

## CHERRY SQUARE

A NEIGHBOURLY NOVEL  
by GRACE S. RICHMOND

Jo fell to work. There was nothing she liked to do in the way of housework better than the making of beds. It was a long time since she had had in her hands such material with which to make beds as these sheets and blankets which came out of the big packing case. In the large, airy rooms, with all windows open, she shook out the paired sheets of exquisitely fine linen, all hemstitched by hand, each top sheet with a monogram—S. C. C. The blankets were soft and light, of summer weight, with pale colored borders bound with silk. As Jo tucked in her sheets, drawing them smooth and firm, she was enjoying to the full her own expertness and its results. Also—she was living over again certain past days. As she left each room she looked about it happily, delightful in its old fashioned charm.

And soon the silent old house would be teeming with life children's voices would resound through it; and the beautiful person in the pew Jo had once watched throughout a church service because she was the wife of the splendid person in the pulpit, would be here to become a friend—for this Jo expected her to do. She knew very well that though she was taking the place of a servant, it was easily in her power to make herself known and liked by Mrs. Schuyler Chase otherwise than as servant.

Downstairs she helped Norah lay the table in the pleasant dining room, whose windows looked out upon the rear lawn and garden, where Norah's Jimmy was frantically weeding and trimming in the last minute endeavor to have everything about the place look tended. The lunch cloths and napkins and silver for the table had come out of the packing case, but the china was old blue-and-white Canton from the shelves in the corner cupboards.

"I don't know much about sandwiches," Norah said doubtfully, pushing her hair out of her eyes with her forearm, as she eyed the loaves of bread and the pots and jars of filling material hastily ordered from the grocery, all of which had been deposited upon the scrubbed kitchen table. "I do—I'll make them, if you like," offered Jo. She could guess what Norah's sandwiches would be if she attempted them—big hearty slabs fit for a labourer's fist. "I love to make them—nice, thin little things, several different kinds."

"Do them, now, with my blessing," said Jo. "There were innumerable matters to see to—ice for the ice box fresh milk from a dairy farm a mile out; wood for the fireplaces—'She'll have 'em all gone when it's cool.'" Norah was sure. Flowers for the table—"She wouldn't think she could eat without flowers." Jo ran out to pick pink and yellow and orange tulips from the straggling borders of the old garden. She arranged them not only upon the dining table but in the square parlor and upon the bureau in Mr. Chase's room. She would have lingered over this task but Norah spurred her on.

"They'll be here any minute now. Best get on the uniform," she commanded. "She'll like ye better if she sees ye lookin' the way she's used to."

When Jo appeared Norah looked her over. "Dark blue, not black," she commented. "Sure it looks nice, if she'll let ye wear it. An' the apron's nice, an' the cap is that becoming!" Ye looks like a servant—an' ye don't! Are ye sure ye know the ways of sp'akin'?" They're very partic'lar about that, I know."

"I think I can manage it," Josephine Jenny, a gay sparkler

in her eyes. "And I'm glad you think I look nice, Norah, for I'm really—now that it comes to it—just a little scared."

Norah eyed her alarmedly. "Sure, and I was feared maybe ye'd be regrettin' your rashness," said she. "Yerself a teacher an' all—an' then comin' down to bein' what they call a maid, in a uniform."

"But I don't regret it. You see, I want so much to be with the sort of people these are. And I don't mind waitin' on them. I should mind waitin' on well—the Gildersleeves—or the Broughtons."

Norah understood. "Ye would mind. I'll not scrub their floors. They think themselves the upper crust—an' they're not. They treat their help like the dust ben'ayth them. They're nobody at all, an' ye'll see how they'll bend their backs bowin' to Mrs. Schuyler Chase, because they know she's somebody. They was that way to old Miss Cherry—an' she takin' no notice of them, though she was that polite to them you'd have thought she like them. But I know she didn't. Who could? They'd not notice me when they met me on the street. Miss Cherry'd turn aside to spake to me—an' if the Gildersleeves was lookin' on she'd turn 'way round to do it. She—The saints an' all!"

The telephone, recently installed according to orders, was ringing.

"That's thim. Run, Miss Jenny! They're on their way."

Jo ran, calling back, "I'm Josephine—don't forget that!" And then answering demurely—"This is Cherry House."

A voice which by contrast with Norah O'Grady's strident tones sounded peculiarly pleasant to Jo's ears, replied "This is Mrs. Chase. We are expecting to reach Cherry Hills in half an hour. Can you tell me if Mrs. O'Grady has the house ready for us?"

"Yes, Mrs. Chase. Everything is ready."

"There'll be eight of us, so I hope there are plenty of sandwiches. Please tell Mrs. O'Grady to make some coffee. We're bringing fruit. I should like to have small fires in all the fireplaces. I think that's all, and you may expect us by seven."

"Yes, Mrs. Chase." "Ye sound like ye look," was Norah's comment. "I'm thinkin' ye'll do. Coffee, is it? An' eight people. There's herself an' three children—an' the nurse—an' the cook. That's six. An' she drives herself. Who's the other two? I told ye there'd be company!"

In less than the half hour the car in—a big, shining, car full of people and luggage, with Sally Chase's capable gauntleted hand at the wheel. It was closely followed by another—a high powered roadster driven by a bare headed, fair haired young man whose face was deeply tanned. With him was a girl. But Jo had no eyes just then for anybody but Mrs. Chase—her mistress! She was tingling from head to foot with the strange sensation of being actually in the employ of this lovely young woman, in the capacity of a servant. Had she done wisely? Somehow the aspect of the whole party slightly daunted her, it looked so disturbingly sophisticated even in its careless traveling clothes. And the middle aged woman on the back seat, who must be the cook, seemed, with her solemn face and austere black, decidedly formidable as the fellow servant she was to be. Could Josephine Jenny really bring herself to play her part as it must be played?

"Run and help with the stuff!" Norah O'Grady had commanded under her breath, and Jo obeyed. Mrs. Chase, sliding out from the driver's

genuine mental brilliance, need not look outside for his thrills. Conversely, the boy who finds himself "bored with life" among the myriad avenues of mental adventure which the university curriculum opens to him, is as out of place in the university as an accordion player in a symphony orchestra.

We are asked to believe that one of these boys has the making of a gifted poet, the other the makings of a gifted artist. We have seen some of the pictures and some of the poetry produced by the pair. For the one who aspires to fame in the field of pictorial art, there is perhaps a chance that he

seat, gave her a quick, comprehensive glance.

"Are you Josephine? How nice that you could be here from the first minute! Please take those bags and that hamper. This is Mrs. Lawson, our cook, and Mary, the children's nurse—Josephine. And these are Bob and Barbara and little Schuyler. Is he fast asleep, Mary? That's great. We'll pop him into his crib and he mayn't wake till morning. Oh, and there's Mrs. O'Grady!"

There followed a busy half hour. Sally Chase, herself, reminded her new maid of a child in spite of her competent way of setting the machinery of the house running. Between agreeably given orders to her force she could be heard here and there exclaiming over the various details of the house itself, the briskly burning fires, the view from the windows, the rows of pink and white peonies budding in the garden. The young man and the girl who had leisurely followed the party into the house could also be heard laughing at her; and later, when Sally and her cousins—for so they proved to be—were consuming sandwiches with young Bob and Barbara, and Jo was serving coffee to the elders and milk to the children, the chaffing was still going on.

Jo understood perfectly that demureness in a maid is the first requisite, so she went about with downcast eyes and a composed face. But she was able to note that the man cousin was a gay, attractive youth, full of spirits, and that the girl was quite his opposite, being a languid creature, either temperamental or selection, with smooth dark hair which lay in perfect waves about her white brow, and who seemed to frown more than she smiled. Nobody except Mrs. Chase gave the quiet maid a look, except once when five-year-old Barbara dropped half an oozy chicken sandwich upon the floor, and Jo hastened to pick it up and to wipe with a fresh napkin the stain from the child's dress. Then little Barbara stared up into her face and said, smiling at her: "You look like Miss Burnett."

At which everybody smiled also, and the young man, with a quick look at Jo, said with a chuckle—"That's a compliment for somebody."

"Miss Burnett is one of Barbara's favorite friends," explained Mrs. Chase, at which Jo herself smiled, but knew better than to make reply. As a matter of fact, she had been saying to herself ever since she had seen these people come in that she must never for a moment forget her position. It would take very careful remembering not to be betrayed into speaking as she would not be expected to speak, or showing in some unexpected way that she was more accustomed to giving directions than to receiving them.

The children were sent away to bed the moment they finished eating, but the others lingered in the dining room, both the guests smoking over their coffee, while Mrs. Chase sat making lists of things to be ordered. Jo, waiting in the butler's pantry close by, as Norah had told her to do, could hear the talk.

"You'll be buried alive, Sally, in this dead little spot," prophesied Bradley Sturgis.

"I came here to be buried alive," retorted Sally Chase. "I was on the point of being buried dead in the city parish, there was so much to do. Here, without a responsibility outside of my family, I shall become more and more alive. So I shall be able to resurrect myself with no trouble at all when Schuyler comes home in October."

And she returned to her lists. It was at this point that her other cousin, Adelaide Sturgis, began to speak. She had said practically nothing since she had come in at the door; had nibbled two of the delicate sandwiches, had drunk thirstily two cups of coffee, and had smoked three slim cigarettes from her own chaste case.

may make a living at it some day, provided he spends many long hours in practice. And it looks as though he may soon have opportunity to do so in the seclusion of the St. Cloud reformatory.

But of the other, he who would serve the Muses Euterpe and Erato—the likelihood that he will ever be able to write poetry, to judge from the samples at hand is at least no greater than the likelihood that George H. Remus will be elected head of the Anti-Saloon league.

We are asked to believe also, and this time by the paired students themselves, that sentences of penal servitude, if now imposed, will ruin two

"Sally," said Adelaide, in the low slow voice which seemed to be an acquired art, since few normal young women are able so to control their desires to give expression to their thoughts, "will you let me stay here with you? I've been upstairs and picked out the room I want. Nobody seems to be going to use it."

Sally looked up, startled. "You stay, Laide? Why? Why should you want to?"

Bradley threw back his fair head and laughed consumedly. "There you have it in a nutshell," he said. "There eager guest, the reluctant hostess. Of course she doesn't want you, Laide."

"But—my dear," went on Sally, "this is no place for you. As Brad has said, it's the sleepiest little town imaginable. Unless, of course, you had somebody coming out to see you all the time, and—frankly—"

"I should'n't have much of anybody," promised Miss Sturgis. "I'm tired to death of people. I want to stay quietly in the country and get back my complexion. I'll not bother you—if you won't object to having my breakfasts sent up."

She sat looking at her cousin, her eyes half closed between her heavy lashes, her long, thin form yielding pliantly to the high backed dining chair in which she sat, her slender knees crossed, one foot swinging lightly. Sally sat looking back at her. Bradley, still grinning, watched them both.

"Don't take her, Sal, if you don't want to," he advised. "She says she won't have anybody coming out to see her. She can't keep 'em away and she's too lazy to try. Ye don't want a yawning, stretching pussy cat like her always on your hearth. You want a nice friendly barking dog like me, to gambol about the lawns and keep you jolly. Let me stay. You need a man in the house."

"I'll have neither of you. I came here to be as lonely as I like—and I like to be very lonely."

Sally was smiling, but her tone showed she meant it. Once more she returned to her lists. Then she got up and came out into the pantry where Jo waited. She stood still and looked at Jo, as if she found something about her to challenge the attention. Jo found her heart quickened a beat, so much depended upon having Mrs. Chase like her. In a moment more she actually had the assurance that she had made a favorable impression in this strange new role.

"I think you are going to be very nice to have about, Josephine," said Mrs. Chase in her charmingly straightforward way. "One can always tell very quickly, you know, whether one is going to like other people. If you have half as pleasant an impression of us, I know we shall get on beautifully."

"Thank you, Mrs. Chase," said Jo, and gave back the friendly smile. There was nothing patronizing about Sally Chase, or Jo would have felt it instantly, being keyed high at this critical hour. And the fact that the new maid let her reply go at that, and didn't add, as the ordinary housemaid would—"I'm sure I hope to please you, ma'am," made her new mistress feel certain of being pleased. But she was becoming even more certain that Josephine wasn't just the ordinary servant.

"I think you've never done this before, my dear," Mrs. Schuyler Chase said to herself, with conviction. "Such a beautiful, high bred face, such a delightful voice and intonation. However, as a maid for whom Norah O'Grady vouches, I must accept you and be thankful."

(TO BE CONTINUED)

### Fish Story.

Everybody's Weekly. "I think the fellow you married, is a fine looking fellow."

"Yes, but you should have seen the one who got away."

Q. What kind of material did the Egyptians use for wrapping their mummies? E. P. A. They used linen bandages about six inches wide.

Inattentive From The Chicago News Suddenly a cloud seemed to overcast the bride's features and with an anxious note in his voice the groom asked what was wrong.

"What is it?" he cried, tremendously perturbed. "Why are you sobbing like that?"

"Be-be because you are growin' cold towards me. You don't love me any more."

"Oh, my dear," he wailed, "how could you say that?"

"Well," she said, "I saw you look out of the window twice."

## WEALTHY DRIVE FRENCH OUT OF NICE, COMPLAIN

Nice, France (UP)—"This delightful winter resort, the capital of the Cote d'Azur, is inhabitable now only by American millionaires and their staffs of servants," said Jean Perrigault, formerly editor-in-chief of the Petit Nicols, to the correspondent of the United Press. He was commenting on complaints of hotel keepers and apartment owners of the bad season of 1926-27 and their fear that there will be repetition of loss without profit this year.

M. Perrigault recounted his own experience when he came to Nice a couple of years ago to take over direction of the Petit Nicols. He told of his long and futile search for a modest apartment of three rooms and the fabulous prices the proprietors were demanding. In one particularly flagrant case he brought suit only to learn that the judge before whom the case was tried was the owner of the apartment.

"All the same," continued the editor, "the judge was not unreasonably. He told me he wouldn't send me to jail, that I was free and could go. I went—back to Paris. So did most of my compatriots who thought they could make a living in Nice and save some money. That's the reason we French have given up the Riviera."

"Nobody can live here except a millionaire. Several of my friends in the civil service rejoiced when they learned they were transferred to Nice. Their rejoicing didn't last long when they discovered that a salary of 3,860 francs (\$75) a month they had to pay \$480 a year rent."

"One of these days I expect to see Nice handed over bodily to the wealthy foreigners. There will be no more state employes, no more mail carriers, no more street cleaners, no more tramways. Perhaps the millionaires will attend to those necessary duties themselves."

## Home Mission Money is Used Chiefly for Whites

Cleveland, Ohio. (UP)—More than 200 out of the 305 local churches in the United States receiving aid from one of the major denominations are in localities that have at least one other protestant church, according to C. Luther Fry of the New York Institute of Social and Religious research.

The major portion of the funds spent for home mission work, which with some denominations approximate 90 per cent, goes to native white churches, Fry declared.

The balance of from 10 to 25 per cent, is spent for the upkeep and monetary losses of negro, Indian or foreign churches, he said. Five denominations, it was estimated, distribute \$5,000,000 a year in home mission work.

## Beauty Culture for Men Is Given Trial at Paris

Paris (UP)—Beauty culture has been extended to include mere man. A famous Parisian cosmetics firm has opened a parlor where monsieur can purchase whatever he deems necessary for the obliteration of the ravages of time, just as madame has been doing for ages.

It is expected that the big department stores will follow suit so that when a man walks in and asks for a lipstick the salesgirl won't ask him: "Is it for your wife? What shade does she use?"

The innovation is being attacked in many quarters on the ground that although this is a sophisticated city it has not yet accepted such extreme ideas.

### Icarus

From The Emporia Gazette The Atchison Globe editorially expressed the wish that Col. Charles Lindbergh would "quit his perilous flights." On the other hand, as one who wishes Lindbergh well, the Gazette hopes that he will add triumph, peril to peril, until the fatal fall. It should come quickly, tragically, beautifully.

Lindbergh is one of those "immortal youth incarnate" type—this earth in his day of glory, which should be a short and radiant season. Even now about this boy lovely folk tales are weaving—tales which exalt his manly virtues—courage, generosity, simplicity, sincerity. Mortal flesh cannot hold so much nobility as the loving hands of idealists are putting into this young man.

The sooner death comes and the more glorious his flight to meet it, the sooner will he be cast into memorial bronze to live forever in our hearts—a young god who flew for into a shimmering glorious myth, a myth created out of the age old longing in the human heart for wings. Only death can save this young god—immortal, changeless, unconquered, the ideal of an earth-bound race.

Achilles, Ariel Joan, St. Francis Savonarola—the glorious procession of shining youth that has saved the world by dramatizing its ideals—all beckon from the Elysian shores to this young Icarus of the machine. He should hurry on his way through the dark hangar to join the company of his peers.

Q. When did China and Germany adopt their new flags? P. M. M. A. China adopted a new flag when she became a republic in 1912. The new flag of Germany was adopted at the Weimar convention in 1919.

### Inattentive

From The Chicago News

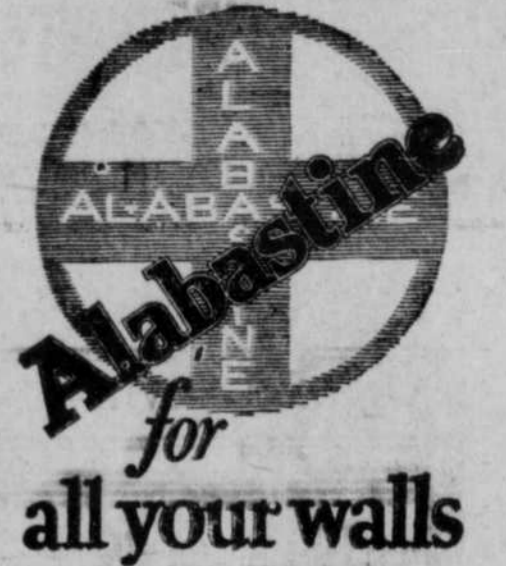
Suddenly a cloud seemed to overcast the bride's features and with an anxious note in his voice the groom asked what was wrong.

"What is it?" he cried, tremendously perturbed. "Why are you sobbing like that?"

"Be-be because you are growin' cold towards me. You don't love me any more."

"Oh, my dear," he wailed, "how could you say that?"

"Well," she said, "I saw you look out of the window twice."



For sleeping rooms—formal parlors and reception halls—dining room and living room—for the library—and for public buildings. Properly applied it won't rub off.

Write to us or ask your dealer for a copy of our free drawing book for children—"The Alabastine Home Color Book"—and a free color card.

Write to us also for our beautiful free book "Artistic Home Decoration" by our Home Betterment Expert, Miss Ruby Brandon, Alabastine Company, 222 Grandville Ave., Grand Rapids, Mich.

Alabastine—a powder in white and tints. Packed in 5-pound packages, ready for use by mixing with cold or warm water. Full directions on every package. Apply with an ordinary wall brush. Suitable for all interior surfaces—plaster, wall board, brick, cement or canvas.

Better and more Economical

## Hawk Bets Lineman

While working in a tower on power lines near Saugus, Calif., an electric company lineman saw a bird's nest and he shoved it over with his hand. A hawk flew out and attacked the man so viciously that he fell from the tower. He was taken to a hospital with a broken leg, two fractured ribs and some bruises.—Pathfinder Magazine.

## Almost as Good

"Why did you put that mud turtle in your sister's bed?" "Because I couldn't find any frogs."—American Boy.



After Colds or Grip See That Your Kidneys Get Rid of the Poisons.

DOES winter find you lame, tired and achy—worried with back-ache, headache and dizzy spells? Are the kidney secretions too frequent, scanty or burning in passage?

These are often signs of sluggish kidney action and sluggish kidneys shouldn't be neglected.

Doan's Pills, a stimulant diuretic, increase the secretion of the kidneys and aid in the elimination of waste impurities. Doan's are endorsed the country over. Ask your neighbor!

DOAN'S PILLS 60c ASTIMULANT DIURETIC 60c KIDNEYS Foster-Milburn Co. Mfg. Chem. Buffalo, N.Y.

## Quickly Relieves Rheumatic Pains

12 Days' Free Trial

To get relief when pain tortured joints and muscles keep you in constant misery rub on Joint-Ease.

It is quickly absorbed and you can rub it in often and expect results more speedily. Get it at any drugist in America.

Use Joint-Ease for sciatica, lumbago, sore, lame muscles, lame back, chest colds, sore nostrils and burning, itching feet. Only 60 cents. It penetrates.

FREE Send name and address for 12 day trial tube to Pope Laboratories, Desk 2, Hallowell, Maine.

## Joint-Ease

PASTOR KOENIG'S NERVINE for Epilepsy Nervousness & Sleeplessness. PRICE \$3.00. Ask for Sample. KOENIG MEDICINE CO. 1035 N. WELLS ST. CHICAGO, ILL.