Peach Jam and Jelly

By BETTY BARCLAY

Peaches—The most beautiful fruit make jam and jelly as delicious-tasting as the fruit looks. Try these tested recipes for certain success:

Peach Jam

4 cups (2 lbs.) prepared fruit
7½ cups (3¾ lbs.) sugar
1 bottle fruit pectin

Peel about 3 pounds fully ripe peaches. Pit, and grind or chop very fine. If peaches lack flavor or tartness, add juice of 1 lemon.

Measure sugar and prepared fruit lightly packed, into large kettle, mix well, and bring to a full rolling boil over hottest fire. Stir constantly before and while boiling. Boil hard 1 minute. Remove kettle from fire and stir in fruit pectin. Then stir and skim by turns for just 5 minutes to cool jam slightly, to prevent floating fruit. Pour quickly. Paraffin hot jam at once. Makes about 11 eight-ounce glasses.

Peach Jelly

3 cups (1½ lbs.) juice
6½ cups (2¾ lbs.) sugar
1 bottle fruit pectin

Remove pits from about 3½ pounds peaches. Do not peel. Crush peaches thoroughly. Add ½ cup water, bring to a boil, cover, and simmer 5 minutes. Place fruit in jelly cloth or bag and squeeze out juice.

Measure sugar and juice into large saucepan and mix. Bring to a boil over hottest fire and at once add fruit pectin, stirring constantly. Then bring to a full rolling boil and boil hard ½ minute. Remove from fire, skim, pour quickly. Paraffin hot jelly at once. Makes about 9 eight-ounce glasses.

Ham with Orange
(Serves 6)

6 servings fried ham
2 tablespoons flour
2 cups orange juice
parsley
1 to 2 oranges for sections

Try ham. For this number of servings, a ham steak of about 1½ pounds will be required. Add flour to 2 tablespoons of fat from frying ham and cook until lightly browned. Add orange juice, stirring well to avoid lumps. Cook 5 minutes or until sauce is thick. Pour sauce around ham on serving dish. Garnish with parsley and cover steak with orange sections.

Sandwich and Salad

By BETTY BARCLAY

Are you looking for unusual sandwiches? Here are two that are seasonable from January to December—and delicious as well.

Nippy Pimento Cheese Sandwich

Mild American cheese
1 teaspoon butter
1 teaspoon mustard sauce from mustard pickles
¼ cup mustard pickles, finely chopped
salt
paprika

Allow cheese to stand in a warm place to soften. Mash the cheese and blend with butter. Add remaining ingredients. Spread on thinly sliced whole wheat or rye bread, buttered.

Cabbage Salad, Unique

¼ small cabbage, shredded
¼ pimento, chopped
1 cup home made style pickles, chopped
½ to ¾ cup mayonnaise or cooked salad dressing

Mix lightly together cabbage, pimento, and pickle. Add enough mayonnaise to moisten the mixture. Serve cold.

For Time and for Eternity
Interest

Contributors under the Conditional Gift Plan of the Society for the Propagation of the Faith are given a legally executed contract guaranteeing payment of interest—from four to six per cent—as long as they may live.

This assures them of a dependable income for life whether times are good or bad, without fear of depreciation or failure. Interest is remitted quarterly on the date due.

But Better Still...

Remember, besides this plan [illegible] the eternal good [illegible] of the missionary priests, brothers and sisters who are spending themselves to spread God's Kingdom on earth. This constitutes a [illegible] that lasts through life and into eternity.

[illegible] REV. JOHN C. MOONEY
General Director
Society for the Propagation of the Faith
343 Sta. Catherine Building
Main Office: Power Block Bldg.
Time Last Mass Street
Phone 4512

Passenger Might Have Figured It for Himself

There's a long steep climb when the train to California ascends the Continental divide and usually an extra engine or so is added to make the pull. But there was no extra on this particular section of overloaded tourist traffic pouring into the Golden state and the single locomotive, taxed to its utmost, staggered along and stopped and staggered until even the conductor got nervous.

Finally one of the passengers, more temperamental than the rest, could stand it no longer and began to call down the conductor, "What on earth's the matter" he demanded, as if the conductor knew any more about it than he himself did.

"That's a fool question," snapped the irate conductor. "You ought to know as well as I do that the engineer is teaching his wife how to drive."—Los Angeles Times.

Another Old Industry Lost to Great Britain

One of the oldest and most picturesque industries in Britain is the preparation of woad as a dye. Nowadays, the manufacture of this dye has fallen into decay through the competition of indigo in its markets.

But its history goes back to the time when it was used as war paint by the British warriors who fought under Boadicea against the Romans. And, in modern times, it was employed for a period in dyeing the uniforms of policemen, sailors and officers in the Guards.

The plant from which the dye is made is of a bluish-green color, rather like that of spinach, and possesses a yellow flower. It is crushed to pulp by huge wheels revolving on the stone floor of a woad mill.

The wheels are rotated around central posts by horses. When the horses have gone round with the wheels a certain number of times, the pulp is scooped out by workmen, and rolled on a board into lumps about the size of Dutch cheeses. After drying for three months in special drying sheds, these lumps shrink to the size of baseballs.

These are then crushed down, and mixed with water, after which they undergo a process of fermentation, to get rid of certain vegetable elements which spoil the purity of the dye.

Roll of Saints Keeping Watch Over "Poor Jack"

Saluting the quarterdeck, which consists of touching the cap as the officer or man steps on deck from the gangway or from below, is but a continuance of the act of homage of the medieval seaman to the Virgin and the saints. Their images were enshrined in the stern or poop, and toward them salutations were directed. To this day mariners trust to their aid in times of peril and to them make their vows and votive offerings. The Virgin is the patron of innumerable seaside shrines and temples, of which Notre Dame de la Garde at Marseilles and Notre Dame des Neiges at Le Havre come readily to mind.

St. Anthony, who preached to fishes and who specially guarded sailors when ashore; St. Christopher, who once rowed in a boat with Christ, and St. Nicholas, whose favors and intercessions for seamen were as frequent and efficacious in the Aegean as in the Baltic, were pre-eminently the chief maritime saints, but St. Peter, St. Clement, St. James, St. Mark and many others, as having shown special favors at sea, are invoked by sailors when in stress and danger.

The Saints Calendar of the early navigators was a long one, replacing by easy transitions the pagan gods of antiquity—Neptune, Amphitrite, Venus, Astarte, Odin, Freyr and many lesser tutelary and household deities. —Philadelphia Ledger.

Saunders Coal Co., Inc.
COAL AND COKE
Cleanliness and Courtesy Always
[illegible] NORTH STREET
Phone—STONE 441

Strictly Fresh Eggs and Sweet Creamery Butter at Lowest Possible Prices Will Be Delivered Anywhere in City If You Call
Charles L. Steinkirchner
50 Normandy Ave.
Gem. 1829-J

NOW IS THE TIME TO TRY
[illegible] Your [illegible]
J. A. TRZECIAK
1257 CLINTON AVE. SOUTH
Tel. MAIN [illegible]

WEIGH-U-DRIVE-IT-SYSTEM, INC.
184 Clinton Avenue South
[illegible] Reasonable Rates
[illegible] Phone
PRINTING WASHING
[illegible]

Satin, by Day and Satin by Night

By CHERIE NICHOLAS

AS TO the fabric which is outstanding at the present moment, it is satin by day and satin by night, which reigns supreme in the mode. The style-wise woman who is seeking to replenish her midseason wardrobe or planning her fall costumes will, if she has not already done so, discover that there is simply no getting away from satin either for sports wear or the formal evening gown or for the popular pajama fashions.

Notwithstanding its aspect of luxury, satin, whether it be white or in pastel colors, owing to the fact that it tubs perfectly, has proven conclusively that it is as practical as it is chic for the making of the sports costume. Which accounts for the enthusiasm with which fashion's followers are turning satinward this season.

Just now it is the sleeveless white or pastel satin tailleur which is making definite appeal. The model to the right in the illustration is typical. Details which intrigue in the styling of this attractive sports suit are square revers, big buttons and a belted waistline for the blouse with a generous pleating giving a proper flare to the skirt.

In many instances the mode is varied with a cunning cape arrangement to take the place of sleeves. The very latest satin sports frocks are intricately seamed after the manner which has so successfully entered into the designing of the evening satin frock.

Later on, and now for that matter, the suit or afternoon frock of black satin will become the theme paramount. If not black then brown satin will be first choice, for fashion reports are already placing emphasis on brown for fall. Softly tailored effects distinguish the very smart and very wearable costume pictured to the left. This five o'clock ensemble which is of black crepe satin endorses the jacket-suit styling, with draped collar of self-satin. The blouse is of pale pink triple chiffon.

As to satin for the evening frock word from Paris, as in fact from all style centers, reassures as to a continuance of its triumphs. We are showing in the miniature panel at the top a lovely formal gown made of rose-ivory satin. The neckline of this charming dress subscribes to the vogue which calls for softly tied bows. These bows which are so casually tied are made a feature throughout the styling of satin modes whether they be "sportsy" or ultra formal.

After you have indulged in a satin sports frock, a satin afternoon dress and a satin for formals, you will be liking satin so well by that time the urge for a satin pajama ensemble will likely follow. The vogue of pajamas for formal evening wear is interpreted in alabaster crepe satin as shown in the other tiny panel. Curved seamings suggest an empire silhouette in the bodice. Shaped inserts in the wide trousers contribute a graceful fullness below the molded hipline. The girdle tied about the modish jacket foretells a trend to short-waist empire lines which seem imminent for fall and winter.

(© 1931, Western Newspaper Union.)

EATING IN THE OPEN

By BETTY BARCLAY

Some people delight in camping trips. Others declare they cannot tolerate them.

If a careful study were made we would find most of those who do not care for camping are either afraid of insects or snakes or have tried camping without knowing anything about camping life.

The only thing I can say to the man or woman who is afraid of insects or snakes is that more people are killed by automobiles in two or three of our largest cities, each month, than are killed by insects and snakes in the entire country in a year. Poisonous snakes are scarce in most camp sites. Fatalities from insects are very rare.

To the other group, I suggest camping again, this time bolstered up with a little preliminary knowledge of camp life.

Remember first that sleeping in the open requires most of the covers underneath—which is a good old-fashioned Irish way of saying that the protection beneath the body must be greater than that above. No matter how much covering you have you will be chilly if you sleep on a canvas cot. Put two or three of the blankets beneath and you will not need much above.

Remember that campers are subject to a change in the weather and that most camp food furnished by beginners consists of acid-reaction foods that are quite likely to cause digestive troubles. Balance your meals in the open as carefully as you do at home. Carry along plenty of oranges so that you may have your orange juice in the morning and the base for fruit cups and salads at the other meals.

Carry also plenty of lemons and drink liberally of lemonade each day. This alkaline-reaction drink will tend to balance the acid reaction obtained from the ham, eggs, bread, and other camp foods which you will undoubtedly have.

Keep away from poison ivy. You can always tell it by its three leaves, the stalks of which meet in a red dot. The five leaf plant which looks so much like it is harmless Virginia Creeper. But don't pick the glorious three-leaf poison ivy. It will take away all the love for camping you ever had.

Learn to ditch your tent so that rain water will run off rather than inside. Erect your tent on a slight slope; dig a shallow trench immediately under the edge, packing the earth inside the canvas rather than outside. Run the trench a few feet in front of your tent and then the water will trickle down the slope.

Sweet fern, straw, hay, dry grass—all make excellent beds over with a blanket and you will sleep the sleep of the just. Even Mother Earth is far warmer than a canvas cot with but one or two blankets beneath the body.

Cut up plenty of fruit and serve as fruit cups, fruit salads, or fruit desserts. You can carry oranges as a base and get apples and berries as you go along. Eat plenty of vegetable and drink plenty of milk.

Remember that outdoor cooking requires coals rather than blaze. Build a big fire but let it die down before you fry your ham or eggs. Wonderful dishes may be made over glowing coals but dishes are easily spoiled when there is blaze and smoke.

Remember these things and your camping trip will be a pleasure and a healthful vacation.

Prying Into the Future by Means of Tea Leaves

A few of the ancient superstitions that have drifted down to present days are quite amusing. Some of them work in well when one is planning an evening's jollification, as, for instance, the telling of fortunes by means of tea leaves. Tea grounds, floating in the cup were supposed to indicate company, soft ones representing a woman and hard ones a man. When small, the guest was expected to be a large person; long grounds foretold a tall visitor. If the grounds were thrown under the table the guest was expected to remain over night, or longer, but if left in the cup, the call would be of short duration. Grounds remaining in a cup after the tea had been taken imparted still further knowledge. The cup was turned about several times and placed bottom up on the saucer, when the turning process was continued for a few times before setting the cup upright and studying the grounds. An open pathway through the grounds indicated a journey, its length depending on the length of the path. When the cup was turned sideways, if any tea ran out tears were anticipated on the journey. A ring of grounds, with a small dot in the center, represented a wish, and the owner of the cup was advised to think of what was most deeply desired, as it would certainly be granted.—American Agriculturist.

Roundabout Rambles

Culled, Clipped, Collected

THE TWO SIDES OF IT

There's much to be said on both sides of any question, and any back yard fence.

"Sure, and I'll not trouble that one again," Mrs. Moore said with an air of finality that promised nothing short of eternity.

"What's the trouble?" Himself asked, alarmed at the outburst of a helpmate that was the composite of understanding, patience, and kindness. "What one? Not Mary Burke?"

"Mary Burke," said Mrs. Moore, setting her lips firmly and nodding her grey curls in emphasis.

Himself was bewildered. And looked it. Why Mark Burke and Ellen Moore had lived twenty-five years with naught betwixt them but a backyard fence, and that made passable by a comfortable gap.

Mrs. Moore put in another stick of wood, shifted the kettle about, lifted the damper—and let it down again, and finally faced defiantly the questioning gaze she had tried to avoid.

"Well, it's yourself knows the cup of coffee I make, if I do say it as shouldn't," she began.

Himself put his pipe back in his mouth, crossed his knees, letting his paper slip to the floor, and nodded.

"Mary Burke is a good cook, but it's nothing short of a miracle that she ever sets up a decent cup of coffee, for she puts the coffee in cold water. Think of that!" she demanded.

"But so long as she gets results," Himself argued, "what difference how 'tis made?"

"One can excuse a man for making a remark like that," said his wife, "but when a woman like Mary Burke makes the same remark it denotes either ignorance, or ill will, and Mary Burke is not ignorant."

Himself let his eyes wander out the kitchen window and across to the back yard wherein his friend of many years puttered. "How in the name of all that's reasonable," he thought "could friendship that has been cemented by joy and sorrow and time be destroyed by such a fool thing as whether the water in the coffee pot should be boiling or cold?" But Himself knew his better half too well to try to argue against her stand.

A little later when the wife had run over to see the Jones baby he slipped through the gap in the backyard fence, and held converse with Con Burke. Con, too, was worried. Ellen had been regaling him with the account of the quarrel, and Ellen, too, had tossed the greying curls and said she was through with a neighbor who could be so insulting.

"Well, 'tis that we'll just have to let Nature take her course," said Martin Moore, after the matter had been discussed thoroughly. "Sure, an' there's nothing else to do." Con agreed and forthwith the two families began to adjust themselves to the estrangement; rather, they tried to adjust themselves, and succeeded not.

"If Spring woul come now," said Ellen Moore one evening, when she and Himself were wishing with the two great hearts of them that Con and Mary would come over and play a bit of Whist with them, after which they'd all enjoy a snack with a steaming cup of . . . Even to themselves they dared not think it.

"Yes," answered Himself, "A body's not so shut in of an evening in Spring; and then there's the gardening," and both fell silent again for their thoughts were on other Springs when there was the exchanging of this, that and the other through the gap in the backyard fence.

Mary Burke, too, and her good man were talking of the coming of Spring, much as the convicted one talks to himself of the ending of the sentence.

And after long, dreary months Spring came—dancing over the fields, setting the brooks to singing and racing in an effort to spread the news before some bird's song could; the bluebirds came flitting about the dooryard like bits of heaven showering down—and both sides of the backyard fence began to green, with no sign of a garden on either side.

Mary Burke and Ellen Moore sent many a furtive glance across the backyard fence, but the good men pretended indifference.

Then one morning Ellen Moore caught sight of her neighbor on the offside lifting great shovels full of rich brown earth. She knew she was defeated. She turned to the range and brought the kettle to the front—then with a humorous smile playing about the mouth that had not been able to keep the lines of firmness, drew the kettle back to the back of the stove. Hurriedly she measured the coffee into the pot, set the pot over on the drainboard where the filling with cold water could not but be noticed, and over to her old friend she darted.

Mary Burke was just coming out her own door hurriedly and bumped into her caller.

"Oh, God bless you," each said, and held the other close a second, sniffling a little.

"Come on over, Mary, and eat lunch with me. I'm making the coffee your way," said Ellen gloriously.

"Oh, Darlint," Mary Burke lifted the corner of her apron to her eyes quickly and letting it fall, smiled happily, "wasn't I making it your way, and rushing out to ask you would you come over."

"Well, I'll run back and close the dampers and get some fresh doughnuts. I just made this morning. I'll be right back." Ellen Moore turned to go, then turned back. "Lawsy," she shook her head, "I've been that lonesome!"

"Maybe you think I haven't," Mary Burke shook her head, "but hurry Ellen. There's so much to be said."—Our Lady of Sorrows Magazine.

Love's Offering

No royal throne, nor diadems,
No treasure, spoil, nor precious gems,

No wreath of flowers fresh and fair,
Breathing the pure and scented air,

No sunlit heights of perfect bliss
Revealed in prayerful promises;

These fail ignobly to impart
The feelings of a loving heart!

Greater far than all else given,
Prized, beside a gift from heaven,

Is love that serves unselfishly,
In faithfulnes and constancy.

—H. I. Moloney, in the New York Times.

A Hill Pasture

I never thought that I would love a thing
Like a hill pasture, as I love this one,
Emptied of sheep, and their small wandering
From grass to grass, encompassed by the sun.
Slight tufts of wool, lodged on the mullein's dust,
Betray the flock; and papery thistle pods
Blown shallowly across the field, the gust:
A cricket's misty noise is at the clods.
Perpetual beauty here of line and form,
Surfeit nor scarceness, and it fills my cup
With sustenance enough for me to keep
My heart from bitterness, my spirit warm.
If I grow lonely, climbing up and up—
At once a shadowy shepherd and his sheep!

—Lizette Woodworth Reese, in Ladies' Home Journal.

Today

Sure, this world is full of trouble—
I ain't said it ain't.
Lord! I've had enough, an' double
Reason for complaint.
Rain an' storm have come to fret me,
Skies were often gray;
Thorns an' brambles have beset me
On the road—but, say,
Ain't it fine today?

Whta's the use of always weepin'
Makin' trouble last?
What's the use of always keepin'
Thinkin' of the past?
Each must have his tribulation,
Water with his wine.
Life it ain't no celebration.
Trouble? I've had mine—
But today is fine.

It's today that I am livin',
Not a month ago.
Havin', losin', takin', givin'.
As time wills it so.
Yesterday a cloud of sorrow
Fell across the way;
It may rain again tomorrow,
It may rain—but say,
Ain't it fine today?

—Douglas Malloch.

Small Things That May Handicap the Worker

Study of more than a million workers, made by Statistician James Layfield, show that the following are the eleven best ways to annoy a boss—"minor characteristics in employees which keep them from moving ahead in the world":

Wisecracking in the presence of the boss; affecting of a southern accent; a weak memory which requires its owner to be introduced to folks five or six times before he is able to recognize them; giggling; know-it-all; holding the folk backwards in cutting beefsteak; furtive manners; wearing of vivid red neckties; happy-go-lucky; inferiority complex; superiority complex.

"These are a few of the qualities in mortal man which the bosses of a million workers tabbed as 'little habits with big consequences,'" says Mr. Layfield in the American Magazine. "The surprising fact is that bosses are so sensitive toward idiosyncrasies which one might think were too trivial to have any bearing on success or failure. In other words, you would be astonished to learn exactly how much your boss knows about you—how violently he may be swayed for or against you by the repeated exhibition of some trait of which you may not even be aware."

Nazareth Hall New Equipment In New Building

Latest in Classroom and Recreational Equipment Will Await Boys at Beginning of New Year's Work.

The completion of a fine new school building at Nazareth Hall Academy has made it possible for the Sisters in charge to install the latest in classroom and recreation equipment. A new two story building, with dormitories for boarders, eight large and airy classrooms, gymnasium, library, music room and cafeteria, will be ready by Sept. 15, and the new playground facilities of the school are already in use.

A merry-go-round, swing, slide tennis court—which may be converted into a skating rink in winter—baseball diamond and toboggan are among the features of the playground. Pupils of the school who live nearby have already tested the playground apparatus.

A New Fire Escape

An unusual feature of the new building is an enclosed fire escape, one of the first installed in this vicinity. This will enable pupils to tumble out of the upper story and be gently deposited on the ground. It bears the indorsement of the Rochester fire marshal and is considered by Nazareth teachers the finest means of rapid exit yet devised.

The Nazareth school year will begin about Sept. 15. Nearly 200 boys are registered, including a number of boarders. They are given a course in elemenary subjects, along with music, elocution and other extra courses, and a program of physical training and recreation supervised by Roy Benson is conducted.

Splendid Records Made by Old Clipper Ships

The clipper ships which were constructed for the California trade were built with extreme care, although, as far as possible, everything was sacrificed to speed, for freights were high and prices depended upon the quickness with which goods could be delivered to the Pacific coast.

Clippers costing as high as $80,000 sometimes paid for themselves on their first voyage. There is the story of one old sea captain who was anxious to carry sail as long as possible and padlocked his gear so that sailors could not take in sail without orders.

The Flying Cloud, which was built in East Boston by Donald McKay, was one of the fastest clippers ever launched. She had a figurehead of an angel on the wing carrying a speaking trumpet. Her mainmast, including the topmast and skysail pole, was 200 feet high; her main yard measured 82 feet and her bowsprit and jib-boom projected 58 feet.

She sailed from New York to San Francisco in 89 days and 21 hours, covering in one day 433 statute miles, 42 miles faster than any steamship had then done in the same time. On this trip some of the crew had to be put in irons, although subsequently released to work the ship, and the first officer was suspended from duty because he disobeyed the captain's orders and cut the rigging. For a number of days the Flying Cloud averaged 13½ knots, and sailed for 5,912 miles at an average of 227 miles a day.

Main 404
35c TAXI SERVICE

Established 1890
SIDNEY HALLS SONS
Manufacturers of
Boilers, Tanks, Smoke Stacks, Breechings
Electric and Acetylene Welding and Cutting
175 MILL STREET

ALBERT WARD, Optometrist
EYE EXAMINATIONS
196 LYELL (Near Saratoga) GLEN. 4419
9 to 12:30—1:30 to 6 : : Evenings by Appointment

JOS. J. BUCKLEY
FUNERAL DIRECTOR
796 DEWEY AVE. Phone—GLENWOOD 4906

PLYMOUTH DAIRY, INC.
688 SEWARD STREET
"Drink Plymouth Milk For Better Health"
PHONE—CHARLOTTE 7081; CHARLOTTE 1866-W

Prescriptions
Medicines
Toiletries
South Ave. Pharmacy
C. R. Croll, Prop., Licensed Pharmacist
Toll's Ice Cream—Soda and Confections
[illegible] SOUTH AVE. ROCHESTER, N. Y.
Stationery
Magazines
Papers