

## CHERRY SQUARE

A NEIGHBOURLY NOVEL  
BY GRACE S. RICHMOND

"I believe not. That's why one goes, isn't it? To be followed forever after with memories of the beginnings of a richer life. I hope my being along won't delay the opening of the sort of letter you take out into the country to read?"

"Oh, no. As a matter of fact, I wanted to tell you about it. I have a decision to make, and it must be made tonight, the morning mail can take the answer. I'd very much like your advice."

"Don't open it," he said, as her finger was about to slit the flap, "till we get to the old bridge. I, too, have something to decide. Perhaps one decision will help the other."

So talking of other things they paced along, a half mile out and down the road, past the last of the houses, till they reached that which everybody in Cherry Hills called "The Old Bridge." It was the remains of one of those covered bridges of bygone days, whose wooden floors and walls once echoed to the clatter of horses' hoofs and the turning of hard-rimmed wheels. It had been long abandoned except by a few farmers near by, and the highway curved about it at some distance. But the old bridge itself stood in a most picturesque spot, and at its farther end it opened upon a finer and more far-reaching view than the new road could command.

Passing through the bridge, the two came out into the full glory of the September sunset, which had been hidden for the most part by the trees along the road of the approach. They stood still to look at it, and Mackey involuntarily took off his hat. They were silent for several minutes, while the light was at its greatest sublimity. Then as the light dimmed slowly into an even more beautiful afterglow, Mackey said slowly:

"Somehow I'm glad we saw that together. Heavens like those always make me think of those lines of Francis Thompson. I imagine you know them: 'Not where the wheeling systems darken And our unbended conceiving soars. The drift of pinions, would we hearken, Beats at our own clay-shuttered doors. The angels keep their ancient places,— Turn but a stone and start a wing! 'Tis ye, 'tis your estranged faces That miss the many splendored thing.'"

"Yes, I know them by heart." Jo's eyes were still fixed upon the skies, where rose and amber, purple and emerald, were melting into deepest blue and indigo as the coming twilight submerged the intenser color as if a dusk veil were being drawn slowly over it.

"Shall we sit on this old log? Or will you—for I think I'll have to walk about. One can do some things better on one's feet—like making after dinner speeches—or—standing up against the wall to be shot at."

She looked at him suddenly, to find his eyes fixed upon her. Through the gathering dusk they seemed to be burning, as a glimpse of flame wins through smoke. She turned away from them; something in her breast seemed to leap and fall again. She sat down on the log and clasped her hands about her knees, waiting for she couldn't imagine what.

"I suppose that sounds like an effort to be dramatic. Life is dramatic, now and then, isn't it? Somehow I never felt it more so."

"A sky like that does give

one a sense of drama," she agreed. "But one has to come back to earth and just be thankful for the moment that has passed."

"Yes, I see you won't let me quote any more *verses* to you!" He was smiling in the dusk, and his tone became more matter of fact. "I've kept you waiting to open that letter till it's too dark for you to see it. I'll make a bit of fire for you to read by."

"I really suppose I know what's in it. But it's the sort of thing one must be sure of before talking about it."

In two minutes he had the fire. Half a dozen dry sticks, an envelope from his pocket beneath them, and the touch of a match to it, and the small flames flared. Jo opened her letter and scanned it quickly.

"Yes," she said, "it's what Doctor Rutherford said she'd send me—the official notification of a position she offered me when she came to see me a few days ago."

"Doctor Rutherford? President of your college?"

"Yes. And I know I ought to be very proud and happy about it. It's quite a wonderful thing to come to me. She was looking for somebody to fill the place, at almost the last minute, of the assistant to Professor Huston, the head of the history department. Miss Sinclair has married very suddenly. Dr. Rutherford somehow thought of me—I shall never understand just why."

"Are you going to take the position?"

"I don't know, I can't work it out."

"What a masquerade! he said, in a strange, puzzled tone. "You come here to teach in a country school. You become a maid in a household for the summer, and are promoted to be housekeeper, and so to be friend. And now—a college wants you. . . . Miss Jenney, you stimulate a Scotsman's imagination. He has one, you know, in spite of the traditions of his stoicism."

"I don't doubt it. And I didn't mean to masquerade, exactly." She was stirring the bright embers at her feet into a final glow. Mackey laid another handful of twigs upon them, and again a little blaze illumined both faces. "One role led to another. But if I have, for reasons—so have you, Mr. Mackey?"

"No, I'm nothing more than I seem. During the two years I've been in this country I've been looking about for the work I should do—keeping busy at odd jobs like this one in Cherry Hill meantime. Now I think I've found my work. That's what I want to tell you about. But now—you've found yours. . . . There was a time when I thought your work and mine might coincide."

"My work coincide with yours! Mr. Mackey, what, possibly, can you mean?"

He went off scouting about, found and piled enough small wood to keep the little bonfire going for a considerable time. By now it was nearly dark, for darkness comes on fast on a moonless night in September. In the ruddy flickering light he finally stood still, looking down at Jo, who had watched his movements as if unable to detach herself from them.

"Do you want the whole story? Anyhow, I want to tell it to you."

"Then I want to hear it, of course."

"There were two reasons why I came to Cherry Hills this summer. The first was because it seemed my duty lay here, so I should have come anyway. But the second reason was because—you were here."

She stared up at him in amazement.

"No," he said, smiling a little, "you don't believe that. I admit it probably sounds to you incredible. But it's true. Do you happen to remember going to Doctor Chase's church one day last May?"

She nodded. "I shall never forget that."

"Do you possibly recall that two strangers were shown into the pew after you, and sat next you?"

She considered. "I think so. There always are strangers next one in that church."

"I was one of them. I sat beside you through that hour. When I came into the pew you turned and glanced at me—and I saw your face. When the service was over we were all kept in that pew for some time by a group of people who stopped just outside to greet one another. One doesn't elbow people in church to get by. While we waited you were watching Mrs. Schuyler Chase, at our right. This gave me an excellent chance to watch you. Just as we all moved to go on, a young woman spoke to you from the aisle, and you went along up it, talking with her. You were both speaking in becomingly low tones, but it was easy for me to overhear because I was shamelessly listening."

Jo was looking into the fire now with eyes which seemed to be saying to it: "What can this be that I am hearing? A strange tale!"

Mackey went on, in the same even tones with which he had begun the strange tale.

"The young woman asked you what you were doing in the coming summer. You said that you were going to stay in Cherry Hills, where you had been teaching the past year. She urged you to come somewhere with her, but you shook your head. No, you said, there was a reason why you must remain there during the summer, though you weren't sure of what would happen the coming fall. In this way, you see, I heard your voice, though subdued. It needed only the voice to confirm the impression of the face. I had one or two more chances to get a direct look at you before you finally parted with your acquaintance—I was pretty sure that she was a college classmate, from a phrase or two she used that I've forgotten now. I don't even remember her face. But I went away with yours painted on my memory. Every line of it. I even know that you had on a little black hat with a feather-shaped thing on it made of black ribbon. When you turned once or twice rather quickly while we were still in the pew, I had to duck to avoid getting the end of it in my eye. The church was crowded, the pew was full. I was very near you."

She laughed outright—and glad of a chance to laugh, for the story seemed to be becoming one with grave issues, and she wanted it to go slowly. "I don't wonder you remember that hat," she admitted. "Many people got my pseudo-feather in their eyes before I finally put it away."

"It was a most becoming hat. I don't know much about them, but I particularly liked that one. I suppose it was because of the face below it. Anyhow, when before the week was out I had the urgent request to preach at Cherry Hills for the summer, while my friend Craigie went to stay with his dying mother, I accepted it. I hadn't intended to spend the summer in the country. The year had been a full one, I knew I needed the two months of comparative rest. Anyhow, I could hardly refuse. And it wasn't till the third Sunday that you came to church."

Jo was smiling a little into the fire. She could never forget that Sunday when she had

first heard Gordon Mackey speak.

"After that you came every Sunday, and I ventured to think you began to care to hear the preacher. It was—very difficult—not to make my sermons with one person in mind. You see, you had always the look of listening with your mind as well as with your ears. Any speaker recognizes that look—it stimulates him. But at least I succeeded, I think, in making no sign of caring whether or not you were there. It was, I assure you, an achievement—that!"

"You succeeded," Jo admitted, without looking up. "I mean—succeeded in making no sign."

"I wonder now at my own self-restraint. I've wondered at it all along. Because from the hour I saw you in that church, I've been—potentially—yours."

He said it so quietly, yet with a so unconsciously thrilling deep intonation on that last word, that his hearer turned her head away sharply to hide her face from him in the betraying firelight. For he had dropped upon one knee before the fire, to mend it, and his eyes were again upon her.

"Perhaps you'll wonder how I could feel like that, and try so hard to make no sign. It was because my real future was so unknown before me. I wanted to have something definite to offer you, and everything was particularly indefinite. I had—so far—disappointed my father in his hopes for me. I had reached the point where it seemed to me I couldn't do that any longer. He had a place for me in Edinburgh, and all summer he has been writing me about it, urging it upon me. He will retire before many years, now, and his plan was that if I came back and took this pulpit which wants me—a smaller but still an influential church—the next step would be to succeed him in his church. But I couldn't go back. My three years in America, while they haven't changed my Scottish blood—I don't think even many times three years could ever quite do that to a Scotsman—have convinced me that I want to stay here. It is the land of opportunity, no doubt of that. And the opportunity came. . . . At almost the same moment that it came to me—it was gone. And with it went . . . hope to have something fit for me to offer you, when I did speak. Yet—I can't forbear to tell you about it."

Now Jo turned, her own eyes fiery. "Have you been offered Doctor Chase's pulpit?"

"Virtually. Mr. Pierpont made it very clear that it would be offered, if I would become the supply."

"And you've refused it?"

"I have. Of course I had to refuse it, knowing what I did."

"So it was I who took your chance away from you?"

"Yes, it was you! Why not? You wouldn't have had me take it, even for you."

She turned away her head again, and kept it turned in a strange silence. He watched her for a minute, then rose to his feet and strode away into the darkness which was all the blacker for the little oasis of firelight. He was gone for several minutes, and when he came back she was looking straight at him. She too rose and stood leaning against a tree trunk, her hands behind her.

"I took your chance away from you," she repeated. "And such a chance! Why, you could have kept that church filled to overflowing, just as Schuyler Chase filled it. And for a better reason. Because—you have—oh, so much more in you than he ever had!"

(TO BE CONTINUED)

The total amount of damage caused by the spring flood disaster in Vermont is estimated at \$30,000,000.

Modern English Usage," takes the same view. The word "me," used in that way, he says, "is technically wrong, but the phrase being of its very nature colloquial, such a lapse is of no importance." Moreover, was it not Theodore Roosevelt who said "It's either Taft or me?" Politics, too, has its informal moments.

While it may be well enough to avoid affectation and pedantry, it would be deplorable indeed if the changing of the tongue were hurried and if the great classics were deprived of their authority. The discouraging difference in style between the writings of Addison and Gibbon and the best contemporary

work is only too marked, and one is sometimes afraid that the dauntless souls who wish to "modernize" the language look only at the utilitarian side and are deaf to the aesthetic qualities of English. Without disagreeing with Professor Malone, it may be said that in cases such as these "Festina lente" should be the watchword.

Utilitarian.  
From the Boston Transcript.  
"My boy," said the old gentleman, "save your money; you will find it your best friend."

"But," queried the young man, "what good is a friend you don't use?"

## OF INTEREST TO FARMERS

## GOOD SIDE LINE

Want to make some money, boys? Try raising rabbits. We have tried this on the farm and, after finding a market, have made odds of money, says a farm lad, who evidently believes in diversified farming.

As soon as our first crop of bunnies was ready for the frying pan, we asked our grocer about selling the meat to his customers. He gave us permission to place a neat poster in his window announcing that rabbit meat could be purchased at 25 cents a pound live weight.

At the end of three days we had cleaned up every marketable rabbit on the place and realized nearly \$40. We allowed the grocer 5 cents a pound for his trouble. We also had an offer from the proprietor of a fish and game market to handle any reasonable amount of rabbit during the busy winter months.

Our does raise four litters a year, running from five to eight young to the litter. Four litters are likely to bring the breeder greater profits than five, which result in smaller animals. As a commercial proposition, the rabbit breeder should keep a considerable number of breeding does.

Some folks make money selling breeding stock. All well and good; but the rabbit industry must be built up around the purely practical proposition of meat and fur. If you are in the business, steer clear of buy-back schemes in which unscrupulous dealers promise to pay breeding stock prices for all the rabbits you raise.

As to furs: one western fur buyer received 60,000 rabbit pelts a week during the last fur season. Recent quotations have a price range from 20 cents to \$2 for prime medium to large furs. Rabbit skins are used as are other furs, in the manufacture of garments. Enormous amounts of low-grade furs are used by haters.

The four most prominent breeds of rabbits for commercial purposes are Flemish Giants, New Zealand, Belgians and Chinchillas. A mature Flemish Giant often weighs from 15 to 20 pounds. Either inside or outside hutch can be used, the chief requirement being dry quarters. They should also admit some sunlight, if possible, and be free from drafts. Hutchers are usually made in tiers about 2½ x 4 feet and two feet high. Young rabbits are left with the doe until from 6 to 10 weeks of age. After weaning all young rabbits can be put together in a large hutch until it is necessary to separate the sexes, at the age of three or four months.

Good yellow corn, oats and clover hay are staples in the diet. Rabbits enjoy carrots, turnips and other vegetables, and can be kept almost entirely during the summer months on green feed.

CHEAPENING LAMB COST  
Just as the beef calf makes the largest number of pounds of gain from a given amount of feed when it is full fed from birth to block, so also does the lamb. The calf that is fed grain in a creep while still nursing its dam not only makes excellent use of its feed, but it can also be put into the feed lot after weaning without the slightest loss in weight. The same is true of the lamb when it is given a grain ration in a creep while it is still drawing nourishment from its dam. Such a lamb can easily be made to reach a weight of 80 to 90 pounds at four months of age, and thus be sold before there is likely to be any loss from the stomach worm.

A good grain ration for such feeding consists of five parts by weight of corn, four of oats and one of a protein concentrate to balance the ration and provide plenty of protein. In connection with such feeding plenty of fresh drinking water as well as salt should be provided. Shade also helps the lamb to make good gains. Creep feeding of lambs not only brings about a maximum of feed, but it also gets them ready for the early market when, on the average, prices are higher than later in the season. The cheapest possible gains should be the aim of every livestock producer.

THOSE VITAMINS  
Frequently it is asked, "Why must we eat fruits, vegetables, natural cereals, eggs and milk for health?" There is a very definite reason and we shall try to explain in an understandable way.

The reason can be summed up in one word, "vitamins." The average person accepts vitamins as a catch word and is convinced that he ought to have some, and that's about all there is to it. Now there are five known vitamins and it profits a man not at all to eat four of them if he doesn't get any of the fifth variety. Each vitamin has its definite place in the diet. Unless all five are eaten, the body will suffer. Many elusive aches and pains, many a disease that is hard to run down, may be traced to a lack of one of the five vitamins.

Vitamin A promotes growth. Therefore children must have it. It also builds up resistance to infection in the lungs, sinuses, air passages, in the skin, kidneys and bladder. This vitamin is found generously in whole milk, cream and butter. If skim milk must be used instead of whole milk, the lack may be made up with one or two table-spoons of cod-liver oil per day. Another splendid source of vitamin A is the green-leaved salad vegetable. The thinner and greener the leaves the better. For this reason home grown lettuce is much superior to shipped in head lettuce. Eggs are good sources of vitamin A and so are liver and kidney.

Vitamin B is essential to a normal appetite. Dyspepsia, constipation, and other intestinal troubles are supposed to result from a deficiency of vitamin B in the diet.

KEEP TROUGHS CLEAN  
During the summer months there is likely to be an accumulation of moss in the water trough. Although it may not render the water unfit for use by the stock, it gives an unsightly appearance to the trough and supplies a medium for the accumulation of bacteria.

Many dairymen follow the practice of removing the moss and cleaning the trough occasionally. During the busy season this is one of the jobs which is often put off. The cleaning can be made more effective and the period of time between scrubbing prolonged by placing a small quantity of slaked lime

in the trough and scrubbing the sides with a broom. If the water in the trough is low at the time, dipping out the scum which rises to the top and filling the trough with water relieves the herdsman of further labor.

During the summer months the dairy cow requires a large quantity of pure fresh water. Any precaution which can be taken to keep the trough pure and free from foreign matter should not be neglected.

The hog pen of our grand-dad-dies was hogology's chamber of horrors.

To get enough of vitamin B, eat vegetables, fruits, whole wheat breads, milk, peas and beans.

Vitamin C helps to preserve us from irritated nerves, the on-sets of feeling, bad complexions, strange pains in our limbs and to some extent from neuritis and tooth decay. To get sufficient vitamin C eat tomatoes, oranges, grapefruit, lemons, raw cabbage and other salad vegetables. It must be remembered that heat has a bad effect on vitamin C. Raw potatoes have a great deal of this good vitamin but cooked potatoes are not so good. Foods that are cooked away from the air, as is the case in tin can canning and cold packing in glass, do not suffer from as great a loss of this vitamin as food cooked in open kettles. Neither do foods which are acid such as fruits and tomatoes. Commercial canned goods therefore have an authentic place in the diet and should not be discriminated against.

Vitamin D is necessary to good teeth and strong bones. But is a peculiar vitamin. One might call it the workman vitamin. For instance, if there is not enough calcium and phosphorus in the diet, all the vitamin D in the world won't make good bones. The calcium and phosphorus must be eaten and then the busy little vitamin D helps to build these minerals into good bone structure. On the other hand, if vitamin D is lacking, the phosphorus and calcium will lie idle. Vitamin D may also be procured by means of sunlight of ultra-violet rays. The body produces its own vitamin D if exposed to sunlight that does not filter through smoke or glass. All vegetables grown in direct sunlight, milk and eggs produced by creatures that spend most of their time in the sun yield vitamin D. Cod-liver oil is the grand stand-by. Nursing and expectant mothers should take cod-liver oil and spend a part of each day in the sunlight so that their babies will have good teeth and not suffer from rickets.

Vitamin E is the baby of the vitamin family so far. Nursing and expectant mothers need it and so do all persons suffering from anemia. This vitamin seems to be concentrated in the embryo of seeds and leaves. For this reason whole wheat is one of the best sources of this vitamin. Vitamin E is also called the antisterility vitamin because sterility results if it is not included in the diet.

Of course the full story of vitamins has not yet been told. Investigations yield new facts daily but the five which have been described in this article have been proved.

THE SUMMER POULTRY HOUSE  
For summer housing, the brooder houses can be used as far as they go, and the additional requirements can be made of very simple and inexpensive construction. No floors or windows are necessary, a roof and two or three sheltered sides, depending on the location and climate, will serve the purpose.

The important thing is not to crowd the pullets. A 10x12-foot house will properly accommodate only 100 pullets if the house is all obliged to roost in the house. If there are nearby trees suitable for roosting purposes, and a half or more of them roost in the trees, so much the better. Then one house can serve 200.

There is no better place for pullets than in the trees during the summer months, provided they are not allowed to roost in trees too late in the fall.

Feeding should involve the least expense and labor necessary. A coarse all-mash mixture, such as the Ohio all-mash mixture, answers these requirements. It can be fed to chicks in reel mash feeders. Ample feeding space is extremely important. For every 100 pullets you will need 15 feet of feeding space or two reel mash feeders, four feet long. The feeders should be four inches deep and eight inches wide inside, the same as used for layers, after the birds are eight or ten weeks old.

The trough for chick feeder (suitable until chicks are eight or ten weeks old) is made of galvanized iron with half inch lip at sides to prevent waste.

If grain is fed in addition to the mash mixture, it should be fed in the mash feeders on top of the mash rather than on filthy, contaminated ground.

SAVING ALFALFA LEAVES  
Alfalfa hay without the leaves is not worth a great deal for feed. The continued loss of leaves in baling resulted in one farmer's putting a floor in his hay loader. He gets three good cuttings of hay from his 40 acres of alfalfa each year. The hay is put up in the barns until they are full and the balance is stacked. All of this is fed to several hundred sheep during the winter. A large number of sheep could be fed through the winter on the leaves usually lost in putting up this quantity of hay. The loader has paid many times over the cost of its alteration.

The floor was built on the regular frame of the hay loader. It is made of lightweight strips of wood, or battens, fitted tightly together and extending the height of the loader and also on the table.

Although the alfalfa leaves may shatter, they are carried up with the hay and onto the load instead of falling through the slats to be left in the field.

SCRUBS WON'T DO IT  
Experimental results show that well bred calves and yearlings will gain as much weight from 60 to 70 pounds of the ordinary farm feeds as mature cattle will gain on 100 pounds of similar feeds.

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"It's Me."  
From New York Herald Tribune.  
Here is stupifying news indeed! A Yale professor, a graduate of Johns Hopkins university, has audaciously admitted that he prefers the phrase "It's me" to the grammatically correct one "It is I."  
When the rulers of the academic shades step down from their ivory towers to sanction such colloquialisms, no institution seems secure.  
His argument, however, is similar to that of the numberless other persons who either wish to "revise" the King James version of the Bible or, in other ways, rob the language of its elegance. They maintain, quite correctly, that correct usage

has had the lion's share in bringing English to its present stage, and that when an expression has attained general vogue it is ipso facto correct. The question then is: When can an expression be said to have attained a general vogue? On that last point one can argue until doomsday.  
Professor Kemp Malone, the learned man in question, voiced his preference for "It's me" when that phrase is used in answering the telephone. The telephone and conversations over it are distinctly colloquial and void of ceremony or beauty. In that particular case, therefore, one can excuse him. H. W. Fowler, in his "Dictionary of

Modern English Usage," takes the same view. The word "me," used in that way, he says, "is technically wrong, but the phrase being of its very nature colloquial, such a lapse is of no importance." Moreover, was it not Theodore Roosevelt who said "It's either Taft or me?" Politics, too, has its informal moments.  
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