

## CHERRY SQUARE

A NEIGHBOURLY NOVEL  
by GRACE S. RICHMOND

"That's too kind of you, Mr. Mackay," she said warmly. "Of course I shall be delighted to know you are at hand. This"—with a gesture of introduction—"is our friend and physician, Dr. Richard Fiske, of New York. He too, is to be on guard, but you will be nearer by, so I feel doubly reinforced."

Doctor Fiske gave his new volunteer in Sally's service short shrift, though he shook hands politely and said: "That's very good of you, Mr. Mackay." But the next instant he added: "Sorry, but we must be off," and had the car moving. A man of violent jealousies was Richard Fiske, especially where Sally Chase was concerned.

But he was again to be halted. He hadn't spirited Sally 100 yards down Brook street when he met another car, the low, high powered roadster driven by Brady Sturgis, with Adelaide beside him. Fiske muttered something unintelligible, and reluctantly set foot upon brake at Sally's cry: "Oh, we'll have to stop and explain to them!"

"You can have just two minutes for it," he growled. "Let Josephine explain."

"No, I must, since they're here."

She told them in two sentences; Sally had been well trained in brevity of statement by the demands of the city church. She got the reaction she expected—and didn't want.

"Why, we'll stay, Sally, old dear," exclaimed Bradley, and Adelaide nodded. They would like nothing better, Sally knew. They wouldn't bother their heads much about the responsibilities of the children's care, but they had been eager all along to make Cherry House the center of their social activity. Cherry Hills was an easy run for the motors of their friends. Sally's cook was excellent. What a heaven-sent opportunity for the gayest of country parties! Sally could see this thought in Bradley's sparkling eyes, in Adelaide's roused smile of assent. There was no time to argue with them, and it would be small use to forbid them. Such a course would make an open breach, anyway, and Sally wasn't willing to do that. One point, however, must be made incontestable.

"I've put Miss Jenney in charge of the house and the children—of everything," she said, very clearly. "Miss Jenney is"—she forestalled the question—"the maid you know as Josephine. She's very competent—she's a teacher really, and has the social position of any others in a village like this. All orders to the servants are to go through her. Of course it will be very nice to have you two there, only, please, Adelaide, be considerate of Miss Jenney. It's a difficult position to put her in at a moment's notice."

"Let 'Laide—" began Bradley. But Sally shook her head. "Miss Jenney is in charge, with Doctor Fiske's approval. You're not to change anything about that, my dears. Now, good bye!"

"Love to old Schuyler!" shouted Bradley, and Adelaide's voice echoed this belated sentiment. Then Doctor Fiske had once more irritably laid hand upon gear shift, and this time he would not have stopped the car for any holdups on earth. As a matter of fact, what with all the plan-making, he would have to drive as fast as the law allowed to bring Sally to her ship.

But he did it, saw her aboard, and had two minutes with her before he had to leave her. She looked to him very young and very unconcerned.

When Size Is Handicap. From Stone and Webster Journal. Quantity production causes one effect which is frequently lost sight of, that is, the inability promptly to take care of inventions as they occur. When a factory is fully equipped with stamps, dies, jigs, as well as the established routine which goes with them, it is a serious matter to scrap them and start all over on a new basis. The larger the production, the harder it is to make the change, for besides the cost of the new equipment comes the falling off in output during the period of readjustment. Perhaps the best illustration of this is the

she stood with him near the gangway. He was fully aware of the anxious tension of the voyage before her—five days before she would set foot upon land, and a hot and crowded railway journey from Southampton to London.

"I've cabled Caldwell you're coming, and he'll wireless you if he needs to. No doubt he'll meet you at Southampton. Try not to let your imagination run away with you between shore and shore. Lots of worried wives have crossed the ocean, to find everything all right when they landed."

"I know." She smiled at him bravely, and he understood that she would keep herself well in hand—for Schuyler's sake. He bit his lip at that thought. Everything with her was for Schuyler's sake, he knew.

"Good bye, my dear—and may the God you're so devoted to keep you," he murmured, as the call came: "All ashore that's going ashore!" He pressed her hand in his so tightly it hurt her cruelly for moments after, looked closely into her uplifted eyes, added under his breath: "You're the dearest thing on earth!" and ran down the gangway. He waved his hat at her as long as he could see her uplifted arm, then made his way half blindly back to his car.

"The thing it's damned hard to keep myself remembering," he said sternly to himself. "Is that I'm the friend of them both."

At least, it must be conceded, Dr. Richard Fiske was honest with himself.

(From Josephine Jenney's Note-Book)

Here I am, elevated in the twinkling of an eye to the position of housekeeper, with Mrs. Lawson, hands on hips, staring up at me, amazed and affronted! Mary shares her resentment. I know, though she doesn't dare show it to me. Norah grins, bless her heart!—and stands by, ready to throw herself into any breach that opens. Did my best to ascend to the new plane in an unprovocative manner, with no "airs," and with no assumption of aggravating authority. But who can come up from the ranks and suddenly acquire shoulder straps and a belt without exciting the ire and envy of those who remain below to fall under his discipline!

Norah gives me sage advice. "Don't be kapin' the gloves on all the time you're handlin' the woman. Show her a glimpse of yer bare hand. She's a bully, that; she'll shake her fist in yer face if she dares."

"When she does, Norah, it will be time enough to take off the gloves."

"I know well enough ye'll never descend to a fight with her, but I want her to know ye've got a good reliable muscle in that pretty round arm."

So I have thanks to past experience. And I really think Mrs. Lawson sometimes sees the swelling of it under my sleeve!

## VII

Miss Jenney, I'd like to give notice."

Miss Jenney faced Mrs. Lawson with the serenity of one who has anticipated a coming crisis and prepared for it.

"Very well, Mrs. Lawson, but for what reason?"

"Plenty of reasons. I can't take orders from two people. Miss Sturgis tells what she wants done, day and night. The work's too much, with her having extra people here all the time. If I may say it, Miss Jenney, you can't run this house—you ain't used to handling people like her, who's bound to have their own way. Next you know she'll have you out of the house yourself."

Jo looked steadily at the

recent abandonment of the model T Ford automobile, and the development of the new model. . . .

When the four-wheel brake idea, a French development, was shown to be a success it, took American manufacturers a long time to adopt it, owing to the inertia of the plants which were equipped for the production of two-wheel brakes. Had our production been on a smaller scale, where the cost of capital change-over or where the mental inertia was less, the new idea would have been adopted more quickly.

For many years the Bell telephone receivers were made with exposed metal binding-posts or terminals

woman, who, she knew, was delighting in making this insolent speech, now that she thought she had nothing to lose by it.

"You realize that you are breaking your promise to Mrs. Chase?"

"I didn't make her any promise. She laid down the law and I didn't say different, yes or no. . . . I can't stand things as they are, and I'm going."

"Can you arrange," said Jo coolly, "to leave this evening? Jimmy can take you and your trunk to the 7 o'clock train."

Mrs. Lawson stared. "Just as you like," she answered after a minute. "I s'posed you'd want a week's notice."

"Not at all. It's much better to end an unsatisfactory relation as quickly as possible, don't you think?"

Mrs. Lawson had not thought so, nor had intended to end the relation at all. She had expected to be coaxed and bribed to stay. What should they do without her, she would like to know that!

Jo knew what they should do without her.

Ten minutes after this brief interview Jo slipped away down the lane to Norah O'Grady's little brown cottage.

"We're ready for you, Mrs. O'Grady," she announced, with a smile. "The storm has broken, the lightning's struck, and no damage done. The air's clear again—it was hardly disturbed. Can you come tonight after the 7 o'clock's gone?"

"Sure, an' I can," Norah agreed. "I've been packed an' ready since ye let me know the clouds was gatherin'. I'm glad ye'r rid of her, the tomb-faced old thing. I never did see how Mrs. Chase come to get her, who likes things cheerful round her."

"It won't be easy, you know. Miss Sturgis does have many callers, and likes always to have them served with something very nice before they go."

Norah nodded. "We'll get along with that. I can make the things tasty—it'll be you that'll have to show me how to have 'em look pretty. I never c'ud get a sprig o' parsley to look like anything but a pine tree. I can't make pitaties lie in a fancy hedge around a beef-steak, the way I've seen that woman do. But the pitaties'll taste as good as hers, that I know."

"That's all that's necessary," Jo assured her. "And it will be such a comfort to see your nice jolly face in the kitchen, I'll be glad enough to come out and make the 'fancy hedges,' when it's really important. Mostly, it won't be."

"Tell me, before I do be seen' for myself," begged Norah, "as one friend to another, if I may be so bold. How do ye get along with the cousin, r'al'ly?"

"Very well indeed," Jo asserted. "People don't need to think alike, you know, Mrs. O'Grady, in order to live with each other. Shall Jimmy bring your things on his way back from taking Mrs. Lawson to the train?"

"She's quality, all right," thought the Irishwoman approvingly. "She won't talk to me about thim, though she knows I know she's having a divil of a time with that Miss Adelaide, that won't lift her finger to help herself. Faith, if I can make things 'asier for Miss Jenney I'm glad to go, an' her with all the responsibility."

All the responsibility was indeed something for Jo to shoulder. She herself thought it would be a far simpler matter with Mrs. Lawson gone, even though Norah knew few of the finer devices of accomplished cookery. Adelaide's breakfast trays, taken up by Mary at 10 or 11 o'clock in the morning; her demands for special dishes at luncheon, because of the languid appetite induced by the late breakfast; her afternoon tea service; her orders for trays of rich filled sandwiches and icy beverages at any hour of the evening, and for any

which occasionally gave shocks to telephone users. Smaller independent telephone companies were able to adopt a new receiver within closed terminals almost as soon as invented. But the big Bell organization could not install them until it had absorbed the cost of the millions of phones in use that had to be scrapped. Here was a case where quantity production held up progress. Similarly, the new French type of desk set is being demanded but the telephone company can not afford to substitute it for the present type. If offered at the price of the old one, every one would demand it, yet the factories

number of people—all these were items which were likely to make even the generous Norah rebel. But she would take care of them, for the sake of Miss Jenney. Jo was just beginning to understand how devoted to her Norah was. She would be an ally worth having.

On the second evening of Norah's incumbency Jo sent her off duty early after dinner, for the day had been a trying one. Adelaide had found Norah's style of sending in her undeniably well cooked dishes quite unbearable, and had fretfully said so.

"Who ever saw a mixture like that?" she complained. "There's everything on earth in it. I detest carrots and onions anywhere, and they're all through this!"

"It may not look pretty," declared her brother Bradley, eating of the despised dish with gusto, "but it's the best tasting stuff I ever tried. Me for more, please, Miss Jenney."

"This is one of Mrs. O'Grady's specialties," Jo said good humoredly, "and it's so good for the children I told her to make it today. I thought you'd quite enjoy it, too."

"Please don't model your meals for us on the children's health," Adelaide murmured. "I wish very much to gain weight while I'm here, and I can't do it on this sort of unappetizing diet."

Jo said nothing, because she couldn't say what she wanted to, and anything less scathing wouldn't be satisfying. All day Adelaide had been peculiarly trying, almost as if she had made a point of it on arising in the morning. As she left the table she said distinctly and with an air of command, but without looking at Jo:

"We're expecting a dozen or so people up tonight. About 11 o'clock I shall want plenty of particularly delicious sandwiches, and a big bowl of punch."

Jo didn't answer. She provided, but she didn't intend to provide, but she didn't intend to keep Norah and Mary up to do it. After they had gone to bed she herself prepared both sandwiches and punch—the latter a mixture of fruit juices and ice, which she knew would be given its special ingredient and appeal by the Sturgises themselves. Their friends arrived with the fall of dusk, and the lights from the windows fell upon gay frocks and white flannels, and there was the sound of lively voices, and now and then the twang of a guitar, had been able to see still more clearly than before that she was well worth looking at and talking to. He had done plenty of the looking, but neither Adelaide nor Jo herself had encouraged him in the talking.

Now, however, observing the supple figure in the lamplight, and the grace and skill of every motion of the capable, beautiful hands, Bradley promptly forgot his errand and his guests. He sat down upon the edge of the scoured kitchen table, prepared to make the most of this interesting opportunity.

Dashing into the kitchen with a message from Adelaide to the cook, Bradley Sturgis came upon Joe Jenney working alone at the task set for Norah, her bare arms rosy in the lamplight, for the old house had never been equipped with a modern lighting system. Oil lamps in the kitchen and candles elsewhere had delighted Sally Chase, and she had laid in large stores of long dipped candles in all shades, for lavish use about the house.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

## A Start.

From the Christian Science Monitor. The daughter is in the middle of her singing lesson when the mother came into the room. She listened for a moment or two, and then broke in:

"How is 'Elizabeth getting on? Do you think she'll make a good singer?"

The teacher seemed at a loss for reply.

"It's hard to determine just now," he answered.

"But surely she possesses some of the qualifications?"

"Well—er—madam, she's got a mouth, certainly."

could not promptly supply the demand. So the company is meeting the problem by supplying the new type at an additional cost, thus slackening the demand and allowing the factories time to catch up with the requirements.

These illustrations are not given to disparage quantity production but simply to indicate one of the hurdles which large production has to jump to keep its product up to date. It is reported that some American inventors have even been forced to take their inventions to England or to France, where the quantity production handicap is not so great, in order to get them used

## OF INTEREST TO FARMERS

## MACHINERY STORAGE

The ideal place for farm machinery during the winter months, as everyone will agree, is a machine shed that can be kept dry. The American farmer is not noted for the care he bestows upon his machinery and for that reason he wears it out in much less time than if more sheds were built for housing it. One authority states that the average farm machine would last twice as long as it does if it were properly housed when not in use. So far as we know there are no reliable figures available on this subject, but good machine sheds are economical in these days when so much and such valuable machinery is in use on almost every farm.

But even if a man does not have a machine shed he can do much toward preserving his implements in good condition. Plowshares and cultivator shovels should receive a heavy coat of axle grease as soon as they are no longer to be used for the season. Tongues and other wooden parts should receive a coat of paint and a dry place found for them.

While putting away the machinery it should be given a careful examination and a list be made out showing needed repairs, which can be made during the winter or shortly before spring opens. Trusting to memory concerning repair parts is a poor plan for one is certain to forget some of them and rush orders will then have to be made just when the parts are most needed. "Don't put off till tomorrow what you can do today," is an old saying that applies very well to our farm implement and machinery repairs of today.

## IT MIGHT HAPPEN

Agriculturists should accustom their minds to the idea that farming methods are capable of extraordinary changes and may in coming years be quite unlike what is now the accepted thing.

Who can imagine, without a kind of mental wrench, an agriculture where no grain but wheat is ever raised to maturity, except for seed? Yet that is the kind of agriculture suggested recently to a meeting of agricultural engineers.

Why should we spend months growing rye and harvesting the grain, producing 113 pounds of protein and 830 pounds of total nutrients to the acre, when we can cut the young plant, 18 inches tall, and secure 902 pounds of protein and 3,188 pounds of total nutrients from the same acre?

Why should we grow oats to maturity, getting 269 pounds of protein from a 35-bushel crop, when we can cut the plant when only a month old and get 351 pounds of protein?

Even wheat, the aristocrat, yields from 18 bushels of grain 134 pounds of protein, and that from an acre of young plants cut twice in April, 1,004 pounds—more than seven times as much.

If the purpose of growing field crops is to produce food for animals, principally, these are things to ponder over. Are we wasting the land's time? Is the idea of one year, one crop, about to go into the discard?

## SANITATION AT FARROWING

While sanitation proves highly satisfactory at all times, perhaps it is most important at farrowing time. Therefore, the preparation of the farrowing pens and the sows for farrowing are two very important matters that should receive your close attention. In the first place, the pens should be thoroughly cleaned in order to eliminate all disease germs, especially the worm eggs.

Just scraping out the pens with a scoop or shovel will not suffice. The real method to use is to first clean out all the refuse or dirt from the floors and walls with either a shovel or a hoe. Then thoroughly scrub both the floors and walls of the pens with a solution of boiling lye water. Allow the pens to dry thoroughly before putting in the bedding.

Now, with the farrowing pens clean, the sows are ready for their quarters. Three or four days prior to farrowing, the sows should be thoroughly washed with soap and water. Particular attention should be paid to their udders. Then the sows should be put into the farrowing pens before farrowing day.

If these precautions are taken, it will eliminate, or at least minimize, the chance of the little pigs getting various disease germs, and particularly the worm eggs, into their system. Otherwise, with the first few mouthfuls of milk the new born pigs may swallow thousands of worm eggs and germs of disease.

## THE BOY AND THE PIG

Making your boy a partner by financing his purchase of a pure-bred pig, is, we think, a better method of making him a pal than teaching him how to shoot an air rifle, the method a sporting goods company advises.

If he shows an interest in your hogs, how much more interest he will show in some of his own. He will probably need help in purchasing his pig. Loan him the money,

## CHEAPEST DAIRY FEED

The owner of a cow which produced 10,584 pounds of milk and 542.6 pounds of butter fat last year was asked "what is the cheapest and best form of food for dairy cows?"

"Pure water," he replied. "Only be sure that the water is put in the cow and not in the milk can." Milk is approximately 87 per cent. water and if the cow does not have access to an unlimited supply of fresh, clean, palatable water, her milk flow is bound to suffer heavily. A high producing cow will consume from 25 to 30 gallons of water per

but don't give it to him. Let him have feed from your granaries also, but have him keep a strict account of the cost of feeding. And then when the pig is sold at a 4-H sale or student's sale, let him start his own bank account with the profits.

The advantages to the boy are many. He is busy doing something constructive; he is guided by an older and experienced hand, and costly mistakes are averted; his interest is quickened because it is his property that he is working with; he learns the rudiments of business and the value of a dollar; he is introduced into a fascinating business, and, most important, his Dad becomes both his partner and his pal.

Daughter does not need to be exempted from this plan, just because she is a girl. The prize winning pig has more than a few times been shown by a girl. Girls frequently take as keen an interest in this side of farm industry as their brothers. Did you ever hear a parent complain because he did not have anything in common with his son? I have, often, says one "Dad" who has a son as his "partner," and I know those complainers never tried a plan like this, because its success has been frequently demonstrated.

## ROTATION IDEA ANCIENT

It has taken 3,000 years to develop the principle of modern crop rotation, and the beginnings of that development can be traced clear back to Biblical times, according to a study recently made by W. W. Weir of the bureau of soils, United States department of agriculture.

Three thousand years ago cereals were the chief source of food, and it was natural to grow these crops on the same fields, year after year. But the farmers of that period finally noticed that the land was suffering. Resting the land and allowing the weeds to grow up, they found, seemed to help.

The oldest record of such practice, Mr. Weir finds, is in the Mosaic laws (about 1400 B. C.), commanding the people, "And six years thou shalt sow thy land, and gather in the fruits thereof; but the seventh thou shalt let it rest and be still."

This first stage in a crop rotation gave away about 29 B. C. to "bare fallow." Farmers then, for instance, sowed a winter grain like wheat, then a spring grain like barley, then allowed the field to lie in "bare fallow."

More than 1,000 years elapsed before the third stage in rotation arrived. Then, about 1600 A. D., Flemish farmers abolished "bare fallow" in favor of clover, grown in rotation with hemp, turnips and small grains. This was a big step forward because it permitted keeping more livestock and renewed as well as rested the land.

The fourth stage, adopted in the fields by English farmers during the 18th century, was the introduction of intertillage. Nowadays it is customary for farmers to use a rotation of an intertilled crop, a small grain crop and a grass leguminous crop.

## GOOD CARE PAYS

Let the chickens on the farm rough it and rustle for themselves and they will give little in return. The truth of this was demonstrated last year in Iowa county, where a group of farmers in co-operation with the agricultural economists at Iowa State college kept cost accounts on their farms.

On one farm the hens averaged 39 eggs each; on another, with good care, they laid 153 eggs each—nearly five times as many as where they got poor care. The income per hen was \$1.77 on the former place and \$6.77 on the latter.

The profits from poultry on the various farms keeping accounts varied widely. One farm had a net profit of \$290 while another lost \$196, after deductions had been made for feed, interest on the investment, labor and a charge for the use of buildings and equipment. The poultry enterprises on these farms returned an average of 6 per cent. of the total farm income, varying from 2 to 14 per cent. on the individual farms.

The average egg yield was 90 eggs per hen, which could be increased materially by culling out the low producing hens and by attention to better feeding and care of the flocks.

## IMPROVING MILK FLAVOR

Experiments just reported by the United States department of agriculture show that feeding green soybeans to dairy cows just before milking them tends to improve the flavor of the milk. The soybeans were fed in quantities up to 30 pounds per cow. The soybeans were first fed when the plants began to form pods and were continued until the beans had reached full size, but were not hard. While soybeans improve the milk flavor, rape fed green just before milking had the opposite effect, imparting an objectionable flavor to the milk.

## SUPPLEMENTAL PASTURE

Sheep can find good pasture in a stubble field after threshing. Rape sown with small grain in the spring furnishes the best pasture until the late, hard freezes in the fall.

Cow testers have found in numerous cases that the milk production of a herd was increased 7 to 8 per cent. when automatic drinking cups were installed in the stalls, offering the cow unlimited supply of water whenever desired. A reliable automatic water supply system has proved to be one of the most valuable items of a dairy farm's equipment.

## PLANT ONLY BEST

High priced seeds that produce high yields are cheaper than low priced seeds that produce low yields.