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PREPARING THE PERISHABLE FOODS OF MIDSUMMER.

Midsummer illnesses are often charged to excess of fruit and vegetables in the diet. This form of diet is the best for this season of the year but unless these foods are not in perfect condition of ripeness and cleanness, trouble is sure to follow, especially if we ourselves are not in good physical condition.

The high temperature and moisture usually present in August afford just the condition under which bacteria grow. We need, therefore, to be very carefull how and what we eat.

Most houses are now screened against flies but harmful germs also are carried in dust. All food should therefore be protected from dust as from flies.

While food is cooling, uncovered or standing exposed to the air, spores or germs of molds and ferments enter and the warmth present causes their rapid multiplication. Food should, therefore, be cooled as quickly as possible and never left standing in a hot kitchen or unprotected anywhere. It is wise to put soup or stewed fruit into two dishes instead of one that they may more rapidly cool and be put away.

Do not trust too much to the refrigerator to keep foods in good condition. If trouble-making germs have settled on meat, dessert, milk or butter before they reach the cooler, their multiplication may be delayed but the temperature of the ice box, being below freezing, is not such as to render them harmless and if through lack of ice, it warms up, a dangerous change in the foods is easily brought about.

Few foods should stand over twenty-four hours without scalding to kill germs that may be present. Meat with gravy, reheated in a pie crust, or a salad or meat loaf can become so germ-infected as to cause severe illness. The housemother may succumb first to the poison created by the germs, because she has worked hard and eaten carelessly. It is well for her to try to keep cool in mind and body during the busy, trying days of August.

Why spend hours in a hot kitchen making cakes, pies and fancy desserts when fresh fruit is more abundant than at any other time of the year? Try to plan to have as few hot dishes as possible and yet have something warm at each meal. Plan all three meals at once and "dovetail" them to save handling the same materials and utensils twice a day.

Where ice is not available, gelatine may be used to give form not only to desserts but to meat loaves or salads.

The knuckle or end of the leg of veal may be made into an attractive dish for hot weather by the aid of gelatine, instead of serving it as a stew, which is more appetizing for a cool day.

Lamb can be used in the same way.

To prepare a delicious jellied loaf, trim and wash the meat and barely cover with cold water, add a few whole cloves, an onion, parsley or dried celery leaves, and one teaspoonful of salt for each quart of water. Cook gently for two hours or until the bones may be slipped out. Drain the broth from the meat and let it cook again, uncovered, until reduced to less than the bulk of the meat. Dissolve some soaked gelatine in the broth and more seasoning as needed, a little lemon juice or vinegar or a cucumber pickle chopped fine. Have the meat carefully picked over, all skin and bones removed. It may be left in large pieces or be chopped. Arrange in a good mold or loaf pan or a bowl and strain the broth over it. Leave over night to cool. Or it may be shaped in small cups, one mold to be served to each person on a lettuce leaf or nest of water cress. Almost any meat or fish or fowl may be prepared in the same way.

Liver boiled, chopped and mixed with a little chopped ham, makes a good change. Canned salmon mixed with a cooked salad dressing in which a little gelatine has been dissolved, is excellent.

This is a fine way to put in attractive shape the last bits of a roast of meat or of a boiled ham, instead of using them for hash or a hot meat loaf.

Sometimes when we make a meat loaf and steam it there is considerable liquid in the pan when it is done and the solid portion has drawn away from the pan. This liquid may be used to dissolve a small amount of soaked gelatine and then be poured over the meat again, thus surrounding it with jelly when it is cold.

When meat broth is lacking as a foundation for the jelly, strained tomato may be used, or celery or even cucumber may be cooked and strained and seasoned.

Sterilize Your Fruit Juices.

Fruit juices for use later in jelly making can be sterilized and bottled without sugar and made into jellies at the housewife's convenience. This enable her to do with fewer jelly glasses and to distribute her purchases of sugar for jelly making through the year. More over, with the bottled juice she can make a greater variety of jellies, as juices which will not "jell" can be put up when the fruit is ripe and combined later with fruits that will jell, or fruits ripening at different seasons can be combined. For example, the juice of strawberries, cherries or pineapple can be kept without sugar, and later, when apples are plentiful, can be made into combination jelly.

To put up unsugared fruit juices for jelly making, proceed exactly as if jelly were to be made at the time. Cook the fruits until they are soft and strain out the juice through a flannel bag. Heat and pour while hot into bottles previously scalded. Fill the bottles full, leaving no air space between juice and cork or seal. Place the filled sealed bottles on their sides in water near the boiling point, and keep them in the bath for about thirty minutes. Make sure that the corked or sealed end is under the hot water, cover the cork with a paraffin seal. Thorough sterilization and sealing are absolutely essential to success.

To make jelly from the sterilized juice, test its jelling quality, add the proper amount of sugar, and proceed as in making jelly from freshly expressed juice.

"How Can Ships Die Better."

For the glory of the Service,
And the honor of the Race,
Late H.M.S. "Vindictive"
Now blocks both time and space.

'Twas a splendid thing to do, sir,
For the cause she held most dear,
To let herself go under
Without a trace of fear.

"Vindictive" only for the Right,
She has nobly done her "bit,"
Whilst adding to the fame, sir,
Of lads with British grit.

"Can men and ships die better
Than facing fearful odds
For the ashes of their fathers
Are the temple of their gods!"

One potato supplies as much starch as one slice of bread.

Nothing better is made

Nothing better can be made

Canuck BREAD MIXER

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CHAPTER XIV.—(Cont'd.)

"I hope she told the Armstrong woman what she thought of her," said Jerry.

"No, she did not. She was afraid to make a scene over it, for fear she'd get upset and it would be bad for the baby. Her husband was out at the time and won't be back till late tonight, so he knows nothing of it. I've just been aching to put my oar in, but I felt it was fair he should have first chance. What a woman!"

I'll bet now you took those soiled baby things of Mrs. Bennett's and washed them again yourself and dried them in your own kitchen."

"Well, what if I did? It wasn't as if I was that driven with work I had no time to be doing a friend a small favor."

"I wasn't criticizing you, you quick-tempered body. I was just by way of proving to you that I know you like a book."

"Oh, indeed, you're a very smart fellow, that I'll own." She continued her emphatic rocking, but a smile flickered about her lips.

The next morning after breakfast Jerry slipped upstairs and held a brief interview with Mrs. Bennett. And that afternoon, having been enrolled at Police Headquarters as a patrolman, he bore home a box containing his uniform. Kate and Peter had arrived from school, and Peter made inquiry as to what was in the box and how he happened to be home so early, to which Jerry responded, "Ask me no questions and I'll tell yau no lies," and proceeded to lock himself in his room. Peter, after some further expression of his curiosity, was for going to the park to see if there might be skating on the pond, Mrs. Donohue told him to wait a few minutes till Jerry came out; perhaps Jerry would go with him.

It was, indeed, a wonderful, resplendent, and grinning Jerry that emerged. Kate shrieked and Peter shouted, and then both children danced around him, and Mrs. Donhue, beaming and happy, walked round him too and exclaimed, "Well, it certainly does become you, Jerry; it certainly does become you."

"You really are a cop, Jerry?" Peter asked in a moment of fearful skepticism. "It isn't just a fake?"

"No, I really am a cop," said Jerry. "ere, look at my shield." And he exhibited the insignia that bore the number 71.

Peter examined the helmet, which he tried on, and the club, which he flourished. Meanwhile, Kate, who had been silent and enraptured, found her tongue and began to ask Jerry how he had achieved his appointment.

"Oh, I'm crazy to have the Armstrongs see you!" she cried.

"They soon will. Are the Armstrong kids at home now?"

"Yes, I think so. They were just behind me coming from school, and as we came up the stairs they called after us, 'Good-bye, Irish Paddies.'"

"Well," said Jerry, "I'm going to bring Mrs. Bennett down here, and then maybe you'll see me make an arrest."

"Jerry!" cried his mother in mingled consternation and delight, but he stepped out of the room without explaining himself.

Presently he reappeared, accompanied by Mrs. Bennett, who was giggling with excitement.

"Doesn't he look grand!" said Mrs. Bennett. "And oh, my goodness, what is it he's going to do?"

"I'm going to exercise my authority," said Jerry. "Step out into the hall now, all of you, and hand over the banisters and you'll hear. Only be quiet, and don't be laughing and chattering."

So very quietly they went out and hung over the banisters in the manner prescribed, and he descended the stairs. They heard him give a tremendous knock on the Armstrongs' door; Kate emitted a convulsive, joyous laugh. "S-sh!" said Mrs. Donohue, who was trembling with eagerness.

They heard the door open; there was a moment of silence, and then Jerry's voice, stern and ominous, ascended to them.

"Is your mother in?"

Subdued came the answer, "Yes, sir."

"Tell her to come here."

Peter's mouth was open in breathless ecstasy; Kate wanted to jump up and down and clap her hands. Oh, if they could only see as well as hear! What bliss! Now, listen!

"Mrs. Armstrong, I've called to warn you against any further malicious interference with Mrs. Bennett's washing. I have told Mrs. Bennett that for a second offense of such a nature you can be brought before a magistrate. Malicious mischief is punishable by fine or imprisonment. I want to give you this warning so that you won't make trouble for yourself."

"Say, look here, is this a joke?" The question rose in uncertain but sufficiently angry tones.

"No, it is not a joke. Look at this badge. And remember after this that you've got no exclusive right to the roof, Wednesday or any other day."

Abruptly Jerry turned and ascended the stairs. For the next few minutes his descriptive powers were taxed to the utmost. Which Armstrong girl was it that had opened the door? And how did she look when she saw him? Was she all goggle-eyed? And Mrs. Armstrong; I bet she was scared; I bet you could see her tremble.

Anyway the warning proved effective; Jerry and his family received no further annoyance from the Armstrongs. And Mrs. Bennett was sufficiently human to find always upon Mrs. Armstrong's day on the roof a number of little baby things that needed to be hung out to dry.

CHAPTER XV.

During the first month of his service Jerry was placed under the tutelage of various veteran policemen. He accompanied them on their patrols in different parts of the city and became familiar with their routine duties. They displayed towards him varying degrees of kindness, indifference, and churlishness. Only one seemed to have a real interest in teaching him; that was Sheehan, the officer who had stopped him on the night when he was running to summon the doctor. Sheehan remembered him, and the first time that they started out together said immediately:—

"Was it a boy?"

"Yes," Jerry answered. "But it wasn't time, you know."

"I remember; too bad. You'll make a better policeman when you have one of your town. You're fast on your feet anyway. Some of the men on the force couldn't run thirty yards—unless there was a keg of beer at the end of it. How much do you know about this city."

Jerry answered modestly that he still felt pretty ignorant.

"I don't doubt you've got all the nice, clean, respectable knowledge," said Sheehan. "You could direct a woman to Bell's store, and you could tell a stranger how to go to the Union Station, and what cars run to Oakmont, and what corner Norris's candy shop is on. But could you find your way about the red-light district?"

Jerry felt very young and innocent as he replied, "No."

"And could you take me to any one of the swell gambling-houses? Do you know where Tim Coogan's barroom is—and if you do, do you know it's the headquarters for a gang of North End crooks? Do you know Jake Rubinski's pawnshop—the biggest fence for stolen goods in the city? Or Tony Papatha's place on Condon Street?"

In reply to each of these questions Jerry had to shake his head.

"Well," said Sheehan ominously, "when you've learned all about those places and the gangs that infest them, you haven't even begun to learn what's rotten in this city."

"What is?" asked Jerry.

Sheehan looked at him and then smiled, Jerry's eyes were so ingenuous and so trusting.

"We'll come to that by degrees," he said. "Now we'll stop in at Tony Lapatka's joint for a minute. You want to fix in your mind every face that you see there, for it will be that of a crook or a suspect."

Condon Street lay back a block from the river front and was lined with bar-rooms, cheap restaurants, pawnshops, and men's outfitting shops. At eight o'clock in the evening, the hour when Jerry and Sheehan walked along it, the street presented an aspect of liveliness and gayety; men and women thronged the entrances of the moving-picture places or strolled arm in arm; their faces were usually expressive of a stolid sensuality; the uncurtained windows of the saloons revealed lines of men standing at the bars; over the window displays of clothing stores and pawnshops the electric lights cast a glamour that did not exist by day; the drug stores with their brilliant liquids and warm enticing odors seemed at night to take on a new allurement.

Tony Lapatka's "place" was a combination restaurant and bar-room. At the entrance of the two policemen talk and laughter ceased, and silent, watchful tension prevailed. Jerry was uncomfortably aware that he was an object of sullen hostility.

(To be continued.)

Crawling for Penance

A Buddist priest who has been eight years on the way to Lhasa expects to arrive there eight years hence. He started from the northeast of Peking, and when met by an English missionary he had completed two thousand miles—about half his journey. He does not walk, but crawls, or rather, he combines both methods. On his hands he wears boards; on his knees he wears pads. He lies full length upon the ground; then gets up ard walks to where his fingers had reached; then prostrates himself ard measures afresh. He is under a self-imposed vow, and believes that if he crawls in that manner to the Tibetan holy city Buddha will forgive him his sins ard bestow honrs upon him.

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