

MULBERRY SQUARE

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SYNOPSIS

To the quiet household of Doctor Ballard, in Mulberry Square, youthful Dr. Hugh Kennedy, comes as an assistant, to stay a year. He first meets Janie, nineteen-year-old daughter of Doctor Ballard. Her older sister, Celia, a petted beauty, is away from home. Hugh regards Janie, a universal favorite, as a small girl, to be treated as a chum. He is impressed by evidences of Doctor Ballard's kindness of heart, and his popularity. Hugh sees a photograph of Celia, and is impressed by her loveliness.

CHAPTER IV—Continued

"You'd better stop thinking . . . Are we friends again?"
Janie nodded.
"Well that's a relief!" He drew a long gusty sigh. "Tonight we'll celebrate. We'll drive out to Riverside park."
"And have supper at the Inn?" Janie was Janie, getting excited again.
Hugh was smiling. Janie smiled, too. She gave a little bounce of happiness and smiled her wide gay smile.
"That's the girl!" His eyes admired her. "You're lovely when you smile. Lovely! She couldn't stop smiling."
"I feel like the Cheshire cat," she said. "Just nothing at all but a smile."

III

The Ferris wheel circled twice. The third time up, it stopped; the stars very close above them, the ground very far below.
"Is something the matter, Hugh?"
"They'll fix it in a moment. Frightened?"
"N-o-o—"
"You don't seem quite sure."
His arm circled around her. Her hand slipped into his. He held it close in a warm comforting clasp. Her cheek brushed his shoulder. Janie was conscious of a new and bewildering emotion. "I must be falling in love," she thought. "I'm falling in love with Hugh."

The wheel began to turn. She wondered if he were feeling it, too, this aching, blissful emotion. They slipped down from the shadows into the dazzle of light. He lifted her out of the car, still holding fast to her hand. What was he thinking? She glanced up at him shyly, her lashes misted with tears. He was looking at her hand.
"Janie Ballard!" he said. "You've chewed that thumb nail down to the quick!"

CHAPTER V

Aunt Lucy was having a garden party at "Sportsman's Hall." The party was not confined exclusively to the garden, however. In fact, no one visited the gardens at all unless led there by Uncle Frank to admire his peacocks, his goldfish or his roses. Uncle Frank boasted that each bud on the luxuriant bushes cost him, all things considered, exactly one dollar apiece.

He was a square thick-set man with a ruddy complexion, twenty years older than Aunt Lucy, who had pure white hair, young brown eyes and a beautiful figure. All the Ballards turned gray early in life. Aunt Lucy had been clever enough not to tamper with nature. She had the appearance of being constantly dressed and wigged for a costume party. You liked to look at Aunt Lucy.

Uncle Frank, on the contrary, appeared always to be dressed for a tussle with one of his horses. He called himself a "gentleman farmer." Great-uncle Charlie contended that the title was inaccurate. Uncle Frank Grove, he said, was neither a gentleman nor a farmer. Great-uncle Charlie was permitted to say such things merely because nobody on earth could stop him.

Great-uncle Charlie sat in a rustic chair beneath a copper-beech tree on the rolling front lawn. Aunt Lucy, seated with a group of her guests under a neighboring copper-beech, at intervals cast an anxious eye in his direction. She had hoped that he wouldn't be present. There was never any telling what the dreadful old man might do or say. Great-uncle Charlie was aware of her anxiety. It helped him to endure the boredom of what he considered a very stupid party.

The armchair was placed conveniently near the punch bowl. Merely by reaching out his arm Jeff was able to refill Great-uncle Charlie's glass. Jeff had been borrowed for the occasion. Aunt Lucy borrowed Jeff on all state occasions. She apparently felt that a family servant added atmosphere even though he was not, strictly speaking, attached to her own menage.

"How dat punch, Mistah Cha'lie?" Jeff asked as he once again performed the agreeable ceremony of refilling Great-uncle Charlie's glass.
"Tolerable, Jeff, tolerable." Great-uncle Charlie raised his glass aloft and smiled his waggish smile. "Well, here's to mules and the Civil war!"
"You mustn't, Uncle Charlie." A small determined person in a creamy frock planted herself in front of him

and reached for the upraised glass. Uncle Frank's father, it seemed, had made a fortune in shady transactions with mules during the Civil war. It was Great-uncle Charlie's favorite story. He laughed all over. His round paunch quivered. So did his shoulders and his fat pink cheeks.
"Simple gratitude, Janie my dear," he chuckled. "If mules can produce all this—" His sweeping gesture included the glorified farm house, the oaks and the beech trees, the lawns and river itself, sparkling and blue in the sunshine. "Well, I'm for them, that's all. My sainted Aunt Maria!" He suddenly exclaimed. "Now what does Lucy think of that?"
Janie's eyes followed his to an oak tree along the drive. Muriel, stand-



Muriel, Standing, Leaned Against the Massive Trunk.

ing, leaned against the massive trunk, her rosy skirt blowing back from her graceful legs. Muriel, ordinarily, was not pretty, though she had Aunt Lucy's beautiful figure and warm brown eyes. Her features were heavy. But her wide square mouth had a certain charm and she dressed in exquisite taste. Today she looked almost pretty as she leaned against the tree talking with unaccustomed vivacity to Tom McAllister, only a little taller than she.

"Aunt Lucy needn't worry, I guess," Janie said gravely. "Tom wouldn't know Muriel was alive if Celia were here." Her eyes strayed down over the lawn to the road along the river. Hugh had promised to come . . . Muriel presently strolled by with Tom McAllister.
"We're going in to dance," Muriel said in her careful finishing-school voice.
"Come along, Janie." Tom added pleasantly.
"No thank you, Tom." It was more pleasant to watch the road dappled over with shadows.
"When do you expect Celia?"
A shade of annoyance slipped across Muriel's face. She wasn't pretty now. She was merely a thin, rather sallow girl with a flair for the right sort of clothes.
"Soon," Janie answered. "Almost any day."

Almost any day! Janie's eyes returned to the road along the river, as Muriel and Tom strolled on toward the house. It seemed doubly important, now, that Hugh should keep his promise. Celia spoiled things for everybody. Once she, too, had believed the Celia myths. That was a long time ago. . . .

Whatever has happened to Janie? Great-uncle Charlie glanced down at his favorite grandniece, brown as a beech-nut in her creamy embroidered frock. She sat very still, with a sort of a listening look, her eyes on the road from town. A ray of light pricked through the mist of questions in Great-uncle Charlie's head.
"What time is it, Uncle Charlie?"
The old man consulted a ponderous watch.

"Half past four."
"Half past four! If something had happened to Hugh!"
And then she heard it, the clatter and racket of a noisy little roadster. Instantly she was alive all over, eyes shining, words tumbling, creamy kid slippers dancing with excitement.

"That's Horatius! He's come, Uncle Charlie! He's come!"
"Who's come—Santa Claus?"
"Hugh! But he isn't coming in. He's waiting and tooting the horn. Isn't it a silly horn, Uncle Charlie? It sounds like a cat with the croup. Oh my goodness! I'd better go see what's happened."
Great-uncle Charlie watched her race down the drive, skirt blowing, legs twinkling, the butterfly bows on her slippers lifting like tiny wings. The first faint ray of suspicion became as the breaking of dawn.
"So that's the way the wind blows," Great-uncle Charlie observed to Jeff. "When Celia comes home there'll be

ructions. My sainted Aunt Maria! I wish—I hope I'll be asleep!"

II

"Aren't you glad I kidnaped you?" Hugh, in his bathing suit, lay among the moss and pine needles on the bank at the tip of the point.
"You didn't, exactly." Janie, sitting on a blanket to protect her party frock, gave a little bounce of pleasure. "I just came tagging along."
"Well, anyway, we're here." Hugh stretched lazily. "Was it a nice party? What did you do, Janie?"
"I sat on the grass with my feet stretched out so people would admire my slippers."
"You baby," he said. "You dear little funny kid."

Janie's spirits dropped for a moment. She felt particularly grown up and elegant in the frock of creamy chiffon which Aunt Lucy had brought from Paris. Funny kid! Even the "dear" didn't help very much. Hugh would persist in treating her like a child and he, she reflected, was no more than a boy himself with his tempers and whistling and spells of being lazy. There he was now, chinning himself on a hickory limb and looking to see if she didn't think he was grand.
"How's that?" Expectantly.
"You baby!" Tilting her chin in the air.
"Imp!"

He swung into the water, pulled away from the shore with long even strokes. Janie sighed with content. Lovely day!
Hugh had swum out so far that his head was a glint in the distance. The current was strong. If something should happen to Hugh! There, thank goodness, he was stroking it back to shore.
"Hugh! You shouldn't swim out so far."
"Why not?"
She couldn't tell him exactly why. It was all mixed up with the singing inside of her heart.

"Funerals are a nuisance," she said. "And I look dreadful in black."
He laughed and threw himself down beside her, his head on the olive-green blanket.
"Light me a cigarette."
"You're the laziest person I know."
"My hands are wet."
She lit it, of course, puffed once or twice and promptly handed it over. They talked. Hugh discussed his hazy plans for the future.
"I think I'll go abroad for a year or two. To study, I mean. Berlin and Vienna."
Berlin! Vienna; Janie felt lost and forlorn.

An interval of silence. The pink in the sky a clear pale amethyst now. Shadows creeping among the trees.
"Janie."
"Hm?"
"I thought you had gone to sleep."
"I was thinking."
"What?"
"Do you hate it terribly, Hugh?"
"Hate what, you funny kid?"
"Living with us in the Square."
"No, I like it . . . And say, I'm crashing into society. Tony Silver's wife invited me to the new Silver's christening party."
"Shall you go?"
"If you'll go with me. And what about a present? Will you get me something gorgeous?"
"A silver cup with the name engraved?"
"Better make it a keg. The name is Victor Emanuel Sebastian—I can't remember the rest."

Another interval of silence.
"Hugh, we ought to be getting home."
"It's pleasant here . . . Light me another fag."
"Your hands are perfectly dry."
"But you do it so well." A teasing smile. "You are a good little egg."
Egg! A lady in a Paris frock! A long indignant silence.
"Janie?"
"Hm?"
"We could have a Christmas party for the kids in the Square."
"What made you think of Christmas?"
"That star up there above the tallest pine."

A tiny star shining alone in the primrose and amethyst sky . . . They planned a Christmas party for the children in the Square. Janie remembered with a pang that three months of the time between this evening and Christmas she would be in college three hundred miles away. She spoke of it dolefully. Hugh promised to come for a week-end and write to her very often. That made it seem less of a trying ordeal. Funny to feel that way. She had liked college pretty well . . .

The twilight inspired confidences. Hugh talked seriously about the things he wanted to do. "As though I were more important," she thought, "than just a funny kid." She wished it needn't end, this feeling of being close to him, sharing his dreams, planning things for the future. Maybe, some time, he would feel it, too, this closeness, this wishing it needn't end. Mother had married Father when she was just nineteen . . .

"Look at our Christmas tree now," Hugh suddenly exclaimed.
The tallest pine was tipped with a brilliant new star.

"You can't see the tiny first one," Janie mourned.
"It's lost in the dazzle."
"Lost in the dazzle! That's how it is with Celia and me, Janie thought miserably. The tiny star had looked so lovely alone . . .
The twilight had deepened. Everything seemed hushed and shadowed and almost heart-breakingly sad. Lost in the dazzle! It was always that way. Janie tried to win back the tears that gathered on her lashes. The attempt was unsuccessful. They rolled forlornly over her cheeks, splashed down on Hugh's hand in her lap.
"Are you crying, Janie?"
A negative shake of her head.
"What is it, little fellow?"
"I—I feel sort of chilly. Hugh, please take me home."

III

Horatius stopped, with its customary protest, in front of the old brick house. Janie saw a spurt of light in the living room and then through the buff-tinted blinds a soft and flickering glow. Mother must have called. But why was she lighting the candles? It seemed a little odd.
Janie paused to smooth her hair in the mirror above the card-tray table. Hugh had halted at the living room door and seemed rooted to the spot. Janie walked to his side, looked in through the portieres and buried her fondest dreams.

Celia, in misty white, sat at the piano, her chin a little raised to show the long lovely curve of her throat. The candle-light made a radiance about her head and gave her skin the translucent quality of thin creamy porcelain. She appeared to be wrapped in reveries and totally unconscious of observing eyes.
Hugh's tribute to the picture was almost soundless, a quick indrawn breath. But Janie heard it. Celia, as though she had heard it, too, turned with a pretty start of surprise. Her violet eyes lost, for a moment, their dreaming expression. Her lips curved in a gentle welcoming smile.
"Janie," she murmured in a voice like plucked silver harp-strings. "It's lovely to see you again."

Janie drew a long deep breath and gallantly lifted her chin.
"Celia," she said, "this is Hugh."

CHAPTER VI

Celia was at home. It made everything different. Janie was seldom allowed to forget that she was merely the plain little sister of the prettiest girl in town. Not that Celia was unkind to Janie. She was, on the contrary, very sweet and affectionate. "Janie is devoted to that playground," she would say in the presence of a caller. "She's such a busy brown little bee. She makes me feel like a butterfly." Bees, of course, are dull little creatures and butterflies are enchanting. Celia was a belle. Celia was what gallant elderly gentlemen called a "toast." Celia, in short, was the prettiest girl in town.

Just at first, Celia paid little attention to Hugh. Janie wondered at her lack of appreciation. She wanted her to admire him—from a safe and disinterested distance.
"Isn't he nice?" she asked one evening. She was watching Celia dress in her airy front bedroom upstairs, all lilac and cream and rose, as fresh and as dainty as Celia herself.
"He looks healthy." Celia was absorbed in the pretty task of brushing her silky hair.
"I think he's nice-looking." Janie's cheeks were unusually pink. "And he's getting along so well. Father says Hugh is a born doctor."
"I've had enough of doctors!" Celia's voice was almost petulant.
"Why Celia Ballard!" Janie's eyes were blazing.
"Father is different, of course." Celia hastened to make amends. She had to be approved of—even by brown little Janie. "But the atmosphere depresses me so, sickness and suffering and pain. You wouldn't understand, Janie dear. You don't mind such things. I'm so absurdly sensitive."

From which Janie gathered, with a lifting of her spirits, that Celia had no ambition to be a doctor's wife.
The feeling of happiness vanished, however, when she saw him standing in the hall late that afternoon watching Celia walk down the stairs. Celia wore a frock of sheer white swiss with a tight bodice and a full ankle-length skirt. At her waist was a small corsage of lilies-of-the-valley tied with loops of green ribbon. Janie saw the admiring expression in Hugh's brown eyes, heard his quick indrawn breath.
"That's the way I thought of you," he said softly. "Lilies-of-the-valley."
Janie didn't wait to hear any more. She rushed out through the kitchen, up the back stairs, along the second floor hall and up to her own quiet room. It was a peaceful haven, comforting and familiar. She flung herself face down on the bed and cried a little and kicked at the counterpane with her toes. Then she felt better.

She bathed her eyes and smoothed her hair and began to dress for supper.

At supper, Hugh talked very little. He kept looking at Celia, all white and creamy and pink with her honey-colored head set like a flower on the slender stem of her throat. Celia, also, talked very little. She appeared to be wrapped in reveries. Her long-lashed violet eyes seemed to be gazing upon some hidden loveliness beyond the restricted vision of ordinary mortals.

"I'm glad you didn't get yourself sunburned." Mother, too, was looking at Celia, all white and creamy and pink. "Janie looks like a gypsy."
Father was looking at Janie.
"I like gypsy girls," he said with a quick warm smile.
Janie felt a lump in her throat. Father, she thought, was the dearest person in all the world.

II

It made everything different, Celia being at home. Muriel invited them out for tea, Celia and Janie and Hugh. This time Hugh didn't suggest that they slip away up into the woods. He sat on the lawn and looked at Celia in her wide-brimmed lilac hat. Janie sat on the grass hugging her knees in her arms as silent as a small bronze statue. Muriel smoked cigarettes and looked decidedly bored. Celia talked about herself and had a beautiful time.

Tom McAllister joined them presently. He had been talking legal affairs with Uncle Frank. Tom drew up a wicker chair and he, too, looked at Celia in her wide-brimmed lilac hat. Hugh, occasionally, made an effort to include Janie and Muriel in the conversation. Tom looked at Celia, a quizzical smile twisting the left corner of his mouth. It was a smile which seemed to say, "I am not deceived by your poses but I think you are beautiful." Tom always looked at Celia that way.

Tom had an Irish mother and a Scotch father. It was the Irish in him, Muriel said, which worshipped Celia's beauty. The canny Scotch part of him kept him from being deceived. You wondered which was stronger. Perhaps Tom wondered, too.
It was amazing, Janie thought, how Celia commanded attention. She never said anything witty or beautiful or wise. You expected her to, when she sat with her hands linked loosely in her lap, her eyes dreaming off into the distance. Perhaps that was the reason. You waited for a glimpse of the hidden loveliness which Celia promised. She had a gift for ensnaring the imagination. It worked out very well. Muriel, her graceful figure meshed in a web of knitted silk, talked indolently of a recent trip to Japan.
"There was a Japanese man at our hotel," Celia interrupted. "He called



"You Don't Mind Such Things. I'm So Absurdly Sensitive."

me Almond Flower." She laughed softly, a single quivering harp string.
That was the way she did it, Janie thought. She made you feel that the almond trees in far Japan had flowered for the sole purpose of giving Celia a pretty name. She saw the flash of interest in Hugh's brown eyes and wished she had never been born.
TO BE CONTINUED.

Named St. Lawrence River
The St. Lawrence river received its name from the fact that Jacques Cartier christened one of the little bays on the north shore of the Gulf, St. Lawrence. He entered the bay on the tenth of August, 1535. It was the day of the Feast of St. Lawrence. The name spread gradually to the whole Gulf and river. St. Lawrence was a deacon of the early Christian church who was put to death by order of the Roman Emperor Valerian. It is said that when he was ordered to hand over the church's money, he went around and gathered together all the poor among whom he had been in the habit of dividing it. He was buried in the Catacombs.



AN INFERENCE

During a history lesson the teacher pointed out to the class that a surname often indicated the trade of the ancestors of those who bore the name. He gave the obviously simple examples of Smith, Taylor, Baker, and others.
Then he questioned one of the boys: "What were your ancestors, Webb?"
"Spiders, sir!"—London Tit-Bits.

NOTHING ALARMING



"I saw Mr. Oldsby kissing Helen Young, and he knows nothing about her. She might—"
"Oh, infantile paralysis is the only thing he could catch from her."

Proceeding Scientifically
"Guess I may as well come to it," said Farmer Contosel.
"Come to what?"
"Studyin' the science of gettin' profit out of worthless material. I'm goin' to write to the head nurseryman of the Department of Agriculture and get him to send me one of those bulletins about graffin'."

Call a Plumber
City Boy—Say, dad, how many kinds of milk are there?
Father—Well, there's evaporated milk, buttermilk, malted milk and—but why do you wish to know?
"Oh, I'm drawing a picture of a cow and I want to know how many spigots to put on her."—Farm Journal.

Satisfactory
Visitor—You don't mean to tell me that you have lived in this out-of-the-way place for over thirty years?
Inhabitant—I have.
Visitor—But, really, I cannot see what you can find to keep you busy.
Inhabitant—Neither can I—that's why I like it!

CLASSIFIED



Father—I can't find an account of your football game on the sporting page.
Son—We were slaughtered. Look in the obituary column.

Political Unrest
"Do you believe that politics makes strange bed fellows?"
"Yes," answered Senator Sorghum. "But the fact brings no repose. Trouble is always caused by the man who wants to grab all the covers and kick the other fellow out."

Scarecrows
"Must be a lot of gentlemen farmers around here."
"Yeh-uh?"
"Never saw so many scarecrows wearing evening dress."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

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