

raise a general-purpose herd, from 4,000-pound producers to 6,000-pound producers, than it is to raise a herd of specials a like amount?

I did not realize it until I tried it. Now, if there are fifty general-purpose cows to one special purpose cow, and only twenty-five of the fifty belong to the progressive farmers, and are being improved, you must admit she is adding to our wealth vastly more each year than the other class.

For the first few years a fat cow was worth more than a milch cow; so I rode around the neighbors and picked out their best fresh cows, stuffed them with corn meal and hay, and in four or five months had a very desirable fat cow and not much milk: of course the butcher got her. I had got her best flow of milk and a profit from it, and another profit from her beef, and my ship sailed toward prosperity fast; but along comes the condensing factory. Everybody rushes into it, cows double in price, and all picked up or kept for miles around.

A black cloud suddenly darkens my horizon, for what will I do at the end of the next six months with a lot of fat cows on hand, and numerous customers clamoring for milk?

In the midst of my dilemma, a star appeared in the firmament, in the shape of a man—an agent for Thatcher's system of milk bottles and supplies. He just wanted to sell me bottles and milk pails, etc. I told him to get right out, that I was going out of business in a few months for want of milk.

He looked over my herd and remarked, "Well, Mr. Judd, I haven't seen as fine a herd in my travels, from the Atlantic to the Pacific, outside of a show ring." There they stood, forty-five great, fat, slick, shining, general-purpose cows. He asked what I fed them, and I said, just plenty of corn meal and timothy hay. (Used an eight quart milk pan for a dipper in those days, for I was always in a hurry you know.) Well he said if I would put one-third bran and one third oats with it I would get a better flow of milk, and they would not get so fat.

Then he asked me if I read *Hoard's Dairyman*, and I replied I never heard of him. (I was just out of a law office and had been interested in Cooley on Torts and Gould's Pleadings, and had not run up against *Hoard's Dairyman* or our good friend John Gould). But it set me to thinking, and I soon got acquainted with the paper and balanced rations and improved breeding, and I went into the stable, and apologized to my cows

for the many caked udders I had inflicted upon them, and a prayer for forgiveness from the noble animals I had sent into the great hereafter through the milk fever and slaughter house routes.

A car load of bran went into my barn immediately, and bran, oats, and corn meal was their ration. A field of clover and timothy furnished abundance of nice hay for winter, and corn fodder helped out the dry pastures in summer, and I had milk galore. A hundred and twenty-five dollar bull from a milking strain of Durhams furnished the supply of calves that made fresh cows, and did not have to scour the country for fifteen or twenty miles to get a fresh cow.

By this time I was taking nearly all the agricultural and dairy papers published, and studying them nights (had to work day times) and getting experiment station bulletins and books and studying breeds, and visited the best dairies in the country, and finally decided I could increase the milk flow of my herd most and quickest by selecting out twenty of my best young cows and cross them with a thoroughbred Holstein, depending upon the Holstein to increase the quantity and the Durham to retain the quality of the milk, and a medium tendency to retain the easy keeping quality of the Durham and cover up the slab sidedness of the Holstein.

It resulted in the most complete success imaginable. I had forty head, all marked black and white, that test in butter fat as high as any herd in the factory, and I expected this year to show the largest milk yield of any similar number in the country.

Now, after years of such breeding and weeding and the building up of such a herd free from kickers, steppers or hard milkers, with the milk yield doubled, the testing of each individual satisfactory, absolutely healthy, raised and wanted to the farm, gentle as kittens and handsome in form and color and such profit producers that the debt on the farm has long since disappeared and peace and plenty make life worth the living. I say under such circumstances it is any wonder it makes me sick to think of having to sell them to appease the distate of a corporation that sees fit to condemn a whole class of individuals because some few members of that great class have not tested up to their idea of a proper standard.

Right here I will say, that owing to the opening of the condensing factory and the Henderson shoe factory about the same time, and taking in about