

DAIRY AND CREAMERY

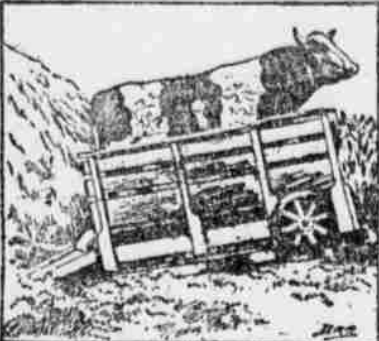
WORK THE BULL.

Head of the Herd Must Have Exercise to Keep Vigorous.

Exercise the bull must have, for unless he is properly exercised he will not be thrifty and have a vigorous constitution. This question is a serious one, and the picture of Sir Jacob Poosh at work shows how a bull made be made to exercise and also be of great assistance to his owner. He pumps all the water for a large dairy, cuts feed and makes himself very useful to his owner.

His calves all come strong and thrifty since he began work, and, although he weighs a plump ton, he handles himself like a kitten.

Don't look upon the bull as an enemy and carry a club or pitchfork every time you go near him, writes W. M. Kelly in Farm and



EXERCISE FOR THE BULL.

Home. His disposition toward you will be just what you make it yourself. Treat him kindly but with firmness. He is sure to remember any kindness and sure to remember any meanness that you may do to him and will watch the chance to get even with you.

Allow him but one service and then lead him to his stall, and he will soon learn what is wanted of him and will readily take up with the programme. Well managed and properly fed he will live to be eight or ten years old and get good calves. A well cared for bull instead of being a nuisance and disgrace will be an object of admiration and a credit to your herd and farm.

High Prices for Dairy Product.

The following is a statement issued by the Dairy Division, U. S. Department of Agriculture, with reference to butter fat prices received by farmers in the Middle Northwest during 1907, which is of interest to our readers:

There are approximately 6,000 creameries in the United States, making a total of 500,000,000 pounds of butter annually. The average net price per pound paid farmers for butter fat ranged from 4 to 5 cents higher in 1907 than in 1906. This would indicate an increased return of 20 to 25 million dollars to the patrons for the year just passed.

An interesting thing about the creamery business is the fact that 1,800 of the 6,000 creameries are co-operative plants, and the number of co-operative creameries is constantly growing. The greater number of creameries that have gone out of business for one reason or another in the past few years have been the individual creameries, owned by individual, or corporations.

Something over a thousand creameries, mainly in the Middle Northwest, have reported the results of the past year's business to the Department of Agriculture. These reports are nearly all from sections where the local creamery (either co-operative or individual) predominates. Careful estimates have been made from these reports which shows that the net price paid farmers for butter fat in these creameries averaged between 28 and 29 cents for the year 1907. The lowest price paid was in June, when the average was between 24 and 25 cents.

These prices are true only for the local creamery, which receives its cream or milk direct from the farmers' wagons, where there is neither commission to pay for buying cream nor freight or express charges for transporting it to the churning plant. Commission and freight average from 1 to 3 cents per pound. Farmers selling cream to agents who have to ship the cream to different churning points may expect to receive 2 to 3 cents less per pound for butter fat than prices paid by local creameries.

Value of Sheep on the Farm.

W. J. Duffel, president of the Texas Sheep and Goat Breeders' Association, says, speaking of sheep: "Sheep pay more on the investment than any other domestic animals. Sheep and diversification keep the farmer's children in school instead of in the cotton patch. Sheep eat about 550 different kinds of noxious weeds; cows eat from 150 to 300 kinds; while horses eat less than 100 kinds. Sheep not only destroy noxious weeds but they improve the grass on a pasture by exterminating the weeds. Land also improves with sheep running on it as it is well known all over the civilized world.

Don't kill the Ladybirds, every Ladybird (ladybug) eats during its lifetime hundreds of aphids or soft-bodied plant foes.

Notes and Comment

Of Interest to Women Readers

MAKES SLIM FIGURES.

Boned Undergarment Keeps Billowy Flesh Within Bounds.

What with basting, rolling, dieting and performing all sorts of acrobatics and unpleasant tasks, the life of the stout woman has recently been a sad one. Rubber underwear and marvelous corsets have been advertised in profusion and now comes a California woman with an undergarment that is designed to aid in the war against fat. This garment is a two-section af-



fair, boned from the waist up to the armpits and down over the hips. The advantage of this boned part is that when the garment is drawn in tight with the drawing at the waist it compresses the superfluous flesh just as a corset would do with the additional advantage of fitting closer to the body than a corset. A woman wearing such an undergarment, too, would be able to dispense with a corset, thereby acquiring greater freedom of movement and having a more slender appearance by reason of having fewer layers of clothing on.

The Useful Side Pocket.

Housekeepers will appreciate a gift of a side pocket to be worn about the morning tasks. So equipped, a demand for purse or key does not mean a trip up stairs or a wild search.

While leather pockets can be bought for such uses they do not quite fill the need for house wear, as they flap around and rub the skirt.

A pocket such as tailors wear, but more artistic, will prove convenient. This is made of heavy, smooth cloth in envelope shape, and stitched on the machine. Cut a strip of cloth twelve inches long and five inches wide. Fold up the end to the depth of two and one-eighth inches from top to make the pocket. Slope the edge beyond the pocket into a point, like the flap of an envelope. This point is provided with a buttonhole to fasten to the belt.

The pocket part should have buttons and buttonholes or patent clasps along the upper edge. Though deep enough not to drop the contents, it is often convenient to close the top when working actively.

The edges of the bag may be finished in several ways. When making it for one's own use the edges may be pinked, and the turned up parts stitched on the machine. When intended as a gift elaboration is preferred. If pinking is liked, a line of briar stitching can be run around the bag within the line of pinking. This can be worked in a contrasting color, and a monogram in the same color can be embroidered in the centre.

Again, the edges can be neatly bound with heavy satin ribbon or a fine silk braid. This usually looks better in self tones, the monogram being the one touch of color.

Child a Botanic Genius.

Millie Snow, a daughter of a farm laborer, exhibited no fewer than 109 specimens of wild flowers at a flower show in Halberton, England. She is only 15 years old, still her knowledge of wild flowers in England is surpassed by only a few experts who have given their lives to the study. The child is credited with a genius for nature study, and is being encouraged to follow her bent. She was awarded a special medal, in addition to the valuable prize she won, for the finest wild flower exhibit. Many children had wild flowers on show, but none of them approached that of little Millie, which had both quantity and quality. It was found also she had labeled all of the 109 specimens without an error.

To Perfume the Hair.

One of the latest aids to beauty is the perfumed nightcap. This is very much like the cap worn by our grandmothers, but on a much more elaborate scale, being made of silk or very fine muslin, trimmed with flimsy lace.

Cunningly concealed in the cap is a tiny receptacle for scent, and when worn it leaves a delicate perfume clinging to the hair. It need not necessarily be kept for night wear alone; if it is put on for half an hour or so before dinner the perfume will cling to the hair for the remainder of the evening.

Shirtwaist Hint.

If a shirtwaist has to be raised at the shoulder, take pattern and lay a small tuck across the back and front at outer armhole. This will leave original shoulder and neck, and will not pucker as if you take up shoulder after it has been cut.

SPORT VS. SLEEP.

Baseball by electric light is reported as feasible after a trial at Cincinnati. It presents difficulties no greater than those of a big night circus or Wild West show.

Sports and amusements are fast becoming nocturnal. The theatre in ancient times was always a daylight and out-of-door amusement. In Elizabethan inn-yards it was usually so. In China and Japan and in the peasant plays of Europe it is still. But the London or New York matinee is now far less important than the night performance.

Seashore resorts once thrived on daylight, basket parties, bathing and the sun-warmed clam. Twenty-five years ago the last trains left Coney Island well before midnight. Now the trolley cars run all night, bathing by spot-light is common and seaside theatrical performances seem to need no drop-curtain.

Prize-fighters in Heenan and Sayers' time were sent literally "to grass" under open sky. Now boxing is a night-blooming plant, and in huge lighted "clubs" the "big ones are brought on" long past bedtime. Marathon racers substitute for the sun-lighted hills and plains of Greece a cinder-track indoors after 8 o'clock dinner-time. Joy rides are most brilliantly daring at 3 a. m.

Where is it to stop? There is nothing to prevent electric-lighted golf, field athletics, Spanish bull-fights, cricket, trap-shooting, horse-racing. When the happy times come and everybody who has to work all day can play nearly all night, what is to become of the dying art of sleep?

THE GOOD ROADS PROBLEM.

In England, where the road problem is somewhat different from ours, consisting of the damage to previously good roads by automobile traffic, instead of the absence of good roads suitable for the latter, it has come to be realized that the difficulty is largely one of maintaining a surface suitable for mixed traffic. It is pointed out that in the old coaching days those vehicles were often more numerous on the highways than motors are now, and that it is only since the railways so greatly reduced road traffic that highways came to be considered a legitimate playground for children, dogs, and chickens, so embarrassing to the automobilist. The further elimination of horses, due to the increasing use of automobiles for all purposes, will soon bring about a state of things in which highways will not be subjected to two opposed methods of wear and tear which cannot be resisted by the same means, and the problem of maintaining a durable and dustless surface will be greatly simplified.

CHEER FOR THE INDOLENT.

Those indolent persons who have been in the habit of breakfasting in bed can now do so with an easy conscience—if they haven't done it before. A German specialist informs us that the practice is most beneficial to nerves and temper, and that those energetic persons who pride themselves on appearing promptly and virtuously at the family breakfast table, all groomed and equipped for the day, are only digging their own graves. The recumbent position it seems is so favorable to digestion and to that peace of mind that should accompany the process that other specialists are recommending it for all meals. We ought, they say, to recline upon couches at our feasts, as the Greeks and Romans did, but as that is manifestly impossible in the dining-room of the ordinary flat, the best the ordinary mortal can do is to breakfast in bed.

PROTECTING PARISIANS.

Underground passages for pedestrians are to be built at various points beneath the Champs Elysees, which the constant stream of motor-cars now renders impassable from morning till evening. The congestion of other Paris streets also has grown to an alarming extent, and all thoroughfares round the Opera are blocked with traffic for hours, morning and afternoon. If the Champs Elysees tunnels prove a success, others will be excavated in the centre of Paris, and foot passengers will in future cross not over streets, but under them. It had been hoped to build the approaches to the Champs Elysees underground passages in inclined planes, down which perambulators could have been rolled easily. But this has been found too costly, and only staircases will be provided.

THE HELPFUL LIFE.

When the President of Vassar College told the graduating class that they should "try to be helpers of men, not destroyers," he sounded the keynote of the one worthy career. We have heard much of the simple life, the strenuous life, the balanced life and the tranquil life, but the helpful life is more to be desired than any of them.

"Gathering wool among the financial catacombs" is an expression of the New York Times. The editor must pasture his sheep in the cemetery where lie the shades of the mighty metaphor.

It is not the gas the same animal that the old-time circus and menagerie posters portrayed as the terrible "horned horse!"

Italy has named one of her new battleships "Deata." There is no indication, however, of the U. S. S. Poe or Whittier.

A DEADLY AIM.

Real Origin of the Greatest Fake Hero Story Ever Told.

The real origin of the greatest fake hero story ever told has come to light in a scrap book owned by an old resident of Washington.

A group of Revolutionary heroes were standing before an old bar in Washington, and from the lips of each there fell wondrous stories of what he had done in the shock of battle or the frenzy of the charge. Finally one old fellow with long, white whiskers remarked:

"I was personally acquainted with George Washington.

"I was lying behind the breast-works one day, pumping lead into the Britishers, when I heard the patter of a horse's hoofs behind me. Then came a voice:

"'Hi, there, you with the deadly aim! Look here a moment!'

"I looked around and saluted, recognizing Gen. Washington, and he said:

"'What's your name?'

"'Hogan,' I said.

"'Your first name?'

"'Pat, sir—Pat Hogan.'

"'Well, Pat,' he said, 'go home. You're killing too many men.'

"'I think I'd better get a few more, General,' I said, kind of apologetic.

"'No,' he said, 'you've killed too many. It's slaughter. And, Pat, don't call me General; call me George.'

CUTTING.



"Dudley, the football player, had so many cuts on his face his own mother wouldn't recognize him."

"That's nothing, any newspaper in the country can do that much with only one cut."

Engaging a Servant.

Mrs. Smith was engaging a new servant, and sat facing the latest applicant.

"I hope," said she, "that you had no angry words with your last mistress before leaving?"

"Oh, dear no, mum; none whatever," was the reply, with a toss of her head. "While she was having her bath, I just locked the bathroom door, took all my things, and went away as quiet as possible."—Exchange.

Her Good Friend.

His fiancée—And, you know, Tom jumped in after me and rescued me from the waves at the risk of his own life!

"Bella—Do you know, if I were in your place, from sheer gratitude I would not marry him!"

A Little Social Affair.

A woman, dirty and disheveled, went into a public dispensary with her right arm bruised and bleeding. As the surgeon applied the necessary remedies he asked: "Dog bite you?" "No, sorr," the patient replied, "another loidy."

Ameliorating Circumstances.

Socrates had taken the first sip of his hemlock.

"I shall be allowed to go alone, I trust?" he murmured.

After being assured that Xantippe would remain behind, he drained the goblet cheerfully.

There's the Rub.

"Died in poverty!" cried the philosopher scornfully. "Died in poverty, did he, an' you expect me to sympathize? What is there in dying in poverty? I've got to live in it!"—Sporting Times.

It Might Have Been.

"I wonder if that motor-car which tried to blow up in the street was a case of spontaneous combustion?"

"I don't know. It might have been a case of auto-suggestion."

The Modern Son.

"Modern literature has nothing similar to Polonius' advice to his son." "No chance for it. No modern Polonius would attempt to tell his son anything."—Pittsburg Post.

Small Hope.

"Did she refuse him?" "Practically, she said she would not marry him till he arrived at years of discretion."

Political Repartee.

"The motto of our party is 'Turn the rascals out!'"

"Well, I guess your party has turned out more rascals than any other."

Award in Doubt.

Mack—She has received proposals from five foreign noblemen.

Robbins—I wonder who will get the contract?

"Parter and his wife have separated."

"What are the terms?"

"They each got their sock for six months."

SPIRAL ARROW HEADS.

Perform Complete Revolution in a Space of 36 Inches.

According to an authority of the National Museum at Washington there have recently been found in New Jersey several chalcidony arrow-heads which are so peculiar in form that, if they are genuine relics of Indian times, they seem to indicate that the red men may have sought, in some cases, to give their arrows a twisting motion, like that of a rifle ball.

The arrow-heads in question are cut in a spiral shape, and one of them makes a fifth of a turn in its length of two and one-half inches. Dropped point down in water, it is said, it will perform a complete revolution in a space of about 36 inches.

Take Life Like a Man.

It is a pitiable thing to see a young man whining over his lot in life, and excusing indifference and inaction because of hard luck, or some cruel fate which has put stumbling blocks in his way.

No matter what your environment, or what you may be called upon to go through, face like a man, without whining. Turn your face to the sun, your back to the shadows, and look the world in the face without wincing. Make the most of your situation. See the beauties in it and not the ugly features. This is the way to improve an unfortunate environment. —Success Magazine.

A Steady Worker.

A gentleman seeing a colored man of his acquaintance starting out on a fishing excursion, says a writer in Judge, thought it an excellent time to reprove him for his laziness.

"Rufus, you old loafer," said he, "do you think it's right to leave your wife at the wash-tub while you pass your time fishing?"

"Yassah, Jedge; it's all right. Man wery don't need any watching. She'll sholy wuk jes' as hard as I. I was dah."

Roll of HONOR

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Stands 10th in Pennsylvania.

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