

Guernsey Cattle



Guernsey Cow, Mary McFarland.

Situated in the English channel about 25 miles west of France and 100 miles south of England is a small group of islands known as the Channel Islands. Although nearer France they are English territory. The largest of these islands is Jersey, the second in size is Guernsey, the third is Alderney, and there are several other smaller ones just off Guernsey. This group of islands, while very inconspicuous on the ordinary maps, has become noted in every dairymen's district of the globe. This reputation is mainly due to the fact that more than a hundred years ago some wise breeders living within their borders foresaw the results of mixed or mongrel breeding and caused laws to be enacted which excluded all foreign cattle except for purposes of slaughter.

The present day type of the Jersey and Guernsey is due to this policy coupled with wise mating and selection through a long series of generations.

While the Jersey and Guernsey have many points in common it is of the Guernsey that we are asked to write at this time.

The Guernsey is distinctively a dairy cow, having been developed with that sole object in view. Further she has been reared as a butter producer, butter being the chief dairy product.

Consequently she is better adapted to a creamery or market milk trade than to a condensing or cheese producing station.

Guernsey Island is smaller than one of Michigan's townships, and an intensive system of farming has been imperative. The methods of management practiced are those which would

not conduce to large size, and the breed is not more than medium; mature cows averaging somewhat upwards of 1,000 lbs. Previous to importation into the United States much less attention seems to have been given to style, symmetry, and external appearance in this breed than in some others, the objects sought by breeders being a useful rather than a beautiful animal, and an animal giving a large amount of rather highly colored dairy products.

If we consider numbers of animals in the United States the Guernsey is considerably below the Jersey and the Holstein. There are two chief reasons for this, first their comparatively late introduction, and second the limited area of their native home.

The character of the Guernseys selected for the Pan American Model Dairy and the seasonal work of the Holstein. Below are two chief reasons for this, first their comparatively late introduction, and second the limited area of their native home.

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SERIAL STORY

The Girl of My Dreams

A Novelization of the Play by Wilbur D. Nesbit and Otto Haerbach. Adapted by WILBUR D. NESBIT.

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SYNOPSIS.

Harry Swifton is expecting a visit from his fiancée, Lucy Modora, a Quakeress whom he met in the country. His over-enthusiasm is met by a stern and somewhat beautiful woman and a dour and somewhat stern man. The woman is his sister, Caroline, and the man is his father, Mr. Swifton. Harry is a Quaker, and his father is a Quaker. Harry is a Quaker, and his father is a Quaker.

CHAPTER IV.—(Continued.)

"All right!" Harry laughed, dropping his hands. "You may have your way with me. A girl ought to be a little more careful who kisses her after she is married, too, don't you think?"

Lucy smiled quietly. Some of Harry's jests were a bit too flippant for her. Harry went on:

"Really, I'm mighty sorry I didn't meet you at the train. But, you see, I had a little trouble with my machine this morning."

"It was as well that they did not meet us. It would have spoiled father's plans. We wanted to find them in their usual atmosphere."

Again Harry looked quickly at her. The surroundings were such as to make him keenly alive to any possible suggestion of some other meaning than her words implied. But Lucy's face was as serene as ever. She looked about the room, and sighed:

"This house is just lovely."

"It will be," Harry said, glancing apprehensively at the door of the room where Mrs. Blazes was waiting. "It will be when it's fixed up. Some things have to be moved out."

"And will the sister—Caroline—will she show me about the house?" Lucy asked.

"Certainly," Harry answered, gallantly. "But you don't need her. Just make yourself at home. Go anywhere you like."

Harry started toward the room where Harry had placed Mrs. Blazes. But Harry was following her to detain her. "And in here?" Lucy asked. "What have you there, Harry?"

"There? There?" Harry stammered. "Why—why, that's just some old junk in there. Wouldn't interest you at all."

"A junk room? How odd!"

"Yes—yes, you see—I wanted to have a lot of collecting junk."

The sweat was standing on Harry's brow. He knew that Mrs. Blazes could overhear him, and his brief experience with that lady taught him that she had a natural feminine aversion to being termed junk. If she should decide to assert herself by opening the door and making a few remarks! The thought was appalling.

"Come, Lucy," he suggested, "Let's go and see—and see the goldfish."

"Nay, Harry," she smiled. "Let me see thy collection of junk. I did not know there were an authority on this."

"Later, Lucy," he said. "Later."

"Then I will peep into thy library," she decided. "Is not this it?"

She started to the other door, opening into the room where the Count was waiting. She was whiling the time away and contenting his soul with such patience as he could muster.

"No, no!" Harry said, almost frantically, catching Lucy's arm. "No, no!"

"But why, Harry?"

"I—I've got a little surprise in there for you, Lucy."

"A surprise? Oh, surprise me now!"

"That would spoil it all," he murmured, feeling that his ruse was working.

not very forcibly. "Thee knowest I do not approve of that."

"How can you approve of a thing until you have it?" Harry wanted to know. Add then—

Socrates Primer, hat box in hand, appeared in the doorway, and what he saw sent his heart thumping to his boot heels.

"Was I?" he said, sadly. "The time to give her my present is not yet."

And as he turned to go he collided with Carolyn. That plump young lady accepted his apology gaily, and left him still delivering it as he went on down the hall, while she rushed to Lucy and greeted her effusively.

"We're going to have the jolliest time ever!" Carolyn cried delightedly. "Come, leave Harry to his own miserable company, and I'll show you my room."

As she turned, she remembered something.

"Harry," she said, "I want some pillows out of your room."

Carolyn rushed to the door of Harry's bedroom and seized the knob. Harry sank weakly into a chair and awaited the blow.

"It's all over," he said to himself. Carolyn tried the door, but it would not open.

"Why, Harry!" she said. "Your room is locked."

"Is that? Oh! What?" Harry said. "Locked? Now, who could have locked it?"

He fumbled in his pockets, meanwhile listening anxiously for the sound of his own key.

"It would tell him that Mrs. Blazes was presenting herself. But, blessings upon her head! She did no such thing. With a gasp of relief Harry said:

"I've left the key somewhere. I'll look for it after while."

Lucy looked at Carolyn with an awe-stricken face.

"Is that Harry's bedroom?" she asked, looking horrified.

"Why, yes!" Carolyn answered. "What I desired to see it! Oh! Harry, what must thee think of me. And how nice it was of thee to tell me it was only a junk room."

She went out with Carolyn, leaving Harry sunk dejectedly in a big chair. After the girls were gone he looked apprehensively first at one door, then at the other. Slowly he shook his head, trying to fathom the middle into which he had plunged himself.

"If I had tried to fix this up for myself," he said, sighing deeply, "it couldn't have been worse."

But it could be—and was about to be—much worse.

CHAPTER V.

"Unannounced, there entered the room a slender woman, whose face was half hidden by a huge, fopping, bushel-basket type of hat, the brim of which was draped with faunting, flapping lace, and from whose crown lifted into the air a gorgeous array of feathers and ribbons and flowers. A tight-fitting gown, with the skirt so hobbled tight, that her steps were painfully mincing, encased her form, and from behind her drifted the most remarkable train that ever was. She tottered in on her high-heeled shoes and peered about the place with a mingling of coyness and assurance that was amazing. Harry looked up, saw her, and groaned. Then he lapsed back further into the chair and mentally gave himself up to the inevitable with the words:

"Ye gods! Daphne Daffington!"

She looked him over coolly, and said:

"You!"

He nodded his head weakly. Things had been piling themselves up too rapidly for him to be able to face the situation with any assurance whatsoever.

"After all these years!" she exclaimed. "To find you at last. Where have you been all this time?"

"Oh—confusedly—I've been here and there—first at home and then away from."

"Well," she said, pursuing her lips.

"Well, Let Us Make Up. One Kiss to Show Me You Forgive Me."

determinedly, "you're away off if you think you can shake me as easily now as you did the last time."

"I'm sorry, Daphne," Harry told her. "I know you have a right to think harshly of me."

"A right!" she said, scornfully. "I know," he confessed, "that you think I'm a shabby fellow."

"Shabbily!" she smiled. "You only call it shabby to ask me to go to a ball game, and leave me under an awning in a pouring rain—and that's the last time I'll see you in two whole, long, weary years!"

Harry squirmed.

Harry jumped up suddenly. "I'll go and get you one now," he offered.

Daphne stopped him with a steady glance, and demanded:

"Where's that hat I sent here?"

Harry stared at her for the moment with utter blankness. Then it slowly filtered through his brain that she was the milliner to whom Mrs. Blazes had telephoned. Daphne misinterpreted his stare for one of admiration, and with a remarkable imitation of shyness, she asked:

"Do you think my new gown is becoming, really?"

"It's a beauty," Harry informed her. "There you go again!" Daphne said, accusingly. "You were always so full of sarcasm that you acted sour. I want that hat I sent over here."

"You never sent any hat here."

"Yes, I did. A yellow hat, trimmed with red poppies. It was a duplicate of an imported model that I sold to one of my best patrons."

"I've heard of that hat," Harry mused. Then he said, brightly: "Why, yours, isn't it, the renowned 'Milo' Daphne, the milliner, are you?"

"None other," purred Daphne. "You see, I have risen to fame and achieved my ambitions, while you have been content to remain in obscurity."

"To my sorrow," Harry replied, "that is too true, Daphne. But about the hat, I really know nothing of it. There must be a mistake."

"It came here, all right," Daphne replied. "The party who got it wouldn't give his name. He just gave this number."

"Well, I wish such a hat were here."

"I'll leave the key somewhere. I'll look for it after while."

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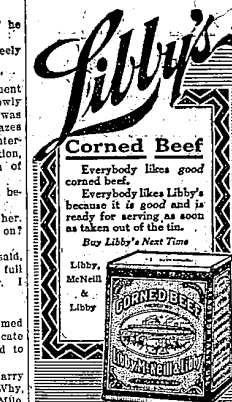
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Harry squirmed.

"I guess that wasn't right, Daphne," he acknowledged.



Not for Mr. Hercules. Hercules had finished his twelfth labor.

"That's the last!" he exclaimed. "I positively refuse to do another one!"

Thus we see that even Hercules was not free from the "13" superstition.

A Busy Place. "Where is that spot you call the 'lovers' lane'?" diffidently asks the young man while the young lady waits on the hotel piazza.

"Right down yonder," replies the clerk. "Just keep going until you see the porter from the barber shop. Lovers' lane is so crowded now that we have him stationed there to give the guests checks so that each may have his turn."—Judge's Library.

Burglar Befriended Him. A burglar was arrested for robbing a house up the state some time since, and the next morning the victim rushed wildly into the magistrate's office. As soon as he could get his breath working again he told the official that he had come to see about the prisoner.

"Glad you came down," was the affable response of the magistrate. "I suppose you want to appear against him."

"Well, I guess not!" exclaimed the victim with a glad smile. "I want to kiss him on the brow and give him \$10. Among other things that he stole from the house was a package of love letters that I wrote of my wife before we were married."

THEY DON'T WANT WRINKLES.

She—Mr. Smith advertises all the new wrinkles.

Ho—Fatal mistake. He won't get a woman in his store.

WRONG SORT. Perhaps Plain Old Meat, Potatoes and Bread May Be Against You for Time.

A change to the right kind of food can lift one from a sick bed. A lady in Wilton, Ill., says:

"Last spring I became bed-fast with severe stomach troubles accompanied by sick headache. I got worse and worse until I became so low I could scarcely retain my food at all, although I tried about every kind."

"I had become completely discouraged, and given up all hope, and thought I was doomed to starve to death, until one day my husband, trying to find something I could retain, brought home some Grape-Nuts."

"To my surprise the food agreed with me, digested perfectly and without distress. I began to gain strength at once, and my flesh (which had been bony), grew firmer, my health improved in every way and every day, and in a very few weeks I gained 20 pounds in weight."

"I liked Grape-Nuts so well that for four months I ate no other food, and always felt as well satisfied after eating as if I had sat down to a fine banquet."

"I had no return of the miserable sick stomach nor of the headaches, and I used to have when I ate other food. I am now a well woman, doing all my own work again, and feel that life is worth living."

"Grape-Nuts food has been a God-send to my family; it surely saved my life, and my two little boys have thriven on it wonderfully!"

Given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

Read the little book, "The Road to Wellville," in packs. "There's a reason."

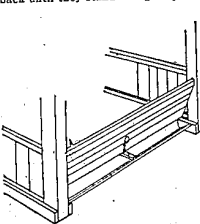
Ever read a book "There's a reason." It appears from time to time. They are genuine, true, and full of human interest.

A Pig Trough Easy to Fill and Easy to Clean

By R. S. SHAW, Dean of Agriculture

The illustration shows a pig trough with a swinging partition suspended over it in such a way that when swung back the pigs are shut away from the trough while the feed is being supplied, and when swung forward again in place, they have access to it. This is no new invention for the device, with many modifications, is used in many farmers' piggeries. The only wonder is that it is not more universally used.

The top of this swinging partition consists of a two-by-four from which the three foot partition made of inch boards swings by hinges. This partition is held in place at all times by a half-inch iron rod which slips up and down in staples, being received at the bottom in holes bored in a hardwood ceiling nailed across the center of the trough. This fastening prevents the pigs from moving the partition at will. If the pens are over ten feet in width the swinging partitions are too cumbersome to work well. They should not be made to swing into the pen past the edge of the trough when fastened, or the pigs will soon gnaw the edge of the bottom board off. These partitions are made to swing back until they stand straight up over the alley.



Pig Trough Open to Receive Feed.

head, resting at the ends between the posts. This permits pigs to be driven out or in, or the cleaning of the pens from the alley.

The V shaped troughs are preferred because they are more easily cleaned and less dirt collects under them. On the under side of the V shaped trough, next the alley, the door is always dry and on the pen side it can be cleaned thoroughly and is always exposed to the air. Flat bottomed troughs are good for out door feeding where they are moved about frequently, they are not so easily upset as the V shaped ones.

AS TO PASTURING ALFALFA

Too Valuable as Winter Forage in Michigan to Abuse by Pasturing.

By R. S. SHAW.

Three years ago a portion of field number five on the college farm was seeded to alfalfa with a slight sprinkling of orchard grass and alsike clover in addition. The art of alfalfa seeding consisted of a gently sloping which was inclined to wash badly. The stand procured represented the three crops about in the proportion shown. All of the crop was cut for hay the second year while the third year part was pastured and part made into hay. The yields of hay from the first cutting were enormous, the orchard grass adding materially in the curing and keeping in the mow. Second cuttings consisted almost entirely of alfalfa. This year a large percentage of the alfalfa is missing where the mixture was pastured, and persistently by calves last summer and in its place there seems to be a large amount of June grass. The percentage of orchard grass seems to be unchanged. Directly across the fence where the crop was not pastured the proportion of alfalfa remains undiminished. As a general rule, alfalfa grown in Michigan is too valuable as a winter forage to abuse or injure by pasturing.

JUNE GRASS FOR PASTURE

Moist Seed Mixtures for Permanent Pastures Give Way Eventually to June Grass.

By R. S. SHAW.

The question of establishing permanent pastures on Michigan farms arises most largely in connection with lands not well suited to crop production, such as are too rolling and broken or of unsuitable texture and composition. A great many permanent pasture mixtures have been recommended, but all seem to give way eventually to June grass. In 1902 about 40 acres of rolling land on the college farm, was seeded to a permanent pasture mixture of the following composition, viz.: Red clover, alsike and white clover, timothy, orchard grass, red top and meadow and sheep's fescue, without any June grass seed. Six years later almost all plots of the mixture had disappeared and June grass had taken complete possession. This seems to be the general result from such attempts under southern Michigan conditions. The June grass pasture now remaining, in flourishing abundant pasturage, but the hill tops have been dressed with stable manure once or twice since the seeding was made.