

# CHERRY SQUARE

A NEIGHBOURLY NOVEL  
By GRACE S. RICHMOND

"My dear Doctor Chase! I never was so surprised in my life. Are you—have you—been ill? I had no idea you had returned."

His gaze was fixed on Schuyler's face, on which a painful flush was spreading, momentarily wiping out its pallor. But Sally saw that Schuyler summoned his reserves to meet this emergency—for to him it was evidently that.

"I'd no idea you didn't know I'd returned," Schuyler said. "As a matter of fact, though I hadn't thought about it, I should have supposed everybody knew it. I had a slight illness in London, and my doctors decided that rest back here in the country was better for me than travel abroad."

"Well, well—well, well—that's too bad. That's a shame," said Mr. Pierpont heartily. "I'm mighty sorry to hear it. Here we were thinking of you as enjoying a fine trip; and here you are, an invalid marooned in Cherry Hills."

"I don't call myself an invalid," Schuyler straightened his shoulders, and his voice became stronger. "My wife is determined to pamper me, or I shouldn't be lying about in deck chairs."

"Some trouble with the eyes, too?" persisted the magnate, who had, Sally remembered, an uncomfortable way of getting to the bottom of every situation. That was why, she supposed, he was a magnate. Nothing ever escaped his observation.

"A touch of that. Anyhow, for the present I'm ordered to favor them. And how are you, Mr. Pierpont? I don't need to inquire—I never saw you looking better. How are Mrs. Pierpont and your daughters?"

He had turned the conversation, and he skillfully kept it turned for some time, while Sally listened and made plans in her active mind. Whatever happened, Mr. Sage Pierpont, though he must be made welcome and kept for as much of the day as he would stay, must not be allowed to burrow too far into Schuyler's affairs. She thought rapidly. When her chance came she was ready. The three had seated themselves tentatively, but Sally rose again as she said persuasively:

"Mr. Pierpont, with your permission I'm going to carry you off for an hour before dinner. There's to be a short service in the old church on the Square, and I'd like to have you hear a friend of ours preach. You've listened to plenty of city preachers, but I doubt if, since you were a boy you've been in a country church, or heard a man like this one. Will you come with me, when I've put a hat on, and arranged for your chauffeur to make himself comfortable on our back porch?"

Mr. Pierpont rose, bowing graciously. "Mrs. Chase, nothing could give me greater pleasure than to accompany you anywhere. And rather than tire your husband I'll take myself off entirely."

"You can't do that," protested Schuyler, smiling his pleasant, strained smile. "We certainly want you for dinner after the service. But I'd like you to hear Mackay. He's a splendid chap and a great friend of ours, as my wife says, though the acquaintance is a new one. I haven't heard him speak yet, but I'm promising myself that pleasure soon."

So Sally took Mr. Pierpont to church, walking with him half way round the shaded Square, and calling upon him to note how the people were streaming from all directions toward the white church with

the tall spire. Meanwhile, Schuyler, shaken by the encounter, insignificant though it seemed upon the face of it, endeavored to think out what should be said to the president of his board when the searching questions which would be sure to be asked should be upon him. The mere sight of the man, whose word was all but law in that church because of his immense wealth and power, had made Schuyler realize that which he had thus far almost succeeded in shutting away from recognition. How slight, in spite of all his prestige, was his own hold upon that church if Sage Pierpont should become convinced that the minister thereof was ever so little less fit than the fittest to go on with his work.

An hour later, when the two churchgoers came out into the Square again, the visitor's rubicund face was alight with a new interest.

"By George, Mrs. Chase," he was exclaiming under his breath as they walked along, "I'm glad you made me go. I went, I'll admit, because I couldn't refuse a lady. But I didn't expect to hear a word I hadn't heard a thousand times before. By George, that man's amazing! He stirred me all up from the bottom. And I'm not easily stirred, as your husband can tell you. He's different. He's original. I enjoyed his direct way of putting things. I was absorbed in everything he said and did. How on earth did they ever get him here?"

"I believe he's only here for the summer," Sally explained. She really didn't know much about Gordon Mackay herself. She had more or less taken him for granted as a gift from the gods to Schuyler. In her absorption with her husband she hadn't inquired much into Mackay's history, thankful as she was for his presence. "Vacation work, he calls it. I don't know where he belongs, really. If you like him so much I'll ask him over for dinner. My husband is always delighted to have him. They've spent many hours together."

"I should think they might, though they're as different as two men can be. As you know, Mrs. Chase, I'm an ardent admirer of your husband. Nobody can touch him, to my mind, in his peculiar field. As a pulpit orator he's unsurpassed. I've considered our church most fortunate to have him. And of course this man can't approach him in eloquence. But, by George—and Mr. Pierpont's 'by-Georges' were beginning to have a monotonous and unwelcome sound in Sally's ears—"this chap has a power all his own. I'd like to hear him again, and I intend to. And I don't know why—"

He paused, and his listener found herself waiting rather anxiously, she didn't know why herself. "I don't know why," he began again frankly, as if thinking something out—and then again lapsed into silence. Later Sally learned what he had thought out, but not until toward the close of the dinner which followed immediately upon their return to the house.

During that dinner Sally noted that Mackay took no special trouble to ingratiate himself further into the important guest's notice. That notice was obvious; Mr. Pierpont took no pains to conceal it. He was gracious and friendly with Schuyler, as behooved a man who must be naturally sympathetic with the disappointment of one whom he had sent off upon a holiday and who had returned in uncertain health. But it was to Mackay he turned with the roused interest of a man of discernment

who had discovered another of a calibre unexpected in such a place as Cherry Hills. And when dinner was over, and the party had gone back out-of-doors to its comfortable seats under the beech, he began to feel his way with questions. It was at this point that both Sally and Schuyler Chase began to understand that his interest had a motive other than that of a casual encounter.

"I can't quite account for you, Mr. Mackay," he said, leaning back in a big cushioned willow chair which swayed and creaked a little as he settled himself, crossing one well-clad knee over the other, and drawing deeply on the expensive cigar he had taken from his own pocket. Both Schuyler and Mackay had refused the proffer of the mates to this, but Mackay had pulled a pipe from his pocket and filled and lit it.

"Do you need to, Mr. Pierpont?" Mackay asked, with an intent look.

"Well, men interest me. If a man shows certain abilities, I like to know something about him. I'm a great believer in heredity; I don't think something often comes from nothing. Fathers count—and mothers, of course. I could almost venture the guess, Mr. Mackay, that your father was a man who filled the public eye in some way—was accustomed to public speaking. Am I right?"

Through his dark glasses Schuyler's gaze was fixed on Mackay. The invalid was realizing, quite suddenly, that in all his hours with his new friend the subject of Mackay's birth and training had never been mentioned. Schuyler had in one way or another spoken, time and again, of his own ancestry, his early life, his university—had alluded to many. But the talk of the two had been mostly about the books they had been reading together, and with these and kindred subjects Schuyler had been satisfied. Had he, he wondered now, said so much about himself, and inquired not at all into the reasons for Mackay's really deep understanding of life and life's problems? Extraordinary, if true. How self-absorbed he—Schuyler—must have been. Well, he should learn something about this man now.

Mackay nodded, over his pipe, then removed it. "He was—and is—a preacher."

"Anywhere about here?"

"In Edinburgh."

"Yes, Mr. Pierpont."

Mr. Pierpont's searching gaze looked as if he pounced upon this fact. He nodded in his turn.

"Of course I recognized your nationality. No Scotsman loses his burr—if you don't mind my calling it that—I like it, myself. Been in this country long?"

"Three years."

Schuyler Chase sat up a little in his chair, and asked a question. He could hardly wait to ask it. "Is your father Carmichael Mackay?"

A peculiar look, as of one who hears mentioned the name of one who means much to him, flashed into Mackay's face. "He is," he said quietly.

Schuyler leaned back again. Sally saw that this news had for some reason come to him with a shock.

"I wish," Mackay went on quickly, "I were my father's son. But I'm not in the least like him. I have an elder brother who is. He's a great joy to father. I'm—the leavings."

"I think I must have heard of your father," said Sage Pierpont. "Of course, I know I have."

"You surely have." This was Sally, whose face was quick with interest in these disclosures. "He's the greatest Scottish preacher on the other side of the water. He came over here, some years ago, and gave a course of lectures at some of the most famous universities. Why, Mr.

Mackay—she turned to him, smiling—"how could you have failed to let us know he was your father? You must be enormously proud of him."

"I'm so proud of him," agreed Mackay, "that just to hear him spoken of gives me joy."

Schuyler roused himself. "That's a great heritage, Mackay," he said.

"But I didn't," added the Scotsman, with a peculiar firmness, "come to this country to trade on my father's name. I'd rather try to earn my own."

"You'll do it—you'll do it," prophesied Sage Pierpont, whose plans had been taking shape rapidly since he began these questionings. "And by the way, while we're talking of your earning your own name, I've a suggestion to make. I learned last night that the man who was to supply our pulpit next Sunday has been called to California by his wife's illness, and has cancelled the engagement. When I came up here I meant to inquire of Mrs. Chase whether she could suggest anybody to fill his place. We've some prominent men engaged for next month, but for this one all the big guns have ceased firing and we had to take a stop-gap. I'm not"—he smiled broadly—"inviting you to be a stop-gap, Mr. Mackay—not after what I heard you do this afternoon. But I should like it very much if you'd agree to occupy the pulpit next Sunday."

It was evident that he felt he was conferring a favor, and so undoubtedly he was, from Schuyler's point of view. To offer the prominent pulpit to Gordon Mackay, of Cherry Hills, even for a Sunday in August, when the depleted regular city congregation would be mostly replaced by strangers from out of town, was to offer an opportunity rather large to one who presumably had had as yet no large opportunities. But if Mackay was impressed he gave no sign of it. Scotsmen must have, Schuyler reflected, his own pulse quickening nervously, remarkable powers of concealing their feelings at critical moments.

Mackay was regarding the magnate as unemotionally as if he had been offering the chance to read aloud a hymn in the same pulpit.

"I hardly see how I could do it, thank you, Mr. Pierpont," he said. "I've agreed to take care of the Cherry Hills church until October. Its minister was an old friend of mine, and he's gone to Canada to be with a sick mother till the end."

This obligation seemed no obstacle to Pierpont, who was accustomed to do away with obstacles when they got in the way of his will. And his wish to have Mackay accept the invitation was stimulated by its threatened refusal.

"You won't let that stand in the way of such a request, I'm sure. Easy enough to find a country preacher somewhere out of a job, who'd be delighted to supply this really attractive old church here for one Sunday."

It was at this point that Schuyler became conscious that not only were Sally's eyes upon him, but that her wish to have him speak the word of approval and entreaty the situation demanded was becoming an urgent one. Though for some reason he found this difficult to do, he summoned his sense of fitness and friendliness to his aid, and spoke without further hesitation.

"Please arrange it, Mackay," he said, "if only to please me. Of course it would give me great pleasure to have you fill my pulpit. It would be easy enough to find a man for this church—there are plenty in summer places near by."

"I've never preached in a pulpit like that," said Mackay frankly. "I might fall down the steps."

They all smiled.

The lawyer puzzled over it and finally asked the banker why he refused to lend to the wealthy farmer but let the other fellow, who had no one to sign the note with him, have a loan.

The banker said: "Why did I do that? Because that well-to-do, honest farmer simply will not take care of his debts, and the other

ing and hitting in the clinches are already accepted. Hence it bids fair to be the most absorbingly interesting fight in years.

Disheartening it may be, at least to honest men; but even to them it will not be dull.

Q. What are the origin and meaning of the phrase, "Open Sesame?" B. R. C.

A. It was the password at which the door of the robbers' cave flew open in the Tale of the Forty Thieves (Arabian Nights), hence, a key to a mystery or anything that acts like magic in obtaining a favor, admission, or recognition.

## OF INTEREST TO FARMERS

### DOES COW TESTING PAY?

Does it pay to keep books in a bank or hardware store? One question is just as wise as the other. The day is coming when dairymen will no more think of keeping cows without keeping records than a banker will think of loaning money and trusting to his memory and luck to collect interest. Here are five advantages of cow testing, and there are a lot more:

(1) We'll take better care of the cows. Many a man, when he began testing his cows also began taking better care of them and surprised himself with how good his cows were.

(2) We'll find out which cows are paying a profit. There are thousands of herds where part of the cows are profitable and the rest "boarders," eating up the profit.

(3) Our good cows will be worth more when we know how good they are. A good cow will bring \$50 more if we can show her record when we want to sell her.

(4) The calves will be worth more. A wise man will give \$100 or more for a good calf from a good cow with a good record; he'll give \$35 or less for a good calf from a cow with no record.

(5) We can improve our herds. When we know by actual weights that we have high producing cows, we'd be chumps if we didn't keep the heifers from those cows. The best way to judge the value of a young heifer or bull is by the records of its ancestors. The way to tell the breeding value of a mature cow or bull is by the records of its offspring. Without records we can't make much improvement.

### HERD BULL AND HIS CARE

When six months old, the bull calf should be separated from the heifer calves and fed a ration that will keep him growing rapidly. At this age, feed from four to eight pounds of grain daily, depending on his size.

Most dairymen prefer to feed bulls the same grain ration that is fed to the other growing stock. But in addition to a good leguminous ration, it is necessary, the amount depending on the size of the animal. Mature bulls will eat as much as 15 pounds of hay daily. Silage may be fed to the growing bull in small amounts, say five pounds.

To keep the bull in excellent condition, but not fat, exercise is a factor that must not be forgotten. If the bull can not have access to a yard at all times, he should at least be tied outdoors and allowed to go back and forth on a strong cable.

When selecting a herd bull, see to it that he is not only of satisfactory individuality himself, but that his ancestry is a fair guarantee of a continuance of that individuality in his get. Satisfied on this point, study the pedigree. If you are a Holstein breeder, for instance, you will want to know the conditions under which the seven-day records were made, and you also will want to know how much 365-day blood is in the more or less immediate ancestry. You will also want to know if the butter records were made with a normal Holstein percentage of fat, or whether the large butter records were made from a relatively small quantity of milk.

The conditions under which most of the milk is sold in this country will give a decided advantage to the man who sells whole milk, and for this reason the Holstein breeder is looking for the largest possible flow of milk of a satisfactory butterfat content. Guernsey and Jersey breeders usually cater to a different kind of market—either a special milk which demands a nice premium, or else to a cream market. Therefore, they will pay special attention to the butterfat production.

The statement has been made that production does not always produce itself, but that type nearly always does. To get an accurate answer to this problem, it would be necessary to go more deeply into the study of breeding than is practical in a short article like this. But you have surely noticed that a slopy-rumped bull usually sires slopy-rumped calves, and that a good, straight-backed bull often sires calves of good top lines out of poor cows.

It behooves the dairy-cattle breeder, therefore, to study this question of types and individuality. If you study the pedigree of the winners at the great dairy shows you will find that many of the cows have fine advanced-registry records; that the bulls almost invariably have a good list of high-producing daughters, and progeny who make good in the show ring. Type and production go hand in hand, and it is a wise breeder who combines them in his own herd.

### IS YOUR CREDIT GOOD

A farmer worth \$40,000 went into a bank to borrow \$2,000. The banker refused to lend him the money. A lawyer was in the bank at the time, heard the farmer make his request for loan, and learned what happened.

A little later a poor young man with no property and no one at all to stand behind him came in and asked for a loan of \$100. The banker cheerfully lent him the amount.

The lawyer puzzled over it and finally asked the banker why he refused to lend to the wealthy farmer but let the other fellow, who had no one to sign the note with him, have a loan.

The banker said: "Why did I do that? Because that well-to-do, honest farmer simply will not take care of his debts, and the other

man will. That farmer has to be notified again and again, and sometimes it has been as long as four years before we could get him to pay. He never paid any attention to when his notes were due. It's too much bother to carry him along like that. With this other fellow, his credit was all he had in the world. We very seldom have to send even one notice to him. He always comes in and pays or makes some arrangement. And we know he always will, and don't have to go to a lot of trouble looking up his account."

Have since wondered if this doesn't apply to some farmers. They are busy when a note comes due, they know and the bank knows they are good for the money, so why worry to run to town? So, they let it go. Probably a good many people abuse their credit until the banks sometimes have to refuse their patronage.

### WATCH THE CHICKS

Chicks that bunch or pile up at night are both a nuisance and a source of loss. It is well to prevent this habit before it starts. Chicks bunch because they are either scared or cold, usually the latter. Be sure the brooder fire is warm enough all night. Eliminate all floor drafts from circulating over the chicks. Use muslin covered frames to circle the chicks around the stove each night. Wire off cold corners. Use mash-hoppers in which the chicks cannot gather. Provide roosts early, and teach the chicks to use them. Do not scare the chicks at night by unusual noises or by unnecessary use of light in the brooder house.

### CREEP FEEDING PROFITABLE

Creep feeding of beef calves is proving profitable on many farms where a herd of beef cows is kept. If a creep is provided, calves will begin to eat grain when but a few weeks old. Calves which have a little grain in addition to milk and grass will be larger at weaning time and will have a higher market value. Creep fed calves may be put into the feed lot and finished for market earlier than calves which do not get any grain while running with the cows.

### FEEDING GRAIN IN BOXES

A poultry experiment was recently conducted in an effort to determine the value of feeding the scratch grain or grain ration to chickens in the straw litter. Since straw litter is often soiled and contaminated, it was felt that feeding from clean boxes would be much more advisable from the standpoint of sanitation. Whether or not the exercise that the hens receive from being required to scratch for their feed is of enough value to increase egg production to offset the risk of disease that is involved was the query that these feeding tests were designed to answer.

Three flocks of Rhode Island Reds and three flocks of White Leghorns were placed on feed in these tests. One flock of each breed received dry mash fed in hoppers and a scratch grain in the straw litter, night and morning. Another flock of each breed received dry mash in hoppers and the grain mixture in shallow boxes or troughs, night and morning. Still another flock of each breed received the grain mixture ground and mixed with the mash ration fed from the mash hoppers. The mash ration fed in these tests was composed of 17 pounds of ground corn, 17 pounds of ground oats, 17 pounds of wheat bran, 17 pounds of fine middlings, 25 pounds of dried buttermilk, five pounds of bone meal and two pounds of salt. The grain mixture fed in all cases was composed of 70 pounds of shell corn and 30 pounds of oats.

The results did not show any particular advantage for either litter or box feeding of scratch grain, although these two methods did seem to have some advantage over grinding the grain mixture and feeding it with the mash. In the case of the Rhode Island Reds, the flock receiving the grain in the straw litter produced an average of 117 eggs per hen for the 44 weeks that the feeding was conducted. Those receiving the grain in boxes produced an average of 129 eggs per hen while those that were fed ground grain with the mash produced 105 eggs per hen.

White Leghorns showed slightly different results, however. Those that received grain in the litter produced 128 eggs per hen; those that received grain in boxes, 124 eggs per hen; and those that received their grain in ground form, 116 eggs per hen. Those results do not indicate that one method of feeding is advisable for Rhode Island Reds while another is best for White Leghorns. They indicate, rather, that one method of feeding is as good as the other, where the grain is fed whole and not ground, and that any variations between these two methods is, no doubt, due to variations between the flocks on test.

### DAIRY EXPERTS

After an exhaustive study of the influence of temperatures upon the variation of fat in milk have come to the conclusion that the content of fat in cows' milk shows a seasonal variation, that it is higher during the first half of the winter months, the gradually declining to the second half of the summer months—August and September. The variation in the fat content ranged from 6 to 1 per cent, higher during the last summer months as compared with the first months in winter.

The several factors causing variation in the fat content of milk may explain why the percentage of fat is higher at one time than another.

### CLEANLINESS MEANS DOLLARS

Give the hog houses a thorough cleaning, and disinfect them. Remove harboring places and you will have fewer pests to contend with during the hot summer.

Itless, and do less muzzling than usual, and seem to be doing or sleeping more than usual, inspect their noses, and you are likely to find in them the indications of trouble.

### KEEP FARM WOOD LOT

Flourishing woodlands mean more than timber crops, permanent industries, and an adequate supply of wood. They minister to the need for outdoor recreation, they preserve animal and bird life, they protect and beautify our hillside and feed our streams; they preserve the inspiring natural environment which has contributed so much to American character.

### Anyway, Not Dull

From the Baltimore Sun.  
Nicholas Murray Butler is a blithe spirit under ordinary circumstances. No man in public life is less subject to fits of the blues, so when Butler describes the present republican campaign as "the most disheartening within my memory" the utterance is significant.

But it is not inexplicable. Dr. Butler speaks from the standpoint of an honest man, and there is plenty to depress the spirits of honest men, when one begins to count up.

For instance, it is rather disheartening to find that thousands

of people believe that the president of the United States three times has deliberately said what is not true—namely, that he will not run again. The Evening Sun still clings to the theory that Mr. Coolidge did not lie, but plenty of others do not believe it.

Again, the republican party has selected for its keynote speaker a self-confessed liar and a public official who has taken money from the Anti-Saloon league. This does nothing to cheer up honest men.

Furthermore, the most prominent candidate, next to the president, is one who has never explained where he stands on any of the important

issues now before the country, and one whose exhibition of temper before a Senate investigating committee foreshadows a savage and ugly campaign in case he is nominated.

On the democratic side there is a religious quarrel which promises one of the nastiest political fights the country has ever seen.

But while all these factors are calculated to dishearten honest men, they tend to make the campaign speculative. Absolutely nothing can be taken for granted this year. Least of all dare one assume that either party will be restrained by any considerations of decency. No holds are barred, and biting, sough-

ing and hitting in the clinches are already accepted. Hence it bids fair to be the most absorbingly interesting fight in years.

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