



Just a Few Thoughts

And so, Rinaldo, you don't take any stock in what you call those "religious myths." You are too wise and too knowledgeable to be caught by those old wives' fables. You are not going to accept anything you can not understand.

All right, Rinaldo. We know just how you feel about it. Something like thirty or thirty-five years ago we knew almost as much as you know now. And we wouldn't believe any such stuff as that—then. Good enough, it was, for the simple-minded, but they had to show us.

You know a whole lot now, Rinaldo; a whole lot more than you will know twenty-five or thirty years from now, if you live that long. And by that time you will not be so insistent on having the ocular, visible proof submitted. Then you will take a great many things for granted.

But you want the proof, eh? Well, so do we.

By the way, did you ever see a watermelon seed? Of course. Well, will you kindly explain how that little black seed can produce the big melon with its luscious core of red, its cushion of white and its skin of green, together with a few hundred more black seeds like itself? Where is the green in that ripe seed? How does the growing melon draw red heart and white rind and green skin from the black earth and the white rain? When you tell us that we'll take a few minutes off and explain to your satisfaction a whole lot of those "religious myths" that do not now appeal to your youthful knowledge.

A few years ago, Rinaldo, we strutted around with a head so full of knowledge that it made us walk lop-sided. We had many a quiet laugh at those deluded old folks who had an abiding faith in a lot of things that appear to you to be nothing but foolish superstition. All of us boys go through that sort of thing. But you'll get over it if you live long enough.

Some of these days, dear boy, you are going to be called upon to stand by the side of some loved one who has spent a lifetime in that abiding faith. And when you see that loved one walking down into the Valley of the Shadow, with never a quail of fear, and with a face illumined by a smile of joy—then is when you are going to receive a rough jolt in your philosophy department. You insist upon having everything explained to you, but when you go through that experience you'll be content to accept something without the explanation.

Won't believe anything you can not see, eh? Humph! We've never seen your brains, Rinaldo, but we are not going to insist upon that fact as being proof that you are mentally deficient. We know better. We know better. We know you have got brains. And some of these days you are going to give those brains a chance to assert themselves—and then you are not going to be so cocksure of all these things. You are going to take all you can on reason, and the rest on faith.

Yes, we heard you say, Rinaldo, that the Bible was poor reading. But that was because you never read it. Or if you did, you did not read it in

the proper spirit. We used to be just like you, my boy. But that was some years ago. Now, when we want to read a war story we know to a certainty that we can find none more thrilling than the war stories in the Old Book. There is Gideon, for instance. As a warrior he was what boys of today would call a "beaut." And Joshua—ah, there was a general who knew a thing or two about strategy. And David was the possessor of some knowledge along military lines, thank you.

And love stories—say, Rinaldo, did you ever read the story of Ruth and Boaz? Or the story of Jacob's love affair? Don't talk to your old uncle about Jaura Lean Jibbey, or Bertha M. Mudd. They never could have framed up as fine a plot as that revealed in the concise story of Jacob's little love affair with Rachel and the subsequent battle of wits between Jacob and his father-in-law, Laban.

Political stories? Now we've got it for you, Rinaldo. When we want to read a masterpiece of political literature we turn to the book of Esther and read how that Esther thwarted the political schemes of Haaman and put her own favorites in the place of authority. A lot of much-touted political manipulators of modern times would have to go some to keep up with that little Jewess.

O, yes; you are about the age when you like poetry, eh? Well, when you can dig up something in the poetic line that has the edge on the poems of that Hebrew shepherd-king, David, we'll admit that we are a bit mistaken in our judgment that David swept with poetic fingers the entire gamut of human emotions. In the glorious sweep of his divine harmonies he parted the clouds of doubts and fears and let in upon mankind the glorious gleams of the Almighty's smiles. You never read real poetry, Rinaldo, unless you have read the Psalms of David.

Perhaps your mind runs to the dramatic, Rinaldo. Well, you'll find the best there is in the Old Book. Just read Isaiah. Augustus Thomas and Daniel Frohman and all the rest of the modern dramatists could get pointers from that wonderful book—and they have, too.

Or, perhaps, you are of a legal turn of mind. Ezekiel has given a lot of valuable pointers to the criminal lawyer, and the greatest law pleading recorded in history is that of Paul in his own defense before Agrippa.

Some of these long summer evenings, Rinaldo, when you haven't anything else to do, and you feel blaze and out of touch with things in general, just sit down in the quiet of your own room, take up the Old Book, and opening it almost anywhere just start in and read. You'll be surprised how interesting it is and when you have read awhile, you'll find your mind clearer, and your heart cleaner and blood running freer. Then you can turn into your little bed and get such a night's sleep as never came to the young "sport" who took in the town and painted things ermine in the exuberance of youthful joy. We know what we are talking about, Rinaldo. Your uncle has been through the mill.

FACT AND FAKE AS TO Cream Separator DISCS

In view of some would-be competitors' recent unscrupulous advertising a little plain talk about DISCS is in order.

Every separator wise person knows that DE LAVAL DISCS revolutionized cream separator construction—increased capacity, reduced speed and power required and increased efficiency.

The man who tells you that DISCS would not increase the skimming efficiency—capacity and thoroughness—of any "hollow bowl" is either a fool or a knave.

The man who tells you that it costs less to build a DISC than a "hollow bowl" separator simply lies and tries to fake you.

The man who pictures to you a great heaping dish pan full of DISCS simply tries to fake you if he intimates that the DISCS of a DE LAVAL bowl are cleaned in that way.

The man who pictures to you a lot of DISCS strung along a picket fence simply tries to fake you if he intimates that the DISCS of a DE LAVAL bowl are handled in that manner.

The man who would have you believe that the up-to-date DE LAVAL bowl is not the easiest, quickest and most thoroughly cleanable—and hence the most sanitary—of any separator made simply tries to fake you.

It is a fact that some imitating DISC and BLADE separators are hard and difficult to clean, as are also the muzzle-loading-gun-barrel-like TUBULAR shaped bowl kind, but the DISCS of a DE LAVAL bowl are readily cleaned—as a single piece—by a special patent-protected DISC transfer and washer, and the whole machine is absolutely sanitary throughout.

It is a fact that the DE LAVAL Company is suing infringers of some of its numerous patents covering different forms of DISC construction, but the man who tells you that such separators are like or as good as the DE LAVAL simply lies to serve some selfish purpose of his own.

The man who intimates to you that the DE LAVAL Company—on top of its sale of a MILLION machines—is not selling more separators in 1909 than at any previous time in its 31 years of creation and development of the cream separator industry either doesn't know, doesn't want to know, or simply lies to you.

There is not a man competent to judge of cream separators who doesn't know that the 1908-1909 IMPROVED DE LAVAL CREAM SEPARATORS are all-around superior to any other made, and the man who would try to have you believe anything else simply has a selfish business interest of his own to serve in doing so.

That's the difference between FACT and FAKE as to DISCS.

THE DE LAVAL SEPARATOR CO.

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