

Co. Boss.

"In days of old, when knights were bold, and ladies fair to see" but when matters weren't half so pleasant for ordinary folks like you and me, a cow was a mighty convenient thing for the yeoman, or peasant or hired whichever you like to call him, since, if he had only a little warning said cow could travel on her own four legs far from the clashing of swords, the burning of buildings and general destructiveness which characterized a knightly fray. The farmer in America today has not the same reason for entertaining a kindly regard for the cow, since he does not feel the necessity of owning personal property which has its own motives power but he has many reasons for liking her most of which would have been quite unintelligible to the land holder in the days of chivalry.

In many towns and on many occasions have schools of agriculture and professors of that popular science enunciated as the first and last commandment of the great gospel of efficient farming, that the farmer should feed his grain to livestock and under no circumstances sell it as grain. If the grain is to be converted into meat Messrs. Sheer and Hog can put it all over Madam Cow, but even more

desirable than the selling of meat do the agricultural experts consider the sale of cream and butter. "The greatest financial return at the least expense to the soil" they say of the dairy business. Dairy work may be done at least expense to the soil, the farmer is ready to admit that, but too often he feels that it is done at most expense to himself. It is all very well for those who know nothing about the matter to talk of a land flowing with milk and honey, to wax poetical over the mild-eyed cows, with breath scented by the fragrant clover they have cropped; the dairy farmer looks at the ~~picture~~ ^{picture} from a different angle. Bessie is not always the placid, angel visitant, she appears to be as she lies on the green sward chewing her cud and regarding you with a pair of fathomless brown eyes. There are always one or two cows in a herd which have a positive genius for fence-breaking; they can find a weak spot in the newest and strongest of fences and once the breach is made the others are delighted to play "follow the leader". Anyone who has pursued a cow at dusk through a well known cornfield doubtless recalls that his reflections were far from poetical. The ability of a creature ordinarily so unhard at this sort of hide and seek is amazing, one dare not give up

the search since an all night gorge is likely to prove even more fatal to the cow than to the corn-field and the chase must continue until at last Bonnie is cornered and with a most deceptive air of innocence returns to her own quarters. Her carefully tended gardens she has a constant fancy and here again only the strongest of fences avails.

As to her propensity in yielding her valuable milk, many and provoking are the forms it takes. A man milking a nervous cow in fly time is a picture of justice under the most adverse conditions and if he lose neither the milk nor his temper he is to be accounted great in his generation. Pages have been written about this very situation, many a man has pictured in burning words the fatal accuracy with which the cow can place her left hind foot in the milk pail and her tail in the milker's eye. Now can the farmer who milks many cows leave the farm whenever he chooses to attend the circus or a political rally or even the Chautauqua. The cow is a great stickler for regular hours, and she makes effective protest against any irregularity in milking time by an immediate diminution of the flow of milk. ^{#59.} Her food ^{also} must be carefully looked to if she is to continue to yield

satisfactorily under adverse conditions of cold or drought; a balanced ration, plenty of silage and warm water in winter, and abundance of pure cold water in summer. Your record breaking milk producer is fastidious about her surroundings, too; no dark filthy stables where her hide becomes caked and matted with manure, no cold and drafty shed where cracks are more numerous than boards, will force her to her highest productivity. Warm but airy quarters, clean straw, frequent and thorough brushing have a magical effect upon the milk supply. The potency of all these is iterated and reiterated by the Department of Agriculture and the state colleges, and brought home to every farmer by exhibiting stock trained and short courses until it is surely nothing but the natural inertia - plain English-laziness, of the human race which prevents every dairy from becoming a model one.

Really one is scarcely amazed that the somewhat conservative and unprogressive farmer is moved to the sarcastic query, "if they wouldn't like her food on a silver platter, and ^{prefer to} have her teeth brushed and her nails manicured after each meal?" After all, this painstaking care which seems to him rather absurd is nothing new in the world. It is such methods ^{that} ~~which~~ have given Danish butter, Dutch cheese, and Swiss milk a world wide fame, and those who have walked through the spotless Dutch stables and seen the Black and White Holsteins feeding on the flat green meadows or have drunk

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the rich milk in Alpine dairies while watching the splendid herds feeding at the edge of the eternal snow, can testify that the cows repay to the fullest the care they receive.

So marked is the effect of care and kindness on both quantity and quality of milk that one condensed milk company features in its advertising "milk from contented cows." Cattle are such creatures of habit that they are better satisfied when they have always the same attendant, for a new milkman, no matter how kind and experienced they will not yield all of the milk. A certain quiet dependence is productive of the best results, the rough, boisterous man is no more popular with cows than with the human family.

When all these conditions are met, however, and when her little whims are satisfied, with what ineffable Bosque fills our shining pails! Delicious as that celestial liquid which filled the miraculous pithers of Bosque and Philenias, it foams into the pail. Our sole food during the earliest stages of our lives, our mainstay in sickness, extolled by physicians as the only complete food. It is also, to the unspoiled palate the most delicious of all foods. Some prefer it still warm from the cow, bringing with it, even in winter, some evanescent breath of the fragrance of sun drenched clover fields, others demand it ice cold and there are still others who like the old man warden "that they can fix up such a tasty drink out of common cow's milk and a little red kibber."

The milk is variously disposed of in different localities used by different farmers. In most farm homes a separator is considered a necessity. The separated milk, still warm, is fed to calves or pigs while the cream is made into butter or taken to a cream station. In the vicinity of a large city the whole milk is frequently contracted to some large distributor or the cream may be sold directly to a hotel or to an ice cream manufacturer. Other localities go in for cheese making, either in the homes or in factories.

There is no other food product so easily and quickly spoiled by improper care as is milk. Soiled utensils, storage near strong smelling products, too much heat, are all fatal to flavor and healthfulness alike. Butter, too, has a well known affinity for disagreeable flavors and odors and so much poor butter is marketed that it seldom pays the man who keeps a few cows to sell butter. If he can establish a reputation for a superior product, he can always command a price well above the market which is low enough to cover the loss to the buyer of the quantities of unmarketable butter which must be renovated before it is usable.

Since the days when Joel offered Sivers "butter is a lordly dish" there has been no doubt of the importance of butter in our domestic economy, only as the March Stone said "It must be the best butter." With this proviso, we are all ready to admit that "A slice of bread with butter as it may

please a King." Most of us can remember some -7- occasions when we assisted at a churning and were repaid for our efforts with a slice of bread spread with the fresh and unsalted butter. Outside of France unsalted butter seldom appears on the table, but there with the crusty rolls it is served, formed into the daintiest shells. This custom is said to have originated with that royal, but unhilled, dairy maid, Marie Antoinette!

As a byproduct of the churning we have buttermilk, which is to many persons a most enjoyable drink and which is considered particularly healthful. Cottage or Dutch cheese is another milk dish generally liked and easily and cheaply made. Thus we can realize, without taking into consideration the many, many dishes into whose composition milk and butter enter, a small part of the gastronomic debt which is owe to the cow.

The farmer who keeps cows for dairy purposes selects them with a wary eye upon their lineage and the thoroughbred cow can boast an ancestral line as long and as carefully recorded as any royalty of them all. Careful records are made with the aid of scales and Babcock testers, of the performances of individuals and even in these days of war and rumors of war, a new milk or butter record is sure of a prominent place in the daily papers. The Babcock tester has been entirely effective in removing the dairy business from the realm of guesswork and in starting the "parlor boarder", the cow which consumed more value in food than she gave in milk, on the straight road which leads to

to the stockyards. Among the favorite dairy breeds are the dainty buff-colored Jerseys, whose milk is richest of all and the decorative black and white Holsteins, whose product is very abundant but somewhat scanty as to cream.

As is sometimes the case with human kind, the children of these bovine aristocrats pay for their high position and lofty lineage by the complete loss of maternal care. Immediately after birth the little calf is removed from its mother and not one mouthful of the warm white fluid, destined by Nature for it alone, does it draw from the tender maternal udder. The reason for such an arrangement is two fold, when the calf is allowed to suck the quantity of milk is rapidly decreased and the difficulty of teaching the calf to drink is enormously increased. When the calf has never been allowed to nurse the same impulse which takes it to its mother's udder impels it to suck its raspy little tongue about a friendly finger and when that finger leads into a pail of warm milk, the trick of drinking is soon learned. This method is much less devastating to the manners and morals of the attendant than the thankless task of teaching a well grown calf to drink, it is still fraught with some unpleasantness. The calf thrusts its head into the pail with the same greedy abandon that it would thrust it against its mother's side and the result is sometimes a kaleidoscopic vision of boy

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calf and milk, resulting in the discomfiture of the first mentioned.

On such occasions the individual immediately concerned is very likely to lose sight of the economic and historic importance of the cow in a fervent contemplation of the perversity of his particular specimen; tho' he may feel grateful to the fates, that he has to deal with a docile hooded, modern bovine instead of the five tined prehistoric ancestor.

When, however, in calmer mood, remote from the object of his wrath, he contemplates the age old connection between man kind and horned cattle he realizes that it is indeed a long one, and that the probability is that his cave dwelling forbears knew some of the same griefs he has to bear. Rudely drawn on the rocks by prehistoric man, more artistically depicted on the early Egyptian monuments, and finally sculptured with surpassing skill by the artists of Greece and Rome, we find their models differing little from our modern breeds. Now did cattle occupy an inferior position in those civilizations, the Egyptian gods deigned to become incarnate in the bodies of cattle and did not, for himself, ruler of the Greek pantheon, carry away the maiden Europa, disguised in the form of a snow white bull.

To the princes of Israel, as to all nomadic tribes, cattle were ^{the} most important among their possessions. They estimated their wealth in terms of flocks and herds, they offered them as sacrifices to the

Most High. Indeed the Book of Leviticus expressly states that a young bullock without blemish is the most acceptable of sacrifices to Jehovah. "A land flowing with milk and honey" and "cattle as a thousand hills" have become stock expressions for prosperity and abundance.

From the beginnings of things as we count history and for long and long before cattle have been the servants of mankind. We cannot compute how many years have passed since the Woman let down her hair and made the first Singing Magic with the broad blade bone of the shoulder of mutton. That magic under whose influence Wild Cow came up from the prehistoric fields to the mouth of the Cave, and for the sake of the dried grass made with the Woman the bargain which changed her from Wild Cow to the Giver of Good Food.