

HAND LAUNDRY

Patrick White has opened a hand laundry on Ninth St. in Milford and all work in his line will be promptly and neatly done. Goods will be called for and delivered. Telephone.

East Stroudsburg State Normal School

FALL TERM Begins September 6th.

Board and Laundry \$3.75 per wk.

For Catalogue and Other Information Address

E. L. KEMP, Principal.

Notes and Comment

Of Interest to Women Readers

MECHANICAL CHAIR FAN.

Each Movement of Rocker Serves to Make Fan Revolve.

There are several kinds of chair fans, but almost if not quite all of them are of the sort that waves a palm-leaf fan over the head. An Ohio man has invented a revolving fan for connection with a rocking chair that seems to be an improvement on all of them. This revolving fan is held over the head of the person sitting in the chair by means of a curved metal support. Running down the back of the chair is a driving shaft which connects with a speed gear under the seat. There are two goarings, a



winding shaft and clutch and a ratchet, the last named operated by rock arms pivoted in one of the rockers of the chair. As the chair rocks forward the ratchet is moved one way and turns the gear which in turn operates the driving shaft and makes the fan revolve. When the chair rocks backward the ratchet is turned in the opposite direction and the whole movement is reversed. Thus a steady current of air is kept up as long as the chair is moving.

- BREAKFAST. Grapefruit, Shredded Wheat, Top Milk, Plain Omelet.
- LUNCHEON. Popovers, Postum, Cheese and Rice, French Fried Potatoes, Bread and Butter.
- DINNER. Stewed Prunes, Cocoa, Cream of Potato Soup, Mook Fried Oysters, Asparagus on Toast, Boiled Rice, Waldorf Salad, Apple Dumping, Coffee.

Make the Invalid's Tray Attractive. There is no excuse for offending the sick person's sensitive taste by an unattractive tray. Often the capricious appetite must be coaxed by every endeavor. A tray with liquids spilled on saucer and napkin and edibles mangled in confusion. A very little food and that of the daintiest should be the rule; a fresh napkin each time the tray is brought up; perhaps a flower laid at the one side, and everything ice cold, steaming hot and delicious. Cream should not be poured on cereals, but served from a tiny pitcher. Little cooked delicacies will be twice as tempting if cover is lifted off just before serving. Neither should the tray be left in the invalid's range of vision when the meal is finished. A small table outside the door will be found a great convenience. On this the tray may be set before it is brought into the room and liquids poured into cup or little pitcher. These little matters make a vast deal of difference to the invalid, hardly as his appetite may be in normal times.

Our Fair Constituents. "There's one thing we will have to change if these ladies who wish to vote have their way," said Senator Borghum. "What is that?" "We'll have to quit talking about 'the wisdom of the plain people.'"

Ideal Construction. Wages—Why are the women so enthusiastic over Bink's new house? Boggs—it has back-stairs to every room so that his wife can lie around anywhere in her morning wrapper and yet be sure of getting upstairs without being seen when the bell rings.

A New Use for It. Henspect—Have you seen the Maxim Silencers they're putting on guns nowadays? Henney—That Ot haven't. Do they be of any use to humanity? Henspect—Not yet they aren't. But they will be when they make 'em big enough to silence a woman.

White Slaves. Mrs. Millyun—Isn't it awful, dear! I see by the papers that in some cities girls are quoted just like mere cattle. Mrs. Munney—Isn't it! Mrs. Millyun—But, to talk of more agreeable subjects, did I tell you that the Duke insists on a million more before he will marry our Gertrude?

Ignorance. Mrs. Wayback—And are the city people as smart as they say, Ezra? Mr. Wayback (late returned from the city)—Well, I should say not. Talk about ignorance. They've even got to have signs in their subways telling them which way is up and which is down.

UNCLE JEDEDIAH'S DOG.

Painful Silence Followed the Owner's Tale About Him.

"No," said Uncle Jedediah, reflectively, as he leaned back against the sugar-barril at the postoffice, "I don't suppose anybody'll believe it, but that there dog of mine, Andy Jackson, has been run over by thirty-two orthopedics since the beginning of this year season. On the Fourth of July these red hunkers from up Portland way come a-stralin' along the pike at a forty-mile-an-hour rate, while Andy Jackson laid asleep in the middle of the road. Every blessed one of 'em jumped over him, and 'b' Gosh! I thought he was a goner sure enough; but, after the last one had passed over him, he opened one eye and began scratchin' his left ear with his off hind leg, like he thought there'd been a fly or two buzzin' around; and then he gapped a hunk and turned over and went to sleep agin. A week later another feller come a-hikin' through on a little pink gas-buggy with a No. Jersey number tagged on to his hind wheels, and that old dog stood square in the track of it just as if it wasn't any more'n so much fluff. I never expected to see the pore, anemic one agin, and I turned my head the other way, droadin' the speckle I felt shore he'd been turned into, but by Jiminy! a half an hour later I found him a-sittin' on that there counter-just behind the sugar-barril, catchin' flies. It's been the same all along. Car after car has run over him, and he's got 'em now when he hears one comin' he runs out o' the store like mad and lies down before it, as much as to say that he'd been' run over."

"Well, that's mighty funny," said the stranger in town. "How do you account for it, sir?"

"Waal, I dunno," said Uncle Jedediah; "but I guess his bark is so thick that he can't break through to no vital part."

A painful silence followed in which the stranger joined, looking sternly meanwhile out of the door.

"Can I sell ye a muscle?" asked Uncle Jedediah, after a while.

"What for?" asked the stranger, with a frown.

"The safety of the public," replied the old man. "I have reason to believe, young man, that there be times when you bite."

More Than Five Feet. A certain newyorker had built himself a fine house. He thought it well to have a library, and went down to a book-store, where he ordered some books.

"What kind of books?" asked the clerk.

"Books, you know; reading-books."

"The books came and were installed in the library. Soon after a friend came up to look over the place.

"Here," said the man, "is my library. Here is where I love to get with a book and a pipe, and forget the outside world."

The friend was somewhat of a book-shade. He took down a book, looked at it, and put it back; took down another, looked at that, and put it back, and repeated the process several times.

Then he asked: "John, where did you get these books?"

"Oh, replied John, "I picked them up here and there. Whenever I found one I liked I bought it. It has been the work of many years."

"But isn't it strange that you should have bought six hundred copies of McGuffey's Fifth Reader?"—Washington Star.

SLIPPED OUT.

"That dreadful man proposes to me in this letter!"

"I suppose he's tired of being refused."

Looked the Part. "This suburb speaks for itself," declared the real estate man. "People are simply crazy to purchase lots here."

"Umph!" grunted the prospective victim, gazing doubtfully over a pocket edition of Dismal Swamp; "I believe that."

Vindictive Cuss. "Ugh!" spluttered Mr. Jones. "That nut had a worm in it."

"Here," urged a friend, offering him a glass of water, "drink this and wash it down."

"Wash it down!" growled Jones. "Why should I? Let him walk!"

PERHAPS.

Little Willie Knew. Little Willie, the son of a German-town woman, was playing one day with the girl next door, when the latter exclaimed:

"Don't you hear your mother calling you? That's three times she's done so! Aren't you going in?"

"Not yet," responded Willie imperatively.

"Won't she whip you?"

"Naw!" exclaimed Willie in disgust. "She ain't got to whip no body! She's got company. So, when I go in, whell just say: 'The poor little man has been so deaf since he'd had the measles!'"

The Heft of Theft. "Your methods," said the indignant official, "were simply highway robbery!"

"Again you wrong me," said the sugar importer. "They were low, weigh robbery!"

The Better Word. Weary William—What did ye tell that lady when she asked if ye was equal to de task of sawin' wood? Tattered Tom—I tol' her dat equal wuzn't de word. I wis superior to it!

A Description. Smith was a fine-looking man. He was hatchet-faced and beetle-browed and gimlet-eyed, and lantern-jawed and apple-checked, with snail-shell whiskers and a square chin.

TIME TO INTERVENE.

Precocious Youngster Thought Fight Had Gone the Limit.

While on his way home one night recently, a boy rushed up to Policeman John Eckert, of the First Precinct, and in great excitement, said:

"Hey, officer! My father an' another man have been fightin' around the corner for the last hour."

"Well, why didn't you call an officer sooner?" asked Eckert, as he accompanied him to the scene of the combat.

"Why," said the precocious youngster, "Paw was gettin' the best of it up to a few minutes ago, but de other guy has got his second wind now, so he's wipin' de street wid de old man!"—Newark Star.

Obliging Maid. They were a very young and obviously bride-and-bridegroomish couple. On entering the tea shop the maid tactfully led them to a little side room which chanced to be unoccupied.

"Tea was ordered and served. As the waitress was leaving the room the young man discovered an important fault in the service.

"Oh, waitress," he said, "may we have a spoon?"

"Oh, yes," said the girl. "I won't come back for ten minutes, and I quite think you will be able to have the room all to yourselves."

Objected to the Menagerie. In a small California town a drummer brought the hotel porter up to his room with his snoring storming.

"Want your room changed, mister?" politely queried the porter.

"Room changed, no!" fumed the drummer. "It's the fleas I object to, that's all."

"Mrs. Leary," shouted the porter to the landlady down below, "the girl in No. 11 is satisfied with his room, but he wants the fleas changed."

When the Deeper Waives. "John!" she exclaimed, jabbing her elbow into his ribs at 117 A. B. "Did you lock the kitchen door?"

And John, who is inner guard and was just then dressing over last evening's lodge meeting, sprang up in bed, made the proper sign and responded: "Worthy Rules, our portals are guarded!"

Oh, he lit the title right, even if he was asleep!

A Geometer Graveled. Euclid was boasting of his mathematical ability.

"My dear," ventured his wife, "if the high cost of living is caused by high wages, and wages must be increased on account of the high cost of living, how do you square the circle?"

With a wild cry he fled into the night.

PERSONAL NOTE.

That dreadful man proposes to me in this letter!

I suppose he's tired of being refused.

Looked the Part. This suburb speaks for itself, declared the real estate man. People are simply crazy to purchase lots here.

Umph! grunted the prospective victim, gazing doubtfully over a pocket edition of Dismal Swamp; I believe that.

Vindictive Cuss. Ugh! spluttered Mr. Jones. That nut had a worm in it.

Here, urged a friend, offering him a glass of water, drink this and wash it down.

Wash it down! growled Jones. Why should I? Let him walk!

PERHAPS.

Little Willie Knew. Little Willie, the son of a German-town woman, was playing one day with the girl next door, when the latter exclaimed:

Don't you hear your mother calling you? That's three times she's done so! Aren't you going in?

Not yet, responded Willie imperatively.

Won't she whip you?

Naw! exclaimed Willie in disgust. She ain't got to whip no body! She's got company. So, when I go in, whell just say: The poor little man has been so deaf since he'd had the measles!

The Heft of Theft. Your methods, said the indignant official, were simply highway robbery!

Again you wrong me, said the sugar importer. They were low, weigh robbery!

The Better Word. Weary William—What did ye tell that lady when she asked if ye was equal to de task of sawin' wood? Tattered Tom—I tol' her dat equal wuzn't de word. I wis superior to it!

A Description. Smith was a fine-looking man. He was hatchet-faced and beetle-browed and gimlet-eyed, and lantern-jawed and apple-checked, with snail-shell whiskers and a square chin.

EARTHQUAKE PROOF HOUSES.

Tree Homes of Mexico—Timber and Grass Interwoven with Concrete.

In order to protect their homes from earthquakes, many of the natives in the territory around the present and other towns in the State of Queretaro, Mexico, have built some of these tree houses out of large logs and are ingeniously constructed. These houses are interwoven with the trunks and branches of the tree, much in the manner that a bird builds its nest.

The reversed wind seldom loosens these houses from the trees. Where the trees are large and stand closely together, houses of two and three rooms are frequently built in their branches. These houses also afford protection from the "fiers" and other wild animals which are found in that region in large numbers. It is claimed that a "tiger" will not attack its prey unless it is upon the ground. The prime object of elevating these houses into the trees, however, is to keep them from being shaken down by the severe earthquakes which visit the Queretaro territory at frequent intervals.

The rocking of the earth gives the trees a swaying motion that does not damage the houses. In some cases the whole villages of these tree houses are to be seen. None of these suffered damage from the recent earthquakes which wrought such ruin to the buildings of the ground.

An Old Fable. "Metaphysics," said Bishop Caspi of Orson, at a dinner in Philadelphia, "is a subject that always makes one think of the cat and the owl."

"A cat, you know, once set forth in quest of happiness. She wandered up the wall, and she questioned that animal and she questioned that bird. Finally, wrapped in meditation in a tree, she perceived an owl."

"Owl!" said the cat, "tell me, my wise bird, where art thou to be found?"

"In meditation," the owl replied. "Meditation alone is the true secret of happiness."

"But," said the cat, "on what subject art thou meditating?"

"On the subject," the owl answered, "which has occupied the race of owls since the beginning of time: namely, 'Which came first, the owl or the egg? For while the owl comes from the egg, what does the egg come from?'"

Famous Golf Match. The protracted golf match between two well known amateurs and a leading member of the London Stock Exchange for a stake of £500 recalls the famous persons in which the Duke of York, afterward James II, took a prominent part on the 16th of June in the year 1692. It was really an international contest, in which the Duke, with John Paterson, a golfer and a heavy wager depending on the issue, the Duke and the collier had an easy victory, thanks largely to the sons of the last, and John Paterson's share of the stakes was so small that he was able to build a goodly house in the Canongate, in a wall of which the Duke caused a hole to be placed bearing the motto, "For one man with a club." The Duke, a tribute to the collier's good powers, Paterson's house, understand, survives today.

The Blacksmith's Sleeves. An aged woman was standing before a beautiful picture of a blacksmith standing at his forge, which was blazing with a light that illumined the whole room. The woman came to the canvas with several younger women, apparently her children. All stood with rapt attention before the work of art, contemplating the light effects and the beautiful shadows. One of the younger women asked of the elderly one what she thought of the picture.

"Well, it's all right but the sleeves," she replied. "I lived in the country a long time, and I know something that the painter with all his knowin' didn't know. That blacksmith's sleeves are rolled out. Now, they don't cover them that way. A blacksmith always turns his sleeves in so the dyin' sparks won't catch."

What a Bonanza Is. A certain Western Congressman has had disastrous experience in gold-mine speculations. One day a number of colleagues were discussing the subject of speculation, when one of them said to the Western member:

"Tom, as an expert, give us a definition of the term 'bonanza.'"

"A 'bonanza,'" replied the Western man with emphasis, "is a hole in the ground owned by a champion liar!"—Success.

Immortality. Nothing except a business and pains and influenza like intense cold and front bites. Neither boiling water nor cold 200 degrees below zero kills the sprout in some seeds. Professor Bequer found three seeds eighty-seven years old that sprouted. This suggests that life may really be immortal even to stand the purgatorial and neutral fires.

A Disciple of Emerson. Neirich Pate But what has Emerson got to do with your giving your auto to that actress?

Neirich Pate—Why in his essays you gave us to read he says something about giving your wagon to a star and I thought—

The Dress Making Headway. Mrs. W. Why have you put your pretty only in the parlor's car's toilet?

Dotie—She's a dressmaker and she's in the habit of going to the parlor for the cause.

Short Croy of Widows. There are a couple of widows around here of late, which is a good thing for the cause of single girls and widowers. The only one who has married again is your son. It's a good thing, isn't it?

Outrage, you know it's a duty.

The New York Tribune Farmer

PRICE, ONE DOLLAR A YEAR

Send your name for free sample copy to

New York Tribune Farmer

PIKE COUNTY PRESS

...\$1.50 A YEAR

JOB PRINTING

Letter Heads, Cards

Posters, Statements

Bill Heads, Envelopes

Circulars, Etc., Etc.

NEATLY DONE

Both of these papers one year for only \$1.85 if you send your order and money to The Press Milford, Pike County, Penn.

is the most thoroughly practical, helpful, useful and entertaining national illustrated agricultural & family weekly in the United States.

Send your name for free sample copy to

New York Tribune Farmer

PIKE COUNTY PRESS

...\$1.50 A YEAR

JOB PRINTING

Letter Heads, Cards

Posters, Statements

Bill Heads, Envelopes

Circulars, Etc., Etc.

NEATLY DONE

Time Table

ERIE RAILROAD

AT

PORT JERVIS

Trains leave Port Jervis for Buffalo, New York, Erie, and other points on the West and Southwest at intervals of 15 minutes.

Trains leave Buffalo, New York, Erie, and other points on the West and Southwest at intervals of 15 minutes.

Trains leave Erie, Pa., for Port Jervis at intervals of 15 minutes.

Trains leave Port Jervis for Buffalo, New York, Erie, and other points on the West and Southwest at intervals of 15 minutes.

Trains leave Buffalo, New York, Erie, and other points on the West and Southwest at intervals of 15 minutes.

Trains leave Erie, Pa., for Port Jervis at intervals of 15 minutes.

Trains leave Port Jervis for Buffalo, New York, Erie, and other points on the West and Southwest at intervals of 15 minutes.

Trains leave Buffalo, New York, Erie, and other points on the West and Southwest at intervals of 15 minutes.

Trains leave Erie, Pa., for Port Jervis at intervals of 15 minutes.

Trains leave Port Jervis for Buffalo, New York, Erie, and other points on the West and Southwest at intervals of 15 minutes.

Trains leave Buffalo, New York, Erie, and other points on the West and Southwest at intervals of 15 minutes.

Trains leave Erie, Pa., for Port Jervis at intervals of 15 minutes.

Trains leave Port Jervis for Buffalo, New York, Erie, and other points on the West and Southwest at intervals of 15 minutes.

Trains leave Buffalo, New York, Erie, and other points on the West and Southwest at intervals of 15 minutes.

Trains leave Erie, Pa., for Port Jervis at intervals of 15 minutes.

Trains leave Port Jervis for Buffalo, New York, Erie, and other points on the West and Southwest at intervals of 15 minutes.

Trains leave Buffalo, New York, Erie, and other points on the West and Southwest at intervals of 15 minutes.

Trains leave Erie, Pa., for Port Jervis at intervals of 15 minutes.

Trains leave Port Jervis for Buffalo, New York, Erie, and other points on the West and Southwest at intervals of 15 minutes.

Trains leave Buffalo, New York, Erie, and other points on the West and Southwest at intervals of 15 minutes.

Trains leave Erie, Pa., for Port Jervis at intervals of 15 minutes.

Trains leave Port Jervis for Buffalo, New York, Erie, and other points on the West and Southwest at intervals of 15 minutes.

Trains leave Buffalo, New York, Erie, and other points on the West and Southwest at intervals of 15 minutes.

Trains leave Erie, Pa., for Port Jervis at intervals of 15 minutes.

Trains leave Port Jervis for Buffalo, New York, Erie, and other points on the West and Southwest at intervals of 15 minutes.

Trains leave Buffalo, New York, Erie, and other points on the West and Southwest at intervals of 15 minutes.

Trains leave Erie, Pa., for Port Jervis at intervals of 15 minutes.