

CHERRY SQUARE

A NEIGHBOURLY NOVEL
by GRACE S. RICHMOND

Was the man brainless? To send a brother and sister off together like this? But he had done it. There was little more resistance, except on the part of Sally Chase and Jo Jenney, both of whom still tried to insist on staying until Schuyler himself commanded them to depart, and was so really determined about it that they gave way. Mrs. O'Grady was notified that she was to be on guard. Jo ran into the house, pulled a plain little brown over her eyes, and Sally Chase gave her a light cape with a fur collar. Sally herself threw a silk wrap over her thin frock, and took her place in the doctor's closed car. Adelaide sulkily drew on a sumptuous white coat and followed Bradley to his roadster. The party was under way.

"Of all the outrageous arrangements!" Adelaide said it between her teeth, as Bradley got away first—quite true to form. If there was to be a procession, he would never take anybody's dust.

"Damn it, I agree with you—I wouldn't go, or you, either, if we didn't think there may be a chance for a shift before the evening's over. If I can land you in Dal Hunt's car I promise you I will—if you'll get Jo away from him for me. The minister goes into the discard—if we can dump him there."

In Richard Fiske's companionship Sally was saying still doubtfully: "I'm afraid I'm not going to feel quite comfortable about this, Rich, till we're back again. It seems almost heartless to leave Schuyler alone—except for an old Irish-woman."

"Trust her. I put a flea in her ear, and she'll go and talk to him. If Norah O'Grady isn't a better tonic for him than any I can give him, I don't know an Irish wit when I see one. Norah's priceless, in my opinion."

"I doubt if he'll listen." "Then let him go to bed. I tell you, my dear, you're all making too much fuss over Schuyler. He's doing as well as we can expect, and the best thing in the world for him is the knowledge that we're not afraid to leave him alone—or comparatively alone. Forget the dear fellow for an hour or two, Sally. You need a big thrill, and you're going to get one tonight, if I can produce it."

"Of course, I love going," she admitted, with a little sigh of pleasure. Sally was still young enough to enjoy being swept off her feet out of monotony into gaiety.

"Thanks for confessing it. And I'll confess to something else. I never enjoyed a passing moment more in my life than I did the one in which I saw your cousin Adelaide's face as Dal Hunt asked Josephine Jenney to go with him. And taking the minister along was a master stroke, eh?"

"It was certainly nice for Mr. Mackay. I don't imagine he gets much fun in his life—certainly not in Cherry Hills."

"I like Scotty," said Fiske. "Something about him—he's not cut and dried, neither is he standing on his head to be what people call 'helpful.' He looks to me like a man who went to a good university and made some sort of mark there—more likely athletics than anthropology. He's just the man for Schuyler, since Schuyler seems to take to him."

In Dallas Hunt's low-hung roadster Jo Jenney, tucked in between her two companions, was amused at the turn of events. To be flying through the swift-gathering w a r n darkness with these two most diverse companions was decidedly entertaining; it was a

long time since she had been in any such situation. She felt small and slight between the two well-built figures. The two profiles were interesting ones; Hunt's rather beautiful in its outlines; Mackay's more bluntly cut, yet not without attractiveness.

It was Dallas who talked—a running fire of light observations, full of wit and of more or less wisdom. He told them a good deal about Herminie La Salle—it seemed he knew her well and admired her tremendously. She was very young to have made such a sensation; had had so little training that the critics were doubtful how to appraise her; but all agreed that she had a future before her if nobody spoiled her voice.

"She's absolutely stunning," Dallas said. "You'd take her for a most sophisticated woman of the world, and she's positively a kid. Where she gets that grand manner! She's tall, perfect figure, magnificent eyes. But the voice! It takes a superb voice to carry in the open air, but hers can do it, though it's not good for it, and I told her so. It's for some charity—children's hospital—and nothing could stop her. She's a generous thing."

The miles were covered, the constantly thickening traffic threaded by Hunt's practised hand upon the wheel, and at last the car drew up within sight of the stadium.

"Doctor Fiske told me where to meet him, but I'm not going to lose the time that would take. No use, anyway, in this crowd. Fortunately I have a private parking place not far away. I'll let you two out and meet you again in 10 minutes just across the street."

They had to keep close watch not to miss him, for the crowds were streaming into the Stadium from all directions. When he rejoined them there was some distance to go. The concert was half over when finally the three managed to get near enough to the raised platform of the orchestra clearly to discern individual faces in it. They had not once seen the other members of Doctor Fiske's impromptu party, and when Jo had mentioned the fact, Dallas Hunt had laughed. "Did you expect to? What's the use? Impossible to keep seven people together—and who wants the others, anyhow?"

It really didn't seem to matter. Jo could think of nothing except the magnificent music, its effect much more weirdly beautiful than could ever have been achieved indoors. When Herminie La Salle came on to sing they all listened as to a young goddess—which was really, as Dallas had said, the effect she produced. He himself seemed absorbed in her. He sat motionless with folded arms, head uplifted, and eyes intent, until the last note of her final encore had died away and she had refused another. Then he applauded furiously and bent to whisper to Jo:

"I've simply got to see her, after that. I can manage it, but not to take you two. Will you excuse me? I'll meet you right here again. There's only the closing orchestra number now."

Jo assented, and he vanished. She and Gordon Mackay remained together as the concert ended, watching the faces endlessly flowing by. They saw the orchestra pack its instruments and leave the platform to embark in motor cars. Finally they began to wonder what was keeping Dallas Hunt. Several times Jo had thought she caught sight in the distance of one and another of the party which had left Cherry House together, only to lose them in the crowd.

He was graduated from the University of Toronto when he was 21 years old. For eight years he was a school teacher. At 30, Leacock was aspirant with ambition. He gave up school teaching, borrowed some money, and entered the University of Chicago to study economics and political science. He applied for and received a fellowship, and with the aid of some temporary employment at McGill University, managed to take his Ph.D. degree at the age of 34. He then settled down as a lecturer on political science at McGill, subsequently becoming the head of the department of economics.

"As this position is one of the prizes of my profession," Leacock once said, "I am able to regard myself as singularly fortunate. The emolument is so high as to place me distinctly above the policeman, postman, street car conductor and the salaried officials of the neighborhood, while I am able to mix with the poorer of the business men of the city on terms of something like equality."

Leacock's humor was probably his chief resource during the long years of his struggle, but it did not reveal itself to the public until after he was 40 years old. Then his humorous books began to appear.

Once she had really had a clear glimpse of Doctor Fiske, who disappeared again as if by magic. And at last the great company brought together by the concert had dispersed, and still these two were alone.

"It looks as if we'd lost him," Jo said. "Yet we're exactly where he told us to be. Something he didn't expect must be keeping him."

"Of course something must be, but it's hard to imagine what," Mackay agreed. He didn't seem deeply concerned.

XI.

"We'll give him five minutes more," said Gordon Mackay, "and then we'll go home on our own. He can't expect us to wait indefinitely. We'll be suspicious characters if we stand about here much longer."

At the end of five minutes he took charge of the situation. "We can get a train to Stamford," he said, "and drive over from there in what we can find. I'm mighty sorry to take you to the station in the subway, after Hunt's coupe, but that's the best I can do."

He didn't tell her he had but a five-dollar bill and a little small change in his pockets, but he didn't need to. Jo Jenney herself had nothing. The little blue dinner frock had no pockets, and she didn't carry about a vanity-bag with a \$20 bill tucked into a corner with which to meet emergencies, as Adelaide Sturgis did.

"It will be fun," said Jo valiantly. "The subway never ceases to be amusing to a country girl."

For a country minister Mackay proved to be an experienced escort. He seemed to know every trick of the subway, even to the final run through devious passages for their train. They made it by a breathless 10 seconds, and stood laughing together in the vestibule before they looked into the crowded cars on either side.

"This is an inglorious end to a glorious evening," Mackay reflected, "but it has its points—for me, at least. A dash like that has in it an element of real sport—the do-or-die flavor of a race. If you'd been one stone heavier you couldn't have made it, and we should have been standing forlorn, with an hour to wait for the next train."

"We could have spent the hour talking."

"We could. Shouldn't you have minded that?"

"Not a bit."

"Then I'm sorry we caught the train. . . I'm afraid I can't get you a seat in either of these cars."

"We're better off out here, anyway. I don't mind standing—if they'll let us stay."

"They'll have to. Not another sardine could be crammed inside. It's worse than the train between Glasgow and Edinburgh on a bank holiday."

He had put his arm around hers, for all places to which to cling were already pre-empted, and the train was well under way, swinging around curves at a high speed. He glanced about him at his fellow passengers. Then he gently but determinedly made Jo perform with him a slow evolution which shifted their position so that his own sturdy shoulders came between her and a fat-necked young man with a red face whose gaze was fixed upon her.

"Now—there—what did ye do that fer?" inquired the young man in his ear. His breath was heavy with the fumes of liquor.

Mackay made no reply, but to Jo's eyes his shoulders assumed the aspect of a sheltering rock. She was sure that in physical combat the other wouldn't have a chance with him.

"'Fraid I'd make a bit with the dame, eh?" went on the offensive one, leering.

Somehow or other Mackay conveyed to him that silence

would be safer than speech. It was done by a sudden half-turn toward the man, a straight look in his eyes, the gripping of his big arm with muscles like steel. Jo thought for an instant that the intoxicated one would break out into ribaldry, but incredibly he gave the impression of one confronted by something of which he was afraid. If the sturdy Scotsman had shown him a badge inside his coat he could hardly have slunk away faster—so to speak, for in the crush there was nowhere to slink to.

This was the memory which Jo carried with her of the 45-minute journey. It was impossible to talk while the train was in motion, the roar in the vestibule was so loud. All that could fill the time was the sense of Mackay's protecting arm in hers, for he didn't withdraw it, and held her safe from being swung heavily against the other occupants of the platform, most of whom were men. The conductor, worming his way through in his passage from car to car, was heard to mutter, in answer to an impatient question as to why there weren't more cars on the train, that this was the worst jam of the season. Somebody else asserted that all the country people within a hundred miles had gone to the city that day to hear the governor of the state, who had been speaking in a great and popular debate.

"Train's quicker'n auto," another commented. "A 11 them's gone, too—millions of 'em. Nobody's left to do the milkin'." At which there was loud laughter.

It was good at last to be off the train and in the fresh night air. Now to get home. Cherry Hills was 11 miles away. Mackay found a taxi-driver willing to make the trip for a higher fee than was righteous, but there was no other way.

"We could telephone for somebody to come from there and get us," Jo suggested, having overheard the price mentioned. Mackay shook his head.

"That would double the time it'll take to get there," he said. "We're pretty late, for Cherry Hills' ideas, even now."

So they were. It was nearly 1 o'clock, so much time had been lost in the futile wait for Dallas Hunt. Jo realized that the sooner they reached home the better, for she knew something of the rigid standards of the little place. The Sturgises and their friends might come and go with more or less impunity, at varying hours of the night, for the town grudgingly accepted their ways as those of their class. But let Gordon Mackay and Josephine Jenney be seen driving in at 2 in the morning—somebody would be sure to see them—and gossip would flame forth as the word went around.

As their taxi swung out into the open country road a sudden crash of thunder, apparently from a clear sky, startled them. The night had thus far been warm and close, but under the electric lights nobody had thought of an approaching storm. The driver quickened his pace, for it was evident that rain would follow the tempest of wind which swept after the noise of the thunder. It was upon them before they could do more than close the windows, and Mackay ordered the driver to stop until the violence was past. The attack was soon over, and they proceeded, but it was to go carefully, for the road was slippery and strewn with small limbs from the trees which lined it. Therefore it was well past 2 o'clock when the car rattled into Cherry Square, and by this time a second tempest was threatening, after the fashion of electric summer nights. As the car came by the manse, Mackay ran in to replenish his flat pocket-book. Then they rushed on to Cherry House.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

FRIED RICE

Warmed over rice is excellent for luncheon if you add some bits of ham, a dash of onion, and pimento and fry a few minutes in vegetable butter.

Q. Is Ambrose Bierce still living?
J. C. R.

A. Whether or not Ambrose Bierce is still living is a matter of conjecture. Many of his friends are confident that he died in Mexico. He entered that country in January, 1914, and was never heard from again. If still living he would now be almost 86 years old.

MILK "VITALITY" BUILDER

Milk would be an expensive fuel 'food' because the average man would require about five quarts of it daily to satisfy the fuel requirements of his body. Its great value is in its ability to repair wasted tissue, supply material for growth, and keep the bodily machinery in good working order.

OF INTEREST TO FARMERS

EGG STANDARDIZATION HELPS

Egg standardization has been greatly neglected in commercial handling of eggs. The practice of country merchants in most towns is to pay a flat price for all eggs regardless of quality. This practice has encouraged the production of eggs of low average quality. Producers who sell the best eggs are entitled to the extra value of such eggs but the flat price method gives a premium on low quality eggs. Until this practice is stopped, there can be little improvement in egg quality.

Market prices show that there is a difference of 5 to 15 cents per dozen in eggs of different grades. The difference is greater in late summer and fall than at any other time of the year. It is during these months that the grading of eggs will bring the greatest returns to producers.

The result of flat price buying has been to encourage the direct shipment of eggs by large producers. However there are many small producers who do not have enough eggs to make this practical, while others have poor railroad connections or other factors that make the cost of direct shipments prohibitive. In some communities co-operative shipping of eggs is coming in, largely on account of dealers not buying eggs on grade.

Egg standardization consists of two essential steps: First, the establishing of satisfactory standards, and second the classification of the eggs into grades that will represent satisfactory difference in value. Standards were established in Iowa by the last legislature. They were made compulsory, but they should be helpful to those buyers or handlers of eggs who wish to go onto a quality basis. The next step is for these grades to come into common usage. In many parts of the state dealers are buying eggs on grade. One dealer has established the business so that 85 per cent of the eggs which he receives come direct from the farmers. This saves one handling of the eggs and helps to maintain satisfactory quality.

Eggs that are purchased from farmers, then stand around a warm fire for one or two days before going to the produce buyers are sure to be poorer in quality than if handled direct.

Students of the egg business agree that the general quality of eggs would be better if they were not purchased through local stores. Storekeepers do not operate this branch of their business as a profit-making institution, but to encourage trade for their store. Whenever farmers generally insist on eggs being bought on a graded basis, no doubt the storekeeper will be glad to turn this phase of the business over to produce buyers.

Enforcement of the egg candling law has materially improved egg quality. It has increased the average return on eggs at least 2 cents per dozen by eliminating rots, blood rings and other inferior eggs from the market. The next step is egg grading. No doubt this will increase the average return more than another 2 cents. This will be done without costing the farmers any more money for it will simply encourage the proper care and handling of eggs. Both steps are essential if best returns are to be received from the egg business.

THE SILAGE QUESTION

There is a wide difference of opinion as to the best variety of corn for silage, says a successful agriculturist who works with his head as well as his hands. Some prefer a corn that will make a large tonnage, irrespective of time of maturity, while others prefer a corn that will mature early and produce a high per cent of grain. Still others wish their corn principally to develop foliage—planting it thick, so it will reduce little or no ears but much foliage. A good many experiments and tests have been conducted along this line, and while there have been some valuable findings, still no definite conclusions have been arrived at.

In states where the European corn borer is operating, farmers are urged to plant an early maturing variety for silage, also they should harvest the corn as soon as they can in the fall. They are urged to do this because the corn borer harboring in the stalks works down as the season advances, and the early maturing variety can be harvested and put in the silo before the borer has had time to do much damage. A good many dairymen have reached the low stubble section of the stalk. In this way practically all borers can be destroyed, and at the same time practically all of the crop can be harvested and put to valuable use.

When we first started growing corn for the silo, back in 1886 and '87, we used a southern variety which grew to a great height and produced an abundance of foliage. This corn, however, did not prove the best for our vicinity because it contained a high per cent of water and produced a very acid silage due to the lack of maturity at the time of harvesting. Later we tried a quick maturing Flint corn and got much better results; also we used a rank growing sweet corn which made excellent silage, especially when allowed to mature. A good many dairymen have found the large, vigorous-growing sweet corn which produces an abundance of foliage a most excellent plant for filling the silo.

With all the varied ideas regarding this subject, perhaps the only property will admit that the corn which yields the best in their locality is the best corn for silage, and most silo users insist that the corn shall reach at least the dough stage before it is harvested. Another good suggestion is to select a variety that will be sure to mature before frost. By maturing, I mean to reach that stage of development when the corn

is right for the silo, and this is, as a rule, the time when the corn is ready to cut and shock. In extreme northern sections, and in high altitude districts, corn often becomes a questionable plant for the silo, and without doubt Russian sunflowers have proven the best substitute. In fact many prefer sunflowers to corn where there is any question of early frost. In the northern dairy states early maturing dent varieties are the most popular for use in the silo. Our corn breeders have been doing excellent work in developing new varieties and strains that will mature early and will yield well even in our northern states. Of course such varieties should make the best and safest crop for the silo. Sorghum and kafir corn are proving the best plants in many of the south and western sections, especially where prolonged drought is liable to occur. In Missouri, Kansas and Oklahoma, as well as Western Nebraska, sorghum cane has proven a most excellent silage plant. While any saccharine or corn-like plant will make silage, a good, vigorous variety of corn that will produce an abundance of forage as well as a good ear, and mature reasonably early, is to be preferred.

UNITED STATES FIFTH

Investigation of meat and animal fats by the United States department of agriculture continue to explain the popularity of pork in the American diet. Food habits in the United States differ from those in many other countries largely in our very extensive use of pork products. This country, though possessing only about 6 per cent of the population of the world, has consumed in recent years about 20 per cent of the world's swine. Increasing control of hog cholera, swine parasites, and other losses has made the production of swine a much safer enterprise than formerly. A report just issued by the bureau of animal industry, United States department of agriculture, shows an increase of more than 2,300,000 hogs slaughtered under federal inspection during the last fiscal year as compared with the previous year. The total federally inspected hog slaughter last year exceeded 42,500,000 out of a total of approximately 70,000,000 food animals. The unusual prominence of pork and its products in the American diet has also been the subject of special studies conducted by the bureau of animal industry. In addition to former investigations showing the high nutritive value of pork protein and the ability of pork products to enhance the food value of cereal and vegetable products consumed at the same time, recent studies of sausage are of particular interest. A chemical examination of more than 200 samples showed pure pork sausage to have an exceptionally high fuel value, furnishing more than 2,000 calories per pound. This is approximately twice the number of calories ordinarily consumed by the average person at a meal. A careful selection from the very wide range of pork products makes possible diets containing, on the one hand, an abundant supply of fuel for hard manual labor, and, on the other, by a different choice, containing a lesser quality of energy and more protein, which may be more suitable for persons leading sedentary lives. In general the winter season calls for a greater consumption of foods high in fuel value.

ERADICATING CUT WORMS

One of the first of the destructive insects to appear each year is the cutworm. Cutworms attack all crops, usually causing injury by cutting off the plants near the surface of the ground but sometimes climbing up the stems of the plants and eating the buds. They appear early in the season and unless destroyed before they first show up, will do considerable damage. Watchfulness and the use of poison bran bait will prevent losses which are likely to occur in the flower or vegetable garden as well as in the commercial crop fields as onion, corn, etc. Cutworms are the feeding and growing stage of night flying moths. The moths are active in late summer, laying their eggs in grassy and weedy areas. These eggs hatch and the young cutworms, which are usually grayish or brownish, attain about half their growth before cold weather. Crops planted on such ground the following spring are subject to injury by cutworms and precautions should be taken to avoid damage. Poison bran bait is the best and most practical means of control. It is made as follows: 25 pounds of bran, one pound of Paris green or sodium fluoride, two quarts of molasses and two gallons of water. Thoroughly mix the Paris green with the bran and dilute the molasses with the water. Then pour the poison bran into the mixture is crumbly, but not sloppy. Broadcast this over the field at the rate of 12 to 15 pounds per acre. Apply the mixture in the evening just before sundown when the cutworms come out to feed. This method can be used in the field as well as in the garden and is entirely practical. When large areas are to be covered the bait may be spread rapidly with an endgate seeder. Keep livestock off a poison covered field for a week or so.

TEACH ROOSTING EARLY

Get the chicks on the roosts just as soon as possible. Sloping roosts at the back of the house with mesh wire on the under side will keep them from crowding and help teach them to roost. Might try darkening the windows and scaring the chicks on the roosts with snags. A few poles on the floor or placed near the floor will also help them to roost. By getting chicks on the roosts young, the losses from piling up in the corners can be prevented.

"TESTING" VALUED PROVED

Evidence that tuberculosis testing and the slaughter of reacting animals is having an important effect on the health of cattle generally in this country is found in the reports of tuberculosis found in animals slaughtered under federal inspection. In 1917 the average, exclusive of reactors, was 2.4 per cent. In 1927, after 10 years of testing and killing of reacting animals, the proportion detected by the meat inspectors had been reduced to only 1.1 per cent, indicating that in the cattle shipped for slaughter there is less than half as much tuberculosis as there was 10 years ago.

Became Writer at 40
Stephen Leacock is one of Canada's best known citizens. He is widely respected as a scholar and economist. But he is better known throughout the world as an imaginative writer and humorist. Leacock, a transplanted Englishman, did not acquire a reputation as an economist until he was in the late 30s. He was more than 40 before his brand of humor found a wide market. Leacock's early life was a struggle. He had more and higher hurdles to take than most ambitious young men. His family migrated to Canada, and settled on a farm in Ont-