

CHERRY SQUARE

A NEIGHBOURLY NOVEL
by GRACE S. RICHMOND

XXVI.

Miss Jenney, will you tell me something I very much want to know?"

"I will if I can, Doctor Chase, of course."

"I think you must know, and you may be the only person who does. Will you sit down, please?"

Jo took the chair on the other side of the fireplace, wondering what knowledge could be in her possession which Doctor Chase wished to obtain from her. His tone was cheerful, his manner that of a man who has a definite object in view, and who is intent upon it with no time to lose. She had not seen him in such fashion since he had come to Cherry Square. And yet she knew—or was very sure—that his eyesight had been failing more rapidly since Bob's accident, as an inevitable result of the tremendous strain upon the father's body, mind and spirit. Though the little boy was now sitting up in bed among his playthings, even Sally, in her perfect health, still showed the effects of the shock. Schuyler must necessarily have suffered them more devastatingly than she.

"I want to know—if you can tell me, Miss Jenney—whether in spite of Gordon Mackay's refusal to put himself in line for my—former—pulpit, he would have liked to fill it."

The question, put so unequivocally, without preamble or explanation, took Jo unawares. She stared at the questioner for an instant, secure in the confidence that the impaired eyesight, still further obscured by the "dark" glasses Schuyler always wore, could not keep vigil upon her face. Before she could decide how to reply, or what Mackay himself would wish her to say, Schuyler went on. She realized as she spoke that he did not want to be treated as an invalid or as one who must be considered. He meant to know what she might be able to tell him. This was what, in few words, he made her understand.

"The answer to that is vital to me, Miss Jenney. I want you to let no fears for its effect upon me hold you back from the truth. If you know how Mackay feels, or has felt about it, I beg you to tell me. And don't delay, please. I don't"—he smiled slightly—"seem to bear waiting well."

"Then," Jo plunged in, seeing no other course, "I have reason to know, Doctor Chase, that Mr. Mackay refused the chance to be heard by your congregation with a view to the future, because he felt that he would be doing you an injury."

"That was his only reason for refusing?"

"I think so."

"And you believe that it was a great disappointment to him?"

"Yes. It could hardly help being so."

"Did he tell you he was disappointed?" The questions came fast, and with a wire edge on the tone of them.

She considered for an instant, and determined that since he had demanded frankness, she must give it, both for his own sake and for Mackay's.

"He was forced to admit it, because I was sure of it, and pressed him. You see, Doctor Chase, it was I who had made him realize that it was going to be very hard for you to see him—him especially—take your place. And after he had refused it, I was afraid I ought not to have told him what would influence him—as it must—since it meant so much to his future."

"You made him realize that

it was going to be hard for me to see him take my place? Will you tell me, Miss Jenney, how you could have inferred that?"

It was a close corner, if his pride was to be spared. She saw, nevertheless, that at least a degree of honesty was her only course. He meant to have the truth, for some reason which she couldn't yet guess.

She hesitated. His quick tone compelled her.

"Tell me that, please. Don't cover up anything, if you wish to be kind."

"Doctor Chase"—her eyes were very pitying, if he could have seen them, and her tone was very gentle—"you had a moment of break-down—only a moment—but in that I happened to be coming down the stairs and heard you. Please believe that I could understand with all my mind and heart, the naturalness of that instant's feeling. I knew you would overcome it. I know you have overcome it. But for the sake of your health, I felt I must act upon my knowledge of your feeling."

A silence fell, while Schuyler Chase sheltered his face with one slender hand, and Jo sat waiting anxiously for the outcome of this revelation. Had she done him a greater harm than would have come to him if she hadn't tried to spare him in the first place? Would his humiliation at hearing that his weakness had been recognized do him physical and spiritual injury? And yet, somehow, she couldn't help feeling that he had reached a point where he no longer wanted to be spared the truth about himself. She felt in him a change—a decided change—since he had first come groping and alarmed to the door of Bob's room. They had all felt it. He had been stronger in that crisis, shown more self-control, more consideration for them all, than they could have expected of him in his frail state. Even now, before he said a word in answer to her last confession, she had a conviction that he was grappling with himself and meant to win.

Finally he looked up—if it could be called looking—from half blind, barricaded eyes. At least, she could see the lift of his chin, the determined setting of his lips.

"It seems I owe you much, Miss Jenney," he said. "And I owe Gordon Mackay much more. I think perhaps your intervention saved my reason in an hour when I was on the verge of becoming unbalanced. But—that time is past, I hope. I can see things more clearly, since—the experience we've just been through. Nothing else matters much, since Bob is safe. Certainly not any old ambitions of mine."

She saw his delicately cut lips quiver for an instant, then settle again into lines of firmness.

"But we must somehow undo what you and Mackay have done," he said.

She was startled. "Undo it, Doctor Chase? But you can't. Mr. Mackay's mind is made up. He's a Scotsman—you can't unmake it."

Now he actually smiled a little. "You have a great opinion of the granite will of the Scot, I see. But if he has done one thing for me, at such a personal sacrifice, he'll do another. If I can make him see that I now want a certain thing as much as he had reason before to think I didn't want it, he'll come round, won't he?"

She shook her head. "I don't believe it."

"Don't you? Well, it's my will now that's to be tried out. And since you conspired with him for my good, you must now conspire with me for his."

"I'm becoming afraid of conspiracies. How can any of us know what is best for another? Don't you think, Doctor Chase, that it would be wise to leave this as it's been settled? I'm sure Mr. Mackay is anxious to do this work he's laid out for himself. He will put his heart into it. In time something bigger and better suited to his abilities will come to him—it does to such men. Meanwhile—"

"Meanwhile—I've robbed him of a chance, and his refusal of it hasn't made me richer. It's made me poorer—indefinitely poorer. I must give it back to him, if I can. Don't you see that? It's the one thing I do see, and I mean to do it. I vowed that, when my little boy lay there so long. Something happened to me then—I can't tell you what it was."

"I'm sure of that, Doctor Chase." Jo's tone held a thrill of genuine appreciation in it, such as he had never heard from her before. "But—I don't quite see how you can feel you robbed him, when you couldn't possibly know how he felt about it."

"Couldn't I?" He let a long minute intervene, as if he were trying to decide something of moment. Then, with a deep sigh, as if he were making the ultimate sacrifices of that which had been supremely his, his pride, he said quietly but firmly: "As a matter of fact, Miss Jenney, I knew at the time as well as you did that he must want that pulpit, and want it strongly. When he told me so gallantly of other plans and his interest in them, he didn't deceive me for an instant. But I made myself accept that as the truth, and take the poor relief it gave me. It did, I admit, for the time being, save me from going to pieces. But I felt the shame of it, once I'd recovered from that hysteria—that's what it has to be called I know. It's what Doctor Fiske calls it, and rightly. And when my little boy—Oh, everything looks different, doesn't it, when a life one loves is at stake! The cloak of pride and ambition falls away from one, and leaves him naked and shivering, begging God for that life at any price. I don't think I bargained with Him then—that wouldn't have been good enough. But I did promise Him something—and I'm going to keep it."

After the silence that followed upon these strangely humble words, it was Schuyler who broke it. Jo Jenney, looking at him, so worn and weak in his illness and in the prospect of all that faced him, could find no control of her voice. She could only get up and come over to him and lay her warm hand on his thin shoulder. She remembered vividly that it was the shoulder which had so impressively worn the silken robes of his profession in that pulpit of which he had been speaking, a shoulder covered now by the padded silk robe of a different significance. He looked up, and his tone was less grave.

"I didn't mean all that for heroes, you know."

"I know you didn't." Jo had to find her voice, so she managed it.

"I'm afraid I've been guilty of heroics in the past. It's my one fear now that I shall dramatize this situation, with myself as the chief actor—it would be like me. I had to be taken off the stage, to put an end to my acting, I'm afraid. Consciously or unconsciously all the preachers in big places do it. It's more or less legitimate if they're to achieve their ends. But I think I saw myself more vividly than most. I was less real—more in love with my part before people."

You see, having begun to make confession I can't stop. It's a relief, in a way—though I didn't expect, when I began, to bother you with so much of it."

pivoting in all meridians and parallels like telescopes for the barber to observe and operate on your beauty under every possible angle and light—and the mechanical appliances for brushing your hair and for drying it, all moving electrically, so fast and with so much wonderful noise. The visitor who wanders about among men and institutions soon realizes that the power of business over intellectual life is stronger in America than anywhere in Europe—leaving aside, of course, Russia, in which it is absolute. Here, it seems to me, must be found the cause of the relative uniformity of

intellectual views which is one of the most striking facts for the visitor in contemporary America.

Q. Who was Rajah Brooke? R. A. Sir James Brooke, English rajah, celebrated as the Rajah of Sarawak was born at Bengal, 1803, and died at Burrator, Devonshire, England, June 11, 1868.

Q. Does the selection of a president's secretary have to be approved by the Senate? C. E. B. A. This is one appointment that a president makes without consent of the Senate.

Now Jo saw a genuine smile break upon his face—his fine teeth were very white, and the smile was lovely. Her pitiful heart warmed still more to him; here, she felt, was the real man who had been behind the self-arranged actor all the time. And the part he was playing now was a real one and worth the playing.

"You haven't bothered me. You've made me like and trust you as never before, Doctor Chase. And whatever you want to do, that will ease your mind, I'll try to help in, if I can. I don't think you can change Mr. Mackay's decision—I'm not sure that I want you to. But at least you can do what will give you comfort."

"And him honor. That's what I want. He deserves it. He did what one man in a thousand would have done, because not one man in a thousand but would have felt himself perfectly justified in taking what was to be offered to somebody, in any case. Why not to him? And with the deposed man showing unreasonable and despicable jealousy—" He broke off, shaking his head. "Acting again," he said, with a whimsical little groan. "Putting on the hair shirt, for your benefit. Oh, I've learned something about myself at last, you see."

He got up slowly, and Jo stood beside him on the hearth rug.

"And I've learned something about you, myself," she said. "But I'm not going to tell you what it is, after all these warnings."

"No, don't tell me. I should somehow wrest it into a compliment, to wrap myself in."

"Ah, but you should be wrapped. And I'm going to tell you. I have seen brave men, Doctor Chase. . . . But none braver than you."

She went away before he could answer. She didn't want to see him even try to refuse the balm of those true words.

(From Josephine Jenney's Notebook)

We've had a day together—a whole day.

He came for me in a car—a nice little roadster. We drove and drove—heaven only knows where. Don't think I saw anything on either side of the road. We had luncheon at a little inn up in the hills. Dinner in another—can't even remember how they looked. He said it was a day in which to get acquainted—rockbottom acquainted. No love-making—no suggestion of it. No talk of the future. Just—the most real and satisfying companionship I've ever known or imagined, in my most perfect thoughts. All day it lasted. The whole drive home, in the evening, was in silence. I can never forget it.

Oh, yes—funny things happened. We blew out a tire, and had to wait forever to get it mended, since we hadn't a spare. This annoyed my Scotsman very much—he even muttered a word or two he shouldn't—which made him seem nice and human. He left his hat behind at the second inn, and neither of us noticed it till we were miles away. I lost a little fox fur piece out of the car, and we didn't find it, though we put up notices in the postoffices in the nearest little towns, and a notice in two newspapers, altogether I fear our heads were in the clouds, in spite of there being, as I've said, nothing sentimental in word or deed during the whole day.

But there was something— indescribable— exquisite— poignant—that needed no words. We were—together. It was as if we had always been together, till a certain time long ago—and had now just got back to each other. We're going to separate again, very soon—but—oh, nothing can ever separate us, after today, if we never meet again.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

OF INTEREST TO FARMERS

WHICH BREED BEST?

The different grades of wool vary in relative position in the general price scale from year to year. Around 1921 the highest market demand was for fine and medium wools, and coarse wool was a discouraging commodity, comparatively. In the last year this situation was practically reversed, with medium and half-blood wool popular and the fine wools rather slow to move. About a year ago the coarse, or braid wools, for some time rather inactive, came into prominence in the market demands.

Flock masters, however, do well not to give too much consideration to current differences in wool prices when planning their operations. Fine wool, for instance, is produced on the pure bred Rambouillet and Delaines. Half-blood is produced on Rambouillets of coarser breeding and some of the better cross-breeds. Three eighths blood wool comes from Shropshires, Dorsets, Southdowns and from crosses between Lincolns and Rambouillets. Quarter blood is shown from these same breeds with the addition of the Romney Marsh, Hampshire and Shropshires, or crosses between these breeds.

Braid or cross wool is produced only on Cotswolds, Lincolns and Leicesters. Changing in breeding plans to hit the current wool market, however, will only result in confusion and loss. The best plan is to determine the breed of sheep best adapted to the conditions under which the ranch operations must be maintained and then follow a definite plan aimed toward the promotion of excellence in conformation and in clip that will bring highest market returns. Another point is that the lamb yield is really much the more important objective in sheep operations.

FEEDING EARLY PULLETS

The early maturing pullets, if unduly forced and improperly fed, will lay heavily for a few weeks and then, through loss of weight, are apt to drop into an unnecessary slump. They must be fed with the idea of continuing to build body weight and growth along with substantial production.

This condition will best be brought about by feeding the laying pullets a well balanced dry mash in open hoppers or automatic feeders.

Manufactured laying mashes, with or without buttermilk, are available to the feeder. Mash should be kept before the birds continuously.

The laying mash used should contain minerals, protein from a variety of sources, and if milk is not present, this necessary element should be provided separately in the form of a condensed or a dried milk product. The secret of success is to feed liberal quantities of a grain mash composed of from 50 to 60 per cent. of whole or cracked corn. In all-mash feeding, the mash should contain liberal quantities of corn meal.

This practice tends to keep production within reasonable bounds and enables the bird to maintain surplus flesh and fat on her body. Do not forget the grit and shell.

If possible the pullets should be allowed a good run on a fresh green range. Otherwise, rather than letting them out on a restricted bare yard, they had better be confined to the laying house. In this case feed a liberal ration of green feed—kale, rape, cabbage or germinated oats—to retain as much of the yellow pigment in their bodies throughout the fall as possible.

CHOLERA SERUM

Three distinct types of hog cholera serum are on the market. They are the defibrinated blood serum, the clear unconcentrated serum and the clear concentrated serum. The intrinsic values of these three different types of serum are wholly dependent upon the quantity and quality of the true, or protective, serum present in each. The amount of the real protective agent carried varies with the type and is as follows:

The clear concentrated serum contains more than 80 per cent. of this material, while the defibrinated blood serum and the unconcentrated serum each contain only 60 per cent. of these substances. It is therefore apparent that the concentrated serum is 25 per cent. more valuable than an equal quantity of either of the other two types. This means that 100 c.c. of the former is equal in immunizing properties to 125 c.c. of the latter, and vice versa. These facts should be borne in mind when purchases of serum are being made, for price alone is not a safe guide. The labels carried on the serum containers state specifically the percentage of protective agents contained and should be examined by prospective purchasers.

The clear concentrated serum, because of the elimination of the blood cells, has better keeping qualities. In recognition of this fact, the permitted return date on it is three years, while, with the other two types, it is two years.

PREVENTING HEMORRHAGES

Minor surgical operations such as dehorning and castration should not be performed on animals grazing on sweet clover, or on animals from bleeding sweat clover, or on animals from bleeding sweat clover.

Continuous grazing on sweet clover causes the blood to lose its clotting power, and the only safe plan is to remove the animals from such pasturage for at least a month before operating. One of the most disastrous cases on record of sweet clover poisoning of this character occurred two years ago in the San Luis valley where 70 out of 80 yearling calves bled to death after dehorning.

Although there is practically no danger of fatal sweet clover poisoning on pastures under ordinary con-

COLDS IN POULTRY

One danger facing the summer pullet flock is an outbreak of nose colds, which are especially prevalent in damp weather and where too many pullets are kept in a limited space with insufficient ventilation. Should colds appear, give the pullet flock a good flushing out with Epsom salts; in fact, it is well to feed the pullets at least every two weeks a pound of Epsom salts to 100 birds, preferable in a moist mash.

The putting of 4 per cent. flowers of sulphur in the dry mash when colds appear is excellent, but best of all let us give the birds more air, especially back ventilation.

ditions, nevertheless it is wise to avoid trouble by putting the animals on other feed for 30 days before attempting surgery, no matter how slight.

ROADSIDE SELLING

With mother selling butter and eggs, father selling the crops, and brother selling the calves and pigs, what is left for sister to sell? If she lives on a highway—and who doesn't nowadays?—the rest of the family already may be disposing of their wares at a vegetable stand or gate. Without encroaching on their sales, you can add your feature—home made cakes, cookies and candy. These are year around products, so that you can make them at your convenience, whenever you need money. Hundreds of hurrying tourists, not caring for "harboring" and "pop," watch the roadside for good food that they can eat as they drive on.

Exactly what you sell depends on what you can make best when you begin; later you may experiment. Keeping an account of each product costs you will soon show which is most profitable. Then consider the length of time for preparation that each requires.

Cookies will always be more easily made and sold than cakes, and tarts more than pies. Ice box cookies are the quickest, and by keeping the dough on hand a fresh supply of cookies can be baked any time you sell out. If you attempt cakes, make the insides all the same and vary only the icings and fillings.

Just now nut breads are especially popular. Commercially they are expensive, but you may substitute hickory nuts or peanuts. There are both the yeast bread and raised types. The yeast companies will send you very excellent free booklets on bread making.

To build a real reputation, specialize. Sectional recipes, though trite to you, appeal to tourists from other parts of the country. So utilize your local products, be they pop corn, molasses, pecans, oranges, maple syrup or honey.

Don't forget that attractive wrappings will help to sell your food. Transparent paper keeps it clean, yet displays it temptingly. Stick-ers for the ends of packages may be of your own design, or perhaps another talented member of the family will make them for you and letter a poster as well. Plain price tags are an asset, too; you'd be surprised how many timid souls hesitate to inquire.

THE SUMMER CALF

For the man that knows how, it is easier to raise calves in the winter than in the summer. The man who does not know how often believes the reverse is true.

Young calves are stunted by being turned out in the open in the summer time. The best place for a calf until it is six months old is in the barn. If it is out a few hours each morning it will get sunshine enough. If it is out all day it gets too much, oftentimes resulting in scours or a loss of appetite. The young calf does not know enough to stay out of the hot sun, which is harmful. Furthermore, it should not be forced to subsist on grass for any part of its ration. Its little stomach is not adapted to handle grass. It needs a more concentrated feed. Thus it develops and grows much better if it is kept off grass and out of the hot sun in a cool and rather dark place in the barn.

Even the calf that is born in the fall and is six months or more of age when grass comes should not be forced to subsist on grass alone the first summer, even though the best of pasture is provided.

A small quantity of grain daily will make the grass "stick to their ribs," and the calves will grow and develop much faster. Even calves of this age need plenty of shade.

Remember, it is the big cow of any breed that is the most profitable cow. Calves will not make big cows if they are stunted in any way after they are six months of age.

IDEAL POULTRY PLANT

The ideal poultry plant would consist of four parts—an exclusive range for brooding chicks, another for the summer range of pullets, the laying houses, and a garden for the chickens. A part of the yards about laying quarters or chick range can be used for garden purposes.

The chick and pullet ranges need not be separate if a combined range ample for both is available. The adult birds, however, should never be permitted to frequent the ranges to be used for growing stock. Failure to observe this rule is probably the most frequent and costly mistake made by poultry keepers. It is fatal to success and profits.

Pullets reared so they are clean when they go into the laying house offer the best insurance for profitable winter egg production and a low death rate of birds throughout the year. Contrast this with pullets reared on contaminated soil, which go into the laying house infested with disease and intestinal parasites. Such pullets can be expected to lay but few winter eggs, and the death rate is very sure to be high.

The effective procedure is to rely upon means and methods of prevention during the brooding and summer range periods. This contention is not based on theory or supposition; it is a matter of facts substantiated by first hand experience of poultry keepers in every locality. It is the most frequent explanation of the success or failure of poultry keepers.

AND MOST OTHERS

The farmer who raises hogs consistently and economically makes money. His neighbor who buys when hogs go up and sells when they are cheap, loses. It's the same in the chicken business.

Freely circulating pure air will help pullets in good flesh to throw off colds promptly. Otherwise colds may become chronic and develop into roup, canker and chicken pox.

THE MOVABLE HOG HOUSE

Serviceability, durability, convenience, sanitation, comfort, and safety are the features to be sought in a movable hog house. There is a type of movable house to suit almost any fancy, and prices vary over practically as wide a range. Among the more standard types are the A-shaped, the shed roof, the gable roof and the combination, or two-slope roof.

A SPANIARD LOOKS

AT OUR CIVILIZATION

Salvador De Madariaga, in Harpers. America appeared to me as an immense up to date nursery and boys' school filled with the most wonderful toys and games you could imagine. Who was the gigantic Father Christmas who invented the skyscraper? That skyline which refused to reveal itself to us at the hour felt its way up New York Haven in thick fog, was it not like a colossal Christmas shop window glittering with lights? And think of all that those

beautiful towers and palaces conceal behind their embroidered cliffs! Think of the elevators (my hat to their importance) coming and going behind their beautiful brass filigree cages, with all their neat little buttons and lights and wires red and green, and the boy so quick and span you could hardly believe he was a real boy, least of all when he announces the floor in an unintelligible yell which seems to burst out of his stuffed body under mechanical compulsion.

Think of the lovely marble floors, thick carpets, barber shops, all resplendent with mirrors and nicked bars and, oh! the marvelous chairs

pivoting in all meridians and parallels like telescopes for the barber to observe and operate on your beauty under every possible angle and light—and the mechanical appliances for brushing your hair and for drying it, all moving electrically, so fast and with so much wonderful noise. The visitor who wanders about among men and institutions soon realizes that the power of business over intellectual life is stronger in America than anywhere in Europe—leaving aside, of course, Russia, in which it is absolute. Here, it seems to me, must be found the cause of the relative uniformity of

intellectual views which is one of the most striking facts for the visitor in contemporary America.

Q. Who was Rajah Brooke? R. A. Sir James Brooke, English rajah, celebrated as the Rajah of Sarawak was born at Bengal, 1803, and died at Burrator, Devonshire, England, June 11, 1868.

Q. Does the selection of a president's secretary have to be approved by the Senate? C. E. B. A. This is one appointment that a president makes without consent of the Senate.

Q. Does the selection of a president's secretary have to be approved by the Senate? C. E. B. A. This is one appointment that a president makes without consent of the Senate.