

"MAIL ORDER" Cream Separators

When you buy a cream separator you want the best machine you can get for the money, don't you?

Well, then, just listen to this proposition:

Before you order a "mail order" separator write to the concern and tell them that you want to try their machine out against a De Laval, with the privilege of sending their machine back if you decide that the De Laval is better worth what we ask you for it than their machine is worth what they ask.

That's absolutely fair, isn't it?

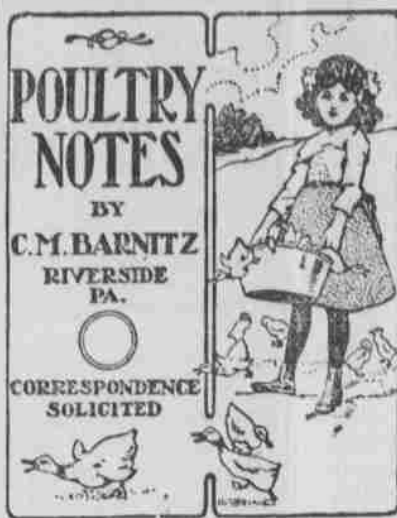
We'll be glad to furnish you a De Laval for such a trial any time you like and let you be the judge.

We are glad to make this offer because we know that the De Laval will give you better service and cost you less in the long run than any other machine you can buy, no matter what the price.

If you already have a mail order separator, or any other for that matter, which isn't giving satisfaction, we have an exchange offer that we believe will interest you.

Before you buy a Cream Separator see and try a
DE LAVAL

VAUGHN & SONS



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THE ROSE COMB WHITE LEGHORN.

Our Canadian cousins up there where the zero winds whistle through their whiskers sure show horse sense when they breed Rose Comb White Leghorns in quantities, for they are great winter layers, and that low rose comb can't freeze off like the tender points on the single comb, a condition that so often knocks the egg record.

But our friends of the snowdrift land are not the only fanciers wise to this bird that matures so early and lays so late, for it is claimed there are 3,000 breeders of this variety in the United States, and the number is increasing. But whence that rose comb?

That rose comb comes from the Hamburg as the result of a cross made in this country about fifty years ago, the Single Comb White Leghorn



Photo by C. M. Barnitz.

ROSE COMB WHITE LEGHORN COCKEREL. and White Hamburg being used, thus the Rose Comb White, which is half Italian and half Dutch.

At first the bird wasn't very popular, as it was small and had a big bunched comb that lopped over the eyes; but, coming from such remarkable laying ancestry on both sides, the new variety was bound to make good, and fanciers soon began to sit up and take notice that it was an egg phenomenon.

Its friends increased; they bred it by selection for size, shape and smaller, more regular comb, so that today it is a beautiful bon ton bird that lays lots of eggs—low cost eggs.

The larger the hen the larger the feed bill and the cost of the egg and the more room she occupies. For these reasons Plymouth Rocks and similar



Photo by C. M. Barnitz.

ROSE COMB WHITE LEGHORN PULLET. breeds are not the stock on the big egg plants, Leghorns being bred almost exclusively.

Of course the carcass is not so large, but it must be remembered that the Leghorn is an egg specialist.

She makes a good profit for her owner without her carcass being considered, and if bred to great size her laying ability is cut down.

Leghorns are not the butterfly birds they once were, the breeder by selection now trying to get his pullets to four and cockerels to five pounds at least, and for fine grained flesh these are not to be despised.

DON'TS.

Don't cackle loud unless, like the hen, you have something substantial to show for it.

Don't retreat, but beat defeat. A victory that has been won after failure is most precious and inspiring.

Don't expect every one to see as you do. You may be color blind or have an egotistic mind.

Don't kill time killing your prospects by starting a plant with bargain counter birds. To make good the best are none too good, and for these you must pay good money.

GET WHAT YOU WANT.

You Can Finally Grasp It if You Are Persistent and Patient.

Get what you want in this world. It's here waiting for you. All you have to do is to reach for it. If you reach hard enough and far enough and long enough you'll get it, no matter what it is you want.

Suppose you are foolish enough to want great wealth. You can get it. But to get it you must make up your mind that you want wealth; that you want it above everything else in the world.

Observe an industrious alien with a pushcart. He wants \$1,000. He sleeps in a cellar. He rises at 4. He works till 10 at night. He denies himself food to save. Some day he will have his thousand dollars.

"But," you protest, "I can't sleep in a cellar. I'm above running a pushcart." Very well, then. There is little likelihood that you will ever be rich. There are other things that you want more than wealth—your comfort, your social position.

Suppose you are more sensible. Suppose that it is success you want. Good! There are few joys in this world that can compare with the joy of achievement. Set your mark and start climbing toward it. You'll reach it if you keep at it. Be persistent and be patient. If you are in Maine you can't wish yourself in California. You can't get there overnight, either. But you'll get there some time if you start and keep going, even if you go on your hands and knees.

But remember this: No man ever climbs higher than the mark he sets himself. No man ever reaches the top walking sideways. No man achieves who keeps turning back.

And one thing more: Pick your apple carefully before you start to climb the tree. Some apples are sour.—William Johnston in American Magazine.

Making Campaign Banners.

The services of twelve men are required to produce one of the big campaign banners. Two men prepare the strips on which the lettering is done. Two more look after the lettering of these strips, the painting of the names of clubs or associations ordering the banners, the captions for the portraits and the offices for which the nominees are to contend. Two men work on the centerpieces, generally consisting of an eagle and shield. One man devotes himself to the special portraits, and the others assemble the various parts, sew the strips together and give the finishing touches to the banner. The "portrait man" seems to do any other work than the main portrait. The rest he calls "filling in." By working on the same faces day after day this artist becomes so skillful and so rapid in execution that he can paint the portrait of a candidate in the dark, and paint it as true to life as the standard of the campaign banner industry requires.—Harper's.

Picking Tea Leaves.

"Tea leaf picking" was a Camberwell industry in the early nineteenth century. On May 13, 1833, when two boys were charged with gambling on Sunday, one of them explained that he got the 2 shillings found upon him "not by gambling, your worship, but by picking tea leaves." "The tea plant does not happen to grow in this country, my lad," replied the magistrate. "Therefore you are adding a falsehood to the offense for which you were brought here, and that offense is always sure to lead to crimes of more magnitude."

But the boy explained: "I am employed by a cowkeeper at Camberwell, who sends me into the fields to gather shoe leaves and black and white thorn leaves, and he pays me so much a pound for all I pick." And the police traced the connection between that cowkeeper and city tea dealers.—London Opinion.

Historical Accuracy.

Perish the thought that the novelist or playwright should be tied down to historical accuracy! Lady Dorothy Neville quotes an amusing correspondence between Bulwer Lytton and his brother:

My Dear Walpole—Here I am at Bath—bored to death. I am thinking of writing a play about your great ancestor, Sir Robert. Had he not a sister Lucy, and did she not marry a Jacobite?

My brother promptly replied: My Dear Lytton—I care little for my family and still less for Sir Robert, but I know that he never had a sister Lucy, as she could not have married a Jacobite.

However, this mattered little to Lord Lytton, for his answer ran:

My Dear Walpole—You are too late! Sir Robert had a sister Lucy, and she did marry a Jacobite.

So, in defiance of history, the play "Walpole" came to be written.

Good Hunting.

Hunting Squire—Murphy, you told me there was good hunting on your land. Why, we've been here an hour and haven't even seen any game. Murphy—Just so, sir. But the less game the more hunting you have.—London Tit-Bits.

Her Queer Response.

Elderly Aunt—My dear, I have just put you down in my will for \$10,000. Her Niece—Oh, auntie, what can I say to thank you? How are you feeling today?—Life.

Turning It Around.

First Member—They say Homebilly bosses his wife terribly. Second Member—Yes, he certainly wears the skirts.—Philadelphia Bulletin.

Wisdom provides things necessary, not superfluous.—Solon.

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Irrigon, Thursday, July 24

Arlington, Tuesday and Wednesday,
July 22d and 23rd.

Stanfield, Friday and Saturday, July
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