

CHERRY SQUARE

A NEIGHBOURLY NOVEL
by GRACE S. RICHMOND

"We're not going to permit the ladies to leave us yet," declared the host, smiling broadly as the table was finally cleared of all but its decorations. "I've set my heart on a little speechmaking, and I've appointed myself a sort of impromptu toastmaster—if a thing can be impromptu which has been thought of beforehand. First of all, I'm going to propose a toast to our beloved friend and minister, Dr. Schuyler Chase, whom we are wishing to honor tonight."

He went on speaking for some time, holding his glass suspended in the air—a priceless little glass filled with wine which his guests understood was priceless also, as such wines are rated. His praise of Doctor Chase was extreme and so nearly fulsome that its subject felt himself for once thankful to be behind the dark glasses which were a screen for his eyes, and wishing ardently that the glasses might temporarily be enlarged to cover his whole face. What had happened to him, he wondered, that such words—he had heard their like many times before in his public career—could now seem to him so empty and so unmeaning? What had he been before, that he could have enjoyed such panegyrics—of or unquestionably he had enjoyed them, and had with modest depreciation of manner accepted them. Now he sat waiting impatiently for their end, longing to be upon his feet ignoring that introductory speech and proceeding eagerly to his task. And at last it ended, with a terrific flourish of rhetoric, and the company was rising to its feet.

Sally, rising to hers, looked across the table at her husband and saw such an expression upon his face as she never had seen there before at such a moment. She, too, had hated the too adulatory speech—from the man who who had been obviously not reluctant to see the subject of it down and out. But to see that Schuyler hated it—who had never before shown, even in this veiled way which perhaps only she could read, distaste for any praise of himself or his works—her heart beat not only pitifully but triumphantly as she watched him. What would he say in answer to it? She was suddenly as sure as she could be that he would be equal to disowning it in a way so graceful yet so skillful that he would actually deserve all that and more as he never had before.

It was at this moment, just as the toast was drunk and the guests took their seats again, that two figures appeared in the wide doorway of the room. Pierpont, who had been watching that doorway even through his own speechmaking, rose again and hurried toward them. One was that of his butler, the other that of the belated guest who was now being ushered in, according to the master's orders: "At any minute, no matter what's going on—only the quicker the better, Downs."

Gordon Mackay, his gaze shifting from Schuyler whom he was expecting to rise and reply, and who instead was sitting still and eagerly trying to watch the arrival, turned his own glance toward the advancing figure. Starting amazedly at it, he started up in his seat. Then he pushed his chair aside, and was off down the long room after his host. The guests turned of one accord to see what was the interruption which could delay the guest of honor in replying to a toast to himself. They beheld

Mackay greeting and being greeted by an imposing looking man with a rugged, weathered face, heavy iron-gray hair, and a strong Scottish accent, wearing the gray tweeds in which he had travelled.

"Father!"

"Gordie, lad, it's a peety I should distair ye and your friends at your feasting. But a father will not be waiting outside when his son's within, eh? . . . Mr. Pierpont, we ask your pardon—and know it's granted."

"Granted? I should say so, Doctor Mackay—when we've cabled for you to be here tonight, and have only been waiting for you—the few of us who knew. For the rest—including your son—it's a delightful surprise. Ladies and gentlemen"—Pierpont could do nothing on this occasion without a flourish—"allow me the honor and pleasure of presenting to you Dr. Carmichael Mackay of Edinburgh."

They greeted him with a friendly round of applause, genuinely interested in this distinguished stranger, who included them all in his bow of acknowledgment. He sat down in the empty place, waived aside all offer of food with the statement that he had been eating his way across the Atlantic, and could take no more. His steel-blue eyes seemed to see everything. A personality indeed was Doctor Mackay. For a little there might have been nobody else in the room to look at, so attractively dominant was the mere presence of this more than middle-aged Scotsman. Everybody faced toward him, intent upon him.

Gordon Mackay's place was opposite that of his father. Those who before had thought him self-contained, now said that he had much ado to contain himself with joy. As for the elder man, though he paid courteous attention to every word said to him, and played his part with due heed to propriety, it was evident that there was no one really present for him except his son.

XXVIII.

"It was a peety to distair the proceedings at this point," said Dr. Carmichael Mackay again to his host. "I remember as I came in ye were all risen to a toast. Should that toast not be responded to?"

"You're right, Doctor Mackay, it should. I was only waiting till we'd calmed down a bit after the excitement and pleasure of your arrival. We had just been toasting Dr. Schuyler Chase, the minister of our—I may say—great church. He has been ill, but by the grace of his physician is allowed to be present tonight, that we may do him honor. I'm delighted that you came in time to hear this master of pulpit oratory respond to my all too inadequate words of praise of him. . . . Doctor Chase, will you consider the interruption only an added and fortunate introduction to your reply?"

Schuyler rose from his place at one end of the enormously wide table, beside his hostess, Carmichael Mackay, at the opposite end, fixed upon him the gaze of those piercing steel-blue eyes. Gordon Mackay, forced to give at least a seeming attention, though his thoughts were still upon this astonishing physical nearness of the man dearest to him in the world, looked with a sudden rush of pity upon the slender figure holding itself so unwisely erect. He had hardly seen Schuyler without his stoop since his illness began. As for Sally Chase, her heart

seemed to her to be about to suffocate her. What a difficult, dangerous place it was, she thought, for her poor invalid! If he could only come through the ordeal without injury!

"He'll all right," murmured the voice of Richard Fiske in her ear. "Haven't seen him look so competent in months. We're going to hear something."

If Schuyler had needed one more reaction to warn him against an attempt to do this thing in any but the simplest and most direct way, it would have been that from the obnoxious phrase of Sage Pierpont's—"master of pulpit oratory." As if to confound such a characterization of his ability as a public speaker, he began and proceeded in a quiet manner so unassuming and so free of all apparent effort to produce an effect that it of itself did produce an effect—that of extreme surprise upon these people who had been accustomed to his presence in the pulpit. At the first it might have given all but a discerning few the notion that they were listening to a man broken not only in body but in spirit.

But as he went on with clear brevity from phase to phase of his subject, it was impossible not to feel that here was one who, for the hour at least, was in a new way rising above anything that he had done in the past. For, unquestionably, the thing which Schuyler Chase was doing was attempting to efface himself and to put forward the qualifications of another for the place which he was about to leave vacant. He was doing it, equally unquestionably, with all the power that was in him to make that other see that here lay his duty, and that Schuyler himself wanted to see him do it. And in the end, he came to addressing Gordon Mackay himself, as man to man, as if there were no others present.

"This is a star-chamber session, Mr. Mackay," he said. "We are all sworn to secrecy—or will be. You shall supply this pulpit for the coming months, and there will be no intimation that the church will call you. But those of us who have heard you preach (and I am one—you didn't know that, did you?) know that you will inevitably be called. This people will recognize the right man when it sees him, and it will offer him this pulpit."

"Yes, I heard you preach, Mackay. Last Sunday, after the service had reached sermon time, I came into the anteroom of the church in Cherry Square and shamelessly listened through the door which I set ajar by a crack. Not even my wife—who knows everything about me—knows this. As I listened I became convinced that all I had heard from others about you was true. To put it in a plain phrase—you can preach, Gordon Mackay, son of your father!"

"I know that for the present you have set your will upon a special work, in a much humbler place. I honor that plan of yours, and your intention to carry it out. I know that the Scotsman has a fearful reputation for never changing when he has set his will and his purpose upon a thing. I can only hope that when, though he has set his will and his purpose upon that thing, he can be believed not yet to have set his heart, that heart can be moved to change his plan, as the rudder the ship. I said to a Scotsman once: 'The men of your nationality are popularly conceived to be like the granite of Scotland's hills—hard and unyielding. I've often wondered what there might be underneath the granite of the Scotsman's will.' He answered: 'The fires of his heart.' Mackay—to change the metaphor—I'm counting on the fires burning in your heart to light

the fire of your influence as it will burn in the pulpit of this church—a flame which rising from such a hill cannot be hid."

Then quickly, as if he feared that "oratory"—though he was speaking so restrainedly—would after all creep into his method, he turned to the elder Scotsman. "Doctor Mackay," he said, "can you tell your son that you would like to see him in this place? I'm counting on that, you know. I think he must care very much to do what you would want him to do."

Across the table Gordon Mackay's eyes met his father's. In those of the younger man showed the others knew not what of deep feeling, which no Scottish blood could wholly conceal. In those of the elder, though they were glowing brightly, could be discovered a sterner control. His lips throughout Schuyler's speech had been tightly compressed; his firm chin, of which his son's was a replica, seemed to thrust itself farther and farther forward. "Scotch granite," he looked, and yet no man or woman there could doubt but that the fires were burning underneath.

At this putting of the question directly to himself he was silent for a long minute. Then, half rising, he said, with extreme simplicity: "It is a matter which no one but my son can decide. He knows perfectly that I wish to see him do his duty, wherever it may lead him. More than that I canna' say to influence him." And he sat down again.

Schuyler said: "I rest my case, Mackay," smiled at him, and took his seat. A hush followed during which it seemed that no one adequately breathed—unless it was Doctor Mackay, whose unconscious deep respirations could be recognized by those nearest him. Then slowly the younger Mackay rose. He looked for an instant at Jo Jenney, who sat beside his father. Then he turned to Schuyler Chase, to whom he spoke. But again and again, as he made his reply to Schuyler's appeal, his eyes returned to rest upon that rugged Scottish face, as if, no matter what courtesy demanded, or who else was listening, it was to Carmichael Mackay that he spoke.

"I can only tell you something that happened to me last night," he said. He seemed to forget or ignore what might naturally be expected to introduce whatever he was to say—appreciation of Doctor Chase's speech, acknowledgment of the honor done him—all those polite and well nigh useless preliminaries which pave the way for the real words to come. Instead, he plunged into the answer to the grave question which had been put to him.

"I had a classmate in the Edinburgh schools, James Macpherson. He was a wonderful lad, and we were great friends. Even in his youth, Jamie had a burning and consuming passion to be of service. When he was graduated from the university, he went almost at once as a missionary to South Africa. I had letters from him off and on for years. When the great war came on he was back on leave in Edinburgh, and we managed to get into the same regiment. We both came through somehow, though he was left with a wound which made trouble for him later. But he would go back to his post. In hospital he'd told me, hour after hour, stories of his work. His hair was in it, as never man's hair that I have seen.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

WANT OLD CARS JUNKED

Pennsylvania Automotive Association is having its members report all "junk" automobiles so that their licenses be suspended. It is a campaign against the continuance of "junked" cars on the highways.

Boston and New York would buy all the horse mackerel they could get. The word was passed along to the fishermen and now "hoss mack'fillin'" is a three or four months' summer industry that for several seasons has tided many a native coast family over a period of financial reverses.

Now when the annual dogfish invasion precludes profitable shore fishing for the small boatman they go after horse mackerel and sharks. Owners of a large fleet of small craft which measure from 25 to 35 feet in length rig up crude plank bowsurfts at the end of which is a

OF INTEREST TO FARMERS

WORKING WET SOIL

It has been my experience that wet soil may be worked satisfactorily with a disk about 10 days before it can be worked satisfactorily with a plow, says a farmer who has done a little experimenting.

Last spring we had 14 acres of rented ground which was low and not tilled. The spring rains made it very wet until the first of June. This was getting late for us to think of plowing that much ground to prepare for a corn seed bed. We talked it over and decided that we would try disking instead of plowing. We had tried plowing wet soil in previous years and discovered that it was next to impossible to make the plow scour, and the soil dried into hard lumps making a very poor seed bed.

We found that by double disking, the old stalks were chopped up fairly well, and the top inch and a half of soil was put in good condition. We let the sun do its bit for a day, disked once more and planted the corn after the third disking. We then harrowed it once and concluded that not only had we saved about a week of labor in the preparation of the seed bed, but the soil was put in better shape than would have been possible had we plowed it.

However, the biggest advantage was that the soil was put in condition for planting a week or 10 days sooner than would have been possible by plowing the soil and then attempting to get it in condition. A week or 10 days' time in getting corn planted may mean the difference between sound corn and soft corn.

Although our seed was planted June 4, it made better corn than the seed our neighbor planted a week earlier on the same type of ground, just across the fence. Our neighbor had attempted to plow the wet soil and then work it into shape.

We concluded that you cannot work wet ground with a plow within 10 days as soon as you can with a disk. The reason for this seems to be that after heavy rains low ground is a reservoir and keeps the water level very near the top of the ground. By working the surface too dry, as the disk will not throw up lumps and the soil will dry in a half day's time to as deep as you have disked, and by the time you have disked a field of about 15 or 20 acres it is dry enough to start redisking.

NEW INTEREST IN STOCK

Due to better prices and a shortage of beef and dairy stock, a new interest is being taken in the livestock business. The dairy farmer has enjoyed a good demand and excellent prices now for two years and the beef cattle raisers are now receiving better prices than they have for several years. Fortunately it takes some years to overdo the stock business, and there is little danger of this being done for some time, especially if proper culling is done.

It takes about three years to make a steer or a cow, and then there is always an opportunity to get rid of the unthrifty or poor individual, so to overdo the stock business really requires several years. The stock industry is fairly well protected by tariffs and the American farmer certainly has an opportunity to make a fair and dependable profit in the cattle business, provided he uses good methods in feeding and breeding.

One of the most important departments of the stock business is the feeding of the animal. This is true because it involves the largest item of expense. To feed cheaply and well requires some study and considerable planning on the average farm.

While the subject is rather complicated, there are few fundamental principles which, if adhered to, will result in success and profit.

On the average farm, under average conditions, corn silage and legume hay form the cheapest and best roughage for all kinds of livestock. Silage, of course, can be made from many plants, but corn and cane form the great bulk, and no doubt furnish the largest amount of good stock food. To balance such silage, nothing is better in the roughage line than legume hay which we have in many forms and which can be grown on most every farm.

Stock keepers are now turning their attention more than they ever have in the past to the important subject of economic and profitable feeding, and this will bring wonderful results, for in a few years the average stock keeper will be making much more from his enterprise; the scrub will be banished and the unprofitable cow and poor "critter" will be dispensed with.

We will find silos used to the limit for both winter and summer feeding. Legume hay and pasture will furnish a balanced ration and increase the fertility of the soil. By such methods the American stock farmer will be able to hold his own and improve his condition.

FRENCH OPINION OF EGGS

Here are the words of a famous French chef. After you have read them try and figure out some way to get your city neighbors, your local egg buyer or produce dealer and your own family to really believe that eggs are an exceptionally good food, as they really are. If enough producers would do this they could give the price of eggs quite an upward boost. Here's the French opinion:

"All cookery rests on an egg. The egg is the Atlas that supports the world of gastronomy, the chef is the slave of the egg. What is the masterpiece of French cookery, the dish that outlives all other dishes, the thing that is found on His Majesty's table no less than upon the table of the bourgeoisie—the thing that is as French as a Frenchman, and which expresses the spirit of our people

TREATING "ROPY" MILK

Real ropy milk is caused by bacteria and is developed after the milk is drawn from the cow. Such milk, when put through a wire strainer, will form strings several feet long. This milk is not harmful but is very bothersome as it is unsalable and cannot be used for any purpose except possibly swine feeding. The source of the organism is thought to be surface water and possibly, at times, diseased udder. Careful sterilization of utensils will usually eliminate this trouble. Pasteurization of the milk offers a temporary remedy.

no other food could express it?—The Omelette. Could you make an omelette without breaking eggs? Then cast your mind's eye over this extraordinary Monsieur Egg and all his antics and evolutions. Now he permits himself to be boiled plain, and even like that, without frill, naked and in a state of nature, he is excellent. Now he consents to appear in all ways from poached to perdu, now he is the soul of a vol-au-vent, now of a sauce; not a pip's crust fit to eat but stands by virtue of my lord the egg, and should all the hens in the world commit suicide tomorrow every chef in France worthy of the name would fall on his spit, for fish is but a course in a dinner, whereas the egg is the cement that holds all the castles of cookery together."

"ELECTRIFYING" HENS

Use of electric light with poultry in winter does more than keep egg production to a standard equal to that of summer. It brings the birds through the winter in a healthier condition and lengthens the hen's working day to a point approximating the ideal condition of spring. For that reason she naturally consumes more feed than she could eat under the ordinary conditions of a short winter day.

It is even more important that the laying pullets have an ample supply of food in winter than in summer. Considerable feed is necessary to enable the hen to withstand the cold winter nights, and this extra consumption of feed is vital to proper maintenance of the hen's egg laying qualities and general physical condition. Within the daylight hours of winter, the hen cannot get enough food and exercise to carry her properly through the long nights. As a result she goes into spring in a generally run down condition. Electric lights serve to lengthen the winter day for poultry, give them properly balanced periods of rest and activity, and keep both egg production and physical fitness at high level.

Installation of electricity in the poultry house is inexpensive, especially if the poultryman already has electricity in his farm by dwelling. The individual farm electric plant serves the purposes of the poultryman most efficiently, since he has positive control over the source of his electricity. This is important during the winter, when a storm might otherwise deprive the poultry of lights temporarily, and seriously impair the schedule to which the birds have become accustomed.

CONSERVING MANURE

It has also been demonstrated that when a person takes the best care of barnyard manure it is possible to conserve 85 per cent. of its total value rather than 50 per cent. conserved under average care. Thus it is possible to increase the manure saved on the average farm by 70 per cent. by giving it the best of care. Suppose a given farm produces annually 200 tons of manure. Since the average loss is 50 per cent., 100 tons would be saved if the loss were reduced to 15 per cent. there would be 170 tons left of the original 200 tons.

What can be done to save a larger percentage of the crop producing value of our manure? When manure can be hauled to the field daily as it is produced, the loss of plant food is reduced to a minimum or to practically nothing, provided the liquid portion is saved through absorption by bedding or otherwise. This cannot always be done, of course. However, an effort can be made to get the bulk of the manure hauled early in the spring. On many farms manure can be hauled daily during the winter season, especially when the land is not too rolling and subject to erosion. One cannot outline any general procedure, but the subject of manure conservation is of enough importance for each farmer to give it his closest attention and do the best he can under his own conditions.

HANDLING; HILLY LAND

Terracing as it is being practiced consists of a series of low ridges built up on hillsides at intervals close enough together to prevent water running down the hill. The ridges, however, are not high enough to prevent farming over them. The natural contours of land or lines along the hillside are followed at points of the same elevation are followed with the terrace, which may be constructed with plows, scrapers, or other tools for moving considerable quantities of dirt a short distance.

Terracing prevents soil erosion, as the water is forced to soak into the ground instead of running down the hillside, thus maintaining the fertility of the soil, and, in dry areas, increasing the moisture content of the soil to aid in obtaining larger crop yields. Terracing is coming to be practiced quite generally and is giving very satisfactory results in preventing erosion.

TREAT PIGS EARLY

Young pigs are set back much less by castration than are older ones and consequently this operation should be gotten out of the way as early as possible in the pig's life. Young pigs are also much more conveniently handled during the operation than are older ones and losses among the young ones will also be less and slowing up of gains will be smaller during the healing process.

If the pigs are to be vaccinated after castration, the vaccination should be delayed for a week or ten days to let the wounds from the operation heal properly. On the other hand, if the pigs are to be vaccinated before the operation, as is done in some herds, the castration should not follow until about a month after vaccination.

THE SEED DEALER

Farmers seldom stop to consider the vast amount of time, thought and money being expended by various agencies in order that they may be better able to obtain good seed. "Making seed safe for agriculture" is the idea that is responsible for changing the relatively simple seed business of yesterday into the highly organized and complex seed industry of today. Seed laws, research work, extension seed programs, seed certification, seed verification, seed staining and seed laboratories have combined to materially increase the duties and services of the seed dealer.

THE TUNA A FIGHTER

New England Vacationers Get Thrill Watching Fishermen Work.

Alfred Eldon in New York Times Magazine

The Eldon tuna fish, or horse mackerel, is known to Gulf of Maine fishermen, is giving the vacationer folk a new thrill just now. This is by far the speediest and with the exception of two or three varieties of sharks the largest fish of the New England coast. In accompanying native fishermen in their pursuit of these piscatorial prizes the summer vacationers are meeting adventure in a brand new guise.

Horse mackerel is tuna—the tuna one buys in the can for salads. In different localities it is known as albacore and tunny fish, but whether in southern waters, off California's shores, or in the Mediterranean, it is the same species. Nowhere does it run larger than off the coast of Maine. Average specimens weigh from 300 to 450 pounds; 500 and 600 pounders are not uncommon; occasionally 1,000-pounders are taken, while the largest record fish, according to the bureau of fisheries, was 14 feet long and weighed 1,600 pounds.

A few years ago Portland wholesale fish dealers discovered that

Boston and New York would buy all the horse mackerel they could get. The word was passed along to the fishermen and now "hoss mack'fillin'" is a three or four months' summer industry that for several seasons has tided many a native coast family over a period of financial reverses.

Now when the annual dogfish invasion precludes profitable shore fishing for the small boatman they go after horse mackerel and sharks. Owners of a large fleet of small craft which measure from 25 to 35 feet in length rig up crude plank bowsurfts at the end of which is a

"pulpit" for the harpooner. The horse mackerel is "ironed," the keel-buoy and warp tossed over, he is tired out, brought to the surface, dispatched and taken aboard precisely as a swordfish is landed.

The entire process, seen from a small boat where the witness is close to the water, teems with hair-raising action. That is why the vacationists with sporting proclivities are besieging the "hoss mack'fillers" for a chance to go out with them.

If soap is distributed in powdered form throughout the air of a room and ignited, it will explode with violence.