

# HATE

By Arthur D. Howden Smith

## STORY FROM THE START

Capt. Lion Fellowes' American merchant ship is sunk by a British frigate off Portugal in the War of 1812. Fellowes' life is saved by an English-speaking girl, who conceals her identity. Fellowes goes to Lisbon where he meets an acquaintance, Capt. Chater of the American ship True Bounty, who offers him a berth as a mate, but knowing Chater is disloyal in trading with the enemy, he refuses. He meets the girl who saved his life, Cara Inglepin, daughter of the owner of True Bounty. She is bound for home and induces Fellowes to sail as mate. He is in love with Cara. The vessel is stopped by the British frigate, Badger, Captain Collishaw. Fellowes is taken aboard the Badger a "pressed" man. Maddened at what he believes is Cara's and Chater's treachery he strikes Collishaw who orders him a hundred lashes with the "cat." Fellowes' hatred of the three becomes an obsession. Off New York Fellowes escapes from the Badger. He secures a plot to a meeting to be held at Chater's home and gathers a company of militia to circumvent the plot. In a fight between the militia and British sailors Collishaw escapes. At Chater's home Fellowes finds Cara, her father and Chater. Fellowes secures at the girl's denial of conniving at his kidnapping. No incriminating papers are found. The Inglepin party leaves for New York.

## CHAPTER VII—Continued

"And carry on the maintenance of the estate? I fear not, Lion, I fear not. Business is plentiful."

"Humph! Then I'll have you look over our titles. See which lands could be disposed of most readily."

"Sell the Manor fields?" Sophor was overwhelmed. "Why, my dear Lion! Not an acre has gone since—But this is absurd. Do listen to reason!"

"There isn't any reason in the situation," Fellowes replied, between strokes of the razor. "I must have a ship, Nimrod, and that means I must have money. Unless I can come to some terms with Joshua Inglepin. His lean, bronzed features were contorted in a scowl. "He hates his brother—as I do. I should think two men who hate the same person would make excellent partners."

"I must deplore the bitterness of your spirit," protested the lawyer. "Hatred is the cause of infinite suffering and misery."

"You have the cart before the horse," rapped Fellowes. "Misery and suffering inspire hate. No, you needn't argue. I appreciate your motives, but my mind is fast."

Sophor looked uncomfortable.

"At the least," he said hesitantly, "allow me to offer my services as counselor and advisor. I should be delighted to accompany you to the city, and—examine any measures suggested in the light of practical and consistent lawfulness."

"No, it won't do," denied Fellowes. And smiled at the lawyer's chagrin. "This isn't an occasion for legal niceties."

"Dear me, Lion, you are most obstinate," sighed Sophor. "And do I understand it's your purpose to put to sea as a privateersman?"

"Yes."

"I shall go with you! I shall accompany you as—as—marine officer. My military services will have equipped me for the duties, and I am sure a number of my corps will enlist with their captain."

Fellowes' smile became a laugh, almost carefree and hearty.

"You shall come, Nimrod," he promised, "and all the Fenbiches you can raise. Now shall we sample Mrs. Rhodes' cooking? 'Twill taste more than good to me, after two years of salt horse."

The widow received them at the foot of the stairs.

"Perked up a mite, ain't ye, squire?" she remarked. "Thar's nothin' in 'em can master sleep for a 'red man. I say and after sleep ye want food."

She led the way into the dining room, where Tom and Cuffee—Tom distinctly sheepish—were cleaning the floor and polishing furniture.

"Naow, then, Tom," she admonished, "we'll do with the sweepin' a while. Cuffee, ye can come outside with me, and fetch in the plates. I'll make a good waiter of ye, yer. After we get the squire settled, ye two can help out at the General Armstrong. I allow wanted a pair o' husky men folks 'round the place. Not that I need 'em, specially; but it makes ye feel pert jest to have men folks 'round. And Tom, thar, he's cut out for the heavy work. A honest, well-mennin' man, Tom is." She gave him a pat, under which he wiggled ecstatically. "Wantin' a leetle trainin', to be sure, but he'll come on. A couple o' months, and he'll earn his keep. I wouldn't wonder."

"I'm sorry, Mrs. Rhodes," Fellowes answered when he could squeeze a word in, "but we are starting for New York as soon as Jeff Riggie can come for us."

She halted in the kitchen door arms akimbo.

"Noo Yawk, hey? After that Miss Inglepin, I'll be bound."

"After her and her father—and Chater," Fellowes corrected stiffly. "Humph!" The widow eyed him shrewdly. "Ain't got much use for her, I take it."

He said nothing.

"Oh, well, ye ain't the fust man calc'lated—Humph! Mebbe I better keep my mouth shut. I'm all upst. Here I figured ye'd want the Manor open, and I've an swep' and cleaned and brushed and polished 'til my body's cracklin'. And ye tell me ye'll shet the place in an hour!"

Fellowes crossed the room, and took one of her red, enlaced hands in his. "Thank you," he said. "It was like you to think of me. And I'll come back agin—with Tom and Cuffee—some day."

Mrs. Rhodes blinked her eyes sharply. There was a suspicion of a trickle in each corner.

"Some day! That's what men alius say. They come and ye get yer-self used to thar dirty ways—and they up and leave ye, careless as a cat huntin' a new hearth. But they'll come back—some day," says they. Humph! Well, all I can tell ye, Squire Fellowes, is, ye'll be happier when ye stop sailin' 'round killin' folks, and gettin' yerself beat, and I don't know what else—runnin' after gals ye hate, too. That's the queerest tune I ever hopped to. If ye'd made yer mind up to settle down, all nice and proper, and farm yer land, and raise a family—"

Her voice receded through the kitchen, and Sophor said hastily: "I think I'll drive on, Lion. I've had my breakfast. And I'll send Riggie up to you. Miranda is—ah—in a belligerent mood, I judge."

Tom Grogan wagged his head as the lawyer left the room. The sailor was sitting, rather uncomfortably, upon one of the spindly-legged mahogany chairs Fellowes' mother had fetched home from England.

"I dunno what belligerent is," he said, "ness it's kin to gabby; but whatever 'tis, messmate, did ye ever see the woman could talk as fast and do as much?"

"She's a fine woman, Tom," smiled Fellowes. "And she seems to be fond of you."

"Fond of me, hey? She's fond o' workin' me."

"Well, you won't see her after to-day."

"And blowed if I don't feel sorry for ye," growled Tom. "I like the way she swings a rope's end over me."

He jumped up quickly as the kitchen door swung in, and Mrs. Rhodes' instructions floated through.

"—but if ye ain't got time for no more, Cuffee, the two o' ye can wash up their dishes, and fold up all the furnitch covers, and lay the drugget on the carpet ag'in in that bedroom, and—"

"Sink me, what a bosun sh'd make," Tom whispered awesomely.

## CHAPTER VIII

### Joshua Inglepin

Jeff Riggie pulled his team to a halt, with a mild: "Whoa-o-a, thar!" brandishing his whip in either direction along the crest of the low hills overlooking Brooklyn. As far as could be seen, the countryside was dotted with work-gangs, laboring at the fortifications, which made ugly scars upon the green of fields and orchards.

"Naow, thar air's a sight folks come miles to see," he observed. "All the way from Gowanus creek to Wallabout bay. We ain't agoin' to be ketched like we were in '70, squire. Look to them ships!"

The whip indicated the close-packed anchorages in the East river and off Governor's, Bedloe's, and Ellis islands, hundreds of sail of all dimensions, most of them with their topmasts hoisted, and tar-barrels capping their masts.

"Madison's nightstays' folks call them 'bar's,'" said Jeff. "Shippin' den'd. 'Tain't even safe to sail the south east o' New London—and thar's ships been picked up this side o' New Haven. Coastin' Thar ain't a coast or put to sea in no months, since the blockade was tightened. If 'twasn't for privateerin' and them d—d censed traders, thar wouldn't be no clearances at all. I ain't holdin' with Chater none, but ye can't argify jest the point the country wasn't fixed to take on the Britishers. No, squire, not by a lugfull! Privateerin'! The auction markets are full o' capture cargoes, and ye

## Phoenician Dental Art Preserved in the Louvre

The first false teeth, as far as known today, were worn by a woman of Sidon in Phoenicia about 300 B. C., according to Dr. Roy L. Muddle, of Santa Monica, Calif. The Phoenician woman's jaw, with the false teeth, is now preserved in the Louvre, in Paris. The two right incisors are represented by artificial teeth, held in place and bound to each other by gold wire. The wire has been drawn through careful perforations in the artificial teeth. Although the Egyptians pioneered in treatment of many diseased conditions of the body, this sort of dental replacement apparently was never devised by Egyptian physicians. Thousands of mummies, representing 7,000 years of life in Egypt, have been examined, but no clear evidence of

couldn't throw a stone in the river and not hit a prize; but thar's many privateers g'it took, tharself, and our ships that put to sea to trade stand seven chances into ten o' losin'. So whar does it git us, eh? That's what I crave to know."

Fellowes hadn't devised a solution of Jeff's problem by the time the coach dropped them at the ferry-landing. It was a sorry fix for the country to be in, only half-interested in the struggle, and that half, as he knew, mainly concentrated in the southern and frontier states, which had no conception of the government's need of a navy, and were inclined to be jealous of the wealth shipping had brought to the seaboard cities of the north. But perhaps, if men like himself, who had either a sense of conviction or of wrong, fought desperately, determinedly, for long enough, the sullen apathy of the shipping interests could be neutralized, and the southern and backwoodmen might learn the potentialities the sea held for America. They'd all come to hate the same object. Hate sufficiently, and you could conquer anyone, any difficulty. A lesson he'd learned by bitter experience, and must teach others.

He landed at the foot of Whitehall street as grim of countenance as though he went to meet Collishaw. Tom and Cuffee trod close at his heels, bewildered by the throngs of people and the racket of voices and cartwheels grinding on the cobble.

In front of the Washington hotel, at the corner of Broad and Pearl streets, Fellowes halted his charges.

"I am going on to see Mr. Joshua Inglepin," he said. "Do you two await me in the taproom here. And Cuffee, see to it that Tom doesn't get drunk."

"Yah, Mars' Fellowe."

"Helyin' on an ign'rant nigger," fumed Tom. "Tain't fair, messmate. How'd ye know I was squarin' my sails to git three sheets in the wind?"

Fellowes turned into Pearl street, crossed Hanover square and so came to Front street, which he traversed as far as a large, double, brick warehouse. Once upon a time, its facade had been pierced by a double door, exactly in the center, but this had been bricked up, so many years ago that the new bricks had faded almost to the hue of the surrounding wall. In place of the large door, two single ones had been pierced under either gable. Over the nearer one hung the sign:

BENJAMIN INGLEPIN, Exporter and Importer; Sailings to all Ports.

Over the farther sign read: JOSHUA INGLEPIN, Exporter and Importer; Sailings to the Baltic, the British Isles, Southern Europe and the Indies.

Fellowes entered the farther door. A gray-haired clerk slid off a high stool, and advanced to meet him, timorously.

"I am looking for Mr. Inglepin," said Fellowes.

"Mr. Inglepin is out, sir. At the Tontine."

"When will he return?"

"Ah, sir, not until after three, when the board suspends. But if you want around to Wall street you might find him at leisure. 'Tis the hour of 'high Change,' sir, and all the gentlemen should be taking their noonin'."

Fellowes thanked the old man, and went out into Front street, turning the corner into Wall, where the Tontine Coffee house rose above the curbway this side of Water. Threading the groups, still arguing and discussing the trading projects of the morning, he had a little difficulty identifying Joshua Inglepin as the Inglepin warehouse the hostile brothers had divided in half when they broke up their partnership.

Joshua's stout body was clad as neatly as Benjamin's, but after the Democratic fashion; his long-tailed blue coat was short-waisted, and his nether garments were skin-tight, gray pantaloons, terminating in polished high-boots. His gray hair was cut short, and brushed straight back, and his ruddy face was set off by a plain stock and neckerchief. Where Benjamin was sedate, quiet, circumspect, with an elusive eye, Joshua was positive, outspoken, forthright.

Fellowes tapped him on the arm.

"I beg your pardon," said the Long Islander. "My name is Lion Fellowes, Mr. Inglepin. I was pressed off your brother's ship True Bounty."

(TO BE CONTINUED)

## HOOVER NOW HOUSED IN LINCOLN'S STUDY

### Fire Destroys West Wing of Executive Mansion.

Washington.—The spacious old study in the White House where Abraham Lincoln directed the affairs of the nation during the Civil war and where he signed the proclamation of emancipation again is the office of the Chief Executive of the United States for the first time since the martyred President left it.

Until more extensive quarters can be set up for him in the State and War building, President Hoover will conduct the affairs of the nation from the old Lincoln study. It was announced at the White House. The President's former office is a shamble as a result of a disastrous fire in the west wing of the Executive Mansion. How long the President must have his office in the White House proper is not known but it will be for some days at least.

In the meantime the suite in the State and War building, which formerly was used by the secretaries of the navy and their staffs has been prepared for the use of the President until the executive offices are rebuilt.

The Lincoln study is on the second floor of the east wing of the White House proper. It is still furnished with some of the chairs and other articles that were used by President Lincoln.

The offices in the State and War building, which are to be used by the President have been occupied by Gen. John J. Pershing as chairman of the joint monuments and memorial commission. Adjoining rooms have been occupied by staff officers of the army and are cleared out for the Presidential secretaries, and the White House clerical staff.

The cause of the fire was definitely traced to an overheated fireplace chimney in the office of Secretary Newton.

Lieut. Col U. S. Grant III, director of public buildings and public parks, estimated the damage to be approximately \$50,000. Further inspections showed that, although it will be necessary to completely rebuild the structure, there was no irreplaceable damage.

## President-Elect Rubio Calls at White House

Washington.—Received with honors that usually are reserved for an official inaugurated head of a nation, Pascual Ortiz Rubio, president-elect of Mexico, arrived in Washington, exchanged visits with President Hoover and became the guest of the nation for a few days.

The cordiality of his reception manifestly affected the future Mexican president. The unusual honors President Hoover ordered for him were a mark of deference to the important position Mexico occupies in relation to this country.

## Canada to Redeem \$20,000,000 Loan

Ottawa, Can.—Charles Dunning, Canada's new minister of finance, told a radio audience that the dominion would redeem in cash a loan of \$20,000,000 payable on February 1.

## Hoover Signs Veterans' Bill

Washington.—The bill authorizing the construction of new veterans' hospital facilities throughout the country at a cost of \$15,500,000 was signed by President Hoover.

## War Shrine for 100,000 Heroes

Paris.—President Demergue, Raymond Poincare and other leaders are backing a movement to raise \$200,000 to complete an immense shrine for entombment of 100,000 unidentified war dead.

## Her Secret

Elmor Glyn at a Los Angeles garden party was talking about the modern girl and charm.

"The modern girl with real charm," she said, "possesses a wonderful secret. In some delicious way or other, she won't let you kiss her just when you're doing it."

## COOK SEKS PAROLE



Dr. Frederick A. Cook

Leavenworth, Kan.—Application of Dr. Frederick A. Cook, Arctic explorer, for parole from his sentence of fourteen years and nine months for conspiracy to use the mails to defraud will be heard at the January meeting of the federal parole board.

Doctor Cook, admitted to the federal penitentiary here April 6, 1925, has served one-third of his term and automatically is eligible for parole on his record of good behavior.

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## PLAN BORDER PATROL TO HALT BOOZE FLOW

### Big Enforcement Drive Is Being Outlined.

Washington.—It is the belief here that President Hoover is outlining a prohibition enforcement drive such as never has been in effect since the advent of the Eighteenth amendment, following the beginning of the New Year.

This announcement followed a luncheon conference between the President and Senator Borah of Idaho, who startled the nation with the declaration that prohibition never could be enforced with the present enforcement personnel.

Prohibition and only prohibition was the subject of the conference between Mr. Hoover and his chief spokesman in the last campaign, in which Borah raked the modification views of Alfred E. Smith, the Democratic candidate.

Whether the President agreed with Borah's views on the enforcement personnel, was not disclosed, but it is certain that the personnel will be set on its toes and kept there.

The President finds himself confronted with the necessity of immediate action on prohibition enforcement. It was understood he outlined to Borah some of the measures he intends to put into operation.

One of these is a unified border patrol and the limiting of the number of ports of entry from Canada.

This plan will be submitted to congress by the treasury as soon as a joint congressional committee to consider prohibition is named. Undersecretary of the Treasury Ogden Mills announced.

The conference between the President and Borah was a frank discussion of existing conditions. Borah is the constitutional champion of prohibition.

Borah believes that an Andrew Jackson, a character he much admires, is necessary to enforce the dry law. He believes that a ruthless and iron-fisted order to the enforcement personnel will get results. He believes that such an order should be issued by the President himself.

So it is altogether likely that some such order may emanate from the White House shortly. The enforcement personnel machinery will be told to produce or get out of the service.

Meanwhile Senator Morris Sheppard of Texas, co-sponsor of the Eighteenth amendment, announced he intends to press his bill making purchasers of liquor equally guilty with the sellers.

Another result of the controversy among the drys is likely to be increased appropriations for prohibition enforcement.

Senator Harris of Georgia is prepared to sponsor the demand.

Harris started the drive last year to give the treasury an additional \$24,000,000. After a grand row, in which Secretary Mellon was forced to take a hand, the fund was set at \$1,719,000.

Commenting on the report of the treasury on the use of this fund, Harris said that it showed in some districts that less work had been done since the appropriation had been made than before. This, he believes, indicates that "something is wrong" with the prohibition enforcement.

As a result of all this agitation, it was indicated that the law enforcement commission will render a partial report on its work shortly after the first of the year.

Senator Howell of Nebraska, who aroused the President several months ago by declaring that prohibition was not being enforced in the District of Columbia, put in an oar in the present row. He agreed with Borah that law enforcement should start at the top.

"It is up to the President and the executive departments to enforce the law, as they have absolute power to do," said Howell. "That is particularly true in the District of Columbia, which is under the federal government."

In announcing the Treasury plans for a unified border patrol, Mills said: "Instead of permitting persons to enter the United States from Canada at any point on the international boundary as we do now, we should designate certain roads for entry and prohibit persons from crossing the border at any other point."

In this way, he pointed out, it would not be necessary to maintain a large patrol and the present force would be more effective in capturing rum smugglers. It would be necessary to have an agreement with Canada to put the plan into effect.

## Florida Truck Crops Damaged

Jacksonville, Fla.—The cold snap with freezing temperatures in northern Florida caused damage to crops on the lower west coast. The Florida state marketing bureau received reports that the bean crop had been nearly ruined.

## Find Bodies of French Flyers

Tripoli.—Two Italian aviators have found the bodies of Lieutenant La Salle and two companions, the French flyers missing several days while on a proposed flight from Paris to Saigon, Indo-China, near Syria.

## Purdue Cards Butler

Indianapolis.—Butler and Purdue universities have resumed football relations and will meet again at Lafayette on November 15 next year, it was announced.

## HOW TO LIVE LONGER

By JOHN CLARENCE FUNK, A. M., Sc. D.

Director of Public Health Education, State of Pennsylvania.

### No Need to Be Ashamed

THE other day a health officer tacked up a scarlet-fever sign on a man's house. When night came the owner tore it down. The next evening he paid a fine of fifty dollars and costs for interfering with a health law!

It seems that this particular householder was ashamed of the sign and somehow concluded that he was personally discredited for having it there—a silly notion, of course.

Disease is no respecter of persons. Like rain, it falls upon the good and the bad, the rich and the poor, the wise and the foolish. Therefore, unless one has thoughtlessly or deliberately done something to direct illness to one's self or others, there is certainly nothing about which to blush. In other words, it may be hard luck to have a communicable disease in one's home, but it most emphatically is not a crime.

Epidemics are serious, costly and deadly things. Quarantine is designed to limit the spread of contagion and usually satisfactorily fulfills its purpose. In fact, it is the most successful public health weapon that can be employed when a communicable disease asserts itself.

It would be foolish to say that this control method is not a decided inconvenience to the family involved. But the law of the greatest good to the greatest number must always prevail. Consequently, irrespective of temporary inconvenience or desire, under no circumstances "crash" a quarantine sign. This applies equally to the "outs," as well as to the "ins."

### Vibrating for Health

IT WAS naturally to be expected that this being an electrical age, mechanical exercisers would eventually make their appearance. And so it has come to pass that electricity, in the form of vibrating machines, are now literally taking the heart out of exercise.

The value of such a device to those whose heart action is impaired unquestionably is a real one, all other things being equal. And for many lazy and extra stout people who absolutely refuse to take their exercise by way of physical exertion, it will also be of some benefit.

However, generally speaking, this worthy machine, like every other treatment agency, must be handled with common sense. It is quite conceivable, for example, that a person suffering from a sub-acute case of appendicitis would not be very much helped by having the abdomen thus mechanically massaged. Indeed, there may be any number of slumbering conditions which would be better off without the use of such a machine.

Then, too, there is a tendency to overdo the thing in the desire to massage off fat; and in this way deliberately disregard the sensible operating rules set down by the manufacturers of these contrivances.

It perhaps might be a wise procedure, therefore, to use the vibrator only after the physician advises that your physical condition will be benefited by so doing.

Present-day civilization is not notable for its exercise producing tendencies, which often blinds many to the very fundamental fact that the human system was constructed on the basis of sweat-producing work and a real use of the body muscles. And frankly, nothing has ever been, or will be, devised that can fully and entirely be substituted satisfactorily for it.

If well, and desiring to do so, use a vibrator. But don't forget that your body needs the good old-fashioned garden variety combination of daily fresh air and actual exercise also. If sick, or near sick, vibrate for health only under a physician's order.

In any event, keep the vibrators in their proper place by not overindulging in their use. Treat them with respect and they will respect you. Vibrate sensibly.

(© 1925, Western Newspaper Union.)

### Great Estates Licked With Scottish History

One of the oldest and most historic estates in Scotland, is Gadhgirth, in Ayrshire, six miles from Ayr. For centuries it was the home of the Chalmers, great chamberlains of Scotland, from whom Doctor Chalmers, the famous divine, is said to have claimed descent. From an account written by the sheriff of Ayr in 1350, "the farthing lands of Gadhgirth formed part of the royal domains" or "King's Kyle," and were held by the Chalmers family from possibly the Twelfth century. According to the authority of Robertson the historian, Reginald De Camera had a charter of the lands after the battle of Bannockburn from Robert the Bruce, although this does not, however, appear among the published charters of that monarch's reign. The first castle was a place of great strength and jutted out into the River Ayr, while in the second, which occupied the same site as the present manse house, John Knox dispensed the sacrament, and Queen Mary of Scots spent a night there when fleeing after the battle of Langside. The estate extends to close on 400 acres, and includes three farms.

# The DAIRY

LARGE COWS ARE MOST ECONOMIC

## Survey Shows Big, Roomy Animals Pay Most Profit.

(Prepared by the United States Department of Agriculture.)

The small, refined dairy cow may look best, but the big, roomy cow pays most profit to her owner, according to a survey made by the United States Department of Agriculture. In making the study large and small cows within one breed were compared, both pure bred and grades of every age being included.

On an average the largest cows—those weighing 1,500 pounds—exceeded the smallest cows—those weighing 800 pounds—by 98 pounds of butterfat per cow. Their cost of feed was \$20 higher, but they returned \$43 more per cow in yearly income over cost of feed.

An analysis of figures obtained in the survey shows that as size of cow advanced 100 pounds for each group there was a fairly uniform gain in production of milk and of butterfat, in cost of feed per cow, and in income above feed cost. On the other hand, there was a slight decrease in the butterfat test, but this was not enough to merit special attention.

Though the group figures always favored the large cows, it was found that many individuals among the large cows in each breed were unprofitable producers and that many small cows in each breed were profitable producers. Therefore in selecting dairy cows of any breed it is not wise to select on the basis of size alone. Size, however, is a factor of great importance.

## Grain Mixtures for Any Medium Producing Animal

Since there is seldom a deficiency in carbohydrates and fat when the dairy cow has all the roughage that she can eat, a roughly balanced ration may be obtained by balancing the protein of the grain mixture to go with the roughage and disregarding the carbohydrates and fat. For low to medium-producing cows good alfalfa hay and corn meal make up a reasonably good ration. To go with alfalfa hay, some grain mixtures are as follows: Mixture 1.—200 pounds corn, 100 pounds oats, 100 pounds wheat bran, and 100 pounds linseed oil meal. Mixture 2.—100 pounds barley, 100 pounds wheat bran, and 100 pounds linseed oil meal. Mixture 3.—100 pounds barley, 100 pounds oats, 100 pounds wheat bran, and 300 pounds corn and cob meal. Mixture 4.—200 pounds corn and cob meal, 200 pounds oats, 100 pounds wheat bran, and 100 pounds cottonseed meal.

If prairie hay is used as roughage the ration may be as follows: Mixture 1.—100 pounds corn, 100 pounds oats, and 250 pounds wheat bran. Mixture 2.—100 pounds barley, 100 pounds alfalfa meal, 100 pounds corn oil meal, and 200 pounds linseed oil meal.

## Underfeeding Will Cut Profits From Any Herd

Underfeeding, or feeding of an incomplete ration, keeps down or wipes out profits in many a dairy herd. One reader goes so far as to say that dairy cows are now better bred than fed; that starved pure bred are no better than starved scrubs. There is still room for improvement along both lines.

The point is, every dairy cow should be fed a complete ration, and as much of it as she will turn into profit. It is the wrong way to feed as little as the cow will get along on and still show a profit or just break even.

Cow testing records prove that liberal feeding is not an expense, but an investment.

## Dairy Hints

Now is the time to plan for a future supply of alfalfa, sweet clover or common red clover.

Dairymen find silage to be the best substitute for the fresh, green grass of early spring.

Many dairymen find that the most satisfactory way to handle sludge is to build two silos, one for winter feeding and one for summer.

Dairying without legumes is an uphill proposition for legumes cheapen the cost of production as well as make the rations more effective.

Good winter management of the cow herd will pay big dividends in the spring calf crop.

One cow often eats the profits made by another. Feed each cow according to her production. A high producing cow needs much more grain than a low producer.

If the cows have all the dry fodder or silage, or preferably both, that they want, with four or five pounds of alfalfa or clover hay per head daily, their needs will be supplied.