

"Where Are You Going, My Pretty Maid"

BY M. BARBARA SMITH.

ARE you going to learn to milk, Daisy?" I asked my friend at the close of our first dairy class.

"Certainly, I am!" was the emphatic reply.

"But what's the good? You'll never have to."

"How do you know? We can never tell what is in store for us. Suppose I were to cross the ocean and we were shipwrecked on the coast of a desert island and the only survivors were myself and a cow! Wouldn't it be a very serious thing if I didn't know how to milk her?"

"It would not matter much," I said, "for she would get nothing to eat on a desert island and she wouldn't give milk for long. According to your reasoning, you had better learn butchering, for if you could kill her and cut her up, you could maintain life until a sail hove in sight. Besides, unless there was a pail among the survivors, you couldn't catch the milk."

"How horrid you are! I'm going to learn, just the same, and so are you!"

The next afternoon we set out for the dairy barn. On the way Daisy gave her views on milking.

"You shouldn't have worn your uniform, Milly; don't you know that blue is depressing?"

"It doesn't affect my spirits, thank you!"

"I'm thinking of the cow, not of you! You have to get your cow into a happy frame of mind, or she won't give any milk. I couldn't wear my pink gingham it would be too much like red, which is irritating, so I thought white would be the safest thing."

"Which end of the cow do you intend to milk? Do you suppose she

will see what you are wearing?"

"Possibly she will hear more than she sees," said Daisy; "cows like you to sing to them."

"Why, of course!" And I burst into this cheery ditty.

"There was a piper who had a cow
But had no hay to give her,
He took his pipe and played a tune,
'Consider, old cow, consider!'

"The cow considered very well
And gave the piper a penny
That he might play the tune again
Of 'corn rigs are bonny!'"

"Milly, I wish you would take this more seriously! You don't seem to realize that it's an epoch in our lives! When we are old ladies, think how nice it will be to tell our grandchildren about the day we learned to milk!"

"So you expect to learn it all in one day?" I asked as we opened the door of the barn.

Daisy did not answer. She was gazing with wide open eyes at the two long rows of cows, which seemed to stretch away down the length of the barn to an enormous distance.

"I didn't think that there would be so many," she said, "or that they would be so big! Oh, here are some nice little ones on this side! I shall milk one of these." And as a man in white appeared, carrying stools and pails, she went towards him, saying, "Good afternoon! We have come to learn milking. I want this pretty little cow. Will you please take her out and put her where I can get at her, and show me where to sterilize my hands?"