

Bellefonte, Pa., June 6, 1919.

LADDIE.

By Elizabeth M. Jones, Baltimore, Md. It seems but yesterday my little boy Brought out a painted soldier for his toy, And played at war; And in his baby voice, with stern con

mand He mustered out his little band Upon the nursery floor.

. . . But days and weeks the years will span, My little lad became a man And went away, To fight for right and love of God;

In France he sleeps beneath the sod This day.

For now they tell me that my boy is dead, Above his grave in summer time will bloom the poppies red;

(My baby boy!) A little cross marks out the spot,

Oh. God! How hard our lot.

(Our only boy!)

But though our hearts are wrung with loss,

Dear Lord, we bend and kiss the cross.

DRAFTED.

The Story of a Small Boy and His Dog.

Buddy Hopkins stood on the rickety front steps of the little house where he lived, and tried to make out what was going on in the next block. The performance was so puzzling that he decided to go down and investigate, but on the way to the gate he turned back and puckered up his lips into a peremptory whistle.

Nothing happened

Nothing ever did happen when he whistled for Spot; so, as usual, he went back and peered under the steps. Sure enough! there was the delinquent, ardently Fletcherizing an old shoe, over which he regarded his master with affectionate interest.

"Didn't you hear me whistle?" ex-claimed Buddy! "What kind of a dog are you anyway?"

The question was almost an indelicate one, for when Spot had been dragged into the open, it was apparent that his genaology was-well, rather complicate. He wasn't exactly a spaniel and he wasn't exactly a — But never mind that! There was one thing he decidedly was; he was the puppiest puppy dog that ever waggled a tail, or blundered about on impossibly big feet, or looked at a boy out of soft, adoring eyes. That was the way he looked at Buddy now; and the how returned the look in kind and the boy returned the look in kind as the two young things started for the gate in an inextricable confusion of bare feet and black-and-white paws.

It was not until they reached the cluttered and unkempt front yard of the Bean cottage that Buddy discov-ered what was happening there. Under the masterful direction of Lizzie Bean five children werc digging a hole in one corner. Lizzie, who by age and temperament was the domi-nating spirit of the neighborhood, ground, face downward. "It's Buddy!" they exclaimed.

gate and waited, peering through the

gathering dusk, his ears strained to hear the patter of racing feet. When

he went up to the low attic where he

slept, his grandfather followed him. "What's the matter, Buddy?" the

old man asked with awkward tender-

Buddy buried his head in the pil-

"Can't you tell your old gran'dad-

"They-took-my dog!" sobbed the

The-the soldiers-took him! They

ing a hope which grew fainter and fainter. One evening, when his

grandmother came to supper, the child

ed in, his eyes alight, his hands be-

hind his back. "What d'you guess I've brought you, sonny?" he said mysteriously.

Buddy looked up and a sudden ra-

diance flooded his face. "My-dog!" he cried. "Yep," the old man said persuasive-ly, "I've brought you the nicest little puppy you ever seen." And he pro-duced a wriggling little bunch and

duced a wriggling little bunch and

held it out with a gesture but it and make confident. But all the swift joy faded from the boy's eyes and, after one glance at the proffered substitute

-the "something just as good" as the one and only thing he wanted-he

but"-his voice broke-"I-I don't want nothin' but my own dog!"

The old man helplessly regarded the

fainter.

turned away.

"Take your dog off'n my sister, Buddy Hopkins!" she shrieked. Lizzie looked around her sharply. "Gee!" she said. "They've gone off with his dog!" The crowd on the platform melted "Aw, he ain't hurtin' her!" said Buddy; but he moved over to the point of disturbance and captured the away. Only the club members had noticed the small boy, face down in the cinders along the track, and they

active section of it. Then the two little figures trailed dejectedly out of the yard.

ness of the maternal instinct.

Every day for a week the Army Folks Club labored with more or less approached him with embarrassed offers of sympathy. "Come on, Buddy!" coaxed Charlie. "Spot'll git home all right. They'll let him out down the track." "Come along, Bud!" urged Lizzie; and with supreme generosity she addspasmodic intensity. And every day Buddy and Spot, driven to an exclu-sive enjoyment of each other's society, became more dependent on this

and with supreme generosity she add-ed: "Come on and we'll let you help dig. I guess we'll probably find coal this afternoon." companionship. Perhaps there is no love more enthralling than that which a boy gives to his first dog—unless it is the devotion with which a puppy requites his first master. And in Buddy's case this warm and wonderful exchange The stricken Buddy picked himself up and followed them silently until they reached the Bean gate, then, with was almost the boy's whole heart-life. a shake of the head, he went on home. After supper he went out to the

His grandmother had never loved him. Her daughter's child, minus an acknowledged father, had been a bitter legacy to her. His grandfather really did care for him; but the shad-ow of Mrs. Hopkins' antagonism fell always between the two, keeping their affection for each other an unexpress-ed emotion which left the boy's hearthunger unsatisfied.

So on his dog he lavished all the riches of his childish soul. Instead of a mother's kisses, the puppy's lit-tle pink tongue dried his tears that lows. dy ?" boy. "Who took your dog? If any o' them kids has be'n pesterm' you, your gran'daddy'll 'tend to them!" first night when he cried himself to sleep over the coal mine incident. In-stead of putting his arms around a motherly neck and sobbing out his troubles, he hugged his dog and found

comfort and appeasement in the struggles of the wriggling little body to convey a perfect passion of affec-tion. His dog! The one being in the world that adored him. After his rebuff by the Army Folks, Buddy avoided the Bean neighborhood with hittor dignity. But on the lost

took him-off-on the cars." "Gosh!" said the old man. "How'd they git your dog?" he demanded; and when Buddy, between his sobs. had explained the matter, he patted the shaking shoulders and tried to offer consolation. "Never mind, sonny!" he said. "Never mind! Tell you what I'll do. I'll git you another dog. I seen one today. He's a reg'lar dog, this one is. Spot wa'nt nothin' but a pun, anyway. This here one is a real dog." with bitter dignity. But on the last day of that eventful week his curiosity overcame his deeper emotions and accompanied as usual by Spot, he strolled down in that direction. The club was performing its duties rather perfunctorily by this time, so every-This here one is a real dor." Buddy tried to respond, but gave it body was unfeignedly glad to resume up. "I don't wont no real dog," he sobfriendly relations with a former es-teemed contemporary libe Buddy This prevailing good feeling might have led to his becoming a nondebed: "I just want-my puppy!" Day after day Buddy waited, nurs-

script member of the club, if something quite unexpected had not happened.

was in the woodshed getting chips for the kitchen stove and the old man peer-It was Lizzie, of course, that silenced the group with a commanding ges-ture, so that they heard from somewhere in the distance the muffled, measured tread of scores of marching feet. With a wild shout of joy, the War Folks cast aside their shovels and started for the gate. Down the street they tore, Willie Bean, whose personal architecture was a decided handicap, bringing up the rear. "It's the soldiers from the train." shouted Charlie. "Come on! The Sammies are goin' up Main Street!" On they ran. Breathless and pur-

ple and panting they came to where long lines of husky boys. from the great Middle West, were singing their way through crowds that cheered, that waved and smiled, and sometimes sighed, as they went swinging

by. Eager, excited, the Army Folks chased feverishly along beside the troops, who were having this bit of

spairingly and throw himself on the renewed with great cordiality. Buddy tried to respond, but he was subject to sudden attacks of emotion which would send him flying home to the haven of the woodshed.

> One afternoon he heard his grandmother's shrill tones. Buddy won-dered vaguely who could be the object of her wrath, and at the sound of footsteps he shrank back into the darkest corner. And then the miracle happened!

permit.

back,

the

For, reaching in through the door, his grandfather's big rough hands set down a tumultuous something in black and white that flung itself upon him and fairly devoured him in an

insatiable yearning to get closer than the immutable laws of matter would When at last, half suffocated with joy and with puppy caresses, Buddy looked up at the old face, smiling down at him, he could only smile

dumb with happiness. His grandfather sat down on the chopping block and drawing a paper from his pocket, put on his spectacles with hands which trembled.

hands which trembled. "Guess you didn't think your old Gran'daddy had much sense anyway, did you?" he demanded with ill-con-cealed pride. "Guess you didn't think he'd have gumption enough to write to Camp Dodge an' tell the hull United States Army about his boy's pup, did you? Well, that's what he had. An' sure enough the U. S. A. done just what I asked 'em to. They sent your pup back by express this after-noon an'—an' I just knocked off work —it's kind o' warm workin' today,

anyhow!-and brung him home soon's he got here." Buddy was still dumb. He silently hugged the wriggling bunch of love in his arms; but he looked volumes. "I will say," proceeded his grand-father, "they done the thing up brown. Listen here to what they sent with-with Sammy."

Buddy's eyes widened at the name -but he kept on saying nothing. His grandfather, smoothing out the pa-per, motioned him to come and read. It was a very important looking doc-ument which stated in flawless official language that an Honorable Dis-charge had been granted to one "Samby my Hopkins, of Company A, Tenth Regiment," of the National Army! Buddy spelled it out, word by word. Then he read it again, and finally he looked up into the beaming face above him, suddenly printed a fierce kiss on the wrinkled cheek, snatched the paper from the threadbare knee where it was spread, and dashed out of the door. Spot-that is to say, Sammyescaped from his arms and the two raced through the yard, out the front gate, down the street, and irrupted startlingly into the midst of the somewhat languid War Folks Club. Arriv-ed at his great moment, Buddy controlled himself by a violent effort of the will and interrupted the storm of excitement which greeted the reap-pearance of Sp-that is, Sammy. "Read that!" he said grandilo-

quently. And he presented the Hon-orable Discharge. "Gosh!" said the combined masculine membership of the Army Folks

"It's awful good of you, Grandpop, at"—his voice broke—"I—I don't Club, when the contents of the docu-ment had been digested. But the female of the species, who always goes the male one better, gathered herself together, considered

FOR AND ABOUT WOMEN. DAILY THOUGHT.

Few attributes of character are more charming than the faculty of gracefully acknowledging one's errors.-Anon.

Skirts are still short, and are growing more skimpy as prices advance. Hats are small also, made in fine straw, or satin embroidered with straw or raffia. The more they cost the less trimming they seem to have on them, although a good many have a straight or a curled feather as an ornament.

A great deal of satin is used, mostly in black, for afternoon frocks, and some of the best tailor-mades have plain cloth coats, and the same cloth for the skirt with a tiny white pin-stripe running through it. Capes are very largely used as wraps, and are obviously adapted from the American Y. M. C. A. capes, but they have slits for the arms.

Dont's for Young Mothers .- Don't kiss the baby on the mouth or allow your friends to do so.

Don't give soothing syrups to the cross baby.

Don't give "patent" cough mixtures for a cough.

Don't fail to secure the best milk you can afford to buy.

Don't allow flies to rest or feed on baby's bottle or nipple.

Don't fail to wash bottle and ninple before feeding the baby.

Don't let the baby use a "pacifier." Constant sucking of a dummy teat causes deformities and interferes with baby's growth.

Don't fail to keep the baby's food, when prepared, on the ice.

Don't fail to feed baby at regular periods, day and night.

Don't neglect the daily care of ba-'s mouth-wash out with boric acid after each feeding.

Don't excite the baby-especially before sleeping time or after eating. Don't rock the baby to sleep.

Don't let any one sleep with the ba-

Don't let the baby sleep in the sun with light shining into its eyes. Don't overdress the baby, and in

summer avoid wool near the skin. Don't pick up very young babies without supporting the back.

Don't neglect to bathe the baby daily. In summer frequent wet dips

help. Don't fail to clean all folds of skin and powder well. Don't let a wet bib or wet cap string chafe baby's neck. Don't keep baby in the house; fresh

air is necessary for growth. Don't permit flies to bother baby hen sleeping; use a net. Don't fail to screen in the windows,

particularly in the nursery, against flies and insects.

Don't forget that babies nursed by their mother's milk and given plenty of fresh air have three times the advantage over others in escaping diarrhoea, pneumonia and children's infections.

Don't expect a quiet, composed, healthy baby unless you do your part thoroughly and constantly. Don't forget that a mot

speed.

HOW TO SHIFT GEARS. Best-Known Methods Described by

Expert; Work of a Good Driver.

One of the marks of a good driver is the manner in which he handles the gear shifting lever. Of course the design of the clutch and transmission has a great deal to do with easy gear shifting, but even with these advantages a certain amount of practice is necessary in order to shift the gears deftly, without noise or clash-ing. This clashing is caused by the outer ends of the gear teeth striking each other instead of meshing as they should, with the result that the transmission gears are sometimes injured by constant improper shifting

of gears. A clear understanding of what happens in the process of gear shifting will enable the driver to master the

process in a very short time. The transmission is made up of a series of gears, mounted on the main shaft and the countershaft, with the idler gear mounted on the transmis-sion case. The first speed, second speed and the reverse combination are simply three sets of reduction gears with various ratios, to give the motor a greater leverage against the driving mechanism when required. High speed is direct drive, which means that the propeller shaft revolves at the same rate of speed as the motor crankshaft. The various gears are brought into play by movin the gear shifting lever to the proper positions.

RELEASE THE GEAR TEETH. When the clutch pedal is pressed all the way down the power of the motor is disconnected from the transmission system, which releases the pressure of the gear teeth against each other and makes it possible to shift the gears easily. Also, when the gear shifting lever is disconnected from the rear driving machanism be

from the rear driving mechanism, because none of the transmission gears are in mesh. The lower end of the gear shifting lever connects with the gear shifting forks, which are so arranged as to push the gears forward and backward on the square main-shaft in order to make the different gear combinations. The whole theory of gear shifting may be summed up in the statement that the two gears about to be mesh-ed should be revolving slowly and as

nearly as possible at the same rate of speed. If one is revolving much faster than the other it is difficult to shift without clashing.

It is a mistake, for the above reasons, to let the car gain too great a speed before shifting into a higher combination. The following methods will be found to give good results: ONE OF BEST METHODS.

With the throttle closed and the spark lever about half-way down the quadrant, so that the engine idles slowly, throw out the clutch and put the gear-shifting lever in first speed position. Engage the clutch slowly, at the same time pressing down on the accelerator pedal gradually. Let the car attain a speed of about four or five miles an hour and then throw out the clutch, removing the right foot entirely from the accelerator pedal. Push the lever slightly forward into neutral position, then clear to the left and forward into second

wiped the beads of honest toil from her brow and hastened to explain.

"Hello, Buddy!" she said. "We're diggin' a coal mine. Teacher told us all about it last winter. You just dig an' dig till you come to the coal-an' there you are! We'll get to it before winter an' then we'll have it right handy here, 'stead of havin' to pick it up along the tracks.

'Gee!" said Buddy. "It's great!" Lizzie handed up an old tin pail full of dirt to Charlie Stevens, who, with great importance, lugged it out to the street. Jimmy Rand bent to his task of wielding a broken stove shovel. Thomas Jefferson Johnson, whose color matched his name, pushed soap-box wagon up for Jimmy to fill.

Out in the road, Joey Bean and bow-legged Willie Bean were posted to shovel the dirt into the ditch. Over by the sagging porch, Violet Alice Bean, aged three, sat on the ground scraping out her own private coal mine with a battered tin spoon. Buddy beheld these activities with growing excitement.

"We're helpin' Uncle Sam, too!" observed Lizzie. "Y'see, gettin' our own coal will leave that much more for other folks. Ain't it a wonder nobody thought of it before I did?"

"You bet!" said Buddy. "I'll help you. I'm an awful good digger, I am." And he laid hold of another battered shovel and started for the hole. At the brink he stopped short with the shock of a sudden inspiration.

"Gee!" he exclaimed, "Spot kin help, too! Just give him sumpin' to bury an' he kin dig like anything."

Lizzie hesitated. There was also impressive cessation of work on the part of Jimmy Rand; and T. J. Johnson dug his black toes into the ground

and looked the other way. "S-say—listen here, Bud!" said Liz-zie. "Y'see this coal-minin' we're doin' ain't no common job. Y'see, we'er a kind of a club."

"Yep," put in Charlie Stevens. "This is the 'Army Folks Club.'"

"Ain't you got somebody in the ar-my, kid?" demanded Jimmy. "If you have you can pitch in! But if you ain't you gotta git out; 'cause them's the rules. You gotta have a Sammy in the army or you can't get into the club

Buddy's pinched little face went suddenly pale under its streaks of dirt and the shovel slipped from his nerveless grasp. Yes, he knew about their folks. The Bean children had an uncle in France. Charlie Stevens' brother had run away and enlisted. Jimmy's two brothers were with Company G; and even Thomas Jefferson could boast of military connections, for his cousin was in the draft. Buddy gulped hard. "If a feller's mother's got killed-

and he ain't never had anybody but just an old grandmother an' grandpop-how kin he have folks in the ar-my?"

He was interrupted by a howl from Violet Alice, and the children turned to behold her eclipsed by a kaleido scopic effect in black and white which experience enabled them to identify as Spot. Out of the fullness of his loving puppy heart he was insisting on licking her chubby face. Sister Lizzie's indignation had the fierce-

exercise after hours of railroad travel, and who sang as they marched a song which ran: "He was just a long, lean country gink

> From 'way out West where the hoptoads wink: He was six feet two in his stocking feet, And kept gettin' thinner the more he'd eat!'

"Hello, kids!" called the soldiers.

And just at that moment, when the struggling little group was thus brought into the limelight of public attention, Spot, cavorting madly along in an intoxication of joy and gladness, perceived what appeared to him to be a good opening and attempted to negotiate it. Of course Willie Bean's architecture would have encouraged any puppy to try this same stunt: for, as previously remarked, Willie's legs were unmistakably suggestive of a pair of parenthe-ses. But the result was that Willie was catapulted into a sergeant and that Spot monopolized the attention of the entire company for a few hec-

tic moments. Probably this fact was responsible for what happened after the troops had returned to their train. escorted by a large part of the town's popula-

tion, including Lizzie and her satellites. Leaning from the windows. the soldiers, suddenly recognized Spot with shouts of joy. "Hey kid! What's the pup's name?"

Buddy never knew just why he answered as he looked up into the

laughing faces-he didn't say "Spot" What he piped, in his funny treble voice, was-

"Sammy

"Hand him up here and let him get next to the real thing!" called the very sergeant that had been catapultd by Willie.

Buddy, entranced by this attention lifted the wriggling form up to the sergeant's long arms and delightedly watched the hilarious reception of

His Dog by these heroes of the imag-ination, while from the windows of the train rolled waves of melody:

"But he was brave as he was thin, When the war broke out, he got right in Unhitched the mule, put the plow away; And then the old folks heard him say:

'Good-by, Ma, Good-by, Pa,

Good-by, mule with your old hee-haw! I may not know what the war's about, But you bet, by gosh, I'll soon find out.' Buddy, his lips parted in an ecsta-

sy of excitement, did not notice that the signal had been given and the train was creeping ahead. "And, oh! my sweetheart, don't you fear!

I'll bring you a king for a souvenir. And that's about all one fellow can do."

I'll get you a Turk and a Kaiser too, Faster and faster went the train,

its windows crowded with laughing faces, while from car windows and station platform came a medley of cheers and good-bys. Lizzie Bean waved her long arms and cheered shrilly. The other members of the Army Folks did likewise. And then, quite suddenly, they fell silent, star-ing, open-mouthed, at a familiar lit-the four which was running running tle figure which was running, running, his bare legs flying in a futile pursuit of the now swiftly moving train. As they watched, they saw him stop de-

little creature in his hands. "I thought mebbe you'd like him," he said, "but I kin take him back." He started to the house, but hesitated, and taking out of his pocket a shabby purse he slowly extracted a half-dollar from its sparse contents. "Here, sonny," he said. "Don't say nothin' to your grandmother; but here's a half-dollar. You light out after supper and take the kids to the

movies. But the boy was still sobbing, and did not even look up.

"Buddy, quit!" quavered the old man. "Take it, an' go to the show— like a good kid!"

His shaking fingers pushed the money into Buddy's hands, and the boy looked up to see the wrinkled and weather-beaten old face twitching painfully. Grandpop was crying! The child's sobs were hushed by the wonder of that sight, and he suddenly threw his arms around the old man's neck

."I'll be good! It-it'll be fine, Grandpop!" he declared bravely.

An hour later the entire membership of the Army Folks Club, escorted by the rank outsider, Buddy. sat in the second row of the Empire Moving Picture Palace and prepared for two hours of bliss.

First there was a fire in New Jersey; then the wreck of a freight train, an aeroplane flight, the inevitable picture of soldiers training, and finala great parade of troops at Camp

Dodge in their own State. Here was something doing! As the lines of soldiers swung along, the audience clapped and cheered and the second row spectators sat eagerly for-ward. All except Buddy! Temporarily he had forgotten his grief, but now these lines of marching men brought back his sense of loss and loneliness, and he saw the screen through a blinding mist of tears. Surreptitious-

ly he put up his grimy little hand to wipe them away, when suddenly he felt a violent poke which almost sent him out of his seat. "Look!" shrieked Lizzie. "Buddy

-look!' Dashing his tears away, Buddy did look, and there beheld cavorting awkwardly beside a sergeant—whose face was stamped on Buddy's memory the unmistakable figure of a blackand-white puppy dog! On he came, straight toward the front of the pic-

ture; straight, so it seemed to the breathless boy in the second row, to the arms which he held out with an inarticulate cry. And then, in that mysterious way, peculiar to moving pictures, Spot, with a final wag of his tail, vanished from the screen, and Buddy's empty arms fell back hope-

His grandfather was sitting on the steps when Buddy came home in the grip of renewed sorrow; and after the boy had told what happened and had crept up to bed the old man stayed there a long time, his pipe held between his teeth with unwonted determination. He was very gentle with Buddy in the days that followed, and a secret understanding grew and deepened between them. But, for all that, the boy's heart ached with loneliness. The Army Folks Club now regarded him as quite a figure of ro-mance and the invitation to join in the coal mining operation had been

the situation for a moment, and in thinks her milk is not right or suffithe person of Dictator Lizzie, pro-nounced these remarkable words: al advice on how to improve it in both

"You can git into the Army Folks now all right, Buddy Hopkins. An' what's more, you've got the only sol-dier what's ackchully been in the ar-Health. my an' has come back onnerbly dishcharged. So what I say is that we gotta make Sp—Sammy the president o' this here club. An' what I say, goes."—By Vesta Tharp, in The will find that with these as a basis a

Important Facts About War Risk Insurance.

American Magazine.

Responsible representatives of the various life insurance companies may is to quench thirst instead of inducrender valuable service to the dependents of American soldiers and sailors use the fruit syrup with the acid lemby giving information regarding the activities of the Bureau of War Risk Insurance to those dependents. The following suggestions are made by the Bureau, with a view to facilitating correspondence between these de- a decided improvement, as the life pendents and the Bureau:

A large number of men having similar names, it is absolutely necessary to give identifying facts when corresponding, to enable the Bureau to locate the records. (A striking example is that the records of the Bureau show over 1200 Smiths whose first initial is E.) The following should always be stated:

When corresponding as to allot-ments and allowances: Full name of enlisted man; present address; his allotment number or army serial number: date of enlistment: rank and organization November 1917, or at enlistment if subsequent thereto; full name of allottee; relationship to enlisted man; address.

When corresponding as to compensation: Full name of enlisted man; present address: his army serial number; date of enlistment; rank and organization; date of death or discharge from service; full name of beneficia-

address; his army serial number; rank and organization when insured: insurance certificate number; date of birth; date of discharge; full name of beneficiary; address.

Letters concerning the payment or non-payment of the allotment or allowance, compensation, or insurance, should be addressed to the Accounting Division of the Bureau.

Letters concerning compensation or Division of the Bureau.

-Of the 336,000 Indians in the United States about 10,000 served in the army, many being in the overseas army, and most of the soldiers volunteering in advance of the draft. Yet the status of these aboriginal Americans as citizens is below that of the immigrants who have their first naturalization papers. One of the first duties of Congress in recognition of the patriotic service of the Indian is to clear the obstacles in the way of admitting him to citizenship in all cases where he is worthy.

-Subscribe for the "Watchman."

al advice on how to improve it in both quality and quantity-she should consult her private physician.-Bulletin of the New York Department of

The wise housewife, who taking great number of healthful summer drinks can be easily and quickly made. Great care, however, should always be exercised in preparing beverages

for the heated term, so that they are not over-sweetened, as their mission ing it. Also, it is the better plan to on or orange juice and let the combined liquids stand for an hour or two on the ice to ripen before adding the water and ice. In almost all instances the addition of carbonated water is and sparkle of the water give a zest that nothing else will.

The following tested Southern recipes for summer beverages can be very highly recommended:

Iced Ginger Cup.-Place in a large bowl the strained juice of three large lemons, one quart of hulled washed strawberries, one cupful of sugar and two sliced oranges. Let the fruit

puree stand on the ice for two or three hours. When ready to serve mix well, add one quart of chilled water, two pint bottles of ginger ale and about one pint of shaved ice. Serve accompanied by straws and pour the beverage into slender, highstemmed glasses.

Tea Punch .- Make the tea infusion by pouring a quart of boiling water over a heaping tablespoonful of Ceylon tea. Let stand for three or four minutes and then strain into a large bowl. When cold, add two cupfuls of ry; address. When corresponding as to insur-ance: Full name of insured; present address; his army serial number; and one small cupful of Marachino cherries with the cordial. Stand the fruit puree directly on the ice and, just previous to serving, add one quart of iced carbonated water and one quart of cracked ice. Serve in tall glasses with lemonade spoons, so that the fruit can be eaten.

Sweet Curds Good in Pie .- Sweet curds make a good filling for pie or tarts, suggests the home economics insurance claims due to death or dis-ability should be addressed to the Compensation and Insurance Claims ture. The curd is obtained by adding ture. rennet to warm milk and allowing the milk to stand until it hardens. The resulting curd is then broken up and strained. To the curd from one quart of milk add one level tablespoon butter, one-quarter cup sugar, yolks of two eggs and a few Zante currants or chopped raisins and a little nutmeg. Bake it like custard pie.

> Washing Tan Clothes .-- Get a tencent package of brown dye and dis-solve in boiling water, bottle and keep for use when washing tan-colored clothing. A little of the dye in the rinsing water and the starch prevents such colored garments from looking

faded and washed out.

Let the clutch in gently as before and accelerate the speed of the car to about 8 or 10 miles an hour, when the clutch should again be disengaged, the foot removed from the accelerator and the gear-shifting lever pulled straight back into high speed position.

All of these motions should be made deliberately, without haste. Most drivers are in too much of a hurry to make the shift, but smoother shifting will result if, after moving the lever from first or second speed, it is allowed to remain in neutral for a second before pushing it to the higher speed position.

KNACK QUICKLY ACQUIRED The driver will acquire this knack nuch quicker if he will cultivate the habit of not gripping the shifting lever too firmly. For example, shift-ing from second to high speed is a straight backward movement. By moving the lever backward with the finger tips, the driver can actually feel when the gears are rotating at proper speed to mesh perfectly. With the lever gripped tightly this is not possible.

These rules will apply to all ordinary driving on fairly good and level roads, where the car does not lose momentum quickly. But on an upgrade or in heavy pulling of any kind where the car slows down the instant the power is shut off the shift should be made quickly and firmly from all speeds.

REVERSE OF MOTIONS. Shifting from a high speed to a lower speed is practically the reverse of the motions described above, except in the matter of handling the throttle. The principal thing is to make the shifts as firmly and quickly as possible, so as not to let the gears slow down. It is also well to press the clutch pedal down only far enough to barely release the clutch.

Never attempt to reverse the car until it has come to a full stop, nor to shift from reverse into forward speed until the car is standing still, because the action throws an enormous strain on the mechanism.

These rules, if observed, soon become as automatic as the act of walking, and the driver who observes them will have no difficulty in shifting gears with perfect ease and silence .-Pittsburgh Post.

-Of 90,000 Indians of school

age, 28,500 are in special government schools, 29,500 in the public schools, 5,000 are in mission and contract schools, 5,000 are physically or mentally disqualified, leaving 23,000 little Indians who have no school at all. Yet most of the treaties by which the United States acquired Indian lands and moved the owners to reservations stipulated that the Great Father at Washington should supply teachers and school-houses-one to every thirty children! The Centenary will provide fund for meeting a part of this obligation, but there remains a great burden of neglected educational duty on the part of the government which ought to weigh more heavily than it coes upon the conscience of America.

-They are all good enough, but the "Watchman" is always the best.