SMALL DAIRY IS NOT DRUDGERY

Properly Handled, Pays Well for Time and Effort.

Dairy Products In Most Universal Demand—Second Only to Commercial Crop in Importance.

By I. P. Whitney, former Dairymen, Washington Experiment Station.

To thousands of farmers who are dairying in a small way, the work connected with the dairy is classed as drudgery, and they do it only because they are forced to do so in order to make a living for their families. They have no natural liking for the industry. Therefore, they give it only such attention as is absolutely necessary, and ninety per cent of them who fail, or who keep on the margin between success and failure should lay the blame upon their own neglect of the advantages offered by the industry, rather than to blame the industry itself.

In contrast to the many who are unsuccessful, we find in every dairy section a few dairymen who are enthused with their work, men who like the dairy cow, and are willing to give her a chance. They study the problems which confront them and meet them in the best possible way. These men are always pointed out as the sucessful dairymen of the community in which they live.

It may be truly said that dairying is a world-wide industry. No other foods are used so universally as is milk and its products. In the United States today it stands second to but one other agricultural industry, the corn crop. From practically nothing, viewed from a commercial standpoint, in thirty years time it has overshadowed all others, and at its present rate of development, in another twenty years, it will stand without a rival as the greatest of agricultural industries.

While dairying has made such a rapid growth and the gross returns from the sale of dairy products has increased wonderfully, figures that would indicate the net profits of the industry would not be so flattering. It is true that the price of dairy products have advanced, tne same is true regarding the feeds which must be fed to the dairy cow in order to produce these products, and at the present time the average dairy cow of the country produces only about enough milk and butter fat to pay for the feed she eats. This being the case, one may well ask from what source are the profits coming to cause the industry to develop at such a rapid rate. In many sections of the country men have robbed the soil until it would no longer produce crops at a profit. Nature has compelled them to find some method of restoring the fertility to the soil and almost without exception they have turned to the dairy cow. She has demonstrated her fitness for this purpose and the farmer has been satisfied to keep her for the manure that she would produce providing she would produce enough milk and butterfat to pay for her feed. In other words, the dairy cow has been kept primarily as a fertilizer factory and the milk, in reality, has been a by-product. It is then the indirect profits that have caused the great development of the dairy industry instead of the direct profits derived from the sale of milk and its products. Undoubtedly the dairy cow will always be in demand for the fertility which is found in her manure, but it should not be an excuse for keeping an inferior milk producer. A good dairy cow will furnish as much fertility in a year as will a poor one and at the same time pay a handsome profit at the pail on the feed which she consumes, while the average cow at the present time, is paying practically no profit from this source.

A good cow will produce at least three hundred pounds of butterfat per year. The average price is about 30c per pound, $90 for butterfat alone. Add to this 5,000 pounds of skimmed milk at 20c per hundred, $10, which gives $100 as the gross return from the milk. Subtract from this $60 for feed and care, and we still have left $40 as interest on the investment and as profit. When the dairymen fully realize the importance of keeping only good cows and when they realize the profits which may be derived from keeping them, the dairy industry is bound to develop much more rapidly than it ever has in the past.

NOTES FROM THE EXPERIMENT STATIONS.

R. W. Thatcher, Director of the Washington Experiment Stations, says:

"Corn makes a very profitable forage crop in most of our northwestern sections wherever the annual rainfall is fifteen inches, or more. If the annual rainfall exceeds 18 inches, corn can be grown in rotation with wheat without seriously diminishing the yield of wheat the succeeding year. With less than 18 inches of rainfall the moisture taken by the corn usually cuts short the supply for the succeeding wheat crop, a little. With 15 inches or less, alternate summerfallowing would probably have to be practiced with the corn crop the same as is practiced with wheat growing. The chief requisite for successful corn growing under these conditions is to use seed which has been acclimated. Corn grown in the central west states will not mature here because of the shorter period between chilling frosts and cool nights during the summer. We have, however, several strains of well acclimated corn which we have developed at the Washington Experiment Station. Another requisite is thorough cultivation for the conservation of moisture."

"The practice of growing hogs on alfalfa has been shown to be very profitable. On alfalfa pasture of good quality, at least 600 hogs could be pastured on thirty acres. Alfalfa seeded in the fall will not give a full crop the following season, although on irrigated land, fall seeding may give a single fairly good cutting the following season. Fall seeding is not usually so satisfactory as spring seeding. Young pigs can be grown successfully on Alfalfa pasture alone, but do not make as profitable a growth as they will if fed some grain. Under present market conditions the best grain to feed in combination with alfalfa pasture is a chop made of equal parts of wheat, oats, and barley ground together. Ten to 12 pounds of alfalfa seed per acre is sufficient, if sown with a grain drill. If seeded broadcast, fifteen to eighteen pounds is usually necessary in order to get a uniform stand. Alfalfa seed sells at 18c to 25c per pound, depending upon the quality. Generally the higher priced seed is the cheaper, as it carries a much higher percentage of good seed."

"Logged-off land in western Washington and western Oregon is admirably adapted to pasture usage. It is quite a common practice to seed the ground between the stumps with clover, especially white clover, and in a few months have a splendid pasture which may be used for a period of years without removing the stumps. There is considerable difficulty in seeding grain under such conditions, however. The adaptability of such lands to the growing of cattle, therefore, depends upon the place which pasturage may occupy in the growth of the animals and this in turn is determined largely by the climatic conditions. There is no question whatever but that such pasture lands are admirably adapted to dairy cows and growing young stock. It is my opinion that hogs may be very profitably grown under such conditions, suplementing the pasturage with little grain which can be either grown or purchased.

"Canada field peas have been cultivated very successfully all over eastern Washington where the rainfall is 15 inches or more both for forage and for green manure. It is possible to get a growth of as much as three tons per acre of air dry material to be plowed under as green manure and field peas are much better for this purpose than alfalfa, because they make their growth and are ready to plow under within about one hundred days, whereas alfalfa requires at least two years to get in good shape to plow under. Canada field peas should be seeded at the rate of about one and one-half bushels per acre on dry land, the ground being first plowed and well harrowed, then the peas seeded with a grain drill in order to set them three or four inches under the ground. They can be seeded by sowing them broadcast on the ground and than plowing them under with a very shallow plow, but this method does not conserve the moisture as the other process outlined."

FASHION HINTS

Black and white striped chiffon cloth is used for this dressy "suit" waist. The special feature about it is the one-sided revere of velvet, reaching from neck to waist. White chiffon cloth is used for vest and ruffle.

Fate of a Speeder.

Gunner—Bigwood, the millionaire, started off for a banquet, and was arrested for speeding.

Guyer—Then he wasn't wined and toasted.

Gunner—No; instead he was fined and roasted.

Automobile Lunches.

A man who detests what he calls picnic food—otherwise the cold food usually eaten at luncheon time when motoring—has hit upon a plan by which it is possible to have hot lunches when stranded far from home.

Glass jars are filled with hot soup, coffee, chocolate, or any desired beverage, another contains hot chicken terrapin, lobster newburg, creamed crab, dried beef, or any dish that can be prepared ahead of a meal.

The jars are then put in by the engine of the motor, and when wanted are found to be as hot and delicious as when packed.

Dressing a Fowl.

When you kill a bird for the family dinner, place the carcass after dressing in cold water, so as to allow the animal heat to escape. Then put in a cool place, allowing the muscles to relax, and it is ready for culinary operations.

KING CARNIVAL

By ROGET MAURICE

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Down the avenue, whirling and turning, singing gay snatches of happy French, laughing and shouting, twining in and out, among the riot of the throng, swung the two American girls, Jean Newton and Alice Edgecomb, from the Hotel Busby, and their escorting cavaliers, the young officer Du Val and his ever constant friend, the genial Count de Luceaux. A thing unparalleled, in the ethics of the French, was this escort, unchaperoned and free, but Americans are Americans, and this was the fete of the carnival when critics, for the most part, are frowned away.

Moreover, what did it matter, anyway? They were all enfolded in pink dominoes, the hoods drawn close, and, in the case of the two girls, doubly protected by the tiny velvet masks. And all of Nice was on a holiday and unlikely to behold the mote. Care was forgotten, convention cast side, as under the ropes of threaded lights, common and duke, fair lady and beggar maid, all attired for the festival, danced and laughed amidst the eternal swirl of confetti showers.

A sudden shout and the crowd, looking down the light-strewn way, beheld the massive dragons, a moment since but wiry skeletons guarding the entrance to the avenue, flame into sudden brilliance. The white threads changed to vivid rose, strange unexpected greens made weird the scene, and then, beneath the arch, in a brilliant crash of music, came marching the beplumed array of the capital guard. There was a scattering from left to right, a vivid blare of trumpets, loud shouting from ahead, and Carnival was coming!

The girl Jean, standing tiptoe, found herself shouting with all the rest, "King Carnival!" Her dreams, her ambitions seemed realized in the abounding spirit of this fete. How

A CHILD LOST IN A NIGHTMARE OF DREAM

she had longed for all this very thing, the gay life, the complete forgetting of self, the branching out into a new world, King Carnival and Nice!

He was coming now, that strange invention of the ever imaginative French, the patron of their yearly feast. He came, not a mere human, ensconced in massive chariot, but a marvelous mechanism, a giant dummy twined with flowers, seated high on a float, drawn on by gray-plumed ponies. He was a prodigious creature, astride his polar bear, surrounded by wee sea urchins. There was renewed blinding of confetti, the deafening din of shouts, another burst of music and the king was gone.

But, following, came the queen. And after that cavaliers and grenadiers, following fantasy on fantasy, new gorgeous-liveried bands, soldiers on prancing steeds, present and past, fact and fancy, a strange and motley jumble—and the dream was gone.

After all, it seemed but a dream, a vision, unreal, intangible. Perhaps with the restless surging of the crowd the tension breaking with the passing of the pageant, the reaction was setting in, and the girl realized for the first time her material self and the wear it had endured. For two hours she had been moving in an atmosphere of overwrought excitement. She was mentally and physically fagged! She turned to her friends. "Alice, we must be going," but she found herself gazing into the vacant eyes of a bedizened Columbine and already they were gone.

Surely they could not have left her alone in all this seething madness! Alone! She who had never been upon the streets without a guide or friend.

She drew her hood close about her face, for once thanking all her stars that she was tall and slim. In the protecting domino, among the small foreigners, she might well simulate a man. There could be no harm in that. And, even now, she saw familiar forms beyond. She elbowed past a flippant pompadour and her attendant squire, striving to reach the three. But a strange face met hers beneath deceptive folds—they were not her friends.

Jean Newton felt small and insignificant, fearful and alone, a child lost in a dreadful nightmare of a dream. Was this the end of all her pleasuring?

Having elbowed fighting from the throng, she wandered aimlessly to a dimly lit parkway and sat down to ponder out her way. The others, quite frantic at her loss, were no doubt searching now. And in the end they could not fail to find her.

She lifted her hands to the hot throbbing of her head and laughed, instead of crying, a little bitter laugh. To find her? Who was she anyway? And in that strange mood, she questioned yet again, "Who am I anyway?"

An American girl, Jean Newton of Newtonsville, a girl of splendid antecedents, a glowing future. Surely she was not that radiantly ambitious creature who this very morning had mapped out the cartoon for the stained glass window. She was not that eager, vivid pleasure seeker who, but a moment since, had laughed loud in the freedom of high holiday. She was not any of the Jeans her friends and family knew. She was a lonely heart-sick child, the girl that Cecil Spoffard had kissed for the last time, beneath the tall arching elms of the Vermont home, saying "Good-by—go learn of life. And call me when you want me, dear; I'll come."

Cecil! In all the overwhelming excitement of new scenes she had forgotten the tall, brave friend of early years. Yet never had the thought of him been wholly absent. There beyond everything, he seemed to wait, enriching the high lights of her dreams.

This very morning she had heard of him. "Cecil Spoffard," read the clipping sent from home, "has sailed for France. Young engineer plans business trip to Paris," and so on down the page. She had thought at first that he would seek her out, then she knew in a moment that he would never force his way. He would never come unless he felt her wish. Call if you wish me! She could find it in her heart to wish him now, but Paris is not Nice and many dreary miles lie in between.

A crowd of shouting, laughing mummers was coming from down the street, and the girl, in terror, shrunk back beneath the shadows. They were turning in the way and bearing down upon her. "La Patrie," they sang again, and now she was discovered! A tiny, red-frilled creature, with cap and jingling bells, shouted across the pathway. Receiving no response she called to her crowd to follow her. In a moment they had joined hands and were closing in.

The girl crouched back against the trunk of a great tree, and wildly looked for help. Was there no one in all this throng of spangled, glittering foolery to give her aid?

Beyond, the honk-honk of a slow-moving car seemed to echo relief. It might be the city guard; it might be Alice and Val. It was manifestly worth the chance. "Alice," she cried in a frenzy of despair, "Alice, Du Val, Luceaux—Cecil!"

For a long time the girl gazed into the calm eyes above her. The clear sky, the moving branches of the trees, the softened shouts beyond, the music and the lights—they were as so much stage scenery, artificial, insecure. The one thing tangible in all the world was the man's strong arms about her. Cecil and Nice! She could not reconcile the two and whispered somehow, "Paris—you—Nice!"

He held her closer. "Dear, don't bother—the flood, you know. It tangled all my plans. I ran down to Nice to see the carnival. I knew that you were here. I heard you call. The car's beyond. Don't bother to explain."

Then she trembled and grew faint again, and he lifted her within his arms as a child. And as her head fell upon his shoulder he bowed to catch her words, "Dear, dear"; then, "You Came, dear," and "King Carnival."

Curious Election Story.

The Cape Times quotes from the Transvaal Leader the following curious story supplied by a Rand Elector: "Entering the polling booth on election day, I gave my name and address. The returning officer said: 'What is your occupation?' I mentioned the government department at which I was employed. He said: 'Take the paper, and when you have marked it return it to me.' I said: 'You mean put it in the box.' He said: 'No, return it to me.' I marked it and attempted to put it in the box, but he practically sat on the box and demanded the paper. After vainly protesting, I at length surrendered it, and he, after looking at it to see how I had voted, placed it in a book. The same process was followed in the provincial council voting."—London Globe.

"Rose Cure" for Colds.

While Londoners are experimenting with vaccine as a preventative for colds, Germans are inhaling the perfume of the "Duke of Edinburgh" red rose as a cure for the malady of the season.

The alleged discovery that the flower possesses a magic power over the Basillus Catarrhalis and the Pneumococcus has just come to light in connection with a medical exhibition now taking place at the Royal Horticultural hall, Berlin. Medical analysts declare that they have no doubt but that the perfume of the "Duke of Edinburgh" rose, when extracted and converted into aromatic pills, should annihilate the germs which cause colds.

A Misunderstanding.

Benham—The welkin rang.

Mrs. Benham—And did anybody answer the ring?

Dress Up-to-Date.

NEW YORK.—If madam would be a la mode she must have her hair dressed to be very glossy and smooth without the frivolous frizzes that have been a part of the coiffure for so long. American women are appreciating more every year the smartness of the French woman's faultless coiffure. The heads of Parisiennes always look as if their owners had just stepped from the hairdresser's. Even the little shop girls appear on the streets and at their places of business, coiffured in the latest fashion, and the arrangement is quite as perfect as that seen on the patrons they wait upon. It is a sort of natural art with French women to arrange their tresses becomingly and without a single hair out of place. This is accomplished without the aid of nets, but in many instances brilliantine is employed, sometimes indiscriminately.

Like the locks of hair, the band that twines about the head in classic fashion is of the hair itself and is smooth and glossy. This particular effect is typical of French fashions of the present time and is far more becoming to the average woman than the ribbon bands that have been used of late. The strap-like band is shown to best advantage in a coiffure where the back hair is arranged in soft ringlet-puffs and the strap of the hair around the front is as natural in its effect as if it had grown there. Such hairdressing is not easy to accomplish, but it is sensible, unless a mass of false hair protrudes at the back.

Prevailing Evening Style.

Ribbon and jeweled bands crossing each other, and the back, built out with loose puffs and curls of the Marie Antoinette type, is a stunning style for evening, but a dressing that few women can achieve from the natural product of their own heads. Twists of gauze or tulle are a favored fancy for simple evening coiffures; while with many handsome evening costumes one sees the locks threaded

with strings of pearls and brilliants, which effect is very new and exceedingly cachet. Gold and silver cords are used in the same manner and with good results. Garlands of tiny roses threaded through the careless locks of young buds is one of the prettiest garnishments in use just now.

Simple turban-like coiffures for the day and extravagant curl effects for evening sum up the situation in fashionable hairdressing. And let it be added that front curls are becoming more and more the ruling fad and are very prevalent in the French capital. Women who have not the time nor inclination to visit the hairdresser every day have their day and evening chignons made separately. The art of hairdressing in America has gained rapid strides in competition with French hairdressers, and many of their little whims and vagaries are being successfully introduced by hairdressers over here, much to the delight of their regular patrons.

One of the recent innovations is the chignon made of waved combings woven to a flexible wire frame. The long strands of hair were interlaced into each other and the short ends swathed across the front and the others arranged around the lower part of the chignon, forming a flat double swath effect over the ears. The back hair projected several inches and seemed to be merely a big, loose coil. This style is one of the newest effects for day wear. The same foundation is employed in the making of curled arrangements for evening. Another becoming chignon for the day is made of a four-strand braid of moderately long hair. The cunning method of interlacing is the redeeming feature of this one, the completed effect of which is a mass of smooth, glossy plaits.

Artificial rolls, puffs and inner pompadours, sometimes called transformations, are almost extinct, as nearly all the smart coiffures are perfectly flat, with the hair resting close to the head. A tiny parting on the left side forms one of the very becoming effects. The line does not extend very far back on the head and on either side little curls fall over the brow. Women who are fortunate enough to have a natural cowlick are to be congratulated, for this little freak of nature helps wonderfully in affecting the desired line with the side parting. It is an actual fact that many women who do not possess the natural cowlick are training the hair to that end.

Most Popular Coiffure.

Decidedly the most popular coiffure of the moment is the one with the hair drawn about the head flatly and covering the ears with a chignon of big loose curls at the back. It is a very easy style to accomplish; so the women who wear it say, as they have only to draw and fasten their own tresses about the head in the desired fashion, then arrange the little scalp covered with ringlets in the center of the back. The dressing of the hair extremely low over the ears is one of the newest features in hairdressing and is being adopted by almost every one who can wear the style with any degree of becomingness.

The wavy bangs or fringes are rapidly growing in favor, since they are almost indispensable with the close fitting hats of the winter. Sometimes the bangs are cut quite long and curled only at the extreme ends, then again they will be very short and left perfectly straight to hang over the upper part of the brow like pointed fringe. The latter style is youthful and becoming to a pretty face, but not at all suited to women whose faces begin to show the cruel lines of time. And nine times out of ten it is this particular type who affects the straight bangs instead of the curled ones that have a tendency to soften the features.

Styles in Hair Ornaments.

Among the new hair ornaments are many different styles in broad flat combs, barrettes, pins and buckles in silver or gold filigree set with rhinestones or brilliants, seed pearls and semi-precious stones. Many of the elaborate ornaments in silver are such a perfect imitation of platinum and diamonds that it is almost impossible to distinguish the genuine from the counterfeit. For the low dressing, the jeweled placque is quite the smartest ornament. This ornament is made of silver filigree, studded with brilliants, and it is of generous size. Two placques are held together with a silver bar, which answers the purpose of a Grecian band. When properly arranged the band crosses the head and the placques cover the ears. Of course the ringlets are under the ornaments in natural fashion.

One of the novel hair ornaments that is more or less in evidence at social gatherings is the double-banded Grecian effect with criss-cross lattice of transparent galloon. The wide bands are caught at the ends with jeweled cabochons suggestive of the sort depicted in pictures of Cleopatra. The completed ornament is called the "Greek band," and is seen in its best effects in illuminated tinsel with iridescent glass shading and spangles. Another stunning ornament is a diamond-shaped band made of tinsel cord in silver, and ornamented with imitation jewels of harmonious colors. Feathers and aigrettes are also much used; they are worn in drooping fashion which is not entirely becoming to the average woman.

Jeweled Cabochon Liked.

The jeweled cabochon is the latest novelty from the Indian marts of fashionable things. The ornament is of enormous size and made of dull gold tinsel studded here and there with semi-precious jewels of oriental shades. There are two long hairpins at the back with which to adjust the odd ornament. Sequin bandeaux in a wide range of attractive colorings are to be had at the representative hair goods shops as well as at the jewelers and department stores of high grade. Ornaments decorated with applied silver or gold are well liked. A handsome comb is shaped like a peacock's tail (spread) and the feathers reproduced in metal tinted bronze, green and blue.

There is a marked tendency among well-dressed women this season to do away with heads, tails, paws and whole skin pieces, and to replace them by broad bands of fur trimming on hems and overskirts, and by scarfs and muffs of fur made with the addition of some material. Black monkey fur, for instance, is thus used on a black velvet costume, and the muff is of velvet edged with monkey fur.

Effective Millinery.

The picturesque "Lamp-Shade" hat shown in our illustration of drawn pompadour silk has a lining of black velvet and a domed crown of black fur. On the wide brim there is, at the edge, a band of black velvet, and in the pompadour silk there are delicious shades of pinks and blues, with a suspicion of dark green here and there.

A quaint toque is made of sealskin, with a narrow band of chinchilla round the border, and underneath this a frill of old yellow lace. At the back a cluster of superb feathers, of the same shade as the sealskin, stand erect. This toque is quite of the picture type, and it would be equally effective if made without the little cap of old lace, but these caps are very fashionable just now, and when adopted by pretty and smart looking women they are eminently attractive.