

CHERRY SQUARE

A NEIGHBOURLY NOVEL
By GRACE S. RICHMOND

Sally walked away from the tall man with the touch of gray in his brown hair and the commanding air which makes people listen, whether they will or no. She looked out of the window and saw her guests upon the lawn. The Gildersleeves were looking fixedly and impatiently toward the house. She turned back to Doctor Fiske.

"I must go back to them—I told you I could stay only a minute. But before I go I want say this, Rich: I'll have to forgive you—doctors think they have the right to say anything. But—when I married Schuyler I went into the service with him, and if I can be of service through him, or he through me, it's to be done. What does it matter how much he gets from me—or I from him—so that together we accomplish something?"

"Then you admit—"
"I admit nothing—except that you are very impertinent—and very kind—and that I'm going to send you off now. Trust me to be as selfish this summer as I can manage without being too disagreeable. The outside horses are coming tomorrow, and I intend to gallop away from all cares at least seven days."

She held out her hand. He took it and kept it, eyeing her closely. "There are two little hints between your very lovely eyes," he said, "that I never saw before. Gallop away in the morning and come back at night. If I could I'd meet you at the farthest point, and we'd gallop together. As it is, I shall come up as often as I can get away to see for myself how you are obeying orders."

"Don't come too often, Cherry Hills will note and condemn without a hearing, you know. No, don't say it, Rich! Good bye, I'm going back to the trial losses and be a total loss with them."

"You couldn't be that in a thousand years."

They parted at the point where the flat stones, sunk deep in the grass, led down to the white gate, and Doctor Fiske saw himself off while Schuyler returned to the group by the tea table.

"I'm afraid we must be going," said Mrs. Gildersleeve, rising as stiffly as one who knows herself to be the First Lady of the Town may. "I'm glad to have seen something of you, Mrs. Chase. It's a pleasure to leave you and your children here, and I hope we may make you one of us—and Miss Starbuck, too."

"Thank you, Mrs. Gildersleeve." Adelaide's rising was the thing of lazy grace she knew how to make it. She stood surveying the departing pair before her as if they were something new and amusing in her experience, the hint of a smile touching her lips. Adelaide's silences always made people like Mrs. Gildersleeve uncomfortable, in spite of the superior poise the elder woman might be supposed to have acquired. It was Sally who had to play the gracious hostess with more warmth than she felt, to offset Adelaide's effect of insolence. She sent the Gildersleeves away charmed with her, critical of her, and almost unendurably curious about her. What more could one short call have achieved?

From Josephine Jenney's Note-Book
The joy atmosphere of this house—when one or two of its inmates happen to be out of it! Everywhere signs of Mrs. Chase and her personality and tastes. Without her it would seem to be quaint, stiff old place, in spite of fine antiques which furnish it, stately portraits on walls, pairs of tall flowered vases on the mantelpiece which would bring ter-

Rescued Domain for Dogs.
From the Kansas City Star.
As the risk of provoking a flood of complaints from dog lovers, who have a legitimate right both to their affection and a display of them, we rise to observe some recent municipal developments of a wondrously wise nature. Dogs of a redoubtable disposition will not fail to note the change of front of events. Time was when a dog was a dog, for a street. His province was a matter of course; but now, alas, the dog has fallen upon evil days. The condition is one of the unfortunate by-products of city growth and of a consequently necessary adjustment

of the lines affecting the rights both of men and dogs.
Here, for example, is Kansas City, Kan., an enterprising neighbor, with an ordinance, now effective, which fixes rather severe penalties on the owner who allows any dog, badly out of puphood, to invade another person's yard, to destroy flower beds or do other damage. The regulation grows out of complaints of residents who would naturally be very displeased, but held the ordinance impossible as long as stray dogs are allowed. The identical issue recently has arisen in Kansas City, Mo., with a division of opinion among dogs, their owners and nonowners. As a

ric price at any decorator's. In each room some sign of her, usually in dash of color for which she is responsible. Flame silk pillows on black horsehair davenport; orange scarf on big mahogany table in library; blue taffeta hangings in her own room; gay chintzes in other bedrooms. My little room under eaves, which I like best of all, really, has gay quilt on bed matched by runner of Chinese embroidery on bureau which give me a fresh thrill of pleasure every time I come in. These embellishments appeared the next morning after the family arrived. Just wondering if they would have been put here if—well—if Mrs. Lawton's younger sister had been maid! But why should I flatter myself? Very likely I'm just neat, quiet young person, in Mrs. Chase's eyes, who merely deserves pleasant room. Brought a few books with me, favorites I can't live without. Why should I?

Association with Mrs. Lawson, the cook, was likely to keep her assistants subdued. A stickler for conservatism was Mrs. Lawson. Not only was her cookery of the most appetizing, but her ideas as to the manner of its service in the dining room, and of every detail of that service, were unalterable.

"Serve to the left, take away to the right," Mrs. Lawson laid down the laws. "Never let the place be lacking a plate. Never pile up the dishes in front of the person when you are going to change courses." And so on. "Never do this, always do that, and never, never make the least noise about it, or fumble anything." Mrs. Lawson endlessly elaborated her instructions.

Jo went about these duties with an odd expression in her amused eyes, a queer little twist in the corner of her lips. If she had been closed noted she might have been seen now and then to lay a fork or place a finger bowl and then give a little wave of salutation. "How are you, old friend? Sure you go there, are you? Always did, didn't you? Take care you don't run away!"

Outside of these matters, however, Mrs. Lawson was most reticent and tight-lipped, and of this Jo was exceedingly glad. The thing she had feared was that she would be expected by Mrs. Chase's other servants to discuss her with them, and this she would never do. Mary, the young nurse, had shown a tendency to indulge in household gossip, but since she was younger than Jo it had been easy to show her that this was not in Jo's own code. It was Norah O'Grady who most tempted the former teacher of her Patsy to break her resolution in this respect.

"Faith, ye're gettin' on like a house afire with yer workk," Norah announced one day, when she and Jo had to themselves the big airy back kitchen where the ironing was

done. I can see they think ye're the cat's whiskers in the place where ye are. But how about bein' the friend of the family ye set out to be? Have they asked ye in to set by the fire on the cool avenin's yet, at all?"
If Jo Jenney had not been really fond of Norah O'Grady and had not understood that behind this challengingly ironic inquiry was actual solicitude that she attain her wish, she might have answered stingingly. As it was she subdued that inclination, and only said quietly, with a little lift of her head: "I'm enjoying being in this house. It's quite as interesting as I thought it would be."
Norah stared at her, then nodded her head. "The time'll come," she said. "Ye can't keep a good man down, nor a girl like you. Ye have the look of thimselves. I'll say that—an' why not? It's not in your own place you are, an' some day somethin'll happen that'll show it to them. I'll be glad when that happens."
Now Jo could smile at her, and did, so that the warm Irish heart could expand still more generously. "Maybe I can make it happen meself," said Norah to herself—but knew better than to say it to Jo.

On the second Sunday of the Chases' stay Sally came downstairs with a definite intention as regarded Josephine. The first Sunday Mrs. Chase had let her go comfortably by with the feeling that for once in many months she might forget that there was such a thing as a church service, with hymns and prayers and responses and a sermon to be loyally listened to. It had seemed a luxury not to feel responsible—actually responsible—for the way she service went, but to be able to roam off as she had done that first Sunday into the lanes and fields which could be reached by five minutes' walk from Cherry Square. She had said a little prayer of thankfulness out there under the blue sky, and had persuaded herself that on this vacation from responsibility she would spend her Sundays as she pleased.

But on this second Sunday, at her first waking, she had somehow been assailed by the wish to go to church. Old habit asserting itself, she supposed, but there it was. She wanted to see what a church service would be like in the old white church with the needle-like spire on the south side of Cherry Square. She wanted to say a prayer for Schuyler between the walls of a sanctuary, although she didn't know just why. She supposed it must be because her thoughts of Schuyler were so closely tied up with sanctuaries. And she had suddenly remembered her new maid, Josephine. Curiously enough, she often found herself thinking of Josephine, even when the two were in the same room. That spirited-looking young woman might have some Protestant church affiliation. Mrs. Lawson and Mary were Catholics, and the town held no Catholic church; but to Josephine it might be her employer had an obligation.

A minute's conversation demonstrated the fact.

"Thank you, Mrs. Chase, I should like to go to church very much," assented Jo. "I wasn't sure you could spare me."
"I always arrange to spare anybody under my roof who cares to go to church," Sally said. "You and Mrs. Lawson may have alternate Sundays at church time, though she won't go here. Suppose you go today. Which church do you prefer?"
Jo told her. It was the white church to which Sally herself meant to go. Mrs. Schuyler Chase, accustomed to being democratic as well as Christian, even in a city church which was as aristocratic in its tendencies as a wealthy membership could keep it, instantly invited Jo to go with her.

matter of precaution, we withhold judgment as to who is right or who is wrong. Our purpose holds to a dispassionate presentation of what is going on in the world of dogdom.
Moved by evenly balanced sympathies, we would suggest the precedent of pigs. Old residents may recall the day when pigs, too, had rights that, if not respected, at least were tolerated. Pigs, even after they had attained their majority, sometimes a ponderous majority, were permitted to roam a twill about city streets. But the jealous spirit of progress brought a change. The province of the pig was narrowed

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rather, she invited Jo to take her new mistress with her.
"I'm practically a stranger in the town, it's so long since I used to come here," Sally said, smiling the adorable smile which few people could resist. "So it will be nice to have you take me. Are you a member of that church?"
Jo said she wasn't but that she had a seat there with a nice old man who had been a member all his life. Upon which Sally felt a certain conviction of hers deepening, and as it was a conviction which interested her very much she was glad that she had asked these questions of her maid. Though Josephine had not yet become to her mistress a "fascinating servant," she was certainly an extremely interesting servant, and challenging to the imagination. The idea of going to church in her company was far from being repellent. Democratic though Sally was, she realized that she wouldn't, from the standpoint of congeniality, have cared to be accompanied by either Mrs. Lawson, Mary Beales, or Norah O'Grady. Therefore there was no question but that Josephine Jenney had already made upon her a distinct impression of (superiority not only to the others, and by a notable distance, but to all people whom Sally had ever known in such a capacity.

When at her call Jo joined her, Sally looked at her companion with an almost startled recognition of the test which is always made by the leaving off of the levelling effect of the uniform. Mary Beales, in uniform, was a satisfactory nursemaid; out of it upon a holiday she looked her origin. Cheap materials, gay colors, and an evident effort to be "stylish" turned Mary into a commonplaceness from which it wasn't conceivable that anything could rescue her—not even the example of her perfectly turned-out mistress. Mrs. Chase could look much "grander" on the street than she did if she'd "just not dress so awful quiet. But I s'pose," reflected Mary pityingly, "she thinks she has to 'count of him!'"
But Josephine Jenney, as she followed Mrs. Schuyler Chase out of the front entrance of Cherry House—for the first time—might easily have been "one of the family." Certainly that was what Lucinda Hunt, peering from her upper window, thought her, until the pair came nearer. Then, electrified, she informed Clarinda who became almost breathless at the news that the girl she hadn't recognized, and who was dressed almost exactly as Sally Chase was dressed, was Josephine Jenney herself, and that the two were evidently on their way to church. "Miss Jenney always did have a sort of nice look about her," declared Lucinda, "sort of close and smooth and set-well. But I never noticed that she looked the way those city folks look—as if they come out of a band-box—till I saw her just now. Seeing her in a uniform got me thinking of her as hired help. But she certainly don't look it now. Must be Sally intends to make of her, knowing she's been a teacher and all—if she does know it. Maybe she don't. I should think it would upset the other help, though."

(TO BE CONTINUED)
A LEAP YEAR IDYL
"Will you be my husband?" the maiden said.
But he shook the curls on his bright brown head:
"Why, this is so sudden, I scarcely know."
But I very much fear that you haven't the 'dough'
To keep me in style as my parents do.
Can you pay all my bills and the grocery man too?
"I cannot promise you that I fear. But then you know that I love you dear."
"Well, I'll stay with mother a while, I think."
Till I find a lady that has the 'chuck.'
—Lulu E. Thompson

The estimated total number of drug addicts in the United States is less than 100,000.

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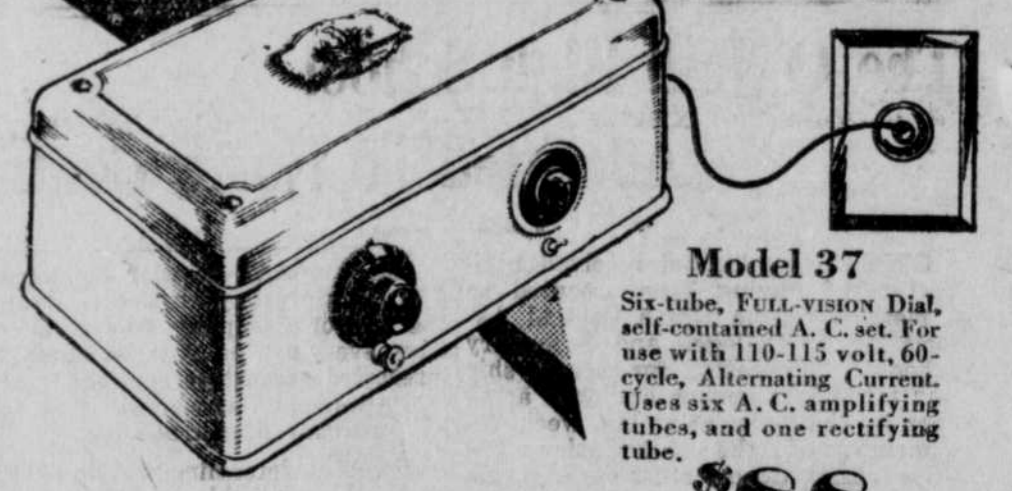
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