

**A SAVINGS BANK WITH A WORLD-WIDE REPUTATION**

It has been said that the foundation of every successful business is confidence.

Let the public once reach the conclusion that a merchant is honest, reliable and square and his trade grows—often times the growth is phenomenal.

While this is true with reference to merchants, it is especially true with reference to Savings Banks.

It is said that there is nothing so cowardly as money; let the slightest breath of suspicion be raised in regard to the safety of money and it goes into hiding about as quick as you can say "Jack Robinson."

On the other hand, let the methods and characteristics of the managers of a carefully conducted Savings Bank become the subject of favorable discussion and money flows into its treasury from every quarter.

People first begin to talk about it on the street corners of the bank's home town, then the adjoining counties take up the discussion and, before you know it, the good opinions concerning the bank are spread from county to county, from state to state and from country to country, until it encircles the globe.

An excellent example of this is the Hyde Park Savings Bank, whose growth for the first few years of its existence was very modest.

The bank commenced business in January 1889; ten years thereafter, on the first day of January, 1899, its deposits were only \$479,704.56, a less sum than it has gained in a single year since that time.

Ask almost any man of general information touching Vermont affairs today and he will tell you that the cause of the abnormal growth of the Hyde Park Bank has been the faith of the people in the painstaking care of that Bank in making its investments as well as in a firm belief in the excellent business ability and the cautious conservatism of its managers.

This reputation has spread until it has covered the country. There isn't a state in the Union that doesn't deposit money in the Hyde Park Savings Bank—indeed it receives deposits from Alaska, the Philippine Islands, the Republics of Panama and Cuba, from the Canadian Provinces from Quebec on the east to Saskatchewan on the west and from China, India and Turkey.

All these have contributed to make the Hyde Park Savings Bank the largest Bank in the world in a country village.

The fact that not a dollar sent to the Hyde Park Bank by mail since it was organized in 1889 has ever been lost, has undoubtedly contributed greatly to these far-away deposits of that Bank, and they have come to the Bank by check, postal or express money order and by registered letter.

The Hyde Park Bank pays 4 per cent compounded semi-annually and pays all taxes.

So far as the most careful scrutiny can determine, the Bank does not own a dollar of doubtful paper among its entire assets.

"Safety first, safety last and safety all the time" has always been the motto of the Hyde Park Bank, and its books are always open to the most critical examination by any depositor.

If any information is desired upon any point connected with the Bank, either call upon or write to the Bank's President, Carroll S. Page or the Treasurer, F. M. Culver, Hyde Park, Vermont, and a reply will be promptly forthcoming.

**DAIRY**

**PROPER TIME TO FILL SILO**

Begin Operation Soon as Corn Has Reached Right Stage for Fodder—Let the Silage Settle.

(By J. G. WATSON, Missouri Experiment Station.)  
Don't wait too long to fill the silo. Begin as soon as the corn is right for fodder. The kernels should be in the dough stage but dented and the lower leaves turning brown. Let the corn mature as much as possible without becoming so dry that water must be added to make the silage pack solidly and ferment properly.

Cut into pieces half to three-fourths of an inch long to make them pack well and to prevent waste in feeding. This takes more power but is worth it. Pack well with concrete tampers, keeping the silage higher at the wall than in the center.

Fill slowly, if possible letting the silage settle a day or so at a time. This makes it keep better and increases the amount the silo will hold. This amount may be still further increased by using woven wire to hold more silage at the top. It will gradually settle into the silo but tends to spoil while doing so. If more silage is added after such settling, take out the spoiled layer at the top.

If caught by frost, the corn for silage should be cut before it dries out. After that, add water. The corn may even be shocked or put in a more convenient time or to refill the silo if enough water is added.

The experiment station has published bulletins on shock corn for silage; silo building; and silage for horses, mules and steers.

**KEEPS OUT DIRT AND FLIES**

Sanitary Device, Invented by Texan, Closes Aperture in Bucket During Milking Operation.

A milk pail which tends to prevent the unnecessary contamination of its contents by flies and dirt has been invented and patented by a Texas ranchman. Instead of being open and therefore a catchall for filth, as is the ordinary bucket, the device is provided with a cover having a funnel-shaped



Sanitary Sleeve With Slits.

opening in the middle. A sanitary sleeve with slits for the insertion of the hands is fixed to this, so that the aperture in the bucket is entirely inclosed during the milking operation.—Popular Mechanics.

**TRAMP SILO WHILE FILLING**

One or Two Men Needed to Give Silage Such Compactness as Will Insure Its Proper Curing.

The importance of tramping while filling is one that must be given consideration. In a silo at least one or two men are needed in order to give the silage such compactness as will insure proper curing. The outside or near the silo wall should be kept the highest and made in the most compact condition. This will prevent spoiling, which is so very frequent in poorly packed silage.

If the silos filled quickly and poorly tramped, there will be a large amount of settling. Where a farmer owns his own outfit it will pay to allow this settling to take place for one or two days and then fill up the silo.

**Keep Only Best Cows.**

The right kind of a man will have profitable cows. The kind of breed does not matter so much. There are good and poor cows in all breeds, but the good business man will weed out the poor of any breed and keep the good.

**Carbolated Vaseline for Teats.**

For use on teats carbolated vaseline is somewhat superior to plain vaseline, as the small amount of carbolic acid in the mixture has antiseptic qualities that tend to prevent infection.

**Milking Machine a Success.**

The milking machine is proving to be a success, but it must be properly handled. Anyone who cannot succeed in getting his own cows properly milked by hand should try the milking machine.

**Hard, Heavy Work.**

Cutting corn for ensilage is hard, heavy work. Do not go at it hammer and tongs. There are more years coming, and we want to be here to enjoy them.

**Sod and Insects.**

To guarantee against insects, do not follow a grass sod with such a grain crop as corn. It is well to keep the land fallow for a time.

**Safe Bet.**

A New Jersey town is conducting a contest to find its jolliest man. Without knowing anything about its citizens we'll bet it's the town beauty doctor.—Detroit Free Press.

**General Omission.**

People occasionally announce their intention of "summering" or "wintering" here or there, but oddly enough they never say they will "fall" or "spring" in any place in particular.

**PLAINS of ILLIUM**



KURDS ON THE PLAIN OF TROY

CANNON awakening the echoes over Ilium's plains, where the allies have been trying to pound their way beyond the Dardanelles, stir many legendary memories of this historic battle region and bring to mind the oddest contrasts. Here, where now modern ordnance is hurling its messengers of destruction, Homer's heroes waged their spectacular, single-handed combats, while admiring armies grouped themselves around to watch. It is a far cry from the romantic siege of Troy to the terribly impersonal battle of today. Yet the old walls of Troy must bring some sort of inspiration to the soldiers fighting in their shadows, soldiers of the allies or of the Turks. Excavated Ilium, near one of the present war's great battlefields, is described in a communication to the National Geographic Society by Jacob E. Conner.

The Trojan walls are still in evidence; those same walls that defied the onslaught of Agamemnon and Menelaus, of Ajax, Nestor, Diomed, Ulysses and Achilles, to fall at last by stratagem. They remain as a ruined and abandoned stage minus its paraphernalia, where as played so many centuries ago an insignificant little drama compared with modern events, but it was a drama so big with human interest divinely told that the world has never known its equal.

Wars in these crowded times are for gain, but in the youth of the world, if we take the lid literally, men could afford to fight for an ideal. Hence the Homeric warfare was a beautiful, a poetic pastime, seriously resulting to some happy few, who were therefore rewarded with immortality in song.

Troy Well Worth a Visit. As the theater of the world's greatest epic poem, Troy deserves a visit any year, every year. In the thoughts and emotions it revives and stimulates in the aroused sense of indebtedness of all subsequent literature and art it richly repays a visit. The classical student will leave it in a daze of meditation upon things more real to him than the actual things he has seen and touched.

On the site where the German savant, Schliemann, unearthed Homer's Troy, nine layers of old-time cities were found, one above the other. They were built, destroyed, and forgotten here during the more than 5,000 years that civilization has lived upon the products of the fertile valley. The topmost layer contained the remains of the Roman city of Ilium; two Hellenic villages were found directly beneath it, which flourished here between 1000 B. C. and the Christian era. The sixth city from the bottom was identified as Homer's Troy. The bottom layers contained the remains of prehistoric settlements, unimportant villages that have escaped every memory except these few, uncovered, decaying stones. In the second, or burnt city, probably 800 years before the time of Troy, was found a considerable mass of buried treasure, silver jars, gold daggers, and wonderfully wrought diadems of gold. Describing the country around Troy, Mr. Conner continues:

Yonder is the summit of Mt. Ida, where the gods in solemn conclave so often sat, where "cloud-compelled Zeus" sometimes "thought two ways in his mind at once," or also ended all debate with a nod that shook high Olympus and caused the heavens to reverberate and glow with the flash of his thunderbolt.

**Famous Rivers Only Creeks.**

Away over yonder, skirting the ridge of Ilium, is Simois' stream, or should be; but the bridge across it shows upon our approach that modern Simois is no more than a creek. Worse than that: following its attenuated course, less than a mile downstream, we discover that it ends in a morass instead of the Scamander as of yore. And the latter stream is scarcely less disappointing, for it is no more dignified in size or appearance. In fact, their sluggish currents united can scarcely boast of banks except at occasional intervals, for both streams are now only broad swales merging with the

adjacent plain, with no continuous current toward the sea except in seasons of high water, if such are ever known.

And such beautiful plains! They were well worth fighting for, gently undulating as they retreat from the former river courses, and most home-like, cultivable places for peaceful abode. Little rounded oak trees are studded about the plain in solitary, independent fashion—oak trees resembling apple trees in size and periphery.

Behold the ruins at last! A long, low ridge, some four or five miles in length, ends abruptly like a promontory projecting into the sea, above

which it rises about 30 feet. The ridge is the so-called "Hill of Ilium," the sea is the flood plain of the Simois and the Scamander, historically known as the plain of Troy, and the promontory, with its crown of ruins, is Troy itself. You walk around the ruins and make the surprising discovery that if the walking were good you could easily do it in ten minutes. Astonishing! Is this all there was of Troy, and did this little stronghold withstand a nine years' siege and still remain unconquered by force? Impossible! The whole hill of Ilium may have been fortified and to some extent populated; otherwise how was the garrison provisioned? Unpoetic details like these never troubled Homer, so why bother about them?

Within sight, almost, of Tenedos, the island base of the attacking allied armies, and within sound and reach of the big guns, the old ruins are watching over the present fighting, a greeting from the days of the first great western siege to the greatest siege of modern times.

**Sounds of Desolation.**

You proceed a little farther in Araras to a large circular place, once imposing. Every house in it presents the same blighted aspect. There is no urban stir! but in the brief intervals of the deafening cannonade can be heard one sound—blinds and curtains fluttering against empty window frames, and perhaps the idle, faint banging of a loose shutter. Not even a cat walks. We are alone—we and the small group of staff officers who are acting as our hosts. We feel like thieves—like desecrators, impudently prying.

Continually came the hollow sound of things falling and slipping within the smashed interiors behind the facades. And then came the sound of a baby crying—for this city is not, after all, uninhabited. We saw a woman coming out of her house and carefully locking the door behind her. Was she locking it against shells or against burglars?—Arnold Bennett in Saturday Evening Post.

**A Large Order.**

"He shared his umbrella with her on a rainy day and now they are married."

"That's the way it goes," replied the cynic. "I have no doubt he started out merely with the idea of keeping her dry for a few minutes and now he'll probably have to keep a roof over her head for the rest of his life."

**TAKE VIBRATION TESTS**

ENGINEERS ASCERTAIN FACTS CONCERNING BRIDGES.

Effect Produced by Locomotive Running at High Speed Was Point to Be Arrived At, and the Result is Interesting.

Tests recently made by an engineering association throw an interesting light on the severe vibration to which railroad bridges are subjected by locomotives running at high speed. Every locomotive drivewheel is counterbalanced to neutralize the weight of the driving rods, the counterbalancing metal being cast adjacent to the rim on the side opposite the driving-rod connection. With this arrangement it is possible to counterbalance perfectly for only one speed, so that with the locomotive running at either greater or less speed than this there is a sure to be pounding. This becomes a serious matter when the locomotive is running at a speed greatly in excess of that for which its drivewheels are counterbalanced, the wheels lifting from the rails a small fraction of an inch at each revolution, and then falling back with a hammer blow. Every bridge span has a natural rate of vibration, depending on its length and construction. When the pounding of the locomotive corresponds to this natural rate of vibration the result is excessive vibration, the effect being exactly like that of pushing a swing at just the right intervals. The speed at which this occurs for any particular bridge is known as its critical speed. In the case illustrated, the maximum bending of the span under the critical speed is about 50 per cent greater than that caused by a steady load of the same amount. It has been found that this effect is practically absent for speeds under 15 miles an hour and for speeds greatly in excess of the critical speed.—Popular Mechanics.

**Waste of Good Men.**

Master mechanics, shop superintendents and general foremen, as a rule, work hard, too hard, in fact, in that they expend their energy in the performance of tasks which are beneath their capabilities, instead of conserving their time and ability for the solution of problems of greater weight and importance. The employment of a high-racer with enviable track records as a cab horse would be no more ridiculous, no less reasonable, than the assignment of routine and detail work, requiring only the intelligence and ability of a clerk or minor foreman, to an executive of fine capabilities, and yet this very condition is found to exist on most, if not all, of the railroads, and to it may be attributed in great measure the inefficiency of the total results obtained. It is no uncommon thing to find an official of the mechanical department, a man of rare perception and judgment, possessed of great energy and ability, so burdened by the press of insignificant matters imposed on him by precedent that he is utterly unable to give to matters of prime importance the attention which they deserve.—Engineering Magazine.

**Timidity Balks Talent.**

A great deal of talent is lost to the world for the want of a little courage. Every day sends to their graves a number of obscure men who have only remained obscure because their timidity has prevented them from making a first effort, and who, if they could only have been induced to begin, would in all probability have gone great lengths in the career of fame. The fact is that in order to do anything in this world worth doing, we must not stand shivering on the bank, and thinking of the cold and danger, but jump in and scramble through as well as we can.—Sidney Smith.

**Optimistic Thought.**

Not even the gods can fight against necessity.

**FRIENDSHIP.**

Noth-ut but the harmony of friendship soothes our sorrows; without its sympathy there is no happiness on earth.—Mozart.

**Sunshine and Air.**  
Sun bathing and outdoor life are the best means for making red blood, writes Dr. J. H. Kellogg in Good Health. When one goes out into the sun the skin gets tanned a brown color. This influence of sunlight is not seen simply upon the surface of the skin. The coloring matter is formed and developed deeper in. The sun's rays strike down and penetrate perhaps for an inch or two into the soft tissues, so that the influence of the sun is felt on the interior of the body as well as on the outside.

**Our Shaking Earth.**  
Professor Rollin D. Salisbury of the University of Chicago says a continuous process of contraction is going on inside the earth and will continue until all the chemicals within it have been transformed into the densest compounds, millions of years hence. Earthquakes are a result of the contracting process.

**Awful Leap to Death.**  
Plunging over the observation balcony of the Boston custom house tower and whirling 418 feet to death on the pavement of State street, John M. Durick of Boston committed suicide in sight of scores of people.

**Dies While Testifying.**  
While under cross examination before the board of election commissioners at Boston in a case of alleged illegal registration, Henry Hollander became unconscious and died within a few minutes from heart failure.

**His Crime.**  
Lawyer—Judge, I want you to fine this man who was knocked down by my client's car. Judge—Fine him? Why? Lawyer—He had a nail in his clothes, and it punctured a new tire.—Topeka Journal.

**Australia's Wheat Farms.**  
Typical wheat farms in Australia extend from 600 to 1,000 acres and are usually worked single handed by the farmer and his family, labor saving machinery being used in every possible direction.

**A Diamond Superstition.**  
In India the superstition obtains that if the famous diamond, the Kohinoor, is worn by a man dire disaster will befall him, while if the wearer be a woman fortune will shine upon her for the rest of her days.

**Prudence.**  
"Aren't you ashamed, Tommy, to strike a boy smaller than yourself?"  
"Not much. Anyhow, it's better to be ashamed of striking a small boy than sorry you struck a bigger one."—Richmond Times-Dispatch.

**Doesn't Wash Them.**  
Snickelfritz—I know a man who never washes his hands before breakfast. Dingledatz—Why doesn't he? Snickelfritz—Guess he hasn't time. He employs nearly 200 hands in his factory.—Indianapolis Star.

**Why He Never Married.**  
"So, doctor, you are still single. Ah I fear that you are somewhat of a woman hater!"  
"Nay, madam; it is to avoid becoming one that I remain a bachelor."—San Francisco Chronicle.

**Her Work.**  
"That woman does her own work."  
"Just fancy!"  
"Yes, that's it. Just fancy work."

**Hard Luck.**  
"What is 'hard luck'?"  
"A combination of laziness and bad judgment."—Cleveland Leader.

**Its Nature.**  
"Is this condiment hot?"  
"It can't be. It's chilly sauce."—Baltimore American.

**Still Sore.**  
"If you are kind to people they will be kind to you."  
"No doubt that is true in the main, but there are exceptions, and I hope you won't dwell on the subject this morning."  
"Why, what's the matter?"  
"I've just been victimized by a fake promoter, and I was as kind to him as I could be."—Birmingham Age-Herald.

**First Aid to Memory.**  
"What are you doing with that nail?"  
"Driving it into the table to make me remember something I most dread when I go downtown."  
"But you can't carry the nail with you."  
"No; but I can carry the nail."  
Then, when I think of the nail, I think of the nail, and I think of the nail."—Richardson.

**The Dinner Horn.**  
Details in regard to the manner in which meals were served during the dark ages do not abound. It is only toward the twelfth century that we begin to have a little light on this interesting subject. When a meal was ready in the thirteenth century the guests of a castle, with the vassals, were assembled to the sound of a horn, a method of summoning that appears to have been the privilege only of the greatest lords. Some hundreds of years later a bell was used for the purpose.

**More In His Line.**  
"Do you think I will make a player?" asked a sluggish applicant for football.  
"You may make a chess player," said the coach. "You are slow enough in moving."

**Sweet Retort.**  
The young women present were discussing their ages, and one of the girls said, "I don't know what it is about my appearance, but everybody always guesses me a lot younger than I really am."  
And another of the girls answered, oh, so sweetly: "Oh, that's after they have heard you talk, isn't it, dear?"—Argonaut.

**Considerate.**  
Mr. de Club—My dear, a great German physician says women require more sleep than men. Mrs. de C.—Does he? Mr. de C.—Yes. My dear—would you better not wait up for me tonight.

**Arguments.**  
You may imagine the fellow who was arguing with you quit because he was beaten, but there is always the probability that he thought it would be useless to waste any more words on a fool.—Toledo Blade.

**True Love.**  
"Are you fond of Kipling, Mrs. McBride?"  
"The idea! I am fond of no one except my own Charlie."—Exchange.

**One Half Bottle Earned Him \$50**

READ Mr. McLaughlin's Story. See how one-half bottle of Kendall's Spavin Cure cured him. The other half of the bottle may cure him even more. Many men make a business of having lame horses and curing them with Kendall's. Then they sell at a big profit.

**Kendall's Spavin Cure**

How about your horse? Why not get a bottle of Kendall's Spavin Cure? It is the only cure for Spavin, Splint, Ringbone, and all other lamenesses. It is a sure cure for all these troubles. It is a sure cure for all these troubles. It is a sure cure for all these troubles.

**DR. J. KENDALL'S COMPANY**  
Essexburg Falls, Vermont.

**"It Certainly Does 'Make Cooking Easy'"**

**Just The Other Day**

a new Glenwood range was shipped to K. Mitsvi, Vice-Minister of Foreign Office, Tokyo, Japan, and one to John D. Rockefeller, Pocantico Hills, New York, and yet a Glenwood range with all its goodness is within reach of all—at about

the price you pay for a good suit.

Glenwood Ranges are made in hundreds of different patterns and sizes to suit all purses. It matters not whether your kitchen is large or small there's a Plain Glenwood made to fit it. They can be had for burning coal, wood or gas with powerful Hot Water Fronts for heating the kitchen boiler or for country use with large copper reservoir on the end opposite fire-box. (See illustration.) They are fully guaranteed by the makers to give the service and satisfaction that they were intended to give.

**Foss & Co., Island Pond**