

Bellefonte, Pa., June 3,, 1932.

OUT TO SEA

Seaward and seaward, and sail the barques away.

And one shall wait their coming home for many a weary day;

And one shall wave to phantom ships. pale, unavailing hands Where feeble watchfires flicker, on deso-

lated strands.

Seaward and seaward, still sail the barques away,

But the storm winds sweep the ocean and drown the prayers we pray; The harbor bells are ringing-are ling-

ing o'er the foam, But who shall say what day the ships

shall sight the shores of home.

Seaward and seaward, and so we drift away;

Be glad, dear heart, if life has known one withering rose of May;

The stars are still above us, the heaven

is bending o'er, Thank God for hearts that love us,

though we return no more!

GOOD DOG

(Concluded from last week)

arms. The boy's eyelids fluttered, he sighed deeply, trembled-and looked up at the captain.

"The bird's gone-crashed in the ed present at all formations, as a field yonder. Where are you hit?"

"Nowhere, sir. Please lift me up." me," he confessed.

quality of courage to confess that," Peepsight observed. "However, the next time you get frightened, Robyou on the job."

Peepsight strolled over to the state of confusion. burning plane and watched the old," he thought.

He uncovered to his dead enemy raised to a high pitch of excitement, battle off his face and blouse. Grasby stood by, watching him with a grim smile.

"By the way, Robbie," he called, "nobody knows you fainted except the captain and me. When the plane came over, everybody scattered except you and Enderly. You two stuck by your horses, and when that plane fell the other riders forgot their teams and ran over to it like a lot of curious schoolboys. A

parade you before the battery as a coward. He hates cowards.' Robbie took the knife, clamped Andy's body between his knees,

closed his eyes and entirely by the sense of touch prepared to perform the operation.

"Open your eyes and look at it," the top roared. "You're flunking it." He pulled a first-aid packet out of blouse and handed it to the boy. his "Get busy. Cry all you want to, but

cry wide-eyed. curse you!" Weeping, wide-eyed, as per orders, Robbie tied up Andy's damaged tail. Immediately Andy took the end of his tail in his mouth and tore the

bandage off. Grasby laughed. "He'll lick the wound and keep it clean, Robbie. Take him up to the

medical detachment and have some iodine put on it." Robbie picked up Andy and fled with him.

Grasby looked down at Tod Enderly. "Thus endeth the first lesson," he murmured.

It was Andy's custom to fall in with his master's squad at all dismounted formations

The section chief would about-face call: "Attention to roll-call. and Private Andy Stewart!"

"Yip! yip-yip!" Andy would answer, which was as close as he could come to saying "Here!"

Of course this was not exactly military, but everybody enjoyed it and none more so than Peepsight, who always encouraged anything He knelt and took Robbie in his that tended to keep up the battery's morale, and in order to lend official authority to the practice he had solemnly issued a battery order to "Safe-o," Peepsight cried joyfully. the effect that Andy must be reportprecaution against losing him.

This evening Grasby observed that Set on his feet, he sagged against Andy had a neat wound stripe the top and smiled foolishly. "Scared painted in bright yellow paint. on painted in bright yellow paint, on his right shoulder. Peepsight noticed The two veterans exchanged it also, so immediately after retreat glances. "Well, it requires a certain he issutd an order authorizing the wearing of a wound stripe by Private Andy Stewart!

The battery took the road again bie. don't faint. When the army is after supper. Until midnight they attacking is just the time we need toiled through a wood, along a road where the traffic was in the wildest

Thus far the road had been free flames consume the dead aviator. of shell fire, all of the arrivals pass-"They go forth to Valhalla in a ing high over it and bursting in the burning ship-like the Vikings of country off to the right. But suddenly interdiction fire came down on that road. Crash! Crash! Crash! and threw a clot at Andy, who, Four in a row. The battalion bugler sounded "Halt!" The shells burst a was barking furiously at the pyre. hundred yards in front of Robbie Rebuked for his unsportsmanlike among the ammunition lorries and barking, he fled for comfort to Rob- in the light of the second burst Robbie, who was now at the edge of the bie saw the ruin the first had river washing the dreadful signs of wrought. He closed his eyes-and a hard hand closed over his boyish thigh and squeezed it hard. "Open your eyes!" Grasby ordered

three salvos and then they'll shift -up the road or down it. Mighty

accurate shooting, I'll say." The fire shifted up the road. "For-Peepsight ordered, and ward!" mechanically Robbie gathered his team and squeezed his mount, fightwild plunging,

"Second section o. k." "Third section one horse hit." "Fourth section o. k."

"Darned few artillerymen can handle shrapnel in a hurry," Grasby announced cheerfully. "They can't remember to pull their bursts out of the sky. If those bursts had been properly timed we'd have been a sick outfit."

He rode in alongside of Robbie, dismounted and held up his strong old arms. Robbie slid off into them and Grasby patted the boy's back; when his hand came away it was

gory. "Oh, Lord," he half moaned, "the skipper'll bust me for this."

Peepsight, his observation-post dug in, his telephone-line to the bat-tery and batallion headquarters laid and the telephone shelter dug between his two platoons, with signalers and runners lying quietly in the tall grass along the hillside, waited patiently for the war to commence. He had not bothered to erect a camouflage, for he had taken up his firing position in an orchard and the wideflung, leaf-laden branches screened the guns very effectively. A little rolling ground sufficiently high to afford good concealment for his gun flashes-or flash defilade, as it is called-rose and two hundred yards in front of the position and in a thicket on the crest of a hill a quarter of a mile in front and on a flank Peepsight studied the surrounding country through his field glasses

In the grass a few hundred yards down the reverse slope Andy was questing furiously backward and forward, with high head and merry tail, quartering "birdy" ground. Sud-denly he flashed into a point and held it.

The partridge whipped up and over the thicket where Peepsight and his detail lay. Andy marked with anxious eye the direction of the flight and resumed his work. When no more partridges were to be found he remembered that one had escaped him and came running up to the thicket. A hundred feet from it, scenting his friends, he entered the thicket and lay down beside Peepsight.

"Hold him, Dunnigan," the captain ordered one of the detail. " If he gets playing around here he may tip off our post of command to an astute enemy observer."

Even as he spoke four "whiz-bangs" landed without preliminary warning, a hundred and fifty yards out front. They were bunched! "For the present this is no place

for us," Peepsight decided. The telephone private pulled up the ground peg, the telephone cor-poral hugged his instrument to his bosom and the detail rolled out of that thicket and down the slope as another salvo landed closer. Before calmly. "Keep them open! We'll get the thicket could be "bracketed" Peepsight and his men were in safety and set up in business again in

a little creek watching that bracket close in on the thicket. Presently a direct hit set it afire! "Where's Andy?" said Peepsight.

Nobody knew! The firing ceased ing with the animals to restrain and the detail crept back up the hill. "Empty it and toss me over the PROF. VAN RENSSELAER

When the can was tossed over, the captain with his pocket-knife nell University faculty and a leadpunched a hole close to the reinforcing figure in the field of home econoed rim, drew the leathern boot-lace mics, died in St. Luke's hospital May through it and fastened the end of 26. Several years ago she was chos-en by the National League of Wo-men Voters as one of the 12 greatit securely to Andy's tail. "I hate to do this, old man," he said to Andy, "but there's a marching gun est living American women the Assonest over in that clump of woods ciated Press reports. several of them, I guess, and a bat-For many years she was head of the school of home economics at tery over back of that farmhouse. They're holding up our advance. Got to get a message to your battery commander to clean 'em out for us. Cornell, which she organized. Later, under legislative act, it became the New York State College of Home Been sending runners all morningand my heart's broke killing good Economics.

men. He wrote a message, tore the leaf Washington as director of the home out of the message book and tied it conservation division of the national food administration. She was widely together with a neat panoramic known as a magazine editor, public sketch securely around Andy's collar. Then he tied a duplicate of it in the brass ring of the collar. speaker and author. "A tin-canned dog goes straight for home," he told the corporal Corneil in 1909.

grimly. "Face him west." So the corporal faced Andy west and the captain struck him rudely and yelled, "Scat, you poor little devil!" Andy sprang ahead—and immediately felt a pain at the end of his tender tail. Then something hit him with a bang; he jumped to eshad even a department of Home Economics, Miss Van Rensselaer had cape it and it hit him again. His terror knew no bounds.

organized a well developed extension Oh, those brutes! He would put distaste between himself and them! State which was part of the exten-sion service of the college of agri-He would run home and some good friend would cut this Terror from culture. This work began with readhim. Howling pitifully, he went! ing course bulletins for the home Cannoneers were wiping off new and soon grew into clubs composed ammunition and placing it handy of women who met to study together to the guns when Andy came over the bulletins and the programs for the hill. The executive officer saw study outlined in them. him coming-heard him, in fact!

"I've heard of German atrocities," he declared, "but I'm hanged if I'd ever believe they were low enough to tin-can a dog. Look at poor Andy. If he ain't the sorry little soldier-

dog!" "The scoundrels!" the men growled and cursed fearfully as Andy's pitiful wails drew nearer. Straight down to No. 1 piece he came and leaped into the welcoming haven of the section chief's arms. And there he lost the demon that had pursued him so cruelly. There the section officer found that Marine officer's message fast in his collar.

A runner came up the hill to B. professional school in the State colpost and handed it to Peepsight. lege of agriculture. Peepsight and Sergeant Ford swept the terrain with their glasses, and had no difficulty in locating the tar-**2600 TEACHERS GRADUATED** gets and their approximate coor-dinates on the map. When the firing data had been swiftly computed and checked the telephone corporal

transmitted it to the guns. nual June commencement exercises "Number one! On the way! Numon Tuesday, May 24, when an esber two, on the way! Number three, timated total of 2600 students on the way. Number four, on the received degrees and certificates way," the telephone corporal droned from their respective presidents. Dr. James N. Rule, State superin his singsong voice.

"Short!" said Peepsight, observintendent of public instruction and ing the impacts. "Right one zero!" chairman of the board of presidents of the teacher's colleges announced He lengthened his range a fork. 'Over!" snapped Peepsight-and that graduates from the four-

split his fork. Again the singsong cadence an-nouncing the departures. The salvo fell in perfect adjustment on the Bachelor of Science in Education. A total of more than near flank of that little patch to woods-and Peepsight "searched" it, backward and forward over and back, as one might play a hose upon it. Twenty-five pounds per piece rapid fire—and then Peepsight got the firing data on the farm. The the firing data on the farm. sheaf of fire shifted, crept up the slope and bracketed that farm. The bracket swiftly narrowed, closed in on the target and that farm began to disappear!

FOR AND ABOUT WOMEN PASSES AWAY AT 68 DAILY THOUGHT

A broken promise is like a check with-Prof. Martha Van Rensselaer, sixty-eight, long a member of the Corout a signature.

> Ladies who own them and gentlemen who admire them, here's some brand new waistline information.

The waistline is placed just under the bust, with fabrics falling in an unbroken line to the skirt hem. The waist is no longer lifted tightly, but with the dresses moulded snugly under the bust, there is a supple line which closely follows the curve of the waist, defines the hips and ends over the ankles. It would be obviasly impossible to have created a During the World War she was in silhouette that is moulded at the bust, waist, hips and knees, this is an exaggeration of fashion and an indication of the passing of the moulded and swathed figures. This new silhouette will undoubtedly Miss Van Rensselaer was born in bring about a change in the skirt Randolph, N. Y., on June 21, 1864. length, and for daytime they will be She received her A. B. degree from appreciably longer.

You can have lots of fun with a public school teacher in Western fabric bags and gloves. Matching them to each other-matching the bags to your shoes. Wearing mesh gloves with a mesh blouse. You'll see a great flourishing of suede finished fabric gloves. White, particularly, in the simple hand-sewn pull-on style, sometimes with the stitching in black.

The four and six-button gloves fit your wrist snugly this year, and flare just a little above. And the longer six and eight inch-button mousquetaires which go with more formal costumes have snug wrists also, and are worn wrinkled over the arms.

Natural colored tweed will be important for country and beach clothes this coming summer-at least if French prophecies are any indication. At the Winter resorts along the Riviera, where the first sunshine of the year brings out the clothes Economics was organized at Cornell that are slated as advance fashions, and courses were offered to students many women seemed to prefer this in residence at the university. At natural-colored fabric, with its light this time Miss Van Rensselaer and creamy tinge, to those that were Miss Flora Rose were named as either all white or frankly beige.

Often as not, the coat or dress gether developed its work, both ex- made of this type of material appears in town as well as in the coun-In 1920 it was made the school of try. This year, several designers are Home Economics and ranked as a showing both dresses and coats, as well as jacket-and-skirt combinations, made of this light tweed.

With prints, lots of folks like beige fabric gloves. And right now FROM NORMAL COLLEGES the dark fabrics are having their day, accenting light costumes.

Fourteen Pennsylvania State Teacher's colleges held their an-nual lune commencement evercises of hands last year are back, often combined with suede fabric or doeskin. We saw one smart woman match the crispness of a broad white pique collar with pique-and-fabric oves, breaking into a little circular flare at her wrists.

Of course, with meshes pulling in such a big way, you'd ex-pect to see mesh gloves, too.

It's easy to find fabric bags to play partners with your fabric gloves. Some are actually made of glove fabric in white, beige and bright colors. Framed bags, with contrasting ornaments, and envelopes with tricky openings. And we've seen some slick ones in linen-like material, to go with linen shoes. Both sides and bags are often bought in white and then dyed to the same bright shades, so that fashion-sharp eyes won't find them "just a shade off."

can. Got an extra boot-lace corpora]?

good driver never deserts his teams. Remember that."

"I'm glad my father wasn't here to see me flunk it," Robbie quavered. "He'd have been terribly ashamed. He drove a lead team of mules in Dyer's battery in the Philippines."

"I knew him," old Grasby declered. "We called him String Bean Stewart. I drove swing on the same piece and he kept me busy cursing him. Lazy dreamer! He wouldn't keep his team in draft. You are four times the lead driver your old man was, Robbie."

then Dad was brave and I'm not. "But when the shift came our old Oh, Sergeant Grasby, I'm terribly man followed it! He uses his bean!"

"Nothing surprising about that, Robbie. I've seen your father so frightened that one day when we received the order to mount and knew we were going to advance through heavy rifle fire at close his horse, collapsed and fell off." A challenge came out of the dark-

"He never told me about that."

it because it changed his name called: Column left! Ho-o-o-o!" from String-Bean Stewart to Billy the Flop, and finally we got to calling him plain Flop Stewart. Soldiers never change. See that you never nickname.

"But how can I help it, top?"

"You can help it. A soldier has to whip himself before he can whip the Ho-o-o-o!" enemy, and there's such a thing as being afraid to be afraid-ashamed to be ashamed!'

turned away.

"I'll never be able to stand up un-der much of that," he cried broken-ly. "It's the blood. I can't bear it. Even at home when they killed a steer it always made me sick. don't think Father can stand it, either."

"Oh, no. Flop Stewart got used to drove off without him. it, son. Not in a hurry, but eventually. He succeeded in licking himself and I never knew a man who had a harder job. Hello, Andy's been blessed, too."

It was even so. Andy had had the last inch of his merry tail shot half off. It was dangling. The excitement was over before Andy had become aware of his wound. Whimpering a little, he called Robbie's attention to it.

Grasby took out his pocket-knife and handed the weapon to Robbie. "Trim your dog's tail," he ordered crisply.

"Oh, you do it, top!" Robbie cried, terrified. "I-I couldn't do it-hon-estly, top."

"It's an order," Grasby said sternly. "Trim off that dangling vertebrae and put a first aid dressing on your dog's tail."

"Oh, Sergeant Grasby-please. please don't make me do it! I can't stand blood, I tell you."

"Silence! How dare you talk back to me! "Trim that dog's tail all nice and orderly or I'll have Peepsight reported. "Yas. sir."

them in the darkness, but if anybody had been hit Robbie did not know it. Grasby rode beside him knee against him was wonderfully reassuring. And then, just as they came well within the danger zone, the fire lifted over them and down the road-to C Battery-and Robbie heard the hoarse message com-

ing up the line of section chiefs. "No casualties in B Battery!" "C Battery halted and remained "Perhaps." Robbie countered; "but halted," Robbie heard Grasby say. Of a sudden Robbie forget to be afraid, while his imagination dallied with the character of Peepsight. A vast and consuming pride in Peep-

A challenge came out of the dark- for he called: ness. Peepsight heid a brief consul-"He wouldn't. He was ashamed of tation with an unseen presence and Robbie swung his leaders and was relieved to hear their hoofs, so long sloshing in mud, ring clearly on a firm road-bed. Down a narrow cartfaint or you'll inherit your father's road through a farm they toiled. A met another marker.

"First section only! Column left!

Robbie swung to the left across a field; the second section went bumping easily down the road another Robbie came back from the river route-marker picked the first section brim, looked at Tod Enderly and up in the field and guided them in- ed him. to the firing position; when the

Andy, filled with canine curiosity, had leaped off the limber with the Consequently Robbie cannoneers.

Day was just dawning when first Sergeant Grasby led the limbers down across a wide pasture toward a little valley that ran perpendicular te it. Even in the half-light it was risky business, but Grasby hoped his luck would hold. It did not. An observer for a German battery saw them and started ranging on the

head of the column. Ensued a mad game of tag, with Grasby leading the limbers at a gallop, from left to right, into line, causing constant shifts in range and deflection, until a fold in the ground them from that observer and poral." hid enabled them to gain the safety of the little valley. On a wooded road, down through the wheat to the corunder a high-cut bank, Grasby park- poral and Andy. ed the limbers.

He ran his eye over the drivers. All were in their saddles, but Robin Back over "Hereafter you hold your team in hand better, understand!"

"Two horses hit in first section,"

remembering There was no sign of Andy, for he, in a mechanical way that he must displeased at the reception accorded not put them abruptly into draft. him, had fled over the crest again. The fragments whistled around In the wide valley below he saw a vineyard. He had been in France long enough to know that partridges lurk in vineyards, so he went down, and the pressure of the veteran's double-time, to investigate. There were bees or droning beetles in it galore, and little geysers of dust kept popping up all around him. So he decided to get out of there and scout a grain-field farther ahead. In the grain-field he took a head-

er over a man who did not appear to notice him. Andy sniffed this man and decided he did not like him. He distrusted silent men who never thrust out a friendly hand to one. There were other men in it but none of them friends of his. So he kept his eye open and continued to hunt. half-heartedly; when one of those silent men appeared suddenly in his path he leaped lightly over him until presently he found one who ali-bied all those silent men. Yes, there was one regular fellow among them,

"Hello, old pup! Where are you bound for?"

Andy wagged his tail in greeting. "Nice doggy. Come here, boy!" Andy hesitated. The man was a a dog is a little bit rattled, prudence wisdom. The man mile down the country road they rolled over, reached in his haversack and brought out something wrapped in a brown paper. It was a piece of canine willie, and he held it toward Andy. Thereupon Andy remembered he was without breakfast, so he crept up and daintily accepted the morsel, while the man's hand strok-

"Whatya got there, Bill?" a voice called out from the wheat.

"Nicest little English setter I've seen this year, Ben, and the little sun of a gun has been trying to stir up some partridge in this field. How he wasn't killed beats my time."

"How's your dog marked, Bill ?" "Pure white-not a blue tick on him. Black saddle, black left ear, tan eyebrows and muzzle." "First-aid dressing on the end of

his tail " "Yep."

"I know him, Bill. I marked him back in that last village we came through. He was settin' up on the limber of a seventy-five with a couple of red-legs. He's an artillery

dog." "Hey, what's that?" Some one suthority spoke. with the voice of authority spoke. "I saw that dog, too. Hold him, cor-

"Yes, that's the dog," he said. "His battery can't be far from here. All were in their saddles, but Robin Stewart was weaving weakly in his. "Losing your nerve?" he said. corporal. Can't afford to have him killed, because it's just the mercy of God he's here. Goodwin, have you got a small can of beef in your

"Yes, sir."

Suddenly men were seen running from it-whereupon Peepsight changed to shrapnel and smeared them before they could reach the shelter of an adjacent grove.

Presently, down in the valley, thin brown line came up out of the wheat field and straggled up the slope while Peepsight laid a thin barrage before them. The brown line disappeared over another low hill and the battery ceased firing. "What a perfectly gorgeous shoot Andy has furnished us," Peepsight cried rapturously as he took the telephone and called up the executive.

"Tell those red-legs, they're papa's he commanded. baby boy today," The poor devils are down there in a hole working like mad and never see the good they're doing. Tell them they've done good work; tell them they've saved the infantry!'

Shortly after dark the sergeant came up with the teams and the guns were sneaked out and put in position four miles farther up front. Peepsight was very happy. He had had an hour of hard counter-battery work that afternoon and was bursting with pride over his red-legs. He told Grasby how the crews had served the guns as if at drill, while the enemy's overs and shorts arrived with deadly regularity.

"We've lost a few men," he said regretfully, "but not half what we would have lost if they hadn't done such good work. And those that are left know the value of sticking to 65,000. their posts and getting the enemy before he gets them! By the way, I saw you catching it down in that pasture at daylight. Lord, how you did maneuver those limbers! My heart was in my mouth as I watch-ed the right of your line. If that

out of you while you were doing it.

burst was well over us, but Robbie got two shrapnel bullets in his back. was pretty badly hit-right goods.

shoulder-blade mashed up a bit, but he won't die and he won't be crip-pled. The doctor says he's out of the war for keeps, though."

"Amen!" said Peepsight fervently. "But he drove his team."

over. "Lift me down, top,' he says. Cosmopolitan.

1700 students completed the twoyear course and received normal school certificates. Two students, one at Indiana and one at Clarion, completed the three-year course now abandoned.

Before going to Cornell, she was

New York. For six years she was

school commissioner of Cattaraugus

Long before Cornell University

program for the farm women of the

As this work grew in importance,

instructors from the college under

the direction of Miss Van Rensselaer

went out to the communities to per-

sonally help these groups with home

heads of the department and to-

Fourteen Pennsylvania State

tension and resident teaching.

In 1907 the Department of Home

economics problems.

County.

The State Teachers' college at Bloomsburg awarded degrees and certificates to approximately 192; California, 189; Cheyney, 30; Clarion, 91; East Stroudsburg, 162, Edinboro, 153, Indiana, 389; Kuntztown, 153; Lock Haven, 165; Mansfield, 191; Millersville, 148; Shippensburg, 165; Slippery Rock, 211; and West Chester, 362.

In the four-year preparation courses the colleges graduated their largest group for high school teaching, a total of 440. Thirty-five were graduated in the four-year elementary curriculum; seven in the intermediate; 14 in the kindergartenprimary; one in rural; 130 in health education; 39 in public school art; 88 in public school music; 46 in home economics and 30 in the commercial curriculum.

off the regular round trip fares. similar stabilizer for commercial These tickets are good between all ice cream so that it will keep longpoints on the Pennsylvania Railroad er. and the various seashore terminals located at the 40 or more beaches along the New Jersey ocean front. Travelers using these week-end tickets may start their journey as from both sweetness and flavor. early as Friday noon, returning home leaving the seashore as late as ar for at least 1 hour before adding midnight Monday. The bargain rate to mixtures, or stew slightly. tickets are good on all trains. Nuts, cut fruits, etc., shou

lantic coast, none is more famous half frozen, or they will hinder the than Atlantic City. This world re- action of the freezing. Do not fill nowned resort is visited annually by any can more than two-thirds full, an estimated 12,000,000 people. The as all mixtures expand one-third at city itself is located on a small is- least during the combined whipping land with a resident population of and freezing process. This is a tip

While the visitor thinks of the Atlantic ocean as being east of the United States, it is a fact that at Atlantic City the ocean is practically while freezing. They are of three south of the city.

Robbie had got rattled while you 'I don't want to fall. If I do the were maneuvering at the gallop, you might have had a wonderful mess to untangle and they'd have shot blazes you know!"

"Poor kid! Well, he knows what Grasby, it was beautiful." "Robbie's been blessed, sir," Gras-by reported. "I thought that first old pup was wounded and war is like now. He's had his great adventure-and so has Andy. The under continuous fire and he was worthy of his master. He delivered the

"We'll have to keep Andy with us, sergeant, but if I get through this I'll bring him home to the boy when I call at their ranch for Cicero. That ranch certainly produces fine stock!

"Yes, sir, and weaving in his sad-dle like a drunken man. I didn't even know he'd been hit. He was crying and I thought he was going to faint again. When we'd healed to faint again. When we'd hauled show! They go the route!" By Peter added to the water in which eggs the limbers into park he called me B. Kyne in Hearst's International are poached will make them firmer.

Fabric bags in the rough. Cordings, ribs, diagonals, basket weaves, rough silks for afternoon.

One thing that's making these fabric accessories so popular is that they're quite in keeping with the season's practical trend in fashions. They're easy to wear, easy to keep clean, and inexpensive. If you'd like a few ideas on how to keep them fresh, send for our bulletin of hints on cleaning accessories.

Here are a few suggestions which will make your frozen dishes a perfect success:

Raw milk or cream will expand more than cooked milk, but the latter gives a more velvety and creamy mixture.

P. R. R. CHEAP EXCURSIONS From nearby points, new week-end rates now in effect cut 45 percent off the regular round trip faces

All mixtures should be more high-

Allow raw fruits to stand in sug-

Among all the resorts on the At-be added until the basic mixture is to always buy an oversized freezer. True ices are made from fruit,

groups: Water-ices made of fruit juices cooked with sugar or syrups.

Sherbets made of fruit juices and syrups and with melted gelatin or whipped egg whites added.

Frappes and water-ices of fruit and syrups and sugar, frozen to a granular consistency.

Freezer with two portions, so that both ice and a cream may be made simultaneously, is a wise investment in some families. Again, even the tiny toy freezer or invalid's freezer holding about 2 cups, will quickly furnish a cooling dish which a child can make. There are also several types of power-operated freezers for home use, where current supplies the the motor power, and all the housewife needs to do is connect the can and let it crank its own.

A tablespoonful of lemon juice