

**FARM BUREAU TALKS**  
By H. A. IRELAND

The only way, or at least the best way to prove whether a thing is good or not, is to try it out. A little mechanical device was left in this office recently which looks good and which deserve a thorough test. The said device is a small portable milk and cream testing outfit, which the De Laval Dairy Supply company, of Seattle, Washington, has kindly donated to the Canyon county Farm bureau, for use in the county. I can operate the machine but I have no cows, and I would be glad to "get together" with farmers who have cows tested but have no machine.

The dairy industry is increasing rapidly in this county, and deserves to do so. At the same time I find some men engaged in dairying who are dissatisfied with the returns they are receiving. I don't presume to say who or what is to blame for the small returns, but I suspect that those men are keeping some cows that are not making any profit on the feed they consume.

The scales and the Babcock test are the only practical means of proving the worth of a dairy cow, and either one without the other is not sufficient. One cow may be a heavy milker and another be an extremely high tester and yet both be unprofitable to the owner, and it often happens that a cow which has enjoyed the reputation of being the best in the herd, proves to be one of the least profitable when the real test is applied.

Dairying has a right to flourish in Canyon county, but if a man expects to milk cows with any satisfaction or profit to himself, he must know each cow and just what she is doing. In order that he may do this, dairymen in some places are organizing cow testing associations, each association employing a man who devotes his full time to the testing of cows for members of the association. This county is hardly ready for such organizations, and yet there should be considerable work done along that line. If each individual cow owner could own a milk testing outfit, the desired end would be accomplished. This is hardly possible for the present, and so I have secured from the De Laval Dairy Supply company an outfit which I hope to be able to use for the benefit of anyone who wants to know just what his cows are doing.

Clearly I cannot, as a rule, make special calls for the purpose of testing single herds, so I would suggest that a number of men in one community prepare for a test at the same time and call me when they are ready. There will be no charge for this work other than for the acid, (commercial sulphuric) which should be obtained at about 60 cents per gallon from creameries or wholesale dealers. It is not my purpose to do this work for the sake of checking the tests of creameries or cheese factories, but solely for the sake of helping dairymen to ascertain the truth in regard to the cows they are milking.

Too many inferior cows have been shipped into Idaho and sold to men who are keeping them at a loss. These animals ought to go to the block as soon as they can be located, and the only way to locate them is by a thorough test with scales and Babcock

tester. In estimating the value of a cow in the herd, we sometimes forget that her profit is not measured by her total production, but by what she produces in excess of the cost of her feed and keep. The amount she must produce to return a profit will vary according to several conditions, but as a rule it will be found to be not far short of two hundred pounds of butter fat per year. How many cows in Canyon county will measure up to that standard? We don't know but we can find out, and it behooves us to do it, and that as soon as possible. To do this, the machine in this office is at the service of anyone in the county, as far as circumstances will permit.

**CHURCH NOTICES.**

**Union Service.**

Union service will be held next Sunday evening at the Methodist church. Subject: "The Riches of God's Wisdom."

**Methodist Episcopal**

Sunday school at 9:45 a. m.; public worship at 11 a. m. and at 8 p. m. Morning subject: "A better place than Heaven." Union service in the evening, subject: "The Riches of God's Wisdom." Epworth League at 7 p. m.; prayer meeting Wednesday at 8 p. m. C. L. Bent, pastor.

**Catholic.**

During the summer months Mass will be celebrated at 9 a. m. on the second and fourth Sunday of each month. J. P. Ries, pastor.

**St. Mary's Episcopal.**

There will be no services during the month of August in this church.—Kenneth L. Houlder, Rector.

**Latter Day Saints.**

Services on Sunday as follows: Sunday school at 10 a. m. Regular services at 2 p. m. All are invited. George F. Smith, Bishop.

Mr. Farmer—When you need a new wagon you should not fail to inspect the Webber, sold by D. A. Hawkins. It is undoubtedly the best farm wagon made in the United States. We invite all intending purchasers to investigate and judge for themselves.

**We Gallant.**  
Daniel Webster was exceedingly fond of music, and when he was stopping at Willard's hotel in Washington he never ceased to implore the wife of a member of congress, also a guest at the hotel, for "just a little song." He



MADE A STILL LOWER BOW.

had an old fashioned gallantry in speaking to ladies, and every time he saw the wife of his friend he complimented her most extravagantly on her voice. When Jenny Lind came to Washington Daniel Webster was, of course, among the audience. He had come in rather late from a champagne party and after each song of Jenny Lind's applauded most vociferously. Finally, rising to the pinnacle of enthusiasm, he stood up in the crowded hall and made one of his most gallant bows to the great singer. Then, catching sight of the lady whose voice he also admired, he turned to her, away from Jenny Lind, and made a still lower bow amid the laughter and applause of the audience.

Dry Buck lumber at John & McGowan's.

**WALKED INTO THE TRAP.**

**It Was a Tantalizing Scheme, and It Unmasked the Pretender.**

There are many stories extant, amusing as well as instructive, of the dodges resorted to by British soldiers who wish to get "invalided" home from an undesirable station. There is the case of the professed deaf and dumb man. The patient, who appeared suddenly and unaccountably to have gone deaf and dumb, when asked a question, would stare straight to his front in stony silence.

The dumb man was removed to the hospital for treatment, and upon his diet sheet each morning was written a tempting array of hospital comforts such as T. Atkins loves—rice pudding, bacon, eggs, milk punch and even beer. This list of luxuries could be studied by all who cared to read. But day after day the medical orderly



"HE'S A LIAR, SIR!"

brought nothing to the poor patient but plain milk. Each morning, in sympathetic voice, the officer inquired of the orderly in front of the patient whether each and every article of diet had been provided. The orderly glibly answered, "Yes, sir!"

"Did he get his beer with his dinner, all he wanted of it, and his milk punch before he went to bed?"

And again would come from the orderly a cheerful, "Yes, sir!" At first the poor deaf and dumb man's face would redden, but never a word could he hear or speak. There is, however, a limit to all endurance, and it was for that limit that the officer waited. Fully convinced that the orderly was a thief and a heartless scoundrel and had been bagging the comforts for himself, the patient could stand it no longer.

"He's a liar, sir!" gasped he at last. "I've had naught but milk for a week!" Result—Immediate discharge from hospital and a court martial.

**Make the Plunge.**

To do anything worth while in the world we must not stand shivering on the brink and thinking of the cold and the danger, but jump in and scramble through as well as we can.—Sidney Smith.

**No Room For Speeding.**

Mr. Atkins was driving over his property with his daughter and a young man whom he was beginning to look upon as a possible and very desirable son-in-law.

The chauffeur, not unnaturally, was inclined to show off the motorcar, but Mr. Atkins himself had higher thoughts. As John, the chauffeur, quickened his speed he leaned over near him and said in a whisper: "Not so fast, John, not so fast. You make my estate look too small."

**Needed a Lawn Mower.**

There was but one tonsorial chair in the village barber shop, and it was occupied by a stalwart fellow, evidently a blacksmith. Judging from the stubborn growth of beard, the patron could not have shaved but once a week on an average, for the growth was like a scrubbing brush. The barber made a lather, placed it all over the countenance of the recumbent blacksmith, stropped the razor vigorously and sailed into his work. After he had struggled long and dangerously over his patron he felt constrained to say:

"Ain't I hurtin' you?"

"No," answered the Plutonian gentleman, still with energy.

"I seem to be workin' hard without gettin' there," commented the barber further.

"Oh, just go on," encouraged the blacksmith. "You're doin' all right, for them you ain't cuttin' off you're cripplin' so much I guess they'll never grow again!"—Chicago Record-Herald.

**When the Game Was Called.**

Casey announced to his wife, Ellen, that he was going to the ball game. All day he was gone. Night came, but no Casey to take his place at the head of the table. Midnight and no Casey. One o'clock—2 o'clock—3 o'clock—no Casey.

As the 6 o'clock whistles began to blow Casey stumbled up the front stairs into the house and awakened his wife by his efforts to negotiate the stairs.

**If He Picks Up a Nail**



or drops a shoe bring your horse right here and we will fix him up in good shape. Take out the nail quickly and painlessly, put on the shoe so it will stay put. Better let us put on a full set while we are about it, however. Then you'll have a horse shod right with shoes that won't come off.

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Patent Rights for This Valley are owned by Wachter Lumber Co. of New Plymouth, Idaho.

For particulars and blue prints of the Silo call at

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