

CHERRY SQUARE

A NEIGHBOURLY NOVEL
By GRACE S. RICHMOND

The biting phrases of arraignment poured out. "Thirty-and-eight years of maladjustment to life. Spending ourselves on trifles when we might have been doing something with our ability. Thirty-and-eight years of letting life and conditions and people influence and decide for us, instead of resolutely deciding for ourselves. Thirty-and-eight years of yielding to secret weaknesses, indulging in wasteful pursuits, letting bad and vicious habits fasten upon us. Thirty-and-eight years of crippled existence, a prey to disillusionment and sorrow and cynicism—nursing some grudge or hatred—bittered. . . . Infirm of action—preferring to sit as spectators rather than to get out and play a real part. Thirty-and-eight years—and more of saying 'I can't and I won't.' Why, the infirm man is not far away from every one of us—he is every one of us!"

Thus Gordon Mackay, supply for the country church at Cherry Hills—but son of Carmichael Mackay of Edinburgh—his hand in his pocket, taking a vigorous step or two or leaning forward over his pulpit. Not thundering at his congregation, but talking to them, as if he had each man alone in his study. Crisp, keen phrases, blunt phrases yet searching, he shot them at the listening people—the closely, silently listening people—as dauntlessly as though it mattered not a whit to him whether they approved him or not, so that he somehow hit the target of their indifference and sloth.

"You've preached in big pulpits before, my son" said Sage Pierpont to himself. "Or if you haven't, you're somehow used to facing audiences. You're no more impressed by the size of this congregation or your surroundings than—why—not so much—as Schuyler Chase is, every Sunday of his life. You're thinking of nothing on earth except getting your ideas over. By George, whether I agree with you or not I like you! You make me feel small as a toad in his hole, but I like you! Keep your hand in your pocket, even though you twist your gown all out of shape! By George, you'd keep this church filled, if you went on like this—and you could, that I know. A man doesn't fire like that who's got only one cartridge in his belt."

And at the end of the service Sage Pierpont came out of his pew smiling broadly at Mrs. Schuyler Chase across the aisle. He was ready to burst into vehement praise of the speaker of the morning. Then he remembered that perhaps he'd better modify his exultation a little, since her husband—who was for the time superseded by this other. But though his lips only said: "Very good indeed, Mrs. Chase, wasn't he?" his sparkling eyes spoke for him. She read that he was completely carried away by this new interest, and her heart sank.

She, too, had been appreciative to the last degree of the originality and force of Gordon Mackay. She recognized in him all that Pierpont recognized, perhaps more, because by now she knew him better. But not for a moment as she listened had the image of Schuyler been absent from her mind. She could see him there in the pulpit instead of Mackay, speaking beautifully and persuasively, himself beautiful to look at, his finely modulated voice reaching every hearer. Mackay spoke as man to man in every day life; Schuyler as man in the presence of a listening God. Which was the way? Both! But somehow she felt that Schuyler

had never quite transfixed his audience as Mackay had done. Schuyler had captured their eyes and their ears; Mackay had reached their consciences. And withal—because, if it had been only his conscience which had been reached, Sage Pierpont might never have wanted to hear this man again—he had appealed to the best in them. Though they bowed their heads in abasement they were next to lift them in aspiration. The man who could accomplish both these ends was the man who could lead them.

The drive home was nearly a silent one. Mackay himself was very still, he seemed to want no praise. When Sally had said sincerely: "I'm sure you made a very deep impression, Mr. Mackay," he had merely answered: "They were interesting people to speak to." Both Sally and Jo had the feeling that he wanted to be alone, not because of exhaustion of brain or body but because he was still thinking of his task. So they came back to Cherry House, leaving the preacher of the morning at the Manse.

As they drove in at the gateway Jo said: "I can't thank you enough for taking me, Mrs. Chase. I'm afraid it was a hard morning for you, I was glad to be with you. I can never forget the Sunday I heard your husband—nor what he said. It gave me something to go by, always."

Sally looked at her and loved her. It was only a most discerning spirit which could have understood so sensitively what she was feeling.

"Thank you, my dear," she answered. "Of course I did miss my husband from his old pulpit. But nobody could have filled his place more acceptably than Mr. Mackay. People listened to him every instant, didn't they?"

"I don't know, I was so occupied with listening to him myself." Jo was looking away from Sally as she spoke. "I never heard anybody just like him—a anybody so direct. Every word seemed to count."

"That quite expresses it. Do you happen to know of that great and famous preacher, Carmichael Mackay of Edinburgh?"

Jo's head came around with a quick movement of assent. "Oh, yes, indeed. I have two of his books. And I heard him speak once, in this country."

"He is Gordon Mackay's father."

"Oh!" Jo was silent for a moment. Then she said: "That accounts for him."

"Have you been trying to account for him, too? He has been so reticent about himself, it only came out the other day, through a question from Mr. Pierpont. But Mr. Mackay insists that he isn't in the least like his father. I never heard Dr. Carmichael Mackay, though I, too, know his books—they are in all clergymen's libraries. My husband has heard him many times in Edinburgh. What do you think about it? Is the son not in the least like his father?"

Joe considered it. "I should say he is very much like his father. Of course Dr. Carmichael Mackay is a much more finished speaker, and he has what is called a distinguished presence in the pulpit. No one is sure, when one sees him, that there is a personality. The son isn't like that. He is so reserved, for all his pleasant ways, one wouldn't suspect what he is capable of. But when he leaned down over the desk today and said some of the things he said, in that way as if he were talking with me personally, meant to convince me—just me—of what he was saying—I thought suddenly of

Dr. Carmichael Mackay. I didn't know why I thought of him. Now—of course—I do."

"That's interesting," Sally was finding Jo interesting, too, as she had many times before. She wanted to continue the conversation, but she saw Schuyler waiting in his desk chair, and knew that he would be impatient for news of the morning. So she merely added: "You must tell my husband your impressions by and by. Meanwhile, I'll give him mine."

So she went to Schuyler, and knew as she went, and as she saw his face lifted toward her, that he was dreading to hear that which he was eager to hear. Poor Schuyler! Discipline of the sort he was having now had never before come into his successful, untired life. It was for her to help him bear it bravely.

"Well!" he questioned, trying to ask the question lightly.

"Well." She smiled down at him. "Very well. All went smoothly, and I'm sure Mr. Mackay held everybody's attention."

"He didn't seem out of place there?"

"He didn't seem aware of being in a strange place. I suppose having been brought up in a big church makes him feel at home. As you know, he's not at all self-conscious."

"He's self-confident, though, or he couldn't jump from his little pulpit to my large one without a sense of the contrast."

"I suppose self-confidence is necessary to any public speaker. Trembling of the knees would be fatal."

"Not at all. Most successful speakers do have trembling of the knees."

She could see—could feel—his jealousy. She could hardly wonder at it though she wanted him to master it. She reminded herself of what the situation must mean to him. Perhaps it was like, after becoming a star football player, having to sit crippled upon the sidelines, watching another man sent out into the field, and wondering whether he himself would ever again be able to get into the fray—the exciting, thrilling fray. And if, in that particular game, the other man made a play or two which brought him suddenly into notice, so that the prestige of the crippled player were threatened—yes—Sally said to herself that she must make every allowance. The best she could hope for, at present, was that Schuyler wouldn't betray his jealousy to Mackay himself.

"Well, tell me more about it," Schuyler demanded. "What was his text? What did he do with it?"

She told him the text, described the sermon, reservedly, with no exhibition of strong enthusiasm. But Schuyler suspected her.

"You're not being frank. That's a hackneyed text—every preacher on earth has stirred the Pool of Bethesda—and borne on about there being nobody to carry the crippled down to the pool. But you seem to think he did a remarkable thing with it."

"I didn't say so, dear. I think he was original, and interesting. Of course he isn't—he says he isn't—in the least like his father. We weren't expecting to hear a Carmichael Mackay. How could we?"

"Then you don't think he was particularly remarkable?"

This was pressing her hard, and she understood why. It would be a comfort to him, since he was very human and ill and unhappy, to know that Gordon Mackay hadn't made a palpable hit, though he wouldn't mind his having acquitted himself with credit. Sally wasn't a good liar, and pitiful of her husband though she was, she couldn't bear to have him try to force her to give the other man less credit than was his due. A touch of irritation with his lack of generosity

made her say quickly, "I do think he was remarkable. I told you that after I'd heard him here at Cherry Hills. He has the making of a preacher his father will be proud of. Surely you're glad of that?"

"Oh, yes. Certainly I'm glad of that."

He turned away his head, and lay back in his chair as if exhausted with the effort to be glad that another man had filled his place so acceptably. He looked so sad and so sick, with his new and strange limitations of life and action, his uncertain prospects for the future, the difficulty of getting through the long days, that Sally's momentary impatience with him subsided as quickly as it had been aroused. She bent over him, touching his thick dark hair where it swept over the handsome pallid brow.

"Nobody can ever preach as you do, Schuy," she whispered. "I'm a prejudiced witness. I saw you every moment there this morning—and heard you, too. And Jo Jenney told me, just as we reached home, that she should never forget certain words she heard you say in that pulpit—that they gave her something to live by."

He smiled pitifully, and shook his head, though she knew that he drank in these words of praise like a thirsty man long denied.

"The king is dead," he said. "Long live the king!"

Sally went away, her eyes blinded with sudden tears that Schuyler must not see.

(From Josephine Jenney's Note-Book)

Well! Thought I'd heard Gordon Mackay preach. Find I hadn't—not the one we heard today. Had thought of him thus far as unusual village preacher. Discovered today he may easily be rather big gun camouflaged. No man can be so absolutely natural as that before such a congregation if he's new to the job. If he's the son of Carmichael Mackay he's more or less accounted for. Yet I'll wager he's on his own; he isn't aping his distinguished father.

Probably the less I put him into this note book the better.

But rather hard to forget a certain Sunday, when a stranger singularly like him sat beside me in a pew in that very church. Queer experience.

Better forget it.

Can't.

XVI
Sally, will you tell me how you can stand having that girl around for ever? Do you really consider her a desirable member of the family?"

Sally Chase looked up from the masses of flowers she was arranging on the dining room table, putting them in bowls and vases to be placed all about the house. It was a favorite task which she would delegate to nobody. Under Jimmy O'Grady's faithful tending Aunt Eldora's old garden almost had renewed its youth, and all the perennials of the season were blossoming gaily, as if they were thankful for the chance.

"Just what, Adelaide, do you mean by that?" Sally inquired.

Her cousin, perched on the further edge of the table, her slim legs crossed and swinging, a cigarette between her very red lips, smiled with one corner of her mouth—a trick she had often practised before her mirror. It had a peculiar disagreeable effect upon Sally whenever she saw it.

"What do I mean? Precisely what I say, of course. You're spoiling a person who might make a very good servant, or even might have gone on acceptably as housekeeper, if you'd kept her in her place. But you haven't. You've made her one of the family. Nobody who comes here for the first time has the slightest idea she's really a servant in your employ."

(TO BE CONTINUED)

OF INTEREST TO FARMERS

FALSE REASONING

"One of the most serious drawbacks to country life for women is that there is so little provided to divert their minds. In other words, the monotony of the farm has driven many women insane."

This statement, made in a recent communication to us, ignores the significance of farm life today and what it can be made if people desire right living conditions. To say that there is monotony on the farm is to condemn the intelligence of the farmer. The farm wife has the same household duties to perform as the women in the city. Besides that, she has opportunity to interest herself in many outdoor activities.

There are the flower beds, the garden, the shrubs, and the birds, all needing attention. If she desires to broaden her interest, she can do so by raising flocks of chickens, ducks or geese. Then there are the cattle, the pigs, and the horses. What can challenge people's minds more than an interest in keeping fields fertile and productive.

Compare these many interesting things of the farm with the factory. Here so many times a man tends but one machine; does one thing hour after hour, day after day. Imagine picking up bolts and putting them in holes hour after hour for eight hours. Not a thing to plan, not a wit needed to do the job, nothing to stimulate interest. This does not develop human beings. It dulls them, and the wonder of it all is that we can get men and women to do such simple tasks.

The farmer is no longer shut off away from other folks. The advent of good roads, the automobile, the telephone, the radio has placed him in close contact, in a great majority of instances, with people engaged in other industries. To make his work lighter and more enjoyable, we have electricity and innumerable labor-saving devices, all of which contribute to the comfort of the farm and make it a better place to live. The farmer can sit in his parlor after a day's work and listen to the best music in the world. Or, he can take his auto and drive to see a neighbor or to the city for diversion.

Notwithstanding all these improvements, we have people who do not comprehend them and say that the monotony of the farm is driving women insane. We think it's about time we began to take a more hopeful and optimistic view of agriculture. It is time we comprehended the opportunities of the country for the development of men and women, the building of a useful and interesting life, the opportunities for real service and good entertainment.

FEED MORE OATS

In a general way we all know that oats are a good feed for pigs, but they are not especially well adapted for fattening purposes. The question often arises, what are oats actually worth, pound for pound, as compared with corn? This matter has been tested by a number of our corn belt experiment stations. One test shows that when oats were fed with tankage and alfalfa meal to 48-pound pigs they consumed 420 pounds of 12 pounds tankage and 14 pounds alfalfa meal per 100 pounds gain. Another lot of pigs of the same age and weight, fed in the same manner, consumed 330 pounds corn, 40 pounds tankage and 12 pounds alfalfa meal per 100 pounds gain. The oat lot gained 1.08 pounds per head per day and the corn lot, 1.10, making the gains practically identical.

Comparing the oat consumption with that of the corn, one pound of corn was equal to about 1.25 pounds of oats. However, owing to the larger consumption of tankage by the corn lot in this case, oats really showed a higher feeding value than is usually assigned to them. Roughly speaking, within the ordinary limits of market prices, oats are worth a little less per bushel than half the price of a bushel of corn. Or, stating the same facts in different words, pound for pound, oats are worth about 25 per cent. less as a hog feed than corn. This is due largely to the hulls which, of course have no feeding value and in fact, for hog feeding purposes, are a detriment.

It should be noted in connection with the tests herein referred to that both lots of pigs were also fed minerals, alfalfa meal and tankage. In one feeding test with oats in which alfalfa meal was not used, the results were very unsatisfactory. Alfalfa is a splendid feed in that it adds not only mineral matter and protein to the ration, but also vitamin D, the antirachitic vitamin. When the ration contains an abundance of vitamin D, the pig is able to assimilate a large amount of mineral matter. In the absence of mineral matter or when a hog fails to assimilate the minerals in his ration, weak bones, due to the disease known as rickets, often develop.

ADJUSTING THRESHING ODDS

Amounts of labor furnished and received by members of a threshing ring will show wide variations, even though each member aims to furnish help about in proportion to the amount of grain he has to thresh. The head of the farm organization and management departments of a leading western agricultural college suggests the following three ways for settlement of labor differences in community threshing:

The first is the bushel basis. A bushel of wheat is considered equivalent to two of oats. The total number of bushel of oats or its equivalent is divided by the total number of men, giving the average number of bushels threshed per man. Each member of the ring who furnishes one man is entitled to have this average number of bushels of grain threshed. If the ring threshes more than this amount for him he should pay for

WHAT AGRICULTURE IS

Would you care to hear what farming it, in a nutshell? Thank you.

Farming is the feeding of suitable low priced foods to living plants or animals, and later selling the plants, the seeds or the animal at a higher price. That's all there is to it.

It is worth noting, incidentally, that if you stop feeding livestock on poultry, they will presently die if you stop feeding your crops, they will not die right away. But in the course of time they will either die outright, or they will produce so little that they might as well be dead.

Say it another way: Agriculture is the progress of feeding cheap chemicals to living organisms, which are to be sold later at a profit.

SOY BEAN HAY

Soy beans make the best hay it cut when the blossoms are fading and the pods are forming. In order to save the leaves, the most valuable part of the crop, the plants should only be allowed to wilt well in the swath. Then they should be put up in small cocks and left to cure, which usually takes about a week in good haying weather. Although peas and oats or sudan grass may give larger yields, the high protein content of soy bean hay is a big advantage. The soy bean, being a legume, has the special advantage of enriching soil with nitrogen, providing the seed has been inoculated.

EIGHT REASONS FOR CULLING

Poultrymen who know chicks are beginning to realize that the proper time to begin culling operations is when the chicks are being removed from the incubator.

It takes considerable nerve to snuff out the lives of the downy little fellows at this stage of their lives, but they ever so weak, but much later trouble will be entirely avoided if this is done.

Only strong, healthy, active chicks should be placed under the brooder. All weak, ill-formed, dumpy, inactive chicks should be killed. This same hard-hearted practice should be followed from the incubator to the laying-house. Keep only the strong, healthy, early-maturing birds and kill or discard all that at any time show signs of unthriftiness or deformities. Slow-maturing birds should be fattened and sent to market.

WOMEN ON THE FARM

Of the 8,500,000 women gainfully employed in the United States, 216,719 are engaged at present in agricultural pursuits, statistics show. Which is to say that one out of every 32 working girls and women makes her living from the soil.

The last decade has seen women take their places in many spheres formerly considered not to be theirs. Women doctors have become a matter of course. Women lawyers and women ministers scarcely less so. It is not uncommon to hear of women mining and mechanical engineers, women surveyors, architects, chauffeurs and dentists. But in no field which in the past was restricted mainly to men does there appear a greater enrollment of women than in agriculture.

According to the most recent survey there are 187,683 women in the nation who are actual farm owners. Women farm tenants total 73,081. There are 770 women managers on farms throughout the country. Such an imposing array of feminine poultry raisers, apiarists, dairy farmers, stock raisers, fruit growers, truck gardeners and dirt farmers certainly would seem to foreshadow a feminine back-to-the-farm movement.

What is the reason for this sudden popularity of the farm within the last decade, one asks? The answer may be told in a sentence: The revolutionary progress of transportation and improved living conditions. What the automobile hasn't done in popularizing the bucolic life by bringing the city within easy distance of the farm has been accomplished by the introduction of labor saving devices and creature comforts to the old homestead.

DON'T DELAY TESTING

For the benefit of those who have not yet had their cattle tested and who do fully, realize the importance of this work, it may be of interest to mention that city boards of health are paying more and more attention to providing milk from healthy cows for the consuming public.

TRY IT—NOTE RESULTS

Cod-liver oil in mash or grain for young chicks prevents leg weakness and aids normal growth. It should be fed at the rate of one pint of the oil to 100 pounds of feed.

Rhinoceros Worth \$5,000

F. O. B. London, England
—Rhino-eroses like the one bagged by George Eastman of Rochester, N. Y., in central Africa recently are worth approximately \$5,000 in captivity.

The latest price list of the London zoo shows the rhinoceros to be the most valuable animal of the entire lot, birds and reptiles included. The hippopotamus is also a costly pet, but not quite so valuable as

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| the rhino. The price really depends upon supply and demand, and as a rule there is only a few dollars difference in the quotations. | Elephants | 3,500 |
| Lions are at a discount at present. Too many hunters of big game have been successful in catching the king of beasts in his native haunts, and the market has suffered. There are 11 lions at the London zoo, worth about \$200 each. | Young giraffes | 3,000 |
| The tiger market is better, good specimens being valued at from \$500 to \$600 each. | Sacred baboons | 90 |
| The zoo's price list includes: | Zebra | 750 |
| Hippopotamus | Pythons (Sold by the foot) | 200 |
| | Giant tortoise (Sold by weight) | 200 |
| | Bird of paradise | 300 |
| | King penguins | 375 |
| | Monkeys | \$40 and up |
| | Bears | \$350 and up |
| | Goatias | (Price depends upon size, age and disposition) |
| | | The price of an elephant varies. A good tempered elephant pays for its feed as it goes, bringing in from |

\$1,000 to \$1,500 a year by carrying children about on its back.

Young giraffes are always in demand, but there is no market for full grown ones. The difficulty is the long neck which will not permit their shipment by railroad.

Rock and Bye Baby.
From Tit-Bits.
Extremely Respectable Old Lad.
—Dear me! How gauche!
Intoxicating! Man (affably)—
Splendid! Thankah—how goes it with you?