

CHERRY SQUARE

A NEIGHBOURLY NOVEL
By GRACE S. RICHMOND

"A few days ago," she began, "I came downstairs at an unfortunate moment, and overheard something I wasn't meant to overhear. I should never tell it to you or to anybody if it didn't seem necessary. I can't help thinking, since Doctor Chase's condition seems so serious, that you ought to know what I heard him say about you. Because just after he had said it, Doctor Fiske carried him upstairs and put him in bed, and he's been there most of the time since."

Mackay looked both astonished and concerned. "What was it?"

"It was this: 'I can stand having anybody take my place except Gordon Mackay. If he does it I'll go mad. I warn you—I'll go mad!'"

Mackay stared at her in amazement. "Take his place," he repeated. "What place?"

"Why," said Jo Jenney straightforwardly, "I suppose of course he meant his place in the church. His pulpit. You had just preached in it."

And now Mackay laughed, with evident relief. "His pulpit! Why, by all that's absurd, you're crazy yourself, Miss Jenney. Because I supplied his pulpit one Sunday in an emergency—and a summer Sunday, it was, when city churches take what they can get—why, that's no reason why it should enter anybody's head that I should ever do it again."

But Jo continued to look searchingly at him. "I couldn't help," she said, "since I was with Mrs. Chase and you, overhearing Mr. Pierpont ask you if you wouldn't take the other two Sundays in August."

"If you heard that," countered Mackay, "you also heard me say that I was tied up to the Cherry Hills church, and wouldn't leave it again."

"Yes, I did," admitted Jo. "But I saw Mr. Pierpont's face when you said it. And I heard him say—'All right—but I'm coming up to see you.' And I knew that meant he was very much interested in you. He could hardly help being interested," she added. "One could have heard a pin drop in that church every minute you were preaching. People even forgot to fan themselves, though it was terribly hot."

But Mackay made no sign of having heard this testimony to his effectiveness. His one idea seemed to be to get at what Schuyler Chase could have meant by saying that which Jo had overheard. "I can't conceive," he mused, "how the poor fellow could have got such a notion into his head. That church is devoted to him, proud of him—it will wait for him indefinitely, as it should. There's nobody like him."

"There hasn't been," Jo said simply. "But he's ill—very ill. And his eyes—I think he sees less clearly every day. It's pitiful to see him try to disguise it but Mrs. Chase realizes it, and so do I."

Mackay was silent. His face had grown very grave. He showed his hands into his pockets and began to pace slowly about among the blueberry bushes, while Jo, sitting on a stump, let her eyes follow him because it was so evident that he was thinking of nothing except Schuyler Chase's extremity. He looked like a man who has heard bad news of one of his best friends, and as if he were trying to discover something he could do about it. His ruggedly fine featured Scottish face had never seemed to Jo more attractive. When he finally paused before her, she was more or less prepared for his question, it seemed so logically the result of his cogitations.

"What can I do for him? How can I get this ridiculous but upsetting idea out of his head as soon as possible? I can't go and say: 'See here, this is nonsense,' because I'm not supposed to know he ever said such a thing. But I must do it, somehow. He's in no shape to fight fancies, no matter how preposterous they may be."

"Why not go and see him, as you do so often, and see how things develop?" Jo proposed. "You haven't been in since that Sunday you preached. Not going in of itself may have made him think —"

"You're right," Mackay's face lightened. "I've been kept away by all sorts of things—people dying, committee meetings, and so on. But he can't know that. And he does know how simple men aspire to stupendous things, and imagines I've got this absurd bee in my bonnet. I'll go today. I'll go now. Come—you can't get any more blueberries out of this arid pasture. Let's go along, and I'll make the call instantly."

His will to be about the business bore her along. He helped her over the fence and set out at a great pace down the road, as if he had but one purpose in the world—to get to a man in a ditch and pull him out of it. He even forgot to offer to carry Jo's lightly burdened pail—which was evidence enough of his abstraction of mind, for he was peculiarly scrupulous in such small matters. Sally Chase had averred that he must have been brought up in his youth in a most mannerly Scottish household—which happened to be true.

At the gate of Cherry House he noticed the omission, said: "Sorry I was so careless. Was it too heavy?"—with a smile; but then made straight across the lawn to Schuyler's chair, which stood in its usual place under the beech.

When he went away, only 10 minutes later, it was because he had been received so coldly, and been shown so clearly that his call was unwelcome, that he was more puzzled than before. Sally had not been present, and Chase had been excused in a way by his own evident weakness and unfit-ness for conversation. But he had not before failed, no matter how unwell he had been, to be courteous and appreciative. More than that, he had shown an increasingly cordial pleasure in Mackay's visits. He had even sent for him, now and then, as if there were no one at hand more acceptable or congenial. Therefore, this frigid manner of today, this unsmiling face, showed to his new friend plainly enough that something serious indeed had come between the two men. Mackay walked homeward with a sense of deep unhappiness over the situation which he felt to be mostly conjured out of the air or the imagination, so unreal it seemed as far as any actual cause for it could be discovered.

At his own door, however, he found some light upon it. Before the door stood the shining motor with its liveried chauffeur which he had seen before and recognized, and as he came up a high colored face appeared at the car window. A broad smile broke over the face as Sage Pierpont promptly got out of the car, his hand extended.

"I am relieved to find you, Mr. Mackay," the elder man announced. "May I come in again? I waited for you half an hour in your comfortable

study, where I found my way myself. No doors locked in Cherry Square, eh?"

"People from the outside world seldom want anything to be found in Cherry Square, Mr. Pierpont," replied Mackay. "We don't need to keep our doors locked."

"Don't they? Then I am an exception to that rule. I want something to be found in Cherry Square, and want it very much."

He proceeded to elaborate this statement, which evidently struck him as a happy way of putting it. He sat overflowing the small Manse's biggest shabby chair, smoking one of his own heavy cigars, and talking blandly and confidently. He spoke of the two church services at which he had heard Mackay preach, and expressed his regret that Mackay hadn't seen his way clear to take the city church pulpit those two remaining Sundays in August. He said that he had found but a poor stick with which to fill them. If Mr. Mackay could even yet arrange to come, the poor stick could be thrown out at a moment's notice. When at this suggestion Mackay had shaken his head in a most decided negative, Pierpont had leaned back, smiling with satisfaction, and told him that he admired in him that quality of saying a thing and sticking to it, even when it was against his own interest. Pierpont supposed, he said, that that was "the Scotch of it."

Mackay was silent. He was beginning to hear more than an inkling of where these preliminaries were leading. After all, the idea in poor Schuyler Chase's head hadn't been so preposterous after all. If ever a man without a purpose and a will to carry it out sat before another, that man was sitting before Gordon Mackay.

And now Pierpont was saying in the kindest tone in the world that he was deeply affected by the knowledge that Doctor Chase was so seriously ill. Mackay hardly listened while Pierpont said all the obviously appropriate things he was due to say in the circumstances. And then, when they had been properly said, the real business of the call was brought to the fore.

"Mr. Mackay, I frankly admit that I am enormously interested in you. As one who occupies a certain responsible position in the church it is my duty to be interested in men who could conceivably fill the great place which is in due time so sadly to be vacant. Not in a long time have I listened to a man who seemed to me so full of promise as yourself. I am not alone in my opinion. Though many of the chief men of our church are away upon vacation, several whose opinion I value highly are in town. They heard you speak and they feel as I do. Mr. Mackay, as I understand it, your duty to this little church in Cherry Hills expires by the first of October?"

Mackay nodded. He was clear enough now as to what was coming. It was not the first time he had listened to a chairman of committee approaching him upon such a subject. The son of Carmichael Mackay was not so unknown as he had seemed to be.

"Of course, while the slightest chance remains of Doctor Chase's recovery, we can only etage a supply. But he can be what is called in our church a 'stated supply,' which means that he is virtually the church's minister. I have a very sure instinct, Mr. Mackay, in such matters, as in my own world of business. I am very confident that if you come to us for about two months, say October and November, while our members are returning from their country places and from travel abroad, the engagement would result in your being asked to become this stated supply during the

period of waiting for Doctor Chase's recovery. My predictions need go no further than that—they wouldn't be seemly. But to a man of your still youthful years I can't imagine a greater compliment than such an invitation. And I can't imagine your rejecting it."

He sat back in his chair, satisfied with his own slightly "by no means his father's" and confident that he must have made a deep impression. He had done so. With all Mackay's unreadiness to think well of himself, with all his honest conviction that he was as he had said to Sally Chase, son," he knew that Sage Pierpont was not mistaken in his judgment, and that Gordon Mackay could fill his place. He could do the work, if not as Schuyler Chase had done it, yet in his own fashion, and men would not be disappointed in him. "As a strong man rejoiceth to run a race," so Mackay felt his pulses throbbing, and his blood tingling, at the thought of such a future. If he had not yet satisfied that distinguished and exacting father of his, Mackay of Edinburgh, now was coming into view the chance to do it. Mackay of Edinburgh would be proud of Mackay of New York, there was no doubt about it!

(From Josephine Jenney's Note-Book)

I slew him with my own hand. I had to do it. He took it like the man he is—like the man I've known he was, all along. Refused even to accept the idea that the thing might come to him, though he must know it may. Rushed back to do his best to repair the damage to the invalid's endurance of his fate.

Well—I've known Gordon Mackay—a little. I'm the richer for that. A good many walks and talks and chance meetings, in all. Every one has counted. The summer's over—everything will soon be changed.

I've only one thing to think of—one person—Julian.

XXI

Can you tell me please, whether Miss Josephine Jenney is to be found in this house? It's the home of Mrs. Schuyler Chase, isn't it?"

Adelaide Sturgis, just returning from mailing a letter in the small post office across Cherry Square, stood still beside the large motor from whose open rear window a deep and pleasantly inflected woman's voice had accosted her. A strong, decidedly fine face under a plain hat looked out upon her, the attentive eyes of a person accustomed to the world scanned her.

"Yes, certainly. Miss Jenney is Mrs. Schuyler Chase's housekeeper," Adelaide responded with a clear emphasis on the last word. Just why she had felt an instant impulse to impart this particularized information to one who merely asked the whereabouts of the person in question, Adelaide couldn't have told.

"Thank you, so I understand," said the middle aged lady in the car. "Do you happen to know whether she is in?"

"Probably she is. I imagine her duties would keep her in at this hour. Won't you come in?"

"I shall be glad to, thank you."

The chauffeur was out and had the door open before the words were quite said, standing stiff and straight beside it. Adelaide noted his livery—it was extremely correct in all details. The lady, descending with quick movements, showed an active though slightly stout figure, exceedingly well dressed after a fashion as plain as that of her hat. It was easy to see that here was someone of position and authority; she had the indefinable air which betrays such facts.

don't call that stuff you write literature, do you?"

Unclaimed.
From Tit-Bits.

Householder (complaining of letters gone astray): I forgot the P. M. G.'s name. But if I address a letter to "the biggest imbecile in London" who would get it?

Postman: It would be returned to the writer.

No Doubt About It.
From Passing Show.

Hubby: This blueberry pie looks queer, dear.

Wife: Oh, dear, maybe I put in too much bling.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

SOY BEANS VALUABLE
It is well to bear in mind that soybeans, grown for grain, would take the place of a considerable amount of high protein feed that has to be purchased for cattle feeding purposes. Soybeans, on good soil, yield all the way from 18 to 30 bushels per acre.

STUDY POULTRY NEEDS
Sunlight, or the lack of it, has a direct effect upon the feeds needed by poultry. Rations that give satisfaction in seasons or climates of ample sunshine may be entirely deficient in rainy or dreary weather.

WHAT EFFICIENCY MEANS
Efficiency as applied to the poultry business is not a matter of arm chair philosophy. It must be a practical proposition. It must mean something that can be put into practice on the average farm. Mere theory will not do. Anything that cannot be put to practice by the average farmer cannot be included in an efficiency program.

THOSE BABY CHICKS
Some of the reasons for high mortality in young chicks are im- proper incubation, inherited diseases, unsatisfactory brooding equipment, insanitary range conditions and improper feeding.

OF INTEREST TO FARMERS

RAISE MORE BEEF

Now that beef cattle prices are high and likely to remain so for several years to come, more interest will be taken in the raising and feeding of beef calves. That is as it should be. It is a difficult matter to induce a producer of beef to feed his calves liberally when he is looking forward to an unprofitable market and yet, if a man is going to raise his own calves for the feed lot there is no cheaper way of doing it, regardless of the price of beef, than to get the greatest possible growth on them while they are suckling their dams and that means grain during the nursing period. The comparatively little that has been done in recent years, calves like pigs and all other farm animals, make the cheapest gains while young and when a calf is to be marketed as a baby beef, that is when the plan is to put it on full feed as soon as possible after weaning, there is no question but that liberal grain feeding during the nursing period is profitable.

There are two ways of feeding grain to calves while nursing their dams. They may be fed in the pasture away from the buildings by arranging a creep for them, or they may be kept away from the cows during the day time and allowed to run to a self feeder in the barn where they can be kept in a darkened place and then allowed to run with the cows in the pasture overnight. One method is as good as the other. The one to be preferred will depend upon conditions. Those who are in position to let the calves stay in a darkened place during the day find this an excellent one because the calves are then troubled less with flies. Some also claim that they will eat more grain than they will from a creep in the pasture. But when the pasture is a considerable distance from the buildings, so that it is impracticable to bring the cows up at night, a creep should be constructed and in some place where shade is available. If there is no natural shade a temporary straw shed may be provided where the calves can secure protection against the hot sun. The creep should be constructed close to the watering place of the cows, if possible, as they will be more apt to remain there than at some other places which cows do not frequent regularly.

A calf will begin eating grain when two or three weeks old and it may safely be allowed to eat all it wants as there is no danger in eating too much when it has access to grain at that early period. A ten part mixture of equal parts of mixture of two parts by weight of shelled corn and one part by weight of whole oats makes a good combination for calves running with their dams. Later in the season when the milk supply wanes a little linseed meal should be added. Then a ration composed of 60 pounds shelled corn, 30 pounds oats and 10 pounds linseed meal will supply enough of protein and keep the calves in splendid condition. Cottonseed meal or some other protein feed may be substituted for the linseed meal, but protein of some kind should be added to the grain ration in late summer when grass is short and the cows begin to drop.

A calf that has been fed grain during the summer months will practically wean itself; at any rate, it will not lose in weight when weaned and put in the feed lot. On the contrary, it will keep on gaining and this is one of the advantages of growing one's own calves for the feed lot as compared with purchasing them on the market or on the range.

CAPONS PROFITABLE

I could tell you a dozen more reasons for caponizing cockerels, says an expert, but the two big reasons are greater cash return from the sale of cockerels, and less expense in holding cockerels for table use at home.

Most of the other caponizing contribute to the foregoing ones. Capons don't fight, they stand closer confinement than cockerels, their flesh has finer flavor and texture than that of cockerels, capons fatten more easily at less cost, they do not become starchy as cockerels do at an advanced age, they bring a better price than cockerels—Oh! there is almost no end of reasons for caponizing the surplus cockerels. The capons can even be used for brooding chicks.

It is wise, of course, to draw the line somewhere. That is, don't caponize all cockerels. The early hatched chicks bring good returns as broilers, but the later hatches some into market at a time when the market is crowded and prices low. These late-hatched cockerels can be turned into capons and put on the market after Christmas holidays at good price. If I have not made it clear already, I will say again that the premium secured on capons is due to the fact that they grow to much larger in size and their meat is decidedly superior to that of cockerels. Due to their docile habits they make better use of feed, and they can run on the range with pullets all through late summer and fall.

The big mistake some folks make in caponizing is to caponize every cockerel. Cockerels of inferior stock never make good capons, and there is no gain in caponizing the light breeds, such as Leghorns. The American, English and Asiatic breeds make good capons. Still, it is not wise to raise a meat breed just to have large cockerels for caponizing—the average farmer had better stick to a good laying strain of the utility type and raise the capons as a side-line, if he wants to raise capons.

The time for caponizing is in June and July—about the time cockerels begin to grow combs. This is at about two months of age. If the cockerels attain the right size too

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late in the summer, they will not reach marketable size early enough to escape competition with early spring broilers. March is about the last date for getting capons on the market. A capon is not ready for market until at least eight months old—that is, the returns from younger capons are not much better than returns for cockerels.

To prepare cockerels for caponizing, withhold feed for 36 hours. Withhold water for 12 hours. The necessary instruments for caponizing are knife, spreader, hook and remover. These instruments can be bought at hardware stores or ordered from poultry supply houses. It pays to buy good instruments. A dollar saved on a caponizing set may be lost a dozen times as a result of poor caponizing.

Put the caponizing board on a barrel or box, so it will be about waist high. Fasten the bird to the board so it can not struggle. Wings and feet must be held securely. Pluck the feathers from a space about an inch square in front of the hip joint.

Make an incision between the two ribs, starting at a point slightly lower than the point of the hip joint and extending for about an inch. Press the nail of your forefinger between the ribs and insert the blade of the knife alongside the nail. Press down hard and draw toward you, thus forcing the blade clear through in one attempt. Let the incision be about an inch in length. Then insert the spreader and open the wound to a convenient size. You will find that a thin membrane hides the organ. Tear this membrane away with the tearing hook. Now you will clearly see the organs of the abdominal section. If the bird has been starved for about 36 hours before operation, the intestines will not hide the other organs. You will find the testicles about the size of a navy bean and yellow in color. The spermatic artery is back of the testicles. Be careful that you do not sever this, or the bird will bleed to death.

If necessary, press the intestines down with the probe in order to bring the testicles into clear view. Insert the remover, closed, and carefully manipulate the organ into the opening of the remover, being careful not to cut the artery. You can now remove the testicles by drawing out and twisting the cords.

Remove the spreader, turn the bird over, and repeat the operation. It is possible to remove both the organs from one side, but it is safer to perform the operation from both sides. It is not necessary to sew up the wounds. Release the bird and see that when he stands the muscles of the thigh cover the inner incision. Do not house the young capons in large numbers for the first week. Rather, put them in coops of not more than 10 or 12 birds together. Be careful when you feed them, as they have been starved before the operation. Give them a light feed of moist mash, made of bran and ground oats moistened with sour milk. Use this method of feeding for a couple of days until you bring them back to their regular feed.

For a few days after the operation, watch for wind puffs. I have seen some birds bleed badly following caponizing. This is not a dangerous condition—all you need to do is catch the bird and puncture the wind puff with a sharp knife. Be careful not to cut any blood vessels when puncturing the skin.

In some neighborhoods there are men who do caponizing at so much per bird, or by the day. The inexperienced person, or the one who dislikes "operations," may be able to have caponizing done at a reasonable charge.

VITAMINS CHICKS NEED
Starvation in the midst of abundance is an every day occurrence among little chicks on farms where the necessity of carefully balanced rations is not understood.

Without certain nutritive elements and food properties called vitamins chicks cannot make normal growth, regardless of the abundance of other foods supplied them. This has been proved again and again in a great number of experiments.

Leg weakness may result from a shortage of calcium and phosphorus. Without these elements rapid growth of bone is impossible, yet grain and grain by-products which make up the bulk of ordinary chick rations are deficient in these elements. This defect can be remedied by adding 5 per cent. raw bone meal to the chick mash and finely ground oyster shell or limestone in open hoppers.

Yellow corn is the only kind of grain that furnishes an adequate supply of vitamin A. Therefore, it is recommended over all other grains by poultry experts. If a combination of grains is made, the larger portion should consist of yellow corn.

Vitamin B, which is necessary for good growth and health in chicks, is abundantly supplied in whole grain and shorts or middlings. It is not necessary to add vitamin B from other sources.

Vitamin D or direct rays of the sun makes possible the assimilation of calcium and phosphorus in bone formation. If the weather is too rainy or too cold for the chicks to get out on the range into the sunlight and minerals of the right kind and quantity are not furnished, they are likely to have rickets or leg weakness. Under such conditions the chicks should be supplied with vitamin D in the form of egg yolk or cod liver oil.

DID YOU KNOW THAT

Agricultural discoveries worth millions of dollars have their course in the quiet, painstaking, often disagreeable, apparent "puttering" of research workers in the state colleges and experiment stations.

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Call That Literature?
"Recollections of an Old Circus Clown," by Bob Sherwood.

In about the year 1898 I was attached to the Barnum show at the Olympic Gardens in London. Mark Twain also was in London at that time, shortly after the failure of his publishing business. We met often in walks together in Hyde Park. In 1901 I was conducting a book store in New York City opposite Grace Church. Mark was at that time living at Tenth street and Fifth avenue, and used to come around and see me almost every day, and we would have lunch together at the old St. Denis hotel.

We used to slip into the cafe for an appetizer. He was not a heavy drinker, but was accustomed to take an eye opener occasionally. Several times the mixologist set him out a chaser of water, which Mark regularly pushed aside with the remark: "What's the use of starting a fire and putting it right out again?"

It was about this time his stories began to be printed in English and Canadian editions without his consent. In an effort to put a stop to it he tried to get through an international copyright bill at Washington. He was unsuccessful, however, in his efforts. Tom Reed was then

speaker of the house. He was a very good friend of Mark's, who told me the following story about him. He said:

"I got on the train at Jersey City the other day to go to Washington. On the train was a lot of great big, dirty, gray politicians, Tom Reed included. Tom said to me: 'Mark, what you going to Washington for?' and I said, 'Tom, I am going to Washington to lobby for an international copyright—our literary efforts must be protected for our posterity.' And Tom Reed, the great big, dirty, gray politician, said to me: 'Great God, Mark; you

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Wife: Oh, dear, maybe I put in too much bling.