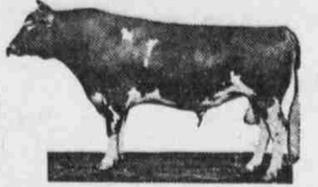


DAIRY POINTS

BULL ASSOCIATIONS GAINING

In Count-Up for Last Fiscal Year an Increase of 57 Per Cent Is Noted—More in South.

In the count-up of bull associations for the last fiscal year made by the dairy division of the United States Department of Agriculture, associations are found all over the country. There are now 123, where there were only 78 the year before. This is an increase of 57 per cent. Thirty of the 48 states in the union are on the list. Associations are not equally numerous in all states, however, for four—Alabama, Pennsylvania, Mississippi



A Bull Should Be Selected to Improve the Dairy Qualities of the Herd He Is to Head.

and South Carolina—furnish nearly half of the total. The number of associations found in each of these four states is as follows: Alabama, 7; Pennsylvania, 21; Mississippi, 11; and South Carolina, 17. Three of these leading states are in the cotton belt. Dairying is comparatively new in that part of the country, and the men going into the business are building on the right foundations from the start. One of the important foundations of effective and lucrative dairying is co-operation, and the extension work carried on by the dairy division and by the various state agricultural colleges has been the means of introducing efficient methods at the outset wherever dairying is taken up in the South.

Pennsylvania is an old-established dairy state, but has taken to the bull-association idea in a remarkable manner, and has in fact the largest number of all.

MOLASSES FOR DAIRY STOCK

Especially Valuable Where Cows Are Not Permitted to Exercise—Replaces Green Feed.

One of the helps of the livestock feeder which is being used more generally every day is the crude, or low grade, molasses from a sugar mill. The value of the feed has been found to be not only in the actual nutrition content, as indicated by the analysis, but because of its quality—not exactly succulency, but akin to that—which makes it an appetizer. Especially is it valuable where the cows are not permitted to run on pasture or where they are not permitted to exercise. The molasses acts both as a digester and tonic and takes the place of green feed which tends to keep the cows healthy and increases all their normal functions, such as the milk producing powers. Then, too, dairy cows which are confined in small areas often lose their appetites, and when they do milk production naturally drops off. By adding a little molasses to the ration they will regain their appetites and besides eat more than they did without the molasses, which of course increases their milk production.

LIBERAL FEEDING URGED

Dairy extensionists and authorities at University farm, St. Paul, Minn., are agreed that a policy of liberal feeding with dairy cattle is profitable and should be pursued wherever circumstances make it possible. The importance of adequate feeding has been shown time and time again. In one instance which may now be cited, feeding costs were increased in a year from \$53 per cow to \$83, but the income from each cow increased from \$129 to \$218 in the same interim, so that for an extra expenditure of \$30 profits were increased \$89 per cow.

WINTER ATTENTION TO MILK

Unusual Care Should Be Exercised in Washing All Tin Utensils Used in Dairy.

The winter care of milk calls for unusual care in washing all tin things used. In summer it is easier to keep clean; we have the sunshine to help—the world's greatest purifier. So much the more reason why we should place extra stress on using hot water and soap, with good pure cold water for rinsing.

HAVE GOOD PUREBREDS ONLY

Pedigrees Don't Amount to Much Unless Daughters Are Better Than Their Dams.

No stock-raiser should be satisfied until he has the services of purebred sires for his farm; not merely a purebred, but a productive purebred. Pedigrees don't amount to anything unless a sire can produce daughters better than their dams.

A PRINCESS OF MARS

By Edgar Rice Burroughs Author of Tarzan of the Apes

Copyright, A. C. McClurg and Company

JOHN IN LOVE.

Synopsis.—The author tells of his acquaintance with the hero of one of the most remarkable adventures ever recorded. From a manuscript left by his friend he has vividly set out the strange happenings which brought together a brave Virginia gentleman and a Princess of Mars. In the Arizona hills John Carter, mining prospector and ex-Confederate soldier, fleeing from a war party of Apaches, takes refuge in a cave the atmosphere of which has a remarkable effect on him. Yielding to his influence he slips into unconsciousness, his last thoughts centered on the glow from the planet Mars. Awakening, Carter realizes that he has, in some incomprehensible manner, been transported to Mars. He is captured by Tars Tarkas and a party of Martian warriors. He is conveyed, a prisoner, to a Martian city. Three days later a fleet of warships from the neighboring state of Hellum is attacked by Carter's captors, the green Martians. One of the airships is captured. Among the prisoners is a young woman of a race different from the green Martians and closely resembling the women of the earth. Carter ascertains that the fair prisoner's name is Dejah Thoris, granddaughter of the jeddak, or ruler, of Hellum. According to custom she is doomed to die by torture. He fights for her and assures her of his sympathy. John learns the language and becomes a chieftain, though still a nominal prisoner.

CHAPTER VI.

With Dejah Thoris.

As we reached the open the two female guards who had been detailed to watch over Dejah Thoris hurried up and made as though to assume custody of her once more. The poor child shrank against me and I felt her two little hands fold tightly over my arm. Waving the women away, I informed them that Solo would attend the captive hereafter. Sarkoja merely gave us an ugly look and departed to hatch up deviltries against us.

I soon found Solo and explained to her that I wished her to guard Dejah Thoris as she had guarded me; that I wished her to find other quarters where they would not be molested by Sarkoja, and I finally informed her that I myself would take up my quarters among the men.

"You are a great chieftain now, John Carter," she said, "and I must do your bidding, though indeed I am glad to do it under any circumstances. The man whose metal you carry was young, but he was a great warrior, and had by his promotions and kills won his way close to the rank of Tars Tarkas, who, as you know, is second to Lorquas Ptomel only. You are eleventh, there are but ten chieftains in this community who rank you in prowess."

"And if I should kill Lorquas Ptomel?" I asked.

"You would be first, John Carter; but you may only win that honor by the will of the entire council that Lorquas Ptomel meet you in combat, or should he attack you, you may kill him in self-defense, and thus win first place."

I laughed, and changed the subject. I had no particular desire to kill Lorquas Ptomel, and less to be a jed among the Tharks.

I accompanied Solo and Dejah Thoris in a search for new quarters, which we found in a building near the audience chamber and of far more pretentious architecture than our former habitation. We also found in this building real sleeping apartments with ancient beds of highly wrought metal swinging from enormous gold chains depending from the marble ceilings. The decoration of the walls was most elaborate and, unlike the frescoes in the other buildings I had examined, portrayed many human figures in the compositions. These were of people like myself, and of a much lighter color than Dejah Thoris. They were clad in graceful, flowing robes, highly ornamented with metal and jewels, and their luxuriant hair was of a beautiful golden and reddish bronze. The men were beardless and only a few wore arms. The scenes depicted for the most part a fair-skinned, fair-haired people at play.

Dejah Thoris clasped her hands with an exclamation of rapture as she gazed upon these magnificent works of art, wrought by a people long extinct; while Solo, on the other hand, apparently did not see them.

We decided to use this room, on the second floor and overlooking the plaza, for Dejah Thoris and Solo, and another room adjoining and in the rear for cooking and supplies. I then dispatched Solo to bring the bedding and such food and utensils as she might need, telling her that I would guard Dejah Thoris until her return.

As Solo departed Dejah Thoris turned to me with a faint smile.

"And to where, then, would your prisoner escape should you leave her, unless it was to follow you and crave your protection, and ask your pardon for the cruel thoughts she has harbored against you these past few days?"

"You are right," I answered, "there is no escape for either of us unless we go together."

"I heard your challenge to the creature you call Tars Tarkas, and I think I understand your position among these people, but what I cannot fathom is your statement that you are not of Barsoom.

"In the name of my first ancestor, then," she continued, "where may you be from? You are like unto my people, and yet so unlike. You speak my language, and yet I heard you tell Tars Tarkas that you had but learned it recently. All Barsoomians speak the same tongue from the ice-clad south to the ice-clad north, though their written languages differ. Only in the valley Dor, where the river Iss empties into the lost sea of Korus, is there supposed to be a different language spoken, and, except in the legends of our ancestors,



"I Looked Down at Her, Her Beautiful Face Upturned, and Her Wonderful Eyes Opening Up the Very Depth of Her Soul."

there is no record of a Barsoomian returning up the river Iss, from the shores of Korus in the valley of Dor. Do not tell me that you have thus returned! They would kill you horribly anywhere upon the surface of Barsoom if that were true; tell me it is not!"

Her little hands, reached up upon my breast, were pressed against me as though to wring a denial from my very heart.

"I do not know your customs, Dejah Thoris, but in my own Virginia a gentleman does not lie to save himself; I am not of Dor; I have never seen the mysterious Iss; the lost sea of Korus is still lost, so far as I am concerned. Do you believe me?"

And then it struck me that I was very anxious that she should believe me. I looked down at her; her beautiful face upturned, and her wonderful eyes opening up the very depth of her soul; and as my eyes met hers I knew why, and—I shuddered.

A similar wave of feeling seemed to stir her; she drew away from me with a sigh, and with her earnest, beautiful face turned up to mine, she whispered: "I believe you, John Carter; I do not know what a 'gentleman' is, nor have I ever heard before of Virginia; but on Barsoom no man lies; if he does not wish to speak the truth he is silent. Where is this Virginia, your country, John Carter?" she asked, and it seemed that this fair name of my fair land had never sounded more beautiful than as it fell from those perfect lips on that far gone day.

"I am of another world," I answered, "the great planet Earth, which revolves about our common sun and next within the orbit of your Barsoom, which we know as Mars. How I came here I cannot tell you, for I do not know; but here I am, and since my presence has permitted me to serve Dejah Thoris I am glad that I am here."

She gazed at me with troubled eyes, long and questioning. I would much rather not have told her anything of my antecedents, but no man could look into the depth of those eyes and refuse her slightest behest.

Finally she smiled, and, rising, said: "I shall have to believe even though I cannot understand. But why should I trouble my poor head with such a problem, when my heart tells me that I believe because I wish to believe?"

It was good logic, good, earthly, feminine logic, and if it satisfied her I certainly could pick no flaws in it. We fell into a general conversation then, asking and answering many questions on each side. She was curious to learn of the customs of my people and displayed a remarkable knowledge of events on earth. When I questioned her closely on this seeming familiarity with earthly things she laughed, and cried out:

"Why, every schoolboy on Barsoom

knows the geography, and much concerning the fauna and flora, as well as the history of your planet fully as well as of his own. Can we not see everything which takes place upon Earth, as you call it; is it not hanging there in the heavens in plain sight?"

This baffled me, I must confess, fully as much as my statements had confounded her; and I told her so. She then explained in general the instruments her people had used and been perfecting for ages, which permit them to throw upon a screen a perfect image of what is transpiring upon any planet and upon many of the stars.

"If, then, you are so familiar with earthly things," I asked, "why is it that you do not recognize me as identical with the inhabitants of that planet?"

She smiled again as one might in bored indulgence of a questioning child.

"Because, John Carter," she replied, "nearly every planet and star having atmospheric conditions at all approaching those of Barsoom, shows forms of animal life almost identical with you and me; and, further, Earth men, almost without exception, cover their bodies with strange, unsightly pieces of cloth, and their heads with hideous contraptions the purpose of which we have been unable to conceive; while you, when found by the Tharkian warriors, were entirely undressed and unadorned."

I then narrated the details of my departure from the Earth, explaining that my body there lay fully clothed in all the, to her, strange garments of mundane dwellers. At this point Solo returned with our meager belongings and her young Martian protege, who, of course, would have to share the quarters with them.

Solo asked us if we had had a visitor during her absence, and seemed much surprised when we answered in the negative. It seemed that as she had mounted the approach to the upper floors where our quarters were located, she had met Sarkoja descending. We decided that she must have been eavesdropping, but as we could recall nothing of importance that had passed between us we dismissed the matter as of little consequence.

Dejah Thoris and I then fell to examining the architecture and decorations of the beautiful chambers of the building we were occupying. She told me that these people had presumably flourished over a hundred thousand years before. They were the early progenitors of her race, but had mixed with the other great races of early Martians, who were very dark, almost black, and also with the reddish yellow race which had flourished at the same time.

These three great divisions of the higher Martians had been forced into a mighty alliance as the drying up of the Martian seas had compelled them to seek the comparatively few and always diminishing fertile areas, and to defend themselves, under new conditions of life, against the wild hordes of green men.

The ancient Martians had been a highly cultivated and literary race, but during the vicissitudes of those trying centuries of readjustment to new conditions, not only did their advancement and production cease entirely, but practically all their archives, records, and literature were lost.

We had been so engrossed in exploration of the building and in our conversation that it was late in the afternoon before we realized it. We were brought back to a realization of our present conditions by a messenger bearing a summons from Lorquas Ptomel directing me to appear before him forthwith. Bidding Dejah Thoris and Solo farewell, and commanding Solo to remain on guard, I hastened to the audience chamber, where I found Lorquas Ptomel and Tars Tarkas seated upon the rostrum.

As I entered and saluted, Lorquas Ptomel signaled me to advance, and, fixing his great, hideous eyes upon me, addressed me thus:

"You have been with us a few days, yet during that time you have by your prowess won a high position among us. Be that as it may, you are not one of us; you owe us no allegiance."

"Your position is a peculiar one," he continued; "you are a prisoner and yet you give commands which must be obeyed; you are an alien and yet you are a Tharkian chieftain; you are a midget and yet you can kill a mighty warrior with one blow of your fist. And now you are reported to have been plotting to escape with another prisoner of another race: a prisoner who, from her own admission, half believes you are returned from the valley of Dor. Either one of these accusations, if proved, would be sufficient grounds for your execution, but we are a just people and you shall have a trial on our return to Thark. If Tal Hajus so commands."

"But," he continued, in his fierce guttural tones, "if you run off with the red girl it is I who shall have to account to Tal Hajus; it is I who shall have to face Tars Tarkas, and either demonstrate my right to command

or the metal from my dead carcass will go to a better man, for such is the custom of the Tharks.

"I have no quarrel with Tars Tarkas; together we rule supreme the greatest of the lesser communities among the green men; we do not wish to fight between ourselves; and so if you were dead, John Carter, I should be glad. Under two conditions only, however, may you be killed by us without orders from Tal Hajus; in personal combat in self-defense, should you attack one of us, or were you apprehended in an attempt to escape.

"As a matter of justice I must warn you that we only await one of these two excuses for ridding ourselves of so great a responsibility. The safe delivery of the red girl to Tal Hajus is of the greatest importance. Not in a thousand years have the Tharks made such a capture; she is the granddaughter of the greatest of red jeddaks, who is also our bitterest enemy. I have spoken. The red girl told us that we were without the softer sentiments of humanity, but we are a just and truthful race. You may go."

Turning, I left the audience chamber. So this was the beginning of Sarkoja's persecution! I knew that none other could be responsible for this report which had reached the ears of Lorquas Ptomel so quickly, and now I recalled those portions of our conversation which had touched upon escape and upon my origin.

Sarkoja was at this time Tars Tarkas' oldest and most trusted female. As such she was a mighty power behind the throne, for no warrior had the confidence of Lorquas Ptomel to such an extent as did his ablest lieutenant, Tars Tarkas.

However, instead of putting thoughts of possible escape from my mind, my audience with Lorquas Ptomel only served to center my every faculty on this subject. Now, more than before, the absolute necessity for escape, in so far as Dejah Thoris was concerned, was impressed upon me, for I was convinced that some horrible fate awaited her at the headquarters of Tal Hajus.

As described by Solo, this monster was the exaggerated personification of all the ages of cruelty, ferocity, and brutality from which he had descended. Cold, cunning, calculating; he was, also, in marked contrast to most of his fellows, a slave to that brute passion which the waning demands for procreation upon their dying planet had almost stifled in the Martian breast.

As I wandered about the plaza lost in my gloomy forebodings Tars Tarkas approached me on his way from the audience chamber.

"Where are your quarters, John Carter?" he asked.

"I have selected none," I replied. "It seemed best that I quartered either by myself or among the other warriors, and I was awaiting an opportunity to ask your advice."

"Come with me," he directed, and together we moved off across the plaza to a building which I was glad to see adjoined that occupied by Solo and her charges.

"My quarters are on the first floor of this building," he said, "and the



"Dejah Thoris and I Then Fell to Examining the Architecture and Decorations of the Beautiful Chambers of the Building We Were Occupying."

second floor also is fully occupied by warriors, but the third floor and the floors above are vacant; you may take your choice of these.

"I understand," he continued, "that you have given up your woman to the red prisoner. Well, if you wish to give your woman to a captive, it is your own affair; but as a chieftain

you should have those to serve you, and in accordance with our customs you may select any or all the females from the retinues of the chieftains whose metal you now wear."

I thanked him, but assured him that I could get along very nicely without assistance except in the matter of preparing food, and so he promised to send women to me for this purpose and also for the care of my arms and the manufacture of my ammunition, which he said would be necessary.

I finally chose a front room on the third floor, because this brought me nearer to Dejah Thoris, whose apartment was on the second floor of the adjoining building, and it flashed upon me that I could rig up some means of communication whereby she might signal me in case she needed either my services or my protection.

My thoughts were cut short by the advent of several young females bearing loads of weapons, silks, furs, jewels, cooking utensils, and casks of food and drink, including considerable loot from the air craft. All this, it seemed, had been the property of the two chieftains I had slain, and now, by the customs of the Tharks, it had become mine. At my direction they placed the stuff in one of the back rooms, and then departed, only to return with a second load, which they advised me constituted the balance of my goods.

Finding that I must assume responsibility for these creatures, whether I would or not, I made the best of it and directed them to find quarters on the upper floors, leaving the third floor to me. One of the girls I charged with the duties of my simple cuisine, and directed the others to take up the various activities which had formerly constituted their vocations. Thereafter I saw little of them, nor did I care to.

CHAPTER VII.

Love-Making on Mars.

Following the battle with the airships, the community remained within the city for several days, abandoning the homeward march until they could feel reasonably assured that the ships would not return; for to be caught on the open plains with a cavalcade of chariots and children was far from the desire of even so warlike a people as the green Martians.

During our period of inactivity, Tars Tarkas had instructed me in many of the customs and arts of war familiar to the Tharks, including lessons in riding and guiding the great beasts which bore the warriors. These creatures, which are known as thoats, are as dangerous and vicious as their masters, but when once subdued are sufficiently tractable for the purposes of the green Martians.

Two of these animals had fallen to me from the warriors whose metal I wore, and in a short time I could handle them quite as well as the native warriors.

My experience with Woola determined me to attempt the experiment of kindness in my treatment of my thoats. First I taught them that they could not unseat me, and even rapped them sharply between the ears to impress upon them my authority and mastery. Then, by degrees, I won their confidence in much the same manner as I had adopted countless times with many mundane mounts.

In the course of a few days my thoats were the wonder of the entire community. They would follow me like dogs, rubbing their great snouts against my body in awkward evidence of affection, and respond to my every command with an alacrity and docility which caused the Martian warriors to ascribe to me the possession of some earthly power unknown on Mars.

On the seventh day following the battle with the air craft we again took up the march toward Thark, all probability of another attack being deemed remote by Lorquas Ptomel.

During the days just preceding our departure I had seen but little of Dejah Thoris, as I had been kept very busy by Tars Tarkas with my lessons in the art of Martian warfare, as well as in the training of my thoats. The few times I had visited her quarters she had been absent, walking upon the streets with Solo, or investigating the buildings in the near vicinity of the plaza.

John fights with Zad.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Specific.

A traveler who alighted from the train in a small Southern town was greeted by a colored porter, who shouted at him: "Palace hotel, boss," and grabbed the traveler's baggage, and the latter said: "Wait a minute, Rastus. Is this hotel American or European?" And Rastus replied: "I dunno, boss, but I think they's Irish." —San Francisco Chronicle.

The republic of Haiti covers an area about equal to that of the state of Massachusetts.