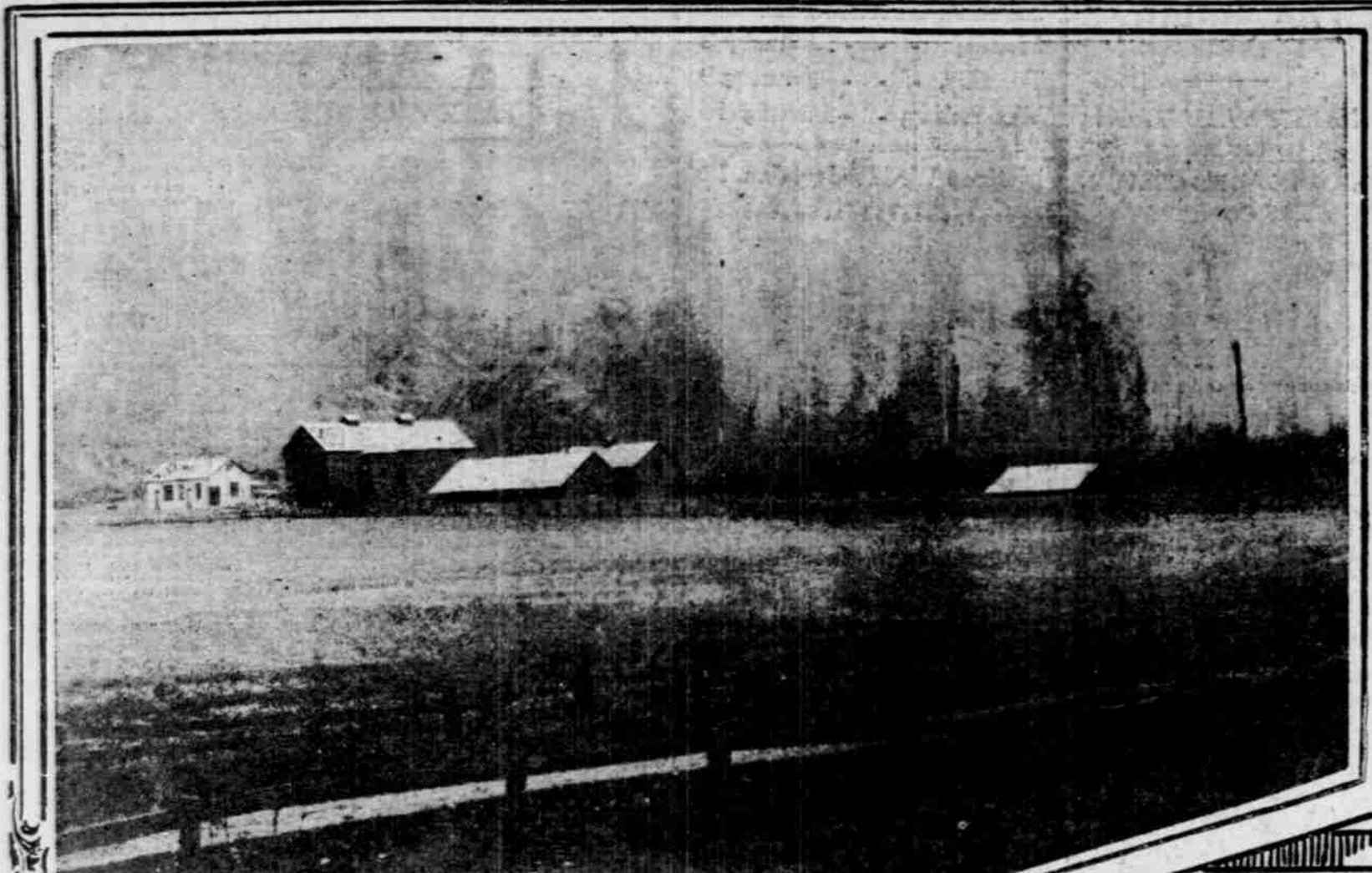


GIVES UP SOCIETY TO FIGHT FOR PURE MILK

What Mrs. E. W. Andrews, of Seattle, Has Accomplished for Dairy Reform.



PRESENT FARM BUILDINGS, FARRELL FARM

and she has become an authority on such matters. There is no piece of wood to be seen in the barn, or stables, or cowshed, or dairy-house, or whatever it might be called, for the establishment is one of eight rooms. Included in it is a bath, the customary feed storage bins, milk-houses, stalls and all the rooms needed at a dairy.

The cattle are placed in stalls of iron construction. They stand on a concrete floor. They drink from a concrete trough. The water is turned off, then the trough is flushed again, and once more the water is turned off, and they are fed chopped feed in a concrete trough. The floors are washed regularly.

Milkmen Must Take Baths.

When the milkmen appear they must take a bath; they must change their clothes and don linen suits; they must empty their milkpails into five-gallon receptacles, and as soon as these five-gallon tanks are filled, another employe immediately carries it into one of the adjoining rooms.

This milkpail carries the fresh milk up a ladder and empties it into a receptacle just off the platform at the top. Through a strainer the milk flows into another box-like structure in another room. From that it drops over pipes, through which run, in the first series, ice water and then cold water from the river. By the time the milk drops into the box at the bottom it has cooled to 42 degrees. An attendant pushes forward a tray loaded with milk bottles, lifts a lever and eight bottles are filled with milk. They are immediately sealed, set aside in ice-

comes from the cow it is sealed in bottles, and experts testify that germs cannot multiply in that period. Farming is a fad with Mr. Farrell. Cooperation in Mrs. Andrews' campaign is an incident to him, but it is a big thing for her. The Farrell plant already represents an expenditure of \$20,000, and he will double it.

The Paulhamus dairy barns burned a short time ago, and he has built them upon a more pretentious plan, accomplishing practically everything Mr. Farrell does, but not operating as extensively. Mr. Paulhamus' business is a money-making venture, and that is the only difference, for his milk is absolutely pure.

But in spite of these precautions to secure a pure milk supply, despite the fact that she is not seeking to make money, and despite the fact that her milk supply is the only one coming to Seattle whose purity can be guaranteed, Mrs. Andrews has to fight bitter opposition. She went East a short time ago and Colonel William Terry Sanger, ex-Secretary of War and president of the Red Cross Society, told her the Andrews crusade in Seattle had given better results than any other in this country. She spoke to pure milk advocates in Washington, Ulica, New York and other cities. But the rival dairymen in Seattle will not listen to her. If they would and if they would adopt her methods, Mrs. Andrews' work would be done, for she wants an absolutely pure milk supply. Some day she will get it, for the King County Medical Society at its last meeting adopted a milk standard the doctors will insist upon. Mrs. Andrews refuses to adopt the dairymen's policy of paying commissions for new customers. She has three dairy routes and each driver is paid \$20 per month and each is interested in the crusade. Her inspector at the depot who receives the morning milk shipments is a nephew. A niece is her office assistant. Mrs. Andrews herself directs the business.

Bottles Cost Money.

Last month Mrs. Andrews spent \$100 for new bottles, to replace those stolen from the doorsteps of her customers by rival dairy drivers. She spent more than that to buy bottles broken in transit and now has up with M. G. Hall, of Portland, Western superintendent of the Northern Pacific Express Company, the question of improving the express service to save her empty and filled bottles.

It was discovered by Mrs. Andrews a few days ago that rival dairymen were telling the story that she had retired from business; others were saying they owned an interest in her dairy; still more said they received milk from the same dairies she did. All this has been told to drive away custom—they even say of her that her milk is impure and that it cannot stand the rigorous test.

These are the stories that have determined Mrs. Andrews to keep up the struggle. In fact, she is beginning to fight back. The project was never intended as a money-making venture and Mrs. Andrews proposes to win to show that a woman can give a city a pure milk supply. When she has done that she may retire. But by this time Mrs. Andrews has begun to like business.

Some Stories About Players

CONCERNING the Jeffersonian now in circulation, when every scrap of reminiscence of the inimitable Rip is being eagerly collected, a commercial

there was some fine gentlemen here yesterday, some traveling men, that told me I ought to be higher up in the world than this. They give me this gentleman's address and told me to write him; that he would be pleased to have me stop of his coach. Here's his address.

The actor wrote as he was bidden. Still believing the negro was joking he handed him the letter and told him to mail it.

"No, no," the negro insisted, looking superstitiously at his first letter. "I'll just take you over to the postoffice and you mail it yourself."

And so the actor did, gravely mailing the application to Hon. Joseph Chamberlain, London, England.

ULIA MARLOWE it was who inspired Hamlet's Garland's novel of theatrical life, "The Light of a Star," says a New York exchange. For several years Mrs. Garland had been a warm friend of the star of Shakespeare and had piled eulogy upon eulogy of her upon her novelist husband's wandering attention.

"Modest you say, my dear," her husband repeated absently. "Do you mean to say she isn't like that?" He pointed to a violent poster announcing a forthcoming appearance of the young woman upon a Western stage.

"No more like it, my dear, than you are like—cook."

The novelist is of slight and elegant figure. Cook was close to the three hundred mark. The comparison scored.

"Tell me about her." The former professor of literature wrenched his interest from an open book on his reading stand. And Mrs. Garland, grateful for the deferred conjugal attention on the subject, told him much. She told him that Miss Marlowe is a scholar with tastes as much of the library as his own. She told him that when the actress entertains friends at her home she gives every day a reading party in the library, where, whether the guest likes it or not, he has to lay in a fresh supply of mental pabulum, and where no one may break the silence except to read a sentence or paragraph that seems to him especially worthy. And Bruce Edwards may not read Billy Baxter there, for the Marlowe library contains neither that nor the John Henry moatbook. She told him that Miss Marlowe had not dined in public a half dozen times in her life, and that she was an enthusiast about health foods and carried preparing her own meals in her rooms from this food. Whereat Mr. Garland looked up with the light of an abiding interest in his eyes. His physician makes him diet cruelly. The novelist listened to more eulogies the while he looked upon the eye smiling poster, and while he watched these great in his mind a novel, and the novel was "The Light of a Star."

"In it I have tried to show the two creatures in such an actress," he says. "The woman in her home, among her friends, in the soft light that falls upon the private individual, and the other half of her that lives in the incandescent glare of millions of curious eyes. And I have tried to reconcile these two persons in one flesh."

MANAGER BENNETT, of Bennett's Theatre, London, Canada, has had an experience that will cause him to remember the visit of Woodford's monkeys for some time to come. It appears that one of the monkeys is named "Mrs. Murphy," and Mr. Bennett thought it would be a good idea to get out cards reading: "Have you seen Mrs. Murphy?" which were hung in the street-cars. Everybody in London was curious to know who "Mrs. Murphy" was; but the secret was carefully kept until the monkey arrived, when it was joyfully announced that "Mrs. Murphy" was a clever little ape. This announcement aroused the ire of the members of the Irish Benevolent Society, and the matter was discussed with much warmth. Manager Bennett realized his mistake, and immediately sent out his men to remove the placards from the cars. The papers took up the affair, and "Mrs. Murphy" was the talk of London for the entire week. Many a manager has learned to his cost that it does not pay to tread on the tail of an Irishman's coat in Canada, where the Irishman and Irish Canadians are more Irish than the men in Ireland themselves. Plays in which Irishmen have been grossly caricatured have been staged and the managers have been given to understand that the caricatures were eminently distasteful and would not be tolerated.

FREDDY PETERS, says the Dramatic Mirror, who plays the double role of chef and Judge, so admirably in "The Man on the Box," is telling this story to prove that he didn't inherit, but acquired his excellent memory.

At dinner one evening Freddy's mamma said she would like to see the play again.

"No objection," said Freddy, chewing his rare roast beef 22 times a la Horace Fletcher.

"What's the name of the man at the door?"

"Wilson."

"You'd better write it down, I might forget."

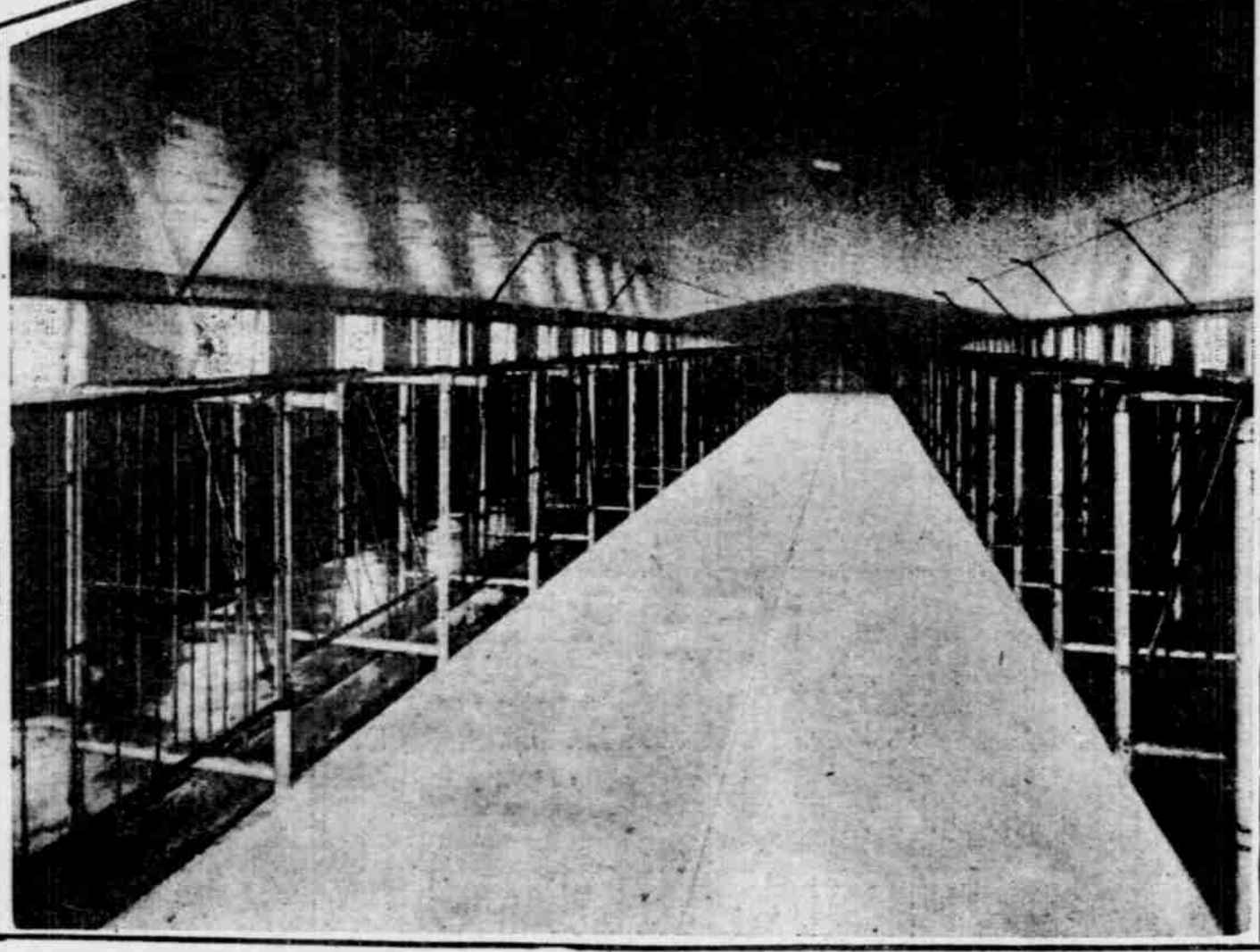
"No danger." Freddy reached for his hat. "Just think of Wilson high balls. That's all."

That evening a smiling woman with a pleasant-faced companion, presented her card to the doorman and inquired: "Is this Mr. Hunter?"

Do You Know Him?
Athenion Globe.

The man who does the most talking about despising wealth is generally the first to borrow a quarter.

ANOTHER VIEW, STALLS, FARRELL FARM NEAR SEATTLE.



COOLING ROOM, FARRELL FARM

ONLY ONE MAN ALLOWED WORK IN THIS ROOM AND HE MUST TAKE BATH AND CHANGE CLOTHES BEFORE ENTERING.

tourist tells of a night when he reached a hotel in a Michigan town, in a very ill humor because his train was late, relates an exchange. As he pushed his way into the main entrance of the hotel an unassuming old man gave an order for a carriage to the theater. The traveling man glanced at him with the savagery of the hungry and tired man.

"Hear that old farmer ask for a carriage to the theater? Why don't some of you tell him the theater's only three blocks away and tip him to save his money?" he growled.

A few noticed that "the old farmer" smiled, but he entered the carriage, nevertheless, and drove to the theater. When the traveler had dined he followed. Fortune favored him with a seat in the front row. It was late when he reached his seat, and something in the attitude of the player in the center of the stage, with the amber light and all eyes upon him, held him with the force of memory. At the same instant the eyes of the player met his. The actor moved forward, and standing, gave his familiar toast: "Here's to you and your family! May you all live long and prosper."

The toast and the gleam of amusement in the actor's eyes were plainly directed at the traveling man, who crimsoned and stirred uneasily in his seat.

"By Jove," said "the old farmer," "A N ACTOR with a prospectively dull afternoon on his hands was approached by the negro porter of a hotel in Beaver, Pa., says the Mirror. "Beg pardon, sah. Can you read and write?" "After a fashion, I believe," replied the actor.

"Well, sah, bein' as you ain't doin' nothin' I'd like to have you write a letter for me. You see, I'm a porter here, but by profession I'm a coachman, and

SEATTLE, Jan. 5.—(Special Correspondence.)—Milkmen compelled to bathe and change their clothing before they begin milking; milk cooled and bottled three minutes after milking; stables kept as clean as a dining-room and milked shipped to the city, packed in ice and delivered from sealed cases to consumers!

That is what Mrs. E. W. Andrews has accomplished on one farm by her single-handed fight for a pure milk supply in Seattle. Not quite an extensive in its equipment, but almost as efficacious as another dairy. This, the W. H. Paulhamus plant, was a model to Western Washington dairymen before the Andrews campaign began, but it has been wonderfully improved since.

To win her fight for pure milk Mrs. Andrews practically gave up society. She devotes as much attention to business as a struggling merchant, determined to succeed against odds, and Mrs. Andrews has had to overcome all kinds of opposition, but she is going to win.

Possibly after the pure milk business becomes a paying business, Mrs. Andrews will tire of it. But right now, while a concerted effort is being made by all the dairies of the city to drive her out, she will not listen to any talk of compromise.

Babies were dying from poisoned milk when Mrs. Andrews took up the fight. Formaldehyde was being used extensively in preserving old milk, and a chemical analysis of the stomachs of a number of dead infants showed beyond doubt that the poison in the milk supply had been primarily responsible for their death. In fact, so convincing was the proof that one dairy was prosecuted for manslaughter. Another establishment was practically ruined by the exposure and every dairy furnishing milk in Seattle was under a cloud. But the only thing of practical value that came of it all was the Andrews pure milk dairy.

Mrs. Andrews is Earnest. Mrs. Andrews was thoroughly in earnest about her share of the crusade. Her neighbors wanted pure milk, and she wanted it, too. No one would supply it, therefore Mrs. Andrews cast aside society and its burdens and undertook to do it herself.

Up to that time W. H. Paulhamus, of Sumner, had been selling his milk supply to various dairies in Seattle and Tacoma. He had tried to make a model dairy of his farm, but his pure milk was mixed with the careless product from other dairies and no results came. Mrs. Andrews took Dr. Winslow, a pure milk enthusiast, with her and visited the Paulhamus farm. Every precaution was observed that she could demand or Dr. Winslow suggest. The Paulhamus dairy

furnished the basis of Mrs. Andrews' pure milk dairy. In the beginning she planned it as a supply for the families of the "first-hill," the neighbors of the society crusader. It was something of a co-operative plan, but the idea grew.

J. D. Farrell, then president of the Great Northern Steamship Company, and assistant to the president of the Great Northern, had purchased a farm near Renton. Mr. Farrell sought farming as a pastime. He was interested in the Andrews fight for pure milk, and President

James J. Hill's shipment of a carload of prize-winning cattle from his Minnesota ranch made Mr. Farrell's enthusiasm the more intense.

Farrell Ranch is Used. The story of the development of the Farrell ranch is closely interwoven in Mrs. Andrews' pure-milk crusade. A few weeks ago Mrs. Andrews met Mr. Farrell in New York just before the latter sailed for Europe on a six months' trip, and secured from him the sole right

to handle his milk. She already had the output of the Paulhamus farm. Mr. Paulhamus was one of the most bitter enemies of Mr. Farrell during the last political campaign, yet they have both been made to work toward the success of Mrs. Andrews' pure-milk supply for Seattle.

Mr. Farrell gave over to James Anderson, chief engineer of the Pacific Coast Company, the problem of building the best dairy barn in the West. If not in the United States, Mrs. Andrews says there is nothing like it in this country, and when a case is filled, sealed up in the compartment for delivery into the city.

Only one man is permitted in this bottling room, and he must be scrupulously clean. He must take the customary bath and change every article of clothing before he enters. Even the milk bottles that he handles come to him through a sterilizing process. They are placed on an oven in another room, and he opens a door in his room and takes them out. There is no chance for disease germs to enter the milk. Three minutes after it