THE STAR

REYNOLDSVILLE -- PENNA.

KEEPING TRACK OF FREIGHT

Ingenious Method Which Enables Shippers to Follow Every Movement of Goods.

An ingenious method of tracing every movement of a freight shipment has been invented.

The tracer consists of a red cover, a little larger than a post card, in which are a number of perforated post cards which can be torn out. Each tracer has its individual number. The shipper fills out the blanks on its first page with the number of the car containing the shipment and other data, and also with any instructions that he wishes to give agents along the route.

The tracer is turned over to the agent at the point of origin, who fills out blanks showing when the shipment started. Then he sends the tracer on by railroad mail to the agent at the next big city or division point, or to the junction where the shipment is turned over to another line.

When the agent there sends the shipment on, he makes a record of the transaction, with the date and hour on a blank attached to the tracer and a carbon sheet makes the same record on a postal card, which is numbered No. 1, and also bears the tracer number. This post card is then torn out and mailed back to the shipper, who files it. The tracer itself goes on to the next division point, where the agent makes the same sort of a record, mailing the post card back to the shipper, and so on until the delivery is recorded on the tracer itself. The tracer then is mailed either to the shipper or consignee.

If there are indications of damage to the shipment at any point, they are noted by the agent at the time he receives the shipment on the post card which he mails back to the shipper, who thus can tell on what line the injury is done.

It is asserted that the tracer is invaluable not only in keeping the shipper in close touch with his freight, so that he can tell immediately if there is any unnecessary delay, and if so, where it is, but the post cards also give him a history of the shipment as it goes forward, which will aid greatly in settling claims and save a great amount of correspondence.

Argentina.

So far from being a "trifling country," Argentina is one of the most important countries of the earth. Her area is about 600,000 square miles, or nearly three times that of the German empire. In 1909 the imports were valued at $300,000,000, the exports at $397,000,000. She is the greatest corn exporter in the world and the first exporter of meats. In the exportation of wool and wheat she is second, with a fair chance of soon becoming first. In the variety and number of its live stock Argentina surpasses every other country. Thirty years ago her cultivated land was 1,000,000; now it is 14,000,000 acres. More than $900,000,000 of English capital is invested in Argentina. There is not on earth a more progressive land.

The Inns of Chancery.

Most of the old Inns of Chancery are no more. Clement's inn, where Falstaff and Shallow "heard the chimes at midnight;" New inn, of which Sir Thomas More was a member; Lyon's inn, where Coke once taught the students; Furnival's inn, where Charles Dickens lived; Thavies inn, which was one of the earliest of all the legal settlements in London; Barnard's inn, where Lord Chief Justice Holt was among the "principals"—all these historic places have, "in the change and chance of time," disappeared from view. Staple inn remains in its ancient state by the good will of the insurance company that purchased it some twenty years ago.—Law Journal.

Mushrooms.

It would be idle to attempt a word on mushrooms in this narrow space. They are almost of infinite variety, yet have certain permanent marks by which they are easily distinguished from the poisonous fungi. A true mushroom is never large in size, but seldom exceeding four or five inches in diameter. As regards mushroom poisoning and its antidote, the dangerous principle is a narcotic, and the symptoms are usually great nausea, drowsiness and stupor, attended by acute pains in the joints. The best thing to do in case of 'mushroom poisoning" is to partake freely of pure olive oil, which will, nine times out of ten, prove effective.

Nibbles the Wood.

"I'm tired of this old joke about a woman sharpening a pencil with her husband's razor."

"There's nothing in it. No woman sharpens a pencil. She gnaws it to a point."—Washington Herald.

In the Latest Style.

Bess—What make of airship is that just passing over?

Dorothy—Oh! that's one of the old style; all the new ones have star shields for the wings.

In 1925.

Governor—Get hold of the state aviator.

Executive Secretary—And then?

Governor—Here is a request for the extradition of one Jones, who is flying over our state and must be caught and returned.

A Call and a Climax

By MABEL CHASE ENGLAND

The school bell in the little western town of Burton announced the hour of noon.

Philip Malvern untangled his long legs from the hammock where he had been lying, stretched his arms above his head and yawned wearily.

"Confound this hole!" he muttered. "I wish I'd stayed in college and let my whole bally system go to smash if it wanted to. Silly lot of parrots doctors are! Go West—go West—go West.' That's all they can think of when a fellow gets a bit off his feed."

He slammed his book under a bush, aimed a kick at a mongrelly looking cur that showed a tendency to investigate and sauntered lazily down the sun-baked street to the postoffice. There was only one letter, a short, characteristic note from his uncle, telling him that a daughter of his old friend, Col. Darton, was staying near Burton with her uncle, Max Whittier, for a few weeks, and advising him to call. She had been making a tour of the world, he said, and was now on her way east.

Philip whistled dubiously. Yes, he knew old Max Whittier—crusty old chap! Had a place a mile or two out. He tossed a penny in the air. Heads I go—tails I dont. Bosh! Probably some prim, prudish old blue-stocking. Tails, by Jove!"

The moment fate had decided against it a contrary impulse swayed him. He'd go! Anything was better than this everlasting deadly monotony. He'd get some fun out of her, somehow.

Accordingly at 3 o'clock he climbed into his big touring car and chugged

Aimed a Kick at a Mongrelly Looking Cur.

off down the dusty road. Arrived at his destination, he walked quickly up the gravel path and pushed the electric bell with a will.

The door was opened by a pretty, demure-looking girl in a gingham dress and big, blue, enveloping apron.

He looked at her uncertainly.

"Is Miss Darton at home?" he inquired.

She glanced at the huge car by the gate and then at him in evident astonishment.

"I'm sorry—Miss Darton has gone down to the village," she told him.

"Ye gods! She must be that frumpy individual I met footing it along the side path," he commented inwardly with a sigh of thankfulness for his escape. He took out his card.

"I am sorry, too. Will you give her this, please?"

The girl glanced at the card as she took it. "Oh, but," she hesitated, "Miss Darton will be disappointed. She has spoken of you—won't you wait?"

He was about to refuse when a look at the youthful, sun-browned face with its downcast eyes and long curling lashes reversed his decision. After all, Miss Darton couldn't get back much within the hour, and a short time spent with this seemingly embarrassed, but certainly attractive, young person might prove amusing. He assented graciously.

"Mayn't we sit here?" he indicated the vine-covered porch with its capacious, comfortable wicker chairs. "It's so pleasant outside."

"We? Oh, I—why, yes," she assented, with pretty confusion.

They moved over and took possession of the chairs. The girl sat uncomfortably, rolling and unrolling the corner of her apron with nervous fingers; very pretty fingers they were, too, thought Philip Malvern, surveying with approval the soft, rounded arms, bare to the elbow. He grasped the situation at once and began to talk, fluently, amusingly, inconsequently. Her eyes met his in shy but interested amusement. "Bully eyes, too," he thought. "They'd turn the heads of some fellows."

"What a great, big automobile!" she commented presently, looking out at his car where it stood by the gate. "I've always wanted to ride in one. Is—is it fun?"

"Oh, great!" he exclaimed eagerly. "Come on out with me now and we'll take a little spin."

"Oh, I couldn't!" she gasped, shrinking back in her chair. "And besides, I have to stay here till my cousin—till Miss Darton comes back. There's no one else at home, and there are some groceries and things coming and——"

"Then will you come with me this evening—please!" he begged. "I'll have the car up here by 8 o'clock."

"But don't you think—hadn't you better take Miss Darton? You came to see her, you know."

"Oh, well, this is different. Why, your cousin probably cut her eyeteeth in an automobile, and has lived in one ever since. It'd be no novelty to her. I want you to come."

"Very well, then," she agreed, "if you think—if you're sure she won't mind."

"Don't believe she'd come if I asked her. She must be more or less done up after careering round the country for three years. Do you ever long to travel?"

"Oh," she sighed, "more than anything else I can think of. And to see New York and all those beautiful big cities! Didn't you hate to leave it all to come out here?"

Her shyness seemed to vanish in a wave of eager enthusiasm.

"Well, yes—I did hate it just at first, but now—well, I'm really beginning to get fond of the place. But you—you must certainly come East sometime."

He wondered to himself if the East would spoil her, shy little fluttering thing that she was, with her vague, golden dreams of the big world outside. What joy it would be to take her around, to watch her wonder and bewilderment and delight. She must certainly come. He would talk to Miss Darton about it.

In his eagerness to strengthen her desire he launched into a vivid description of the amazing joys and wonders of the far cities; he told her of the immense buildings, the crowded streets, the marvels that met one at every turn.

Indeed, in his sudden enthusiasm, and just to watch her eyes grow round and big, he called on all the arts of his imagination and added many awesome touches of his own, described strange happenings unknown to man or beast, and added thrilling tales of wild enchantment. At last, realizing that the sun was slipping down behind the trees and the shadows growing long across the grass he rose hastily, apologizing for his thoughtlessness.

At that moment the woman he had met on the road turned in at the gate and came slowly up the path. She was less frumpy seen at close range, Philip decided. He sprang down the steps to meet her.

"Miss Darton," he exclaimed. "I am dreadfully sorry to have missed a chat with you. I've been waiting an hour or more. I'm Phillip Malvern, you know. My father——"

"Oh, yes, indeed," she responded cordially, "your father wrote me about you. And I am sorry, too, but I'm glad you found Elise. Your father was anxious that you two young people should meet. He thought it might make it pleasanter for both of you."

"Why—er—yes, of course," he stammered, out of his perplexity. "She—I—that is——"

Miss Darton looked at him in astonishment.

"Hasn't Elise been good to you?" she asked, smiling somewhat anxiously. "She can be very provoking and willful, I know. I haven't chaperoned her around Europe for three years without realizing that."

He stared bewilderedly.

"Elise—then she—pardon me. I thought you were Miss Darton," he stammered, an awful conviction surging through him."

"I am," she laughed; "our names are the same. We are cousins, you know. Now what"—a light was beginning to break in her eyes—"what has that young minx been up to?"

"Nothing—nothing at all!" Phillip assured her hastily. He glanced back indignantly at the porch. It was empty. With a somewhat abrupt leavetaking he strode out of the gate and began viciously to crank his machine. Shy, indeed! Timid little, fluttering thing! His tales of the glowing east! A hot wave rushed over him from head to foot. What must she think of him?

He leaped into his car and whizzed off down the road, with a reckless and evergrowing violence of speed.

Suddenly a memory, like a flash of white light, illumined the dark depression of his mind. His expression changed. He brought his car ton an abrupt halt.

"By Jove! Eight o'clock this evening. She promised!"

Seizing the wheel once more he proceeded onward, at a staid and decorous pace.

"I won't smash myself up—quite—yet," he decided.

Pa's Ultimatum.

"Our Thursday, Saturday and Monday morning' papers have checked up shy for the last three weeks regularly."

"Do you believe they are being stolen, pa?"

"I know Kitty's beau calls Wednesday, Friday and Sunday nights. I want him to go home earlier or to stop taking our paper with him."

The HOME DEPARTMENT

MAKE CANDY AT HOME

SOME SIMPLE RECIPES FOR WHOLESOME SWEETS.

How to Make Delicious Chocolate Caramels, Peanut Nougat, Cocoanut Creams, Sweet Popcorn, Old-Fashioned Molasses Candy.

Chocolate Caramels.—Two tablespoonfuls of butter, one-half cup of milk, one-half cup of sugar, one cup of molasses, four squares of chocolate, one cup of walnut meats broken in fine pieces.

Put butter in a porcelain saucepan and when melted add milk, sugar and molasses. When these are at the boiling point add chocolate, finely grated, and cook until brittle when tried in cold water. Stir often to prevent mixture from sticking to pan. Remove from the fire, beat four times, and then put in the nuts and two teaspoonfuls of vanilla and turn into a buttered pan. When cold cut in squares and wrap each in paraffin paper.

Peanut Nougat.—One pound of sugar and one quart of shelled peanuts. Chop the nuts fine, and sprinkle them with a little table salt. Put the sugar in a smooth granite saucepan, and when it is on the fire stir constantly until melted to a syrup, taking care to keep the sugar from hardening on the sides of the pan. Add the nuts, stirring them well through the sugar, and pour at once into a warm, buttered tin and mark the squares. The sugar must be taken from the fire the moment it is melted or this candy will not be a success.

Cocoanut Creams.—Two cups of sugar, two-thirds cup of milk, two teaspoonfuls of butter, one-half cup of shredded cocoanut, one-half teaspoonful of vanilla. Put butter in a granite saucepan; when melted add sugar and milk. Heat to boiling point and stir until sugar is dissolved and then boil gently twelve minutes; remove from fire, add cocoanut and vanilla and beat until creamy and mixture begins to sugar slightly around edges of saucepan. Pour them into a buttered pan, cool slightly and mark off in diamonds.

Pralines.—One and seven-eighths cups of powdered sugar, one cup of maple syrup, one-half cup of cream, two cups of hickory nuts or pecan meats, cut in pieces. Boil first three things until, when tried in cold water, a soft ball forms. Remove at once from fire and beat until creamy; add nuts and drop from tip of spoon in small blobs on buttered paper.

Old Fashioned Molasses Candy.—Two cups of Porto Rico molasses, two-thirds cup of sugar, three tablespoonfuls of butter, one tablespoonful of cider vinegar. An iron or copper kettle with round bottom is best for making this. Put butter in, place over fire and when melted add molasses and sugar. Stir until sugar is dissolved—doing this well when the candy is nearly done lest it burn. Boil until the mixture becomes brittle in cold water. Add vinegar just before taking it from the fire, and then pour into a well buttered pan. When cool enough to handle, pull until light in color and porous in quality; do this with the tips of the fingers and thumb. Cut in small pieces with greased shears, and then arrange on slightly buttered platters to cool.

SOME SIMPLE COMBINATIONS

Nainsook, Jap Silk, or Fine Calico May Be Used In This Garment.

Nainsook, Jap silk, or fine calico, might be used for the simple combina-

tions illustrated here; the front is trimmed with groups of tucks and strips of insertion, then the edge is finished with beading and lace; this also trims the armholes. Tucks are made at the waist to cause a good fit.

The legs are finished with frills of material edged with insertion and lace; ribbon bows are sewn at the side.

Materials required: 2½ yards 36 inches wide, 1¼ yards beading, 4½ yards lace, 3½ yards insertion, 3 yards ribbon.

QUAINT PLATE DECORATION

Common Plate Ornamented With Postage Stamps Makes Pretty and Unique Effect.

A very quaint and effective decoration for hanging upon the wall or placing upon the mantel-piece is shown in the accompanying sketch, in the shape of a plate ornamented with old postage stamps.

A common plate, one of those little white plates that may be purchased for a penny, for instance, will quite well answer the purpose.

Any paper adhering to the stamps should be carefully removed and the

greater the variety of stamps used, the more effective the plate will look when finished.

With a little ingenuity a great many different designs may be worked upon the plates, and it is an easy matter to gum the stamps in their position, until the plate is entirely covered. When complete, it should be varnished with some transparent varnish, as it will preserve the stamps and also enable the plate to be cleaned when occasion arises.

Bags for Dresses.

Bags to protect light dresses are a help to people who live in smoky, dusty cities. Make them of calico as long as the garment and run a tape in the top. Slip the gown on a hamper and put it in the bag, draw the tape and hang up.

TWO SIMPLE MADE-OVERS

Tailored Shirtwaists Are Easily Made Over for House Wear in Morning.

Did you know that you could make over your old tailored shirtwaists for house wear in the morning? Cut out the neck at the collarband and the sleeves at the cuffs. Supply instead plain percale low collars and turnback cuffs of some contrasting color. Cut off also the skirt sections which are usually torn by pinning and supply a belt of the percale. This belt will fasten over the skirt; thus, all you will need to complete your toilet when dressing hurriedly in the morning will be a pin to hold your collar closed.

Another made-over is the apron which was originally a lingerie blouse. Use the front, cutting a bib of one sleeve and tie-ends of the other. The back will make the belt and face the lower edge. With a little ribbon-run beading and a lace ruffle, here is an apron you will not be ashamed to pour tea or do embroidery in.

Long Velvet Coats.

Long velvet coats, such as were worn twenty-odd years ago, are returning to favor. A few are plain and untrimmed, but the majority are decorated with fur. For example, there will be a huge shawl.

Later on we shall see hats of the opossum in a rather close turban shape trimmed with a single flower, such as a poinsetta, an orchid, or camelias, white and red.

The Australian opossum is the preferred fur, and a large muff to match usually accompanies a coat on this order.

For Dainty Jabot and Belt.

If you get tired of eyelet work and lace ipsertion in linen collars and jabots, here are a few hints of what can be done in that line: French laid, padded dots, Wallachian, Venetian ladder, Italian cut work, soutache braiding, cable stitch. Every one of these is seen in modish collars, jabots and belts, and can be used by the clever needleworker who is tired of "the same old thing."

The ONLOOKER

by WILBUR D. NESBIT

A Rebellion

I've locked the door upon them all;
they're waiting on the walk—
The man to teach me how to breathe,
the one who preaches talk,
The one who guarantees to give a graceful, easy gait,
And all the other specialists; I'll leave them there to wait.
I'm tired, tired, tired—and their books are on the shelf,
And for today I'm going to be my simple, awkward self!

I shall not draw my breath just so and hold it while I count;
I do not care how much I breathe, nor measure the amount—
I'm simply going to take my breath so that it gets inside;
The yearning of my muscles for a rest won't be denied.
O, what relief to draw a breath and not think of the rules
For breathing from the diaphragm, as ordered by the schools!

Today I shall not talk just so—I shall not place my tones
So that I feel a tremor in the little nasal bones;
I'll vocalize to suit myself; I'll turn my larynx loose
And let it shuttle up and down and simply raise the deuce—
The elocution teacher isn't here upon the watch
And I intend to have a spree—a lingual debauch!

Today I will not hold my chin at just the right degree
Nor keep my belt-line gathered in and balance from my knee;
I'll walk just any way I please, flat-footed, pigeon-toed,
Or any way I feel inclined that isn't a la mode.
I'll drag my feet, I'll shuffle them, I'll step on toe or heel—
And would that I had words to tell the thrill of joy I feel!

I'm independent for a day! I will not hold the thought,"
I will not worry my poor brain by thinking as I ought,
I will not plumb my consciousness, nor turn my ego on—
Aha! I looked outside and saw my teachers all had gone!
I'm tired, tired, tired—and their books are on the shelf,
And for today at least I'll be my simple, awkward self!

How He Lost His Job.

"Mr. Nossitt," said the new man, who had been engaged as a literary adviser in the publicity department of the railway, "it seems to me that when we designate a man as traveling passenger agent, we are tautological, at the least."

"We are what?" asked the superior.

"Tautological. What does a traveling passenger agent do?"

"He goes around and gets people to ride over our lines, of course."

"Yes. He gets passengers. Why call him a traveling passenger agent? Of a necessity, a passenger must be a traveling passenger."

"How's that?"

"I say a passenger must be a traveling one or he isn't any good to us—in fact, he cannot be a passenger at all. A passenger is some one who travels. The statement that we send out an agent to get traveling passengers is absurd on the face of it, and—"

"You may convert yourself into a traveling passenger to the street, with a stop-over at the cashiers' office long enough to get what is due you to date," snorted the superior, whirling back to his desk.

Argument for Monogamy.

"The idea," she said, "of men having four or five wives, as they do in some countries. It is impossible for a man to love more than one woman at a time. Why, it would be just as sensible if a woman were to have five or six husbands."

"But," he commented, "there never was a woman who could be jealous of five or six men at once without losing her mind."

Strange.

"It is the hand of fate," sighs the swain.

Disconsolately he gazes at the missive he has received and repeats:

"It is the hand of fate."

Odd, for he has received the mitten. And it is empty.

Not Available.

"Ah, Miss Shoppin, I wish you would let me be your Christmas gift."

"You, Mr. Deddun? Why, really, I—O, I never could exchange you for anything!"

Richard K. Nesbit