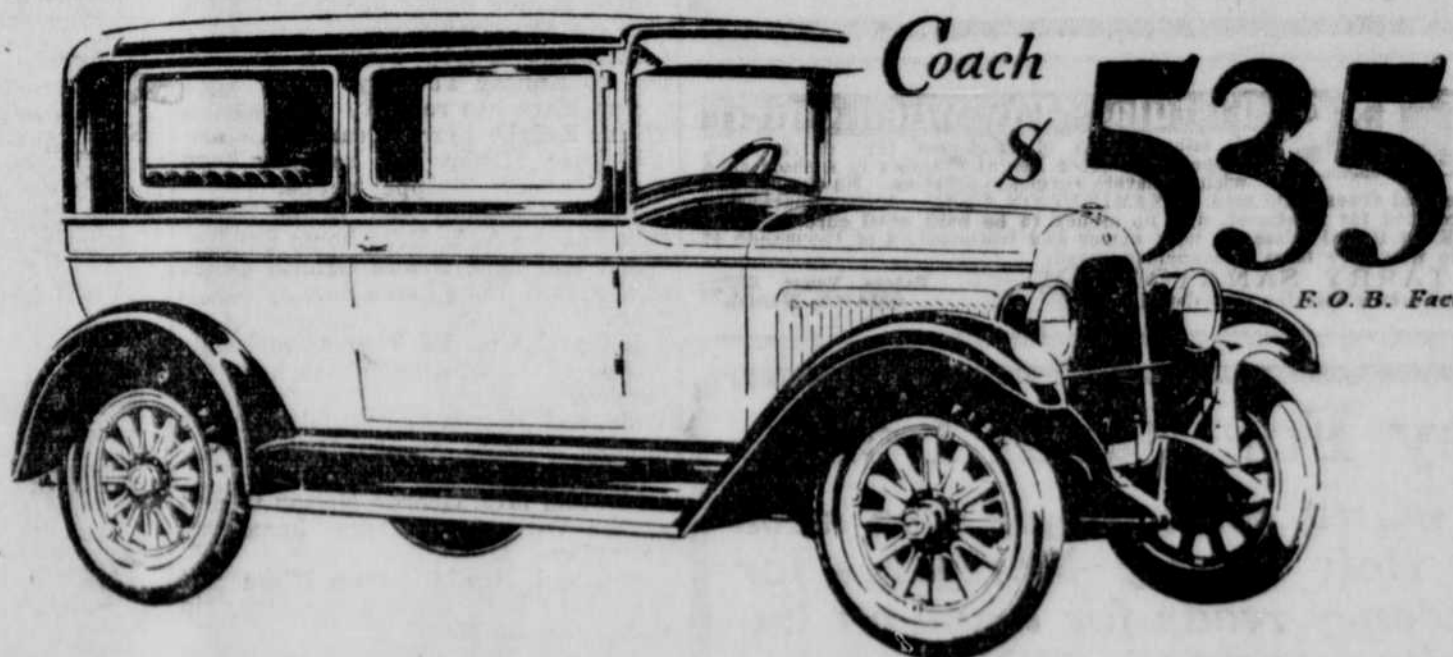
## Modern Miracle

"What rent do you pay?" "I don't pay it." "What would it be if you did pay it?" "A miracle."

Good thinking beats bad doing.

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**THE DAIRY INDUSTRY**  
The south's best medium for dispersing farming lies in the dairy industry, asserts J. L. Kraft of Chicago, head of the cheese company.

The company is opening three modern factories in the south, where cheese factories are virtually unknown.

The plants will be at Dyersburg, Tenn.; Durant, Miss., and Louisville, Miss. Others will be established as the industry grows, Kraft says.

Francis IV of France was assassinated by a fanatical priest named Raville.