

FOR AND ABOUT WOMEN.

DAILY THOUGHT.

No man can justly condemn or censure another, because, indeed, no man truly knows another.—Sir Thomas Browne.

Large quantities of food spoil each year because of imperfect sealing of cans. The cause of foods spoiling is due to the action of micro-organisms. Micro-organisms are bacteria, yeasts and molds. Yeast and mold, to be sure, do not play a very important part in the decomposition of canned goods, because they are easily destroyed by sterilization at 150 to 165 degrees, a temperature which is considerably below the boiling point (212 degrees F). The molds which are occasionally found on canned goods, particularly on fruit, are due to incomplete sealing of the jars, which permits air and mold spores to gain entrance to the contents.

Bacteria are the cause of most cases of spoiled food. These organisms are so minute that their average size is only one twenty-five thousandth of an inch. They exist throughout the realm of nature and are found in great numbers upon the surface of fruits and vegetables. Some forms of bacteria are killed at 212 degrees F, or even below, but other forms are resistant to heat because of certain spores which they form that have the power to carry them over unfavorable conditions. By heating to 212 degrees F, for five minutes, however, about ninety-nine per cent. of all bacteria are destroyed. After a continuous heating at 212 degrees, for three hours, only 0.03 per cent. will survive. Even so small a per centage will cause canned food to spoil. Especial care on this point is advised by The Pennsylvania State College department of bacteriology.

Small necked bottles or carafes may be cleaned by filling them half full of hot water in which a tablespoonful each of borax and soda have been dissolved. Then add as much shredded newspaper as the bottle will hold. Tave care that the newspaper is finely shredded, else it will be difficult to remove. Let the bottle stand overnight and in the morning shake vigorously and wash with hot soap suds. After rinsing all sediment and stain will have disappeared.

Speaking of blouses, there are the most delectable sweaters in filet crochet that one wears over blouses of organdie, georgette, crepe de chine or any sheer material. These sweaters are not so much for warmth but rather they add a decorative note. Some models are sleeveless, square necked and belted, while others are slightly more elaborate, with a collar and a sash. Black is a popular color for these sweaters.

Filet crochet is certainly having its day. Chemise tops, designs for camisoles, nightgown yokes in filet, they all are extremely popular. There are so many designs to be got, butterfly, daffodil, rose, etc., all of them pretty. People are either buying the insertion or edge or else they are making them for themselves.

The men of the household usually have some shirts that are worn at the collar. If the collar is cut out, a round or "V" neck formed, a new collar made from the excess material at the bottom of the shirt, the cuffs cut off and the material hemmed at the elbow—the result will be a working waist for the economical housewife. A pocket may be added if desired.

A Seasonable Guest Porch.—Entertaining one's guests in a bungalow of but three or four rooms need not be such a problem as unthinking ones might imagine.

A screened porch, with canvas "blinds," is the one valuable asset where every inch of space must be utilized for the visitor's comfort. If the porch is just even as large as the usual porch it can be divided at night into two sleeping compartments by a drop curtain of canvas weighted down by a sufficiently heavy pole inclosed in the bottom of the curtain—like the stage "drop."

The outer curtains, or canvas drops, around sides and front can be lowered any distance desired, according to the coolness of the night; or, if it rains it can be lowered to the floor; these should be arranged at the sides so as to be easily attached to the centre curtain in any emergency. An outside awning will deflect the summer shower, so that the guests beyond the canvas walls will be thoroughly snug and comfortable.

This "guest porch" should be so furnished that, though in daytime there is nothing in evidence suggesting the bedroom, it can be changed after nightfall, in the twinkling of an eye, to an altogether desirable guest chamber.

With this arrangement no great expenditure, for day beds and the like, is necessary. A couch, such as many a home has, for the unexpected guest—or extra visitor—might be used. One for each end of the porch. Tapestried or chintz covers conceal the blankets and bed linen folded away beneath. Four brown wicker chairs and right in the centre of the porch two mahogany or rosewood wall tables joined together, making an attractive round table. These tables are particularly desirable because of the many little drawers so useful for toilet accessories for the night. A vase of flowers and a pretty centre piece for this table will lend a more porchy appearance. A few books, a magazine or two, may be added.

At night the curtain which drops between will separate the tables, giving one to each guest as a wall-table. Vanish the books and flowers. Out from the magic drawers appear comb, brush, mirror and other toilet necessities.

Two fibre rugs complete the furnishing of these "bedrooms"—and, if desired, a small chest, or matting shirt-waist box, may be given each guest. These are easily out of the way in the daytime by pushing them against the house. Brown cretonne pillows will look well on these boxes.

A bungalow of only four rooms will, of course, have all outside rooms, and being thus arranged will have

sufficient ventilation without the need of the front windows, which will have to be sacrificed on account of the guest porch at night.

A small electric light in fancy brackets on each side of the door to the bungalow is attractive and useful.

Fate of the Red Fox.

It was bitter cold, and had been for several months. The coats of the animals were made thick and fine and lustrous by the weather and their own abounding health. The red fox stood—a beautiful figure—on the spotless snow. Frost particles and diamonds of snow sparkled on his coat, the red of which tempered to yellow and white on throat and lower neck, and the tip of the thick bushy tail, and to brown and black in legs and feet. He was looking for silly, snow-hidden partridges or rabbits, but was not averse to picking up other food. That was why he paused to investigate a frozen lump that he found by the bank on the river. It was meat and he bolted it whole and proceeded on his way. He had gone perhaps a mile in the woods when the warmth of his body had thawed the morsel and loosened the juices contained in it. Suddenly a twinge and a cramp stopped him, and he lay down and died with his toes turned up, strychnine, buried in the meat by a trapper, having completed its deadly work.—Our Dumb Animals.

France Dazed by Losses.

Paris.—The total of the losses of the various belligerents during the world war, made public by Deputy Louis Martin, had a staggering effect upon French public opinion. France in four and one-half years of war lost one man in every 26 inhabitants; Great Britain, exclusive of dominions, lost one in every 66 of population; Italy, one in every nine inhabitants.

Germany's losses work out as one man in every 35 inhabitants; Austria-Hungary, one in every 50; Russia, one in every ten inhabitants.

These figures have been drawn up according to the most recent census, since the case of France was 1910, since the population has decreased, as shown by official statistics.

But Where's The Kick.

From Kipling—"Go thither softly treading on the tips of your toes and ask him for a 'button punch.' * * * No man but one knows what is in it. I have a theory it is compounded of the shavings of cherubs' wings, the glory of a tropical dawn, the red clouds of sunset and fragments of lost epics by dead masters."

Her First Thought.

Hub (with letter)—What do you think? Uncle Jim has left us a million dollars.
Wife—Splendid! Now we can take ice all summer.

POPPY'S SYMBOL OF NATION'S DEAD.

In Flanders fields the poppies blow
Between the crosses, row on row,
That mark our place;—

Immortalized by the soldier-poet himself buried in France, Flanders' poppies already are symbols of Nation's hero dead of the world war, says the National Geographic Society.

Now, the poppy is to receive a semi-official recognition by being planted in government parks of the nation's capital as perennial memorials to the men who sleep under the crosses and poppies of Flanders.

To examine the poppy is not to violate its new-found sentiment, for it unfolds its glories upon closer study. Moreover, it has a symbolism unexpected, because of the pure accident of its association with America's sacrifices of freedom.

The poppy is found in profusion in France, but it is especially popular in England, because it is the only scarlet flower in the British flora, except the scarlet pimpernel, even that is more red than scarlet.

The poppy family has as many complexions and habitats as the skins and homes of the men whose graves it decorates. To the brave Australian, to the crusading Californian and to the Asiatic employed behind the lines, the poppies of France must have nodded familiar heads in friendly welcome.

There are half a hundred or more species of the poppy family. It is likely the soldier-poet quoted above had in mind the most prolific, one of the most common, and what many consider the most beautiful variety, the corn poppy, (Papaver Rhoeas). You will recall:

'Neath the blue of the sky, in the green of the corn,
A hint of the reason why the poppy survived the searing tramp of armed hosts, and the churning of big gun fire on the erstwhile grain fields of Flanders is given in a farmer's doggerel: When the poppy ripens be sure the seeds will stick to garden as with weeds.

Nature provided the poppy with an intricate and ingenious device of a kind which makes the study of even the simplest plant life a constant marvel and delight. It is the village rheumatic of the flower community—equipped with a miniature hydro-scope. Long capsules contain the seeds of the poppy. Atop each capsule are valves, sensitive to moisture of the air, which close when the atmosphere is humid. When the air is dry the pores open to eject the seed upon warm sunny soil.

Nor is that all. It is no mere accident that the seeds are at the bottom, and the pores at the top of the slender capsule. When the wind blows the stems sway over a wide area and fling out the seeds for a far greater distance than if they fell around the root.

The poppy is thoroughly democrati-

c in its hospitality to flies, bees, beetles and all other insects. It invites them by its brilliant colors and offers no special charm for certain privileged insects, as do some more exclusive flowers. It has no honey but provides pollen in plenty. In part, the poppy is self fertilizing, but plants also are fertilized by the pollen "left overs" of the insect feasts which they carry to other flowers.

A characteristic of the corn poppy, besides its brilliant scarlet coloring, is the large size of its two outer petals which hide the lesser pair until the flower has opened. Poppies of Flanders, be they corn poppies or other varieties, are not of the oriental species from which opium is derived.

Travelers among country folk of England will encounter various names given to the poppy, such as "red cap," "red weed" and "firefloat." The more prosaic prefer "cheesebowl," on account of the shape, and even "headache," because of the odor of some varieties.

But of all the poetic mention of the poppy from that of Burns and Keats down to Bridges and William Winter, perhaps the most glorious and descriptive is contained in the lines of Francis Thompson:

Summer set lip to earth's bosom bare,
And left the flushed print in a poppy there:
Like a yawn of fire from the grass it came,
And the fanning wind puffed it to flapping flame.
With burnt mouth red like a lion's it drank
The blood of the sun as he slaughtered sank.
And dipped its cup in the purpurate shrine
When the eastern conduits ran with wine.
—Boston Globe.

Thinks He Will Fool Them.

The Village Reprobate—"Both the doctor an' the meenister have prophesied that I wud fill a drunkard's grave, but I'll show them they're wrong."

The Visitor—"How splendid of you Donald. You've made up your mind to be a teetotaler, eh?"
The Village Reprobate—"Na, na, I've made up my mind to be cremated."

For Protection of Birds.

Twenty prizes of \$10 each and forty prizes of \$5 each are offered for evidence by which the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals shall convict persons violating the laws of Massachusetts by killing an insect-eating bird or taking eggs from its nest.

Used to It.

She—Didn't you find life in the trenches dreadful?
He—Not so very. You see I was used to being in a hole before I went across.

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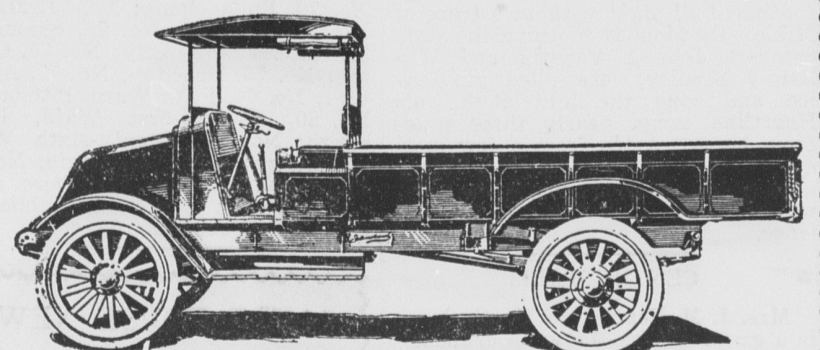
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