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East Stroudsburg State Normal School

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Notes and Comment

Of Interest to Women Readers

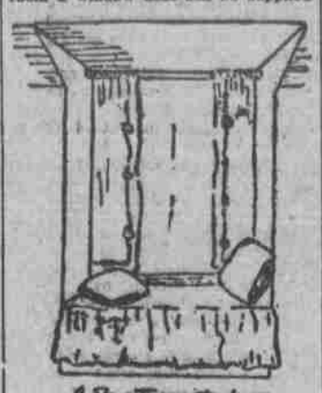
IMPROVISED WINDOW SEATS.

Can be Made Without Difficulty—A Few Splendid Ideas Follow.

Window seats need not necessarily be built when the house is constructed. They can be quickly improvised by clever women who need not possess diplomas in carpentry to enable this comfortable furnishing in a room.

In the cases shown the window seats are already made; all that is required is to move them to proper places and to furnish them with cushions or covers.

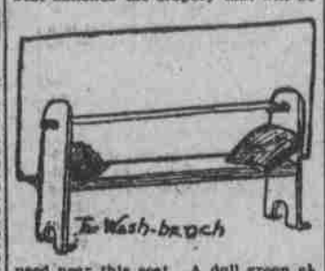
For a dormer window in the upper room a window seat can be supplied



A Shirtwaist box

by a shirtwaist box, moved in under the sill and between the sides of the alcove. Frequently a delightful little color scheme can be followed if the cretonne or chintz curtain material is used for the straight top cover of the box and its deep ruffle at the edge. Pillows also can be made of the same pattern and a veritable corner can be made which supplies space for clothing and for seating.

The combination bench and table is as successful a window seat as you can wish. In this case it is effective to paint the wood the dull color that best matches the drapery that will be



The Wash-bench

used on this seat. A dull green always harmonizes with any tones, and brown, too, is a restful shade to select for the coat.

This window seat can be placed in a deep recess and in a position that resembles the old-fashioned fire seat. Two of these are not too many for the wider dormer window. Pillows are required for comfort's sake, and let it be suggested that they be of durable linen or crash and not of the expensive and perishable silk and embroidered variety. The decorative type is much more appropriate for this kind of seat, and to practical eyes the possibility of washing and of a combination of good looks with economy.

Never let a long, low steamer trunk waste its seating capacity on the de-

Steamer-Trunk

sert air under a bed. Haul it over to a window cover it with a straight piece of crash and give an ample supply of cushions, and you will have provided space for three who otherwise might be compelled to stand.

In other words, do not let boxes or benches escape from the double use of receptacles and window seats. Make every one afford a resting place, disguising the fact, if need be under the outlay of covers and cushions. The window seat is yours for the moving of a stray trunk and the quick furnishing of which every woman is capable.

Corn Gems.

In this guise, green corn may be served for breakfast. Cut the kernels from six ears of boiled corn. Beat the yolks of two eggs and add to one cup of milk. Sift a cup and a half of flour with a teaspoonful of salt into a bowl. Pour in the milk and egg yolks, and beat with a Dover egg beater. Remove the beater, whip in the corn with a spoon and then fold in the two whites of eggs, beaten stiff. Bake in muffin rings for 20 or 30 minutes.

Yankee Trade Abroad.

The conservatism of Austria-Hungary is a proverb, but Yankee invention and enterprise have been able to break through the old lines to a surprising degree. In the great Bohemia-Moravia Machine Works in Prague, of the 520 machine tools in service throughout the various departments and shops, 102 are of American origin. When we really get down to it we shall be selling to all the world.

Into the Winter

With the last flutter of Beatrice's parasol from the train, Winton's dreams crumbled to ruins. He turned gloomily away and sank upon a neighboring bench. Success had come to him so easily that this first setback found him unprepared. Everything that the women of his set prized most—money, social position and a pleasing personality—was his. Yet Beatrice had refused him.

While he was chewing the bitter cud of reflection, one of the natives ambled over with an easy familiarity. The man was an acquaintance of a few days, but the warm Southern sun had quickly ripened their intimacy.

"What's grievin' you, sah?" he asked, sitting by the young man's side.

Ordinarily Winton would have resented such interference, but today he welcomed a confidant. So he unloaded all his trouble on the kindly old man who looked at him with whole-souled sympathy.

"Stranger," his auditor counselled when Winton had finished, "you're summering too much. You've been rubbing up against the plush so long that you're as smooth as a stone the waves have licked for a hundred years. The gal—from what I've seen of her up on the piazza—don't want so much polish. It hides the good inside, so that she begins to wonder whether it really exists. Now, jest take me," he went on with admirable candor. "I'm jest er good-fer-nothin', pickin' up er bit here and there fer a livin'. An' there's a boyhood chum er mine. He didn't have any more brains than me. We was content to live er beakin' in the sun, while he went into the winter, stuck in the drifts, got buffeted by the winds an' freezed by the cold. Jest see where he is now—in Congress, while I'm only er common sort of er mortal."

The old man left Winton with an idea. He began to realize that there was something entirely foreign to his life of pampered ease. Perhaps Beatrice did want a man who could make his own way through life without the aid of his father's dollars. Unconsciously he squared his shoulders as he planned a purpose for his life.

That afternoon the news came to his hotel that yellow fever had broken out in a village about 50 miles to the north. The train on which Beatrice and her mother had left that morning had for some reason been held up and its passengers quarantined.

Half an hour later Winton had packed up his dress suit case and started off. Twenty miles was the nearest he could come to the quarantined village by train, so at an exorbitant price he hired a carriage, the driver of which promised to bring him within a few miles of the place. He would have to walk the rest of the way.

It was nightfall when he arrived at the little hamlet and passed through the cordon of infantry bivouacked about the plague spot. Signs of the grim visitation of death were already evident. Large fires fed by the debris lying promiscuously around, burned in various places. At intermittent points, where the faint flicker of a light was visible, there seemed to hang a pall—a mute sign of the death that lurked within.

Winton found Beatrice in the one small hostelry of the village. A flush of happiness swept over the tear-stained face of the girl when she saw him.

"Harry!" she exclaimed, stretching her arms out towards him impulsively. "I knew you'd come!"

"Mother's ill," the girl continued, sobbing brokenly. The blow seemed to have sapped her energy. She turned to him appealingly for help.

Winton reassured her with a few hasty words and then hastened to the sick room. Even his unpractised eyes could see at a single glance the serious condition of the patient.

"She must have a doctor at once," he decided, and rushed from the inn in search of one. He found that the general store had been converted into a supply centre, where the meagre supplies which had been rushed to the village were doled out. An impromptu band of doctors and nurses were stationed there.

A few minutes later a physician stood at the bedside of the sick woman, and leaving hurried instructions he departed almost immediately on another case. Winton cleared the worn, germ-breeding furniture out of the room, hung wet sheets over the doors and windows, and then went to share the vigil of the girl.

All through the long night the two sat motionless, watching the labored breathing of the patient. An ominous silence hung over all, so that the ticking of Winton's watch on the table sounded sharp and clear. The young man torn from him the thin veneer of culture; that he was now on trial at his own worth before the girl he loved. He did not relax his vigilance for a moment. Even when the tide of the girl, weighted down by sheer exhaustion, closed in sleep, he continued his watch as faithfully as ever.

In the early hours of the morning the doctor came again, rousing the girl from her fitful slumber. He stepped quietly to the bed and examined the patient.

"The danger has passed," he said softly.

A pean of thanksgiving shone from the eyes of the two lovers. Instinctively their hands clasped, and the young man felt that he had started toward the fulfilment of that purpose which he had registered so solemnly in his heart.—MISS PRICILLA M SPROUL.

That man wrongs the world who does not love his neighbor as himself.

They that seek find only when they seek in a way that means something.

Circumstantial Proof.

"So you danced with my daughter last night at the ball?" "Yes. Did she tell you?" "Oh, no! I noticed that she was limping to-day!"

Helpful Beauty Hints

Numerous Hints Given Here for the Toilet — Lotions and Bleaches for Face, Neck and Arms—Removal of Freckles—Hair Beautifier.

Milk of Cucumber—Cut up two large cucumbers and cover with water—about half a cupful of water will be about right. Let simmer half an hour and keep covered so the water will not steam away, then take off and strain through cloth; to the water add a cupful of boiling water, 10 grains of powdered borax and enough tincture of benzoin to make the water look milky. Stir the benzoin in gradually. When cool, bottle. This is a delightful skin lotion, and can be used freely upon face, neck and arms.

It is claimed that the use of lemon juice to remove stains from the hands and nails will make the skin yellow and the nails brittle. Peroxide of hydrogen is recommended: using a tooth pick and a little cotton to clean under the nails. No metal, such as a knife, or point of scissors, should be used to clean under the nails.

Ripe tomato juice is claimed to have bleaching qualities for the toilet. It is certainly inexpensive and harmless, and easily within reach of anyone. It is used externally, like lemon juice.

Glacial acetic acid is just what its name implies—an acid, and a strong one, and, if used at all it is largely diluted, fifteen parts of water to one of the acid; is used as an astringent for flabby muscles, and some claim it as a bleach. Any acid will burn out the natural oil of the skin if used too strong or too freely. Vinegar, though an acid, is healing and disinfecting.

A bleach for freckles is given made by mixing one dram of borax with one-half fluid ounce of diluted acetic acid, and one ounce of rose water. Apply at night, and leave on; if the skin becomes tender and sensitive, apply a soothing cold cream.

Pork Diet for the Complexion.

Pork is called by a doctor an excellent cosmetic. It is guaranteed to provide the complexion of a newly opened blush rose. If you can't get pork, you are urged to eat bacon. The reason is this: Usually, when the skin is dry, it is deficient in oil and cosmetics are employed to soften it. Pork is regarded as supplying oil. "The reason," said a doctor recently, "that country girls have such creamy skins is because, in addition to breathing fresh air, they eat far more bacon and pork than do their sisters in the cities. You will find that girls who live in or near towns and play many games outdoors do not have the clear velvetry complexions that have the poorer girls of the country. Boiled bacon and pork are the staple meat of the countryside, and there is only one fleshy food that is better for the skin—namely, roast pork. Pork is not easy to digest, but it acts beneficially on the systems of those who can eat it. It supplies oil the skin needs."

Teeth Hold Hair Ornament in Place.

There is already a woman's back comb designed so as to retain its place in the hair. It has remained for a Massachusetts man to turn out a barrette with the same virtues. This barrette has a row of teeth inside and running lengthwise with the back. The pin is wide enough to carry an opening into which the teeth fit, so that when the whole is closed and fastened in the hair there is little danger of the pin coming open, as the pins of most barrettes are prone to

do, inasmuch as the strands of hair that are caught between the teeth keep it in position. There is probably no one article of dress or ornament more frequently lost by a woman than a barrette, and as many of these are costly articles, some of them, indeed, containing valuable jewels, the importance of this safety device can be readily appreciated.

A Beauty Bath.

Carmen Sylva, Queen of Roumania, places great faith in a special daily bath prepared by herself. Into the water she introduces an extract made from forest herbs, which she says is the best tonic for the skin she has yet discovered, and, judging by the beautiful complexion which Carmen Sylva, in spite of her sixty-six years, still retains, her praise of the merits of this extract is in no way exaggerated.

Busy English County.

The county of Lancashire, England, employs 116,200 people in its coal mines, producing 28,000,000 to 30,000,000 tons of coal yearly. In 1908 the output per person employed was 243.3 tons. The death and accident rate is high; last year 24 per cent. of the miners received injuries requiring medical attendance. Lives lost numbered 268.

Aspirations of Bettina

The whistle of the factory emitted a series of deafening shrieks, the roar of the machinery gradually subsided and the huge doors were thrown open, as a weary stream of humanity came forth from the gloomy walls into the dim twilight of the spring night.

"There goes our Lady Betty, head up in the air as usual," shouted one of the factory hands, as a tall, intelligent-looking girl made her way hurriedly through the crowd. "Look at the color in her face. She's mad clean through. Wonder what's happened now."

To these and similar remarks the lady referred to paid no attention, except to cast a glance of withering scorn upon her fellow employees. How she hated it all—the dusty noisy factory, the roar of the machinery, the stifling air, and most of all the bumptious foreman who was in charge! The color surged higher in her cheeks as she thought of the insults he had showered on her only that day. How she longed to get away from it all! She felt deep in her heart that here she was out of her sphere; she knew that she was fitted for better things.

Betty's one ambition was to write. She had fully intended to become an author some day, and with this end in view she had read everything within reach, and had scoured the libraries of the town, in the endeavor to improve her mind, and certainly there was not a more intelligent girl in town than she.

While walking home this spring evening she made a resolution. She would leave home and go to the city. Mother and the boys would take care of things at home, and in the city she could work and support herself and study besides. Perhaps there she would realize her ambition.

Two weeks later found Betty behind the counter in a department store in the city. Ah, but she had little dreamed of the difficulties to be encountered. Gradually her rosy dreams of the city faded and she became disillusioned. More than once her heart cried out for home and the dear ones there, but she struggled bravely on, determined to win.

With many misgivings was her first manuscript sent on its journey and Betty thought her heart must break when it came back, rejected, with the usual thanks. "They will accept my work; they must," she cried angrily, and straightway proceeded to despatch another article to the editor of a popular magazine. It was a really meritorious production, and Betty screamed for joy when she saw it in print.

"Now, my career has begun," she murmured happily, "and I know I will be a success, even if it takes years to accomplish. The folks at home may laugh at me but I will show them what I can do."

She thought of the little house in the factory town, and of the heavy mortgage encumbering it, and how hard it had been sometimes to scrape together even enough to pay the interest. With tearful eyes, she thought of the hard working little mother, even now grieving for her absent daughter, and with the tears came a firm resolution to make that mother proud of her in the days to come.

Ten years had passed. That they had brought trouble and care to Betty could be seen by the deep lines traced on the intellectual forehead and around the sensitive mouth. But with the trouble had come something else—success. Seldom did an article go now from her hands which was not accepted, and she was known and admired throughout the city. And the one great ambition of her life, the writing of her book, was soon to be realized. She had not seen the home folks since she had left the factory ten years before, and she had made up her mind not to go back until she could fulfil her promises and offer to the dear mother the laurels she had won in the strife. Her book was her life. In it she put all her heart, her longings and ambitions, all the pent-up emotions of her soul found vent in this product of her intellect.

A great reception was being held by Mrs. Payson Vandell, one of the most fashionable women in the city. That night she was to entertain Miss Bettina Wallace, the author of the most successful book of the year. Surely Betty's triumphant moment had arrived. Flushed with happiness, and conscious of a great joy within her heart, she moved through the stately throngs, the idol of the hour. Many were the comments passed upon her cleverness, her wit and intelligence.

"And to think she has made herself," said one stout matron. "How did she ever rise like this? They say she was only a factory girl 10 years ago."

"Well, her environments at that time were certainly not those calculated to inspire ambition," said Mrs. Vandell, looking proudly at Betty. "The girl is a genius, that's all."

But Betty cared not for the praise of the world, and that night, as she sat in the midnight train, rumbling noisily toward the little home town, she thought only of the words of love from the dear mother and the boys, and of their pride in her; and thinking these things she was conscious of a great peace descending upon her soul, for at last she had realized her ambition.—GERTRUDE DUNN.

Good Gunnery at Sea.

If our navy's gunners can shoot little targets so full of holes nobody is able to see the exact score they can shoot up an enemy's big battleships so thoroughly that nobody can tell or many care to know which guns won the victory. The target practice off the Virginia capes should make every American proud of our ships and of the men in them.

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STATEMENT OF THE CONDITION OF THE
First National Bank of Milford
in the State of Pennsylvania, at the close of business, June 30, 1910.

RESOURCES

Loans and discounts	$ 54,183.75
Overdrafts, secured and unsecured	195.[illegible]
U. S. bonds to secure circulation	25,000.00
Premiums on U. S. Bonds	900.00
Bonds, securities, etc.	99,567.50
Banking house, furniture and fixtures	1,898.96
Due from approved reserve agents	11,472.69
Checks and other Cash Items	167.81
Notes of other National Banks	120.00
Fractional paper currency, nickels and cents	178.39
Lawful Money Reserve in Bank, viz:	
Specie $ 8,926.00	
Legal-tender notes 25.00	
Redemption fund with U. S.	
Treasurer (5% of circulation)	1250.00
Total	$190,969.91

LIABILITIES

Capital stock paid in	$ 25,000.00
Surplus fund	15,000.00
Undivided profits, less expenses and taxes paid	8,610.89
National Bank notes outstanding	25,000.00
Individual deposits subject to check	108,949.91
Demand certificates of deposit	1,548.51
Certified checks	160.12
Total	$190,969.91

State of Pennsylvania, County of Pike, ss:
I, John C. Warner, Cashier of the above named bank, do solemnly swear that the above statement is true to the best of my knowledge and belief.
JOHN C. WARNER, Cashier.
Subscribed and sworn to before me this 8th day of July 1910.
J. C. CHAMBERLAIN, Notary Public.
Correct—Attest:
A. D. BROWN,
C. O. ARMSTRONG,
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The Noise in Wireless Telegraphy.

Many readers may be surprised to learn that the electric sparks employed in wireless telegraphy over long distances produce a noise that may be annoying for those living close by the station. At least this has been the experience at the Eiffel Tower in Paris, where the sparks from an apparatus possessing a power of 10 kilowatts have proved disagreeable to people several hundred yards away. Since it is now proposed to substitute apparatus of 40 kilowatts' power, with the hope of sending communications direct from Paris to New York, the generating station will be placed underground in order to smother the sound of the sparks.

Fine Point in Legal Testimony.

"So," said the judge, "you say that you never went to Chicago from Huntersville. Now this is a very important point in the case and I give you one more chance to explain, for you and Snyder were seen on the same train. Now you must be precise."

"No, sir, I never went to Chicago."

"Didn't Snyder go?"

"Yes, sir."

"And you were with him. Now out with it."

"Yes, sir," answered the witness after a pause. "You see, I told the truth, because it was this way: We sat opposite each other. He faced the engine. I didn't go to Chicago, I just backed away from Huntersville."

Big Heads and Large Minds.

Big men have larger heads than small men, as a rule, not because their bodies are larger. And, therefore, the proportion of the head to the whole organism must be taken into account. Again, a larger head may inclose a comparatively small brain, and a thick skull by no means indicates intellectual force. Still further, a small brain may have a very fine quality of organism, and a large brain may be very imperfectly organized. Taking all these factors into account, we cannot always be sure that the man wearing the biggest hat is the possessor of the biggest brain.

Time Table

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TRAINS NOW LEAVE PORT JERVIS AS FOLLOWS

EASTWARD

No. 46, Daily	4.10 A. M.
" 6 Daily Express	9.40 "
30, Local Except Sunday	9.16 "
48 Holidays only	6.20 "
" 8, Daily Express	6.54 "
702, Way Sunday Only	7.00 "
42, Local except Sun & Hol	7.38 "
30, Local Except Sunday	10.00 "
4, Daily Express	1.34 P. M.
701, Sunday Only	7.[illegible] "
44, Way daily exc't Sund'y	3.20 "
2, Daily Express	4.58 "
50, Way daily exc't Sunday	6.35 "
708, Local Sunday Only	7.18 "

WESTWARD

No 7, Daily Express	12.28 A. M.
" 47, Daily	3.50 "
17 Daily Milk Train	8.10 A. M.
" 1, Daily Express	11.34 "
" 115, For Ho'dale E'pt Sun.	12.15 P. M.
" 3, Express, Chicago limited	5.32 "
" 29, Daily Except Sunday	6.00 "
" 5, Limited Daily Express	10.08 "

Trains leave Chambers street, New York, for Port Jervis on week days at 4.30, 7.15, 9.10, 10.30 A. M., 1.00, 3.00, 4.30, 6.15, 7.15, 9.13, 12.45 P. M.
On Sundays, 7.30, 9.[illegible] A. M., 12.40, 1.15, 7.30, 9.15 P. M.

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