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The Farmer and Dairyman,
The Farmer and Turfman.

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and the State Live Stock Breeders' Association.

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Now is the time of year when the milkman is reminded that he must fork over a big round iron dollar to the dairy commissioner for his annual license which permits him to continue to operate as a vendor of the lacteal fluid. The law was created with the idea of securing a complete registration of the milkmen of the state, and to keep closer tab on them, enabling the householder to report violations of the law to the commissioner by number of the milkman's wagon and so on. Although the theory seemed very nice when promulgated, the experience of two or three years shows that no one has ever reported any violation by the number of license on the delivery wagon. Last year there were 374 licenses issued at one dollar per. The commissioner thinks there will be a slight increase this year, although there have been some consolidations, including the merger over at Tacoma, where about all the routes are now in the hands of one company. The money received from licenses does not go into the fund for the support of the office of commissioner, but is paid into the general state treasury.

The records of the dairy commissioner's office show that 383 state creamery brands have been issued. There are not, of course, 383 creameries in operation in this state, nor one-fourth that number. The commissioner has been following out his original idea that everyone who has a cream separator is entitled to a state creamery brand. Many dairymen have taken advantage of the ruling, providing themselves with the brand, and placing same on their butter. Undoubtedly it is a good thing for the dairymen, because it puts them on the same footing, as regards price, as the creameries. However one swallow does not make a summer, nor should the possession of a hand separator make a creamery. The rapid advance of the hand separator has brought about a condition that was not expected when the commissioner first began handing out the brands. Some change should be made to distinguish the individual dairymen's butter from the creameries, if it can be done without affecting the

sale or lessening the price of the dairymen's product. Probably the adoption of another and separate brand for the dairymen would fill the bill.

The esteemed Herald, of Yakima, has unwittingly given up good space in its last issue to a communication written ostensibly by an eastern fruitgrower which endorses the Hazeltine Moth Catcher in the strongest terms. This device has been denounced as a fraud by the Missouri Experiment Station, and the Station at Cornell, where thorough investigation of same was made. We publish in another column the report of the Missouri Station. We might add that if the busy editors of papers such as the Herald would scrutinize more carefully communications of this sort furnished gratis by correspondents, they would be able to detect the attempt to work the paper for free advertising. The proximity of that versatile individual Joel Shoemaker, whose methods of working the country press by sending them free articles on technical agricultural subjects, in which he deftly incorporates endorsements of a certain New York company's fertilizers is a handy example for the Herald's editor.

The Tacoma milk merger known as the Tacoma Hygeia Company, which started up a couple of weeks ago, is now running quite smoothly. The plant, which is a model in its way, is operating well. The delivery system, which caused considerable trouble, and was the source of much woe on the part of the consumers for the first few days has been gotten in good working order. The price paid to the dairymen is 13c per gallon at present, delivered at headquarters. Two DeLaval separators are used through which the milk is run, for clarifying purposes only, and for private customers it is put up in sealed quart bottles, which present a very neat and attractive appearance. The present selling price is 5c per qt. bottle. The average per cent. of butter fat in the milk is 3.8 per cent.—and that is more than can be found in most of the milk delivered in the Sound cities. The Tacoma company is on the right track. It is furnishing a better product handled in the most modern and sanitary fashion, without an increased cost to the consumer. They not only have a good business proposition, if properly managed, but it will be a practical benefit to the town.

There must be something in this Rochdale co-operative plan, for we notice all the mercantile trade papers which get their support from the wholesaler, are roasting it at every turn in the road.

Speaking of the Rochdale "co-op" scheme recently promulgated by the farmers' clubs in session at Moscow, the New York Merchants' Review makes the following suggestive comment: "Moscow! Moscow! Verily, it hath an ominous sound. Napoleon had his Moscow, which foreshadowed his Waterloo, and perhaps the co-operative movement will meet a like fate in the western town with this strange old-world name."

E. E. Elliott, agriculturist of the State Agricultural College, is doing his share to advertise and develop the resources of the state. A very good article from his pen on our agricultural opportunities appeared in the last number of the Breeders' Gazette.

MAN IS THE REAL FORCE.

The real force on earth is man, and not nature.

Nature received and cared for us at first—in true stepmother fashion.

She gave us cold stone caves, cheerless, long-haired mammoths and inhospitable cave bears for food and for neighbors.

All the rest we had to do for ourselves. We had to change iron ore into swords and guns and kill off the reptiles and other monsters. We had to drain the swamps and cut out the forests that nature lavished in every direction.

We have still to water nature's deserts—spots of eczema on the earth's surface.

We have ahead of us the perfecting of our own social life, the amelioration and control of climate and rainfall.

All of this work will be done inside our brains. Watching the buzzard will teach nothing about flying, nor will watching fish teach anything about the perfect ship.

As well watch the mole and ask him for hints on building the Mount St. Gothard tunnel.

In the curious, oily gray mass inside the human head lies the solution of all earth's problems. The force at work in the brain is the agent of Divine Wisdom—able to do whatever it will through hard work.

And that is what makes life interesting and worth while.—William R. Hurst.

Gem State (Idaho) Rural: The Ranch gives a portrait and a short write-up of G. L. Aggers, president of Seattle Produce Exchange. Mr. Aggers is an old Colorado friend of the editor of this paper and we are glad to learn of his successful business career in the wide-awake Puget Sound city.

We have received a book entitled "Butter-Making on the Farm," by C. P. Goodrich, dairy instructor of the University of Wisconsin. Goodrich is one of the foremost authorities on dairying in America, and what he has to say is very valuable and to the point.

Every progressive dairyman who wants to learn some new ideas about his business should get a copy of this book. The price is not one dollar, or fifty cents, or even ten cents, because it is being given away absolutely free of charge, postage paid, by the De Laval Company, who have appropriated a good-sized sum to its publication, distribution, etc. Address them, San Francisco, Cal.

OPTIMISM AS A HABIT.

There is a class of farmers too much inclined to look on the dark side. This fatal habit is engendered by apparent or temporary failure.

Pessimism may be a useful philosophy when active. There is a noble discontent that is the mainspring of progress—the dissatisfaction of conditions which may be improved. But there are many good folks who seem so anxious to be miserable that they will go out and pledge their happiness as security on which to borrow trouble. They need an arrest of thought.

No success can come out of discouragement. When you lose your courage you throw away the weapons God gave you with which to fight the battle of life.

To this class there is no need to preach our President's excellent doctrine of the Strenuous Life, for, what-

Egg
and
Phosphate



1 lb. 25 cents.

A modern and up-to-date combination which is more wholesome than the baking powder trusts' cream of tartar product.

ASK YOUR GROCER

ever be the faults of the American Husbandman, indolence is not one of them.

I wish to preach the doctrine of Cheerfulness, of encouragement and hope, of self-confidence and of determination. Success is largely a matter of will power. The man who hangs on with a smile of grim determination to "get there" despite temporary setbacks and apparent failure, is the man who wins. To give up is to fall by the wayside.

Keeping everlastingly at it is easy, if the ills and mistakes of life are regarded as but the incidents and lessons of a business career. Keep a stiff upper lip and assume an air of success, and you will get the world's respect, while the man who complains and wastes his life in envy or despair will receive nothing better than pity and perhaps contempt.

To believe in one's self—there's the thing and also there's the rub. Many men have an overweening assurance. They need no sermon on the text "I will," but to those who have not lived up to their expectations, who have not done as well as they knew, who mayhap have been unfortunate through no blame, who think the fates are against them and there's no use trying, to these there is hope if they will but grin while they bear it. Laughter doeth good better than medicine, and a great modern cult has been built up with but one new, good stone to support it, and whether they know it or not the name of that stone is Cheerfulness. Sow the seeds of hope, cultivate the habit of optimism (which means the most) and reap the harvest of happiness which comes from the consciousness of duty well performed.

Walt Whitman once attended the funeral of a little girl, the child of one of his neighbors in Camden. The small white coffin was nearly covered with flowers. Old Walt, leaning on his cane, stood and looked down at the form, lying there so still. A little girl came and standing on tip-toe by the old man's side, also looked wonderingly upon the face of the dead. Old Walt turned and gently said:

"You don't understand this, do you, my dear?"

"No, sir!" lisped the child.

"Neither do I—neither do I!" said the old man, brushing his hand across his eyes, as he moved on.

If the government bugologists would spend their time devising ways and means of exterminating the cattle tick and give the inoffensive mosquito a rest they would make a more plausible pretense of earning their salaries.