

# Notes and Comment

## PORTABLE WARDROBES.

### Easily Put Up and Cover Protects Clothing From Dust.

During the vacation season particularly, people will appreciate the value of the portable wardrobe designed by an Illinois man. Returning from vacations spent in two-by-four rooms, with no closets, the advantage of the invention here presented looks large. In the first place, there is a grooved bracket, with hooks by which it may be quickly screwed fast to the wall.

A shelf hinged to the bracket fits into the groove and along the bracket



under the shelf, and on the bottom of the shelf are rows of hooks on which to hang clothing. Depending from the shelf and inclosing the clothing is a large bag which effectively protects the garments from the dust and other dirt that is bound to accumulate. For persons who travel to any extent, or who summer in resorts where room is at a premium, one of these portable wardrobes will be found invaluable. When folded for carrying they occupy very little space in the trunk.

## A DINNER FOR TODAY.

### Cream of Peas.

Blend together one large tablespoon of butter and one of flour. Add two cups of cold milk. When mixed and smooth add one can of peas. Season to taste. Put a tablespoon of whipped cream in each plate. Serve with toasted crackers.

### Meat—Baked Ham.

Select a nice slice of ham and put in a shallow baking dish and cover with milk and bake in a moderate oven until milk is all boiled away and ham is knowned.

### Vegetables—Steamed Cabbage.

Cut cabbage same as for sauerkraut. Add three slices fat bacon cut up in small pieces. Fry out until brown. Put cabbage and bacon in frying pan, add one-quarter cup vinegar, cover with water, season with salt and pepper to taste. Cover closely in frying pan and steam moderately for two hours. Dress—Apple Fritters with Sauce.

Sit together one and a third cupful of flour, two teaspoonfuls of baking powder and one-fourth teaspoonful of salt, a grating of nutmeg, then beat into this two-thirds cupful of milk and one egg. When a smooth batter has been secured add two sour apples, pared, cored and cut into small pieces. Drop by dessert spoonfuls into a deep, smoking hot fat until a golden brown, then serve with a lemon or currant jelly sauce.

### Headed Suffragists.

Mrs. Carrie Chapman Catt, who was re-elected president of the Woman's International Suffrage alliance, is the widow of George W. Catt, a wealthy contractor who died in 1905.



Mrs. Carrie Chapman-Catt. She has been identified with woman suffrage for many years, having been state lecturer and organizer of the Iowa Woman's Suffrage association from 1890 to 1892. Her home is at 1 West Eighty-sixth street, New York City.

Mrs. Catt has lectured in practically every state of the union for woman suffrage and has written much on the subject. She was born in Ripon, Wis., and after being graduated from the State Industrial College of Iowa took a course in law. For a time she was principal and general superintendent of schools in Mason City, Ia.

**Snake Story.** "Before he went fishing," said the Iowa story teller, "he swallowed 'bout a pint an' a half of snakebite remedy, an' of course you know what that is. Well, after the snake bit him the reptile cut all sorts o' capers, like the remedy went straight to its head. Last thing it tried to do was to swallow its tail an' it got itself in the form of a hoop an' I'm a liar of the children didn't roll it around all day!"

# Too Late

As the woman leaned back against the cushions she sighed wearily. It had been a trying evening, but it had been one of triumph. The dark eyes which had shone so brilliantly a short time before held a wistfulness now that there was no one to see. Although she had attained at last what she had struggled for all these years, although to-night she had reached the goal of her ambition, the woman did not experience any great feeling of happiness.

The applause which had swept from gallery to pit had for a brief moment satisfied the singer, and it had been gratifying to receive so many floral offerings, but now she was conscious only of a deep loneliness—an unsatisfied longing. Had it all been worth while? The answer came without an instant's hesitation. It had not. In her girlhood her ambition had been to become a great singer, and she had sacrificed home, friends, and love to that ambition. She had succeeded far beyond the roughest dreams of her girlhood, but it had not brought the happiness she had expected. If by speaking some magic word she could have changed the present to the past she would gladly have spoken it.

Her thoughts had drifted back to those days that she could not now recall. Until to-night she had not realized how much she had sacrificed to her ambition. She remembered now with sorrow that she had told Richard Traverton that love could have no place in her life, that her art was more to her than everything else. She had sent him away, sad and almost heartbroken. Soon afterward she had gone abroad to study, and she had never seen him since that night she had refused his love. Then she had not understood, but now—ah, now, it was too late.

A continuation of the thought came swiftly, and it brought such a feeling of joy with it that the woman half rose from her seat. Was it too late? What prevented her from returning to that which had once been so unappreciated, if she was only willing to give up the present life with its empty pleasures? She knew that Traverton was practicing medicine in his own town, and was much esteemed by the villagers. But she still cherished that love that he had had for her so long ago? She could not make herself feel certain that everything would be the same with him, but surely when he knew that she had come back, willing to relinquish all for his love, he would welcome her gladly. No, it was not too late. She would return. Happiness, deep and satisfying, would be hers!

When the carriage stopped at her hotel it was a different woman who alighted. All her weariness had vanished and there was the light of joy in her dark eyes.

The next day the woman, after hasty preparations, took the train for that little out-of-the-way town. It was late in the afternoon when she reached the village, greatly fatigued from the long journey. An exclamation of surprise burst from her lips as she looked around. Although it had been 12 years since she had left the place, apparently nothing had changed. The people of Brandon were not progressive and thought that things were good enough as they were. They felt no need of improvements or changes.

The woman went immediately to the one hotel in town. She would rest to-night and leave all further plans for the morning, she decided as she slipped upstairs to her room. She was about to enter when a familiar name fell upon her ears. The landlord's wife was chatting with some neighbor in one of the rooms below, but every word reached the woman who stood there waiting to learn she knew not what. A feeling she could not define chained her to the spot.

"Janet Staples made a beautiful bride," she had just heard, and she wondered a little. When she had last seen Janet she had been only a child. The next moment she smiled sadly. She had forgotten that she had been away a long time, and Janet must be about the same age as she had been when she left the village.

"Brandon ain't seen such a wedding before as it will see this afternoon," went on the voice in the room below. "Janet will make Dr. Traverton a good wife, and he deserves some one good. Folks say he used to keep company with Virginia Leighton years ago, but she took it into her head to go on the stage and sing. Always was kind of flighty was Oliver, so they say, though I can't speak as knowin'ly 'bout it. That was before we came here. She's a great singer now, and I suppose she's so proud that she wouldn't look at common folks. But between you and I, Melvina, I think she missed it giving up Dick Traverton."

The woman waited to hear no more. She crept unsteadily into her room, conscious of only one thing—that she had returned too late.—IDA E. ROGERS.

**Calls for Tons of Flowers.** Italy every year uses 1,800 tons of orange blossoms and 1,000 tons of roses in the manufacture of perfumery.

**QUEEREST OF CULPRITS.** Odd Court Episode Related By W. W. Jacobs, the Humorist.

W. W. Jacobs, the humorist, tells the following story:

A lawyer defending a man accused of housebreaking spoke like this: "Your honor, I submit that my client did not break into the house at all. He found the parlor window open and merely inserted his arm and removed a few trifling articles. Now, my client's arm is not himself, and I fall to see how you can punish the whole individual for an offense committed only by one of his limbs."

"That argument," said the judge, "is very well put. Following it logically, I sentence the defendant's arm to one year's imprisonment. He can accompany it or not, as he chooses."

# MISOURI'S BEST COW.

## Princess Carlotta Alone Could Supply a Hotel with Milk.

Princess Carlotta, a Holstein cow in the dairy herd of the Missouri College of Agriculture, gives more milk than any other cow in Missouri. In the last year she gave 13,405 pounds of milk, or 1,300 gallons. From this 727 pounds of butter were made.

"This cow shows the advantage of using good stock in a dairy," C. H. Eckles, professor of dairy husbandry at the University of Missouri, said. "At the present price of milk in Columbia, 7-1/2 cents a quart, she would have brought her owner \$600 for this year. A cow with a record like that is worth about \$1,500. Her feed cost \$80, leaving a profit of \$520. This is more than 40 per cent. income, looking at it as an investment. Princess Carlotta produced as much milk as five ordinary farm cows. The five cows probably would cost \$200 to feed. The same advantage is gained as by using an efficient machine instead of an ordinary one. The upkeep is greater, but the results are worth it."

"A person's average daily consumption of milk is one-third of a quart. On this basis Princess Carlotta could have supplied the milk for a hotel with seventy-five guests."

## Natural Monuments.

Although the objects are often only such as would be called "sentimental," there are no stronger supporters of movements for the protection of remarkable natural phenomena than scientific societies and individuals devoted to scientific work. Prof. John M. Clarke calls attention to the lead that Germany has taken in this matter. There a hundred notices induce interference for the protection of "natural monuments." In the forests of Lüneburg an old gnarled fir-tree is guarded "for its very age and fascinating ugliness." Near Hamburg a patch of dwarf birch is protected as a rare survivor of the postglacial flora. Schleswig has set aside a low knob crowned with a huge glacial boulder. Brunnerberg cherishes a swamp wherein rare botany specimens are found, and Margowenzer a little lake in the woods where rare waterbirds nest. Professor Clarke remarks upon the richness of our country in such monuments, and the constant danger of their extinction.

## Life in An Oeas.

The opening of a railroad from a point near Luxor into the Libyan desert has rendered easy this approach to the oasis of Khazouk, which is regarded as a typical example of these isolated centers of life. For three years last past Mr. H. J. L. Beadnell has resided in this oasis, studying the phenomena of springs, moving sands, wells, and so forth. The Libyan oases are deep depressions in a lofty plateau, which has a maximum elevation of nearly 2,000 feet, but the bottoms of the oases are only from 100 to 200 feet above sea-level. They are underlain by beds of sandstone which are the sources of the water-supply. Artesian wells 400 feet deep pour practically inexhaustible amounts of irrigation, and such deep wells of sandstone probably has its sources in the Abyssinian highlands.

## Hated to Take the Money.

Frank I. Cobb, the chief editorial writer of the New York World, was on a vacation in the Maine woods once when Joseph Pulitzer sent Cobb a cipher message.

Presently a country operator drove in to the Cobb camp and handed Cobb the message, which read something like this:

"Simplicity—aggrandizement—gritton—kerald—rdierick—hopscotch—hamfat—publicity."

"There's a dollar to collect for deciphering that message," said the operator, "but I got to take it. Somebody along the line got it all balled up, and there ain't no sense to it."

## Champagne.

It is said that when Sir Andrew Clark, Mr. Gladstone's physician, recommended a patient to drink wine, the latter expressed some surprise, saying he thought Sir Andrew was a temperance doctor, to which Sir Andrew replied: "Oh, wine does some things help you to get through work; for instance, I have often twenty letters to answer after dinner, and a pint of champagne is a great help."

"Indeed," said the patient, "a pint of champagne really help you to answer the twenty letters?" "Not no!" said Sir Andrew, "but when I've had a pint of champagne, I don't care a rap whether I answer them or not!"—Westminster Gazette.

## Simon's Rapid Growth.

It is said that a twenty pound salmon which was caught in Scotland not long ago had attached to one of its fins a small silver plate marked "5222." Upon inquiry it was found that this label had been put on the fish by the Loch Lomond Angling Improvement Association in December 1907, in a river feeding the lake.

The records show that it then weighed ten pounds, and thus in the space of eighteen months it had doubled its weight.—Forest and Stream.

## Concrete Buildings in China.

The construction of houses and walls of concrete in China was instituted several centuries ago, and is peculiarly common and extensive in Szwnton, where it originated in the building of a chapel by a French priest. The absence of any brick structures or walls give ample proof of the stability of the concrete.

More than \$2,000,000 worth of soap is made and sold in the United States every year.

## Great Total of Family Ages.

Living at the present time near Manchester is a family of eight sisters and a brother whose united ages reach the stupendous total of 607 years. The members of the family named Stevenson are: Caroline, 77; Jane, 74; Margaret, 72; Ann, 68; Robert, 67; Betsey, 65; Alice, 63; Emma, 61; and Sarah, 59. Five of the sisters and the brother are married.

# The Rescue

The children could never tell just how it happened, except that there was a splash and one of the little boys was missing from the boat. In terror they watched the widening circles on the water, but he did not come to the surface. Then a distinct bumping under the boat at their feet sent them screaming from the spot. All save one, a small, fair-haired girl, with a white, determined face remained. Throwing herself flat upon her stomach, she wound one arm firmly about an upright of the slight railing, and thrust the other into the green water as far under the boat as she was able. Again she heard the terrifying bump against the timbers, and she grabbed frantically underneath the boat in the direction of the sound, but with no results. In an agony of suspense she waited for him to rise the third time, then her small hand grasped the hair of the drowning child, drew him out into the open and held his head above water till help came in response to her shrieks.

"You saved my life once, and I have, sometimes questioned whether its value to me or to anybody else warranted the effort."

The tone was as bitter as the words, and the clear, handsome face was overcast.

"You have the ability to make it valuable or worthless, as you elect. Your destiny is in your own hands."

"It is not!" he contradicted hoarsely. "It is in your hands. You can make me or unmake me by just one word. You saved my life and the responsibility is yours, not mine!"

She knew him too well to try to reason with him in this mood, and silence fell between them. She stood erect in the shadow of the great granite pier, pure face, pale and dejected, turned toward the cold sea, yawning eyes filled with boyish, stony tears as the helpless sea of cold foaming against her willow-like eyelids. In shame he dashed away the drops that hung on his lashes.

Then impulsively he took both her hands. She resisted gently, but held them in a strong grasp.

"When will you marry me?" he demanded, searching her face with his dark eyes. Unable to withstand his look, she lowered her eyes, left his hand, and turned toward her father.

"You love me!" he urged, quick to seize upon her weakness. "When will you marry me?"

She raised her clear eyes to his and released her impulsively.

"When you have proved yourself a man," she replied firmly. "When you have used your splendid energies for something besides play." Without heeding the denial of his glance she continued, "I could not marry an idler who is content to live on his father's honor."

"Marry me, and I'll do everything you ask me to!"

"You haven't yet done anything I have asked you to. How can I hope for anything better after we are married. You would not at my asking go to college, nor enter business, nor give up friends who encourage laziness. For five years you have done nothing but cruise about in your father's yacht and otherwise amuse yourself."

She saw the storm gathering, but bravely she finished: "Prove yourself as I ask!"

He was smarting under the rebuke of her words, and his anger flared: "I'll prove that you had better have left me under the old boat a dozen years ago!" And with that he left her.

A fair-haired girl sat alone on the trunk of a fallen tree with her face to her hands.

It was springtime. The pine tree showed rich and dark against the young green of the birches and maples. The tense figure of a woman stood on the bluff gazing with unseeing eyes at the tints of the afternoon.

Five years had passed since he had left her in anger, and still now she had hoped for his return. He had never written, but she had known that his efforts were for her, and she had been happy in waiting. For days past she had felt that he would soon come back to her, and her heart had cried out for him. But now—now—after all his toil, his self-denial, his achievement—after all his courage and patience and faith, they would never see each other again in this world! He had at last gone down to those waters from which she had drawn him when a child; and he would never come back.

The cracking of a dry twig caused her to turn with a confusion. The man standing there saw a white face full of dumb agony; then he saw it suddenly transformed into one of radiant joy that he dared not believe it was for him! But she held out her arms toward him, and murmuring endearing words he clasped her to his heart.

"I thought you were drowned!" "I probably would have been, but at the last moment such a longing to see you and claim you came over me that I threw everything over and came here as fast as trains could bring me. Everyone except those on the ill-fated yacht thought that I had gone on the trip."

It seemed as if the moments were too precious for mere words, but presently she said:

"Again you have saved my life, dear lover, and it is you, alone, that have made it worth the saving!"—MARY R. LEONARD.

## Where to Feel.

Bishop Taylor-Smith is gifted with a delicious sense of humor. Preaching once in charity, he told a good story of a gentleman who was one day relating to a Quaker a tale of deep distress, and concluded by saying: "I could not but feel for him." "Vertically," replied the Quaker, "thou didst right in that thou didst feel for thy neighbor; but didst thou feel to the right place—in thy pocket?"—M. & F.

# Notes and Comment

## BETTER THAN TABLE CANDLES.

### New Electrical Device for Utility and Decoration Without Wires for Dining Room Use.

Every woman has realized for some time past that the use of the candle as a table decoration was attended by danger and other shortcomings and a substitute has been eagerly sought. The solution of the problem has not been found in electricity, for the reason that lamps of this character lack the feature of portability and their use also required the presence of wires piercing the cloths and tables.

The device is a pretty design embracing a silver receptacle capable of holding a single-storage cell. The battery stores sufficient energy to keep



Displaces the Candelabra.

the lamps glow for 14 hours, and the illumination emanates from three tungsten lamps supplied with switch for controlling them. Pitting neatly over the stand is a shallow glass dish containing cut flowers and water. The former are supported by a cast-iron disk with numerous holes into which the flower stems, etc., project. The lamp thus serves as a flower vase as well, and the effect of the light passing through the glass and water and playing around the flowers and leaves is very pretty indeed.

## A LITTLE TALK TO GIRLS.

Qualify Yourself to Diffuse Inspiration, the Thing Our World Needs Most.

As you come to full growth and get out of school, of course, being American girls, you want, properly enough, and attain more freedom of action. Gradually from telling you what to do, your parents advise you what to do, and presently you consider whether you will take their advice or not, and if you don't want to, it will be hard to make you. And as the years go on you return their kindness probably, by advising them, and in time they get to rely a great deal on your counsel.

Well, so much of freedom as consists in ignoring your parents' advice when you don't like it will come to you pretty soon, but as their control of you diminishes you will find it necessary to substitute for it control of another sort. If you don't, you will have a hard time. Of a girl who got serious prostration and went to a sanitarium to rest one said the other night: "Oh yes; that's not surprising. She was the girl who said she never did anything she didn't want to." You see, there is no tyrant so despotic as an undisciplined mind that resists direction and is still unqualified for self-direction. The price of freedom is responsibility to something. It may be something within, but it must be something that stands for duty.

And I do beseech and charge you that as you look about for something to take care of and then fulfill your destiny, you will take such charge as the young ones of your own generation, and try, in so far as you can, to make something of them that will be an advantage to the country and to the human race. You cannot make a good world without good men. Do try to make something of these young ones that you will be footing about. It will be good practice for you in the most important duty that falls to women. Don't compete with them in their employments unless you have to.

All the college presidents will order the young men because they can't get enough of them interested in knowledge. If you have some knowledge, feed out a little to them, sugar-coated, and if they have any, get it out of them. Most of the inspirations that men get, they get from women. Do qualify yourselves to diffuse inspiration. It is the thing our world needs the most. Material things immensely abundant, means can be got for anything that deserves them, but the fire that touches the spirit of men is somewhat to seek. Money's plenty; bricks, stone, food, books, and all that, but inspiration is scarce. Have it to give if you can.—E. S. Martin, in Harper's Bazar.

**Salt and Soup.** Never put salt into soup when cooking until it is skinned, as salt prevents the steam from rising.

If too much salt has been added to soup slice a raw potato and boil it in the soup for a few minutes. The potato will absorb much of the salt.

**Paved the Way.** The Father—it was a noble deed, young man, to plunge into the raging waters after my daughter. I suppose you realized the awful risk that you were running!

The Hero (modestly)—Yes, sir, I did, sir.

The Father—Good. Then you will readily appreciate the necessity of having a policy in the Skitum Life Insurance Company, for which I am the chief solicitor.

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# PATENTS

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D SWIFT & C

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C. A. SNOW & CO. OFF. PATENT OFFICE, WASHINGTON, D. C.

## NOTICE.

The Commissioners of Pike County will hereafter hold Regular Meetings on the 1st Thursday of each mo. between the hours of 9 a. m. and 4 p. m. except in the months when Court may be in session, and then during Court.

## For Rent

Furnished rooms to rent. Enquire of Mrs. Ella Phillips, Corner Broad and Ann Streets, Milford, Pa.

## William B. Kenworthy M. D.

Physician and Surgeon. Office and residence Broad Street next Court House. MILFORD.

## Family Pride.

Regged Little Timothy Made the Best Showing Possible. Dr. Charles E. Woodruff, U. S. A., has conducted some investigations which appear to show that the blonde type is doomed to extinction in America.

"People take pride in being blondes," said Dr. Woodruff, facetiously at a dinner in Washington, "but if my investigations are correct, then this pride is misplaced—as misplaced as that of Timothy Oloott."

"Timothy Oloott, an arch-enemy of wretched appearance, was hailed before a Boston magistrate, charged with obstructing traffic, by playing ball in Tremont street.

"Can't your parents dress you better than this?" the magistrate asked, looking with disgust at Timothy Oloott's filthy rag.

"The parents is dead," Timothy blubbered, "and you've got some friends, surely," said the magistrate.

"I've got a brother, the boy answered. His brow cleared and he spoke proudly.

"Where is he?" "He's at Harvard University," said Timothy, throwing out his chest.

"Is he in a good position there?" asked the magistrate.

"No," said Tim. "He's in a bottle there. He was born with two heads."

# Time Table

ERIE RAILROAD. AT PORT JERVIS

Gold Pullman trains to Buffalo, Niagara Falls, Chautauque Lake, Cleveland Chicago and Cincinnati.

Tickets on sale at Port Jervis points in the West and Southwest at lower rates than via any other first-class line. In effect June 21st, 1908.

## TRAINS NOW LEAVE PORT JERVIS AS FOLLOWS.

3:30 P. M.	WESTWARD
4:00 Daily	..... 4.10 "
6:00 Daily Express	..... 6.40 "
8:00 Local Except Sunday	..... 8.10 "
11:00 Daily	..... 8.90 "
No. 8 Daily Express	..... 9.44 A. M.
No. 70 Daily Express Only	..... 7.51 "
42 Local Except Sun & Hol	..... 7.55 "
80 Local Except Sunday	..... 10.90 "
4 Daily Express	..... 11.44 P. M.
70 Sunday Only	..... 8.30 "
84 West daily except Sunday	..... 4.48 "
3 Daily Express	..... 4.58 "
26 Daily except Sunday	..... 6.00 "
26 Daily except Sunday	..... 6.00 "
70 Local Daily Express	..... 10.00 "

## WESTWARD.

No. 7 Daily Express	..... 11.54 A. M.
4 Daily Express	..... 8.35 "
17 Daily Milk Trains	..... 8.10 A.
1 Daily Express	..... 11.84 "
116 For Ho'dale Exp Sun	..... 12.15 P.
8 Express Chicago via Buf	..... 5.39 P.
29 Daily Express Sunday	..... 6.00 "
8 Limited Daily Express	..... 10.00 "

Trains leave Chambers street, New York, for Port Jervis on week days at 12:30, 7:15, 9:15, 10:30 A. M., 1:00, 3:30, 4:30, 6:15, 7:15, 9:15, 12:45 P. M. On Sundays, 7:30, 9:30, 11:30, 1:15, 3:00, 5:15 P. M.

H. L. SLAUSON, Ticket Agent, Port Jervis. H. W. Hawley, Div'n Passng. Agent, Chambers St. Station New York.

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