

CHERRY SQUARE

A NEIGHBOURLY NOVEL
by GRACE S. RICHMOND

"Other people know him— he's the son of the George Parkhurst Grahams who are so very prominent socially—and financially, as well."

Sally thought rapidly, and succeeded in bringing up a faint memory of a fair-haired, rather stout young man who was—why, he must be much, much younger than Adelaide—a mere boy. The name of Graham was undoubtedly well known in the world of business; as to its eminence socially, she wasn't so sure.

"Yes, I think I know who they are," she said, as cordially as possible. "Have they more than one son?"

"Only one, fortunately. He will inherit quite a fortune some day. Meanwhile—he's very charming and very desirable, even though he doesn't happen to have made himself a niche in your memory."

"Oh, possibly," Adelaide certainly was carrying it off in her most affectedly languid style, which had always much amused the Chases. "I must be off. You might say goodbye for me to Josephine Jenney—I've been too busy to look her up. I suppose I mustn't leave a tip for her? She probably wouldn't mind—but you would."

Sally didn't answer that. What need? She saw Adelaide into the car, gave Jimmy his directions, and said in her pleasantest voice: "Goodbye, Adelaide. Be sure to let Jimmy take you for all your errands before you send him back." And was conscious of a feeling of intense relief when the car swung round the corner and out of sight. Also she thought she knew, if ever in her life, why fishwives of history have been reported as breaking now and then into billingsgate!

(From Josephine Jenney's Notebook)

What next! And what to do! Dr. Mary Rutherford, the same splendid, wise, energetic person. Her visit, the short contact with her, like a call to arms. I want to go—I want to stay—I want—

I dare not put down what I want. It isn't mine—it can't be mine—

Julian. . . .

I look at his picture so often—I need to look at it often—to have the sight of it tell me what to do. What a face! A wonderful face. It might have been the face of . . .

Josephine Jenney—you'll do what you must do. There's just one thing clear—Julian.

XXII.

"Mrs. Chase, would your husband care to see me?"

Gordon Mackay stood in the doorway, hat in hand. Sally Chase looked at him in surprise. Usually he came straight over the lawn to the place where Schuyler was almost invariably to be found. Why, she wondered, should he have become so formal that he must needs inquire as to his welcome?

"Why, of course, Mr. Mackay," she answered cordially. "He's always glad to see you. He's out in his deck chair, under the beech."

"I thought, possibly, I'd tired or bored him of late. I don't want to do that, yet I have something I'd like to tell him this morning, if I thought him up to a bit of talk."

"He hasn't been quite so well this last fortnight, but I'm sure—" Sally paused. Her eyes were full of trouble. She looked up into the steady eyes which were studying her. Nothing but utter frankness was fair to this man, she felt. So she said slowly: "He does seem to avoid company just

now, Mr. Mackay. I think he's unhappy and discouraged. Possibly the sight of a man like you, so full of life and strength, makes him feel all the weaker and sadder. You must remember what a change for him this illness has made. His life has been so full and rich—"

She couldn't venture to go on, for she had been through a trying scene with Schuyler which had left her shaken. He had had an almost sleepless night, and in the early morning had called her to him to lie crying brokenly in her arms. It had been with the greatest difficulty that she had persuaded him to get out of doors, but she had persisted, because anything seemed better for him than lying in bed where the very walls seemed to stand for the shutting in of his life.

"I know," said Mackay, very gently. "And I have a story to tell him which may divert him for a time from his heavy thoughts. May I go and try to tell it?"

"Indeed, yes. And—if he doesn't seem as friendly and welcoming as you'd wish, be sure it's because he's ill. He has liked you better than almost any man he's known for a long time, Mr. Mackay. If you know that, you won't mind what's really only seeming, will you?"

"Surely not, Mrs. Chase." She looked after him as he crossed the lawn toward the figure which lay so limply in the deck chair that it seemed hardly alive, and her own heart contracted at sight of the contrast between the two men.

"When I was a 16-year-old boy, in Edinburgh," said Gordon Mackay, starting his story as one who starts to pull against the tide, "I began to be interested in the life that went on across the city from my father's home. We lived in Great King street. If you know Edinburgh, and I'm sure you do, you know that between Great King street and the Canongate there's a great gulf fixed. I used to go through the streets that led to my father's church, on Sunday morning—those great, stately, quiet streets. The 'odor of sanctity' of a Scottish Sunday pervades the very air. As I went I'd be thinking of what I knew was happening across the city on the other side of Princes street, beyond the Mound. Then in the afternoon I'd steal away and go over there, fascinated by almost the worst slums to be found on the other side of the Atlantic. I don't know whether making an exhaustive study of those slums was good for a boy of 16. I think now I must have gone protected by a sort of armour put upon me on those Sunday mornings while I listened to my father."

Schuyler Chase was motionless in his chair. His head was turned away, the thin line of his half profile presenting itself touchingly to Mackay as he talked. Chase had barely spoken when he came, had let his hand lie lifelessly in Mackay's for an instant and made a weak apology.

"You'll excuse me, Mackay, if I'm not responsive this morning. I had a bad night."

"I'm sorry. And I'd go away at once, Doctor Chase, if I hadn't something I want very much to tell you. I'll tell it briefly, but I think it might interest you a little, and I want your opinion about it."

So he had proceeded with his tale, without even the sick man's permission, hurrying it, putting in only the high lights—anything, any way, to get it to him, the knowledge that he so strangely needed to have, to make him able to bear his great trial. In a way, it was

comprehensible to the man who was telling the story that what Gordon Mackay did or refused to do could make such an immense difference to Schuyler Chase, the fact that it was so, and that in his hands lay the power to relieve a pressure of torment in another human soul, was quite enough. He had come to do this errand after what might never be told of struggle of his own. That was past, and he had now only to bring the trophy he had won and lay it at this man's feet.

"You've heard my father, Doctor Chase. You know how he can preach. I suppose he's a bigger man in these days than he was then, 18 years ago. But he had a certain freshness of touch, then, that perhaps his later work may lack. It was a way of getting under men's skins that he can never surpass, no matter how he keeps on developing in power. It seems to me that now he appeals more to older men with more mature understandings. In those days it was the young men who heard him most gladly—he had a tremendous influence upon them. He had it upon me—I worshiped him. As I say, when I stole over to the Canongate and Cowgate on a Sunday afternoon it was as if I went panoplied in my father's armour—the vileness there couldn't get a chance at me. He would have been distressed beyond words if he had known of those visits. He did know it then later and was distressed even then that he hadn't realized what his boy was doing and prevented it. I had no mother, you see; and my father was always deep in the affairs of the great church. Its demands were very heavy."

Chase stirred a little in his chair. He was listening. Men did listen to Gordon Mackay.

"I kept on making those visits all through my years in the university. And by and by, I began to gather little groups together, over in the Canongate, and preach to them—on the streets. I did it in a boyish way, I suppose, but I was carrying to those rough fellows some of my father's most striking presentations of the truth, and that must have been why I got a hearing. After a time I came to feel that though I should never make a great preacher in a great church, like Carmichael Mackay, I could do a work among the common people.

Mackay paused. Perhaps in all his life he had never—nor would ever—set himself a harder task than this one. To tell a simple tale of renunciation, and make it sound like no renunciation but the voluntary selection of the less attractive thing, was labor which cost a price in his own blood.

"I won't make a long story of it. But it will explain to you now why I've decided that I'll go presently to a church in the New York slums which sadly needs me. It's dying for want of a leader. It had one once, a most notable one. Its doors were thronged. This man died, and since then there's been nobody who seemed to know how to carry on. I've the experience of all those years in the Canongate—I seem the logical man for the place. Of course, my mind is full of ideas for it—of how I can make the dingy old church thronged again. What I want you to tell me is—is it a worthy ambition?"

At last Schuyler Chase was looking at him. He had turned his head and his deeply shadowed eyes were fixed on Mackay. He was breathing more rapidly, it was evident, less shallowly, than when his visitor had come. He was slow to speak, but when the words did come they were not in the lifeless tone in which he had spoken earlier.

"Of course, it's a worthy ambition," he said. "Immense-ly worthy. And as you say, you've had a remarkable train-

ing. Do you really want to do this thing?"

"I want—" said Gordon Mackay, and then he stopped. His eyes lifted to the depths of the great branches of the copper beech above him. He set his teeth hard. Then he got to his feet, shoved his hands into his pockets, took a stride or two about his chair, and finally spoke in a matter-of-fact tone which utterly deceived the man who was listening as if life hung on the words: "Somehow the phrase has been used so much, in solemn tones full of unctious, that I hate to use it. And yet I do believe I can say honestly that at least I want to want—to do the will of God. Just now, this seems to be His will. I've got to do it, haven't I? Whether I want to or not? Anyhow, I've made up my mind. When I leave Cherry Hills I'm going to this church that asks me. It's settled. I didn't need your counsel, but I did need your approval, really."

He smiled as he looked down at Schuyler Chase. A touch of color had come into the thin cheeks, a faint smile answered his. He had done his task, and here was that which he must accept as his reward. It was Schuyler's hand extended, his voice saying in a tone which to Mackay's ears spoke an almost life-giving relief from devastating tension: "You have that, Mackay. It's a great thing to do, no doubt of it. And some day, when you've accomplished that, you'll have the sort of pulpit the son of your father should have."

Somehow Mackay got away before the unconscious and un-learned irony of those last words could make him cry out, humanly and brutally, undoing all he had sacrificed himself to do: "But it's in my hands, that pulpit. And I'm throwing it away—for you!"

XXIII

Josephine Jenney, a letter in her hand, came out of the Cherry Hills post office. On the walk outside she met Gordon Mackay. The evening mail had just come in, and all Cherry Hills was accustomed to go personally to get this last mail of the day. In the small town this meeting of the clans was almost a social function. At least it provided an opportunity for the members of the small community to meet and greet one another, at the same time observing closely what sort of mail the others had received.

Jo's letter was a large square one, with an engraved address in one corner of the envelope. Though it had been expected, the reception of it had notably quickened her pulses.

Mackay stopped her. "Miss Jenney, have you time to spare for a little walk? Out toward the old bridge, if you like that way?"

"I think so, Mr. Mackay."

"Just a minute, then, please, till I run in."

She turned toward the west—it was the shortest way out from the village into the open country. She walked along slowly until Mackay came rapidly up behind her and fell into step. His hand was full of letters, which he was stowing in his pockets.

"I want so much to have a little talk with you. I was going to the house to ask if you'd take this walk. It's such a perfect evening as one doesn't often get except in early September."

"It's a wonderful evening. And I meant to walk out into the country anyway, to open this letter."

She held it up, and he could see the engraved address, which was that of a well-known woman's college.

"It looks momentous," he commented, "with that sign and seal. It was your college, wasn't it?"

"Yes, I suppose one never does see the old name without a sense of possession, does one?"

(TO BE CONTINUED)

OF INTEREST TO FARMERS

A GOOD EWE FEED

It is impossible to say too much in favor of legume roughage as compared with timothy hay as a feed for livestock. It is invaluable for dairy cows, for growing cattle and sheep, and, in fact, for all classes of livestock on the farm. It is even of great value for wintering brood sows. Nor is the high feeding value of legumes the only reason for urging a greater acreage of these crops. They are, as every farmer knows, important soil builders. Clover, alfalfa, soybeans and all other legumes add nitrogen to the soil, while timothy and other similar roughage crops remove large quantities of this element from the soil. The latter tear down the soil; the former build it up.

What an experiment station splendid results have been secured by feeding corn silage and legume hay to pregnant as well as to nursing ewes. These ewes were fed one pound of legume hay for each three and one half to four pounds of corn silage. Silage alone, or silage and timothy hay, gave very poor results. When these rations were fed the ewes weaned weak lambs. Besides, the ewes gave very little milk and failed to develop normally and profitably.

Lambs from ewes fed silage and timothy hay or millet or sudan hay or other nonleguminous roughages make very slow gains and many of them die before reaching a marketable weight. According to results obtained at the University of Alberta, Canada, 50 per cent. of the lambs weaned by ewes fed timothy hay died within four weeks after birth. The addition of linseed meal to timothy hay at the Canadian university did not give as good results as when the proper amounts of protein and mineral matter were supplied in the form of legume roughage.

There is, of course, nothing harmful about timothy hay. The difficulty is that it is lacking in protein, which is equally true of corn silage. Hence, when these two feeds are supplied to the pregnant ewes, as well as to bred cows, the offspring is bound to be weak at birth, because of lack of the right nourishment.

Let us grow more legumes, not only for the benefit of our livestock, but also for the improvement of our soils.

LIVESTOCK COST

A number of our experiment stations are busily engaged in ascertaining cost of production figures with a view of interesting farmers in better systems of farm management. Recently one experiment station concluded a series of five year cost records on 25 different farms in Green county, Ohio. These show that the largest item in the cost of producing livestock is feed. In the case of the production of pork, feed and pasture averaged 75 per cent. of the total cost. Feed and pasture, on the other hand, represents 50 per cent. of the cost of producing butter fat and 64 per cent. of the cost of keeping a sheep a year.

Those who raise sheep will be interested in knowing that this investigation brought out the fact that the farms, which had the largest net income from sheep, raised from 80 to 103 lambs per 100 ewes and that those with the least profits invariably had a low lamb crop. Furthermore, the yield of wool also had a significant effect upon profits. The sheep shearing the largest fleeces brought the biggest profits. These, of course, are self-evident facts; at the same time many sheep raisers do not give feed and wool production the attention they deserve. The average amount of grain fed to sheep in these Ohio flocks for the last five years was one bushel of corn and one half bushel of oats per head per year.

As an average from these figures the station deduced the fact that feed cost in producing a weanling pig averaged \$2.81 per head and also it was demonstrated, as one would expect, that the larger the number of pigs per litter, the lower the cost of feed per pig. In other words, the important factors in successful hog raising is to save as many pigs as possible. Methods of feeding have much to do with this. The manner in which a sow is fed during the period of pregnancy has a tremendous effect upon the vigor of the pigs at birth and therefore also upon the percentage that is raised to weaning. Methods of feeding the sow during the suckling period also were found to have a great influence upon the number of pigs raised to weaning time.

It was again shown very clearly that high butterfat producing cows were the most economical. A cow producing a comparatively low yield of butterfat does so at a relative high cost per pound. Those who believe that dual purpose cows, that is cows of the beef type that usually produce a relatively low yield of butterfat, make up for this by the greater value of their calves, will gather no encouragement from the Ohio figures for they showed that the increase in the value of young stock of the dual purpose herds did not offset the average of higher milk and fat production in the dairy herds. This is the usual outcome in comparisons of this sort. The special purpose cow is invariably a more economical producer than the dual purpose cow, the same as the strictly beef cow is the more economical producer of beef than the dual purpose or any other kind of cow.

VACCINATE THE PIGS

Many farmers consider it good policy to vaccinate their pigs at weaning time, regardless of whether there is cholera in the neighborhood or not. They regard vaccination as insurance and consider it a necessary cost item in the raising

THE SOW AND PIGS

When pigs are to be weaned the amount of grain fed the sow should be reduced. It is also a good plan to take the sow off pasture for a few days at that time until her milk flow ceases. During the summer, sows should run on good pasture and be fed enough grain to bring them along in good condition to farrow in the fall. Three or four pounds of grain per sow per day should be sufficient. The young sow should be fed enough grain to provide for normal growth.

Pigs plus pasture equal more profit.

of hogs. While there are many who do not follow this practice, there are also many who sustain heavy cholera losses from time to time when cholera suddenly strikes their herds without warning.

"This is one of the years when it would seem exceedingly unwise to run the risk of getting cholera in the herd as the prospects are excellent for good prices. Besides, we understand that serum is selling at figures that are said to be below cost of production owing to the fact that there is a large supply on hand. Serum manufacturers seem to be up against the surplus problem the same as farmers sometimes are and to move that surplus they are selling their product at what they can get for it. With cheap serum and strong hog prices there should be more than the usual incentive for hog producers to seek the protection for their herds that good serum, properly administered, gives."

According to government reports the production of serum in 1927 amounted to 1,386,321,000 cubic centimeters as compared with 869,939,000 cubic centimeters produced in 1926. In fact, the 1927 production, following the severe shortage in serum in 1926, was 60 per cent. above the five year average for 1922 to 1927, inclusive. Farmers who are not in touch with serum prices this year would do well to do a little investigating on their own account and not run any unnecessary risks when the outlook is for excellent hog returns.

Hog cholera serum, of course, should not be bought solely on price. It is highly important that a good quality be secured. Those who have bought serum for years know where reliable products can be secured and it is a good plan to buy from manufacturers known to have a reputation for producing serum of high quality and purity. While there does not appear to be a great deal of cholera in the country this year, it is still early in the season and there is no telling what may develop later on as the crop reaches maturity. If the pigs are vaccinated while they are small the cost is not excessive and it is worth a lot to feel secure from the ravages of that disease in a year like this.

THE PURE BRED HOG

The United States Department of Agriculture has for a number of years made a study of the average price at which pure-bred livestock is sold for the preceding year. Such a report, dealing with the sale of pure-bred hogs, has just been issued. From this it appears that 86 per cent. of the pure-bred hogs sold last year were raised in the corn belt states; 10 per cent. in the southern states; and 2 per cent. in each of the mountain and Pacific states and the northern Atlantic section.

There was a slight increase in prices for 1926 as compared with 1925, indicated principally by the fact that fewer hogs sold below \$25 per head and more at between \$25 and \$150. There was about the same increase in prices last year over the preceding year as there was in 1925 over 1924. In 1924, for example, approximately 40 per cent. of the pure-bred hogs, sold at auction and at private treaty, brought \$25 per head or less; in 1925, 22 per cent.; and in 1926, 19 per cent. sold at less than \$25 per head. Also in 1924, 60 per cent. of the registered hogs disposed of at auction and private treaty, sold for \$25 to \$150 per head; in 1925, approximately 78 per cent. sold at those prices while last year, approximately 81 per cent. reached that level.

A very small number in each of these years sold for prices above \$150 each and last year that number also increased slightly as compared with the year before. These figures, therefore, are concrete evidence of the fact that pure-bred hogs are gradually coming into their own—a fact that is recognized by breeders everywhere. That this price advance will continue this year cannot be doubted. First, because pork prices will remain strong and second, because more farmers are improving their herds with the express desire of lowering production costs. Improved blood is one of the means for bringing this about.

ABOUT HOG CHOLERA

"No cure is known for hog cholera, but it may be controlled by preventing it from entering the herd or by vaccinating the hogs before they get the disease," says an authority on swine diseases.

For this reason, he warns breeders, whose hogs may have had cholera or if the disease is in the neighborhood, that they should either be careful to keep out the disease or should have their hogs vaccinated.

When hogs are vaccinated they have a mild attack of the disease but this immunizes them against the disease for life. The amount of serum needed for the vaccination and the cost of it depends on the size of the hog. A 60-pound hog usually needs about 60 cents worth of the serum, while for a full grown hog it costs about \$1.50.

It is often somewhat difficult to keep the disease from entering a herd of hogs. Dr. Metzger says, for it may be carried by streams which flow through lots in which diseased hogs have been, by breeding crates or litter, by dogs that feed on the carcasses of dead hogs, or even on one's shoes. The germs are present in all parts of the bodies and discharges of diseased hogs; therefore carcasses should be burned or buried deeply.

Vaccinating a herd after cholera has started is costly and never entirely successful, he says.

THINK IT OVER

Where agriculture flourishes best in the old world, you find the farmers are the most thoroughly organized along the co-operative methods of any in the world.

SELECT FEEDERS CAREFULLY

The practice of feeding younger cattle for market is becoming more general. Some feeders who try fattening calves and yearlings are disappointed because they do not get as rapid gains or as good finish as they do with older steers. In order to secure satisfactory results in fattening young cattle, it is necessary to select feeder calves of good beef types and breeding.

Hogs multiply more rapidly than other farm animals and make greater gains per 100 pounds feed consumed.

BUSINESS OF BEING FUNNY

In no country in the world and in no period of history is so much space, time and energy shown in the business of being funny, as may be seen in this country and in this day. Newspapers beam with comic pictures, columns of jokes, and pages of humor. Whole Sunday supplements are full of all manner of gags, puns, riddles, cartoons, quips, absurdities, and monstrosities, where-with to provoke laughter.

And when you see a group of Americans reading this matter on a suburban train, they look so solemn.

What is the matter with us? Are

we an exhausted crowd of nervous wrecks, weak and sad from the lassitude following business dabbling, people who must be galvanized into mirth by ultra-clownishness?

We like a fool and love a mountebank—once in a while; but to live forever among face-making, heel-cracking, heehawing humans, whose whole aim in life seems to be to produce a spasm of cachanation—this is too much.

To go to a vaudeville every day, to read a funny paper every day, is as bad as to go to church or to a funeral every day. Come to think of it, the professional funny man and

the undertaker have much the same facial expression.

We hardly realize the fundamental law of fun which is that it is founded on seriousness. Without a serious bottom no funny structure can stand.

A professional medium is most successful in convulsing his audience when he keeps a sober, and even a gloomy face. A grim remark from a sour-faced Scotchman strikes us as witty, when the same thing said by a laughing clown will not seem funny at all.

Fun is the foam and sparkle and shine of life, but it must be upon the service of great deeds. The

waves of the ocean are more beautiful than the ripples of a shallow pond.

When we make a business of fun we are in great danger. Dr. Holmes points out the embarrassing fact that when we once stand on our head before an audience, that audience will never be satisfied unless we stand on our head all the time.

Fun is like salt and pepper to life. A little of it gives relish, but too much of it spoils the meat.

Q. Have the Federal Reserve banks any agencies outside of the United States? S. T.

A. There is one agency at Havana, Cuba.