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LABOR SAVING

Machinery Now Does Much Work on the Dairy Farm.

The success of the milking machine completes the cycle of labor saving apparatus on the dairy farm. One may now plow the land with a riding sulky plow drawn by horses or a traction motor, rework it with a riding harrow, put in the corn seed with a riding planter, do much of the cultivating with a machine upon which he rides, drawn by horses, and cut the silage corn with a horse harvester. The bundles or stalks must be lifted by hand upon the low down wagon, hauled to the silo and fed into a cutter operated by a gasoline engine. This cuts stalks and ears into pieces, say, a quarter of an inch long, which are conveyed up into the silo by an automatic carrier.

Hay and Silage Apparatus.
Hay is likewise cut, harvested and baled by machinery. Then for feeding the silage is shoveled into a tank that runs upon an overhead track in front of the cows, and a suitable feed is deposited in front of each cow. Hay is brought from the bay to the cow stable by an adaptation of the horse fork. The milking machine has done away with the drudgery of that operation. The machine is washed by power, and milk cans and pails are sterilized with a steam jet after being perfectly cleaned by the improved washing powder in the water.

Handling Bedding and Manure.
The bedding used for cows is run through a power cutter so that it is fine and absorbs all the urine. The cow's droppings and soaked bedding are shoveled into a tank or carrier that is lowered to the floor while being filled, then rises to its track above and runs direct to the manure spreader, into which the contents are automatically dumped. Horses haul the spreader to the field, and the manure is at once applied.—American Agriculturist.

Stack Ties.
If it is necessary to stack the hay in the field it should be protected in some way from the rain and snow. A good method is suggested by Kimball's Dairy Farmer, as follows: Take three small wires and weave into them slats about eight inches wide and four feet long. These are placed about two feet apart. The length of the frame will depend entirely upon the height of the stack. It should be large enough to cover the top of the stack well and keep the hay from being blown off. If you wish to improve on this tack tarred felt roofing paper to the slats. This gives you a practically tight roof over the stack.

Dairy Talk of Today

A successful Ohio dairywoman says: "I think there is no other branch of farming where brains count for so much as in dairying. There are great possibilities for the dairyman of today if he will only apply the right principles in breeding, feeding and care of the dairy cow."

Get the Best.
After raising 200 calves in twenty-six years I find myself learning some new things every year, also learning some old lessons over and over. One lesson I do not forget is that the mother and the sire must both be the best we can get, either by raising or buying, of the same breed and noted for their constitutional vigor, which is the chief cornerstone of success.—Massachusetts Dairyman.

At the Front.
The unprogressive dairyman fails to realize that the dairy world not only "do move," but is rapidly advancing. Perhaps he is one of the best of the old school, yet is at the tag end of the procession of modern improvement, whereas if he would get out among the alert dairymen of the present and imbibe the newer ideas he might be easily a leader in the front of modern dairy progress.—B. Benjamin, Jr.

Uniform Quality in Cheese.
The question of how to obtain a clean, mild flavored cheese all the time is one of the very important considerations in solving the problem of getting the people to eat more cheese.

The Milking Machine.
Now that the milking machine appears to be an assured success it puts a new face upon the whole business. Any man familiar with live stock growing is free to admit that in no line of stock handling is there so good an opportunity for money making as that of dairying, the serious objections to it being its everlasting 265 days a year job. There is no let up, we may say, night or day, Sabbath or holidays. All means hard and persistent work in the dairy. But when you come to think of it, what kind of work can you engage in and make money at it that is not an everlasting job without let up, year and year out? As we said before, now that the milking machine is proving a success the great bugbear of keeping milkers on the farm is being removed, and the farm itself can take heart again.—Home and Farm.

Building Up a Dairy Herd.
At present there are two distinct phases of building up a dairy herd. First, there is the building up of the dairy herd of pedigreed animals of some distinct breed, and second, there is the building up of a herd of useful milk producers by a system of upgrading which ought to be so conducted as to lead up to the former. We are of necessity forced to build up dairy herds, first, because few dairymen at the beginning of these operations have sufficient capital to purchase dairy herds out and cut; second as little more than 1 per cent of our cattle are pedigreed, such animals could not be secured, and, third, dairymen who know their business will not dispose of their best cows unless at fancy prices.—R. S. Shaw, Michigan.

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A Toss Between Rivals

(Original.)
Ben Arnold and I were chums, and Dorothy Drummond was a witch. Given a pair of chums and a witch, and what is the invariable result? A quarrel between the chums. If this invariable result had happened in our case there would be nothing worth the telling. So many such affairs have taken place that they have ceased to be at least novel. Dorothy said she would have neither of us, declaring at the same time that we were more in love with each other than with any one else. I will admit that this helped Ben and me to keep from quarreling, though neither of us believed her.
We invented tests to force Dorothy to show her hand. Whether she was to smart for us or whether she had nothing but friendship for either of us we could not tell. At any rate not one of our tests gave us any information. We conspired to send her invitations for a drive to take place at the same hour of the same day, hoping she would show her preference by accepting one and declining the other. The little mix accepted both, asking us to call with an equipage capable of seating four persons, as she wished to take her grandmother. We were both furious, but dared not disobey. We tried to force her to choose one of us to sit beside her, but she declined to enter the carriage till all had been seated. She was the life of the party, which must have been a difficult role to play, for Ben and I sat "nursing our wrath to keep it warm." When we handed the two women out, Dorothy was profuse in her thanks for an invitation which had not been given.
One day I told Ben that there was but one way to force a decision between us. That was to tell Dorothy if she would have neither of us she must lose both of us. We would both "go west." Ben consented to this at once. He believed the girl loved him and when it came to the point of losing him would show her hand. I had no doubt that I was the fortunate man and, if a choice was inevitable, would be chosen. If you ask on what grounds we based these opinions I reply that each drew his inference from Dorothy's actions toward him. She gave me her photograph, exacting my promise not to tell Ben, and gave Ben her photograph, exacting his promise not to tell me. This sort of trick she played us in a great variety of ways. It was quite natural that each should deem himself the favored one.
One evening we called on Dorothy together and stated our proposition. In order that neither should have the advantage of being spokesman we were both spokesmen. Ben made a preliminary statement of the case, while I followed with the alternative. The little witch's eyes danced while

we were going so, though when the last words were spoken, "or we go west tomorrow," she looked at us inquiringly. Seeing determination in the countenance of each, she made a little gasp, then turned her back and walked to the window.
When she turned toward us there was a singular expression, or rather combination of expressions, on her face—something serious, something comical, and, above all, something extremely mischievous.
"I don't wish to drive two such fine fellows away," she said. "If I must choose between you I must make my choice by lot."
Going to an antique writing desk, she opened a little drawer and took out an old copper cent, such as has now gone completely out of circulation.
"It is a toss between you. I shall flip this cent. If it comes down tails" (she said this to Ben) "I will marry you and make you a devoted wife. If it comes down heads" (turning to me) "you are the one I shall love till death do us part."
"You give me tails. I am not your preference," said Ben in a frightened tone.
"Let us choose for ourselves," I said. "Give Ben first choice."
"You have neither of you anything to do with the method by which I come to my decision," she said. "It is I who make the choice, not you."
Tossing the cent in the air, giving it a flip at the same time with her thumb, it fell on the floor, rolled about awhile, struck the leg of a chair and was still. Ben and I both sprang forward, but Dorothy waved us back.
"One step and you both go west!" she exclaimed.
Picking up the coin, which we could both see she did carefully and fairly, she held it out to us without looking at it herself.
"Heads!" I cried.
Ben dropped into a chair. She went to him and took his hand, while a tear stood in her eye. I slipped out of the room, leaving her to comfort him.
Ben acted very nicely about the affair and took his disappointment remarkably well. This, Dorothy told me, was because I had secured her by chance and not by preference. Bright of Dorothy to foresee such a result and act accordingly, wasn't it? I would have preferred to be preferred, but I was so glad to get her that I swallowed that part of the matter. At any rate we were married and have lived very happily ever since.
We had been married but a few months when, hunting for a pair of sleeve links in a Japanese box, I came upon an old cent bearing date 1858. Being an old fashioned, enormous coin, I was reminded that I had not seen one of them since Dorothy "tossed" between Ben and me. Turning it from one side to the other, I was astonished. It was a double header.
S. HUNTER HALSEY.

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