

DAIRY AND CREAMERY

VALUABLE TO DAIRYMEN.

Keeps Fluid Clean and Facilitates Handling of Vessel.

Two purposes are served by the combined cover and handle for milk jars designed by a Massachusetts man, as the name of the device indicates. The cover is a circular piece of flat metal with clips extending downward so as to engage the upper end of the neck of the jar or bottle. The handle, which is connected with the cover, has its lower ends extending downward so as to form lock-buttons, which keep the top from sliding off the jar laterally. The device can be adjusted in a twinkling, but it will not come off unless the handle is turned at right angles with the jar. When a bottle of milk is being carried by this means it can be swung around with no fear of the top coming off—if anybody wants to swing it around. The improvement of this device over the paper tops used on milk jars is readily apparent.

It costs more in the beginning, but



Easily Put On and Stays On.

In the long run it will outwear thousands of paper tops and has the additional advantage of providing a handle.

Care with Cream Pays.

The care which the cream receives determines what kind of butter it will make. It is not enough, as some farmers do not seem to realize, to skim or separate the milk and expect the cream to take care of itself. The advent of the hand separator has not helped matters in this direction. On the contrary, it has worked the other way. There are some farmers who seem to consider that if they run their milk through the machine and deliver the cream to the creamery once or twice a week they have done all they are supposed to. This is a sad mistake, as many creamery men are finding out. The ability of the butter maker is a very important matter, but it cannot be the only consideration. No butter maker can make a prime product out of improperly handled cream.

Prize Cow Tests.

At the Oregon State fair, an official test of three Jerseys, three Holsteins, and three Ayrshires, the following results were shown: The Holsteins gave 259.13 pounds of milk and 10.083 of butter-fat. The Ayrshires gave 260.4 pounds of milk and 9.835 pounds of butter-fat. The Jerseys gave 229.11 1/4 pounds of milk and 9.709 pounds of butter-fat. The admirers of the Ayrshires make a great deal of this test, as showing the capabilities of the breed.

Guess Work with Cows.

We are sorry to say it, but with most farmers it is purely guess work as to whether his cows are paying their way or not. They are strangers to the milk scales and the Babcock tester, and they do not care for any new ideas about balanced rations, use of silage, etc., and the result is that they barely grub out a living. But thank goodness such farmers are growing less every year.

Manicure the Milkers.

Insist on cleanliness in those who do the milking. Before milking they should wash their hands with soap and should then thoroughly dry them. The finger nails should also be cleaned. As little dust as possible should be stirred up. Dust from moldy hay will float around and fall into the milk.

Where Danger Lurks.

It is hard to believe that there are dangers lurking in milk. Its very whiteness bespeaks its purity, yet this very quality may conceal the growth of countless germs, and its sweetness may lure the drinker into an unwarranted sense of security.

Young Calf is Dainty.

The stomach of the young calf is easily ruined by slipshod methods of feeding it. Remember this when tempted to feed it milk too hot or too cold, or in a bucket that is not clean and sweet.

Keep Score on Cows.

Why not get a pair of scales, a Babcock tester and a score sheet and keep track of what each cow is doing in the way of milk yield? It is the only way you will ever be able to weed out the unprofitable cows.

TALE OF A TELEPHONE BOOTH.

Day Was Hot and the Genial Citizen Was Hotter.

At twenty minutes to nine the genial citizen, resplendent in fresh linen, sallied into the telephone booth. It was a hot day.

At fifteen minutes to nine the somewhat less genial citizen, in somewhat less fresh linen, finally managed to attract the attention of the sweet-voiced hello girl. It was—you will recall—a hot day.

At ten minutes to nine a grouchy citizen in white linen got his party on the wire. It was hot.

At five minutes to nine the wreck in question discovered that he had an entire stranger on the line. The day grew warmer.

At nine o'clock the hello girl informed the driving wreck that he must not use the telephone as a plaything.

At a little after nine there issued from the booth a dilapidated remnant, who drew from his pocket a dollar bill, and, first squeezing from it the moisture it had collected, laid it on the druggist's counter.

"What's this?" inquired the haughty drug clerk.

"One Turkish bath—one dollar," said the wreck. "I pay for what I get."

"Oh, the joys of modern civilization! Horrible inflictions.

Frat Secretary—They say young Saphed will never recover from that hazing the fellows gave him last week.

Frat President—No, I like a little fun as well as anybody, but I told the boys they were going too far with him. No one had any kick coming if they rode him on the red-hot rail, or tied him to the cake of ice for the night, or even kept him in the vault two days between two nigger corpses, but when you tell a fellow his father has heard that he smokes cigarettes, and that his mother is coming to live here the rest of the year, I call it downright torture.

A Dusty Spot.
Most of the Negro messengers at the doors of Cabinet members and their assistants are well-educated men. The other day, when Secretary Knox looked at the big globe that stands in his office, he was annoyed to find that the globe was dusty.

"William," the Secretary of State said to the messenger, putting a finger on the globe, "there's dust here an inch thick!"

"It's thicker than that, sir," replied the messenger.

"What do you mean?" said the Secretary sharp.

"Why, you've got your finger on the Desert of Sahara."

Heavenly.
A clever lady, who is an ardent believer in the immortality of the animals, is often rebuked by her clerical friends, who say that "dogs and cats would be quite out of place in Heaven." She replies: "Certainly, in our Heaven, but God would not wish them to pass their future life in the company of those who had neglected or ill-treated them on earth. No, God will give them a better Heaven than that!"

A Return in Kind.
Mark Twain once asked a neighbor if he might borrow a set of his books. The neighbor replied ungraciously that he was welcome to read them in his library, but he had a rule never to let his books leave his house. Some weeks later the same neighbor sent over to ask for the loan of Mark Twain's lawn-mower.

"Certainly," said Mark, "but since I make it a rule never to let it leave my lawn you will be obliged to use it there."

HE HAD SAMPLED IT.
Mrs. Bryde—Look, dearie, there's a fly in the preserves I made this morning!

Bryde—Poor thing! I bet it's the worst jam he ever got into!—Evening Telegram.

Every Reason.
"Why does your new baby cry so much?"
"Say, if all your teeth were out, your hair off, and your legs so weak that you couldn't stand on them, I rather fancy you'd feel like crying yourself."

The Idiots.
"Just think of it—a full table d'hôte dinner for thirty cents: oysters, soup, fish, roast duck, salad, ice-cream, fruit, demi-tasse!"
"Where? ! ! !"
"I don't now—but just think of it!"

As Bad as All That.
The Doctor—Nonsense! You have not got a cancer. Booze is what ails you. You must stop drinking at once.
The Souse—Gee! Is it that serious? Why, Doc, I thought it was some simple thing that could be helped by an operation.

Of Interest to Women

English Wedding Receptions to Go—Their Place to Be Taken by a Party the Day Before the Ceremony—Presents Displayed at Time Party is Held.

It seems quite possible that the reception after a religious ceremony at one of the fashionable churches will in time cease to figure as a social function in England. It is becoming increasingly the fashion for the bride's mother to have an afternoon or evening party on the day before the wedding, at which the presents are displayed in all their glory and then on the wedding day itself to restrict invitations to the house after the service to immediate friends and relatives only.

This has been the plan adopted at several recent London weddings. From what one hears it may be very generally imitated, so that in time the once indispensable wedding reception may become as obsolete as the wedding breakfast of the Victorian era, when all marriage ceremonies in church were bound by law to be concluded before noon.

"I do not think any of us would regret very deeply the disappearance of the aforesaid wedding reception," says a writer in the Gentlewoman. "Three o'clock in the afternoon is not an hour at which any one is feeling much inclined for a party, no one ever knew what to do, moreover, for the hour is too early for tea, too late for luncheon, while the only refuge for the destitute—looking at and appraising the wedding presents—is generally rendered nugatory by the fact that every one else wishes to do exactly the same thing at the same moment."

"Most of us in consequence—certainly such as are of the male sex—generally stayed about five minutes and then fled precipitately; whereas under the new arrangement of a party the day before any hostess is at liberty to choose her own hour for showing off her daughter's presents, and as this would probably be either at tea time or after dinner we should all feel a great deal more sociably inclined than two or three hours earlier."

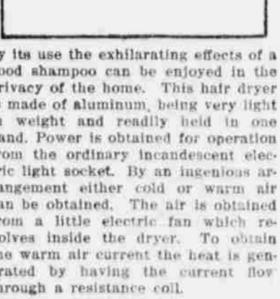
"All things considered therefore if this new fashion does take on, it will really conduce to the happiness of many, and it will be no bad thing either to divide the sacred and secular parts of the wedding festivities more decidedly than they are at present."

ELECTRIC HAIR DRYER.

Simple Apparatus for Drying Women's Hair After Shampooing.

How often some lady has made the remark: "I would like a good shampoo at home before going to the theatre, but cannot, because my hair is so abundant that it takes forever to dry."

An electric hair dryer that seems to meet this want has been recently perfected by a New York man, and



by its use the exhilarating effects of a good shampoo can be enjoyed in the privacy of the home. This hair dryer is made of aluminum, being very light in weight and readily held in one hand. Power is obtained for operation from the ordinary incandescent electric light socket. By an ingenious arrangement either cold or warm air can be obtained. The air is obtained from a little electric fan which revolves inside the dryer. To obtain the warm air current the heat is generated by having the current flow through a resistance coil.

More Pay for Working Women.
Mrs. McCulloch emphasizes the point that equally desirable with the ballot is equal pay for women who are doing the same work as men, but who in all cases get far smaller salaries.

"Men are still grabbing all the fat-salaried jobs," she says, "but we women must advance the economic conditions of our sex." She also asserts that it is time women got a few of the well-paid political jobs which oftentimes are given to men of mediocre ability. She insists there are many women who are able lawyers, but they never are appointed assistant district attorneys nor are others equally competent with men made heads of city departments. Nevertheless, she assured her audience that the ballot for women in this country merely is a vote they not only will raise the moral and economic condition of their sex, but that of the men also. "No woman ever worked for an immoral or a graft bill" were her closing words.

Richter: The only medicine which does women more good than harm is dress.

Short Sermons FOR A Sunday Half-Hour

Theme: MASTERS OF DESTINY.

BY REV. C. Q. WRIGHT, CHAPLAIN U. S. NAVY.

Text: Set your mind on the things that are above.—Colossians, iii, 2.

A great balloon carrying several men went up the other day. It was driven helplessly by the strong wind on an unfortunate course, and hastened to drop to earth and safety before half the proposed voyage had been accomplished. At about the same hour a ship sailed from the same vicinity, in the same strong wind, and in spite of this wind pressed on to her destination successfully.

Herein is a fine parable of life. Its winds do blow, whatsoever way we go—go east, go west, go north, go south. Balloons go with every wind that blows; dirigibles go where they point. Straws drive with the breeze, but live birds fly whither they please. So the ships of the sea, despite winds, tides, currents and billows, work their way on till the anchor is cast at the port for which they started.

Life is a God-given warfare, a heaven-sent gale, and we are born children of battle and storm. Ours to accept equipment, to take stores, charts and course, to set and manage sails and to conquer voyage and victory. Yes, ours! For we are apt to get what we truly desire and heartily go after.

All the ways in which we ought to go are kept eternally free, though often they be found rugged and dangerous. It is for us to learn that we can become more rugged and dangerous than anything this world can marshal in our way and, furthermore, as we are its appointed masters, they are here for our service and convenience and benefit when we will compel them.

Life is a royal excursion—the greatest voyage, the mightiest campaign, the noblest quest of the ages. But men make it so, it is so for our sakes, and only if we make good. Great and fine as it is in possibilities, we can wreck or waste it, confuse and blast it.

Now we all think we want to "get there," to "make good," to "arrive." But do we? And if so, how? We must mean it, and make some reasonable plan and preparation and start right at least. Of course, in a moral and spiritual way, we need the heavenly equipment and light, but these may be taken for granted, as already bestowed, when one has adjusted himself to the divine will—is pointed right. And this higher providence will ever attend to meet all the emergencies incident to such a consecrated life. So the great matter is the pointing, the course planned, whether we are trimmed and lashed toward Turkish or tacking and sheeting homeward to the port of peace.

The Gethsemane of Life.
For every one of us, sooner or later the Gethsemane of life must come. It may be the Gethsemane of struggle and poverty and care; it may be the Gethsemane of long and weary sickness; it may be the Gethsemane of farewells that wring the heart by the deathbeds of those we love; it may be the Gethsemane of remorse and well-nigh despair for sins that we cannot overcome. Yet, in that Gethsemane—aye, even in that Gethsemane of sin—no angel merely, but Christ himself, who bore the burden of our sins, will, if we seek him, come to comfort us. He will, if, being in agony, we pray, He can be touched. He is touched with the feeling of our infirmities. He, too, has trodden the winepress of agony alone; he, too, has lain downcast in the night upon the ground and the comfort which then came to him he has bequeathed to us—even the comfort, the help, the peace, the recovery, the light of hope, the faith, the sustaining arm, the healing anodyne of prayer.—Dean Farrar.

The Right Kind of Deacons.
Fortunate are the ministers—and there are a good many of them on this side of the water, though not so many as in Congregational churches in England—who can say of their deacons what Dr. Campbell Morgan says of his at Westminster Chapel, London: "My staff is a perpetual source of strength to me. With consecration of the most practical kind they are toiling in the sense of eternity, while in the midst of the wear and tear—and there is much of it—the song of God's ultimate victory seems ever in their hearts."—Congregationalist.

Wrong Start.
The weakness and insufficiency of much of our thinking is in that we do not start right. We may spend ages trying to reason from the contradiction of life to a kindly God and fail.

The Vision of the Ideal.
We have to keep a clear light shining in any dark place; we have to keep the flag of righteousness and purity flying here; we have to maintain the vision of the ideal before us.

Fairness.
Let us be open-minded and fair toward all men; let us judge them, but not prejudice them. Let us treat others as we would have them treat us.

Cruelty to Snakes.

Very few of the people who are the proud possessors of belts, pocket-books, or cases, and numerous other articles of snakeskin, realize the agony that the demand of civilization for fads has meant to the original owners of the material from which these articles are made, says a contributor to Popular Mechanics.

It is difficult to skin a dead snake, and the skin is often spoiled in the course of the operation, while, on the other hand, it is a simple matter to skin a live snake, and the skin thus gained is worth much more. Dead snakes bring from two to five cents, according to their size, and live ones from twenty-five cents to one dollar.

One of the largest snakeskin companies has factories in Sumatra. When a snake is received from a hunter it is seized adroitly by an operator, one hand squeezing the neck and the other holding the tail. It is then attached by the neck to the trunk of a palm tree, an assistant holding it by the tail. With the point of a knife the operator cuts the skin just below the head, and pulling with all his strength peels it from the writhing reptile in the same way that a woman pulls a pair of gloves from her hands. While this is taking place the assistant holds the body as rigid as possible. The skinned snake writhes in agony for nearly an hour before it expires.

Bicycles and Airships.
One of the most striking facts about flying is the ease and quickness with which the art seems to be mastered under proper tuition. For example, Lieutenant Lahn has been a pupil only three weeks, yet he made a flight of forty-five minutes, which only a little while ago would have been a record. Half an hour, says Wilbur Wright is long enough to get the knack of the machine, but it is to be noticed that he does not puffa quite so green as that shift for themselves. The first stages seem not to be much more difficult or alarming than the mastery of the high bicycle of twenty years ago, which to the novice looked as high as a house. In fact, the well-taught aeronaut seems to lose rather less acclivity during his apprenticeship than the old-time bicyclist.

The Taj Mahal.
The Taj Mahal, at Agra, India, is said to be the most beautiful structure in the world. It was built by Shah Jahan as a tomb for his wife, and is of the purest white marble. It shines so dazzlingly in the sun that you can scarcely look at it except in the morning or evening. Every part is inlaid with the most exquisite designs in marble of different colors, the finish being so perfect that the entire building may be said to resemble in the delicacy of its workmanship one of those Chinese caskets of ivory and ebony which are now so common in Europe and America.

Where the "Good 'Uns" Are.
An American actor was once seen in London from the top of a bus. As they swung down the Strand he asked the driver to point out the places of interest. "Right you are, sir!" agreed the driver, touching his hat. "There's Luggit 'ill, where they 'ang 'em." A little later: "There's Parliament 'ouses, where they make the laws wot does it, across the way. An' there's Westminster Habbey, where they buried the good uns wot didn't get 'anged!"

Fighting the Slave Trade.
Although slave-trading is generally supposed to be a thing of the past, the United States contributes annually \$100 as its share of the expense of keeping up at Freetown an institution known as the International Bureau for the repression of the African slave trade.

Roll of HONOR

Attention is called to the STRENGTH of the

Wayne County SAVINGS BANK

The FINANCIER of New York City has published a ROLL OF HONOR of the 11,470 State Banks and Trust Companies of United States. In this list the WAYNE COUNTY SAVINGS BANK

Stands 38th in the United States

Stands 10th in Pennsylvania.

Stands FIRST in Wayne County.

Capital, Surplus, \$455,000.00

Total ASSETS, \$2,733,000.00

Honesdale, Pa., May 23, 1908.

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Castoria is a harmless substitute for Castor Oil, Paregoric, Drops and Soothing Syrups. It is Pleasant. It contains neither Opium, Morphine nor other Narcotic substance. Its age is its guarantee. It destroys Worms and allays Feverishness. It cures Diarrhoea and Wind Colic. It relieves Teething Troubles, cures Constipation and Flatulency. It assimilates the Food, regulates the Stomach and Bowels, giving healthy and natural sleep. The Children's Panacea—The Mother's Friend.

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