

NEIGHBORS

By W. E. Hill

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The growing girl. A few years ago if you asked May Rena Dilley whose little girl she was she'd reply, "I'm poppa's girl." She's a big girl now, and doesn't say much about being poppa's girl. May Rena loves to go on errands for her mama to the lending library, which takes her past the high school about closing time. Sometimes she gets to the library and sometimes she doesn't. The neighbors get awfully upset about May Rena. Some think she's just a growing girl, and some say she's her mama all over again. The idea being that what used to be sauce for the goose is duck soup for the gosling.

The interested neighbors. "You watch the front door and I'll watch the back door," says Mrs. Fred Doughy to her daughter. Carrie and her ma are driven to a white heat of neighborly interest whenever a bundle, an unknown caller, a trained nurse, or a Western Union boy appears at a neighbor's doorstep. Neighbors are apt to be close mouthed and secretive in a suburb, and very often Carrie and her darling ma have a terrible time ferreting out neighborhood clews.



Land conscious. On the slightest provocation Mrs. Kate McMitt will rush from her front door crying, "Be careful of our hedge!" then she will get a yard stick and measure to make sure that the load of cannel coal for next door is not encroaching over her boundary line. "I'm sure they meant to drive right over our hedge if I hadn't been there to watch," Mrs. McMitt will confide to a friend later.

"Hey, Fred, come over and see how this stuff hits you!" These cellar friendships among home brewing neighbors are increasing in suburban localities.

The party line. A party line is a great convenience among neighbors in a small town. Suppose, for instance, that Mrs. Brophy wants to call up her butcher about the calves' brains at the very moment Miss Elsie Snellgrove decides to ask a girl friend if she cares to go see Clara Bow that afternoon. The line being in use, Mrs. Brophy and Miss Snellgrove can have a perfectly swell time listening to a conversation about themselves between Mrs. Wooley and Miss Limp.



The sensitive neighbor. Iona is always having her feelings hurt by neighbors who say something or do something or don't invite her to something. When this happens Iona will go up to her bedroom and brood and brood. Then she will rush over to whichever one she is on speaking terms with "I want you to hear my side of it," Iona will say, "before Ethel tells you hers."

The early resident. Old Pop Grumbacher settled on upper Front street in the halcyon days when a mansard roof and a stained glass window in the hall were considered pretty hotsy totsy. It's a restricted residential section, "and, by heck, it will stay restricted," says Mr. Grumbacher, about to petition the common council for a couple of writs and a few injunctions against a gas station that wants to be a near neighbor.

The neighbor's child. Dorothy sees all, hears all, and tells all. She has a sixth sense about neighborhood news and is almost prophetic. Dorothy knew the O'Learys' cook was leaving three days before Mrs. O'Leary got wind of it.



The excitable neighbor. Mr. Jenks is making a terrible row all because Margo, the Smith's peke, being a friendly little thing, is playing on the Jenks' lawn. Mr. Jenks has a lot to say about neighbors who let their pets roam.