

EUGENE CITY GUARD.

L. L. CAMPBELL, Proprietor. EUGENE CITY, OREGON.

An Army's Victory Over a Snake.

While camping in Alabama during the late war, I witnessed an attack of a band of black ants upon a striped snake. One evening, while I was trying to go to sleep after a long day's march, I felt something move under my head. I lifted one corner of the blanket and found a snake between 3 and 4 feet in length. I quickly hit it with a small stick, but the reptile seemed hardly stunned, so I picked it up on the end of the stick and threw it about 15 feet away.

The Work of Dust.

Dust has a very large share in nearly all the phenomena of the earth's atmosphere. It is what makes the clear sky appear blue, and when we look up into the sky we see the dust in the atmosphere illuminated by the sun. There is nothing else before us that can permit the light to reach the eye. Light goes invisible, straight through all gases, whatever their chemical composition. The dust catches it, reflects it in every direction, and so causes the whole atmosphere to appear clear in the same way that it makes the sunbeam visible in the darkened room. Without dust there would be no blue firmament. The sky would be as dark as or darker than we see it in the finest moonless nights. The glowing disk of the sun would stand immediately upon this dark background, and the same sharp contrast would prevail upon the illuminated surface of the earth—blinding light where the sun's rays fall and deep black shadows where they do not.

Girls Who Sell Their Hair.

"Do we have many girls come to sell their hair? Well, I should say so, but we don't make a business of buying on account of the risks we would have to run. I have had girls come to me and offer to sell their hair as it was on their heads. No; they don't get good prices, \$1.50 to \$2.50 being as much as I ever gave. I know of one case, however, where a well known society woman took a fancy to the hair of a young lady she met accidentally, and she paid the highest price I have ever known for a head of hair. The young lady in question had a luxuriant growth of golden brown hair, and one day she was approached by this lady, who was compelled to use false hair, who said to her, 'Miss —, if at any time you desire to part with your hair, you can find a customer in me.' The young lady was in need of pin money at the time and said, 'Well, I am not particular about keeping it now, as it is a little too light for my taste.' So she agreed to have her hair cut, and in payment received \$8.50. If girls could always get such a sum for their flowing locks, there would be a great many more short haired young ladies about the city."—Pittsburg Dispatch.

Thunder Doesn't Sour Milk.

Science has disproved the rural belief that thunder sours milk. It is now known that the souring results from a fungous growth, and that this fungus is peculiarly fatal to nursing children. The old time rural belief was that the concussion from thunder acted mechanically upon the milk and first soured and then solidified it. The theory is a plausible one, easily derived from observing one set of facts without knowing the existence of others more important to the situation. It happens that milk sours during or just after thunderstorms because the atmospheric conditions then prevailing are usually of a kind favorable to the rapid development of the fungous growth that sours milk.—Philadelphia Press.

A Missed Text.

The October brew of homemade beer was the celebrated one in Bucks, and the farmer made it of sufficient strength by means of eight bushels of malt to the hoghead of 54 imperial gallons. Once, in an outlying village in Bucks, the rector on a certain Sunday gave out the text, "First Hebrews, 9 and 10," Whereupon an old fashioned farmer, renowned for his good tap, called out: "And a very pretty fipple too. I brew eight!"—San Francisco Argonaut.

Medical Advice.

"Going on a vacation this summer?" "Certainly, My doctor says that I am in need of about two weeks' hard work to put me in good health."—Indianapolis Journal.

WOMAN'S WORLD.

A COURT'S DECISION THAT A WOMAN IS A "MERE HOUSEWIFE."

A Champion Swimmer—Queen Victoria's Troubles—Unjust Discrimination—Mrs. Traverser on a Wheel—Two Courageous Women—Are Women Deserters?

The most insistent claim made in defense of the present political subjection of women by the rulers who wish this subjection to be perpetuated is that all the interests of women are fully protected under masculine rule. A recent decision of the supreme court of Iowa strikingly illustrates the absurdity of such a pretense. A married woman of Manson, Ia., Mrs. Hall, having fallen into a water main—carelessly left open by municipal employees—and having thereby sustained serious injuries, which incapacitated her for work, sued the town for damages and received a verdict in her favor from the jury, awarding her \$3,000. The town authorities appealed from the district court's decision, and their appeal was sustained by the judge of the supreme court on the following assumption: "A married woman being a 'mere housewife' for her husband, and he being bound for her support, her earnings belong to him, and any loss of time occasioned by the wife's injury is solely his loss. Therefore the husband only can recover damages, and the wife's claim is not valid, as the time lost is not her time!" Mrs. Ellen B. Dietrick, in The Twentieth Century, says:

This remarkable decision—rendered in June of the present year—places the wife in that Asiatic category which speaks of a man's wife, and his ox, and his ass, or anything which is his. It deals with the wife as a chattel, not even possessing the measure of individuality conceded to the average modern manservant or maidservant. It degrades housekeeping below the level of all self supporting occupations, for the "mere housewife" is not credited with earning even her own support! It reeks of the ignorance of the days of barbaric despotism, when parents sold their boys for one purpose and their girls for another, or of the days of savagery, when captives became their captors' property, male captives being broken to one form of work, female captors to another. Behold how far the rights of woman have traveled in the year of our Lord 1894 in a land which wishes to be considered as Christian!

A Champion Swimmer.

One of the fairest residents of White Bluff proved herself an admirable long distance swimmer last Tuesday night, and in doing so won a large box of gloves and one or two other things that delighted the girl's heart.

The young lady a few days ago was commenting upon her swimming abilities when one of her companions wagered her that she could not swim from the bathhouse in front of Mrs. Converse's to the bathhouse in front of the Babershan residence, a distance of about 1 1/2 miles. It took about one-sixteenth of a second for the swimmer to accept, and preparations were made for the contest. Last Tuesday evening was decided upon as the time for the swimming test, and all arrangements were made for it. A young man who is an excellent swimmer himself volunteered to swim beside the young lady, and a boat was also procured, to be rowed along at a safe distance, so that if the party should give out in their bold undertaking they could be lifted into the boat and taken ashore.

The start was made about 8 o'clock on Tuesday evening. The news of the event had spread among the residents of White Bluff, and there were a good number of friends at the starting point. The fair swimmer made a dive into the water and was off. With steady overhand swimming stroke she propelled herself with ease and grace through the water and had soon distanced the young man who had volunteered to go along and see that no harm came to her. The event was soon over. As the distance between the young lady and the goal lessened she swam the faster, and when some of the watchers thought the young lady should have been about starting out the race was over, and she had won an easy victory.

To swim this distance, and to do it with the rapidity with which she accomplished the feat, one must be perfectly at home in the water. Many persons of the male persuasion who consider themselves excellent swimmers would not attempt the task. By swimming as she did the lady has shown herself to be the champion lady swimmer in or around Savannah.—Savannah Press.

Queen Victoria's Troubles.

Scotland is more crowded than usual just now with tourists and sportsmen, and the former are giving those who are charged with the conservation of the queen's privacy a good deal of trouble. They flock into the Balmoral district by hundreds and crowd around the royal demesne from morn till eve in the hope of catching sight of the sovereign. Whenever her majesty takes a drive she is bothered by a cheering crowd at every place where she changes horses or takes refreshment, and when she is making calls upon her cottagers and other humble dependents she is followed, at some distance, to be sure, by inquisitive persons of both sexes whom it is impossible to frown down or frighten away. Women are the worst offenders, and some of them have had the impudence to follow the queen's movements through field-glasses when unable to follow her onto private property, just like certain intolerable newspaper reporters, of whose rudeness her majesty complained so bitterly in her book, "Leaves From the Journal of Our Life in the Highlands."

Queen Victoria is now afflicted so constantly with rheumatism that she has abandoned her proposed trip to Italy during the coming winter or spring, and her present plan is to take a course of waters at Aix les Bains or Wiesbaden, where she will also undergo massage. Her trouble continues to be confined almost exclusively to the knees. It is a curious fact that the Princess of Wales is a victim of the same painful complaint. She suffered so much from the fatigue of standing at drawing rooms last spring that next year a chair, similar to the one which the queen occupies, will probably be provided for her at these functions.—London Letter.

Unjust Discrimination.

The custom is not by any means obsolete in many of our large cities of pro-

hibiting the best women in the land from ordering a meal in certain restaurants after dark, provided they are unaccompanied by a male escort. A short time ago a widow of culture and means, accompanied by a grown daughter, arrived in New York city at the Grand Central depot a few minutes past 9 p. m. They came down town in a Fourth avenue car as far as Twenty-sixth street and went into one of our most fashionable restaurants, but before they had taken their seats at a table were politely informed that "ladies unaccompanied by gentlemen are not served here after dark." This mother was probably more hurt than offended when she informed as a few days afterward in our office that she knew that such a rule existed many years ago, but supposed New York had progressed beyond any such discrimination.

The best women in the state and throughout the country should inform themselves of such customs, and a very sure way to aid in their abandonment is for the better classes of women who have husbands, fathers and friends to accompany them to refrain from patronizing any firm that inflicts a similar indignity upon women who, through the dispensation of Providence, are compelled to travel at times without male escorts, and who ought to have the same privilege of sitting or dining at the best restaurants whether their husbands or fathers are with them or not.—Church Union.

Mrs. Traverser on a Wheel.

There has been a lot of nonsense talked about Frenchwomen being so much ahead of our American women in the matter of bicycle riding. They may have started before our society women did, but America has caught up and now leads.

Just imagine a bicycle in a Newport ballroom taking part in a cotillon, and its rider was one of the Four Hundred, and no less a person than Mrs. William R. Traverser.

The scene beggars description. Mrs. John Jacob Astor was leading the cotillon with Count Castellane at a surprise party given by Mrs. Paron Stevens. One of the figures was a flower figure. Then came Mrs. Traverser, attired, of course, in full evening dress and riding on her bicycle, which was almost hidden under dollars and dollars' worth of flowers caught into bouquets and bouquenniers for favors.

Now perhaps they will stop talking about our American society bicyclists. Just give them a chance. Hereafter they can get the style, and Paris can follow.

It makes one glad that Mrs. Traverser is such a skillful rider. Suppose it had been any one less accomplished, there might have been a crash, a fall and even a header on the ballroom floor, for it is whispered that beauty and fashion in their attempts to learn to ride the wheel have no smarter guardian angels than an ordinary mortal has, and that many a black and blue spot results.—Newport Letter.

Two Courageous Women.

A South Dakota paper tells how young women "grow up with the country." It says: Miss Ivy Kinyon and Miss Mand Howard of Lyman county are two young ladies of whom the people of South Dakota can be proud. These ladies fled on horseback to the ceded Sioux lands in February, 1893, and since that time have made the necessary improvements on their claims, paid the expense of making at least monthly trips to Plankinton, a distance of 50 miles, where they had office work, besides saving enough money to pay for their land.

On one occasion, while on their way from Plankinton to their homesteads, west of the Missouri river, they reached there at a time when a severe storm was raging, lashing the Missouri into a torrent of foam. The only way to get across was by means of skiffs. The turbulence of the stream did not deter them, and after much urging they induced a boatman to row them across. The passage was a dangerous one, the waves each instant threatening to engulf the little boat, but the ladies did not flinch. Their courageous behavior on this occasion is still the talk of the rivermen. A few days ago the young ladies made final proof on their homesteads, paying the government price for the land, and now each of them owns 160 acres of fertile land, neither farm being hampered by a dollar of indebtedness.

Are Women Deserters?

Mary L. Bisland, in an exhaustive article entitled "Are Women Deserters?" discusses the light housekeeping arrangements that so many women are entering into. Miss Bisland says: "The average American business man begins life with the expectation of working uninterruptedly till old age entitles him to honorable retirement. Marriage implies greater effort and steadier application, and invalidism alone warrants any evasion of duty. Why should it not be so with women? Every girl knows that with the wedding ring she assumes many exacting obligations, chief among them the building up and preserving a successful, happy home. Nothing but death or the most serious ill health can absolve her from the performance of her part of the contract. If servants are aggravating and the details wearing, she has no more to bear than her husband in his office. He encounters down town dragons every day, and in order to keep his family properly cared for he must meet and overcome them. Her lot is no harder than his, and the wife and mother who without good cause exchanges heavy and honest for light and fraudulent housekeeping is little better than a traitor and a deserter."

Woman's Equality With Man.

Woman should stand on a perfect equality with man in every sphere of intellectual endeavor, writes J. McDonald Oxley in an article on "Post-graduate Courses For Women" in The Ladies' Home Journal. No barriers should be placed in her path. Whether the ballot be woman's right or not, the privilege of postgraduate study unquestionably is, and neither she nor those who sympathize with her must be content until this is opened to her in the fullest degree. By way of conclusion a good way of bringing this about may be suggested: Let it be a condition of future bequests or donations to the universities that they admit women to their postgraduate courses.

The Vaterland Frauenverein.

A society organized by German women is the Vaterland Frauenverein, now numbering over 100,000 members. There are seven smaller similar societies,

A NEW ERA IS AT HAND.

ENTHUSIASTS WHO SEE A ROSY FUTURE FOR THE FARMER.

Growth of the Cities Ultimately to be Beneficial to the Agriculturist—The Latest Developments in Science Will Also Help—Electricity to be a Potent Factor.

For a number of years the future of the farmer in the United States has been a fruitful source of speculation on the part of the philosopher and of some worry on the part of the farmer himself. This has not been altogether without reason. In the beginning of the republic's history the agricultural class was not only many times larger than all others combined, but the farmer was by all odds the most important and the

Mrs. Lydia Caldwell Mulock, one of the most interesting persons in this city, recently celebrated the one hundredth anniversary of her birth. She was born in the town of Minniskink, Orange county, Aug. 28, 1794, and the home of her son-in-law, Elisha R. Harding, in this city, where the old lady lives, was made a very happy place by the presence of many friends and descendants, who came there to tender their congratulations to the centenarian.

Mrs. Mulock's parents were Ashbell Caldwell and Silvia Stevens, who came to this country from England before the Revolution, settling first in Massachusetts and later in Orange county. Her mother died at the age of 94. In the family there were a number of other children, but only two reached middle age.—Middletown (N. Y.) Dispatch.

Japanese Cloth.

Japanese cloth is a new cotton fabric for drapery and hangings, the beauty of which certain artists have discovered. To the untutored mind it is a common stuff, inclining most frequently to an indigo or warm brown, with queer free hand designs straggling over it. It is made by hand in varying lengths of from two to three yards and more than a yard wide. These cloths are used by the Japanese, according to their sizes, for headresses or skirts. By the uninitiated American it is proposed that they be used for table covers, etc.—New York Post.

Illinois Advancing.

The Republicans nominated a woman for trustee of the University of Illinois. The Democrats did the same. The Prohibitionists nominated two. It is almost certain that there will be one woman elected. There may be three. The great state of Illinois will not long deny equal rights to women. There are too many men in all parties who are demanding that she be recognized for her to be deprived of her just rights for many more years.—Eureka (Ills.) News.

The Daughters and the Dames.

A woman who thoroughly understands the workings of both societies—the Colonial Dames and the Daughters of the American Revolution—says emphatically that there is no antagonism between them. They are managed on different lines, that is all. The Dames try to keep their ranks very exclusive, while the Daughters eagerly welcome any woman with a just claim to membership.

Women Life Savers.

The Buffalo News says that a crew of women life savers has been organized in that city by Admiral Edwin D. Ayres of the State Volunteer Life Saving corps, and they will soon be equipped and ready for work. They are all good swimmers and good at the oars. Their names are Mrs. Ada B. McCue, Annie Bowen, Mrs. Layman, Josie Bowen and Kitty Andrews.

What is called the rational cycling costume for women is in danger of going out of existence in Paris, for the prefect has caused letters to be written to some well known women cyclists, cautioning them that they are infringing the law in wearing men's clothes. The latest fad of Parisian eccentricity is that pet dogs in Paris are now dyed to harmonize with the prevailing tint of their mistress' s bouidoir. Two shades of violet are now the most popular coloring for white dogs.

A rational dress association has been formed in New Zealand. Its object is to be "the bringing about of that change in woman's dress which her wider life and increased activity seem to demand."

Three young Turkish women have recently arrived in France in order to go through a regular course of medical training at French universities. One of them is the daughter of a pasha.

Never throw away old matting, for if well beaten and thoroughly cleaned it may be laid under the carpets and will preserve them.

A Woman's Patent.

A New Jersey woman has patented a device for an improvement in envelopes in answer to the recent invitation of the government to submit ideas and designs for means to detect tampering with sealed letters. Her invention is very simple, merely the prizing of a small device of any shape on the under side of the flap of the gummed envelope in a sensitive fluid, fixed when dry, but which will run or spread on the application of steam or moisture, thus showing whether the seal has been molested.

To Study the Woman Question.

Frau Professor von Gixisky of Berlin, wife of the professor of ethics at the University of Berlin, has organized a committee of German women to visit other countries to study the woman question. Two of these ladies are now in London—Fran Hanna Bieber-Boehm and Frau Jeanette Selwiler. They express themselves delighted to hear the progressive utterances of representative English women.

Milwaukee Woman's Club.

The Milwaukee Woman's Club, under the presidency of the wife of the present governor of Wisconsin, created the stock company for the building of the athletic, the first literary institute which the city possessed, and which, like the New Century clubhouse in Philadelphia, paid 5 per cent upon its investment the first year, the business being managed solely by women.

Lamb's Retort.

"I believe you have never heard me preach, Charles?" said Coleridge to Lamb, referring to the days of his Unitarian ministry. "Yes," retorted Lamb. "I—I—never heard you do anything else."

FOR LITTLE FOLKS.

HAS GRIT AND MUSCLE.

San Francisco's Young Champion Who Appears For Charitable Purposes. There was one amateur performer at the society circus recently given in this city who won applause galore. He was such a mere boy in years, size and looks, but his nerve that his work compared favorably with that of his older companions and in some instances even excelled it. The boy was Walter Hogg, the 15-year-old son of Albert Hogg, a well known druggist. He lives with his parents at 237 Leavenworth street. He is a manly

yet modest boy and is now considered the champion all around juvenile athlete of the Olympic club. He has appeared in public, at charitable benefits only, on numerous occasions, always winning special notice, and is looked upon by his club as a regular "stand-by" for ladies' nights and special exhibitions. Walter's father professed the boy's story of his training and achievements by saying: "At 7 Walter was delicate and rather under sized for his age, and I was somewhat worried about him. He was in perfect health, but delicate, and I began to look for something to build him up and give him a solid foundation for later years. I determined to try athletics."

The athletes who have taught and worked with Master Hogg are very proud of him, although they say there are other pupils who will in a short time come near equalling his record as a child athlete. At all the exhibitions given by the club Master Hogg appears as a wrestler, if nothing else, and so far he stands undefeated in his class. An amusing thing occurred when the Olympic club grounds were opened. There was an audience of about 7,000 people, and Master Hogg was scheduled for a boxing match with a classmate. The two boys, both about 8 years of age, had each been claiming supremacy and had quietly agreed to decide the question when they boxed at the opening. The gloves were donned, and the referee called time. The dandy boxers went at it hammer and tong, not for points, but for blood. The referee shouted them in vain. The boys kept on hammering away amid encouraging plaudits of the audience, which they had forgotten. Finally the referee called for help, and a second referee assisting him, seized the tiny pugilists and marched them off to the clubhouse. Master Hogg has won a number of medals for victories in athletic feats and has also regularly been promoted at his school. He was the captain of the winning Olympic juvenile tug of war team two years ago, the winner of the juvenile championship 300 yard race in 1890 and has letters of thanks from the Poly clinic, the King's Daughters and his charitable societies and organizations in this city and in Oakland, Alameda, Berkeley, San Mateo, etc., where he has appeared. His services are always at the command of charity and without cost to any one but himself.—San Francisco Chronicle.

The two little girls in the picture are not fairies from a story book; neither are they young South Sea islanders, just a pair of bright little ladies—Alice Imbert and Josie Kless by name—who live in Wood Ridge. Alice is 9 years old, and Josie is 6; so, you see, they are quite young. Why are they dressed so curiously? Well, both of them are German lassies, and they have been enjoying one of the national festivals in their beloved fatherland—the Arion kinderfest.

And what beautiful dresses they wear! They are covered with leaves and daisies and roses. No wonder they might be suspected of coming straight from the land of the Brownies or the flower-fairies. Those rings of leaves circling over their heads are Arion halos, and the little ladies are the masquers of the kinderfest, which means child's festival, for Alice and Josie are the most youthful as well as the brightest of the rosebud garden of wee ones. Don't you think it is great fun to dress up in gowns made of leaves and flowers? It is certainly the most best thing to being a real, true fairy.—New York World.

Not Coming.

The pilgrim was rooted to the spot. "Are you the coming woman?" he asked fearfully. "No," rejoined the other, with a harsh laugh. "I was coming, but I changed my mind."

Swipes—Is that watch you bought any good? Botkin—Good? Well, I should say so! Last week it gained enough time to pay for itself.—Tit-Bits.

Rapid.

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Kansas City Women.

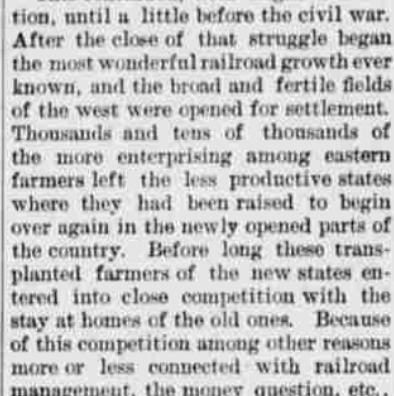
The woman suffragists of Kansas City have organized. They will divide the city into districts and hold parlor meetings and endeavor to get every intelligent woman in the city into the association. One of their leaders says: "We do not expect to assume a prominent place in the political affairs of this state at any time in the near future, but we do expect to do much good by our labors in Kansas City. We are not a partisan body, but will enlist our strength with the party working toward public improvement and public good."

Epitaph.

Swipes—Is that watch you bought any good? Botkin—Good? Well, I should say so! Last week it gained enough time to pay for itself.—Tit-Bits.



THE FARMER OF THE FUTURE. For him most laws were framed, to him most public men looked for support, and from the farming class came nearly all that was best in the ranks of business and professional men.



A STORAGE BATTERY WAGON. Labor saving devices will increase in number. Corn will be husked by machinery. The hayfields will be greatly abridged and used for other purposes, the cattle being largely subsisted upon the product of the silo and prepared foods. Market gardening will be developed on a scale hitherto unknown.

Electric railroads will pass his door. The electric age will materially improve the condition of the agriculturist. I look for the day when each farmer will own an electric equipment to furnish power for his creamery, for grinding food, for pumping water, for lighting his house, barns and lawns, and for heating his greenhouses and residence. Electric railroads will pass his door, affording quick transit for himself and his products to the nearest market town. Doubtless his horses will be reserved for farm toil, while he journeys along the highway in a wagon propelled by means of a storage battery. The subtle energy can be made to serve him in a thousand ways and perform innumerable tasks. By his kindly aid the hitherto overworked farmer may become a largely a gentleman of leisure. "Then will he have liberty to assume that political importance to which he is justly entitled. The successful farmer should be the coming man, and future legislation must look closely to his interests."

"It is an interesting fact that many of our best and ablest men have exhibited a strong predilection for rural life. Webster delighted to retire to Marshfield; the name of Jefferson recalls Monticello; Jackson reminds us of Hermitage; Clay is associated with his beloved Ashland, while Mount Vernon has been rendered classic ground as the abode of the Father of His Country. With the advance of this new era from our rural homes, beautified by nature and adorned by art, saving influences will come in the future as in the past to guide and guard the future of the republic!"



ELECTRIC RAILROADS WILL PASS HIS DOOR. "There is lots of hope for them in the future if they will only hold on." Frank W. Hawley, the Niagara electric power man, believes this, and he is qualified to have views upon this topic, because he possesses a big farm near Rochester, where he carries out various pet agricultural and dairy schemes, from the success of some of which he has built up a lot of theories as to the farming of the future and its possibilities.

"Our great cities," said Mr. Hawley recently, "have made market gardening remunerative and dairy enterprises profitable. To the silo pit and the separator the farmer of the future will be greatly indebted. 'Corn fodder,' for years largely wasted and trodden underfoot, is transformed by the silo pit into a nutritious milk producing food. It makes it possible for every acre of land to abundantly support a cow during the entire year, while the cream and butter-making elements, expeditiously and almost without loss, greatly reduces the cost and simplifies the process of butter production.

"New methods of feeding have been devised whereby each dairy cow can be put at her best and made to yield abundant yet rich milk to the creamery. Cottonseed meal and hulls, peanut meal, corn hulls and many other valuable feeds have come into the market. Chemical analysis has accurately determined the constituents and value of these new

feed materials, and the intelligent dairy-man can so use them as to obtain the most happy results. Scientific tests make it possible to ascertain unerringly the quality of the milk, and any deficiency can be supplied by judicious feeding. Five per cent milk will make five pounds of butter to every hundred pounds of the lactical fluid. Even this percentage can be increased. The separator is another and invaluable device in the hands of the intelligent farmer. It will most instantaneously extract all animal heat from the milk and will carry off all impurities. Disease in cattle can be easily detected by the scientific examination of this instrument affords."

"Now," continued Mr. Hawley, "the new era for the farmers has but just begun. In no domain of human activity is there greater scope or genius than in agriculture. No calling is so conducive to health, longevity and happiness. Science lays her discoveries at the farmer's feet and implores their use. For him the chemist toils in the laboratory. For him the botanist gleams in the fields. For him the inventor has simplified labor and lightened toil. For him scholars and experts, employed by the government, are ever at work at state and national experiment stations to solve the problems of the soil. The broad minded agriculturist who discovers himself of these researches and discoveries is a man indeed to be envied. His acres become a well ordered kingdom—an earthly paradise."