# Aemocratic Matchman

## Bellefonte, Pa., June 8, 1928.

#### THE WEATHER MAN.

From day to day the Weather Man The changing skies prognosticates For every live American

In these alert United States, His Fahrenheit he calibrates; He reads the signs to us obscure And generally terminates With "Not much change in temperature

The "cit" arising, rather than See what the sky premeditates, Consults the paper, there to scan What weather likely him awaits; And there the atmospheric states The seer announces, crisp and sure, As, "Showers today"-but perorates With "Not much change in temperature."

The prophet is no partisan; The plain truth he disseminates As briefly, tersely, as he can And ne'er with joking levitates Yet now and then he overtakes Or understates the Simon-pure As when he thins his estimates With "Not much change in temperature." ENVOI

If ever hell he habitates He'll no doubt with less a blithe "bon

jour!" Foretell its weather variates

With "Not much change in temperature."

#### A DOG LIKE THAT.

Ed Sibley and his Airedale, Derry, were footing it briskly down the river road on their way from Twin Forks to the ferry landing. Derry's high spirits and Ed's lusty though none too musical whistle suggested they were going to some favorite hunting ground instead of taking a tramp to install new piston rings in a pump engine at a ranch across the river. It was indeed a prosaic errand but on such a zestful day anything was better than work within the drab walls of the garage. From roadside ditches came the

drawling "c-r-rawk" of frogs a-sprawl in the May sunshine; bursting buds clouded the tops of the alders in a haze of delicate green; and the growling chorus of the river's wild freshet told of the rout of Northland winter. Over both youth and dog had been cast the spell of the first perfect day of spring. Because of it Derry's pranks became waggish-droll-utterly absurd, and not even the prospect of a meeting with old Cap Mc-Guire, the ferryman who had taken so violent a dislike to Derry, could rob Ed's whistle of its blitheness.

When they were a mile below the settlement they heard a willow grouse drumming in some hiding place among the thickset alder clumps. The sound provoked Derry to extravagant gestures of alertness. He cocked his ears, scanned the bushes with a tre-

At the landing a short length of steel rail suspended by a wire served as a gong and Ed pounded on it to call the ferryman from his shanty on the distant bank. Derry, not satisfied with the gong, added his bark to the

ringing summons. "Soft pedal," Ed warned. "Maybe he's cooled down since a week ago." He saw McGuire come from his shan-

ty and walk aboard the cable ferry. As Ed watched him ease the awkward craft into the full sweep of the current a feeling of sympathy and tolerance for the lonely, embittered old man stirred him. In his day the departed day of steamboats-Mc-Guire had been a figure of importance in the North. Old-timers said that when Cap couldn't get a stern-wheel-

pelled to swallow his pride and spend his declining years as a mere tender of a government ferry. "Guess it'd make a crab out of anybody," Ed mused, his eyes on the thickset man "Y'know how fer y'll get. You seen at the wheel of the chunky craft buck- that stump dragged down."

ing the rips and eddies in midstream. in temperature." the ferry's two dory-like pontoons, pose he saw us and—" —C. C. Zeigler. with the twenty feet of decking be-

with the twenty feet of decking be-tween them, offered little resistance to the hard-driving water. On the cable suspended between the wooden towers was a traveling block and through its lower half a long wire rope ran into smaller blocks set on the unstream wings of the ferry By the upstream wings of the ferry. By turning the wheel and shortening one side of this stout bridle, McGuire not hear him for, looking across the could hold the pontoons at an angle to the current so that they sideslipped water toward the black-and-tan body the current so that they sideslipped across in a suprisingly short time. water and tautness of the main ca-ble told of the stream's tremendous could—but no plan was absurd to be power but McGuire held the wheel attempted now ... the Kettle . hard over, his thirty years' mastery

of the river had made him contemp-tuous of its might. "He's sure crowd-traw Ed sprang to action. ing her," Ed thought. Y'd think he couldn't get here fast enough to suit him." The cable hummed, the water tion were so strangely blended-lay ripped past the tarred flanks of the their only slim chance of salvation, pontoons, and the moment the ferry and on the deck of the derelict that bumped the landing apron Ed heard, in no uncertain terms, the reason for this haste.

ya.' Step aboard."

futile arguments with this impossible short cut down the road to Meller's old man. He stepped aboard but Der- cabin. ry-who had chosen that very moment to bark defiance at an abusive soft green of the willows, knew by the jay-had his back to the river and way he ran up and down the bank did not realize the possibility of being that he was puzzled. But over and

"Is that hound comin'—or ain't he?" McGuire demanded and before ferry was turning slowly end for end mendous knowing eye, then leaped the Ed could assure him crisply that Der-Ed could assure him crisply that Der-and as it turned Ed kept pointing inditch and rammed his way into the thicket with a loud "yawp" which he intended to be a compelling invita-tion for Ed to follow him but which Airedale came charging across the arc. landing but by that time eight feet of rolling water lay between him and he saw Derry hurl himself into the the ferry that was bearing his master willows saw their tips sway to mark away. He crouched and would have his plunges, and heard the sounds of attempted to jump had not Ed shout-ed to prevent him. "Let the river finish him," McGuire "Let the river hinsh hin, integrate grunted. "Blasted poultry-killin' fool." "Poultry?" Ed demanded, angry in spite of himself. "What you talking "We only got fifteen minutes more.

came to the landing. "Why couldn't he take my word for it? Seems like he's never happy unless he's picking a row with somebody." At the landing a short length of steel rail suspended by a wire served it was not until he heard McGuire say

against the water that swept into the

river's great cauldron. The roar of

the tortured water was close at their

backs. Ed in the bow, naked to the waist, threw his body onto the paddle

with every stroke. Up-down-back his arms worked as his blade bit into

the slipping water. Nobody spoke; there was only the roar of the river

behind and from the shore. As if de-

fying it, as if urging them to one su-

preme effort, came the staccato barks

gain, though Ed was sure now they were holding their own. Meller turned

the boat a few degrees toward the

shore. Ed slashed his paddle over-

head and plunged into the water to

ears; but with each snapping stroke Ed's head came down and he dared

not risk even a fleeting glance shore-ward. "Now! Horse it to 'er now!"

McGuire panted and with that rally-

ing shout Derry barked again and Ed

Now they were ranging close to

could feel the boat gaining very slow-

the sloping wall of loose rock . . .

Now they bumped, Ed's fingers found

a fissure and held grimly, and now

ing on Ed, clawing his bare shoul-ders in the madness of his joy, while

dare-devil Meller told how the dog

had found him and made him come to

While the brief story of that great

race against death was told, Ed held

Derry tightly as if he would never

under, but from the top of the bank

the old steamboat man pointed to a few pitched pontoon planks the whirl

they were ashore and Derry was leap-

They fought-but the could not

of Derry.

depended on that alone. Ed waved to him and the salute had between clenched teeth. "It's a fifty-fifty chance," that he saw Meller's all the poignancy of farewell. Derry responded with one quick bark; then poling boat come from a narrow eddy for a moment he was hidden by the under the overhanging branches and bushes fringing the raw bank. shoot out to intercept them.

Ed turned in time to steamboat man, his back against the now useless wheel, draw his big sil-ver watch from the pocket of his soiled buckskin vest, study the dial, and then drop it into the pocket again. "Twenty-five minutes an' we'll be "Twenty-five minutes an' we'll be "Twenty-five minutes an' we'll be

er up the lashing waters of a riffle or through a canyon no one else need try. In his proud day he had had no peer as a river man but now, since the peer as a river man but now, since the to face with death but then there was coming of the railroad, the last of the a chance to do something, a chance to paddlewheelers was rotting on the fight, while now they could do nothing mud flats at the river mouth and the during those twenty-five minutes exman who once piloted them was com- cept that which in times of danger is pelled to swallow his pride and spend hardest of all-there seemed nothing

"Meller! What about him? His

In spite of its ungainly appearance, cabin's close above the Kettle. Sup-

keep them from being swung broad-side over the brink. They seemed to this. Ferget it." be coming nearer to the shore; Der-He may have said more but Ed did ry's barks came more loudly to his this. Ferget it."

weaving its way in and out of the wil-The keen black bows sheering the lows, he conceived a wild, impossible twenty minutes more . . . after that!

With Derry-this dog in whose

heart loyalty and independence of acthe river was sweeping along Ed stood up, waved his arm, motioned to the road and shouted, "Mush!" the river in time to see the ferry drift helplessly around the bend.

"Keep that blasted malamute close t' ya!" the old man roared. "I'll brain him if he comes near me. I'm tellin' voice, every fiber of his being was let him go. None of them saw the ferry sucked concentrated on the forlorn effort of Ed had resolved to get into no more making Derry understand about the

He saw the dog outlined against the over again Ed shouted and waved his

FOR AND ABOUT WOMEN. DAILY THOUGHT

Isn't it strange that princes and kings And clowns that caper in sawdust rings And common folks like you and me Are builders of eternity? To each is given a bag of tools

A shapeless mass and a book of rules: And each must make, ere life is flown, A stumbling-block or a stepping stone. -Anon.

Curls have come back to make some charming new coiffures which certainly point to the return of the chignon. The new evening silhouette with emphasis on frills, flounces and even bustle trains, are calling for a much fuffier, fuller type of hair-dressing. The closely-cropped head with little ringlets simply pasted down is not in harmony with the more feminine spring fashions, say the smart Paris-ian hairdressers He was close now . . He was spinian hairdressers.

To take care of the ugly in between stage of growing, they have devised as a result. It pays to protect a crop a convenient coiffure with the hair after it is planted so that the harupcurled in a roll all around the nape vest will not be fruitless and disapof the neck.

Others take care of the growing locks by having them curled and piled up in a mass at the back of the head. For fortunate women with a clear-cut profile, there is the coiffure which exposes the ears with the hair brushed up to curl about the neck.

The bob with the hair cut in a horizontal line from ear to ear is also returning to favor. It is often worn with a bang or fringe that goes straight across the forehead. For evening it is dressed with waves which spiral about the head giving to the originally symmetrical that touch of irregularity which is quite in keeping with new uneven hemlines.

"Hyacinth" curls and "windblown" coiffures are still fashionable, but made much fluffier and more elaborate than ever before.

Even with daytime costumes, new with wider brims are decidedly bunchy. Trimmings of flowers, ribbons, longer haircuts and even some "knobs" are being seen again.

Veils are gttting lacier and more important at some French millinery houses.

Several famous models are promoting shoulder-length veils and some show Turkish veils of figured lace swathed around the face and throat. These veils are worn under the hat instead of over them, being draped scarf-fashion over the head.

Suzanne Talbot, who is a dressmaker as well as milliner, shows shoulderlength veils of stiff black tulle with many hats.

In recent years, we have tried all colors in hose, but this season, we will confine ourselves to the various shades of "flesh," abondoning the strong pinks, tans, yellows and hard lections will complete the entertain greys. For dress we will wear deli- ment. cate nude or flesh tints in the sheerhad spewed into the rapids below. He said no word at sight of this wreck-age of his ferry but as he turned away Ed heard him say something that made his arms close more tightly are being or light tan. Rayon that there will be add semi-dress, it will be biege, a sort of light tan or cream-ivory, and it may be livened a bit with a yellow-ish or rose tint. For sports it will be a dusty being or light tan. Rayon the for everybody, Mairs de-clares.

### FARM NOTES.

Requests are received by the Penn-sylvania Department of Agriculture for more than 3000 farm bulletins. each month. While most of these requests are from farmers within the Commonwealth, some are received from all parts of the world.

During the past few months bulle-tins have been sent to Africa, Japan, Russia, France, Germany, Philippine Islands and Porto Rico, in addition to England and Canada.

All the summer flowering bulbs should be set out now. To assure a continuous supply of gladioli, they can be set at intervals of two weeks. Follow the rule of planting all bulbs twice as deep as their diameter.

Be sure to spray your potatoes this summer. The practice is no longer experimental. Hundreds of farmers have sprayed and experienced a comfortable filling of their pocketbooks pointing.

If earthworms are troublesome in the lawn, saturate the ground with a solution of lime. Use 20 pounds of stone lime to 40 gallons of water. Allow the solution to stand until clear and then apply the clear liquid to the turf.

Black locust is an ideal tree forgrowing fence posts. If your supply is getting short, try an acre, State College foresters suggest.

More than 200 plants are know to be acceptable hosts to the European corn borer. These include all kinds of succulent plants and some, like the grapevine, which is not considered ordinarily as succulent. This shows how serious the corn borer menace is and why it is important to have adequate control every year.

Sweet clover is considered one of coiffures show increased bilk and hats the best honey-producing plants. The plants bloom abundantly and the bees are very fond of the nectar. Sweet. clover honey is of the highest quality.

Many new features will mark the Pennsylvania State College Farmer's Field Day program, June 14 and 15. in addition to those found so popular in past years, T. I. Mairs, in charge of arrangements announced.

For those arriving in State College Thursday evening, June 14, an entertainment program has been arranged. President R. D. Hetzel will welcome the farmers and their families. The speakers who will address the meeting are Miles Horst, Palmyra, representing the State Council of Agricultural Organizations; R. G. Bressler, Harrisburg, deputy secretary of ag-riculture, and Fred Brenckman, of Washington, representative of the Nalections will complete the entertain-

Educational exhibits, demonstra-

that made his arms close more tightly around his dog. "Wish't I had a dog like that Der-ry—fer myself, I mean," McGuire said, and only Ed Sibley knew what worlds of feeling those few gruff words implied —The American Boy. ton, led the demonstration farm flocks of the State, the Pennsylvania State. Other high flocks for the month were those of John H. Wilson, Huntingdon, 281 birds, 25.1 eggs each; J. big brother to their fair sisters of the H. Rolar, Cumberland county farmer, 290 birds, 25 eggs; Abner E. Rider, Through the medium of the Mechanicsburg, 105 birds, 24.8 eggs; Campus college undergraduate pub-Charles Hood, New Cast.e. 203 birds, 24.8 eggs; Charles Hood, New Cast.e, 203 birds, lication, the men are offering their 24.1 eggs; Mrs. J. A. Evarts, New Castle, 22.8 eggs; Mrs. Blair David-son, Carlisle, 241 birds, 22.6 eggs; L. following list of "don'ts," which ap-peared in the Campus. Don't look over our shoulder to 120 birds, 22.1 eggs. Indiana county sheep growers will hold a purebred ram sale this year for the first time, it was decided at. the recent annual meeting, W. B. Connell, extension sheep and wool specialist of the Pennsylvania State College, reports. This decision brings the total of purebred ram sales in the State to four. The others will be at New Castle, Montrose, and State College. Cutting the poor trees on two acres of his woodland, Clayton Dunham,, Sullivan county farmer, sold 200<sup>o</sup> standard railroad ties, has 10,000 feet air grow. of inch boards and planks and 160' Don't explain that you know it's cords of stove wood, C. R. Anderson, bad form, but that you just like to extension forester of the Pennsylvania State College, reports. This area: Don't poise your cigarette graceful- ran heavily to inferior beech and ly and then puff the smoke out before birch and consequently was thinned severely. Dunham plans a regular winter-cutting schedule on his 150acre tract. Where wheat originated no mam knows. Efforts have been made to trace it to its ancestral plant, but. they have never been certainly successful. As soon as a botanist discovers a wild plant closely akin to it. some other scientist suggests that the "wild" plant is a degenerate escaped from cultivation. The Swiss lake dwellers had two distinct species, one spoon of salt. Add 2 tablespoons of of which is quite different from anysugar and rub into this mixture 4 ta- thing found in the ancient Egyptian blespoons of butter. Stir in 1 cup of tombs. The earliest Parisian writings milk. Lightly roll the dough and cut note wheat as an old-established plant or shape into individual cakes and but the usual guess is that it origin-Some day; doubtless, the sands of Mesopotamia have been washed and hulled and add will be as carefully raked as those of to them 3 cup of sugar. When the Egypt and yield as rich additions to man's knowledge of his origin; today oven, split open and butter them and it is safe to attribute the origin of alput the strawberries in between and most anything to Mesopotamia, be-Free access to water or watering cows at least twice daily will increase the profits from winter dairying.

had a hollow heartiness that meant he had not the foggiest notion where the drumming grouse was hiding. "Old stuff," Ed derided, and Derry

looked out of the brush with grinning mouth and lolling tongue to admit he had been indulging in a colossal bluff.

To cover his confusion he commenced to dig out a purely imaginary rat. He snuffled and snorted, hurled clods of leaf mould into the road, trying to give a realistic portrayal of a remarkably spry young terrier about to capture a most elusive rat. But Ed merely paused in his whistling to the marines" and marched on down the road.

"Blah!" Derry barked in disgust. He picked up a stick twice as long as increasing commotion of the river. himself and cantered ahead to show that he had found something worth while in that hole after all. But even in his moment of greatest elation luck was most unkind for, as he was trying to pass between two trees with the stick crosswise in his mouth, it jammed and hurled him down so vio- face directly in front of the bow of lently that he had scarcely time to the offshore pontoon. Ed had only grunt his surprise before he was somersaulted into a puddle of soggy leaves.

"Closed you up like a concertina," Ed chuckled. At which Derry yawn-ed with laborious indifference before the bow and tons of water banked betrotting ahead to find a grassy spot hind the sprawling tangle of stump where he could roll and clean his splattered coat.

At the next turn the road came out on the river bank and Ed stopped to watch the swirling water. Like all dwellers in the valley, he had a wholesome respect for the river, but Derry, to show how little he cared for such awesome sights as spring freshets, swaggered to the very edge of the perilous cut-bank and contemptously regarded the silt-laden water snarling over the bowlders twenty feet below him.

"Come here, you," Ed commanded. "Don't get gay with that old river. Anything that goes in there now, stays-for keeps."

Derry turned his head toward his master, looked at him with much the same lofty amusement as a duckling, new come to the farmyard pond, must have for the warning squawks of the hen that hatched it. But Ed insisted he stand clear of the crumbling bank. For in that country of untamed rivers and among the white-water men who a reputation more notorious than any inland water between Vancouver and Nome, and along its entire course there was no place so evil as Hell's Kettle, a short canyon five miles be- that must claim them. low the ferry landing.

They started on and as they neared the ferry's cable tower Ed's whistle dwindled and died as he remembered his meeting with McGuire a week ago. They had crossed the river early and stayed until after dark and during that time something—probably a coy-ote—had killed one of the ferryman's lambs. He had insisted Derry was to blame and had taken no heed of Ed's

"About that gander a' mine he killed the same day he killed the lamb, that's what I'm talking about, long enough to advise him to "tell it young fella. An' if I hear any a' your jaw, y'll pay for it." McGuire was almost shouting now.

to make his words plain above the "I told you before the dog was not out of—" Ed began. But the sentence was never finished, for with a startled exclamation McGuire threw the wheel over, working desperately to avoid collision with a huge stump a boiling eddy had brought to the surtime to clutch the rail before the impact threw him to his knees. Every timber groaned with the strain and then the roots, like the tentacles of and multiplied the crushing force.

"Crab the pike pole!" McGuire bellowed, trying to swing the ferry and cable was bar-taut, the bridle twanged like a bowstring, the ferry wallowed sickeningly. Ed leaped over the rail and standing close to the stump with the smother of foam to his hips tried to get some leverage against the gripping roots. During each of those tortured sec-

onds while the two men struggled, the river like a vindictive beast which at last has turned to annihilate its captors, threw itself higher over the

bow-and then with ghastly abruptness the main cable parted, the traveling block dropped with a choked splash and the ferry started downstream, turning crazily end for end. Ed saw the stump flounder out of sight as an eddy sucked it down. He heard quick barks of alarm from Derry, saw him race along the bank to keep abreast of them. The vibrant traveled them, this great stream had tone of that bark he understood so well told him the dog knew the dan-ger and there flashed through Ed's ger and there flashed through Ed's from its shaggy bark, saw it gyrate mind a sharp sensation of relief that crazily, stand almost vertical with Derry at least would escape the fate

Five miles downstream, death was waiting

Hell's Kettle would be seething today; everything entered its vortex would come to the surface-if it ever came up-as matchwood. He himself had seen stout trees sucked down and though he had often watched, nothing but short lengths and splinters ever water. "I'll fight for it," he should appeared. The ferry would be crushed like a berry box.

honest assertion that the dog had not been out of his sight all the day. And now the river was hurrying arms and was on the verge of plung-ing when McGuire roared "Steady!" "The old grouch," Ed thought as he sloping rock walls where the Kettle in a voice that in day gone by had news while it is news.

And as they swung into the bend

"Off after a rabbit most like. Dogs Nice day for a bathin' party." It was the first jest Ed had ever heard the old man attempt. In spite of the hope he would not let himself abandon, he knew he would probably never see his dog again.

The water grew rougher on that mile of curve. Outcroppings of rock along the shore sent curling waves angling outward to meet in midstream in spearheads of foam and these prevented any remote chance of the ferry's being swept close to the steep bank. The pontoons circled one another, the deck rose and fell unevenly, the cross timbers and stringers creaked with the strain.

But never did Ed cease watching the bank. A dozen times he fancied he saw the brush move and each time he steeled himself for the sight of Derry; a dozen times he thought he heard barking far back in the woods -the sharp bark of a terrier hot on a rabbit trail. Then before he knew it, they were into the straight run of river where the water quickened relentlessly to plunge over the brink of the Kettle.

Beyond the brink they saw where the water spouted against the wall of drenched rock beyond, and on their left, close above the Kettle, they saw the weathered shakes of Meller's cabin roof. They could even see the stovepipe and in vain they looked for some telltale wisp of smoke to show that Meller was at home. Nowhere, neither along the broken bank nor on the eddies near the shore, was there any sign of dog or man. Derry had failed to understand!

The ferry rode evenly now. As if the river had tired of toying with its prey, it set straight and strong for the entrance to the Kettle. Ed's fingers fumbled with his boot laces. He freed his feet, pulled his sweater over his head, and threw it down. McGuire, watching him, shook his head.

They were only a half mile from the Kettle now, and from its roaring vortex they saw a big cedar rear slowly upward with water streaming two-thirds of its length above the surface and then still wobbling, start to

sink into the thundering core of the whirlpool. The sun glinted on its forked top for an instant and then it was taken completely under.

Ed's bare feet thudded on the planking as he ran to the upstream end of the deck. For an instant he as his arms came up above his head. He leaned outward, threw back his

#### Teachers Must Have Higher Rating for Next School Year.

The school year now approaching its close, will mark a significant period in the history of education Pennsylvania, Dr. John A. H. Keith, superintendent of Public Instruction said recently. It registers the time he said when all new teachers entering service in the public schools of the Commonwealth must hold a standard certificate.

The advance Pennsylvania has peared in the Campus. made toward higher teacher qualifications is best understood when compared with the year 1920, Dr. Keith asserted. At that time more than 45 per cent of the teachers in the public schools were without standard certification. To-day, 90 per cent of the a san teachers possess standard licenses and meal. the remaining 10 per cent are rapidly

To date, 26,000 teachers' licenses have been issued by the Department rave about what a wonderful musical of Public Instruction-4000 of which were granted to college graduates, 7400 to normal school graduates, and the remainder to teachers with miscellaneous preparation.

Bus Line Owners Must be 21.

Ambitious youths who want to run bus lines as common carriers must wait until they reach 21 years of age under a recent decision of the Public Service Commission. The decision was made on an application of Harry Davis, Butler. The order of the commission point-

ed out that its policy is to require holders of public convenience certificates to take all "necessary steps and precautions for the protection of their patrons in case of accident and for This the commission bethe public." lieves would be impossible if a certifi-

tendant legal and administrative limitations." The commission's order also cited the provision of the motor vehicle

code which prohibits persons less than 21 years of age from operating passenger buses.

#### Plan Epileptic Colony.

The board of trustees of the Selinsgrove State Colony for Epileptics has advertised for bids for the construction of the new cottages. The bids are to be in on May 16.

This institution will be the first State colony for epileptics. At present the epileptics are being accommodated in the mental hospitals and in the schools for mental defectives. It is estimated that 2000 epileptics are now being cared for with the insane and feebleminded. Many of these patients can be given better care if segserve it with cream. regated in such an institution as is being developed at Selinsgrove.

-----The Watchman gives all the

## Rochester, N. Y .- Feeling that it is College poultry extension service reeasier to tell a woman "what not to ports. do' than "what to do," members of Othe

the men's college of the University of Rochester have assumed the rele of women's college.

Some advice has been offered in the

read our newspaper. Go buy onethey only cost a few cents. Don't say you "just adore" any girl who is your rival.

Don't accept an invitation to have a sandwich and then order a whole

Don't keep us waiting more than a acquiring the necessary credits for standard certificates. half hour, especially when a to-be-paid-for chariot awaits you without. On the way to a picture show, don't comedy is in town.

Don't say you are reducing-and then eat everything in sight. Don't ask whether or not to let your

hair grow. chew gum anyway.

you have time to taste it. Don't be afraid to accept a date at the last minute, especially when you want it. We know we are supposed to think you're popular.

Don't be avidly interested in the things you say shock you.

For an old fashioned strawberry shortcake sift enough flour to fill a pint measure, then sift again together with 1 teaspoon of cream of tar-tar,  $\frac{1}{2}$  teaspoon of soda and  $\frac{1}{4}$  teabake in biscuit pans or in muffin rings. ated in Mesopotamia. Mash 1 quart of strawberries which on top. Make a meringue with the cause we know so little about it. white of egg and 1 tablespoon of

powdered sugar over the cakes. For fruit salad boil one pint of syrup. This is made by adding a half pint of water to one pound of sugar. It should be flavored with lemon rind, cloves, a bay leaf and sprig of mint. Prepare all the fruit in a bowl, pour the hot syrup over it, and let it cool, tossing from time to time until it is cold. Place the salad on the ice, and

Winter apples need a third spraying for a really good job. This should of cows in the country is decreasing be applied along about the middle of each year. The answer is, each cow July.

A loose separator vibrates and mixes the milk and cream. Have the machine level and anchored to the floor.

The amount of milk produced for each cow in the United States in 1916 was 3,700 pounds; in 1921 it was 4,-000, and in 1926 it was 4,700 pounds.

The average person is using more milk than he used to, but the number is producing more than formerly.

cate holder were a minor with all "at-