

# CHERRY SQUARE

A NEIGHBOURLY NOVEL  
BY GRACE S. RICHMOND

"Well, what the deuce—You're not doing this yourself, Miss Jenney!" the young man cried, having the grace to be shocked at the discovery. He had easily accepted the elevation of the housemaid to the position of manager of Cherry House, but he didn't quite consider her the actual hostess, nor had Adelaide for a moment made that concession. When the uniform had been replaced by one of the straight frocks of white or blue denim which Jo wore so successfully, Bradley "Where's the lady with the brogue?" he inquired. "Not that I care—I hope she's nowhere around. But you ought not to be doing this."

"Oughtn't I? I think so myself, but I'd rather do it than keep Mrs. O'Grady up so late."

"Late?" Bradley gave his watch face a careless glance. "A quarter to 11! I suppose that's considered almost dawn up here. Where I come from the night's so young at midnight it can't stay out alone, it has to have lots of company."

"It seems to be having it up here tonight."

"I say—you don't like making those sandwiches, do you, Miss Jenney?"

The corner of her mouth took on a bit of a curve, but it could hardly be called a smile. "Not a bit, Mr. Sturgis."

"Then why do you do it?"

"Not to be too disagreeable."

"Could you be disagreeable?"

"Very."

Bradley considered her. "Now, I wouldn't say disagreeable," he argued. "Interesting, stimulating, intriguing, provoking, even—fascinating. But hardly disagreeable. No, decidedly not."

The word fascinating had a connotation in Jo's mind which made her feel like smiling, but she preserved her dignity. "Would you mind not sitting so close to the mayonnaise?" she suggested.

Bradley seized upon the dish. "Couldn't I help you put it on?"

"No indeed. If you won't get it on yourself, that will be all I can ask."

"Well, anyhow, can't I mix the punch?"

"I've no doubt you will—later. At present I prefer to do it. Then I can at least continue to feel innocent when the bowl leaves my hands."

He laughed. "I infer you don't approve the extra touches of charm it's likely to acquire at mine?"

She shook her head. "Not in the proportions you are likely to use."

He eyed her with increasing interest. "I've been wanting to strike a spark from you," he asserted, "and now I'm getting a notion of the way to do it. I believe it would be worth while to give you a real shock, just to see the sparks fly. All right, here goes: Do you know you're about the most gorgeous thing I've seen in a long time? That profile of yours—it's simply exquisite. As for your full face—"

She turned the full face upon him, and the look of amused contempt in it hit him rather hard. He really hadn't supposed she would know how to give him just that look—the sort he fully approved even though it stung. She didn't answer a word, but a slap upon the cheek or a glassful of water in the face from the kind of girl who might be found making sandwiches in some kitchen not her own couldn't have ended his use of such methods of approach more quickly.

"I beg your pardon," he said, laughing with chagrin. "Of course I didn't mean that—though it's true enough as an observation. But you don't

like it from me, and I don't blame you. On my word, though, Miss Jenney, the average girl of these days likes compliments, the balder the better. She doesn't resent 'em. As a matter of fact, she misses 'em if she doesn't get 'em. But you're not the average girl—I can see that."

"You will see a number of things you haven't seen before, Mr. Sturgis," she said evenly, "if you stay here. You may take these sandwiches into the dining room now, please. I'll have the punch ready in a minute. Your friends may come and get them there, or the men may take them out to the others. You may leave everything on the table when you're through, only I'll ask you to put out the candles."

"Oh, see here. You'll come out and meet our friends?"

He didn't know how he came to ask it; certainly he knew that if he could actually succeed in getting her to go out with him there would be the devil to pay with Adelaide. But he hadn't reckoned with Jo Jenney.

"There's no reason why I should meet your friends," she said pleasantly, "if you'll excuse me."

"They're an awfully jolly sort," he persisted. "And you'd make a hit, you know just as you are. If you could see yourself you'd know that nobody they've got out there can touch you."

"I'm quite sure nobody can," she replied, and this time there was a gleam in her eyes which he didn't know whether to consider mischief or malice. Anyhow, he concluded, she wasn't so easy to play with as he had expected. He went reluctantly back to the group outside, but Jo Jenney remained in his mind, a clear vision. He said to himself, as he glanced appraisingly from one to another of the three girls whom Adelaide had asked to offset the nine men, that there really wasn't one there who could hold a rose colored candle to Miss Jenney. They knew how to dress—he'd have to hand that to them. But let somebody dress and make up Joe as they were dressed and made up, and—well—they'd all turn green, his sister Adelaide greenest of all.

His eyes sparkled as he thought about it. Rich, deep yellow—almost orange—that was the color he'd like to see her in, and a gold band across her marvelous dark hair! And instead, she was wearing a more or less rumpled white linen, with a spot of raspberry juice on the sleeve. He supposed she'd put that on to do this work in, for she'd been wearing a little thin blue frock at dinner, with a lovely line at neck and upper arm. Showed she knew how to dress, after all, at least for the country, if she could look such a duchess in a thing Adelaide would sniff at—Adelaide who, at the moment, was sheathed in jade green with a string of—Adelaide called them pearls! Bradley happened to know they weren't.

Jo stood at her unlighted window looking out upon the revellers and thinking not of them but of Mrs. Schuyler Chase. It was time that word was had from her, with news of her husband. She was hoping with all her heart that it would be a good word, and that before long Mrs. Chase would be returning, with or without her husband. Just what Jo's own position would then become she had no idea, but she knew it couldn't be asked of her to put on the uniform again. She was very sure that she would be retained in some capacity, and that the household would resume its normal course—unless the worst should

have happened abroad, and that seemed impossible. She vividly remembered her one impression of Schuyler Chase, on that never-to-be-forgotten Sunday when she had heard him preach. He had seemed so vital, so powerful, so much a messenger from Heaven, it couldn't be that the frame which housed such beauty and power could be as mortal as other flesh!

Next morning, while Bradley and Adelaide still slept, Jo took the wide awake baby Schuyler out to tumble upon the grass under the copper beech in the early coolness, for the day promised to be hot. She noted a change in the aspect of the house next door, whose windows looked out so closely upon the domain of Cherry House. The lower blinds of the front rooms had been thrown back, and not only that, the windows themselves were open. Could it possibly be that Miss Lucinda—with whom by now Jo had a nodding acquaintance, supplemented by an occasional greeting when the two found themselves near by in the adjoining gardens—could be cleaning that long-closed parlor, and had forgotten to shut the unscreened windows? Why, the flies would come in, and Miss Lucinda would suffer acutely! Jo was thinking that she ought to hail the fastidious housewife and acquaint her with her error, when a most unwelcome sound suddenly came from beyond those open windows—the light run of skilled fingers over piano keys, and then a man's voice singing.

The piano notes were tinkling ones—as she heard them Jo could visualize the old-fashioned square piano from which they indubitably proceeded. But the voice rose softly then mounting above them, and hearing that, one could not remember them at all. It was a perfect male voice, a rich tenor, singing something very unusual—or so it seemed. Perhaps it was because the spindly tones proceeded from a place so unlikely to harbor such a voice, the austere habitation of two spinsters withdrawn by circumstances from almost all contact with the world outside, even the tiny world of the small town in which they lived. Jo listened intently. The song ended, the singer strolled to the window, lighting a cigaret, and flung the match away upon the grass, male fashion. The next instant his careless glance fell upon the pair outside, less than 20 feet distant. Jo's eyes were upon him, her gaze transfixed by his apparition. For a handsome young man, clothed in white flannels, smoking a cigaret at the open window of Miss Lucinda Hunt's tomb-like best parlor—it seemed to Jo that it must be tomb-like, though she had never seen it—was an apparition that might hold any gaze until it became a stare.

"Good morning!" said the stranger lightly, with a smile, as he noted the elder of the two upon the grass.

"Good morning!" responded Jo, returning the smile, as one must return anything so attractive.

"I suppose you're Mrs. Chase's sister," went on the agreeable voice. "So, as I'm the Misses Hunt's nephew, we're already properly introduced, comme ça?"

"Not quite properly, since I'm not Mrs. Chase's sister."

"Her guest, then, I presume. No? It doesn't matter, so that we tell each other what a glorious day this is, before the sun reduces it to servitude. Did you agree with my invocation to it?"

"The day? Yes indeed—if that was what it was. I couldn't get all the words."

"Couldn't you, indeed?" The young man threw back his head and laughed. "There's a blister for my pride. I thought I possessed an enunciation equal to that of the best auctioneer in Cherry Hills, and

could knock down the morning to any chance listener. As a matter of fact, the listener wasn't a chance one, for I spied you before I began, and was singing especially with the idea of making you a customer."

"Dallas Hunt!" exclaimed a sharp voice behind him in the room, its horrified intonation easily reaching Jo's ears. "Don't you know you're letting all the flies in this window?"

"Why, no, I don't know it, Aunt Lucy. I haven't seen a fly," replied her nephew. He reached back an arm and pulled Miss Lucinda Hunt into Jo's view. With his arm about her spare, gingham-clad waist, he added: "I've been telling this charming person outside that I'm your nephew. Will you vouch for it?"

"Do you mean to say you've been speaking to her before you're introduced?" inquired Miss Lucinda, with, however, as Jo could see, less of an air of shock than of apology to Jo herself.

"Not at all. I was speaking to a fellow-worshipper of the dawn. Singing to her, as a matter of fact. And now she merely responds with a criticism of my voice. Just the same, Aunt Lucy, I'd like to know her properly, if only as a propitiation to the goddesses—which you and Aunt Clara are while I stay. Will you present me?"

Miss Lucinda presented him, after an embarrassed fashion. She wasn't used to making introductions while a firm male arm held her from falling off the window sill, cigaret smoke rose bluely from forgetful fingers into her nostrils, and a gay whisper prompted her. "Make it impressive, Aunt Lu! Remember I'm your dearest nephew."

"You're certainly my most impudent one," declared Miss Lucinda, rallying. "Now if you must talk to Miss Jenney, you shut this window and go round outside."

"I feel that I must talk to her," agreed Dallas Hunt. "Therefore, as you suggest, I'll go round outside. Wait for me, Miss Jenney?"

"Of course, Mr. Hunt, since this is the shadiest spot for the baby."

"You see," said Dallas Hunt, arriving upon the lawn to stoop and pat the baby's head, and to look beyond appreciatively at the exquisite texture of the cheek of the baby's attendant, "I'm doing my best to 'look well to this Day!'" And he sang a phrase of the song again, softly, effectively, and almost in Jo's ear . . .

It was at this moment that Adelaide Sturgis, rising late as usual, looked sleepily out of her windows and saw the group on the lawn. The sleepiness vanished as she stared hard. Who was the handsome man in flannels, sitting so intimately upon the rug with Miss Jenney and the baby? As she looked he threw back his head and laughed with apparently the greatest enjoyment. . . .

Never had this young woman made quicker time in dressing, her bath was omitted; her face and hair received her only real care. Stockings and shoes fairly jumped into place. A straight silk frock of burnt orange which needed no fastening was slipped over her head. A dash of faint perfume from an atomizer—a gay handkerchief tucked into a breast pocket—Adelaide ran down the stairs. Then, after a little (more reconnoitering, she sauntered out upon the lawn, a book in hand, which she read as she went, without noting whither her slow footsteps were taking her. Her course, wandering, finally brought her near the man, the maid, and the baby. She looked up—astonished.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

Q. Why is the Calcutta Sweepstakes so-called? K. G.

A. It is so called because it was organized by the Calcutta club.

applied for a writ of habeas corpus and Chapman was released. This is the sort of thing that makes the layman tired, no matter what impression it makes on lawyers. The freeing of Chapman is not the fault of the court that issued the writ. The court had no choice. But it is doubtful if in any other country in the civilized world a confessed criminal would have been freed for such a reason.

Q. No Savvy.

Will. Don't you think the violinist's obligation is very beautiful? Jim: Can't tell. Wait till she turns around.

## OF INTEREST TO FARMERS

### PASTURING CALVES

A dairyman once said to the writer that he believed in letting his heifer calves "run," by which he meant that they should be pastured as soon as they cared to eat grass and then be kept out doors as much as possible. His idea was that such outdoor life would increase hardness of constitution which, he thought, was of supreme importance. We thoroughly agree with him that constitution is of vital importance, but there are two sides to the pasturing practice as concerns dairy-type heifer calves, and they should be kept in mind by the practice man.

Never shall we forget the woeful appearance presented by a lot of fine young Holstein heifer calves that had been on grass from the time they were a few weeks old. It was in the hot, dry weather of August that we were asked to examine these heifers. Some of them died; the ones we saw were potbellied, scrawny, thin, harsh-coated and weak. When they were made to run they immediately began coughing. The cough was of croupy character, painful, and was continued until the animal evidently raised phlegm. No wonder they coughed in that way, for they were infested with lung worms. We opened a calf that had died an hour or two before our arrival and found the windpipe literally packed with threadlike worms (Strongylus micrurus). Asked if he had suspected the presence of these worms, the owner said he had never heard of such a thing and that, perhaps, was the reason he had not feared to let the calves "run." Had he suspected worm he might have found the eggs or even some of the worms, by examining the discharged mucus from the nostrils or mouth with a low power microscope. It is well to make such an examination whenever pastured calves have such a discharge and especially when they cough.

It is almost absolutely certain that young calves allowed to graze old grass in a permanent pasture or one long used by cows, will contract lung worm of that, inevitably, means stunting and, perhaps, death. It is therefore advisable to keep growing calves off permanent pasture, not to let any calf that is less than two or four months old graze grass of any kind and always to supplement pasture by feeding skim milk and providing a concentrated ration. It is the thriftless calf that is surest to become infested with worms and most quickly suffer ill effects or succumb to the ravages of the parasites.

Knowing the danger of worm infestation in old pastures, the wise dairyman keeps his calves off grass during the first year of life, lets them live in a clean, airy room, pen, and feeds them a complete ration that insures maximum growth and development during the first year. That is good practice, but it is unwise to prevent calves from receiving the beneficial effects of direct sunlight, out-doors, on all fine days. They need the good effect of the ultra-violet or "tanning" ray of indirect sunlight and the ray cannot penetrate window glass. Its effect is to cause lime to deposit in the bones and phosphorus to form in the blood. It is, therefore a preventive of rickets and to a certain degree, is a remedy for that disease. Exercise and sunlight are necessary and should be allowed; but injudicious pasturing may do harm.

### WHITE VS. YELLOW CORN

A corn belt experiment station reports the results of an experimental feeding trial comparing white and yellow corn for growing and fattening hogs and for brood sows. A summary of the work follows:

It was found that sows raised on normal rations could be carried through two gestation and suckling periods on a ration of white corn, white corn bran, and tankage without evident effect on the number of pigs farrowed or weaned or upon the growth of the pigs during the suckling period. The continued feeding of this ration, however, resulted in serious impairment of the reproductive powers of one sow, her third and fourth litters being farrowed dead. With the addition of 1 per cent. of cod liver oil to the ration during the fifth gestation, this sow farrowed a litter of normal pigs.

Normal weaning pigs which were farrowed by sows carried through their gestation periods on white corn rations were continued on a ration of white corn and tankage. They failed to thrive and ultimately developed pathological symptoms and died. Pigs farrowed by sows not on experiment and raised on normal rations to 60 or 70 pounds, were eventually handicapped by white corn feeding although they made normal gains for several weeks. At weights of 175 to 200 pounds they developed characteristic symptoms of white corn feeding and finished poorly.

Small amounts of alfalfa meal (a little more than an ounce a head daily), proved entirely effective in correcting the deficiencies of a ration of white corn and tankage fed

### HOW MUCH DID YOU GET?

In response to many inquiries as to how the corn borer appropriation of \$10,000,000 will be expended, the United States Department of Agriculture states that about half of this sum will be paid to individual farmers to reimburse them in part or entirely for extra work which they may have done to comply with the clean-up regulations.

### GIVE PLENTY WATER

Water is important, since it constitutes 55 per cent. of the bird and 65 per cent. of the egg. Clear, fresh, reasonably warm water will help considerably in the production of eggs during the winter.

pigs while growing and fattening from weights of 60 to 227 pounds.

Apparently it was lack of vitamin that caused the unfortunate results when sows and pigs were continued on the white corn ration for too long a time, for when that factor was supplied by adding small amounts of alfalfa meal or cod liver oil, the pigs developed normally and the sows farrowed normal litters. While white corn may be deficient in vitamin D as well as vitamin A, it is considered improbable that such a deficiency could have affected the results, since stunting apparently removes the necessity for that vitamin in the feed and all the pigs in these experiments were confined to open dry lots, allowing as great exposure to direct sunlight as the weather would permit.

### KEEPING UP FERTILITY

With vegetables in full growth the main object of a gardener should be to keep them growing at top speed. There are two ways to do it fertilizing and cultivation. Cultivation from the start makes the work easy. It is when the garden is left until the weeds get a good start all over it that cultivation becomes a real task.

The methodical gardener will divide the garden into sections and take them one at a time and stir the soil. In this manner it is a light daily task and the vegetables respond quickly.

The balanced fertilizers sold by seed houses are a real boon to the gardener because they are so easy to handle. It is a simple matter to sprinkle the powder along the rows of plants and then gently hoe it or water it in.

Nitrate of soda is a garden stand-by as a stimulant of growth. This should be watered in. Sprinkle the nitrate thinly and then turn on the sprinkler. Many of the balanced fertilizers contain chemicals that need to be watered in for best results. A good sprinkler that will give a wide distribution of water sufficient to start the fertilizer into the soil is a very useful garden adjunct and much simpler than holding the hose.

Light dressings of commercial fertilizer two or three weeks apart, will be much more effective than heavy ones. The plant can take only a limited amount of the food provided for it, and if too heavy dressings are given it is a waste of fertilizer. These fertilizers are devised to add to the food already in the soil and to make it more readily available for the plant.

After the commercial fertilizer has been applied and wet in, the soil, the garden should be gone over with a hoe or cultivator to stir the soil again. Hoeing is best done after heavy downpours, which leave the surface caked and crusted. The powdering of the soil retains the moisture.

### HOG NATURALLY HEALTHY

A hog that has been properly raised and has come from vigorous stock is not more predisposed to disease than is any other animal on the farm. It is a fact, however, the hog suffers more from disease than any other farm animals. Generally speaking, this is due to the indifferent care which this useful animal receives on the majority of farms. On most farms hogs are improperly fed, especially in the corn belt. For some reason or other many farmers seem to think that so long as a hog is given "plenty of good corn and pure water," nothing else is needed. Few people think of feeding a dairy cow in that manner. She is given one or two kinds of roughage and, generally at least a mixture of two kinds of grain.

Why the hog is discriminated against in this manner is rather strange, unless it is the result of an early day when the hog found much of his own living in the woods and was given what corn he would eat a few weeks before preparing him for market. A hog that is brought up on corn, which is lacking in muscle forming element and vitamins, becomes weak and incapable of warding off attacks of disease germs. Such improperly fed hogs are more susceptible to disease than other farm animals.

### BREAKING THE COLT

A common method of training or breaking young horses to work is to harness the young horse beside an older steady horse. This is the most satisfactory way to give the young horse the preliminary training and experience that will accustom him to work so he can take his place in a team. This training should be started several weeks before regular field work starts in order to have the young horse accustomed to his duties and his muscles somewhat hardened.

### THE EARLY PASTURES

A mixture of oats and rape for early spring hog pasture is excellent. If not pastured too closely, this mixture will furnish pasture until midsummer or until dry weather stops the growth of the rape.

### HIGH QUALITY, HIGH PRICE

The main reason for the variations in the prices of eggs and dressed poultry, taking the country over, is the variation in their quality.

### CLOVERS SOIL BUILDERS

Many varieties of biennial sweet clover seem essentially equal for soil improvement. The yellow makes less hay the first fall, and less hay the second year, but contrary to the usual opinion, its root growth is fully equal to the white. Because of its early maturity, the yellow is not desirable for pasture. It dies just when pasture is most needed, in late July and early August. The yellow is much surer than the white when sown in the summer, and is recommended especially for sowing in corn or any other summer seeding for soil improvement.

### Age and Capability.

From the New York World. Secretary of Labor James J. Davis told the employees of a great manufacturing establishment that a man as a worker is at his peak at 60 and is young and capable as ever at 50.

Perhaps it is well to make this point, though the necessity seems absurd in the light of the record. A very large per cent. of the really great men who are doing the work of the world today are past 60. It has always been true. It is truer now than ever before because advanced and improved conditions of living have added much to the span of human life. Secretary Davis

### Age and Capability.

cites Edison and George P. Baker as illustrations of men past 60, who are achieving greatly. During the war an astonishing number of the statesmen and generals were far beyond 50. Hindenburg, nearing 80, is doing his greatest and most admirable work now, and he was "an old man" 14 years ago when the war began and with him in the field at the head of a powerful army. John Quincy Adams achieved his greatest work after he had left the presidency and entered congress, an old man, when it was written of him that "While aged he is so iron of limb,

### Age and Capability.

None of the youth can cope with him." It is manifestly absurd for an employer to determine his attitude toward his men by their age. Their work alone should determine, and it is determining more and more.

### A Phase of Law

From the Detroit News. Joseph Chapman pleaded guilty to a killing in Illinois and after examination by the judge was sentenced to the penitentiary. His lawyer, examining the record, discovered that it failed to say that Chapman had "perished" in his plea. For that reason the lawyer