

THE GRANGE

Conducted by
J. W. DERRICK, Chairman, N. Y.
Press Correspondent New York State
Grange

FARM EXCHANGE

Advantage of Co-operation is
Shown on Long Island.

A Potato Exchange That Did a Gross
Business of \$407,685.63 on a Capital
Stock of \$12,000—What These Farm-
ers Did Others May Do.

Riverhead, N. Y., is headquarters of the Long Island Potato Exchange, a co-operative organization that is making money for its stockholders by saving it. From the American Agriculturist we take some figures concerning the society's operations that will show what farmers can do if they will be loyal to themselves and to organization and will properly grade their products.

During the year the exchange handled 422,069 bushels of produce shipped in 706 cars as compared with 365,318 bushels shipped in 624 cars last year, an increase of 56,751 bushels, or about 16 per cent. The grain handling increased from \$3,354 the previous year to \$14,879 this year.

The sale of paris green, vitriol, soda, lime, etc., shows several hundred dollars increase. It is expected that these commodities will be handled in car lots before long. While paris green was sold at a lower price this year than last, it is believed that with equal market conditions for crude material the exchange can offer it for even less next year. It is expected that the exchange will ultimately handle practically everything needed by the farm.

The average amount of money invested in the exchange is slightly over \$20.50—that is, each member averages four and a fraction shares. There are now 663 stockholders, who own 2,492 shares at \$5. This gives a paid up capital of \$12,460 on each. The exchange has done a gross business of \$407,685, having turned over the capital about thirty-four times during the year. The treasurer handled an average of over \$1,300 each working day during the year.

Last year 1,000 tons of fertilizer and chemicals were sold, this year 3,953 tons. But of this amount only 2,877 tons could be delivered because the fertilizer company failed to fill orders. The volume of business done by the exchange upon its small capital necessitated borrowing money at interest from the banks. This money could just as well have been paid to stockholders.

To sum up the season's experience, the exchange is making wonderful progress in spite of difficulties. It is gaining ground continually and certainly will become a larger factor in the business of the island because of its increasing strength as a buying and selling organization. All that is needed is the loyal support of every member to build up business.

The report of the secretary-treasurer, E. M. Robinson, shows a total transaction of \$407,685.63, divided as follows:

Fertilizers and seed potatoes	\$57,686.00
Paris green, etc.	4,591.47
Coal	85.25
Grain	14,879.00
Potatoes	287,666.88
Total	\$407,685.63

The gross business of the previous year amounted to \$340,434, leaving a balance in favor of the second year of \$57,254.

Farm and Grange.

Farm specials on New Hampshire railroads have been prohibited by the legislature. Foolish!

New York state granges have been aiding Massachusetts dairy men in their war with milk contractors by withholding milk intended to be shipped from New York to Boston dealers.

Granges are opposed to the sale of oleo as butter. No wonder! Last year over 92,000,000 pounds of oleo were manufactured, but only 6,000,000 pounds were sold as colored oleo and paid the ten cent tax.

Governor Hughes vetoed all the bills for new agricultural schools on the ground that those already existing should first prove their right to exist. This is grange doctrine.

New Granges Since April 1.

The number of granges organized and reorganized from April 1 to June 30, both inclusive, is as follows:

Organized—California, 2; Colorado, 1; Connecticut, 1; Idaho, 3; Kansas, 3; Maine, 2; Maryland, 1; Massachusetts, 1; Michigan, 30; Minnesota, 1; New York, 4; Oregon, 8; Ohio, 9; Pennsylvania, 7; Rhode Island, 1; South Dakota, 1; Washington, 17; total, 92.

Reorganized—Kentucky, 1; Massachusetts, 1; Michigan, 1; Ohio, 1; Pennsylvania, 2; Washington, 1; West Virginia, 1; total, 8.

Government Seeds Taboo.

The Lisbon (Me.) grange returned a large package of government seeds to Congressman Swasey, their representative, and asked him to keep them, as they had no use for them. And the farmers of Lisbon grange were not alone in such action, so far as we can learn.

Helping the Cause.

Linwood grange, Livingston county, N. Y., recently sold a carload of old papers for \$101. The members gathered these papers from their homes and netted a very nice sum for the grange.

HERE THEY ARE.

The New Sanitary Milk Pails.



THE NEW SANITARY MILK PAIL.

Here you are again—a sanitary milk pail of heavy tinned wire that will be of interest to the farmer's wife. The top of the pail is formed with a gradual rise for about three inches on the sides and back, and from this point an oval shaped hood is formed with a total rise of four inches from the level of the top of the pail, which covers the entire top of the pail with the exception of eight inches on the front rim of the pail and five and a half in height, made without seams, which makes a lower milk pail than any on the market. It has a rounding hood which is not in the way when used. There are no corners or cracks, says the Hardware Magazine, for milk or moisture to collect and sour or cause rust.

Take Warning!

"Take warning!" is a motto that should be posted in large letters on every bottle and can of gasoline that is kept in the house.

This cleansing fluid is as useful as it is dangerous under careless handling. Here are a few precautions which observed will reduce danger to a minimum:

Keep it outdoors when not in use, as in many cases fire insurance is lost if it can be proved that gasoline was on the premises.

Be careful how you clean gloves on the arm. Dreadful accidents have happened in this way.

Never keep the gasoline can near the coal oil can. They look too much alike.

A woman went to light a lamp and discovered that it flamed in a curious way—indeed, shot up almost to the ceiling. It was discovered later that the maid had filled the lamp with oil until one can was exhausted, then had taken the gasoline can, which looked exactly like it. A slightly smaller proportion of the oil and great would have been the tragedy.

Do not close a house for the summer with gasoline or coal oil in it, though you may think it is securely put away.

A Summery Hat.

Paris is growing crazy over everything that is reminiscent of the North American Indian's attire. Why? Well, that is one of the modish licenses that the gay French capital appropriates without any apparent reason. The Apache hat is the latest eccentricity—a high turban of chiffon or tulle adorned with an upstanding headdress of feathers that slopes and gradually declines toward the back of the hat.



THE EVER POPULAR LINGERIE EFFECT.

Then we have the oriental turban, a swathed affair that will be a modish shape in the fall with the addition of a narrow ruffle of lace extending beyond the frame all around the face. But, with all these freaky specimens of millinery, the lingerie hat for summer is ever a favorite. The model illustrated is a chic example of the large lingerie hat on the bowl shape order. Swiss embroidered muslin is the material used, edged with lace. The trimming is lace edged mauve satin.

A Simple Prize.

A woman who was limited in her prize giving in a club to 25 cents a prize bought three sheets of blotters and a yard of ribbon to match. The former cost 5 cents apiece, the latter 10 cents.

Each of the blotters was cut into four round mats large enough to extend slightly beyond the bottom of a dinner plate. The twelve pieces were neatly tied together with ribbon, with a fluffy bow on top, and the mats were ready for the careful housekeeper to slip between her fine china plates to prevent scratching.

For White Spots.

If the varnished surface of a piece of furniture is injured by chloroform, camphor or any other liquid which dissolves varnish, rub the spot at once with olive oil or linseed oil.

"After You, Sir"

By F. TOWNSEND SMITH

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While sauntering leisurely along a thoroughfare, smoking, largely for the purpose of killing time, I was accosted by a gentlemanly, well dressed man who doffed his hat before speaking to me.

"I beg pardon, sir," he said, "but could you spare me a little of your time?"

"For what purpose, sir?"

"That is not easy to explain on the street. If you will step inside I will show you rather than tell you."

"Inside where?"

"Right here."

He pointed to an open door, and I could see a staircase. The building seemed to be unused.

There are people who seem to have a power to make other people obey them, not by force, not always by insistence. In this case the man was so gentlemanly in his request that I did not like to refuse him. At any rate, before I realized what I was doing I had gone to the upper floor of an unoccupied building with a person who had accosted me on the street and asked me to go with him, for what purpose he had not explained. This seems to me now absurd on the face of it, and at the time I knew that I should do no such thing, but I couldn't help it.

He took me into a room on the second floor. In its center was what looked to me to be a hot air furnace, only it was neither round nor square, but oblong. He closed the door behind us, and I heard a click. I didn't like it, for it sounded as though it came from a lock that closed automatically. I was about to turn and get out of the place, but my pride held me, and I waited to be informed further as to this strange proceeding. The gentleman led me to a corner of the room railed off apparently for an office, where there were chairs, and invited me to be seated.

"Do you see that oven?" he said. "Well, that has cost me a great deal of labor. Perhaps you think it is a crematory, but it is not. It is an oven for baking bread. A hundred loaves can be baked at once and in three minutes. That's 2,000 loaves an hour, and by working day and night three reliefs we have 28,000 loaves a day. Six working days give us 168,000 loaves a week. Fifty-two weeks produce 8,736,000 loaves a year.

"So much for what my oven will do. Now for my object. It is to feed the world. You see, my single oven is not large. Suppose there are ten of them in this building alone. That gives 87,360,000 loaves a year, only about 4,000,000 miles less than the distance of the earth from the sun."

Since I could see no relationship between loaves of bread and the earth's distance from the sun I began to feel a bit uncertain about the gentleman's upper story. So I said to him, rising: "You'll have to excuse me, sir. It is not possible for me to remain any longer."

"But you have not examined my invention. Besides, I told you I wanted you for a purpose."

"What purpose?"

"Come, I will show you."

He led me to the oven. He seemed so harmless that I followed him. He threw open the door, displaying a number of iron shelves. I was somewhat relieved that there was no heat in the oven.

"My arrangement for heat is by chemical process. There are many substances that produce heat in combining chemically. Why should we burn coal? I turn this coal and my substances run together. In a short time I shall have my oven quite hot enough to do my baking."

"I wouldn't turn it on if I were you," I remarked, "since you have no bread ready for baking."

"I have something else. My desire is to bake a human being."

This was getting warm, as the children say when hunting for things in games. And, as the strange gentleman looked at me, indicating that I was the human being he proposed to bake, I felt not only warm, but a cold perspiration stood out on me, especially when he drew a long sharp knife with which to enforce his demands. I knew I had to deal with a lunatic and kept my head.

"I shall be happy," I said, "to have you bake me. On which shelf am I to take position?"

"Step in and I will show you."

"After you," I said deferentially, bowing and raising my hat.

He stepped into the furnace. I closed the door with a bang, and the big iron latch fell into position. Then the room swam, and I fell on the floor. But I did not remain there long. Fearful that the lunatic might smother, I ran to the door of the room, found it locked and could not open it. I tried a window, and that served a call through. In a few minutes a policeman came up the stairs, broke down the door and let the gentleman baker out. He was nearly suffocated and gave no trouble. He had employed men to build his oven without their having the slightest suspicion as to his sanity. I learned that he was a scientific man and had been an inventive genius as well. On my testimony he was committed to an asylum.

It makes me crawl when I think that by a mere act of politeness I was saved from death.

Notice for Publication.

Department of the Interior,
U. S. Land Office, at Roseburg, Oregon,
September 14, 1910

Notice is hereby given that Albert N. Treadgold of Canby, Michigan, who on September 3, 1909, made Timber and Stone Entry No. 05456, for Lots 2, 3 and 4, Section 2, Township 30, S. Range 14 W. W. Meridian, has filed notice of intention to make Final Timber and Stone Proof, to establish claim to the land above described, before A. D. Morris, United States Commissioner, at Bandon, Oregon, on the 29th day of Nov. 1910.

Claimant names as witnesses:
Robert Walker, of Bandon, Oregon.
Harry Walker, of Bandon, Oregon.
G. T. Treadgold, of Bandon, Oregon.
Pearl R. Walker, of Bandon, Oregon.
BENJAMIN F. JONES.

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