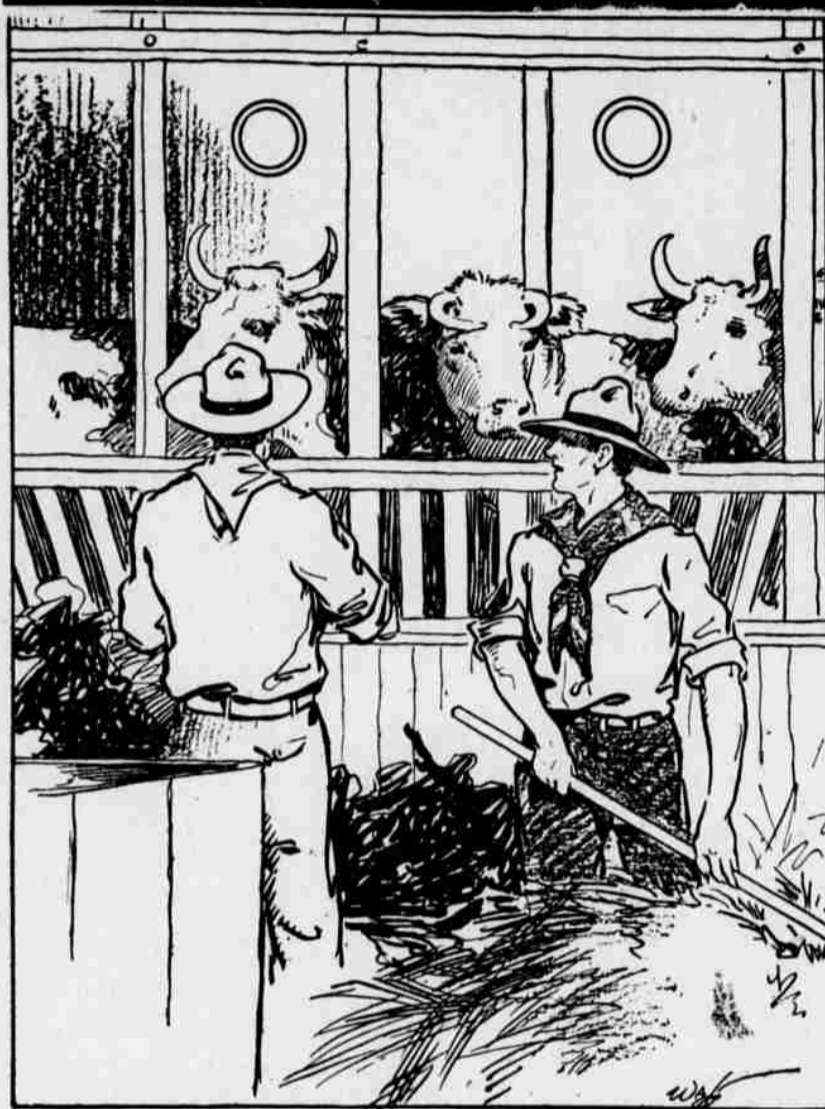


GOING TO EUROPE ON A CATTLE SHIP



FEEDING THE CATTLE

THE great trans-Atlantic liners carry thousands and thousands of Americans into the great ports of the old world. Most of them pay a good round price for the service, although there are some people who go in the steerage rather than miss the trip. But there are many American college students and perhaps some others who go to Europe and who do not worry ahead of time about cabin quarters or staterooms. They are the fellows who work for their passage on cattle ships.

Without a doubt the experiences of one who crosses the Atlantic as a cattleman are unique. Twenty or thirty years ago a man was paid from \$30 to \$60 together with all of his expenses to cross the ocean as a cattleman, but now there are two men in Boston who are getting rich charging college students \$5 to get them positions (for want of a more appropriate word) on cattle ships. The boys get no more for their services than their passage and board.

Having been assured that we would have to "rough it" and have lots of work to do, a college friend and I went over to the Cunard docks in East Boston on a beautiful morning. There we signed up to work for our passage as cattlemen and to get accommodations same as the seamen. We didn't know what we were doing, but we knew ten days later. There we met the rest of our "party," eight other college fellows from various parts of the country, and an Irishman and a Scotchman who were going back to see the home folks.

There were 400 cattle on board. The ship carried 70 first-class or cabin passengers and, according to our friend, the Scotchman, the cattle were second class and we were third class. I believe he was right. At any rate, the petty officers of the ship wasted lots of good time telling us that we were

cattlemen, and can not and must not do this and that. The Irishman said: "To be sure they 'ave sartin rhules givernin' ballast."

We sat in a fine-looking group on the forward end of the main deck as the ship left the Boston harbor that morning.

Up to this point we knew nothing of what we were to do and just what sort of "accommodations" we were to have. A petty officer, with shining face and shoes, and the characteristic thin mustache, which is quite the thing among the young Englishmen, informed us that our dinner, stores and "dishes" could be had at the galley.

Our first meal and pan washing on the main deck attracted too much of the attention of the cabin passengers on the deck above, and the captain sent down orders for us to repair to the cattleman's quarters in the fo'castle. The seamen pronounce that word in two syllables. The name applies to the quarters of the seamen and the cattleman.

The Cattleman's Work.

Now, something of the work that falls to the lot of the cattleman. We were called by the night watchmen (when they were not asleep) at 4 o'clock in the morning, and we literally rolled out of the hay. Our crowd of five, all working together, attended to every want of the 200 cattle. The first job was to water the stock. The story about making a horse drink was invented by a man who never tried to water a wild steer from a bucket, for certainly by substituting the latter for the former the point would have been more forcible. We used ten wooden buckets, dipping the water from large tanks that we filled from overhead pipes. There were two main alleys along each side of the cattle deck and they, dear things, lined each side of the alleys with their horns sticking half way across. They had

been tied to the head board by the longshoremen; we had nothing to do with the loading. We put the buckets in the corn trough along in front of them, then poured water in the buckets as they were emptied.

It all sounds very well but each steer wanted to drink from a bucket of his neighbor. They fought and jerked and pulled and upset the buckets, but we must make them drink or they would die. So, with water splashing on us and running down our shoe tops, we would pat them kindly on the nose and say nice words. Three steers often would not drink when offered three buckets, but if two buckets were taken away all three would fight to drink from the same one.

Feeding the Brutes.

The next course was hay. It was stored near the first hatch in large bales, averaging about 200 pounds apiece. Some one forgot to put a hay hook on the boat, so we had to roll the bales with our finger nails. It was the early morning duty of each man to roll a certain number down the alley, and that was fine exercise before breakfast. Then we cut the wires, shook the hay with care, removing all lumps, and fed it to the brutes.

Our morning work generally was finished at 11 o'clock and the work in the afternoon lasted from 2 to about 5:30. The afternoon menu was another round of more buckets and more hay. We swept alleys again in the afternoon. Our brooms were very artistic, being a bundle of twigs tied together and a stick jammed into one end of the bundle. I don't know how rich the inventor has become who first thought of that method of watering cattle and sweeping alleys.

The English Seamen.

We didn't understand the English seamen very well at first—their speech or manners. But when we became acquainted we liked some of them better and a few of them became good friends of the cattleman. Most of them are down there working a month for £4 and a large part of it goes for drink when they get back to Liverpool. They are good conversationalists and we were surprised to find their vocabulary much more developed than that of the average American laborer.

The last three days of the trip most of the seamen had a paint bucket or can and was daubing everything in sight. Brushes were few, but some used rags and others seemed to paint with their hands. We learned that the reason it was put on in such large quantities and so carelessly was that each ship had to use a certain amount of paint on each trip and show the empty buckets to prove that it had been used. I believe that.

The first sight of the lights off the Irish coast looked pretty good to us. All that day we could see either Ireland or England. In the afternoon the ship kept pretty close to the Welsh shore. The coast is high and rocky and in the sunset it was a beautiful dull reddish color. The hills beyond were green and divided by the old stone fences into small irregular farms. The stone houses, most of them white, were scattered here and there along the fertile valleys. Our pilot came on at Lynas Point at 5:30 in the evening and had full charge of things till he reached Liverpool. The cattle could smell land, so the seamen said, and were restless the last night and we slept but little. We turned down the broad Mersey shortly after midnight. That was Saturday morning and we reached Birkenhead, on the west bank, in a short time. Here we landed our 400 cattle, all in excellent health and we shed no tears at seeing them depart. Each of us carried some cargo down the gangplank and set foot for the first time on English soil.

We bought English bicycles and spent two months on the perfect roads of England and the continent.

The cattleman has his joys and sorrows but the latter are very soon forgotten and one finds himself planning to go again—even as a cattleman.

MULES ARE MOST NEGLECTED AND ABUSED OF FARM ANIMALS

In First Place it Should be of Good Stock, Not From Scrubby Mare, but Dam of Blood Breeding Qualities—by Proper Treatment and Attention it Can be Made in First Year—Good Feeding Essential.



Prize Winning Jack.

Mules, much abused and neglected animals, are not generally understood by farmers. A mule in the first place must be of good stock, not an offspring of some scrubby mare, but a mare with good breeding qualities, writes Ed McLaughlin in the Rural New Yorker. A mule of the mammoth stock is supposed to be the best mule under all conditions. Mules are cheaper than colts, for the service fee is not generally as high. Many people make a mistake in working the mare too soon after foaling. Never work a mare under ten days, then she can do light work, but the mule must be left in the barn.

When the mare is brought in from work never allow the mule to suck as long as the mare is warm. After a mule is two or three weeks old turn it out in a lot away from the mare, especially at night, for a mule is very hard on a mare, much more than colts. When the mule is about two months old he may be allowed to eat a few oats, about a pint in the beginning. Increase as he grows older, or the same amount of bran along with a little hay, alfalfa is preferred. At the age of nine months a mule should be weaned, not gradually, but all at once. Take it away from the mare and never let it suck afterwards. He

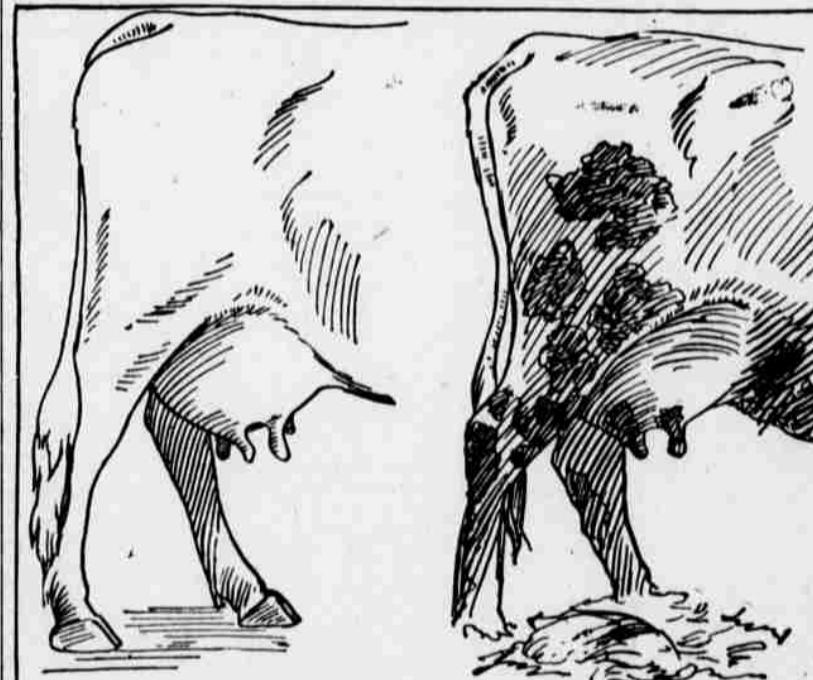
should be put by himself or tied up. At this time you can give an ear of corn at a meal and a small amount of hay. The mule should be turned out in fair weather and not left to stand in the stable.

A mule should be made before he is a year old. This can be done by good breeding and the proper care. It is not necessary to give a great quantity of food to him during the winter, but it must be of the kind to keep him growing, such as alfalfa hay, silage, some corn fodder, some corn and chopped food occasionally. Oats are very good, but very expensive food. In spring he may be turned out on pasture during the day and fed some hay at night and morning, because grass at this time is very washy. As the grass gets older leave on pasture, but be sure to have plenty of shade and water. A mule should not be broken until he is three years old, although many are broken before they are near that age.

Supply Summer Pasture.

We always plant a piece of corn early in the spring as the weather will permit, to supplement the pasture, which is sure to dry up in late summer.

DIRT THAT POISONS THE MILK



The difference between a clean cow and a dirty one is strikingly shown in the picture. The cow on the right had been running on pasture ten days, sleeping out at night, when the photograph was taken. Naturally a great deal of the filth she had accumulated in a vile stable had been rubbed off and washed off by the rains, but enough remains to show that her milk would carry poison to hundreds of gallons when added to that of other cows in the dairy. At the Illinois station it was found that the milk

from the average, unwashed, unbrushed cow contained many times as much dirt as that from a perfectly clean cow. This is not guess work, as a glazed dish equal in size to a pail was held under a cow's udder 4½ minutes, the average time consumed in milking, while motions similar to milking were made. The dirt caught in the dish was then carefully weighed. It was then found that milk from soiled and muddy udders similar to that shown by the cow on the right contained from 20 to 24 times as much dirt as from that from a clean cow.

Woman Has a Great Idea

Flat Dweller Proves the Old Saying That Necessity is Mother of Invention.

We are told that necessity is the mother of invention, and one feminine flat-dweller is willing to take a lot of credit for her own particular achievement. With two big wardrobes and a closet to her bedroom she was yet without room for her big hats and dresses. There were hats to the left of her, hats to the right of her—and dresses likewise.

So she conceived an idea. It is nothing more nor less than an underbed wardrobe and an underbed hat box made in the form of a long flat box mounted on four wooden wheels. The wardrobe holds several dresses that can be packed away full length without crushing. It is easily stowed away, and being fitted with brass handles at the sides and front, it is quite simply wheeled from under the bed when wanted. The hat box is made on the same principle, only it has iron

rollers instead of wheels. One of her hats has very high trimming and that reposes in the top of her wardrobe. Both these underbed wardrobes are stained mahogany to match the furniture.

A Reasonable Request.

"Sit down!" exclaimed the man of few inches.

The man of many took no notice. "Sit down!" repeated the little man again. "I can't see anything!"

But still the giant paid no heed, and the little man could only hear the tantalizing sounds of feet and carriage wheels as the procession passed along.

"Will—you—sit—down?" he cried, for the third time. "I've paid two guineas for this seat and you're blotting every blessed thing from view!"

Again no response.

"Well, if you won't sit down," roared the little man, thumping the giant on his massive back, "will you at least oblige me by tying your ears back?"

Know Your Work and Do It.

There is perennial nobleness and even sacredness in work; were he never so benighted, forgetful of his high calling, there is always hope in a man that actually and earnestly works; in idleness alone is there perpetual despair. Work, never so mammoth, mean, is in communication with nature; the real desire to get work done will itself lead one more and more to truth, to nature's appointments and regulations—which are truth. The latest gospel in this world is: Know thy work and do it. Know thyself—long enough has that poor self of thine tormented thee; thou wilt never get to know it, I believe. Think it not thy business, this of knowing thyself; thou art an unknowable individual; know what thou canst work at, and work at it like Hercules! That will be thy better plan.—Thomas Carlyle.

There is at least one country in the world where it costs nothing to die. In some of the cantons of Switzerland all the dead, rich as well as poor, are buried at the public expense.