

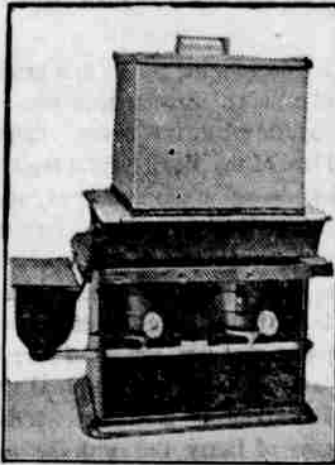
# DAIRY

## MILK STERILIZER IS FAVORED

Cheap and Effective Device That Has Important Bearing on High Grade Product.

(Prepared by the United States Department of Agriculture.)

The simple steam sterilizer for dairy utensils developed by the United States department of agriculture is meeting with great favor from municipal milk and health authorities. The device has been demonstrated by the health authorities in 172 cities and 99 officials have written to the depart-



Homemade Sterilizer.

ment praising the value of the device in improving the local milk supply. Thirty-seven health officers report that the device is being made locally for use by dairymen. Several dairy milk inspectors stated positively that the local milk supply has been improved through the introduction of this device. During the past season the sterilizer was demonstrated to more than 6,000 farmers and was made the subject of a campaign in favor of clean milk utensils that reached thousands of dairy farmers. Twenty-six of the state agricultural colleges secured devices to demonstrate to their short-course students. The device is now being made commercially and can be purchased complete with oil stove for \$8.50; or the sterilizer portulone, which provides apparatus for sterilizing pans, pails, separator parts, small utensils and strainer cloth, can be purchased for \$5.50. Directions for making the home sterilizer are given in Farmer's Bulletin 748, which will be sent free on application to the department.

## WITHIN A MONTH

By ETHEL V. HALL.

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Violet sat on the top rail of the fence, smiling to herself. She was thinking of the words she had had with her mother a month before.

Violet's health was not very good, and the doctor had ordered her to the country for the summer. She laughed out loud as she thought of these words:

"Now, mother, I won't stay in the lonely old country, and no one can make me, either. You know I'm used to a crowd, and dancing and everything! Goodness, I'll die there. I tell you I won't go."

But nevertheless, Violet went to her Uncle Henry's farm, and now she thought that nothing could induce her to go back to the dirty, close city.

She loved Uncle Henry's country ways, and no one could be any nicer than dear Aunt Ellen.

"Come, Sport, old dog. Let's take a run," said Violet, jumping from the fence and starting down the field with Sport, a large collie dog, close at her heels.

"Now, Sport, I'm going to roll down this hill, and don't you laugh at me, either," said Violet, giving his ear a twitch. But Sport enjoyed barking at her as much as she enjoyed the rolling. She reached the bottom of the hill, sat up straight and found that her only companion had deserted her.

She called his name and was answered by a bark. The sound came from the woods, so she scrambled to her feet and ran in that direction.

When she came to the tall fir trees Sport came running out holding a piece of paper in his mouth.

"What's this?" questioned Violet, reading the note and looking suspiciously into the woods.

The note ran: "It was great fun watching you roll down that hill. I would like to see you do it again tomorrow at the same time. I'm going to talk with you, too."

Violet skipped back to the house to help Aunt Ellen prepare supper. She was unusually silent, and was inter-

ested to hear Uncle Henry say:

"Ellen, that young Billy Morris came home yesterday."

"Is that so?" replied Aunt Ellen.

"I suppose the young girls will look their prettiest, but I bet Vi will outshine them all," said Uncle Henry mischievously. "Vi, that young fellow would make you a good husband."

"Now, uncle, you're always telling me that someone would make me a good husband. How do you know I'm looking for a husband?" said Violet, bobbing her curls.

"Well, I never saw a girl of nineteen that wasn't looking for a husband. I'll bet if you met him you would be engaged to him within a month."

"Now, Henry," protested his wife, but Henry got up and kissed the rest of the sentence away.

The next afternoon, a little before the appointed time Violet went to her "thinking seat."

She had been seated there only a few minutes when Sport came and stood before her with another note in his mouth.

This read: "Sport came too soon, but I am waiting."

"I'll do it just to see what happens," and she ran to the top of the hill, lay down, closed her eyes and let herself go full speed.

When almost to the bottom she stopped with a jerk. She had bumped into something, and whatever it was had fallen with a thud.

She sat up and opened her big blue eyes to look into the face of a young man, sitting on the grass in front of her, smiling and showing two rows of perfect white teeth. She put her hand over her mouth to keep from screaming.

"Now don't run off, young lady," he said. "I tried to stop you easy, but you came so swift you knocked me over."

"Are you the —?" she asked, but got no further, for he said:

"Yes, I'm the mysterious writer of the note. My name is Billy Morris. What's yours?"

"Mine's Violet Snow."

After talking some time, Violet rose to go.

"Don't forget tomorrow at the same time," said Billy, as he watched her little body run up the hill.

For a month they met every day, but no one knew it besides Sport and Daisy. At last Uncle Henry said:

"It's a funny thing I can't get hold of that young Morris to come here. If I told him there was a pretty girl here I bet he would come. In double-quick time, too!"

"Now, uncle," cautioned Violet, shaking her curls.

"Well, I'll keep my word; I bet if you met him you would be engaged within a month."

"I bet I would, too," sang Violet as she skipped out of the house, and Uncle Henry looked in wonderment at his wife.

That night, before dark, Violet very slyly kept peeking out of the window, and at last her heart seemed to beat harder than ever before, when she saw him coming.

"Well," said Uncle Henry, "here comes that Billy Morris now," but he got no further, for he was some surprised to see Violet run down to the gate to meet Billy. When Violet came in again she said: "Uncle Henry, you've won your bet. I met Billy just a month ago today," and she held up her hand for inspection of a lovely little solitaire on her fourth finger.

## RAPID STRIDES IN SURGERY

War Has Brought Discoveries That Alleviate Pain and Heal the Most Dangerous Wounds.

"Blipp" is one of the new words that will be added to the dictionary as the direct outcome of the war. "Blipp" is a combination of bismuth, iodoform and paraffin paste, and is the name given to one of the most important surgical discoveries of Dr. Rutherford Morrison, a famous operative surgeon of London. It exercises a strange charm upon the treatment of dangerous wounds.

In the early days of the war doctors employed the older forms of curative surgery, which entailed long periods of suffering to the wounded soldier. By the new process the destroyed tissues and infected areas are excised, the parts thoroughly drenched with pure spirit, and after the application of a thin layer of "blipp" the wound can in many cases be sewn up immediately with every prospect of primary union and no further distress to the patient. Even wounds associated with bone injuries or damaged joints, have been successfully treated by this method, and compound fractures have lost much of their seriousness.

One of the most marvelous cases is recorded at a London military hospital. A piece of shell penetrated a soldier's chest and diaphragm, passing into the abdominal cavity. These terrible injuries healed without subsequent ill consequences, the track of the missile being excised and the wound sutured after a thorough application of "blipp." Similar success has been attained in cases of gas gangrene, which is deprived of its chief terror since the germs of this infection can no longer thrive.

## HAVE QUEER PETS

Lonely Men in Signal Tower Welcome All Sorts.

Cockroach That Likes Tobacco and Drinks Ink Is One Visitor—Toad Came Regularly for Its Feast of Flies.

A Boston and Maine railroad signal towerman tells this story of pets he has made in his lonely perch above the tracks:

At midnight nine months ago a cockroach crept out from under the telegraph desk and began to drink out of the inkwell; just about that time I laid my cigar down on the desk and began to work the telegraph key.

The cockroach walked over to my cigar and sucked at the moist end for a second or so, then ran to the inkwell again and took a drink, then came back to the cigar; he repeated this performance several times and staggered away drunk as a lord.

Every night around midnight for the past nine months this cockroach has drunk from the inkwell on my desk and either sucked the moist end of my cigar or some moistened tobacco I place near the inkwell for him.

One of the boys found a tiny muskrat in the marsh back of the signal tower one day, and he brought it into the tower. The muskrat became very tame and proved a most affectionate pet. He slept on the desk near the telegraph instruments for over two years. Although he went out very often, he wouldn't stay long, and would scratch at the door until some of us would run downstairs and let him in. Unfortunately our pet was killed by a freight train while crossing the tracks near the tower one day.

After the muskrat died we brought in a tiny woodchuck that a trainman had captured out on the line, and he became very much attached to all of us, and, like the muskrat, he became a very clever and amusing pet. "Shuck" stayed with us two years, and finally he disappeared one day. Possibly some dog got him, or he may have been crushed by a train.

For the past 20 years an English sparrow has nested in the eaves of the tower, and this sparrow flies in and out of the tower at will, picks up bread crumbs on the floor and catches an occasional cockroach. What worries the tower men is that our pet sparrow may some day eat our pet cockroach.

Last year a toad hopped up on to the doorstep of the tower and sat there blinking. One of the boys fed him a fly and the toad gobbled it in an instant, and every afternoon all summer long that toad hopped up on to the step and ate flies as fast as the railroad men would feed them to him. The boys took turns and fed him in relays; the yardmaster said the boys were neglecting their work to feed the toad; but he became so fascinated watching the performance that he caught flies for an hour one day and fed the toad.

I'm afraid the toad will go hungry this summer if he shows up, for we're too busy moving war supplies to bother with feeding pets around a railroad yard.

Every stray dog that ever wandered into the ward has found a haven in the tower, and several litters of puppies have been born there.

We've had cats galore; one cat in particular was a snake catcher, and she brought in a snake nearly every day.

## Stole Sugar by Bucketfuls.

Sugar thieves employed an ingenious method the other day at Launceston, Australia. A quantity of sugar had been bought for export but, ships not being immediately available, it was decided to store the stuff at the port. Accordingly huts were built on the wharves, but as the decking had shrunk somewhat, tarpaulins were first laid down, and then the sugar bags placed on this. The doors were locked, and a watchman placed in charge. When the time came to empty the sheds the bottom tier of bags were found flat and empty, with a slit in the under side. Each slit corresponded with one in the tarpaulin directly over spaces in the planking. The method of the sugar thieves was simple. When the tide was about halfway up the piles, a boat was taken under the wharves as near as possible to the stores, and then it was only a matter of crawling over the ties, knife and bucket in hand, until the right spot was reached.

## Brave Act Rewarded.

Arthur G. Palmer, a water tender attached to the United States ship O'Brien was overboard and struggling in the water. A strong ebb tide was running and Palmer had all he could do to keep from going down. At the moment when he was near exhaustion David Goldman, a machinist's mate, second class, jumped overboard and, beating his way through the rough water, reached the man and brought him to safety. He has been

commended by the secretary of the navy for this action. Goldman enlisted in the navy in 1911 at San Francisco.

## Concrete Ship in Norway.

Commercial Agent Norman L. Anderson reports the launching of a 600-ton concrete ship from the Fougner yards at Moss, Norway. The ship has four water-tight compartments; the engine, a 220-horsepower Bolinder motor, is placed aft. The boat has two large holds and two hatches, each equipped with a two-ton motor winch.

## MAKES LIVING PEDDLING TIME

Somewhat Peculiar Occupation of English Girl Is Said to Bring Her a Fair Income.

Probably no other hill in the world has had so strangely varied a history or played so important a part in the affairs of men as that at Greenwich, in England. The granite line across the footpath on its summit is the meridian from which the longitude on every British map and chart is calculated. All England sets its time by the mean solar clock. There is a large galvano-magnetic clock fixed on the outside wall of the observatory and divided into 24 hours. There are many who believe that this clock is kept going by the sun. They do not know that the fixed stars are the real time-keepers from which Britons check their daily progress.

To this galvano-magnetic clock in the wall comes every Monday a woman, Miss Belleville of Maidenhead, who makes \$2,500 a year out of the queerest occupation in the world. She sells the time to London watchmakers. Many years ago the then astronomer royal suggested to her father that if he took the corrected time of a certified chronometer every week he could no doubt find numerous clients. So Mr. Belleville bought a watch made for the duke of Essex and then worked up a business with it. When he died his widow sold the time until she reached the age of eighty-one, and then she handed over the business to her daughter. When Miss Belleville visits Greenwich at the beginning of every week her chronometer is corrected and she is given an official certificate. From that her 50 customers correct their watches and clocks.

## Yanks Always Happy.

A regiment of American soldiers, brigaded with an English regiment that had seen much service and acting under the immediate orders of an English brigadier general, recently marched for six hours under a broiling sun to a point where a German attack was expected, although it failed to materialize, and, while the English sat down and "looked glum" the Americans gathered in groups and sang, "Hall! Hall! the Gang's All Here!"

The British officer commanding told the newspaper correspondent, says the Louisville Post, that he had never seen such troops. They never seemed to get tired and were always in a good humor and could see amusing things in situations which appealed to the soldiers of other nations as anything but funny.

"Hall! Hall! the Gang's All Here!" may seem to some somewhat of a comedown from the stirring music of "The Campbells Are Coming" but we imagine before the war is over it will be almost as popular an air with our allies of the French and English.

## Boer' Leisure Reported.

On several occasions, says Popular Science Monthly, when an executive's assistant desired to converse with his superior the former was busy on the telephone, so he had to wait.

To open the door every few minutes for the purpose of looking in or to have the operator notify you when the receiver has been hung up is both annoying and time-consuming. A private concern has installed an inexpensive device which eliminates the embarrassment.

The executive's telephone has an extra connection which automatically lights a small blue light at the assistant's office when the former is using his phone. As soon as the executive hangs up the receiver the light goes out and the assistant knows that his superior is accessible.

This device, which is very inexpensive, consists of two pieces connected with wires which run through the cord to the assistant's office.

## Few Whites in India.

Compared with India's 314,000,000 dark-skinned natives, that country has but about 300,000 white inhabitants.

## Trains into Monmouth

L've Portland 7:15, a. m., Geflinger 10:20, Independence 10:32, Monmouth 10:50	
" Salem 9:35, " " " " " " " " " "	
" " 1:40, p. m. " " " " " " " " " "	Dallas 2:45, " " " " " " 3:10
" " 3:45, " " " " " " " " " "	Gerlinger 4:24, Independence 4:37, Monmouth 4:55
" " 6:00, " " " " " " " " " "	" " 6:45, " " " " " " 7:10
" Portland 3:30, Connects with above	
" Corvallis 6:45, a. m. " Independence 7:35, " " " " " " " " " "	Arrive Monmouth 7:45
" " 1:15, p. m. " " " " " " " " " "	" " 2:14, " " " " " " 2:30
" Dallas 7:00, a. m. Arrive Monmouth 7:25	
" Airlie 8:30, a. m. and 3:45, p. m. Arrives Monmouth 9:05 a. m. and 4:14 p. m.	
Leave Independence, 6:50 a. m., 7:35, 8:45, 10:35, 12:20, 1:30, p. m., 2:20, 3:50, 4:40, 7:00	

## Trains out of Monmouth

L've Monmouth 7:05 a. m., Independence 7:35, Geflinger 7:49, Ar Salem 8:30	
" Same as above " " " " " " " " " "	Portland 11:10
" Monmouth 1:45, p. m. " " " " " " " " " "	" " 2:14, " " " " " " 2:27, Salem 3:10
" Same as above " " " " " " " " " "	Portland 5:50
" Monmouth 4:05, " " " " " " " " " "	" " 4:40, " " " " " " 4:55, Salem 5:30
" " 9:05, a. m. " " " " " " " " " "	Dallas 10:00, " " " " " " 11:00
" " 4:30, p. m. " " " " " " " " " "	" " 4:45, " " " " " " 5:35
" " 9:05, a. m., Independence 10:32, Corvallis 11:20	
" " 4:55, p. m. " " " " " " " " " "	" " 6:57, " " " " " " 7:45
" " 7:25 a. m. and 3:10 p. m. Arrives Airlie 8 a. m. and 3:40 p. m.	
Leave Monmouth 7:05, a. m., 8:15 9:05, 10:50, 12:30, M., 1:45, p. m., 2:35, 4:15, 4:55, 7:10	

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