

# The Mt. Vernon Cream Co.

## IS PAYING \$1.55 FOR JULY MILK Testing From 3.7 to 4 Percent

Did the Pacific Coast Condensed Milk Co. (Carnation Condenser) give you a side check of about ten cents per hundred for your June milk? Their Mount Vernon shippers got \$1.35 per hundred pounds for June milk and a side check of 10 cents per hundred extra. Isn't your milk worth as much as the Mount Vernon Dairymen's? If so, demand \$1.45 for June and \$1.55 for July.

Do you want some clean legitimate COMPETITION at Forest Grove or Hillsboro? If you do we would be pleased to start a factory in your territory, providing you will agree to give us a reasonable amount of milk.

We pay all of our patrons the same price, no side checks.

The keen competition of the Mount Vernon Cream Co., at Mount Vernon, has forced the MILK TRUST to betray their Forest Grove, Hillsboro, Mouroe, Kent, Chehalis, Everson and Stanwood dairymen by paying these factories 10 cents less per hundred pounds than they do at Mount Vernon.

Think what better treatment and price you would get if the Mount Vernon Cream Co. were buying milk in your territory.

We agree and guarantee that the Mount Vernon Cream Company will pay more for milk for twelve months than any condenser in the state or on the Pacific Coast.

We have recently signed a contract for a \$100,000.00 factory at Ferndale, and are looking for other good locations.

### MOUNT VERNON CREAM COMPANY SEATTLE, WASHINGTON.

Read the Law of the State of Minnesota protecting the Dairymen against Trusts and Illegitimate methods. It is time for the dairymen to have protection in this State in like manner.

"Any person, firm, co-partnership or corporation engaged in the business of buying milk, cream or butterfat, for the purpose of manufacture, who shall with the intention of creating a monopoly, or destroying the business of a competitor, discriminate between different sections, localities, communities, or cities of this state, by purchasing such commodities at a higher price or rate in one locality, than is paid for the same commodity by said person, firm, co-partnership or corporation in another locality, after making due allowance for the difference, if any, in the actual cost of transportation from the locality of purchase to the locality of manufacture, shall be deemed guilty of unfair discrimination and upon conviction thereof, shall be punished by a fine, not to exceed five thousand dollars, or by imprisonment in the county jail, not to exceed six months."

The States of Iowa and Wisconsin have similar laws to protect the Dairymen.

## David Smith, Able Seaman

By LOUISE B. CUMMINGS

Captain Williams of the United States navy having had quite a long term of sea service was ordered to the command of one of the finest naval stations on the New England coast.

Miss Nellie Williams was in the heyday of youth, and visions of all sorts of pleasures danced in her head, the principal of which was flirting with the young officers with whom she would be thrown into contact. Her mother rejoiced that she would be able to introduce her daughter into society, which she could not have otherwise done because neither her husband nor herself had any fortune, and she was obliged to live a retired life.

But no sooner had the captain assumed command and his family been installed in the best quarters at the station than Miss Nellie must needs spoil it all by casting to the winds the most sacred traditions of the service. Of all the officers at the station, including several midshipmen of a suitable age to interest a girl of seventeen, not one succeeded in sufficiently engaging her attention to save her from bestowing not only it, but her whole heart, on an enlisted man.

No one can tell what a girl between fifteen and twenty is going to do, and when she does it no one can stop her. The difference in the navy between an enlisted man and an officer can best be illustrated by comparing a bramble bush with a pine tree. There are in these times many fine young men among the United States tars, but the grandson of a millionaire can no more overstep this sharply defined line between officer and enlisted man than can the cook in the galley.

A girl of seventeen is as easily caught as the stupidest fish that swims, and no one can tell who will catch her. Miss Williams one day went aboard a ship docked at the yard. And there she saw the young man who caught her. What it was in him that caught her no one could tell. True, he was a pretty boy, but there were other pretty boys who wore officers' uniforms, while the young man in question wore the sailor's cap, the blue fannel shirt with broad collar and the trousers tight about the hips and loose below the knees of a common sailor.

Now, Captain Williams, who found no difficulty in commanding his station, consisting of many strong men, found himself unable to discipline his daughter. He threatened, if ever she was caught speaking to the youngster again, to send her away. She made promises, but they were not kept. He would have ordered the sailor—David Smith was the name on his ship's roster—away from the station, but Miss Nellie's infatuation had become known and such action would be considered using official power to serve private interests, and the captain was very sensitive on such a point. Moreover, he feared that if he "put on the screw" his daughter might run away

with the tar. This would not only be her up to a common sailor, but a deserter.

How, when and where the tar and the captain's daughter contrived to hold their meetings no one knew. At least no one would tell. They had many adherents among the sailors, but none among the officers or their families. Finally it became apparent to Captain and Mrs. Williams that something must be done, and one morning Miss Nellie was informed that she was to be taken back to the quiet home.

There was nothing to do but submit, and what had promised to be such a fine thing for them ended in disappointment. And all this on account of Miss Nellie's having fallen in love with a common sailor instead of an officer.

One day Captain Williams received from Washington the discharge papers of a sailor named Howard Singleton. The discharge had been granted by the secretary of the navy at the request of the British minister. The case was brought to the commander's attention by the officer having the care of discharges because there was no such person as Howard Singleton at the station.

"Make inquiries for him," said the Captain: "he may have enlisted under an assumed name."

The officer retired and soon after returned with David Smith, able seaman. The captain, who knew him well, having had an interview with him concerning his daughter, looked at him in astonishment.

"Is your name Singleton?" asked Captain Williams.

"It is."

"Are you a British subject?"

"I am. My father is Sir Charles Singleton, a shipbuilder on the Clyde in Scotland. He builds ships for the British navy. I am to enter his service, but thought it better to learn something of warships by serving awhile on one of them. In the British navy I could not have preserved my income, so I chose the United States service."

"Ahem! And you go from here to Scotland to enter your father's works?"

"I do. But after consultation with my father I shall return for a purpose."

"What purpose?"

"To ask the hand of your daughter."

"Um," mumbled the captain. "Perhaps you'd better see your father about that."

Singleton went home, returned and took Nellie Williams back to Scotland with him.

### Short Stories.

Seven thousand women practice medicine in the United States.

All over the world sixty-seven people die every minute, or 96,480 every day.

It is officially estimated that there are 170,000,000 real negroes in the world.

It has been estimated that the earth can maintain a population of 6,000,000,000, a total which will be reached about the year 2100 at the present rate of increase.

The Panama-Pacific exposition has established a clearing house for lost children and relatives and has communication with the entire San Francisco telephone system.

## A MISTAKEN IDENTITY

By EDITH V. ROSS

One summer evening while strolling in the twilight Albert Hamilton was walking along beside a wall over which he could look into attractive grounds. Suddenly he heard a voice call:

"Bob!"

Turning, he saw a girl dressed in a dainty white costume coming down a slope. She was looking intently at him, so he stopped and waited for her.

"When I saw you coming," she said, "I was evidently much agitated. I supposed you had made up your mind not to believe that malicious story and were intending to tell me so. When I saw you pass my heart sank. Do come in and listen to what I have to say."

Mr. Hamilton was young; the girl was very pretty. She had evidently mistaken him for some one else, probably her lover. Surely the likeness must be something remarkable. He was about to set her right when it occurred to him that he could do so a few moments later just as well. He stood looking at her without speaking.

"Do come, Bob," she pleaded. "I can explain the matter to your satisfaction if you will only listen to me."

Here is a girl, thought Hamilton, who has been maligned to her lover. He has got up on his ear and gone off in a huff. Quite likely I may be of service to her. He mounted the wall and entered the grounds. Still undecided as to just when he had better make himself known, he said nothing, acting a part that might mean that he was or was not the person the girl evidently mistook him for. She stood before him, her eyes moistened with tears, and told him a story of woman's unquittingly that astonished him.

He resisted a temptation to take her in his breast and assured her that her explanation was perfectly satisfactory. But while he was straining a point of honor in listening to a story intended for another he would be expected to bestow a caress intended for that other. He racked his brain for a subterfuge in order to avoid doing so, his intention being to take advantage of the girl's mistake to benefit her. Moreover, he believed he could serve her better in his present position than under his own identity. Turning to her, he looked her in the eyes with a reassuring, a kindly expression, and said:

"I believe every word you have said, but there are reasons which I cannot explain to you why my outward recognition should not take place between us at present."

"There can be no other reason than that you have put her in my place and don't feel that you can be untrue to her until you have heard her reply to the charges I have made against her?"

"What luck! How kind of her to give him a far better reason than he could have invented himself."

"Nevertheless," he said, "it is only the form that needs to be observed."

"When shall I see you again?"

"Not till I hold every ace, bower and trump in the pack, including the Jolly Joker."

"Oh, what a relief!" she exclaimed, giving his hand a fervent pressure and looking up at him through tearful eyes.

He remembered the wall and dropped to the sidewalk. Turning, he saw her throwing a kiss, which his conscience permitted him to return in kind. Then, passing out of sight, he said to himself:

"By Jove! If I fall to bring the fellow round I'll lose my identity in his and do all the bawling myself."

Mr. Hamilton made the acquaintance of friends mutual to himself and the parties concerned, keeping himself in the background. Those who saw him were astonished at his likeness to Bob Mesereau, the recent fiance of Miss Letta Bartholow. Through them Hamilton transmitted his explanation, and unfortunately it came too late. Mesereau, unknown to Miss Bartholow, had been dividing his attentions between her and the girl who had traduced her and had gone too far with the latter to withdraw. He proved to be a weak man, and it is questionable if he dared withdraw. Her influence was strong enough to hold him.

Hamilton now considered how he could become Mesereau's substitute. He had found a Miss Everett, a bosom friend of Miss Bartholow, through whom he had sent his explanation, and with this lady he consulted. She fully exonerated him for the part he had played, and after the failure of her efforts to move Mesereau assisted him in extricating himself with the lady whom he had sought to benefit. Miss Everett volunteered to explain his action to Miss Bartholow.

All that passed between the two friends was never made known to Hamilton, but after a time he received a note from Miss Bartholow thanking him for his kind intentions toward her. Later Miss Everett went with him to call on the jilted girl, and when the latter saw him she studied his face, then admitted that she saw a difference, but was not surprised that she had not seen it under excitement.

Hamilton's first visit was not his last. He had surmised that his likeness to Mesereau would be an advantage with the lady. It proved the reverse, for she had turned bitterly against her former lover. Hamilton had not only to win her anew, but under this handicap. However, he succeeded in the end, the handicap being offset by Miss Bartholow's approval of what she was pleased to consider his honorable conduct when she mistook him for another.

### Current Comment.

As usual, the newest battleships are to be the largest in the world, but before they are completed larger ones will have been planned elsewhere.—Pittsburgh Dispatch.

Everybody seems to be down on the naval plucking board, and it now stands a very good chance of being plucked itself.—Philadelphia Press.

A Chicago professor person gives nine reasons "why boys go wrong." They don't, commonly, else the world would be unworkable.—New York World.

It is fine to have a bumper crop of alfalfa too. It is true, we don't eat alfalfa, but the creatures we eat will eat it, which is much the same thing.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

## The Kind Of Government He Liked

By JOHN G. LARNED

"In any event, the crown prince must not be exposed," said Von Bernstein.

"Which means that I must lose myself to the world."

The reply was made by Count Esterhoff, on whose person had been found a pack of marked cards. A party of young noblemen and the prince had been playing backgammon. His royal highness had lost heavily, and Esterhoff had won. In order to force the latter to return his winnings the prince, who sat near the winner, slipped the marked pack into his pocket and then accused him of having won his money by cheating. To prove his accusation he demanded that Esterhoff be searched, and the cards were found.

No one was deceived, nor was it intended that any one should be deceived. The scheme was to effect the return of the money the prince had lost to Esterhoff without the latter appearing obliged to demean himself by accepting it as a gift.

"There is a way out of it if you choose to avail yourself of it," said Bernstein.

"What way?"

"Give up what you have won to the prince and the matter will be hushed up."

"That would be to acknowledge myself guilty. I prefer to appear guilty to the world and preserve my own self respect."

"Nonsense, count. It is our duty to preserve the sovereign from reproach. He belongs to the people. Let them lose confidence in him and what follows? Anarchy."

Esterhoff stood firm. He was exalted from the prince's set on the ground that he had used marked cards. He gave his winnings to the poor, which was considered a proof that his conscience had in the end got the better of him. Under the name of Peter Esterhoff he went to America. His family estates had been lost by his father, and it was his ambition to make money and redeem them.

Twenty years rolled by. The crown prince had become king under the title of Oscar VIII. He had remained a gambler and a spendthrift, though the ill success to recoup his losses with Count Esterhoff had kept him from trying such a method again. During the two decades that had since passed he had become personally bankrupt. All that saved him was that the wealthy nobility, fearing that if he collapsed he would carry the government and them down with him, kept him aloof.

A wealthy American came to the capital and took a residence. He was unmarried and lived entirely alone. Nobody knew why he had come, why he remained or what he did with himself. Bankers knew that he had brought with him unlimited credit from America, and it seemed to them that the money he drew was expended for something, though they did not know what.

One day the king received notice from a lawyer that one of his notes which was due must be paid at once. Oscar forwarded the note through his chamberlain to a noble who had been appointed by the other nobles to take care of the king's debts. The amount was paid, but so far that it was found impossible to take care of them. His majesty was informed that there was danger of a public scandal. Many of those claims were for money advanced for illegitimate purposes. The king asked who was pressing them and was told that an American millionaire was supposed to be at the bottom of it all.

One morning the American received a "command" to appear at the palace. He replied that he had no wish to visit the king, if the king wished to see him he would find him at home. The next day the royal carriage stopped at the American's house; the king alighted and was received in the drawing room.

"I have called," said Oscar, "to learn the meaning of your having bought up claims against me and pressing them for payment."

"Perhaps your majesty may remember when you were crown prince slipping a pack of marked cards into my pocket."

"Your pocket?"

"I am Count Esterhoff."

The king blanched.

"I have kept those cards," continued Esterhoff, "and would like to sell them to your majesty."

"How much do you ask for them?" inquired Oscar after collecting his faculties.

"Two hundred thousand American dollars for each card."

"Great heavens, man! What do you mean?"

"I mean that in my youth I lived under a system wherein the chief men and women found it to their interest to support injustice. If your people still feel the same in this matter let them raise \$10,000,000 and buy the cards. I hold your notes to that amount, and the notes will go with the cards."

After a great effort those whose fortunes depended on the stability of the government raised the amount. As fast as the money came in they would redeem one or more cards and corresponding notes till all were taken up. Then Esterhoff instead of redeeming his family domains went back to America. He said he had no use for a government except of the people, by the people and for the people.

### Flippant Flings.

Archery is becoming fashionable again. And just when the eugenists thought they had drummed Cupid out of camp.—New York Sun.

England points with pride to the fact that the militant suffragettes have not yet dared to attack that last stronghold, the Isle of Man.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Good cheer cometh from Boston to the man the hairs of whose head are too evenly numbered. A hospital at

the Hub announces a cure for baldness. But if it works who is to sit hereafter in the front row at the beauty show?—New York World.

### Three Strikes.

Certainly there is room in Chicago for three baseball pennants.—Chicago News.

Once in awhile an umpire appears who makes the fans wish a few militant suffragettes would take an interest in the game.—Washington Star.

The baseball war has not made any one any richer and has clogged the dockets of the courts. It ought to be called off.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

### The Cookbook.

Fried food should not be allowed to become chilled before serving.

To make cabbage digestible, when half boiled pour off the water and place in fresh boiling water.

In testing the oven for cake baking remember that greater heat is required for a cake baked in layers than for a single loaf.

If eggs are to be stuffed they must be put into cold water as soon as they are taken from the stove. This will keep the whites in better shape.

Visitor—Why have you put two hot water bottles in my bed, Bridget?

Bridget—Sure, ma'am, was of them was leaking, and I didn't know which, so I put both in to make sure.—Current Opinion.

"I must disguise myself again," said old Detective Topp.

He touched a button on his vest and turned into a shop.

—Philadelphia Ledger.

Mistress—That's a nicely made dress you have on, Jane. It's like the new parlormaid's, isn't it?

Jane is close student of the fashion catalogue.—Oh, no, ma'am, this is quite a different creation.—Punch.

The lawyer weaned and lost the maid. Her love was warm, but short.

But she was brought to terms, for he sued for contempt of court.

—Philadelphia Ledger.

"Mrs. Blitzer has a fine disposition, hasn't she? And gets on with her husband, doesn't she?"

"Indeed, yes. Why, she would get on with anybody's husband."—Life.

Come, Maude, into the garden go and pluck a juicy mango.

Then down the mango, all gravelled smooth, let's munch and dance the tango.

—Baltimore American.

Little Brother—Bet he'd kiss you if I weren't here!

Sister—You insolent boy! Go away this very minute.—Penn State Froth.

The shirts now fit 'em like a glove, but when the button hit 'em, Maude like a jilted bawling dove is how their shirts will fit 'em.

—New York Mail.

"Here, waiter!"

"Yes, sir!"

"You said you had some fresh dew berries. These you brought are over-due berries."—Exchange.

"Why does you call dat ole male 'Fac'?"

"A dinged queer name, Egh Rings!"

"Why, Rufus, I calla dat male 'Fac' 'Cause fac's am stubborn things!"

—Philadelphia Ledger.

"Time flies," quoted the sage.

"Yes," replied the fool. "But he isn't crazy enough to loop the loop like some of the modern fliers."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

How beautiful the stars appear under the lens' wondrous spell, and yet it features, seems to me, the chorus girls out quite as well.

—New York Sun.

"There ain't nothin' had about me, lady," said the tramp at the door.

"No," said the Boston lady with the eyeglasses. "How about your grammar?"—Yonkers Statesman.

Love, honor and obey—the marriage vows. Aye for vows so promising, so smoking! Full many a bride will simply knit her brows.

When mildly asked to darn her hubby's stockings.

—Judge.

"I don't know what to call this new runner we've planted."

"Why not call it the Marathon vine?"

—Baltimore American.

The year's at the spring, and day's at the noon; Morning's at seven; We are all upset; For we're on the wing; The cat looks forlorn; We leave at eleven; The house is to let.

—Milwaukee Journal.

"She's very formal, isn't she?"

"Very. She even objected when the parrot spoke to her without being introduced."—Detroit Free Press.

By now the groom of June no doubt would like to meet the simple John. Who very often pointed out that two could live as cheap as one.

—Detroit Free Press.

"The Beegins are a remarkable family."

"How so?"

"They have a boy seven years old and they don't call him 'Buster'."—New York Press.

There was a young man of Racine invented a flying machine.

It was good as could be, with one drawback. You see, the thing wouldn't fly worth a bean.

—Milwaukee Free Press.

"Was it a bad accident?"

"Well, I was knocked speechless, and my wheel was knocked speechless."—Christian Register.

I herewith discourse on the subject of sorrow; The troubles that kill are the troubles we borrow!

—Judge.

"He is a man, I am told, of sedentary habits."

"No such thing! He never touches a drop."—Baltimore American.

Spring has been and blooms in bud on display.

And eleven kinds of mud, by the way.

—Pittsburgh Post.

## THE MAN OF A THOUSAND

By M. QUAD

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They called him "Judge" because in the far west you were "colored" or "judged." As James looked more like a judge than a man, they called him as I have said. He was a mine owner, and many things went wrong he could not do but he didn't do it in a vulgar way. He was always a gentleman, even when he was the hardest. As a matter of fact, the judge's motto was "voluntarily" and he carried it out in his clothes, his cigars, his dinner.

I have it on good authority that Judge Dale was not vulgarly when he received word from home that his handsome wife, to whom he had been married five years and who was visiting friends, had taken an elopement with a young man. He went through the daily routine just the same for two or three days, and he had the same placid look and the same even voice as he called his head clerk into his private office and said:

"Thomas, I am going away for a few days, and you will take charge."

"Yes, sir," replied Thomas, and the next morning the judge was on his way to Denver. He picked up his hat without having allowed anyone to soiled the polish of his shoes. He met friends and talked politics and estate and mines, and, lighting a cigar, he took a train for the west, arriving in New York city, he paid a detective to locate the couple.

A steamer was sailing for the last terminus at the end of the fourth day and when she departed the judge was one of her passengers. There were more than a hundred others, and as the weather was also stormy for the first two or three days out, he commented on the fact that he saw a seaman who was registered as Judge Davis stuck close to his cabin and that his meals brought to him by a steward. Judge Dale had changed his name, he had no idea of returning to his job. There were singular and unusual and a cluster of dimes to all the passengers finally gathered together for the first time since leaving Sandy Hook. To the right of the captain sat one of the headmost men and one of the finest looking young men on the list, but, taken together, it was a grand array of wealth and culture. Dinner was fairly subtle and the lady on the captain's right was beginning when she happened to see her eyes down the table and her face went as white as death in a word. Half a dozen people caught her look as she whispered to her supposed husband:

"John, there is the judge!"

The man looked, and the one out of his cheeks and his jaw set. Near the foot of the table sat the man who had taken a new name. He was cool and placid, and only the gleam of a smile hovered around his mouth. He looked the woman and the man full in the eyes for a minute, but made no sign of recognition.

"What is it?" asked the captain.

"Mrs. Bemis' shuddered and gasped and seemed on the point of fainting.

"A sudden illness—best the doctor," she stammered as she left the table for her stateroom.

At every meal Major Dale had the guilty pair. Some of the passengers suspected nothing, but others insisted that there was a queer story about. The major gave notice that it wouldn't have been good for the woman avoided him as far as possible, but two or three times a day he had to excuse to speak to her.

The steamer was to call at the Azores. One morning about 10 o'clock she made harbor, and it was given aboard that she would not get over before midnight. Everybody was anxious for a brief run ashore, everybody, but Mrs. Bemis. She feared that she might overexert and bring on another attack of heart trouble. Mr. Bemis decided to stay with her when their Davis hunted him out and said:

"I trust you will make one of a little party going ashore, and that you will bring your revolver along as I shall mine?"

"The party is—is" began Mr. Bemis as his face blanched.

"A very exclusive one—just the lot of us, you see. You have a pack, I suppose?"

"Yes."

"Ah, of course! We may had guns, you know. Do you wish to speak to your wife first?"

"No."

"She's gone to lie down, old! She let's be off."

The two engaged a boat as was landing and pulled away to a wooded cape, and