

CHERRY SQUARE

A NEIGHBOURLY NOVEL
By GRACE S. RICHMOND

"Somehow or other," she said, "he divined that Mr. Pierpont was especially interested in Mr. Mackay. Mr. Pierpont really leaped at him. He heard him here on Sunday afternoon of last week with me, and instantly went to work to arrange to have him fill the pulpit last Sunday. It was precisely as he leaped at Schuyler himself, five years ago. He heard him once, was wild about him, brought a committee to hear him again, and raised heaven and earth to secure him. Mr. Pierpont is that sort of man, you know. He is used to making quick decisions. He is enormously attracted or intensely repelled on first sight, and relies absolutely on his own instinct and judgment. I suppose Schuyler feels that now Mr. Pierpont knows that he is invalided, he will lose interest in him, and be eager to fill his place. Of course he'll do it decently—give Schuyler a leave of absence, and take all the proper steps. But it's the beginning of the end of his devotion to Schuyler Chase, and Schuyler knows it. And so do I. And I fear for its effect on him. You are right—he isn't so well as he was before Sunday."

"Do you think," questioned Fiske, watching her, "this man Mackay can conceivably be of the size to take Schuyler's place? I haven't heard him, haven't seen much of him, and so can't judge of his fibre. He's an interesting looking chap, but he doesn't strike me as quite the figure to fill the imagination to that great church. A country parson!"

"But he isn't. In the first place, he's the son of Carmichael Mackay of Edinburgh."

"That doesn't mean a thing to me."

"It's as if," said Sally, trying to make it clear, "a young doctor were introduced to you as the son of one of the biggest medical men on the other side of the water. You'd feel he had the great advantage of his heritage to begin with. Knowing Gordon Mackay is the son of a great Scottish preacher helps to explain why he isn't usual in any way. He is very reticent about himself, but having heard him now several times I know perfectly that he has had a lot of training. And when the chance comes to fill a big place he'll be fitted for it."

"I see. And I'm afraid you're right about Pierpont's being interested in him. You may as well know that the old boy's been in my office, trying to extract from me a definite opinion as to Schuyler's recovery. He didn't get much, for I was on my guard, but he betrayed himself."

"Did he speak of Mr. Mackay?"

"Not a word. And he professed himself Schuyler's devoted friend. But everybody knows Sage Pierpont. Whatever he wants he gets, and I knew he wanted something. You've shown me what it's likely to be."

Sally was silent again. Her face was averted, and Fiske knew she was fighting hard to keep her composure in this crisis. He laid his hand on hers, and his voice was very gentle.

"I don't need to tell you how sorry I am to bring all this upon you, at one blow," he said. "But both of us need to be in full possession of the facts, for Schuyler's sake. We don't want him upset and unhappy over anything we can prevent. We'd like to have him so single-minded and gen-

erous that he'd take the prospect of being supplanted as the Angel Gabriel might. But that really can't be expected of a human being with natural ambitions and desires. And at that, I'm not sure Gabriel himself would enjoy being hurled over the heavenly battlements by some celestial being with more powerful wings. Maybe my imagery is a trifle loose, but my ideas are right enough."

Sally gave him a faint but grateful smile. Then she said: "You say—anything we can prevent. We can't prevent Mr. Pierpont's being interested in Gordon Mackay. We shouldn't want to prevent it. There's nothing we can do except try to help Schuyler through a trying time."

"A word in Mackay's ear—"

But at this, sparks leaped into Sally's lovely eyes. "Don't dream of saying one word to Mr. Mackay," she cried, under her breath. "He has every right to have this chance come to him, if it's coming. Not even for Schuyler's sake would I try to prevent it. No, he must bear it like a man—and he will. He will, Rich. I know him better than you do."

A slight sound behind them caused both to turn. A tall figure stood wavering in the doorway. Black glasses made a pale face look paler and lips seem nearly colorless as they asked a sharp question:

"What is it I'm to bear like a man?"

Sally's wits worked faster than Fiske's, and she resisted the impulse to spring to her feet and run to her husband's side. Instead, she only said, in a matter-of-fact way: "Rich has just been telling me that he can't let you get back into the pulpit by October. He thinks you'll go to pieces over such news, but I say you'll bear that disappointment like a man. I really don't think you yourself expected to be back by then, did you, Schuy?"

Schuyler dropped his long length into a chair, setting his lips. "You were saying more than that."

"Yes," said Richard Fiske, promptly. "I was saying that the Angel Gabriel wouldn't enjoy having to take care of himself instead of floating about the skies on missions to the benighted. But that you'd have to do it, and not bother your head over having other angels filling in the gaps."

They couldn't pull the wool over his eyes. He had heard too much. He had seen them go into the house, had stolen in after them, and understanding that they were talking about his case had been unable to resist listening just outside the door. Now, his heart beating heavily, he had revealed himself, because he literally had no strength either of body or of will to go back to his deck chair on the lawn and cover his dismay.

Now Sally did spring up, for she saw that he needed her. She brought him a glass of port and a tiny sandwich. As he lifted the little glass he looked at her.

"It feels like a last Communion," he muttered.

She dropped upon her knees beside him, and when he had drunk she took away the glass. "Schuy," she said, with a certain sweet sternness he was accustomed to in her when she felt that his emotionalism had led him too far, "don't you dare say a thing like that again; we're going to face this waiting for your recovery together. And we're not going to mind who fills your place."

three days or a week hence is in the same class with one dated a month or three months ahead.

Furthermore, according to States Attorney P. D. Maloney, the Wallace ruling on post-dated checks holds all over South Dakota unless the state supreme court decides otherwise.

Added to the bad check situation, the merchant now has the post-dated check problem. If he accepts them, he is banking solely on the good faith and integrity of the individuals offering them, and not on the South Dakota check law.

Doubtless many merchants will be glad the ruling was made. It will

Schuyler looked at her. His lips were trembling, but his voice rang with the quality of a sudden hysteria. "I can stand having anybody take my place except Gordon Mackay!" he cried. "If he does I'll go mad. I warn you—I'll go mad!"

"No, you won't dear." Her voice was steady, though she was frightened at his amazing loss of self-control before Richard Fiske, in whose presence he had always kept the proud front of a man whom the doctor could respect as well as admire.

At this point Fiske got up and came over to his patient. "He's all in, Sally," he said quietly. "Don't try to argue with him. I'm going to put him to bed."

An hour afterward, when Schuyler was asleep, under the influence of the sedative the doctor had administered, Fiske said to Sally: "He overheard all we said, I'm positive of it. The blow's fallen, and it's not strange it knocked him down. I could curse the stupidity that made me bring you away to talk about him where he could suspect it and follow us and listen. But what's done is done. The thing is now to let Mackay know—"

But again Sally confronted him with her determined opposition. "I'll not have one thing done to prevent Mr. Mackay's taking that place if it's offered him," she declared. "Schuy's part of me, and I haven't fallen so far as that. Neither will he, when he's over the first shock. Promise me on your honor, Rich, you won't say one word to Gordon Mackay about this. Promise!"

"It might save Schuy a terrific strain, feeling as he does about it."

"I can't help it. Afterward, the strain would be greater, realizing he'd been so weak. We've no right, no possible right, if this big thing is on its way to Mr. Mackay, to take one step to prevent it. Oh, no, Rich!"

Her eyes held him. He looked deeply into them, searching them, his heart expanding with his devotion to her and his pride in her.

"Lord, but you're game!" game!" he said. "And, of course, you're absolutely right."

(From Josephine Jenney's Note-Book)

What a crisis! Can think of nothing except wild words overheard. How can he be so selfish? Yet—how human to feel like that! Like high mettle racehorse, strained to limit, all blood and foam at mouth, being passed by cooler, stronger rival with endurance in every line.

If G. M. knew! Should he know?

He ought to know it—he's the better man. And he's won it, by all his years of work in places S. C. would never have looked at, would have passed by with his silken robes raised. Oh, I'm unjust, perhaps—I don't know.

I only know I want this man to have it, if it's coming to him. Of course it is. Men like Mr. Sage Pierpont get what they want, and after hearing what he said after that sermon, it's easy enough to see whom he has his eye upon.

Yet—poor Schuyler Chase, half blind—perhaps half dying—

Shall I tell tales? Or shall I not? Please tell me, God of men like the Mackays! God of the Chases, too. And—God of Julian—and me!

XX.

Gordon Mackay, deep in thought, striding along a road which led out from Cherry Square into the open country, rounded a turn through a shaded stretch and came upon Jo Jenney. Just over a fence in a pasture, a pail on her arm, she was picking blueberries. Her hair gleamed in the sun, her face was deeply flushed,

gave them a reason for refusing all post-dated checks which have caused no end of trouble on many occasions.

However, whether the decision wins favor or not, merchants had better heed the judge's decision, for South Dakota's laws hold no protection for the holder of a post-dated check, unless he wishes to fight this ruling in the supreme court.

Relieved.

From the Wall Street Journal. There was once an American lady traveling in a London bus. She nursed an extremely ugly (homey) child that proved a most hypnotic

she looked the picture of an extraordinarily pretty country girl.

"Well!" Mackay came to a standstill, then leaped a ditch, reached the fence and stood leaning folded arms upon it. Then he chanted gravely:

"I am a keeper o' the law
In some sma' points, although not a'.

Some people tell me, gin I fa'
Ae way or ither,
The breaking of ae point,
tho' sma',
Breaks a' thegither."

She looked up, laughing. "I've broken them all, then Mr. Robert Burns. I've no idea whose pasture this is."

"Don't you want some help?"

"I'll be delighted. Mrs. Chase expressed a wish for some blueberries, and I thought I knew where they grew. But I've found so few I can hardly fill this small pail."

He vaulted the fence and reached her side. He looked into the pail, and shook his head. "Hardly fill it! It isn't a quarter full. And I don't see a blueberry on these bushes. It's too late for them, anyhow. Must Mrs. Chase have the unattainable?"

"She must, because it's for her husband. He's so ill, and whatever he fancies she tries to get."

"Ill! Is he worse? I've been so busy this last week with one call and another I haven't seen him for several days."

"Yes, he seems much worse. He seems very unhappy—very deeply depressed—much more so than before. I'm afraid something's happened to make him so, for it came on quite suddenly."

Mackay looked sober. He made no further motion to discover berries which didn't exist, but stood regarding Jo as if he were considering something. Then he spoke abruptly.

"Miss Jenney, how deep are you in the counsels of the family? Can you help me understand Doctor Chase, so I may help him?"

Jo stopped examining barren bushes. She stood before him, staring across the pasture toward distant hills.

"I wish I could," she said. "My mind is full of plans to be of use to both of them, but it's difficult to discover ways. I'm sure Mrs. Chase is very anxious about her husband, and I have an idea that you—"

She broke off, and Mackay waited for her to speak. Then, as he watched her beautiful brows knit, as if with perplexity, he said:

"Don't hesitate to tell me what that idea is. Evidently you do hesitate. Be sure I'm very eager to do whatever I can do, as you are. If you know anything I ought to know, please tell me."

"I do—and yet I'm not sure I should be the one to tell you."

"That makes it certain that you should. Who else will?"

"Nobody."

"Then go ahead. I think of you as a most direct person, but you're being indirect now. Out with it, please."

"Suppose what I told you influenced you to a course you oughtn't to take?"

He smiled. "You'll have to let me be the judge of that. I promise you I won't take any course I oughtn't to take. I'm the possessor of a good reliable Scottish conscience."

Jo made up her mind. That mind once made up, she was, as Mackay had said, a direct person.

(REPRINTED BY OL)

Suitable.
From the Pathfinder.
Campaign manager—I hear poor Podsnap has lost his memory. Can't remember a thing from one day to another.

Secretary—Wouldn't he be a good man to take charge of the campaign contributions?

Q. Is it true that Colleen Moore has one blue eye and one brown eye? D. L.

A. This is true.

A Mere Shadow.
From Nebelspalter.
Wife (in a telegram from a Span)—In four weeks I have reduced my weight to half. How long shall I stay?

Husband (wiring back)—Another four weeks.

OF INTEREST TO FARMERS

BE AN OPTIMIST

Under the caption: "Better Times Ahead," the Iowa Homestead says: "The total production of farm crops for the United States has, as is generally known, increased since 1890, but the per capita production has declined. We are speaking now of this period of 37 years as a whole. During this time there have, of course, been exceptions to this general trend, but as a whole, population has increased more rapidly than production. The downward trend in per capita production has been distinctly noticeable in the last 15 years. In 1923 and 1927, for example, the per capita production of crops was 8 per cent. less than during the five-year period of 1910-1914. In fact there has not been a year since 1920 when production per person of the entire population has been as large as it was before the war. If this trend continues, sooner or later it is bound to have an effect upon the general price level of farm products."

Were we not going through a change in production methods, in slowly substituting mechanical power for horsepower, the smaller per capita production of crops would be much more in evidence than it actually is at the present time. There are men who believe it is a mistake for agriculture to make increasingly large use of mechanical power, because it cuts down the market for feed crops. There have always been people who were opposed to change. It was so when the self-binder came into use. It threw men out of work and therefore was considered by some as being detrimental to the general welfare. The same theory is back of the opposition to the substitution of mechanical power for horsepower, which not only reduces the amount of man labor required to produce a given amount of grain, but which also cuts down the amount of grain used on the farm and causes the farmer to buy more nonagricultural products for which he must pay cash.

We doubt that anyone could be found today claiming that the farmer or the country as a whole would have been better off had the self-binder and other similar labor saving machinery never been invented. Similarly we believe that the day will come when no one can be found arguing against the use of mechanical power. The chances are that 50 years from now the absence of mechanical power on the farm will seem as primitive and as undesirable for harvesting grain today. The tendency in this country is and always has been to substitute power for man labor. This will undoubtedly continue as long as our civilization stands. While we count such changes as progress they disturb our routine and compel us to readjust our methods of work. In a progressing world, man must constantly make readjustments and a rigid rule is no exception to this general rule.

With the population growing more rapidly than production of crops in spite of the increasing efficiency of the individual farmer, the future of agriculture looks brighter than any past which anyone knows anything about.

CARE OF PULLETS

Growing pullets need close attention during the summer in order to develop into good layers says a successful fancier.

The ideal pullet is one that is free from disease and parasites; carries enough vigor, reserve weight, maturity, and breeding to maintain continuous high production of marketable eggs throughout the year," said Mr. Gooding. "These specific requirements are a goal which is no exception to this general rule.

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To produce high quality pullets, brooding and summer care need special consideration. Any method of rearing that produces pullets that are most profitable on the home plant is the one to follow. Setbacks caused by chilling or overheating in the brooder, piling up or crowding, infestations of mites and lice, internal parasites or disease are likely to reduce the annual lay of the pullet even though the difficulty was corrected and no evident ill effects noticed.

The best practice in handling summer feeding seems to be to feed moderately a good growing mash consisting of whole grain, to provide a clean range supplied with shade and green feed and let the pullet develop normally. A ration for growing pullets that has given good results at Purdue consists of 15 pounds each of ground yellow corn, 10 pounds of middlings, wheat bran and five pounds of meat scraps, with yellow corn hopper fed. It might be that the pullets will eat more corn than mash when fed this way. If such is the case the corn should be hand fed so that the pullets will consume about the same amount of corn as they do mash.

KILL "QUACK" THIS MONTH

Fighting quack grass is about as mean a job as any that exists on American farms. Experience has proved that it is almost impossible to eradicate the grass completely, once it gets a start and extrudes its rootstocks in the fields, and that ordinary cultivation is just about as bad as leaving the weed alone.

The ideal weather for killing quack grass is hot days and cool nights, with just enough moisture in the soil to keep the grass growing. In midsummer, say in July, when the grass becomes sod bound and the plants are in bloom, the roots accordingly are weak. This is the time to plow just deep enough to get to the bottom of the rootstocks. Turn the furrows flat and cover the leaves completely, and then let the field alone for about 10 days, or until new shoots appear.

SPRAYS NOT DANGEROUS

Many people who use spray materials in their orchards believe that livestock which may get into the orchard will be injured by the poison used. Experiments have been conducted penning sheep, cattle and horses in fruit orchards that were very heavily sprayed with arsenic and other spray materials, and although these animals had no other feed than the grass growing under the trees, they showed no ill effects from the poison that had dripped from the leaves of the trees.

When the new growth is an inch high, give the ground a thorough, crosswise harrowing, preferably with a spring tooth harrow, and bring to the surface as many rootstocks as possible. Continue this operation with each new growth until frost.

The field should remain rough over winter, so that the rootstocks will be exposed to frost. In the spring, loosen the rootstocks from the soil and plant a cultivated crop, such as corn or soybeans, that may easily be cultivated in rows. Follow this with a smoother crop; that is, a crop that will produce a rank growth, such as millet, sudan grass or buckwheat.

ORIGIN OF POULTRY SUPPLIES

Figures released lately by the Bureau of Economics in the United States department of agriculture give the total receipts in pounds of dressed poultry at the four principal markets, New York, Chicago, Philadelphia and Boston. The totals for the chief states are also given.

The chief dressed poultry shipments to New York came from the following states in 1927: Illinois, 28,355,829 pounds; Iowa, 25,225,583 pounds; Kansas, 20,724,494 pounds.

The chief dressed poultry shipments to Chicago came from the following states: Iowa, 14,719,221 pounds; Minnesota, 10,540,552 pounds; South Dakota, 6,068,996 pounds; Missouri, 4,811,779 pounds; and Wisconsin, 3,982,043 pounds.

The chief dressed poultry shipments to Philadelphia came from the following states: Minnesota, 4,475,317 pounds; Illinois, 4,232,459 pounds; Iowa, 4,178,924 pounds; Indiana, 4,135,357 pounds; while Wisconsin sent 543,726 pounds there.

The chief dressed poultry shipments to Boston came from the following states: Illinois, 14,202,724 pounds; Iowa, 7,003,214 pounds; Minnesota, 5,886,362 pounds; while Wisconsin sent 553,025 pounds there.

The total receipts at the four markets shows Iowa ahead with 51,126,894 pounds; Illinois second, with 50,584,518 pounds; Minnesota third, with 31,722,296 pounds; and Kansas fourth, with 28,847,138 pounds. Wisconsin shipped to the four markets named.

PREVENTION OF FLIES 4

The approach of fly time reminds us to suggest the cleaning up of such places about the barn and yards as afford breeding places for these pests. Flies that annoy cattle are hatched mainly in manure. Horse manure seems to be preferred although cow manure and piles of fermenting straw are known to be breeding places. Horse manure should not be allowed to accumulate in the yards near the barn. Aside from great annoyance to cattle, flies are great carriers of bacteria, some of which may carry disease to those who drink milk contaminated thereby. Producers of high quality milk know that flies must be controlled if certain standards are met. Now is the time to begin controlling flies by cleaning up their breeding places.

PLAN TO USE SOME LIME

Nearly every farmer can well afford to use a little lime this year. If for no other purpose than to show himself what lime will do where needed. The value of showing his neighbors this in many cases will hasten the time when that community will get together on a liming program.

The following essentials should be looked out for: Use of right amount according to soil need (as shown by a chemical test), and following with a legume crop. The plot where lime is used should be clearly designated by stakes or some check strips clearly marked. Convincing oneself that lime pays is only a part of the need, as many farmers scattered over the district believe in lime, but can not secure sufficient interest to get their neighbors to co-operate in securing lime.

THE BROODY HEN

Each flock owner has his or her own notion of how to persuade broody hens to return to better behavior. If one has a sure-fire method of breaking up their desire to keep the nests warm, hang on to it, for good methods are scarce. The best method we ever saw to give such hens something different to think about was an ordinary commercial crate hung off the ground by a single hanger attached to the center of the crate. When a few broody hens are put into a crate hung in this manner there is created an action resembling a combination of merry-go-round and teeter-totter. It's hard for hens to concentrate on hatching out chicks under such circumstances. The crate is lowered for feeding and watering the hens.

COD-LIVER OIL FOR HENS

Cod-liver oil is an important item in winter rations for poultry because it helps to maintain egg production, prevents lameness, and helps them lay strong shelled eggs. It contains vitamins A and D which promote growth and maintain vitality and disease resistance. Cod liver oil is essential to hens that are closely housed during the winter. Vitamin D in the oil is a substitute for direct sunlight. Therefore its use is most desirable during winter and early spring when direct sunshine cannot be used or when little is available.

QUALITY ALWAYS COUNTS

Production of most fruits has reached a point where keen competition must be expected and close attention given to quality, better distribution and economic production and marketing.

THAT SETTING HEN

The busy time has come again when hens are bound to set, and if they can't have eggs they'll use whatever they can get. A poor knob or a nest egg gourd or some old piece of cob, is quite enough to satisfy and keep them on the job. In three weeks we expect the hen to come off with her chicks, but I've had hens come off in say five days or maybe six. When hens do this we're very sure to see them soon or later we'll chuck the hen, save up our cash and buy an incubator.