

## Notes and Comment Of Interest to Women Readers

### YERKES FIGHT IS SETTLED.

Under Agreement Is to Receive More Than \$2,000,000.

The arrangement for settling the \$11,000,000 estate of the late T. Yerkes, street railway co. Mrs. Mary Adelaide Yerkes, widow, will receive slightly more than \$2,000,000.



Mrs. Mary A. Yerkes.

This is considerably more than friends of Mrs. Yerkes had expected the would receive, some of the estimates showing that practically all of the estate would be consumed by the battles and costly litigation that has been pending in the federal courts for three years.

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### RAISING GOURDS FOR PIPES.

Department of Agriculture Trying to Interest Farmers in Industry.

Uncle Sam is sending out a circular to show farmers how they can raise gourds and make pipes for smokers at a profit. The gourds do not grow as rapidly as the gourds of ancient times, but it is said they can be produced in almost any part of this country from seed that is supplied by the government, with the directions for planting and for making pipes.

In South Africa the gourd is called the calabash. Boers made pipes of the gourds for many years, but the world took little notice until after the Boer war, when the English began to import them. Later the demand spread to the United States, and now there is a large market for the pipes at \$5 to \$12 each, according to the circular of the Department of Agriculture.

The Boers tried to monopolize the seed of the gourd, but a large supply has been secured, and there is prospect that the crop will become general. It is asserted that the gourd pipe color like moerschum and are highly appreciated by smokers. As no two gourds are exactly alike, each smoker has a pipe of special pattern, and as the sizes vary so much the work of preparing them is done by hand instead of machinery.

**The Passenger's Ruse.**

As a train was approaching Sheffield a man seated in one of the compartments noticed a lady looking troubled, and asked her what was the matter.

"I've lost my ticket, and they charge me with fraud," said the lady.

"Oh, never mind, I'll work a little dodge with the guard," and he got his own ticket out of his pocket and to the corner off and gave the ticket to the lady.

When the train arrived at Sheffield the guard collected all the tickets but one.

"Where is your ticket, sir?" he asked of the gentleman.

"I gave it to you."

"No, you didn't," replied the guard. "I shall have to call the station master."

When the station master arrived he said:

"Where is your ticket, young man?"

"I gave it to the guard. See if he has a ticket with a corner torn off, replied the sharp man.

On searching, of course the guard found it.

"Now," said the young man, "see if this fits it," as he gave him the corner of the ticket.

A look of surprise came over the guard's face, and he crept out of the carriage dumbfounded.

**Inconspicuous Man.**

He tells funny stories about how a woman drives a horse, and steers his automobile up a telegraph pole.

He is always adding postscripts to his letters—but he uses the long distance telephone to explain what he omitted in his business communication.

He doesn't go to church on Sunday because he wants to read the paper—but through the week he is satisfied to glance at the headlines on his way down town.

**The Ancient Brahmins.**

The Brahmins were the lawyers, priests, professors, the sole instructed class, the sole authorities on taste, morality, the sole depositaries of whatever stood in the place of science. Everybody was to minister unto them, everybody to give way to them. The Brahmin was above the law. He was "not to be subjected to corporal punishment, must not be imprisoned, or fined, or exiled, or reviled." In the law of the Vishnu it was written: "The Brahmin sustains the world. It is by the favor of the Brahmins that the gods reside in heaven." Under English rule and ideas the ancient caste has lost some of its prestige, but is still a forcible reminder of its former grandeur.

**Japanese Customs.**

A writer, describing scenes on Japanese railways, says when a native lady enters the carriage she slips her feet from her tiny shoes, stands upon the seat, and then sits demurely with her feet doubled beneath her. A moment later she lights a cigarette, or her little pipe, which holds just enough to produce two good whiffs of smoke. All Japanese people sit with their feet upon the seat of the car, and not as Europeans do. When the ticket collector—attired in a blue uniform—enters the carriage he removes his cap, and twice bows politely. He repeats the bow as he comes to each passenger to collect the tickets from them.

**Niebuhr's Discovery.**

The great historian Niebuhr found at Verona a manuscript of the Fathers, beneath the letters of which an ancient writing appeared. This, upon being deciphered, proved to be nearly a perfect copy of our era for young Roman students of the law by one of the most famous of the Roman lawyers, Gaius. From this treatise it became possible to reconstruct the whole past history of Roman law with some degree of completeness.

**Buttonholes in Strips.**

The home dressmaker or the seamstress who dislikes to work buttonholes will find joy in the fact that they can be bought by the yard and in all kinds of fabrics. They come on muslin or silk strips and can be easily attached to the edge of a blouse which is to fasten under a fly.

**A Work of Supererogation.**

Henry dislikes being bathed and argues with his mother over every square inch of his four-year-old anatomy.

One night, when his patience was especially tried by what he considered wholly unnecessary work, he exclaimed:

"Oh, mamma, couldn't you skip my stomach? Nobody ever sees my stomach!"

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### NOVEL SUNBONNET.

Arched Spring Keeps Vizion in Shape When It is Worn.

Even the humble sunbonnet has come into its share of attention from the inventive geniuses, though it is true that Dame Fashion last season lifted the sunbonnet into the ranks of military aristocracy.



A California woman has devised a bit of this type of headgear that has several peculiarities of its own. The vision in the first place, is not made of stiffened material, but is held in place by an arched spring running up through the back of it and keeping it in crescent shape. This spring, which is a thin strip of resilient metal or whalebone, can be inserted or taken out in a twinkling, as it runs through a shirred edge. When the spring is removed the sunbonnet collapses into a mass of soft material and can be rolled up and put in a coat pocket or packed into a very small space. Like other sunbonnets, this new style has strings to be tied under the chin to complete the general effect.—Boston Post.

**Women Rule in Welsh Village.**

The selection of Fishguard in Wales as a new port of call for the big steamships of the Cunard line has enabled hundreds of travelers who never had heard of the place before to find a lively interest in the little village of Llanvinnin, near by. Most of the inhabitants are of Fiendish origin, descendants of the soldiers of fortune who pushed their adventurous way all along the southern coast of England and finally settled in Wales 100 or 500 years ago, and their quaint costumes and customs still mark them off from their neighbors as a people apart. The most remarkable feature of their life lies in the position which the women hold among them. Llanvinnin might stand as the deal of the most extreme advocate of women's rights, for there the women are in supreme control. The men are regarded merely as household conveniences. They stay at home and look after their domestic duties as the women go out and act as the "men of the family," earning the family livelihood and also holding the family purse strings. The women are the owners of the farms and cottages, and their husbands are perfectly satisfied that everything should be in their hands, doing such work as their wives tell them and filling an entirely secondary place in the household.

**THE HOME.**

If fat catches fire throw salt on it at once to prevent a disagreeable smell.

Toast should always be thin and crisp. Cut the slices from a stale loaf and dry in the oven before toasting them.

Do not peel rhubarb until the skin is tough. It will call for less sugar to sweeten it if a pinch of soda is added while it is being cooked.

Save our milk in any quantity, large or small, for it is so useful for cakes. With sour milk use carbonate of soda instead of baking powder.

Examine the bread pan three times a week in case crumbs left in should become moldy. These would speedily affect the whole contents of the pan.

The dish cloth should have more attention than is usually bestowed on it. Boiling in soda water once or twice a week will keep it perfectly sweet and clean.

Tomatoes should be skinned before being used for salad. To do this easily, place the fruit in a basin and pour boiling water over. Drain at once and the skin will come off without any trouble.

To Simplify Laundering.

Take a bar of any good laundry soap, cut and boil in one-gallon of water until all dissolved, then add scant half-cupful of kerosene. Let all come to a boil. Then fill a tub two-thirds full of water, pour in the mixture, put in all your white wash and let stand over night. In the morning being out and scald and rinse in the usual way. You will find your wash clean and of snowy whiteness, with little labor.

Scour with Kerosene.

When you have scoured until you are tired and rust still remains on nickel-plated faucets or steel knives, before throwing out the knives and letting the faucet rusted, try scrubbing the spots with kerosene.

Later rub steadily with fine sandpaper and the trouble will be over.

**What, Indeed?**

"James was always kind of morose," said Mrs. Parris to her caller, "but now he's married again, seems as if he couldn't bear to have anybody smile. There you go, he says to Albert, the other day, 'always singing about secular songs in this vale of tears. What if you was took sudden—' says he, 'and called to your last account with the 'Soldier's Tear' in your mouth?'"—Exchange.

**Isben's Posthumous Works.**

Henrik Isben's posthumous works have just been published in Norway. They consist of a collection of verse, biographical material and sketches of the plots and morals of his plays, as well as the text of the plays as first completed, the last showing the great importance Isben attributed to careful planning of his plays in advance and to thorough revision.

## Notes and Comment Of Interest to Women Readers

### How He Reformed Her.

"Don't you think it's most time to announce our engagement?" asked Dick. "We are satisfied with each other—that is, I am satisfied with you—and so many have found it out already I think we might as well give the tea."

Constance dimpled her chin into a smile. "What an ideal!" she exclaimed. "Don't you know my reason for keeping quiet?"

"Yes; but there's such a thing as carrying it too far. Just at present you are too popular."

Constance had been eating her cream. Now she took the spoon out of her mouth, turned it over, and put it in again. "If you'll excuse me, I can't vary well help that."

"On the contrary, you can vary well help it. You treat other girls just the way you treat me. And I don't frankly I don't like it."

Both of them were angry now; but fortunately her partner for the moment appeared and Dick withdrew. The newcomer was long and narrow in build, and looked like an Englishman.

"How did you know I was in the library?" she asked him.

"Because I have always felt you were of sterner stuff than you pretend. I've been all the evening waiting for a chance to speak with you."

"Come, then," pouted the girl. "We'd better go somewhere else; it's dark here, and naughty."

"You're the greatest riddle I've ever run across," he confided.

Constance stared on.

"The dance is over," he observed. "Shall I take you back to your box?"

"So you wish to be rid of me?"

"No; but I presumed you had this taken."

"Perhaps I have, and would rather stay with you," she teased. "But don't let me detain you; you may want to get back to someone yourself."

The Englishman sat down again. "Do you like Dick Brindley?" he probed.

"Yes," she answered steadily. "What do you ask?"

"You're not with him so much as you used to be."

"I like any number of men," she evaded.

"You're a flirt, in other words?"

"In other words."

"Isn't that something to be ashamed of?"

"I never learned that it was."

"Then you ought to be taught."

"You're another of these men who want to teach me!"

"I should succeed, if I tried the attempt."

"So—of? I dare you. Come to-morrow and try."

The books glowered at each other and the light blinked at the table. The silence was empty.

Suddenly a man hurried in and dropped into a chair. His merriment was interrupted by the reappearance of the Englishman.

"Are you engaged to Miss Doll?" he queried.

Dick swore, and asked how that concerned him.

"I am in love with her."

The music sounded, accentuated by the tread of the dancers.

"Do you think it's right for you to keep your engagement a secret?"

"Why not? It is her affair, and mine."

"I think it is the world's affair. Would it be just for married people to go about as unmarried? Don't you try to enable her to attract more men?"

"I don't like the way you put it," retorted Dick.

"No wonder. If women can entice men, men can turn about and entice her. If she loves you, all right; and if she does not, then you're well rid of her."

"An engagement should be a marriage," persisted the other. "If you do not announce it, they believe it."

"Twenty hours passed. The clock on the mantel was sounding 9. A fire on the hearth was singing to itself. There was no other light.

"Depends on how strong he is," came a deep voice.

"Are you strong enough?" tinkled a girl's laugh.

"Never mind," retorted the Englishman, crossing to the window. He lifted the shade and peered out.

"What are you doing?" she questioned.

"You'll know soon enough," he replied, going back beside her.

"I'm not an inquisitive girl, you see."

"Lucky for me. Listen: Do you believe secret engagements are right?"

"Do you?" she parried.

"I'm! Well, I don't believe in engagements at all."

"Never expect to get married?"

"Married first, engaged after."

Constance laughed nervously.

Little later a park policeman, who had been leaning on the handle bars of his bicycle, saw a man running toward an automobile which stood before the house on the corner. The policeman saw him place a strange great bundle in the tonneau and spring to the wheel. There was the squeal of the spark-advance, the roar of the racing engine, the clack of the shift-lever and the crunch of the gears. The driver leaned forward, shifted to the high, threw it. The clutch and was off at break-neck speed.—PERSIS WHITE.

A good many self-made men are ashamed of it.

**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."

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### MAKES SLIM FIGURES.

Good Undergarment Keeps Bilowly Flesh Within Bounds.

What with banting, rolling, dieting and performing all sorts of acrobatic and unpleasant tasks, the life of the great 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 thought to aid in the war against fat.



This garment is a two-section affair, 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 well searched.

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

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 braid attaching is to be run around the bag with 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 soft tones, the monogram being the one touch of color.

**Child a Botanic Genius.**

Miss Snow, a daughter of a farm laborer, exhibited no fewer than 109 specimens of wild flowers at a flower show in Haberton, 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 Miss Snow, 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 filmy 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 center armhole. This will leave original shoulder and neck, and will not pucker as if you take up shoulder after it has been out.

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**A FEARFUL 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 breastworks 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.'"

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**Small Hope.**

"Did she refuse him?"

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