

CHERRY SQUARE

A NEIGHBOURLY NOVEL
by GRACE S. RICHMOND

Sally's relief, Schuyler was mercifully spared seasickness. But the gray days percolating, one after another, after the brief storm of the second day out, he became depressed in a trying extent by the mere monotony of sea and sky. Lying in his deck chair in a sheltered nook, looking through the black glasses at the seemingly limitless gray expanse of sea and sky, he felt like the better of him again, as they had in the bad days before Sally's arrival.

"I hate being in mid-ocean," he said, on the third day out. "I always did. It's like being suspended between heaven and earth, and a million miles either way. I feel as if I should be floating there, world without end. It's a damnable sensation."

"It's a nonsensical one," she said, looking at him sternly. "You're not to let such fancies bother you. In two days we shall be nearing Sandy Hook."

"Sometimes I think I shall," he said. "I studied him closely, his usually air troubling her more than usual. 'Come, I'm going to find you some pleasant company,' she announced with a smile. 'That nice foreign-looking man who stops to speak each morning is taking his constitutional. I know he'd like to talk with you a little if you invited him.'"

"Don't want him," muttered Schuyler, but Sally was off. The man looked like an interesting person to her, and he hadn't been too conversational on his short stops beside their chairs. She called to him and he came alertly, taking the chair beside Schuyler with the air she recognized it too late—of a surgeon sitting down beside his patient.

"How is your eye today?" he began. "No good," said Schuyler shortly. "Thank you," he said.

"Nephritic retinitis?" inquired the other. Schuyler nearly jumped in his chair, the shock was so severe. But he pulled himself together, while Sally stood regarding her impulse. The man was a doctor, and evidently not one of delicate sensibilities.

"Yes, I believe so," Schuyler answered reluctantly.

The doctor nodded his head. "I thought so." Then he shook his head—it was a big gray head, and looked as if it held the wisdom of the sciences and the philosophies combined. "Too bad, too bad," he said in his deep voice. If Sally could have pitched him overboard she would joyfully have done so. But the damage was done. Though Schuyler had in some way learned the technical name of his disease, he had not had any heads shaken over him, and the shaking of this big foreigner's head was bound to be to him portentous. The man indeed looked as if he would be a most distinguished personage from a clinic in Vienna.

"The London physicians are quite sure a complete rest will bring him out perfectly," Sally said interposed. But again the doctor made the same gesture of doubt.

"Had you a hemorrhage of the retina?" he inquired, and when Schuyler nodded, his pale cheek turning paler, the doctor's head was once more shaken. "It is a question," he said. "You should complete your rest. But don't let me say anything. You should be under the closest observation, until you should—"

At this point Sally hurriedly

called a passing steward. "Thomas, please help Mr. Chase to his stateroom. You will excuse us, sir," she said to the new and now unwelcome acquaintance. "I can tell by my husband's face that he isn't quite up to talking, after all."

The wise man nodded. "Quiet is best," he said kindly, and stood watching the tall invalid walk slowly away on the arm of the steward, followed by a young wife whose lovely eyes had darted unexplainable lightnings at the foreign doctor as she left. He had no idea what was the matter, unless the patient was subject to attacks of faintness, which was a bad symptom, certainly.

In the afternoon Sally had a case of near-hysteria to deal with. Schuyler's head was plunged into his pillow, his thin shoulders were heaving, the black glasses had been torn off and thrown upon the floor.

"Schuy, dearest!" Sally pleaded beside him. "Don't you mustn't, Schuy! Get hold of yourself, my brave boy! Don't let a perfect stranger upset you so. Good Doctor Burton knows, not this man, who may know nothing."

"He does know. Everybody knows—even you, who try to keep it from me." And then he was sobbing uncontrollably, and Sally was on the point of summoning the ship's doctor, since the hot tears were so terribly bad for the inflamed retina. Then the invalid drew himself up to a sitting position again, his face in his hands.

"God!—but I'm a coward!" he groaned. "That's almost the worst of it, that I can't face the thing like a man. What's the matter with me, Sally?"

"That's better, dear," she said, as she gently stroked his heavy hair. "You're not going to let go of yourself again. That idiot of a doctor shocked you, with his dismal suggestions. He had no right to be professional with you. Forget him and think how Richard Fiske will cheer you up."

"With lies, I'm afraid," Schuyler got up weakly, walked across to the porthole, and stood looking out at the moving gray waters. "Oh, I'm a poor hero, Sally. But what gets me is the thought of being done—at hardly past 40! My preaching—my work—my name—"

That was it, she knew—his name! How could she expect him not to be frightened at the possibilities before him? Yet she did want him to be heroic about it—he who had set forth the heroic life from his pulpit. Poor Schuyler! Her heart made every excuse for him, he had been away from her, his was a sensitive, emotional temperament which could not stand heavy shocks. An every day working man might have stood up under the trial, refused to believe that there was no hope, have been stolid or self-contained. A minister of another type would have been sustained by his faith in God, by prayer, by the "All things work together for good" of his Bible. Where was Schuyler's faith?

He told her. Everything seems dark to me. Even God—the God I've preached—seems to have forsaken me."

It was at this point that Sally Chase ceased to argue or console. She put him to bed, and gave him the heavy dose of bromide that would quiet and ultimately send him off to sleep.

It was good, two days later, to see Dr. Richard Fiske's face at the New York pier. And it was a brave faced Schuyler with whom he shook hands, who stood erect, smiling behind his black glasses. Sally had

counted on the expectation that her husband would care too much for Rich's good opinion to show him his fears at the first meeting. Doctor Fiske above all things hated a coward, and the knowledge of this trait had braced many a weak patient to the point of real fortitude.

If Fiske the physician could see for himself how shaken was this patient, how ill of body and mind, Fiske the friend successfully disguised his impressions. He made the trip to Cherry Hills as easy for the invalid as could be managed in a luxurious motor. As in the early evening they drove up to Cherry House, its candles in every room lighted by Jo Jenney when a telephone message told her of the near arrival, Fiske said with a ring of confidence in his voice, worth as much to Sally as to Schuyler: "Here's the place, old man, where you're going to get well!"

And for the moment both could do no other than believe him.

(From Josephine Jenney's Note-Book)
Poor Doctor Chase! Can hardly believe this despondent invalid is the man who seemed in pulpit a creature above touch of earthly things. Reason told me he wasn't, and he now proves it. Fearfully sorry for him, but almost sorrier for his wife. She stands up like a soldier, and half holds him. Begin to realize she probably always has done it. Very likely she's been part of his genius, all along, though he doesn't know it. Anyhow, she leans against her now like a broken reed. Strain must be terrific for her, for he sleeps little, and I'm sure she never leaves him.

Doctor Fiske seems even more solicitous for her than for patient. Can read him, I think, though he doesn't intend anybody shall. Mrs. Chase either doesn't or won't see which of them he's most devoted to. One can't blame him, she's so lovely and so brave. She should have had—Oh, well, life seems seldom to give people what they should have had. And I don't suppose the forceful doctor is a superhuman, either. He's intensely human, and that's why we all like him. No pose about him... What's the use of anybody's ever posing, anyhow? It's always recognized and derided.

Who am I to say that! Oh, Julian!

My dear Josephine Jenney, I want to have you know exactly how I feel about you, and what I want you to do. "Yes, Mrs. Chase, I want to know, too."

Sally and Jo faced each other in Jo's own room, which was a pleasant old fashioned spot under the eaves, its quaintness retained but made comfortable in every way Sally could devise. It was down a step and round a turn in the back hall, remote and quiet. No better place could have been found for a consultation.

It was the morning after the Chases' return. Schuyler was still sleeping, after a broken night in which he hadn't been able to settle down. After a late breakfast Sally's first care had been to seek a conference with Jo; she had had her on her mind.

"It's perfectly evident to me," Sally said, with her disarming smile, "that we've got to have a readjustment. Two things are unthinkable: that I should let you go, or that I should use you as a maid again. You see, I know a good deal about you, now."

"Do you, Mrs. Chase? I should really like to know what you know," Jo answered quizzically.

"I know that you're a lady—in both ways in which we use the term. And that you put on a uniform only so that you might try a bit of adventure, because the little town was very dull, and you must stay in it."

Jo nodded. "So far you do

know," she admitted.

"I really don't discern much further, as far as you are concerned, though that's quite enough. As to my side of the matter, I feel that I can't spare you. I'm going to have to devote most of my time to my husband, until he is well. What I really want to do with you is to keep you in charge of things, just as you have been in my absence. Make you housekeeper, virtually, and yet—with a difference. I want, you see," said Sally Chase, as one young woman to another, "to have you one of the family, my dear. Because I like you very much, and it's the only way in which I can really get to know you."

If anything could have confirmed Mrs. Schuyler Chase in her estimate of Josephine Jenney it was the way in which she met this announcement. Surprise, gratitude, delight—none of these were in Jo's face or manner. Instead there was to be seen only a well bred acceptance of the new situation, combined with a charming look of content.

"It's very nice of you to put it that way, Mrs. Chase," she said. "Thank you. I should like to stay—until September, at least, if I can be of use to you. My plans aren't fully made after that."

"Then that's settled, and I'm very happy about it," And Sally looked at it.

It was Adelaide Sturgis who disputed Jo's claim upon Sally's interest. That was to be expected. When Sally half an hour later, announced quietly to Adelaide that Josephine Jenney was to remain in the capacity of friend as well as housekeeper, Adelaide did not try to restrain her wrath.

"Sally Chase! Are you crazy?" "I think not. Perfectly sane. I've seldom known a girl who interested me so much. She's entirely acceptable in every way as a member of the household. More than that, she's a distinct accession."

"She's a mere rustic. She does very well as housekeeper, but if you intend to make her one of us?"

Sally's eyes sparkled. She hoped Adelaide was going to say that she—Adelaide—would, in that case, pack her expensive bags and go home. But her cousin stopped short of that. She seemed to have taken it for granted that she and her brother, being settled in most comfortably, would remain for an indefinite period. Sally didn't quite want to send her away at once, though she had made up her mind that if Schuyler didn't want the Sturgises, out they should go without ceremony. The question had come up on the way home from the ship; Sally had put it to both Schuyler and Richard Fiske.

"I don't care what they do," Schuyler had murmured, "if they aren't allowed to keep up a racket of jazz when I want to sleep."

"I rather think," Doctor Fiske had said thoughtfully, "having a few people about may be better for Schuy than having the house turned into a hospital. Proceed with things in their normal course, that's my advice. Your cousin Adelaide is pretty attractive in her way; Bradley's a good sort. You don't want to be dependent for society on the Cherry Hills people alone—they'd bore Schuy much more than the Sturgises."

"But if you intend to make her one of us," Adelaide now repeated—and paused, with Sally's inquiring gaze upon her. Adelaide well knew that Sally wouldn't hesitate politely to turn her cousins out. So she finished, with an effect of contempt rather than of threat. "You'll discover what an absurd mistake you've made. You can't turn an ugly duckling into a swan by putting her in the pond with the swans."

(TO BE CONTINUED)

WEEKLY SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON

The Authority of Jesus



Text: Mark 11:1-10, 15-18

And when they came nigh to Jerusalem, unto Bethphage, and Bethany, at the mount of Olives, he sendeth forth two of his disciples: And said unto them, Go your way into the village over against you; and as soon as ye be entered into it, ye shall find a colt tied, whereon never man sat; loose him, and bring him to me.

And if any man say unto you, Why do ye this? say ye that the Lord hath need of him; and straightway he will send him hither.

And they went their way, and found the colt tied by the door without, in a place where two ways met; and they loosed him.

And certain of them that stood there said unto them, What do ye, loosing the colt?

And they said unto them even as Jesus had commanded: and they let them go.

And they brought the colt to Jesus, and cast their garments on him; and he sat upon him.

And many spread their garments in the way; and others cut down branches off the trees, and strawed them in the way.

And they that went before, and they that followed, cried, saying, Hosanna; Blessed is he that cometh in the name of the Lord:

Blessed be the kingdom of our father David, that cometh in the name of the Lord: Hosanna in the highest.

And they came to Jerusalem: and Jesus went into the temple, and began to cast out them that sold and bought in the temple, and overthrew the tables of the money-changers, and the seats of them that sold doves;

And would not suffer that any man should carry any vessel through the temple.

And he taught saying unto them, Is it not written, My house shall be called of all nations the house of prayer? but ye have made it a den of thieves.

And the scribes and the chief priests heard it, and sought how they might destroy him: for they feared him, because all the people were astonished at his doctrine.

The International Uniform Sunday School Lesson for May 13. The Authority of Jesus. Mark 11:1-10, 15-18.

BY WM. E. GILROY, D. D., Editor of The Congregationalist.

This lesson begins with a very remarkable story, the full details and the explanation of which are not given.

Jesus, planning his entry into Jerusalem, sent two of his disciples into a nearby village informing them that as they entered they would find a colt tied. The disciples were instructed to loose the colt and bring him to Jesus, and were told further that if anyone should ask why they were doing it they should answer that the Lord had need of the colt.

Did Jesus know of a friend at whose door the colt would be tied, or what miraculous circumstance lies back of the narrative? Moreover, it was sufficiently amazing that the triumphant entry should be planned with the Master riding an unbroken colt. Colts that have never been broken to saddle or horseback riding are not apt to be quiet or amenable to guidance at the first time that anyone attempts to ride them.

However, all these details and questions, while they relate to an element of wonder in the narrative, have little to do with its main facts and teachings. This main fact is the entry of Christ into Jerusalem amidst the hosannas and plaudits of the throng—an event which we have commemorated in our modern world the institution of Palm Sunday.

Surely those who hailed the entry of Jesus with the words, "Blessed is he that cometh in the name of the Lord: Blessed be the kingdom of our father David, that cometh in the name of the Lord: Hosanna in the highest," must have believed, in deed and in truth, that the Kingdom of God was coming on earth. How different the scene in but a few days when the mob turned against Jesus and he was led forth to be crucified!

It is in these events at Jerusalem that we find the title of the lesson justified. Jesus stands forth as a teacher of authority, through the power of his moral indignation overturning those who had turned religion and the temple to their own purposes of gain, and through the beauty and truth of his discourse making an impression upon the people in marked contrast to

Easy. From The Pathfinder. Minister—And how is your son getting on with his wireless, Mrs. Migg?
Mrs. Migg—Oh, 'e understands the wireless part all right, sir—it's all them wires an' suchlike that gets 'im puzzled!

Three thousand volumes, sent from the United States, form the nucleus of the Abraham Lincoln Library in Benito Juarez school, Mexico City. The books have been donated at different times, most of them by members of the society called "Friends of Mexico."

No Telling. From Tit-Bits. "Am I the first girl you've ever kissed?"
"As a matter of fact, yes."

that made by the Scribes and Pharisees who were the constituted authorities of the day.

In this, and in similar incidents in the life of Jesus, there is a great opportunity to study the ultimate nature of true authority. After all, men are greater than institutions, and the power of a life given to right the truth is the greatest influence in the world.

There are times when this does not seem to be the case, when power seems to be in the hands of the selfish and dishonest. But the story of history is full of the wreck and tragedy of power and institutions founded in unrighteousness or tainted with corruption, while history in its glorious pages of progress and achievement tells how truth, often represented and symbolized in one man's courage and convictions, has ultimately prevailed against wrong.

Copernicus and Galileo against the world assert scientific truth that the world before long is acknowledging.

Jesus dies on the cross in fidelity to his convictions and his mission, but even in the very hour of the Cross Christianity is emerging as a power that even in its outward influences is to dominate the destiny of empires.

Small Voice of Truth

The power of the still small voice of truth continues in this world. The principles of the divine economy have not changed. The thing that is not true and right is weak, no matter how much authority it may take unto itself, and the thing that is right and true is stronger than armies and empires. Would that there might be a triumphant entry of Christ into the hearts of men and into the scenes of our modern life!

The kingdom did not come as those who hailed Christ expected it would come, but it came in larger and fuller measure, and it is still true that the Kingdom of God in its ultimate power and authority is in the hearts of men.

This is where the true authority of Jesus attains its sway in making men Christ-like.

Q. Where is the largest pipe organ in the world? T. D.

A. The Etude says that the largest organ is in the Wanamaker store in Philadelphia. The latest published specification of this organ gives it 5 manuals, 232 speaking stops, 34 couplers, 102 piston combinations, 130 other accessories, and 17,954 pipes. Other stops may have been added.

What He Lacked.

From Kuprox. A colored agent was summoned before the insurance commissioner. "Don't you know," said the commissioner, "that you can't sell life insurance without a state license?"

"Boss," said the dandy, you shall said a moufful. I done learned I couldn't sell it, but I didn't know the reason."

Q. Why are the front wheels of automobiles slightly pitched? A. A. B. A. They are so pitched to make steering easier and to avoid shocks to the steering gear.

Bedazzled Suckers. From the New York World. When a set of scoundrels get together to arrange an elaborate swindle their success depends upon how completely they can dope their victims. They have to find some way of administering an anaesthetic which will deprive their victims of all ordinary common sense and of all power to discriminate critically. This can be done with drugs. It can be done with liquor. But in some swindling operations it is not practicable to use drugs or drink. So they use a much cheaper and equally effective narcotic. They use words.

tremendous emotion whenever they are uttered. These words have a terrible power, and there are few people in any community who have the courage to resist the words which belong to the vocabulary of patriotism and religion. These words have acquired their power because they are associated with the most sacred loyalties of men. They were spoken originally by patriots and prophets, and they evoke almost automatically a feeling of awe and of reverence. Because of this the swindler who wraps himself in the flag or puts on the mantle of the prophet is very often able to hypnotize his victims with sacred words while he picks their pockets.

This game has been worked again and again in human history, but unfortunately there are always plenty of people who know no history and have learned nothing from it. They are the bedazzled suckers who throughout human history have supported every swindle. Somebody waves a flag at them and they go into a coma. Somebody makes passes at them with a sacred formula and they are overcome with such palpitation that they can't think. They become so bewitched with words that they will endure almost anything.

People who know something about human nature know quite well how the game is worked, and are on their guard. They know that in 99 cases out of 100 a man who advertises his patriotism or his religion loudly is a suspicious character. Really patriotic men and really religious men let their actions speak for them. Those who have to make a show of their loyalty, their idealism and their virtue almost invariably have something else to hide.