

GRANGE.

WEEKLY PRESS NEWS LETTER.
INSECTICIDES AND FUNGICIDES.

New chemical preparations are being constantly brought forward as insecticides and fungicides, with the usual guarantee of the manufacturers that the same are perfectly reliable. Prof. H. A. Surface, the State Zoologist, has had some of the circulars of these preparations sent to his office in Harrisburg, and has been requested to give his opinion concerning them. His advice is that no fruit grower nor farmer can afford to use any chemical preparation extensively, until it has passed through the experimental stage. The statements in the circulars that are sent out by the manufacturers are, as a general thing, too positive and too strongly drawn. He recommends a trial of new insecticides and fungicides, to find out what they will do, rather than to go it blindly and invest considerable money without receiving any benefit, or so little as not to compensate for having made the expenditure. Some of the preparations now on the market do more harm in unskilled hands than they do good.

POTATO BUGS AND BLIGHTS.

In answer to queries as to how to destroy potato bugs, as well as prevent blight, State Zoologist Surface replies as follows: "The Colorado potato beetle or potato bug will be very destructive in many parts of this State this year. Spray with the Bordeaux mixture to which poison is added. Make the Bordeaux mixture by using four pounds of bluestone and five pounds of lime in fifty gallons of water, and to this add either one-half pound of Paris Green or two pounds of arsenate of lead. Spray thoroughly and you will prevent blight and also kill the bugs. Repeat this once every two weeks for blight, but if there are no bugs present, you need not add the poison. Whenever the bugs are present add the poison and spray for them. There is no rule concerning the frequency of repetition for potato bugs as we simply spray when they come and kill them as soon as possible. If you do not wish to go to the trouble of making the Bordeaux mixture for the blight, or are willing to run the risk of the blight not coming, you can kill the potato beetles by spraying with either of the two poisons mentioned, in fifty gallons of water alone. But the best thing to do is to make the regular Bordeaux Mixture with lime and bluestone, and then add the poison to this. The Bordeaux is for plant disease only, and will not kill insects. It is thus a fungicide. To make it an insecticide we add the poison, as described above.

BLACK ANTS ON PLANTS AND TREES.

To a request for information as to how to rid plants and trees of black ants, Prof. Surface replies: "You can do this by finding the nesting places of these pests and making holes into the interior of them with a sharpened stick like a broom handle, and pouring into each hole one-half tea cup of carbon bisulphide. Fill the hole with earth and cover it with a wet cloth or blanket to keep down the fumes, and the ants will be destroyed at once. This is the best possible method for destroying ants of any kind. After the nest is found, and the queen destroyed in the manner stated, the colony is broken up. Ants in the household are best treated by following their path to the place where they live and pouring in the carbon bisulphide. If it be at the side of a wall, or elsewhere where they can not surely be located, one can destroy them by pouring a considerable quantity of gasoline, or benzine, into the hole made by the side of the wall. "Ants, as seen going up and down trees, are not themselves the cause of injury to the trees or plants, but are visiting Plant Lice, or Scale Insects, or sometimes plant glands, for the purpose of obtaining the sweet liquid, called honey dew, which is secreted by them. Thus the ant is generally an indication of serious pests on the trees, although itself doing no injury. It is, therefore, not necessary to treat the trees for ants, but to treat them for the pests which the ants visit. This means spraying with a contact insecticide, of the proper strength, at the right season, according to what the pest may be. "Black ants sometimes make nests or mounds in which vegetation does not grow, and thus become objectionable. The method described above destroys them in their nests, but where they are in decaying wood they should not be regarded as serious enemies of mankind, nor destroyers of property; and they do not deserve destruction.

Why He Never Spoke.

There was a man in our town, and he was wondrous wise! he never spoke unto his wife of his mother's cakes and pies. The secret of his wisdom—guess if you can; but if you can't behold it—he was a bachelor man.

Right Action.

Rightness expresses of actions, what straightness does of lines; and there can no more be two kinds of right action than there can be two kinds of straight lines.—Herbert Spencer.

A CHICKEN WHO LOST HER FEATHERS.

"How many feathers did you lose?" "Why, just seventy-seven; that's all." "Well, Mrs. Chicken, who pulled them out?" "Why, I really couldn't tell; but they are gone." "Well, that hen over there would not take them; she never took any before." "Well, maybe she wouldn't; but you can never tell what she might do."

"Well, isn't it funny; they ate and they drank together and they never fought or quarrelled and they never had any suspicion that either one of them would take feathers from each other; but it happened just the same, and in a time when it was least expected." "Well, that's too bad. I feel sorry for you to lose so many feathers at one time; it will take you some time to get them back again; and how all the other hens are cackling."

"Yes, but it is not always the one that cackles first that cackles last, and we are none of us too safe. Maybe, sometime, that old fox will come along and take some feathers from you and then what will you say?" "Well, I will say that I trusted them all and did not even think that they would really take a single feather. If they wanted to take them they could have taken them before, but when they are obligated together not to wrong or injure any one of the flock it seems that fraternalism is only a matter of form, and how quick all of us, chicks or chickens, forget the vows that we have taken."

"Yes," but one hen says, "feathers are feathers. It does not make any difference how we get them, so long as we don't get caught at it. I wonder if a chicken has a conscience and when she meets another chicken and knows that she stole the feathers from her, do you think that it would be possible for her conscience to tell her that she did what was wrong? If it does, then it will be troubling her every day, as the poultry yard is not very large and we are bound to see each other."

"Well," says another chicken, "I know it would bother me for a life time and probably after that, if there is any hereafter for a poor chicken; and I don't think that I would want to die with anything like that on my mind and expect to go where robbers do not break through and steal."

"Well," says another chicken, "why don't you keep your feathers secure? Its too late to cry over spilt milk, or to lock the cage after the chicken, and don't ask any other chicken for sympathy, because sympathy never helps."

"Well," says another chicken, "I wonder how many revolutions that engine will have to make, how many shovels of coal that fireman will have to shovel, how many days and nights he will have to work, and how much criticism I will have to hear before that seventy-seven feathers come back! It was a quick molt and maybe it will make a quick growth."

"Yes, but I hear that your feed bill has not been paid for three months. I always send my money to the mill through the postoffice on or before the tenth day of the month, as they only give us thirty days' credit, and if you don't believe it just step down to the postoffice in White Mills and ask for the number of the money orders for February, March, April and May. You can't make any mistake, as it was the chicken that lost the feathers that made the remittance."

"Isn't it funny that dishonest chickens always think that all chickens are dishonest like themselves, and they have got to cackle all over the town so that every chicken will hear them. It is a good way to relieve suspicion by pushing it on to another chicken. When the resurrection of the dead chickens is at hand, and they come out of their graves, won't it look funny to see one chicken with seventy-seven feathers, that belong to another chicken? Don't you think that you will hear that chicken cackle, 'Lazarus! Lazarus! bring me a little water so that I may dip my bill to cool my parched tongue! That is when the big book shall have opened and it shall be found out that you were stealing feathers instead of laying eggs. Do you think that you will be able to wear that Chinaman beak just as you are wearing it now?"

"Well, did they take all your feathers?" "No; I have just one left, and I am going to shape it into a quill pen to answer all the chicken ghost stories that are going around about the lost feathers. So if any of you cockerels, pullets, hens and roosters want to see your name in a chicken story just keep on crowing and cackling; but if you would rather be a peaceful chicken just stay out of your neighbor's garden, and then it will be hard to tell the layer from the cackler or the one that stole the feathers." JOSEPH STEPHENS.

CASTORIA
For Infants and Children.
The Kind You Have Always Bought
Bears the Signature of *Chas. H. Fletcher*

PANAMA DISPUTE.

Powder Company Accuses Canal Commission.

GALLS SPECIFICATIONS UNFAIR.

Contest Involves Contract For More Than 10,000,000 Pounds of Dynamite to Cost More Than \$1,000,000.

Washington, June 8.—Claiming that discriminations were being made by the Isthmian canal commission in favor of the manufacturers of "trojan" powder, the E. I. Dupont-De Nemours Powder company filed a formal protest here when bids were opened for supplying explosives for the coming fiscal year for work on the Isthmian canal.

The specifications allow alternate bids for supplying "trojan powder" in the place of dynamite, provided a guarantee of the effectiveness of "trojan powder" is made. The Dupont company protested that "trojan" is a trade name and can be applied only by the proprietors of the brand. The restrictions of the bids on this class of explosives to the brand "trojan" is as unfair as it would be to restrict the bids upon saltpeter dynamite to "Atlas" powder, the Dupont company urged.

The complaining bidder stated that it was the manufacturer of explosives of the class to which "trojan" powder belongs and that it desired to submit a bid upon whatever may be the commission's requirements for explosives in this class and that it stood ready to submit a bid when it could obtain an opportunity to do so under proper specification.

More than 10,000,000 pounds of dynamite in sticks of varying size is desired. The E. I. Dupont-De Nemours Powder company submitted a bid of \$1,051,850 and the Keystone Powder Manufacturing company of Emporium, Pa., \$1,017,232.

The Trojan Powder company of Alentown, Pa.; Oakland, Cal., and Pueblo, Colo., submitted a bid on "trojan" powder for a portion of the amount desired at \$375,037. W. R. Grace & Co. of San Francisco submitted a bid of \$204,600 on a part of the quantity of dynamite. The Texas Dynamite company of Beaumont, Tex., submitted an informal bid.

DEADLY WATER OF THE DESERT

Mistake Made by Travelers in the Arid Wastes of the Southwest.

"One of the chief dangers to travelers in crossing such dread and arid wastes as the far famed Death Valley in Nevada arises from ignorance as to the character of the infrequent pools of water along the route," said T. E. Smallie, a mining engineer of Denver. "The tenderfoot, growing faint under a blazing sun, will want to quench his intolerable thirst when he comes to a shallow hole, whose water, clear as crystal, seems absolutely pure. He can with difficulty be restrained from drinking it by some experienced companion, who knows that one draught will probably cause serious if not fatal illness. This water, for all its seeming purity and clearness, is loaded with arsenic, and many a man has lost his life by its use. "Curiously enough, the only water in the desert that is safe to drink is foul looking and inhabited by bugs and snakes. When you come to a muddy pool on the surface of which insects are disporting themselves, however repulsive it may be both to the eye and palate, you may drink it with impunity, despite its looks, as a man will who is crazy with thirst produced by the burning sands and merciless sun."

Consumption and the Telephone.

The panic recently created on the subject of the assumed danger lurking in the transmitter of the telephone is not precisely new. It is but the development of a fear which has caused misgiving for some years. On the supposition that various germs of disease probably collect in the receiver and transmitter of the instrument, at any rate in public telephone stations, some medical alarmists have thrown out suggestions that antiseptics, both in a dry state and in solution, should be applied for the safety of the telephone user. The recent dictum goes one step further, inasmuch as it is now an established fact that tubercle bacilli, the casual micro-organisms of consumption, have been found—alive and in robust condition—in the instrument. It is quite natural, in view of such a find, that a feeling of alarm might seize hold of the more nervous. — British Medical Journal.

His Busy Day.

Gen. Winfield Scott, on August 20, 1847, gained five victories in a day while marching to the City of Mexico.—Toledo News Bee.

Uncle Jerry.

"What they call 'honor' is a mighty curious thing," observed Uncle Jerry Peebles. "I know a man who would cheerfully starve himself to pay a gambling debt, and he still owes the preacher that married him 27 years ago."

CRUELTY IN FISHING.

Most Sportsmanlike Anglers Carry Little Batons to Kill Victims.

Live bait caught never to be used. To take a living minnow and thrust a hook through its back, and then to jerk it 50 or 30 feet through the air in order that it may wriggle in agony at the end of the line until it attracts some other fish to swallow it, is about as wanton a piece of cruelty as anyone could invent, and un-sportsmanlike. The skillful fisherman will use a fly or some other device by which the fish wishes to capture may be deceived and caught. The live minnow is the bait of the blunderer, not of the expert.

Even experienced fishermen sometimes commit another sort of cruelty which ought never to be practiced. They think that their fish must be kept alive as long as possible, and therefore run a string through its gills and throw it overboard, to be hauled after the boat.

This is as foolish as it is cruel. When the fish has a string through its gills it cannot breathe. It is slowly strangled to death, and if it is hauled through the water after the boat it is simply drowned in its own element. Fish, when taken, should be immediately killed. That is the only way to prevent needless suffering, and we may add that it is the best way to bring the fish home in good condition.

Limitations of Practice.

In a Iowa town an action for ejectment was not long ago tried "by the court without a jury," the suit having been brought by a religious society to recover possession of a cemetery.

The defendant, a physician in active practice, had bought the ground for the use of the society, but when afterward he severed his connection with the organization, it was discovered that he had taken the title in his own name and evidently intended to hold on to it.

After duly weighing the evidence, the court ordered judgment for the plaintiff, stating briefly the reasons for the decisions. Whereupon defendant's counsel desired to be more fully enlightened in the premises.

"Certainly," said his Honor. "In addition to what I have already said, there are but two other reasons. One is that the church seems to need a cemetery and the other is that the doctor has failed to show that his practice is sufficiently large to necessitate his maintaining his own burying ground."

Part of the Treatment.

Tompkins had suffered terribly, and at one time it appeared that his illness might have a fatal termination. But skillful doctors and a pretty nurse tended him most carefully, and the crisis was successfully passed. The pretty nurse was Tompkins' one ray of sunshine during his weary hours, and he fell desperately in love with her.

"Nurse Edith," he said one day, "will you be my wife when I recover?"

"Certainly!" replied the consoler of suffering humanity.

"Then my hopes are realized. You do really love me?" queried the anxious Tompkins. "The pretty nurse stammered. "Oh, no," she said; "that's merely part of the treatment. I must keep my patients cheerful. I promised this morning to run away with a man who has lost both his legs."

What is a Billion?

A billion in Britain is a million times a million. But no man is able to count it. You will count 100 or 170 a minute. But let us suppose that you go up as high as 200 a minute, hour after hour. At that rate you would count 12,000 an hour, 28,000 a day, or 105,120,000 in a year.

To count a billion would require a person to count 200 a minute for a period of 9,512 years, 342 days, 5 hours and 20 minutes, providing he should count continuously. But suppose we allow the counter twenty hours daily for rest, eating and sleeping; then he would need 19,025 years, 319 days, 10 hours and 40 minutes in which to complete the task!

Oral Hygiene.

One of the diseases of civilization is defective teeth, and the more study there is given to oral hygiene the clearer it becomes that inattention to health of the teeth accounts for not a few other ills of the body. Indifference would bring dentists with public spirit are now moving for recognition by education of the part which oral hygiene should have in the service of the public school to the child. They are insisting on dental as well as medical inspection of children, not for selfish ends, but to correct, early in life, tendencies which will debilitate the entire system if not checked.

Repairing the Ruins.

"The last time I motored in England," said Craig Biddle the other day, "I was amazed by the spick and span look of all the old castles, halls and manor houses. My companion was an Englishman, a very well informed chap, and I said to him: "I thought you people had a lot of picturesque old ruins over here?" "We did have once," said he, "but your headdresses have come over and put them all in good repair."

WHERE THEY PICK UP FISH.

One Way of Making Good Catches in South Carolina.

E. D. Smith, A. H. Gasque, C. and A. Hugh Hines went fishing near Effingham, S. C., where a creek runs into Lynche's River. They had fine sport and caught 108 of the finest red-breasts in the country.

Fishing down there is done with the hands. All you have to do is to feel under the logs and in the stump holes and pull out the fish. It is characteristic of the red breast, we are told, not to leave their hiding place. They stick so close to it that one can literally pick them out of the water with the hands. These gentlemen had fine fun. They caught some shad, but they were poor, except one, and were put back into the water. One snake was killed.

The only bad thing about fishing this way is the fact that there are some snakes under the logs, and if by chance the fisher gets his hands on a moccasin there is generally something doing. Mr. Johnson, who lives in that section, interviewed a snake the other day in some trash where red-breasts were hiding, and now he has a game finger.

A Harder Job.

The tributes paid to the popularity of Mr. Hammond's son pleased the father, who was the oldest summer resident of Shrubville. They pleased him the more because they came from natives of the soil, whose good opinion could not be forced in any way.

"He's a real good boy, that boy of yours," said Capt. Hollis Towne, and Capt. Lothrop James added his word of approval.

"I like the cut of his jib," he announced, with decision, "and I like his ways; he ain't too forth-putting, nor yet he ain't too stand-offish."

"Thing of it is, you and his ma haven't tried to have him 'brought up,' same as most of the summer folks do with their children; he's just been 'raised' like we were, and that's why he gets on with everybody in this town, sir!"

Only Freedom Worth Having.

The only freedom I care about is the freedom to do right; the freedom to do wrong I am ready to part with on the cheapest terms to anyone who will take it off me.—Huxley.

Man Who is Not Safe.

The man who knows better how to do another man's work than he does his own is not safe for any kind of work.

Beyond the Limit.

A man may think he is thinking and still have glimmerings of intelligence. When he thinks other people think he is thinking there is no hope for him.

Take Your Choice.

If you take advantage of your opportunities you will acquire a competence; if you take advantage of other people's you will become a millionaire.—Life.

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Fifty men's high grade suits worth \$14, \$15, \$16, \$18, GOING AT - - - \$10.

Finest Line of STRAW HATS in Town.

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