



THE NEW NEIGHBORS



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By W. E. HILL.

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Mrs. Haberman, helper and cleaner by the day, has dropped in to look the new family over. Not sure she wants to work for them. Mrs. Haberman is awfully particular about the people she cleans for! Yes MA'AM! Oh, but the folks she used to work for in this very house, they were fine. Served eight meals a day to their help. And never a cross word from the mistress. Never.

If the new neighbors are strangers in town, and if they are beginning to be bored with nothing but each other's society, a terrible thing is likely to happen. Either they will let themselves get taken up by the WRONG people and never know the difference or, what is worse, they will find out their terrible mistake later on, when it's too late to get a foothold with the people who are THE people!

The dear little lady who rushes right over as soon as a new family is installed in the neighborhood and gets very, VERY intimate. "Now, promise me, you will come over SOON and spend the day, and be SURE to bring your work!" The idea being that she will bring HER work about the people in the neighborhood. "Loves to tell you all the terrible, terrible things about the people in the neighborhood. "My dear," she will say, "you MUST be careful what people you go about with here. I wouldn't BREATHE this to any one but you!" etc., etc.



"I was just CRAZY to see what they'd do with the inside of that house!" Mrs. Larson has just been over to call on the newcomers. And, of course, she doesn't approve of a THING they've done to the inside of the house!



"Oh! Don't you and your husband play auction? Not at ALL? Oh!" Something tells little Mrs. Webb that she's never going to be a social success in the new environment. At least, not in Mrs. Bickel's set.

The loud friends of the city who drive out en masse on Sunday morning just when the neighbors are starting for church. "Hey, will you look at old Pop, out here living the simple life with the hayseeds," they are just as apt as not to call out from the car, shaming you before the entire population. And very likely one of the girls in the party will be "simply dying for a cigarette" and will say so right out in the open, just as old Miss Nimms and the proper Mrs. Gibbs pass by en route to the Front Street Congregational Church.



The new neighbors will be old neighbors by the time Miss Barlow gets to call. However, she's going to call today. And after she's explained and explained why, she hasn't called earlier in the season she will ask for a subscription to the Ladies' Aid entertainment. They are giving a mock trial in the Sunday school rooms and Miss Barlow has a few dozen tickets to sell.

Mr. Argus, the grocer, smiling his best smile, welcomes a new charge account to the community.

