

CHERRY SQUARE

A NEIGHBOURLY NOVEL
by GRACE S. RICHMOND

He set three baskets of flowers, five hampers of fruit, and a package of books and magazines out of the way, so that he and Sally could sit down. He hadn't taken the trouble to scan the accompanying cards; he knew well enough which of his parishers were likely to have demonstrated their regret at parting and their good wishes for the voyage in this marked way. That largest basket with the biggest bow of ribbon was sure to be from Miss Alder, and the hint of a frown between his handsome eyebrows suggested her clergyman's distaste. To the credit of Doctor Chase he didn't much enjoy the conspicuous worship of women, but there seemed no way to avoid it wholly. At 42 he was still so young, so good looking, and withal so unquestionably able, that his popularity was a thing which followed as the dust the chariot.

"Just throw a kiss at the places we've been together," commanded Sally, "as you pass by. And when you come to Nice—"

"When I come to Nice," promised Schuyler Chase, "I'll write you such a letter as you've never had yet. Sally, I wouldn't go without you, if—"

"If I didn't make you. Yes, I know that. Well, I am making you because you need to get away, not only from the church and its Miss Adlers and Mrs. Brabants and the other devotees, but from me, myself."

He smiled. "I know you think so, and probably you're right. You usually are. The converse of that statement must be equally true—or more so. And you're a trump about it. But I'll be so eager to get back to you I'll probably jump off the ship and swim out to meet you, Schuy," she promised him.

Except for a long minute which they spent in each other's arms, that was all the real leave taking they could indulge in. Almost at once the stateroom was besieged by the bearers of more flowers, more fruit, more sheaves of magazines. A great bundle of letters and telegrams was brought to Doctor Chase. A group of people came down to see the quarters of the three clergymen who were to occupy the commodious stateroom together. The other two clergymen summoned Schuyler Chase back to the deck to receive the hails and farewells of a large delegation of men from his church—much larger than those from their own churches, though they were well known, too. Altogether—

"It's enough to spoil him," said one friend to another, watching the scene. He was not a devotee—his head was too level.

The other nodded. He also had a level head. "He carries it very well, but he's only human, and I sometimes think he shows the strain of trying not to seem spoiled. If it weren't for that sensible, charming wife of his—Look at her now. Flat as a pancake, she'll never frown her head, and she won't let it turn his. It would be a fool who could look her in the eye and say, 'See how popular I am.' She'd laugh at him. I presume she laughs at Chase just often enough to keep his brain cool."

Sally Chase, looking fresh and fit in her street clothes, was standing by her husband in the midst of the group which surrounded him.

"What shall we do without him so many months!" sighed one large woman, elegantly turned out and obviously sentimental. Mrs. Schuyler Chase showed her a smiling face.

"Extremely well, I know, Mrs. Brabant," she said. "And think how he needs to do without us for a time."

"My dear! . . . But I know

he must be fearfully tired. I've thought he's looked so worn these last few weeks. His face is more beautiful than ever, though his weariness. More saint like—I could have wept to look at him last Sunday, when he said goodbye to us. I felt at first I couldn't come down to see him off, then I thought—we must be with him to the last—make him feel he's taking us with him."

"Heaven forbid!" thought Sally Chase. Mrs. Brabant was one of her pet aversions, anyway; and just now she seemed rather more absurd than usual. "My idea is to have him feel he isn't taking us with him," Schuyler Chase's wife couldn't resist sounding this note again. "Every man, particularly every minister, needs to get away from the thought of his parish for a while. Never mind"—she was aware of Mrs. Brabant's growing indignation—"he'll be as delighted to come back as he is to go."

"You ought to be going with him, Mrs. Chase," put in another woman, a tall, thin person with a pointed nose, who had been listening with unmixed pleasure to Mrs. Brabant's little discomfiture at the hands of the minister's wife. "Of course you would be, if it weren't for the dear children."

"I'm sure I shouldn't, really, Mrs. Crosby," declared Sally. "I believe so thoroughly in sending husbands off on vacations, as well as ministers."

They were used to their minister's wife, and knew her to be kind—as well as frank. She was the happy possessor of so much personal charm that she seldom really offended. They watched her now, with peculiar interest mixed with envy. It must be very wonderful, thought these admiring ones, to be the wife of such a husband; no wonder she could be gay. Though how she could be gay today was difficult to see. Wasn't she losing—him?

After all, and in spite of the too zealous ones, it was a pleasant scene. Tall Schuyler Chase, slender and elegant in clothes unclerical, his heavy chestnut hair smooth and gleaming under the May sunlight, his beautifully cut lips parting over a flash of white teeth as he sent to one and another his quick witted replies and retorts, was a figure to command attention. Only his wife was likely to note the slight twitch in the upper lip, the tiny involuntary jerk of the comely head which to her betrayed her husband's tension. He was always taut under any publicity—how well she knew that! And he was tired from the long strain of the year's work—tired and thin, and of late nearly sleepless. It was time he got away.

Preaching to such audiences as he commanded meant that he went into his pulpit strung to the highest pitch. Though his pulpit manner was so poised and natural that he seemed to be absolutely at his ease. Sally knew it to be the result of the sternest self control. And when he chose to exercise that peculiar attraction of his, which fairly compelled many of his hearers to his point of view by its own all but hypnotic power, he did it always at a cost. There was such prodigal expense of nerve and sinew that afterward—an hour afterward—when she saw him at home, he was limp and pallid, and the touch of his hand was coldly damp. All the spring he had been showing what seemed to her a more than normal exhaustion after each public appearance. Yes, it was time he got away, even from her, upon whom he depended for help in restoring his balance when it had been upset in a way no member of his great congregations even dreamed of. His physician, Dr. Richard Fiske, to whom he now and then

applied, when his occasional spells of insomnia became too frequent, understood this clearly.

Yes, Sally was glad to see him go, though when the moment of parting came she felt the wrench poignantly, as she had known she would. People crowding round left her the chance only for the brief clasp and kiss permitted to good taste even in ship-board farewells, but she felt that Schuyler hated leaving her, and that was all she needed to be sure of. Their eyes clung for a moment as they drew apart, and Schuyler murmured: "God keep you, dear." She nodded, smiling her most splendid smile. Then she was rushed off the ship by a friendly pillar of the church who especially admired Mrs. Schuyler Chase, and who took her in charge with a distinct thrill of pleasure in his mature breast. From the pier she waved back at Schuyler until his face was lost in the dimming blue of distance, then turned with Mr. Pierpont and hurried back to her car, into which he put her in his most gallant manner.

"Yes, I suppose the country is the best place for you and the children," he said, leaning in at the window of her motor, his striking iron gray head bare in the May sunshine. "But we shall miss you from the Manse. Where did you say you were going? Cherry Hills? Cherry trees there, so some long established family, to give it the name?"

"My mother's family, Mr. Pierpont. My aunt—Mother's sister—left the old place to me; I used to visit there with the greatest joy when I was a girl."

"You still look like one, Mrs. Chase." His admiring gaze rested upon Sally's fair coloring and the exquisite texture of her skin. "You'll merely be the oldest of your children as they romp about the country. I hope you have saddle horses there?"

"I shall find some. I mean to spend much time with the children, as you suggest. Life in the Manse doesn't leave me many hours for them, and they're growing so fast."

"Forget all the organizations and the complications of the city, parish," he advised. "They're harder on the minister's family than most people guess. You've been an ideal wife for your genius of a husband—you've earned a vacation, too. See that you take it, if you want us who are devoted to you both to be satisfied."

Sally's eyes responded to this pleasant little speech, and she gave back the friendly pressure of the hand offered her—that of a magnate in worldly affairs who found much time to give to the church as well.

"When you come motoring through Cherry Hills with Mrs. Pierpont this summer, be sure to look us up. Or are you going abroad?"

"My wife and daughters probably will, as usual. Not I—I can't get my rest that way. I'll be glad to hunt up Cherry Hills and pay you a call. The name sounds enticing."

"It's really quite lovely there. We'll expect you."

She looked after his erect, massive figure as he turned away, hat still in his hand, and thought gleefully how good it was going to be to escape for a time from all these familiar contacts, full of kindness though they were. Not to have to be thoughtful of consequences over every smallest word or deed; not to have to consider each step she took, to give her time when she had none to spare, her smiles when she felt like frowning, her advice when she knew she needed it more than those who came to confide in her. She would be off for the country as fast as she could finish the packing and go! She had not meant to leave till tomorrow—she would speed things up and get away tonight. Plenty of time—the ship had sailed at 10 o'clock in the morning. With Schuyler gone the dignified dark walls of the Manse would be gloomy enough; she would forsake them before the sunset.

It took all her executive ability to accomplish this plan—she was famous for that in the parish, and could rush a group of women through a business meeting with as little loss of time as is possible when there are several divergent opinions and the will to speak them. She telephoned Norah O'Grady first of all, and though she got back a somewhat flurried: "I'll be doin' the best I can, Mrs. Chase, an' I'll be ready someways," she turned away with a sense of being already almost at her goal.

"Just have the beds made, and some sandwiches and milk," she had directed, and had smiled to realize that she was already comfortably letting down in her requirements. The Manse had to be ready for visitors at any moment of the day, almost of the night; at Cherry house she meant to be as vagabond as a fastidious preference for order would permit.

And she was taking nobody with her except the children and the servants. . . . Blessed, glorious vacation!

(From the Josephine Jenney's Note-Book)

Made dash to see Julian. Told him of coming adventure. He went straight up into the air.

"No! My Lord, no! Jo, you can't—shan't! I won't have it!"

"Yes, you will, dear. It's exactly the thing. I'm wildly excited about it. I'll write you all sorts of funny letters—you'll love getting them."

"I'll hate them! I tell you I won't have it! Stop itstop the thing! Oh, Jo!"

Got him quieted and fairly reasonable at last. Left him with his head in his hands—tragic Julian! . . . But he'll see how wise a plan it is, presently. No other would keep me in Cherry Hills, where I need to be.

III

Jimmy, run tell Miss Jenney to come over quick as she can be makin' it. The family'll be here this night, an' there's tow days' work to do in less than wan. Hurry, Jimmy!"

Jo came flying. "What first, Mrs. O'Grady?"

"The upstairs rooms. Hang up the curtains—praises be they're fresh from me hands. Make up all the beds—there's the sheets an' blankets an' pillys in this big box that come yesterday. Tuck 'em in tight an' smooth—"

"I know, I will."

"Two thin blankets on each bed, an' a silk puff (she calls 'em) on the foot of each wan to match the room. Towels in the bathroom. Ivory room lookin' like it was new born. The big room at the back'll be Mrs. Chase's—she wint over the house with me an' showed me ivery wan—an' knowin' 'em all like a book, what with washin' an' clanin' for Miss Eldora Cherry for twenty years. The west room with the two beds for Master Bob—mind you be sayin' Master Bob, Miss Jenney."

"And you might as well begin calling me Josephine, Mrs. O'Grady."

"Howiver'll I be doin' that! Faith, thin—Josephine—listen to this—the east room for Miss Barbara an' the one nixt the bathroom for the nure an' baby. There's a crib Mrs. Chase sint up, an' you'll find pink baby blankets for it. I'll be in the kitchen if ye made me. I've got to get ivery pot an' pan scoured for that cook—an' I hope she's a swate, r'asonable person, for I mind there'll be plenty of company. Mrs. Chase told me she wasn't havin' no company, but I know her. Flies folls the sugar, an' she can't kape folks away from her. If her two cousins, the Sturgises, don't be showin' us the light o' their countenances before the wake is gone, my name ain't Norah O'Grady."

She vanished down the back stairs, still talking.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

Fire alarms newly installed in Edinburgh (England) streets work on the loud-speaker principle. Once the glass is broken it is only necessary to call into the instrument.

On a Diet.

From Answers.

Steno to impudent office boy: Well, what's on your little, narrow mind now?

Boy: You always make me think of Friday.

Steno: And why?

Boy: No meat.

Q. What is the derivation of the word ambition? D. W.

A. This word comes from the Latin ambitio which meant a going around, especially of candidates for office in Rome, to solicit votes. Hence a desire for office or honor.

Pet Crow Has Repaid Man for Saving Life

This is the story of a crow who braved the frigid winter of the mountains near where Rip Van Winkle was awakened by the echoes of distant bowling. It is a story of a crow befriended by man and, in turn, man's friend and companion.

There was commotion in the field, for there was an argument in crow circles, says Nature Magazine. A young fellow was being ruthlessly pecked by his confreres, for what reason the crows only knew. John West arrived in time and rescued the youngster, nearly dead, carried him to his barn and fed and nursed him back to health. He christened him Jack and he became a fully accredited member of the family.

Jack became a home-loving crow, wandering about the house and repaying the hospitality with a never-failing originality of tricks. He liked motoring, traveling perched on the roof of the car, and in payment for his rides declared war on marauding crows and drove them from the corn.

Worked and Prayed!

The young negro who was picked up off Cape Hatteras after drifting ten days in a small launch preached about the shortest sermon known on the favorite text of many preachers: "Faith without works." To inquiries as to how he passed his time, he replied: "I was pretty busy praying and pumping."

A fish diet does not make the fish bright. They are rather stupid and look it.

A man's temper improves the more he doesn't use it.

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Prescription He Wrote in 1892 is the World's Most Popular Laxative

When Dr. Caldwell started to practice medicine, back in 1875, the needs for a laxative were not as great as they are today. People lived normal, quiet lives, ate plain, wholesome food, and got plenty of fresh air and sunshine. But even that early there were drastic physics and purges for the relief of constipation which Dr. Caldwell did not believe were good for human beings to put into their system. So he wrote a prescription for a laxative to be used by his patients.

The prescription for constipation that he used early in his practice, and which he put in drug stores in 1892 under the name of Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin, is a liquid vegetable remedy, intended for women, children and elderly people, and they need just such a mild, safe, gentle bowel stimulant as Syrup Pepsin.

Under successful management this prescription has proven its worth and is now the largest selling liquid laxative in the world. The fact that millions of bottles are used a year proves that it has won the confidence of people who needed it to get relief from headaches, biliousness, flatulence, indigestion, loss of appetite and sleep, bad breath, dyspepsia, colds and fevers.

Millions of families are now never without Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin, and if you will once start using it you

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By Taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound

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.



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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CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS

move the bowels free from pain and unpleasant after effects. They relieve the system of constipation poisons which many times cause a sour and acid condition in the system. Remember they are a doctor's prescription and can be given with absolute confidence to anybody. All Druggists 25c and 75c Red Packages.

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Ship Your HIDES, PELTS WOOL and FURS

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Anybody wanting to Buy, Sell, Trade, No matter where located, write for Dickey's Real Estate Adv. Bulletin, Logan, Kansas.

NATIVE BLACK HILLS EVERGREENS AT reasonable prices for spring delivery. M. B. HARRISON, Deerfield, S. Dak.

Are You Listening In?

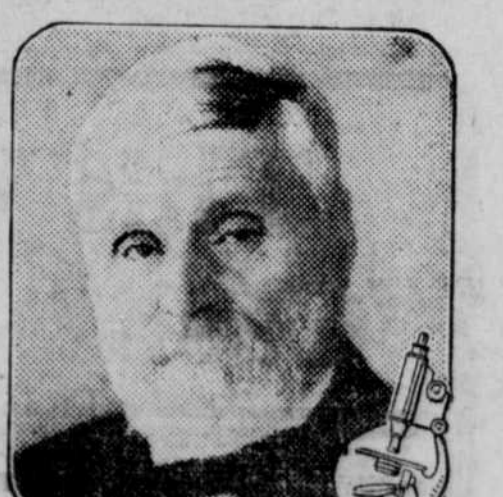
The SUNSET-DYINTT Singers are broadcasting a program of original songs, duets and quartets over Columbia National Radio Stations at 6:30 p. m. every Thursday (Eastern time) beginning Thursday, March 8, 1934. Prize contest for listeners of SUNSET-DYINTT is now in full swing. Prizes announced at each broadcasting from 15 Radio Stations.

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Wherever there is a human being there is an opportunity for kindness.—Seneca.



J. B. Caldwell M.D. AT AGE 83

will also always have a bottle handy for emergencies.

It is particularly pleasing to know that the most of it is bought by mothers for themselves and the children, though Syrup Pepsin is just as valuable for elderly people. All drug stores have the generous bottles.

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Rid yourself of "creeping" illness. Put your body in trim by cleaning up your blood from the slow down poisons poured into it by inactive kidneys, liver and bowels. You may rely upon the famous old Dutch National Household Remedy—in use since 1696. The original and genuine.

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HAARLEM OIL

Accept no imitations. All Druggists. Three Shells.

No Verbatims in News.

Pro mthe Wichita Beacon.

"Hello, is this the reporter?"

"This is one of the reporters."

"Well, I want the reporter who writes the articles for the paper."

"Are you the reporter who puts in all those articles?"

"I'm one of them. What can I do for you?"

"Well, I want to put an article in the paper. Have you got your pencil ready?"

"Yes, I'm all ready."

"Well, here it is. Take it down just as I give it to you. Mrs. J. J. Whizgiz, W-H-U-2-Z-Z-I-S, and her charming and talented daughter,

Euphrasia, will leave their palatial home, 9999 West Thirty Eighth street, today for a motor trip through the East, where they will visit her Aunt Lucy in the metropolis of New York City. She has a fine home there and is very rich. These two prominent Wichita ladies will return in three months to their mansion. Now read that back to me."

"I just took down notes. I didn't take it verbatim."

"I didn't want it verbatim. I wanted you to take it the way I read it. That's the way I want it in the paper."

"I'll put it in with all the facts

correct."

"That ain't the idea. I want it put in the way I gave it to you, if I have to pay for it. How much will I have to pay to get it put in the way I gave it to you?"

"You'll have to talk to the advertising department about that."

"Well, I'll take it to the other paper. I never was so insulted in my life."

Q. How is borax formed? P. B.

A. Borax is an inorganic salt and is native where found. It is a crystalline compound and the borax of commerce is secured by refining the crude product.