

PROFITABLE DAIRYING

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What State Dairymen's Associations Can Do

Knowing the possibilities in store for dairy farming and realizing the possibility of doubling the income from the dairy products and in this manner adding to the wealth of the Iowa farmer nearly half as many dollars as a bumper crop of corn in a year of high prices, all forces are at work to accomplish the result. The last general assembly appropriated \$10,000 to the Iowa State Dairymen's association to enable them to do more effective work along educational lines in dairying. With this money they have hired dairy experts to conduct a campaign with the one end in view—increasing the butter products of the Iowa cow. To accomplish this result no stones are being left unturned. Special dairy trains have been run and more will be run over the state, carrying to the farmer's door the facts relative to the care and selection of his herd that will mean to him

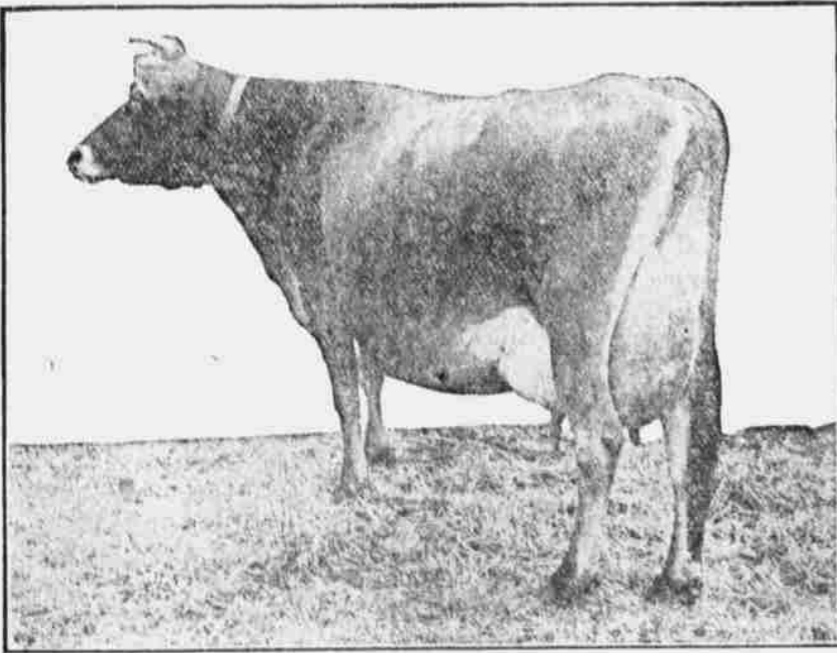


"Glencoe Boppep," Guernsey Cow That Will Make Over 600 Pounds of Butter This Year in Iowa Cow Contest.

more profitable products and an interest in the work that will cause him, too, to realize that there is a bright future for the dairy business on his farm if conducted along proper lines.

Short Courses in Dairying.

Short course schools are probably one of the very best means of educating the farmer dairyman, although it is impossible to reach so many during a short period of time. But those to whom education is carried through this channel have an opportunity to learn a great deal more that will be a benefit to them because the corps of instructors remains with the one class for a week at a time and during this course dairy animals of proper form, conformation and working ability are brought before them and the essential points to be observed in selecting dairy animals are pointed out and practically demonstrated with the live animal. Methods of securing the very best animals for the production of milk and butter fat are discussed, and of course this brings up the study of breeding, raising and developing dairy cattle. Feeding the dairy cow is an all-important point, and this matter is discussed every day during the week with the students. Caring for milk and cream on the farm is a real live question at the present time. There is another possibility here in that, by the proper care of the milk and cream from the time it is milked until it reaches the creamery, it will not be difficult to increase the price per pound of butter shipped out of Iowa by one cent and this means an income in itself of over \$10,000 per year. Practical demonstration of the proper methods of milking the cow are given and it will probably be a



"Aggie Clothilde Bawn 4th," Holstein Cow.

surprise to the dairyman to realize that there is as much to be learned regarding the proper way to be learned regarding the growing of corn five or six years ago. After the cow has been milked at these short courses the milk is weighed, then a sample taken and tested with the Babcock tester to determine the percentage of butter fat found in the milk; and after all this is probably the very most important thing to be learned by the dairy farmer at the present time, because it enables him to find out which of his cows are good ones and which of them are the unprofitable kind, and this certainly must be the first consideration in building up the herd. He must get rid of his poor cows and

keep the good cows and by the use of good sire produce daughters that are still better, save them, rear them under the best conditions for growth and development and each generation make better the herd from the standpoint of milk and butter production, never failing to sort out by the use of the scales and the Babcock test those individuals which do not pay for their care and feed and yield a reasonable profit besides.

Farmers Are Interested.

It is surprising the interest that these short-course students take in their work, for, as a matter of fact, they do better work during the five or six days while the opportunity is presented than do the real college students, who feel that their opportunities for education are to last for a period of four years instead of for one short week.

The Iowa State Dairy association also furnishes lecturers for farmers' institutes, one of which is held in every county in Iowa, supported to an extent by the appropriation from the state. In the past there has been very little encouragement to the farmer, who attended the institutes, along lines of dairying because the available lecturers were few, but now that the state has come to the assistance of the State Dairymen's association it is possible for the latter institution to supply speakers free of cost, except for their traveling expenses to every farmers' institute in the state that signifies its interest in the real business of dairying.

Probably one of the best opportunities to do good is found at the annual meetings of the patrons of the 500 creameries located in Iowa. At this time the treasurer reports to the patrons—numbering from 50 to 500—what the financial condition of their creamery is and what the profits have been during the past year. On such an occasion more interest is displayed than at any other time, because the patron feels that the business is largely his—which is a fact. If it is possible, and usually it is, to show him where his organization can be more successful and pay larger prices to the patrons for their butter fat during the coming year, he feels that it is to his advantage to grasp the opportunity and in this way much good results to the patrons in the community. Probably the best manner of assisting these creamerymen is to form associations and already in Worth county the North Iowa Dairy Improvement association has been organized with ten creameries co-operating. The butter made by these ten creameries is taxed by the organization one-tenth percent in her creameries over 1,000,000 pounds of butter, and in this respect leads, as a rule, all other states in the Union. Judging from this butter income, together with the income from the city milk supplies and from other by-products of the dairy cow, it has been carefully estimated that the dairy business of Iowa means an annual income of \$60,000,000, and it is a fact that the chief factory to be found in nearly 500 towns in the state is the factory where the cream produced on the farm is manufactured in butter and shipped to market.

Possibilities of the Iowa Cow.

Owing to the fact that a great portion of the butter produced in Iowa

found in many states. Many are the herds that produce an average of over 400 pounds of butter a year, and this means that each cow on the average is returning to her owner an income of over \$100 annually for the butter she produces. There is a possibility that the production of even these better herds can be gradually increased, and this is best proven by the fact that in these herds are to be found many cows that are producing much more than 400 pounds of butter, while others are producing a lesser amount. One is not surprised nowadays to find cows that have produced from 700 pounds to 1,000 pounds of butter a year, and a few cows already have produced over 1,100 pounds of butter in 355 days. There is a possibility of doubling the average production of the cows with very little expense. In fact, only three things are needed to accomplish this, namely: Better dairymen, better cows and better methods of caring for and feeding them. To double the average production of the cow would mean that she must produce an average of 280 pounds of butter annually, and no doubt the time will come when she will be doing this, for as a matter of fact her present production is not making for her owner any great amount of net profit even at the high price of butter fat.

In older countries we find the cows' average in production even more than 280 pounds of butter per year. Among these countries are Denmark, Holland, New Zealand, the Jersey and Guernsey islands and other countries.

Little Improvement in the Average Dairy Cow.

In most lines of agriculture the American farmer is most progressive and leads the world. During the past number of years he has been busy improving his herds of horses, hogs and beef cattle as well as his farm equipment, and has overlooked the importance of the dairy cow. Likely this is the reason that we find him to-day milking cows that are no better than the cows he was milking 25 years ago, and in many cases of a quality even poorer. He has considered the dairy cow as more or less a side issue and as sort of a troublesome necessity. At this time, however, with the great advancement in the price of land and the problem of making his farm better instead of farming it to death, he has looked around him and found that of all farm animals the good dairy cow is at the present time returning to her owner more net profit from her dairy product, helping in making the farm better, and that her calves are selling for a higher price than ever before, and at a greater profit than any other animal on the farm. He has found that there is a vast difference between the cows that he is keeping, and in many instances



Good Type of Jersey Cow.

he finds standing side by side under exactly the same conditions and receiving the same feed both in quantity and quality, two cows, one of which is producing 100 pounds of butter a year while the other is producing 500 pounds of butter in a year. It takes only a moment's consideration to discover, when his attention is drawn to this fact, that one of these cows—even though she consumes five times as much feed—requires five times as much labor to care for her and milk her; even though she might occupy five times as much space in the barn or pasture, is five times the more profitable cow of the two.

Doubling the Production of Butter.

This is a fact that is found on nearly every farm at the present time, and right now the dairyman is struggling to get rid of the poor cows and keep a larger number of cows, but it is difficult for him to find them because during these same years his neighbors have paid very little attention to the building up of their own dairy herds and the same conditions are found upon their farms—a few real good cows and a number of real poor cows. He, too, has discovered the difference between good cows and poor cows, and the result is that to build up at once good herds of dairy cows is practically an impossibility, and it will take a considerable length of time to make the great necessary improvement in our herds. Nevertheless, the necessity of bettering our dairy conditions is apparent. It is a possibility to double the production of dairy products with the same number of cows in milk, which means that there is a possibility of producing annually in Iowa instead \$60,000,000 worth of dairy products, \$120,000,000 worth, which lack a very little of amounting to as much as does the annual corn crop of the state.

This, no doubt, will be a surprise to the reader, as it is a matter of Iowa history that the corn crop is by far the most important of all Iowa industries. There is, however, no area the size of Iowa in the world that is better fitted for a large, economical and profitable production of dairy products. Everything except the good cow is present. There is no better feed than corn when fed in proper amounts and proportions, and there is an abundance of pasture grasses, clovers, good climatic conditions, fresh water, intelligent farmers and good markets.

HIS LADY OF THE SLIPPER

By GRACE DE PINA

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Having delivered her opinion of the first act, Miss Winley leaned back in her seat and yielded to the temptation of removing and readjusting her slipper, with her foot as a lever. It proved a fascinating progress, and engrossed her attention. The lights, going out, recalled her with a start. The start disturbed the position of the "lever." She groped madly, till she touched the heel of the truant slipper; then curled her toe over its edge. It rose on end, her foot slipped, the slipper shot forward and she tracked only the bare floor.

"Fred," she whispered, tapping her companion's arm, "I've lost a slipper!"

The curtain had risen on a chorus of beauties. Fred, being only her brother, replied: "Oh, never mind, we'll get it afterward," and bestowed all his attention on the stage.

But Miss Winley's foot was cold, and poutingly she curled it up underneath her. Row spaces are not built to meet such emergencies, and in settling herself Miss Winley knocked her knee against the chair ahead and to the left of her. Its occupant turned around, then withdrew his gaze reluctantly.

Fenshaw was not interested in the act. He began to weigh the assets of the chorus against the unusual tint of Miss Winley's hair. He slouched back in his seat to catch another glimpse of her. He did not turn again deliberately.

Something impeded the stretch of his legs. He stooped, stared, and picked up a golden slipper. Graceful, not much too big for his hand's holding, still warm to the touch, it rested on his flattened palm. Fascinated he looked down at it; and then, without knowing why, thrust it stealthily into the pocket of his over-



MISS WINLEY STOOD ON ONE FOOT FOR A MOMENT WHILE SHE SEARCHED FOR HER MISSING SLIPPER AND DESPAIR.

coat. A slight movement from behind distracted him, and gave excuse to turn and gaze again upon Miss Winley. Intuitively he placed the slipper's ownership, and quickly sought confirmation in her expression. But Miss Winley, adapted to the uncertain gallantry of a brother, had dismissed the matter from her mind until after the play. The cramp from her position was alone responsible for her restlessness.

When the curtain dropped so did Fred, dutifully, on hands and knees. Vainly he searched. The people slowly filed out, and as the front rows cleared he walked through them, called the usher, explained how, being a slipper, it was impossible for it to be somewhere around. Meanwhile, Miss Winley stood on one foot, regarding his efforts with mingled disdain and despair.

Fenshaw, drifting over toward the side exit, had not gone out. The solitary figure attracted her. Their eyes met. In a flash she understood. Here was where he should have come forward and ended the quest. But he didn't. He closed his hand over the tell-tale bulge of his pocket and waited.

"You might ask," she began to Fred. "Er—ah—don't bother," as he looked up inquiringly. "Only we'll have to go home before joining the crowd. You run ahead and find our car."

She took off her other slipper and tucked it under her coat.

"Why?" asked Freddy.

"Easier walking; I refuse to limp. You'll catch your death of cold."

Miss Winley shrugged her shoulders. "More evenly distributed, at any rate," she philosophized. Then, pathetically, "You don't think any one can notice, do you, if I let my gown flop?" She trailed majestically, if cautiously, up the aisle behind him, her beautiful robe gathering up an undue share of dust.

She was very angry. To be sure, the man had fine eyes, but he also had her slipper. She felt sure of it; yet she couldn't tell Fred. It was so absurd. How could she?

Only a few persons remained in the entrance as she stepped into the motor. One of these was Fenshaw. She saw him clearly. He had edged close as Fred approached the chauff-

feur in an endeavor to hear. Miss Winley became enraged. Then suddenly the lure of the game rose in her veins. In a spirit of challenge, she leaned out and called audibly to her brother:

"Tell him—home!" and, as the door closed on them, Fenshaw caught a glimpse of hair as golden as the slipper that was ruining the shape of his pocket and of eyes with a matching gleam of mockery.

Fenshaw was at the bachelor stage, which is beyond that of the merely single young man. This does not mean, however, that he was without his moments of impulse. A vacant taxi stood encouragingly at hand. He sprang in.

"Worth your while to follow and keep track of that car!" he directed. Dizzily they spun along to discount the start of the other motor. Finally it stopped. So did Fenshaw, slightly in the rear. He paid extravagantly for his success, dismissed the taxi, took accurate note of the house the Winleys entered, verified the number as they passed inside, ascertained the street and then turned homeward with a tune upon his lips. For was it not Mrs. Hartfield's street?—sympathetic, energetic, match-making Mrs. Hartfield! And just three doors below, too! Surely she knew the glorious lady of the slipper! If that were so.

He laughed aloud at the rostrum of his outlook.

In the morning he called up Mrs. Hartfield. No hour was ever too early for her. She agreed with eagerness to his suggestion. She considered Fenshaw her most obstinate and at the same time her most "worth while" case. He had never confessed to need of her before, and his hint of distress was a heartening sign. So she broke an engagement for bridge, and with the tea table laid and some of her husband's best cigars at hand an hour too soon, she sat looking out of her window, impatiently tapping her foot in rhythm to the clock's ticking.

Fenshaw was almost prompt. He arrived exactly on time, and with a bare greeting, dropped the slipper into the lap of his hostess.

"There!" he exclaimed sheepishly, "I hope you're satisfied!"

Mrs. Hartfield examined it excitedly.

"Whose is it?" she demanded.

"I—don't—know," mumbled Fenshaw.

She beamed upon him. It was better than she had expected.

"Tell me—all!" she commanded.

He told her. "I've been wondering ever since just why I did it," he ended, "except, perhaps—it is a handsome slipper."

Mrs. Hartfield did not contradict him. "The number is 37, you say? That is the Winley's house. Hair matches the slipper?" she broke off irrelevantly.

Fenshaw nodded. "You know her?" he cried.

"Of course," lied Mrs. Hartfield, with the mental reservation, "by sight," to ease her conscience. "And you merely wish to return this?"

Fenshaw looked up sharply. "Of course! You see, it was really an unpardonable thing to do. I felt that she knew I had it, and I should have given it back then and there, but—but I didn't."

"Hm!" said Mrs. Hartfield. She was thinking very hard. "Suppose you drop in to dinner Tuesday next?" There was a veiled promise in her tone.

"Angel!" murmured Fenshaw as he left the house.

At the same moment "the angel" was in frantic communication over the telephone.

Tuesday came at last. Fenshaw arrived most improperly early. It was a good symptom, and Mrs. Hartfield's greeting was none the less cordial. She met his expectant gaze with a glib explanation.

"You see, Ethel—Mrs. Trowden—rang me up just after you left. She'd quite set her heart on a dinner and a little bridge after; so when I told her I couldn't come she insisted on my bringing you along. It's all right." She laughed as his expression fell. "She has asked Miss Winley."

They left the house. Fenshaw's eyes were strangely alight and his jaw squarely set as they drove away. He was going to defeat or conquest—at least to battle. For sentiment's sake, the slipper rested in his pocket, but his heart was already leaping far beyond.

As for Mrs. Hartfield, she kept her face buried in the cool fragrance of her violets—Fenshaw's tact confession of dependence—fervently praying all the way over he might not find out too soon that if it had not been for Mrs. Trowden she never could have introduced him to his "lady of the slipper."

The Bad Boy and the Quakers.

Of Diggle! Mr. Barham used to tell many absurd stories. The most amusing, however much to be condemned, of his practical jokes was one in which his friend Barham also had a share. The two boys, in course of one of their walks, procured a penny tart of a neighboring pastry cook; furnished with this, Diggle marched boldly into the building, and holding up the delicacy in the midst of the grave assembly, said with perfect solemnity: "Whoever speaks first shall have this pie."

"Friend, go thy way," commanded a drab-colored gentleman, rising; "go thy way."

"The pie is yours, sir!" exclaimed Master Diggle, politely, and placing it before the astonished speaker, hastily effected his escape.—College Life.

CAP and BELLS



POINTS IN POLITICAL GAME

Ambitious Young Man Is Told First Lesson in Politics Is to Know "Star-Spangled Banner."

Having decided to go into politics a young man applied to a district leader for some points in the game. The boss handed him "The Star-Spangled Banner," words and music.

"Know that?" he asked.

The young man confessed that he did not, except the first few lines.

"Then," said the district leader, "the first thing you've got to do is to learn it by heart, every word and every note. Go home and practice till you can sing it with as much voice and musical feeling as you have. It will carry you over many a strip of thin ice. Every successful politician in the land has been saved from defeat at some critical moment by his ability to sing 'The Star-Spangled Banner.' If the fellows who have failed had known how to sing it, maybe they wouldn't have fallen with such a thud."

"Later I may have a few more useful hints to impart, but make no mistake, the A B C of the political game is a working knowledge of 'The Star-Spangled Banner.'"—New York Sun.

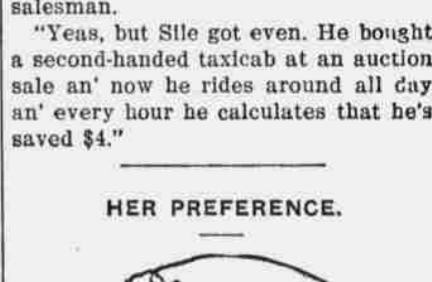
Getting His Money's Worth.

"Yes," drawled the venerable postmaster of Bacon Ridge, "when Silas Shanks was up in Chicago he rode about in a taxicab and they charged him \$4 an hour. It almost broke his heart."

"That so?" commented the molasses salesman.

"Yes, but Silas got even. He bought a second-hand taxicab at an auction sale and now he rides around all day an' every hour he calculates that he's saved \$4."

HER PREFERENCE.



Flossie—Would you rather be a marchioness or a countess?

Bessie—I think I'd rather be a countess.

Flossie—A marchioness is higher than a countess.

Bessie—Yes, but a countess is easier to spell.

Demise Uncertain.

There was a new play to be given by the stock company and the heavy villain was starting off for rehearsal.

"And, by the way, Julius," asked his wife, "what time will you be home for supper—8, 9 or 10 o'clock?"

"I can't tell you now, Bedelia," responded the Thesplan, as he slipped on his \$1,000 overcoat. "I have forgotten which act I die in."

Too Close Now.

Subbubs—I don't know anybody that my wife hates more than the Jenkinsons.

Citman—Why, she used to think pretty well of them.

Subbubs—Yes, but that was before they moved in next door to us.—Catholic Standard and Times.

Might Get the Hook.

"Why don't you write a rhyme about bank embezzlers?" some one asked a busy bard.

"I would do so," he answered, "if I thought it were safe to rhyme 'lawyer' with 'paranoia.'"

Related Popularity.

Askitt—Was Skinner what you would call a popular man?

Knott—Well, he never had much of a following while alive, but he had a big funeral.

A Stock Phrase.

"I fear he isn't a finished political orator."

"Why not?"

"Because he never refers to the voter's inalienable right."