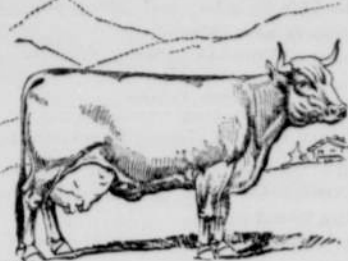


THE DAIRY

A SWISS BUTTER COW.

She Has Made the Highest Record in a Public Test.

The brown Swiss dairy cattle will probably be the next ones to be boomed. The Guernsey boom is on now. The Jersey boom has never burst from the time it began 30 years ago. There is room in this country, however, for all the great dairy breeds that can be fostered. Our picture shows well the type and points of the Swiss mountain butter yielder.



BROWN SWISS COW.

The cow in the illustration is Brienz, owned in Illinois. This little brown Swiss wears the ribbon as the greatest butter producer ever entered in a public test. In quantity of milk she has been surpassed by animals of other breeds, but at a cattle show in Chicago Brienz produced 11 pounds of butter in three days.

Dairymen, Look at These Figures.

I know a hardworking dairymen who works a place on shares and from a dairy of 10 cows gets about 200 pounds of milk per day. His half share in this, taken to the cheese factory, brings him something like 70 cents every 24 hours. Now, he hires a man by the day, giving him \$1.25 and board for every 10 hours' work. So, including cost of board, he does not receive half enough from his share of the dairy to pay his hired help. The question naturally arises, Where is he to make the other half and also make money for his own wages?

Well, he has a hopyard of five acres, as most dairymen have here in connection with their farms. But how about the income from this source? He cannot hope for more than 4,000 pounds of hops, and as hops are now worth 20 cents per pound his share would be something like \$400. From other sources besides his dairy and hops, such as grain, potatoes, etc., he can get enough surplus to finish paying the hired man. That will leave him with the \$400 as his own wages for the year, and from this he must support his family and himself.

Not a very cheerful outlook, is it? His hired man will make more clear money than he will, and will not have to work as hard. If hops are higher than 20 cents a pound next fall, he will obtain a correspondingly larger income, but they are likely to be even lower than the figures named. In any event, there is the prospect of a whole year's chock full of hard days' work with barely common pay.

But it does not fall to the lot of any agriculturist to have easy days' work, and they are not looking for that. Some of them, however, worry over the matter if they do not obtain a good rate of interest on the sweat they shed and the brawn they expend in tilling the soil. Worry is brain work, and as the American brain is a very ingenious organ when it keeps itself busy the ambitious American dairymen who worries (just a little) is apt to derive the biggest income from his muscular work.

In the case that I have cited there has been too much apathy and too little worry in the past. The present tenant is not altogether to blame for this, but the owner is rather to blame for having a dairy of 10 cows on the place that yield only 200 pounds of milk per day in nearly the flush of feed.

These 10 cows should be giving more nearly 400 pounds per day than 200, and they would if they were of the right stamp. I hear some reader exclaim: "Oh, pshaw! You fellows who write are always setting up an ideal standard that cannot be followed in practice." But listen, my friend. Suppose that we have been right there and know how it goes from experience, as the most of us do, cannot you believe that there is something in it then?

If you are not convinced, go forth and list to the teachings of other dairymen about you, who are making more money than you are.—George L. Newell in American Cultivator.

The Model Cheesemaker.

Again I can see him as he works about the factory with an air of genuine feminine cleanliness, slicking up the floors and scrubbing the tinware, brightening up the cheeses as he turns them from day to day. Neither will the whey tank escape his watchful eye. He well knows the terrible results which must sooner or later overtake a cheesemaker who allows the filth to accumulate in an unwashed whey tank, whereby every crack, crevice and seam of all the milk cans of his many patrons are infected with a dangerous bacteria which though unseen is nevertheless a great foe and is the prime cause of bringing millions of pounds of cheese on the rejected list. In short, he is a man that has an everlasting watchfulness over little things, and the idea of rushing things at a tremendous speed for the sake of going a-fishing, seeing his best girl or lounging in a saloon never enters his busy brain.

You ask, Has the model cheesemaker any interest in his product after it leaves his hands? I repeat, as I said in the start: He is an honest, well informed, shrewd business man. He has already investigated the laws of trade, the laws of supply and demand and also the laws, both national and state, relating to milk, butter and cheese and their wonderful and dangerous substitutes—oleo and filled cheese. He is deeply interested in all these questions.—Address at a Dairymen's Convention.

Hard on the Cat Either Way.

A small boy had a dog that was rough, as most small boys' dogs are, and a young girl who lived next door had a kitten. As all cats are. One day the small boy came nonchalantly into the girl's presence, and after some desultory conversation he said:

"You know my dog Barca and your cat Darling?"

"Yes."

"Well, my dog had a piece of meat, and he thought your cat was going to take it away from him."

"Thought!" exclaimed the wise girl. "What makes you say the dog thought? You know dogs don't think; they instinct."

"Well," said the boy, "I don't know whether he thought or whether he instinct it, but anyway he killed your cat."—Pearson's Weekly.

Not Exactly Complimentary.



Little Gladys—Granny, go down on your hands and knees for a minute, please.

Fond Grandmother—What am I to do that for, my pet?

Little Gladys—"Cause I wants to draw an elephant."—Judy.

Won by Waiting.

"Possibly you remember me."

It was a bright sunny day, and the large dry goods store in which our story opens was crowded. A mild mannered and pleasant faced lady in the prime of womanhood had made her way through the throng, and stood facing the saleslady at the notion counter, a woman grown old in the service of her employers, and who now looked searchingly into the face of the visitor as the words quoted above were spoken.

"Madam," she said hesitatingly as a faint gleam of recognition came into her face, "I certainly have seen you before, but for the moment I cannot place you."

"Don't you remember," said her questioner gently, "one morning several years ago a young girl came in here and bought two dozen pinhooks, for which she gave you 50 cents?"

Then it was that the saleslady knew her. "Madam," she said as she reached under the counter for a small envelope, "I remember you very well now, although the years have altered you," and she passed out the envelope. "Here, madam, is your change."—Harper's Bazar.

Had Him There.

A Harlem parent has a son who took piano lessons at Professor Zweiber's house, but was supposed to do his practicing on the piano at home. The parent had a suspicion that the youth did not practice much. One day he said:

"Tommy, do you practice regularly on the piano when I am down town?"

"Yes, pa."

"Every day?"

"Yes, pa."

"How long did you practice yesterday?"

"Two hours."

"And today?"

"Three hours."

"I am glad to hear that you practice so regularly."

"Yes, pa."

"And next time you practice be sure you unlock the piano. Here is the key. I locked the piano and put the key in my pocket a week ago."—Texas Siftings.

The Only Thing Left.

"How was the audience at your rendering of 'Hamlet' last night?" was asked of a barnstormer.

"Very, very poor."

"Why, what was the matter with it?"

"I don't know, but I suppose I shall have to rewrite the play before the people up here will like it."—Tit-Bits.

There Yet.

Wife—I'll warrant there's a letter written by a woman in your pocket now.

Husband—Impossible, my dear! You know I—

Wife—I know I wrote one and gave it to you to mail three days ago.—Truth.

Biblical.

"Paul, I wonder if our little Timothy is hungry again? He's been crying softly for quite a while now."

"Yes, Maria, I guess he is having a little whine for his stomach's sake."—Exchange.

The Mechanical Ostrich.

Susan—Clocks is mighty modest, Hiram. They keep their hands over their faces all the time.

Hiram—So they do, Susan, but they don't hide their fingers.—Detroit Free Press.

Knew His Business.

Unruly Passenger (on an ocean steamship)—Doesn't the vessel tip frightfully? Dignified Steward—The vessel, mum, is trying to set a good example to the passengers.—Chicago Tribune.

Sure to Go.

Brown—Will your wife be at church tomorrow?

Jones—I think she will. She hasn't yet decided what kind of a bonnet she wants.—Brooklyn Life.

He Worked Up.

Wilks—Is he an eye doctor? Why, I thought he was a chiropract.

Wallace—He used to be. He began at the foot and worked up, you see.—Truth.

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