New Fashions in Foods

By KARINE HOLMES

More About Bacteria

The shape of bacteria is far the simplest of all the organisms. They are, however, not animal, but classed as plant. Biologists know that many forms of plant life move and so Bacteria have been universally classed as plant life. Plants and animal organisms have much the same formative composition. Their multiplication is the part which concerns us most. The exact shape, and exact form of multiplication interests us little here: except that their multiplication is on the method of division. That is, they form, and divide and each one becomes two perfectly formed organisms, and in shockingly short time each of those two have divided, etc., etc., etc. Certain kinds of these organisms can produce themselves as above described in less than half an hour: i. e. Two in half an hour; four in an hour, eight in an hour and a half, etc: so that in 12 hours the offspring is something like 17 million offspring. Thus the necessity for destroying every single one of these harmful bacteria, and extreme heat, like cooking is our one remedy for perfect destruction. It can readily be seen the wisdom of thorough cooking, placing at extreme high temperatures for a short period is our only effectual method. Cooking Beefsteak, to be served rare, when it is most nutritious: Expose to extreme heat, turn quickly, allow to remain a half minute, turn quickly, in half a minute turn quickly again, etc. The Bacteria will only have attacked good beef steak on the surface and this broiling, as we term it, if in a pan then pan-broil, is sure of killing those bacteria which could otherwise prove harmful. Water frozen 20 years, melted and analyzed has shown living bacteria organisms. So freezing does

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not kill. Impure milk frozen into ice cream does not kill, it only keeps these organisms in a dormant state, wherein they can not grow or do any harm until they are exposed to the correct medium. But you say the heat of the body in the digestive processes gives a correct medium. Yes, but remember nature has provided other effectual remedies. The digestive juices: fifilled with what are known as "enzymes" take entire care of all incoming harmful bacteria, and either destroy them or pass them along quickly to the large intestines where their work may go on as nature has planned. There, be it remembered, the digestive processes are all conducted by Bacteria, and the life's cycle which has been preserved till it found its proper sphere of usefulness then if not before responds to nature's call for policing its domaine.

Relation of Bacteria to Light—Sunlight is the most effectual form of light for extermination. Dust or dirt exposed to direct sunlight soon loses its living bacteria. Therefore don't forget that bacteria grow best in darkness and filth. Another argument for keeping our living rooms light and exposed to the rays of the sun or the reflection thereof at least. 'Tis said that bright wall papers, which of course reflect more of the sun's rays make the most healthful bedroom wall covering. Not so artistic, not so pleasing to the eye perhaps; but in your North or North West bed roooms bright wall covering will tend to make the rooms more cheerful and more healthful because of reasons stated. Pantries, and kitchens should have all the light possible. Throw open your windows in your darkened rooms and let God's blessed sunlight come in.

Fresh Air—Oxygen is the first requirement to life and living things. Most bacteria also feed where they can have plenty of air. Hence decay generally begins on the surface of things, and extends toward the interior, for instance, the example named above of beefsteak, or any meat material. This type of bacteria which does not like the air and which live without oxygen are known, commonly, as "Anaerobic": while the ones which thrive best in the air, thus requiring oxygen, are known as "Aerobic," bacteria. These latter are by far the most important in the affairs of the household: while the other type are the ones which generally set up putrefaction and which are, or which become, most serious. From this you will readily see that seclusion of the material from the air is not the preservative, but as in the instance of canning materials it is the high temperature in the cooking which kills the bacteria and excludes all future bacteria from attacking that food until the material is again exposed to reproducing medium.

Now moistures, like yeasts and molds, bacteria require water. Think of our dry salted meats. The bacteria cannot there, get enough moisture to reproduce. Let the meats be exposed to sufficient moisture to render that salt moist and you see how soon your meat will show spoil spores.

Acidity—Here one notices that molds and bacteria do not flourish upon the same material. Molds grow best upon acid substances, but bacteria can not endure acidity. The presence of acid or sourness in foods will check its decay. Putrefied foods decay; because of the condition of the protein contained in the food; while we point to Cranberries, and Gooseberries for instance as actually too sour for bacterial growth. To sum up: wherever on the surface of the earth, animals or plants may be found, there, in the earth, the air and all bodies of water, are also found bacteria.

Please do not be frightened by this discussion of bacteria because we must learn that bacteria are all around us: two varieties, harmful sort and harmless type. They are both in the air we breathe, in the water we drink. etc.: but the harmless kind are far more numerous than the harmful: and the former act as our police agents which protect us from our desstruction by the harmful sort. Nature has taken care of the quantity of each kind, and God has given man reason and facilities for understanding some of these conditions under which He wants us to fight our eternal warfare, and at the same time, He has outnumbered the evil ones by the good: as is evinced in His whole plan of our existence.

An instance of "STANDARD" service—not a definition

Gasoline prices reduced

AT the opening of a new motoring season, which, from all trade indications, will eclipse all previous years in the amount of gasoline consumed, the tank wagon price of "Standard" Motor Gasoline has been reduced one cent a gallon, effective April 27.

This lower price is made possible by a reduction in the cost of our crude oil supply. There is, just now, an unusually large surplus of petroleum over current requirements of the trade, which has brought about lower prices at the wells.

"Standard" Motor Gasoline is at once the most essential and least expensive item in the operation of an automobile, whether you have a truck or a passenger car. "Standard" Motor Gasoline is always and uniformly good.

There is a "Standard" pump or filling station near you.

STANDARD OIL COMPANY (NEW JERSEY)

A GROUP OF STORIES AND "WHY"

SOME BED-TIME STORIES FOR CHILDREN

By ELIZABETH A. PERKINS

All children love stories; they love fairy tales, myths, nature-stories, stories of great people, stories of adventure, and they love very dearly too, stories from the Bible. Grown-ups love to tell these stories to children, and I guess they really enjoy them too.

The National W. C. T. U. Publishing House, has published a little monograph, "The story-Hour, What to Tell, How to Tell It." In this monograph you will find many things about stories which I have not space in this article to tell you.

Many mothers have asked for just a little group of stories which they might tell their children at the bed-time hour, and so I have selected just a few for these mothers.

The story, wisely chosen, teaches many beautiful things; and because all-the-year-round, nature stories are good, and because we want all children to love the great Out-doors, and because nature stories also teach beautiful living, I have selected this little group of stories from Carolyn Sherwin Bailey's book, The Outdoor Story Book.

The first little story is called

THE BLUEBIRDS' NEW HOUSE

It is a lovely story, and there is a special lesson at the end of the story, but of course you will not speak of the lesson to the children—they will discover it, never fear.

"I wonder if we are too early," twittered Mr. Blubird to Mrs. Bluebird. "The sun is warm, and the sky is blue, but there seem to be very few leaves as yet on the trees."

'That is what I noticed," sang Mrs. Bluebird to her mate as they flew from one orchard to another, each stroke of their wings carrying them farther away from the south and their orange grove. "I have been wondering, too, what we shall be able to find for our nest building. The grasses are not dry yet and the sheep have not left any of their wool for us on the bushes."

"Suppose the children see us in the trees" chirped Mr. Bluebird. "I have known children who were not kind to birds."

The two flew along without singing for a while. Then they both burst into singing together. "See what we have found" they twittered.

It was a little green house nailed to the trunk of the old apple tree where they had built their house last year.

It had a pointed roof to shed the rain, and a little round door, only large enough for a bluebird and no larger. It was all ready for their bird housekeeping, even to some seeds and crumbs and suet spread out on the tiny front porch.

"Our house for the season!" sang Mr. Bluebird. "The children must have made it for us" twittered Mrs. Bluebird.

"How kind children can be!" sang both the Bluebirds together."

The next little story is

THE LITTLE GOLD COCK WHO COULD NOT LIE

"Gasper could see the little gold cock from his home quite plainly. It was the weathercock on the top of the white church steeple. It moved as if it were alive, and when Gasper looked up at it and waived his hand and called,

"Good morning, little gold cock, which way is the wind today?" as if it had understood him, the cock would whirl itself about and point the way that the wind was blowing. The little gold cock never crowed, like the cocks in the barnyard, but it knew a song that was all its own.

"The north wind blows north,
The west wind blows west,
The south wind blows south,
Truth's best; truth's best..
The east wind blows east,
The west wind blows west,
The south wind blows south,
Truth's best; truth's best.

No one had ever heard the little gold cock sing its song. It had learned it, years before, when it had been a very young weathercock, and had wanted to turn as it pleased, not as the winds told it. But that was all over now. The cock found it much pleasanter to whirl about with the wind. It never knew which wind would come first or how quickly. Oh, it was fine, the little gold weathercock found, to be as quick as the wind and tell which way it was blowing.

One day Gasper thought that he would like to fly his kite for a while before he went to school. It was a new kite, made in the shape of a bird with wide wings. It could fly, too, almost as high as a bird. Gasper unwound the string and ran along the street with the kite sailing so high above his head. Higher and higher went the kite, and farther and farther ran Gasper. Now the kite was almost as high as the little gold cock on the top of the steeple, but suddenly Gasper heard a bell. It was the last school bell. He was late. Gasper pulled in his kite. "I will tell the teacher that I am late because I had to do an errand for my mother," he said.

But the wind, tugging at the kite, brought a message from the gold cock down to Gasper.

The west wind blows west,
The south wind blows south,
Truth's best; truth's best."

said the weathercock. Gasper looked up at the little gold weathercock. It was pointing due north for the wind was north. "I must tell my teacher that I am late because I played too long," Gasper said. He did, and his teacher said that it was wrong to b late, but fine to tell the truth about it.

The wind, from some corner or other was out every day. One Saturday Gasper thought how pleasant it would be to sail a toy boat in the pond. When he went down to the pond there was Hugo's toy boat tied to a bush at the edge of the pond. It was the best boat in the village. It was large and painted green, and it had wide white sails.

Hugo was not there but Gasper untied the boat. The wind filled the sails and the boat started across the qond. Gasper held the string in his hand, but the boat pulled so hard that at last he dropped the string. On and on and farther and farther sailed the boat. Now it reached the the other side of the pond where the water went down in a waterfall. Down, too, went Hugo's boat until it was out of sight.

"What shall I do?" Gasper said to himself. "I think I will tell Hugo that the string was loose and the boat sailed away by itself." But just then the wind that had carried away the little boat brought Gasper a message from the ittle gold cock.

"The east wind blows east,
The west wind blows west,
The north wind blows north
Truth's best; truth's best."

was what the weathercock said. Gasper looked up at the little gold cock. It was pointing due east for the wind was blowing from the east. "I must take all the money out of my bank," Gasper said, "and buy Hugo a new boat, just as large, and painted green, and with just as wide sails." So he did and Hugo said that they would play with it together. The two little boys were sailing the boat one day when Hugo looked up at the little gold cock on the top of the church steeple. "We have a little rooster that can talk" he said. "He tells us when it is time to get up in the morning."

"The rooster on the steeple can talk, too," Gasper said proudly. "It tells which way the wind blows, and it always tells the truth."

Job Printing?—The American Union

FEMININE TOPICS

The average life of an automobile is increasing, says the Cleveland Trust Company. During the early years of the industry, it was about six seasons; but now it has increased to at least seven, and is probably somewhat longer than that. This is due to three main causes; better roads, better cars and more experienced drivers. Until recently, from twenty-five to thirty-three per cent, of the car owners were inexperience. Now only about ten per cent are new each year.

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As the season wanes a new sweater dawns. Its background is a soft, mist gray. Up and down it has arrow pointed designs in dark red or blue, running all over it. The only break in this pattern comes at the lower edge and cuffs where there is a wide band of bright colors in a horizontal pattern.

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Black Chantilly lace combines very effectively with white moire in an evening gown. The lace forms a unique overskirt for the front-draped skirt of moire, as well as a startling yoke and sleeves on the basque bodice. Crushed shaded purple flowers with leaves of rhonestones are worn at the center waistline.

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Even the children today are being put into Egyptian modes. The newest frock for a little girl of perhaps five years is in serge but it has a winged clasp on one shoulder and a slightly draped effect on the tiny skirt, the drapery being held by a big Egyptian ornament.

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"Mountain haze," a new shade of orchid which verges on the violet tones is considered the chosen color of the season. It will probably be more popular than the periwinkle blue of last season, as it is a softer shade and more easily worn.

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Black muskrat is the fur now seen here on many of the smart spring gowns. The fur is used in subtle and small touches, edging a panel or the sleeves or trimming one side of a big, decorative buttonhole.

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An odd shape of brown picot straw which fits the head very snugly, has two long pieces at the sides which turn up and tie on top in a bow of straw. Red and green braid trims the hat.

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The oatmeal you use for cookies or muffins will be much more satisfactory if you grind it thrugh the food chopper before using it. Measure it, however, before you grind.

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Shoes of colored kid promise to be immensely popular with the first gush of spring sunshine. Sandals of red, green and blue will be worn not onlly with sports clothes but also with afternoon frocks and street garb.

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A two-piece blue serge suit—box coat model—is worn with a white voile waist and a Roman striped

Just one successful drapé will make a frock's reputation this season.

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Elaborate combs this year may exactly match the gowns with which they are to be worn, and one of a soft green is very attractive as an accessory to a gown of the same shade worn by a blonde.

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While the white gloves will be popular this season, there is also an attempt to match the glove with the shoe—when light colored shoes are worn.

BINGLE AND BUNGLE

The Puckertown Philosophers

By C. DURANT JONES

"What do you think of the factory deal, Ted?" asked Mike Bungle, meeting Ted Bingle at the Hookworm Club.

"Haven't heard much about it, Mike," answered Ted. "What is there to it anyway?"

'Oh, the Franklin concern, from Newtown offers to locate in Puckertown if we give them proper encouragement," said Mike. "They claim that over at Newtown they are cramped for room, and they need to build a bigger factory, and they say that they don't get the proper encouragement at Newtown. They make buttonhooks and they say that they want to come over here and build a much bigger factory. They figger that they should sell a lot of stock here and in that way get enough money to build a factory big enough to take care of their rapidly growing business. They say that the dividends can't help but be big, and they've been wanting me to take stock."

"Well," said Ted. 'If you was asking my advice, which you aint, and I was to advise you, which I aint either, I'd say that fellow ought to go a little slow. Newtown is a factory town and this aint. It looks funny to me that they'd want to leave a big town for a little one like this. My guess is that they are hard up, and that they can't get any more money at their bank and that they figger it will be easier to hunt new pastures than it will to cultivate the old one. Some fellows figger that while they are a failure at running a little business, they surely ought to be a success at runniing a big one. If they've got great possibilities, there's someone in Newtown who would be willing to put his money into the thing. There's Newtown folks who want big dividends too. Some folks figger that it is easier to work new acquaintances than it is to make good with old ones. I'm always leary of these people who want to let me in on the ground floor. I'm afraid I would land under ground. Their affection mostly has a price tag on it. I have to pay too much for their love. You wont make no investment. It'll be a donatin."

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