

CHERRY SQUARE

A NEIGHBOURLY NOVEL
by GRACE S. RICHMOND

Be this as it might—which was what Sally herself foresaw, and didn't now care, because her first glance at Jo had actually charmed her—the two proceeded on their way, talking pleasantly as two friends might, to a certain degree, also drop temporarily and over-repressed manner of the servant, and speak when she wasn't spoken to. She possessed a particularly attractive voice, well modulated, and capable of fine shades of inflection. She was conscious of using this voice with good effects, and she knew well that it alone, with her pure speech, was sure to be noticed by Mrs. Chase with more interest under the present conditions than when Josephine the housemaid was merely using the housemaid's vocabulary. This proved to be the case, and she knew that she was being drawn out by a practised conversationalist, who was making discoveries with every word spoken. "She's going to like me in a new way today," exulted Jo, and played her part with all the art of which she was pastmistress. It was her first notable opportunity, and she meant to make the most of it—yet not too much, either, lest she overplay the entertaining game. For it was a game—a perfectly legitimate game, since her purposes were wholly honorable—and she meant to win.

The zealous young usher who wanted to conduct Mrs. Schuyler Chase to the front pew in the center of the church where prominent guests were always placed, was much disappointed when she signified that she would sit with Miss Jenny. The pew of Jo's "nice old man" was also well toward the front, but upon one side. Therefore those upon the side of the church had an advantageous chance to observe the entry. The entire town knew by now that the school teacher of the past year was in Mrs. Chase's domestic employ, therefore they had not expected to see the two together, and much craning of necks and nudging of elbows followed their appearance.

Strangely enough, the approval of this comradeship was not universal. The Gildersleeves and the Broughtons and the Abbotts were distinctly upset, though their eyes told them that Josephine Jenny unquestionably looked the part of companion to Sally Cherry Chase. But the Endicotts and the Langs and the Holts were delighted with this proof of the sense and sweetness of the departed Miss Eldora Cherry's niece, and liked her from that moment as they hadn't expected to like her. As Tom Lang said afterward: "If Miss Jenny needed it and had the spunk to earn her vacation money that way, why shouldn't she? She's not a bit the less of a lady, and I think a good sight more of Mrs. Chase for taking that position."

The matter was discussed at almost as many dinner tables as there were families in the little church that Sunday. But with all that there is small reason to be concerned. Dinner-table discussions may help to mould public opinion, but public opinion cannot altogether mould lives, and in this instance it assuredly did not.

Familiar visions of quite other scenes were filling Sally's imagination and her thoughts as she sat in the unfamiliar pew, and looked toward the bare pulpit with the row of village singers behind it, and saw the minister ascend to take his place, having come down the aisle from the back of the church, like his congregation. For a measurable space of time she really saw nothing of this at all, because she was

seeing something very different—the accustomed surroundings of every Sunday morning for 6 of the 10 years of her married life. While the man behind the walnut desk in this village church read the Scriptures and offered prayer, and while the choir sang the simple anthem which was within the range of its limited capabilities, Sally was, virtually, in her own seat in the great dignified edifice which was Schuyler's pride.

"The most beautiful church interior in the city," he had often called it. "Every line of it, every effect of coloring and lighting, is churchly and beautiful. I see it in my dreams when I'm getting ready to speak in it. The thought of it helps me to put myself in the mood. Perhaps I'm too dependent on environment, but I sometimes think I could never have spoken, like Saint Paul, in the market-place. Or even, like some of our modern preachers, in whatever audience-room or theater is put at their disposal. I'm too imaginative, perhaps—but I can see and feel God here. In more sordid places He seems too far away."

Sally had sometimes disputed this point of view, even while she in a measure sympathized with it. She appreciated it today, however, more than she ever had before. This little village church, while outwardly attractive in its fine old-time austerity of line and spotless whiteness—it had been very recently painted as it happened—was peculiarly barren of beauty within. Indeed, most of its appointments were distinctly ugly, even to the bare windows of ordinary glass, through which the sunlight streamed mercilessly, revealing every inferiority of detail. "Schuyler could never preach here," she thought, and felt an almost homesick hungering for the perfect appointments of the place she knew so well; for the sound of the great organ played by a master's hand; for the sight of her husband's slender figure in his gown entering through the narrow arched doorway from his study. His was a figure always watched for by many other eyes than hers, the effect of that entry was somehow so quietly dramatic.

Yet how could one accuse Schuyler of being dramatic, she argued—as she had argued many times before with herself, almost guiltily—when no move of his, no look, no tone of voice, was ever other than perfectly suited to the occasion? Was it that very perfection which sometimes seemed unreal? She wondered. Anyhow, carefully studied his pulpit work—must be, from his point of view, to be effective. She found herself longing to see him, that entry of his, his face; to hear his voice with its melodious yet often intensely forceful inflections. After all, there was nobody like Schuyler Chase—no body; he was truly wonderful in his way. And in the midst of this longing she suddenly became aware, as she had not yet been, of this so different personality before her in the small country pulpit.

It was a sturdy figure which stood before the village congregation, one whose outlines in the well-fitting, non clerical clothes conveyed a distinct suggestion of tight muscles beneath. The face was that of a man in the middle thirties, with good features which though spare had a look of vigorous health; with a peculiarly direct glance of deep set blue eyes below crisp sandy hair cut short that it might not curl; with a voice whose pleasant incisiveness had an unmistakable Scottish accent. He said "pairfect" as none but a Scotsman says it. At the moment

when Sally Chase became really aware of him he had one hand plunged deep in his trousers pocket. What a mannerism, and how amused if not shocked Schuyler would have been by it!

But the man was saying something which challenged her attention. It seemed that he had but recently come to this small parish as a supply for the summer, that he didn't know the people yet, and that he was feeling for a common ground on which to meet them. In spite of the unconventional-ity of his manner, and a certain occasional harshness in his voice, she almost at once became attracted to him. Perhaps his voice seemed now and then harsh to her because it was so different from Schuyler's beautiful resonances. At any rate, he seemed to be able to hold everybody's close attention. The little crowded house was listening in absolute stillness.

"You know," he was saying, when Sally began to give him hearing, "a preacher is under a terrible handicap. What is the first thing you'll want in him? I think you'll say sincerity. Yes, of course, you'll say that, because it isn't sincere first of all, you don't want him at all. There's enough hypocrisy in the world, and you want your preacher to be free of it—free as anybody can be. But, see here. See what you expect of him. He's got to know a lot more about certain things than you do, and yet to cover it up so you won't think he's proud of himself. Then, no matter how he's feeling, whether he happens to have a toothache or a headache, he's got to cover those up, too, and be interested in your toothache or your headache. Don't you suppose it's sometimes a bit difficult to be sincere about that? He's only human—and his tooth aches! Then—he has to go to a funeral and act as if he were sorry—and to act that he has to be sorry. And he has to go to a wedding and act as if he were glad—and be glad, too. To put it in a nutshell, he has to play at perfection when he isn't perfect. Has to be a model for the community when he knows he isn't one. Has to keep from offending anybody—if he can.

"Now I suppose I'm shocking you. I may be fooling myself in thinking that my first wish is to be honest with you, but I do think that's what I want. A minister has to make up his mind that he'll be his own kind of minister, and that he can't be any other kind. He wants to live and work among people as one of them—and it's the only way he can work. If you'll let me live my life here these few months as one of you, no less and no more, just as my friend John Craigie has, and if you'll give me a fair hearing when I'm in the pulpit, and fight me outside of it if you think I've said the wrong thing we'll get along together. I don't see any other way that we can."

Well! Sally didn't know whether she liked this sort of thing or not, it was so extraordinarily different from anything she had ever heard from the pulpit. The man talked, with that hand in his pocket, as if he were making a business man's address, or demonstrating an article for sale, or putting over—wasn't that the phrase they used?—a new idea for popularizing education of the masses. It was so informal that it was undignified. And yet—they were listening. They would be likely to listen to anything this man had to say.

His hand had come out of his pocket. His shoulders straightened, he was speaking in a different tone, lower, a little less informal.

"Because, I believe, with all there is of me, that we're here such a little while, and there's so much to do, that we can't afford to fuss much about how we do it. I expect there's a lot for me to do in this village, during this summer, and I want

to do it. There's a carpenter's shop somewhere in this village, and I expect to go there often, because a carpenter's shop is one of the places that makes me feel able to do my own sort of work better. I think of that Carpenter's Son who learned to use the hammer and the saw, the plane and the straightedge—and I need all those in my work, as He did in His. The hammer—and the saw—and the plane—and the straight-edge! Think how we all need them in our work! Let's learn to use them together, and then—From whom the whole body, fitly joined together...."

A minute or two later Sally found herself standing, sharing the hymn-book with Jo, singing a hymn which was one of Schuyler's favorites. Something within her was deeply stirred by the familiar words:

"We thank Thee, Lord, Thy paths of service lead To blazoned heights and down the slopes of need: They reach Thy throne, encompass land and sea, And he who journeys in them walks with Thee."

The voice of Josephine, her maid, beside her thrilled her, it was so lovely a contralto. Though it was kept subdued, Sally recognized its quality, and understood what it would be if it were allowed to emerge from a suitable repression. Was this a mere housemaid who held the other corner of her book? Even the well-shaped thumb, with its softly rosy polish of the nail, betrayed the fastidious habits of its owner. As Sally's eyes met Josephine's, as the two came out into the aisle, Sally smiled at her as at a friend, because she couldn't help it.

She shook hands with the preacher at the door, as everybody did. His manner was as straightforward as his sermon had been. His smile was delightful. The impression he had given in the pulpit of vigor and force of character was deepened by this direct contact with him. People crowded to meet him.

Sally's hand was shaken by many other people. Mrs. Tom Lang whispered in her ear:

"Miss Jenney's the nicest girl, as well as the prettiest. And we think she's the smartest teacher we've ever had in town."

"I'm sure of it," agreed Sally Chase, without turning a hair at the information thus conveyed. "I'm very glad to have her with me."

(From Josephine Jenney's Note-Book)

The Rapid Rise of the Aspiring! To church this morning with Mrs. Chase. Unexpected happening—yet expected ultimately, if not quite so soon. Uniform shuffled off, demurest country church garb sleekly donned. Enjoyed not quite concealable satisfaction in mistress's eye when it viewed fleetingly but comprehendingly maid's appearance not in white muslin with blue sash and flowered hat, but in clothes chaste and well cut, like her own—if costing somewhat less.

Conversation on way very nice. Recognized mistress' charming effort to adapt herself to supposed rather limited mental furnishing of companion, rapidly giving way to pleased appreciation of possible ability to talk in terms of those who have lived outside of Cherry Square. Maid proceeded cautiously, refraining from quoting Shakespeare or Strindberg, DeQuincey or Dostoyevski. Longed to play a high card or two, but forced self to be content with little ones. What snobs we are, to be eager to acquaint others with our erudition!

(TO BE CONTINUED)

Emphasis on Dress. From Answers.

The doctor was rather annoyed as being dragged from his bed, but he agreed to examine the female patient who had come to him direct from a dancing party.

"You have caught a severe chill," he said tersely. "Go straight home, dress, and get into bed."

An old man is fortunate, and he may go on for years enjoying life and be a pleasure to all about him—if he will keep "sweet." There is much room for happiness in old age, if only one has prepared himself for it and takes his share of it every day. Such a man will not permit himself to be harassed by competitors, will not indulge in the poisons distilled by hatreds and anger. He will be temperate in eating, thinking and exertion. And he will not try to dodge the condition to which his years have brought him.

A hyena laughs when it is hungry or annoyed.

Idly Drawn Scrawls Reveal State of Mind

Welded and ugly faces absent-mindedly scribbled on paper indicate a troubled state of mind, points out Louise Rice, a teacher of graphology, in an article in Liberty Magazine.

"Mental conditions which are going wrong," writes Miss Rice, "nearly always result in the making of weird and ugly faces, death's-heads, yawning mouths with prodigious teeth, and other unpleasant formations which show that the hand fears that which is going on in the dark recesses of the mind."

"The hand knows much about a man's mental and physical states, which he does not," the writer explains. "Confusion in scribbles, when they have usually been well defined and when there is no mental troubles felt, shows nervous conditions which are apt to break out, sometimes long after the information has been conveyed by this symbolism."

France Eyes Reindeer as Beasts of Burden

Reindeer may become used extensively in place of oxen and horses in the mountain districts of France, if the experiments, just agreed upon, of raising them in the Haute Savoie district proves a success. The French ministry of agriculture has granted a subsidy to a society to help it with its reindeer farm.

It may come as a surprise to many to know that reindeer are actually in use already in one town in France, so that the Lapps will not be the only ones in Europe to hear reindeer bells in villages. If one takes the train from Annecy, where the lake is intensely blue, to Chamonix, at the foot of Mont Blanc, he will pass through the village of Megeve. Should it be in the season of snow and should he care to descend, he would be likely to see reindeer drawing sledges.—Exchange.

Fish Two Hundred Years Old

A carp, said to be about two hundred years old, has been caught by three boys in the Long Water at Hampton court. It weighed nearly 16 pounds, and was caught with a cheap rod and line with bread as bait. A similar fish was caught many years ago by a boy with "a penny cane and a ha'penny hook!" The fish made a valiant fight for freedom, but despite their excitement the three lads managed to land it. They refused an offer of £5 for it.

Where It Is

Optometrist—You know it is strange we don't hear the peal of the wedding bells any more.

Cynic—No, you get the repeal in the divorce courts.

The man or woman who is not curious is a curiosity.

A truthful man never makes much of a success as a fisherman.

FARMER'S WIFE GETS STRENGTH

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 some times 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. Q. BRADLEY, Box 249, Schoolfield, Virginia.



One may wish to live 100 years, that is, if he can feel 20 years younger than that.

EVERY day find you lame and aching—suffering nagging backache, headache and dizzy spells? Are the kidney excretions too frequent, scanty or burning in passage? These are often signs of sluggish kidneys and shouldn't be neglected.



Miserable With Backache?

Too Often This Warns of Sluggish Kidney Action.

Use Doan's Pills. Doan's, a stimulant diuretic, increase the secretion of the kidneys and thus aid in the elimination of waste impurities. Are endorsed by users everywhere. Ask your neighbor!

50,000 Users Endorse Doan's

Mrs. Otto Dinmetz, Third St., Britton, S. D., says: "I suffered a great deal from improper kidney function. My back was painful, my head ached and I had spells of dizziness. The action of my kidneys was irregular and I blamed them for the trouble. Doan's Pills were just what I needed. In a short time after using them the aches and pains left and my kidneys acted regularly."

DOAN'S PILLS
60c
A STIMULANT DIURETIC FOR KIDNEYS
Foster-McIlburn Co. Mfg. Chem. Buffalo, N.Y.

A camera has been specially designed for making slow motion pictures of automobile engines by a Washington scientist.



The Cream of the Tobacco Crop



WILLIE HOPPE
Champion Billiard Player

writes:
"The slightest cough or throat irritation might be fatal during a close match. On this account I prefer Luckies as a steady diet. They have never irritated my throat or caused the slightest cough. I am going to stick with Luckies."

"It's toasted"
No Throat Irritation—No Cough

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Dodging Old Age.

From the Chicago Journal of Commerce.

Maybe that's not the proper caption for what it is to be written here. None of us really want to dodge old age. We all want to live long. But we do seek to avoid its evidences, the fatigues, the wrinkles, the aches, the gradual but progressive changes in appearance, and sure "slowing up" in activities, in springiness, in sense of vigor, which long years bring to all.

Usually in a man's 50's—something happens to a man. Possibly it is an illness, or a hard fall on an icy pavement, or a touch of heart trouble, that causes it. But

this whatever-it-may-be leaves a man conscious that he is "not as good as he was" physically. Weeks or months pass, and then the shock comes. He realizes that he never again going to be as strong and active and sure of himself as he was before that something happened to him.

Then he is beginning to look old age squarely in the face. He is entering its first phase. In his heart and mind he is as young as he was in his 30's. But his body is undergoing changes he cannot possibly avoid. His ambitions, his plans, his hopes, all are as active as ever, and he knows that in his business or profession he is a better man than

he was in his 40's. Some men at this time resent references to their ages. They say a man is as young as he feels. But the evidence of his years is against him. We knew a man who all through his 70's was in better physical condition than many men 20 years younger. His stomach, heart, kidneys, lungs and entire digestive tract were without trace of disease. All his physical organs were sound. He was active on his feet. There was no impairment of his mind. But yet he showed his age.

Instead of resenting the fact he was proud of it, knowing it testified to clean blood, good habits and fitness to live. Age is an honor to a