CHERRY SQUARE

A NEIGHBOURLY NOVEL
by GRACE S. RICHMOND

"I hope to make a smaller church overflow," he said steadily. "I'm to begin work down there, in the slums, the first of October. Maybe, some day, the slums will begin to recede from it."

"Is that work you want to do? The other was—what you wanted, wasn't it?"

"Of course—it was. But I'm going to want to do this."

"You gave that up for a man you never knew till this summer!"

"I had several times heard him preach—in that way I knew him."

"And it was I who did this to you," she said, for the third time, as if she couldn't get away from the thought.

"You did. I hope you don't regret it."

"Don't you?"

The two pairs of eyes looked steadfastly into each other for a minute, as if they searched for the absolute truth. Then Mackay spoke:

"With one side of me I regret it very much. For perhaps 24 hours I was so desperately disappointed I had a terrific fight with myself to give it up. Then, of course, I saw that I couldn't conceivably step up into that position over another man's body and do any kind of worthy work. After that it was easy. When a door closes and locks in your face you only demean yourself by beating upon that door. You look for another door, that's all. And the one that's opening before me leads to a task that challenges my best effort. What really can a man ask more than that?"

"You'd give it your best effort—I know that much about you."

"You really don't know much about me, do you?" A smile touched his grave mouth.

"I think I know everything about you," said Jo Jenney, her clear gaze again upon the fire.

"Do you? I hope you do. Because then you understand how I feel about this, and how hard it is to tell you that I think you'd better accept this offer from your college. I can see that's just the place for you. The slums are not the place for you. But—I want you to know this. When I've served my term there and feel I've earned the right to look for another sort of place, I shall come to you and tell you again what I've told you now—if you're still free."

"I may not be free."

His voice was very low as he asked quickly:

"Then it must be that you aren't free now?"

"I'm not, Mr. Mackay."

He was staring at her with a look of sudden and unbearable pain in his eyes, as if she had struck him a blow. She looked at him and saw it, and her own look melted. Her face flamed, she threw back her head and said with a proud gesture: "I'm not free because—oh, there's nothing to do but to tell you!"

"Yes, tell me," he said with a smothered breath. "I might have known—"

"I have," said Jo Jenney, low but very clearly, and still with her head up, "a brother in prison."

XXIV.

Whatever she might have expected from him at this announcement, it was not that he should come at a stride across the space between them and take her hand into his warm grasp. He led her back to the log from which she had risen, and sat down beside her. His silence couldn't be misunderstood. It was not the silence of alienation—not even that of shock.

She fixed her gaze now upon the little fire, and told him the short, tragic story.

"My father and mother are both dead. When I was a child my father was what might be called a rich man. I was brought up in—perhaps I should say—luxury. It lasted till I was 16. My brother Julian and I were the only children—he was two years older than I. Suddenly my father lost all his property. It was a great bank failure—he was the president of the bank. My father was—absolutely honorable. He sacrificed everything he had in trying to avert the failure. He died not long afterward, and my mother lived only a year after that. . . . When Julian and I were left alone we had a little to live on—our own private property by gift from an uncle; father had kept that safe for us. But Julian had been used to having every wish granted. He'd been away at school, living very expensively. He was taken into the office of an old friend of our father's. He was tempted to get some money—somehow—anyhow. He raised some checks. I was at college, earning my way. For a long time I never guessed. Then—he was found out and—sent to prison."

Mackay's eyes during this recital had been fixed, like Jo's, upon the fire. He hadn't once looked at her. His hands were clasped about his knee, he had the look and the attitude of one not startled but gravely considering. As Jo paused, a little sound of sorry comprehension was all that came from him.

Jo's voice remained steady, as, after a minute, she went on. She might almost have been telling the tale of somebody remote from her own life, except that her very self-control told its own tale to the ears that listened.

"His term ends—shortened for good behavior—this fall. I don't yet know the exact time. We hoped it might end sometime this summer, but that couldn't be. I came to Cherry Hills last year because I could be rather near him. And because I thought that when he—came out—it might be easier for him to come to me here and stay quietly for a while till he got hold of himself. The school here is holding my position open till the last moment. You see, it's been so hard to decide what to do for Julian. He's always been very high-strung—excitable. The whole thing has been very terrible to him, realizing what the disgrace would have meant to father, if he had lived. I think Julian has suffered—in full—for all he did. So now, you see why it's hard for me to decide about this offer from Doctor Rutherford. It seems as if I mustn't lose a chance like that, and yet I can't give up my plan of being with Julian when he's free. I want to keep him with me a whole year, if I can—I think he needs it. He's not the sort to be left to himself until he's sure of himself."

"You wouldn't keep him idle?"

"No—oh, no. But I think I could get him an outdoor job with some of the farmers about here whose children I know. They're mostly market gardeners, and the work isn't too heavy. Mrs. Chase thinks she and Doctor Chase will stay here through the winter, and she wants me to stay on with them, if I don't go to my college. So there's that alternative. The whole thing is, Mr. Mackay, to do what is best for my brother, isn't it?"

"Yes, I think it is. I can see the problem you have. Do you think your brother would like that sort of work?"

The question cut to the core of Jo's perplexities. She answered him honestly: "No. He likes absorbing interest, excitement, thrills. He won't be contented, I'm afraid. Yet, it's the only plan I can think of that will keep him near me for a while, and I'm sure I should do that. If you knew him as I do you'd know why I feel so deeply."

"I see. . . . Well, I wonder if I couldn't help. Suppose you should let Julian come and live with me in my bachelor quarters in the city. I could make all kinds of use of him in my work. And there'd be plenty of interest, and very likely a good deal of excitement, not without thrills, first and last."

She turned quickly, her face showing how he had touched her. "Oh, Mr. Mackay—what an amazingly kind offer! But—how could I let you—"

"What am I going to this place for? Not to be of use in every way I can find?"

"Yes—I know you are. Oh, to have Julian with a man like you—what could be better for him? If he would do it. But he would—he's written more than once that he'd let me plan for him—he couldn't do it for himself. If he once saw you—"

"Shall we go to see him together?"

Suddenly it undermined her. She had carried the load so long alone, this unexpected offer of comradeship was like a hand stretched out to her to guide her through the dark. His way of putting it, though matter-of-fact enough, carried with it an assurance of his having been turned from her not a whit by this revelation. If he had been her friend before, he was twice her friend now—there was all that in his tone. Tears were not common with Jo Jenney, she was accustomed to keep a stern grip upon any tendency to self-pity. But now her eyes filled—she put up her handkerchief and dashed the springing hot drops away, smiling as she did so, and saying in a gallant effort at her own gay way:

"Faith, as Norah O'Grady says, ye'll be havin' me upset intoirely. I think it must be the relief of sharing my troubles with somebody."

"I want nothing so much as to share your troubles. This seems to me the logical way to do it. I'll look after Julian, and you'll accept Doctor Rutherford's offer. Meanwhile"—he was silent for a minute, then went on in that matter-of-fact tone of his which Jo was beginning to understand covered something which was by no means matter-of-fact—"we shall keep in close touch. You'll agree to that? Letters very regularly—you will want to hear all about your brother, you know." She could guess at his smile in the faint light. "And visits, when he and I can manage them. And, on my part, the insistent purpose to bring our lives together—yours and mine. You needn't answer that—I don't want you to take my hope away from me. Just leave me my purpose to work for that. It isn't so much a purpose as a constraint. I—can do no other, for the thing that's in my heart."

She stood up, and he rose with her. "We must go," she said. Then added, gently, "You are—a very wonderful friend, Mr. Mackay."

"You accept my friendship, then?"

"Indeed I do. I can't think what I should do without it."

He put out the remains of the fire with half a dozen blows of a thick stick, and stamped the embers into blackness with his foot. Then he and Jo walked away down the road toward the village—but not as they had come. Nothing but friendship had actually been offered, nothing received. Yet the stars were bright in the heavens that night.

(From Josephine Jenney's Notebook.)

The world has turned over! I have it—I have it—whether I ever have it or not!

I can bear everything now—do anything—endure anything. Life hasn't cheated me.

I can wait—I can work—
But I can't write about it

XXV.

"You mustn't go alone, Bob."

"Oh—Daddy! Just up the road a ways? Mother can't go now, an' Wendy's all saddled. She's just 'bout crazy to have me ride her. It rained all yesterday, you know."

With his sturdy little legs wide apart, Bob faced his father on the hearth rug. The day was cool after yesterday's storm; Schuyler, with the constant chill in his heart, felt chill in all his limbs. He sat hugging the fire, a bowed, tense figure. His small son looked straight as a young oak sapling beside him.

"Up to the cross roads, then—no farther." It was easier for the self-absorbed father to yield than to contest, and he had lost spirit for commands. Bob never was permitted to ride alone; that was Sally's rule. At eight years of age he couldn't be trusted not to forget her cautions and to strike away from the main road into root-treacherous by-paths through the woods, dangerous for Wendy's feet. Trailing Indians was his favorite game; she often played it with him. The woods were a well-nigh irresistible lure.

"Oh, thanks, Daddy!" A tempestuous hug from stout little arms rewarded Schuyler, and then Bob dashed away.

It was less than an hour afterward that a farm wagon brought him back. A big gash on his forehead bleed profusely showed where his head had struck; he was unconscious. It was Jo Jenney who had seen the wagon rumble in, one man driving and leading Wendy, whose left flank, shoulder and legs were covered with mud; the other man holding the limp form in his arms. She had run out, and had received Bob and was bringing him in when Sally saw them from an upper window.

Between them they had him in bed before Schuyler sensed that something had happened. Not to let Schuyler know was always Sally's first thought when anything even momentarily frightening had overtaken one of the children. So many things were always happening to children. Like most mothers, she had learned to take bumps and bruises with comparative calmness, even though the doctor had to be sent for to sew up a bad cut or set a "green-stick" fracture. Usually, just as one became really alarmed about them, they sat up and demanded playthings or food.

But this time it was impossible not to be anxious over Bob. Though before the doctor came Sally had controlled the flow of blood with two big pledgets of cotton on either side the gash, the child's continued unconsciousness was not to be viewed lightly. It was not the first time the doughty young Indian warrior had been stunned by a fall or a blow, but always before he had come around quickly. Now he lay as one dead. Jo, with fingers on his pulse, could assure Sally, who held the cotton, that his heart was beating, though she realized that the thready, rapid, irregular pulsations meant severe shock. She had run for hot water bottles, calling to Norah, to get hold of Doctor Morse, the village physician.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

More Tough Luck.

From the Pathfinder.

Bjones—This is a hard year on circuses, they say.

Smiff—Yes, the clowns are all engaging in politics.

ADVENTURES OF A CROWN

Regal Emblem of Hungary Has Had an Active Career

From the Glasgow Herald.

No regal emblem in the world has had a more checkered history than the ancient crown of Hungary for the better protection of which a new guard was lately instituted by the parliament at Budapest.

Constructed by the amalgamation of two diadems, one presented by the pope to Duke Stephen in A. D. 1000, the other given by the Emperor Michael Ducas to Duke Geza in A. D. 1072, it served to crown 30 rulers of the Arpad dynasty in fairly peaceful succession before its strangest adventures began, towards the end of the Fourteenth century, with the deposition of King Wenceslaus.

Wenceslaus magnanimously carried off the crown to present it in person to Otho of Bavaria, who had been elected in his stead; but Otho, when making his way through Austria in disguise because of the hostility of the emperor, lost the precious diadem en route.

It was recovered, but so severely damaged that the scars have never been wholly effaced.

A few years later it went traveling again. The widow of King Albert gave birth to a posthumous son whom she wished to have crowned at the age of 4 months. The Magyar nobles objected to an infant sovereign, and offered the crown, together with her hand in marriage to Vladislaus of Poland. Rather than submit, the spirited queen fled the country, carrying with her the crown sewn up in the cushion of her sledge. Subsequently she pledged it to the Emperor Frederick IV, from whom it was redeemed by Mathias Corvinus when he mounted the Hungarian throne in 1453.

For 70 years the precious relic remained at home, then a rascally courtier sold it to Ferdinand of Bohemia and imposed on it another half century in exile. When recovered, at heavy cost, it was placed for security in a special building erected for the purpose at Presburg. There it remained until 1784, when Joseph II of Austria, having conquered Hungary and bent on breaking the national spirit, ordered its transfer to Vienna.

Long, Long Ago.

From Judge.

Customer: Say, waiter—that order I gave you some time ago—do you remember it?

Waiter: Yes, sir—ham hocks and cabbage.

Customer: By George! You certainly have a wonderful memory.

OF INTEREST TO FARMERS

AUGUST HARD ON COWS

A dairyman thinks about his cows relatively little in summer. He gets them up in the morning, milks them and turns them out again. He does the same thing in the afternoon. He sends what milk he can get to the milk station and gets what he can for it. The flow is so much better than in the winter time that the farmer really thinks little about it. The cows look better and the hair and skin are healthier.

A little loss in flesh is not noticed or else it is completely disregarded. The cow on the other hand has the flies to plague her. She has to rustle around and get her own living.

All these duties and troubles are likely to pull her down.

In most markets the shortest period of milk is in November. To get an adequate supply of milk in November we must take care of our cows in August and feed them well. Pastures are dry and the herbage is hard.

All the green stuff that is available should be fed and some grain too.

The cows must be protected as much as possible from flies and have all the water that they want. I cannot recommend any specific fly dope, says a successful dairyman but get the best one you can and apply it religiously night and morning.

I believe that money spent for grain to feed in August is the best investment a dairyman can make for the whole year. This grain should be fed to dry cows that are coming in in September and October as well as to the cows that are in milk to calve later in the winter.

A good simple mixture for the cows in milk is 800 pounds of corn meal or hominy, 600 pounds of mixed feed or bran or ground oats, 400 pounds of gluten feed and 200 pounds of cottonseed meal.

For dry cows and young stock I like 500 pounds of ground oats or barley, 400 pounds of ground corn and 100 pounds of linseed meal.

No money was ever wasted in feeding dairy stock liberally in August.

CUTTING CORN FOR SILAGE

The determination of the proper time to cut corn for the silo has passed through an interesting history. When corn was first grown and used for silage it was thought that it must be cut very green to make the best silage. After years of work and investigation we know now that very great losses occur in the silo if the corn is cut too green.

The more nutrients there are in the form of starch the better the silage will keep and the less acid will be formed. A simple table giving the increase in dry matter in the crop will show how fast the nutrients increase through the different stages of growth:

Stage of growth	Lbs. dry matter
Tasseled July 30	2,619
Silked, August 9	3,078
Milk, August 21	4,643
Glazed, September 7	7,202
Ripe, September 23	7,918

This shows that the great increase in food value comes between the milk stage and the glazing stage, with still further increases as the corn gets ripe.

This table proves conclusively that the time to cut corn for the silo is after it is glazed in September. There is no gain from having liquid run out from the silo. We should gauge our cutting so that the corn will be just green enough to pack well, but be ripe enough so that there will be no leakage from the bottom of the silo.

I do not think it is necessary to tread the silage into the silo very much. If the silage is leveled over two or three times a day and care taken that it is delivered to the center of the silo from the blower it will settle of itself and keep well.

WATCH SEPARATOR

One of the valuable, though incidental, benefits which we have been deriving from the cow-testing associations in our locality, says a wide awake dairyman, is the checking up of losses of butterfat in the skim milk due to faulty operation of the cream separators. Of course some loss in the skim milk is inevitable. The testers who operate these associations found that the combined preventable loss of these machines in one month amounted to over $600. All of this loss could have been avoided had the machines been put in the proper state of repair and operated correctly. It is easily possible for a machine to be losing $15 to $20 a month.

Avoid Extremes

Probably more cows are underfed than overfed; on the other hand, there are men who overfeed their dairy cows and as a result are wasting their feed and losing profits which they might just as well be saving. See to it that the grain ration is well balanced and then feed each cow as an individual and according to her production. It is the only way to secure economical returns. That this is not theory but based on results at the pail is emphasized in a report recently made by the head of a western cow testing association. He reports that one member in his association was feeding his cows all the grain they would consume, irrespective of the amount of milk they produced. When he joined the association he was advised to feed each cow as an individual and according to the amount of milk and butter fat she produced. The result was a saving on $20 per month in the feed bill and an increase of 2.5 pounds of butter fat per cow per month. The dairymen who had this experience is quoted as follows: "Prior to entering the cow testing association work I thought that a cow should be fed all she would consume, but now, after feeding according to production requirements, I understand how I have been throwing away feed. This cow testing association work has surely paid my dues for this year, and I intend to test continually so as to improve my herd as well as to remedy my feeding mistakes."

There is nothing like carefully kept records to help a man who is making a mistake in the management of his dairy herd or any other farm enterprise. It takes close study to overcome leaks that so often creep in when work is carelessly done. It never to stint a dairy cow or any other animal on feed. One cannot make anything by starving an animal; at the same time when more feed is provided for a cow than she can use for body maintenance or milk and butter fat the excess is wasted. Don't go to extremes; adopt sensible means.

OATS FOR HAY

To make the best cow feed, oats should be cut for hay when it is coming into head. It is more palatable, contains less fiber and carries a higher protein content than when cut in the milk or dough stage.

While the crop is a little harder to cure at this stage due to higher moisture content, the better feed resulting will somewhat offset the greater pains necessary in making it.

Since grass and clover are usually seeded with oats they will benefit greatly by the earlier cutting.

CATTLE ON BLUE GRASS

Many blue grass pastures supply enough feed to make satisfactory gains, and produce a good quality of grass fat beef. The difficulty encountered, however, is that these cattle have to be marketed at the same time as the western range cattle. Consequently there is an oversupply of this grade of cattle, and they naturally sell at a price considerably lower than well finished grain fed cattle. For this reason the addition of grain is usually advisable.

The grain fed in conjunction with blue grass pasture should consist of corn or barley. The addition of a protein supplement such as cottonseed meal or linseed oil meal is of less importance on grass than in the dry lot, because of the liberal amount of protein in the grass.

A common practice is to feed a very limited amount of protein supplement during the first months, and gradually increase the amount during the latter part of the fattening period. The amount of grain to feed depends upon the condition of the cattle and the amount of grass available. As a rule, an allowance of from one and one-half to two pounds of corn per 100 pounds of live weight daily is considered a full feed on pasture.

In some cases it is economical to feed a limited grain ration early in the season when there is an abundance of grass, and gradually increase the amount toward the latter part of the feeding period. By following this method, the maximum amount of grass is consumed during the early part of the fattening period. An allowance of from one half to one pound of the protein concentrate per 1,000 pounds of live weight is enough during the early part of the feeding period. Gradually increase the allowance to one and one half or two pounds during the last few weeks of the feeding period.

RAPE AND CLOVER IN CORN

There are usually few places where we may plan to get some extra feed on the farm when we reach the last cultivation stage of corn, but we find that in many cases the seeding of rape in the cornfield just before the last cultivation often makes good fall pasture. The rape may be seeded broadcast at the rate of three to five pounds per acre. This practice has been followed by one western farmer for a number of years and has proved very successful. The chance for a good growth of rape is enhanced where the corn crop is not too rank or too thick and during seasons when there is plenty of moisture during the fall.

While there is always the risk of failure the amount of seed required is small and comparatively cheap. It is worth the risk, especially where the soil is fertile and the corn crop is not showing signs of becoming too rank to shut out all the sunlight from the pasture crop. He reports that he has also had very good results in seeding sweet clover in the corn field in place of the rape. This, of course, applies only to land that has been limed. Under conditions that would be favorable to the growth of a good crop of rape he found that the sweet clover made a good growth though not comparable in the amount of feed produced to rape.

The following year, however, when the land was seeded to oats, the sweet clover furnished excellent growth. He found that this sweet clover and oats made a roughage that was much relished by dairy cows. In some cases the sweet clover crop will be heavy enough to make a good pasture crop without the seeding of oats.

ALFALFA FOR BROOD SOWS

It is a well recognized fact that alfalfa is the best hog pasture crop we have. Every hog producer should have a patch of it for that purpose. He should have more than that; he should also provide alfalfa hay for his brood sows, as well as for his fall pigs. The fact is that alfalfa hay should be provided for all farm livestock. It can be grown on practically every farm in Iowa, though in most cases liming of the soil will be necessary in order to get a stand.

Mature brood sows that are being fed one pound of corn per 100 pounds of live weight per day, and one-fourth of a pound of tankage per head per day in addition, will eat half to three-fourths of a pound of alfalfa hay daily. The great value derived from the feeding of it lies in the fact that it gives bulk to the ration and because it furnishes protein mineral matter and vitamins. Its vitamin content seems to be extremely valuable.

Hog men who do not raise alfalfa for summer, as well as for winter use, are not living up to their opportunities. We do not recommend keeping an alfalfa pasture for more than two years. Plow it up after that and prepare a new patch—this to avoid worm infestation in the hogs, as well as infection from the so called filth diseases.

FUR FARMERS NUMEROUS

There are now 2,500 farmers in the United States engaged in the raising of fur bearing animals, and every indication points to a steady growth of the industry. Fox, skunk, muskrat and rabbit are among the animals now being produced in captivity in large numbers, and there are also some efforts made in the breeding of mink and raccoon.

Age is not a factor in the production of immunity against hog-cholera. Pigs one day old can be immunized as successfully as pigs of other ages ranging up to 12 weeks. All breeds respond alike.