

CHERRY SQUARE

A NEIGHBOURLY NOVEL
by GRACE S. RICHMOND

(From Josephine Jenney's Note Book)

Family arrived—first plunge over.
Mrs. Chase very nice—a dear—as she would be. Children ducks.

Cousin Adelaide very pale, mascara-y, and lpssticky. Long legs, too thin; body too sinuous; speech too languid. Typical struggler after latest effect. She gave Josephine the maid but one look—very narrow eyed, indolent look. Received it with shock absorber working well. Don't mind her in the least—at present.

Cousin Bradley precisely the "Brother to Adelaide" required by drama. Description enough!
Made no errors in service or manners, though went about feeling both numb and dumb—if that can be with rapid pulse.

Cookin kitchen will be greatest trial, easy to foresee. Very much queen in her realm, with a not-too-good temper. Mrs. Chase did her best to put us on good terms with each other. Had to swallow hard when first addressed by Cook—Mrs. Lawton—after Mrs. Chase had left kitchen. "Now, get busy, Josyphine. You don't move any too quick. Why'd you leave your last place, if I may ask?"

Of course I longed to tell she mightn't ask. But that way lies madness, so I answered that my family all went away to another country. (The dear God knows they did—a far country.)

"And didn't think enough of you to take you with 'em?"
I shook my head. Parrying Mrs. Lawton's thrusts will take all my skill at fencing.

IV

What they doing now? Couldn't you sit by the window and tell me, Lucy? Seems 'sif you keep looking out 'sif you saw something interesting, but you don't say a word. I can hear 'em down there."

Miss Clarinda Hunt's voice was both tremulous and eager. It was hard to lie in bed and see Lucinda for ever running to peer out between the half closed blinds of the second story bedroom at the lawn and garden which lay between the Hunts' home and the old Cherry place. It was so long since there had been anything to see except the still windows behind which had sat Miss El ora Cherry, lingering out her existence. And now, apparently, there was everything to see, and Lucinda always seeing it, and failing to report more than half of it.

"There isn't so much to see," replied Lucinda, gazing, however, as if she couldn't take her eyes off what she did see. "And nothing to hear, except the children shouting, and you can hear that yourself. Sally Chase is having tea out there under the big beech—Miss Jenney's just brought it out. I declare, I'd never have thought—Miss Jenney and she acts just like a servant, too—as if she'd never seen a school house. How she can do it! They call her Josephine."

But she and Clarinda had been over all that, over and over it, since they had first heard the astounding news. Clarinda was impatient for other details. Her little pale face was turned toward Lucy at the window, her faded blue eyes fixed upon her sister's sharp profile—sharp yet rather attractive still. Lucinda was only 40 to Clarinda's 55.

"Sally Chase isn't having tea all by herself, is she?" the invalid asked eagerly, in her high keyed voice. "Who else is there?"

"I don't know except her cousin, that Sturgis girl, lying back in her chair, same as she always is. There's a man with his back to us—I can't make out who he is. Might be Harry Liscomb, only I never saw Harry wear white clothes. But he's just about Harry's size. There

comes somebody in the gate—two women. If I wasn't so far away I could tell who 'tis. All dressed up—Oh, it's the Gildersleeves, sure's you're born. Mis' Gildersleeve and Alice. I hadn't seen them clothes before, I didn't recognize 'em. I didn't see their car stop, but there 'tis, outside the gate—and they living just six doors away! And making an afternoon call, just as formal!"

"Pity sakes!" exclaimed Clarinda. "As if 'twouldn't be more neighborly to just step over, so near an' all. What have they got on, Lucy?"

"Mis' Gildersleeve's got on a sort of ashes of roses sort of color—silk, it looks from here. And a hat to match. And gloves. Alice's wearing white, and a wide straw hat with a ribbon flopping down one side. Alice's carrying her gloves. I shouldn't think she'd even have 'em with her, such a hot day Sally Cherry isn't dressed up any more'n usual—just sort of straight, plain things, kind of a light tan shade. Adelaide's wearing the same sort of things, only she's got a scarf. They never do seem much dressed up. I s'pose they think, being out o' the city, they don't have to dress up. But the Gildersleeves—they certainly do look as if they were going to a party."

"Maybe they were invited," Clarinda suggested. "Oh, dear, I wish I could see 'em."

"Well, I wish you could," agreed Lucinda. "I don't think they were invited, though as near as I can tell from here there's cups enough."

"Did you say Miss Jenney was there?" Clarinda now asked.

"She's handing the tea."

"Did you see if the Gildersleeves spoke to her?"

"I've been watching for that," Lucinda reported, with evident relish. "An' I couldn't make out that they did."

"Two of the Gildersleeve children were in her room at school last year," Clarinda remembered. "Do you suppose they didn't recognize her, in that cap an' all?"

"Recognize her—nothing!" Lucinda spoke sharply. "Could anybody mistake Josephine Jenney? She's far and away prettier than Alice Gildersleeve, who thinks herself a beauty. They don't intend to speak to her, being in the place of hired help now."

"She was hired when she was in the school," murmured Clarinda.

"Well, you know it's different now. When she put on that cap an' apron she must have known people like the Gildersleeves would cut her right off their list. I don't understand yet how she come to do it."

But Clarinda cared more for reports of what was taking place upon the lawn than for going over again the extraordinary unknown motives of Josephine Jenney. At this moment she received an excited bulletin.

"My goodness, who's that driving up? He's getting out an' coming in. I never saw him before!"

"What's he look like?"

"Looks like he was governor of the state. Tall, an' straight-backed, an' awful good looking light clothes. Little bit of gray over his ears, but he don't appear old. He's coming across the grass with his hat in his hand. Sally Cherry's going to meet him—she's got both her hands out. . . . They're laughing and seeming terribly pleased. Even that lazy cousin of hers is getting up—must be somebody important, or she'd never stir herself. When it's young men, she don't move to greet 'em. Oh, Mis' Gildersleeve and Alice are pruned and primping to meet him—I can see 'em. Now they're all setting down again,

and the governor or whoever he may be is sitting right by Sally. Se could have set down by Mis' Gildersleeve or Alice—they made room enough on that high backed bench they're setting on. He just grabbed a chair and pulled it right around by Sally. . . . Now Miss Jenney's handing him tea, and bread and butter. I wonder what she thinks of all this. . . . Seems funny, Sally's husband going off on that long voyage, and her receiving so much company. That man isn't her brother or her cousin, I'll venture."

"I can hear 'em laughing," commented Clarinda wistfully. "Anyhow, I can hear the man—and I guess that sort of shrill one is Alice Gildersleeve."

"Yes, she's trying to join in. Trust Alice Gildersleeve for joining in when any man comes round. I notice she never gets one to stay by her very long."

"Maybe she laughs too shrill," suggested the invalid. Clarinda was gazing sympathetically at Lucinda. She hadn't so much minded not being married herself, but there was a sore place in her heart because the younger sister had had no chance. She considered Lucinda still attractive, and though her tongue was a trifle sharp in comments like this upon Alice Gildersleeve, Clarinda could hardly wonder. Alice was the village's most conspicuous young person, because the Gildersleeves had the most money. She was not quite what used to be known as the small town "belle," because she hadn't enough good looks for that; but whatever she did was noted, and when she drove her small coupe up to the village shops and went in with her little air of importance, the clerks hastened to do her bidding. To please or not to please the Gildersleeves, individually or as a family, was, whether it knew it or not, one of Cherry Hill's chief concerns.

"Now what are they doing?" Clarinda asked again, when she had waited during what seemed to her a long interval of Lucinda's silence, while her sister continued to watch with avid gaze the proceedings upon the lawn below.

"Oh, nothing in particular, nothing you can describe," Lucinda answered, with an impatient sigh which meant that it was tiresome always to have to tell everything to the invalid. Nevertheless, she meant to do it, and really understood, as fully as it is possible for the well to understand the ill, how much the most trivial incident means in a life as empty of interest as a blank wall. "They're just setting and talking, and the tall man sticks by Sally, and the other one tries to be polite to everybody, and Alice Gildersleeve keeps watching the tall man—and I don't think he knows anybody's there except Sally Chase. I declare, I don't see how Sally keeps looking so much like a girl. She must be all of thirty-two or three. It's that light hair of hers, I suppose. And I guess more'n likely she paints—so much color couldn't be natural."

"Paints! A minister's wife!" Clarinda's tone was horrified. "Oh, no, Lucy—she couldn't. Why, they wouldn't have her in the church!"

"City churches are different," averred Clarinda wisely. "They have all kinds of doings we wouldn't countenance here. I guess a church that lets its young people dance—has a place for 'em to dance in—wouldn't think so much of its minister's wife painting her face. Maybe she don't—I can tell when I go to see her. I'm going to go tomorrow. If she's going to have tea parties right under our windows, it's time she know we're neighbors."

"We'll seem 'ust a couple old women to her," sighed Clarinda. "But I do think—and our living next door to Miss Eldora Cherry all the days of her life. . . ."

But Lucinda wasn't listening. Her gaze was fixed upon the amazing thing which was happening upon the lawn. Sally Chase and the tall man who

looked like the governor of the state had risen and were walking slowly across the lawn, not toward the gate, outside which his expensive motor with its liveried chauffeur stood waiting, but toward the house. A moment afterward the pair disappeared through the French window which opened upon the rear porch, leaving as Lucinda Hunt's shocked eyes noted, the other guests alone by the tea table. To be sure, Adelaide Sturgis, Sally's cousin, was still there to do the honors. But—should a hostess leave her guests for a moment, unless upon an errand to provide more food and drink? And Jo Jenney was at hand for that.

"What's the matter? What's happened?" cried out Clarinda from her bed.

"Sally Chase and that tall man have gone into the house and left the rest," was Lucinda's testimonial to an atrocity.

"For pity's sake!" breathed Clarinda.

Inside the cool square parlor, with its white-and-gold-striped walls, its old square piano, its rectangular gilt mirrors above the chimney-piece reflecting the gay colors of a bowlful of garden flowers, and its quaintly formal furnishings relieved by a more modern touch here and there of Sally's placing, she and the "tall man" faced each other. Out of sight of the rest the social mask of light-hearted convention dropped from them both, and they regarded each other as people do when they know there is no need for masks.

"I want to know if you're really going to rest here," demanded Dr. Richard Fiske. "Or am I going to find you always dispensing tea and being nice to such total losses as those people out there? Can't you drop that sense of obligation to be all things to all women, and be nobody but yourself? I swear, Sally, you need it. With Schuyler gone you ought to get it, and the Cherry Hillites let to go to the deuce."

"Of course I'm benighted enough to feel like that," admitted Sally. "And it would be wonderful to get away from everything except the green fields. But Rich—how exactly am I to do it? You know I can't, entirely."

"I wish to heaven I could snatch you out of it," declared Doctor Fiske violently. "You ought to have gone farther away—though if you had I couldn't have looked after you as I intend to now. Well, just promise me you'll do your best not to be a minister's wife to this place. Leave that to the present incumbents of that office—drab women, no doubt, who are better used to it than you."

"I'm used to it."

"Too used to it. It'll make you drab some day. No, it won't—I retract that. Nothing ever could. But it'll wear you down. Schuyler himself is wearing you down."

"Rich!"

"I'm your old friend, and his, and your physician besides. Nobody admires Schuyler more than I, but just the same he's taking it out of you, and this summer's go to put it back."

"It will. But I'll not let you say that about Schuyler. I miss him," said Sally Chase, looking her old friend in his cool gray eyes and noting there the somewhat hard expression which was apt to come into them now and then when he was dealing with facts he did not like. "I miss him dreadfully."

"You don't need to be so emphatic about it, my dear. I don't doubt you do. Schuyler's a habit—like dope. He's got you—you can't get away from him. It's up to me to get you far enough away from him this summer to give you a chance to recover."

"Why, Richard!" Sally's head had come up proudly, her eyes were fiery. "Do you realize the kind of thing you're saying?"

(TO BE CONTINUED)

Then he subtracts six and says, "Made that in five. That's one above par."

Real Patience.

From the American Lumberman. "Man Who Held Lincoln's Horse During Civil War Dies Here," headlines a Canton paper. If that wasn't patience, we don't know what is.

Michael J. Madden of Brunswick, Me., probably holds the championship as a president, as he is the head of 52 different clubs and societies, members of which are scattered all over the world.

The Cream of the Tobacco Crop



MARTIN JOHNSON, Explorer, Smokes Lucky Strikes in Wildest Africa

"Once on the Abyssinian border my shipment of Lucky Strikes from America missed us, and I was miserable until the natives followed our tracks across the Kaisout desert to Nairobi with my precious cargo of Luckies. After four years of smoking Luckies in wildest Africa, I find my voice in perfect condition for my lecture tour in America."

Martin Johnson

"It's toasted"

No Throat Irritation—No Cough.

©1928, The American Tobacco Co., Inc.

Ohio Village Reborn

Ohio's old town of Schoenbrunn, two miles southeast of Cleveland, is the state's newest village as well, for it now has one house, which is more than it has had in more than a century. This structure is a copy of the log cabin built by Rev. David Zelsberger, Moravian missionary, who founded the settlement May 3, 1772. By August of that year, Schoenbrunn became a thriving settlement of some sixty houses of hewn timber. Then the site was lost for 146 years, being discovered in 1923 by excavation.

Unfortunate Yawn

When Miss Dorothy Caldwell, eighteen, of Dallas, Texas, awoke one morning she was unable to close her mouth. It required three hours for physicians to get her dislocated jaw back into place. They said that yawning while asleep probably caused the dislocation.

Beg Your Pardon

Harry—Is Mr. Bale in his room?
Clerk—Sorry, but there's nobody home on the top floor.
Harry—Oh, then I'll ask somebody else.

The man with a grievance always proves a grievance to his friends.

Thirty-Two Points

There are 32 points of the compass.



W.L. DOUGLAS SHOES
for Men, Women & Boys



100,000 MORE PAIRS . . .

—of Douglas shoes were made in our factories last Fall than were made the preceding season. This speaks volumes for the quality, value and popularity of W. L. Douglas Shoes.

When you consider that hides and leathers now cost from 75% to 85% more than a year ago, you can better appreciate the wonderful values to be found in Douglas Shoes for Spring at \$5, \$6, \$7 and \$8. Fortunately, we bought our 1928 spring supply of leather before the prices advanced—what we saved through foresight and market experience we are passing on to you in 120 W. L. Douglas stores in the principal cities and through reliable dealers everywhere.

A fair and square retail price stamped on the soles of Douglas shoes at the factory, guarantees honest value.

America's Best Known Shoes
Men's \$5 to \$8—Women's \$5 to \$8—Boys' \$4 to \$5
Catalog of New Spring Styles mailed on request.
W. L. DOUGLAS SHOE CO.
173 Spark Street, Brockton, Mass.

TO MERCHANTS! If Douglas shoes are not sold in your town, write today for catalog and agency.

always
Delicious Karo!
on Pancakes.

Golf Described.

From Better Advertising.

What is this golf? Golf is a form of work made expensive enough for a man to enjoy it. It is physical and mental exertion made attractive by the fact that you have to dress for it in a \$200,000 clubhouse.
Golf is what letter-carrying, ditch-digging and carpet-beating would be if those three tasks had to be performed on the same hot afternoon in short pants and colored socks by gentlemen who required a different implement for every mood.
Golf is the simplest looking game in the world when you decide to take

it up, and the toughest looking after you have been at it 10 or 12 years.

It is probably the only known game a man can play as long as a quarter of a century and then discover that it was too deep for him in the first place.

The game is played on carefully selected grass with little white balls and as many clubs as the player can afford. These little balls cost from 75 cents to \$25, and it is possible to support a family of 10 people (all adults) for five months on the money represented by the balls lost by some golfers in a single afternoon.
A golf course has 18 holes, 17 of which are unnecessary and put in to

make the game harder. A "hole" is a tin cup in the center of a "green." A "green" is a small parcel of grass costing about \$1.98 a blade and usually located between a brook and a couple of apple trees, or a lot of unfinished excavation.

The ball must not be thrown, pushed or carried. It must be propelled by about \$200 worth of curious-looking implements, especially designed to provoke the owner.
Each implement has a specific purpose and ultimately some golfers get to know what that purpose is. They are the exceptions.
After each hole has been completed the golfer counts his strokes.