

Omaha Center of Cloudburst and Hailstorm

Loss Estimated at Many Thousands—Show Windows Crashed by Vicious Winds.

The eastern part of the state was taking toll yesterday of one of the worst rain, hail and wind storms Nebraska has had in recent years. Though figures were not available Monday night it is known that the damage will total many thousands of dollars.

Basements Flooded.

Basements of business houses all over the business and warehouse parts of the city were flooded, the loss from this alone serving to bring the total to six figures, it is believed.

The rain began to fall about 9 Monday night, the first mild sprinkling giving no warning of the vicious lashing storm that was in the making. Through downtown streets the wind and water swept in great wide sheets and showers of driven spray. Awnings were torn from buildings and signs in some places fell. Show windows also were shattered in a few instances.

The day had been the hottest so far this season, with a temperature of 94 at 5 p. m., and many persons were seeking the parks and resorts for a stray breeze when the first sprinkling began. Hundreds were caught in the cloudburst and thoroughly drenched.

Extends West to Schuyler.

The Union Pacific railroad reported that rain fell as far west as Schuyler, which is on the other side of Fremont. At Columbus there was only a light sprinkle, the train dispatcher's office of the Union Pacific announced.

On the north the storm was at its worst between Omaha and Calhoun and Blair, according to Northwestern officials.

Hall was confined to Omaha, according to reports, looking to the belief that the storm in the eastern part of the state were saved from this form of destruction.

Northside in Darkness.

The entire northern section of the city remained in darkness for two hours Monday night as the result of the storm which severed a 15,000 volt transmission line running from the main station at Omaha and Jones to the North Omaha substation on North Thirtieth street.

Lightning caused two oil switches and two transformers to blow out at Council Bluffs, throwing the city into darkness for nearly two hours.

Fort Crook Lightless.

Fort Crook, Bellevue and Valley, all supplied with electricity from the Omaha plant, were in darkness.

Large trees lying across the tracks on the Omaha-Fort Crook street car line held up a car bound for Omaha for two hours Monday night. A wrecker was sent from Omaha to clear the track. It was necessary to cut the trunk into several pieces to get off the track.

Two show windows in the Broadway Jewelry store, Sixteenth and Douglas streets, were blown out. Harry Miller reported a window out from his barber shop at 215 South Fifteenth street.

As far as could be learned Monday night no persons were injured in the storm.

Many Wires Down.

The Nebraska Power Co. placed all available men, 75 in number, repairing damages to its wires in the city Monday night. No estimate could be made of the total loss.

Wires as well as poles were reported to be down in all directions. A. T. & T. wires were down between Omaha and Lincoln and between Omaha and Ashland to the west. Damage to lines between Omaha and Glenwood, Ia., also was reported.

The Western Union wire chief stated Monday night that wires were down in all directions. The belief at this office was that the storm was only local and did not extend far.

A large tree blew down on a house at 1119 North Twenty-first street causing minor damages. A large tree, three feet in diameter, fell across the street between Twenty-first and Twentieth streets on California street. Trees were also reported down at Twenty-fourth and Maple streets, Twenty-fifth and Emmet, Twenty-fifth and Hickory and many other sections.

Several feet of water was reported at Thirtieth and Leavenworth and the district about Twentieth, street and Poppleton avenue, as well as the vicinity of Fortieth and Q streets were flooded. Sewers in all parts of the city were flooded for two hours.

Common Sense

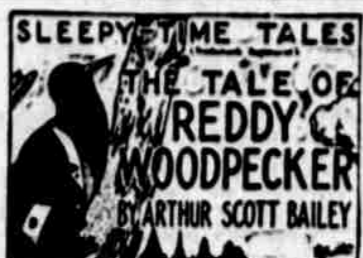
Have you the "Get Even" Spirit? "You cannot get even by trying to get even."

Think this over for a moment. In fact the longer you think of it, the more you will get out of it.

Well, say you have a grudge against some man, you want to "do him dirt" for it, as some say, and are trying to think how.

You put forth time and thought in making plans to get even. You have wasted a lot of time you might have been using to put forward your own interests, isn't that so?

Even if you succeed in bringing punishment to him, are you benefited? You are not happy while entertaining vindictive thoughts.



SLEEPY TIME TALES

THE TALE OF REDDY WOODPECKER

BY ARTHUR SCOTT BAILEY

Reddy Woodpecker lost no time in making friends with his cousin, Mr. Flicker. Reddy knew well enough that most of the birds in the neighborhood wished he hadn't come there to live. So he thought it wise to be pleasant and polite to Mr. Flicker. There was no knowing when he might need one friend among so many enemies. He even let Mr. Flicker drum upon the strip of tin upon the roof of the barn. But secretly Reddy thought him a queer chap.

"There's one thing that's very odd about you," Reddy said to Mr. Flicker one day. "If you're a Woodpecker, why don't you peck wood? I've noticed that you spend most of your time on the ground—when you're not drumming upon my tin."

Mr. Flicker laughed. "Oh!" he said lightly. "We Flickers have found an easier way to get a living than by drilling wood with our bills to find grubs. We eat ants," he explained. "And that's why you see me on the ground so much, because that's where the ants live."

At the moment Mr. Flicker was on the ground, while Reddy clung to the trunk of a tree near him. And just to prove the truth of his statement Mr. Flicker made a quick jab into the turf with his bill. He pulled his bill out at once, giving Reddy Woodpecker a glimpse of an ant before he swallowed it.

Reddy Woodpecker stared at him in amazement. "Where's your home?" he asked Mr. Flicker. "Is your home on the ground?"

"Bless you, no!" cried Mr. Flicker. "I'm no ground bird. My wife and I have a fine hole in an old apple tree in the orchard."

Reddy Woodpecker had to approve of that, anyhow. So he nodded his red-capped head.

"You're sensible in one way, at least," he remarked. "That's the way to live, if only you build high enough, out of harm's way."

Mr. Flicker grinned at him. "It's plain that you don't know that we Flickers are sometimes called High-holes," he said, "because of the way we nest."

"Ah, so you have two names, eh?" Reddy Woodpecker exclaimed, as he speared a grub with his tongue and drew it out from under a bit of bark. "I should think you'd find that confusing, should you not?"

"Oh! It's easy when you get used to it," Mr. Flicker replied. He paused to capture another ant. And then he added, "I have more than just two names. I have 124 in all."

"My goodness!" cried Reddy. He was so astounded that he missed a stab at a fine grub right under his nose. "My goodness! Has your wife as many names as that?"

"Yes," said Mr. Flicker. "And your children?"

"Sakes alive!" Reddy Woodpecker exclaimed. "How do you ever feed them all?"

Mr. Flicker gave a long, rolling, curious laugh. "We feed the children only under one name," he explained, "although I must confess it sometimes seems to me that each of them eats enough for 124 youngsters."

"I know how that is," said Reddy Woodpecker. "My home is in a tree in the orchard too. And I'm raising a family of four myself."

Heavenly Father, we thank Thee for the refreshing sleep of last night, for sparing us to see another day, for our loved ones, and for this family altar, for the gift of Thy Son, Jesus Christ, and for His love and self-sacrifice.

We sincerely repent of all wrongdoing. Pardon all our sins, and give us a forgiving spirit. Help us to trust in Thy Word, and may we find in it medicine for the mind, and food for the soul.

We pray for our beloved country, and for all in authority, in our own and other nations. Bless the poor and needy, the sick and dying, the bereaved and all who are in distress. We plead with Thee for any who are wrongfully treated, until "justice roll on like water, and righteousness as a perennial stream."

Abundantly reward the preaching of Thy Gospel everywhere, and bless our church and minister with an outpouring of Thy Holy Spirit, until one shall not have to say to another—"Know the Lord,—for all shall know Him from the least even unto the greatest."

And to Thee will we give the glory forever and ever. Amen.

CAPT. (REV.) H. S. MULLOWNEY, M. A., B. D.

My Marriage Problems

Adole Garrison's New Phase of "REVELATIONS OF A WIFE"

What Katie Did With the Paper Father Graham Sought.

The nearer I came to my mother-in-law's room upon our bizarre errand, the more faint-hearted I became. Katie's monkey-like cleverness in hiding in my mother-in-law's quarters the paper she had abstracted, did not appear like cleverness, but monumental idiocy, by the time I reached the door behind which Mother Graham was peacefully sleeping.

Katie poked her hand upon my arm and her lips close to my ear. "Please, I don't like to go in, she'll see me if she wakes up and find me snooping round her room."

With an effort I repressed the inclination to inquire fiercely in return, what fate she thought awaited me were my august mother-in-law to wake, but I turned instead and tensely whispered:

"Where is it hidden?"

"You know dot pretty box mit roses und pictures of old-time ladies und mens on it?"

"You mean her hat box?" I gasped with a mental vision of the pride of my mother-in-law's heart—a fancy and costly military box, decorated with old English scenes and narrow borders of roses, inside which reposed her very best hat.

"Dot's the one," Katie whispered back, and I could have shaken her for the nonchalance in her manner. Katie patently had cast her burdens upon me and was worrying no longer.

A Tense Moment.

"It's on top shelf in closet," she went on. "I saw get ven I dusted room yesterday. You can hook set shoost as easy! See! I'll hold door open. You shoost grab eet and run, und I close door after you."

"Don't dare to touch the door," I whispered, setting my teeth for the ordeal in front of me. "Go back down stairs and wait for me. I'll manage this. Softly, now. Hush! Not another word!"

She scuttled obediently and to her credit—noiselessly down the stairs, and I waited beside the door for a long two minutes to see if my mother-in-law had awakened. But the rasping sounds of what she euphemistically terms heavy breathing, but which Dickering describes as the "sincerest snoring on Long Island," went on without interruption.

So, with tense nerves and quickly-beating pulses, I turned the knob with infinite caution, pushed the door ajar and slipped into the room. I had taken the precaution to turn out the hall light, that she might not be awakened by its sudden gleam, so I left the door ajar that I might be able to escape quickly and noiselessly.

"Oh! I forgot!" I made my way to the clothes closet, deciding that the highly-colored life of a fiction burglar was not worth while. And while I was lifting the box down, recognizing it by touch rather than sight, and making my painful way back to the door, I was listening tensely to the regular little joss for their volume.

I reached the door without mishap, passed into the hall, closed the door after me, relighted the lamp, and went swiftly down the stairs, hugging to my breast the assurance that I had succeeded in my mission. True, there lurked in the background the ordeal of getting the bandbox back to its place, but I did not have to consider that for another half hour or so, and I was frankly triumphant as well as comely curious, when I rejoined Katie in the hall below.

"You get get?" she whispered excitedly.

"Yes! Hush!" I returned as I hurried her into the library, locked the door.

Loose Teeth are often a sign of pyorrhea. See your dentist about treatment. Also use Lysol, the powerful, soothing disinfectant, as a daily mouth wash. Lysol keeps the mouth clean, destroys germs, neutralizes acids. You need it as a preventive of mouth disease. Sold by leading druggists.

How to Make Strawberry Jam For 10c a Half-pound Glass

Everyone loves strawberry jam. For a spread on bread or hot biscuits, nothing seems to make children of us all. Until now, however, an expert was required to make it. Uncertainties also it has been expensive. Certo, a natural product of fruit, has solved the problem so that everyone can make and eat this delicious conserve.

To Make Strawberry Jam by the Certo Process: Wash and trim 2 quarts of ripe berries, using wooden masher, crushing each berry and discarding all green parts. Add juice of one lemon. Measure 4 level cups (2 lbs.) crushed berries, including lemon juice, into large kettle. Add 3/4 leveled cups (3 1/2 lbs.) sugar and mix well. Stir hard and constantly and bring to a vigorous boil over the hottest fire. Boil hard for one full minute with continual stirring. Remove from fire and add 1/2 bottle (scant half cup) CERTO, stirring it in well. From the time jam is taken off fire allow to stand 5 minutes only, by the clock, before pouring. In the meantime skim, and stir occasionally to cool slightly. Then pour quickly. Use this same recipe with raspberries, blackberries, dewberries and loganberries.

This Certo process banishes all the guess work or worry, as perfect results are certain. Unlike the old method of "pound for pound" mixture boiled for thirty or more minutes, with consequent loss of fruit juice and flavor being boiled away, the economical Certo Process requires only one minute's boiling and thereby saves all the fruit to produce 60 per cent more jam.

Certo is pure—contains no gelatin or preservative. Jams and jellies made this way last indefinitely. Certo positively saves time, fruit, flavor and guess work. It makes all kinds of jams and jellies with fresh or canned fruit—some you have never made before. It is highly endorsed by national authorities and cooking experts. Every woman who tries it recommends it to her friends and says she'll never be without it.

The above recipe and nearly 100 others are in the Certo Book of Recipes, which will be given to you by your grocer when you get Certo. Extra copies sent free if you write to the Pectin Sales Company, Inc., 105 East Avenue, Rochester, N. Y.

Get a bottle of Certo from your grocer or druggist today. Start the new—the sure, quick, economical way of making jams and jellies. You'll never return to the old "hit or miss" method.



Prayer Each Day

The living shall praise Thee—Isaiah 24:15.

Heavenly Father, we thank Thee for the refreshing sleep of last night, for sparing us to see another day, for our loved ones, and for this family altar, for the gift of Thy Son, Jesus Christ, and for His love and self-sacrifice.

We sincerely repent of all wrongdoing. Pardon all our sins, and give us a forgiving spirit. Help us to trust in Thy Word, and may we find in it medicine for the mind, and food for the soul.

We pray for our beloved country, and for all in authority, in our own and other nations. Bless the poor and needy, the sick and dying, the bereaved and all who are in distress. We plead with Thee for any who are wrongfully treated, until "justice roll on like water, and righteousness as a perennial stream."

Abundantly reward the preaching of Thy Gospel everywhere, and bless our church and minister with an outpouring of Thy Holy Spirit, until one shall not have to say to another—"Know the Lord,—for all shall know Him from the least even unto the greatest."

And to Thee will we give the glory forever and ever. Amen.

CAPT. (REV.) H. S. MULLOWNEY, M. A., B. D.

Doing Too Much for Others

Are you one of those people who pride themselves on what they do for others? Do you glory in the thought that you are always doing favors for folks?

Don't be smugly complacent about your generosity and kindness. There's nothing to be proud of in the satisfaction you get from thrusting favors on people who would in all probability be just as well satisfied to fend for themselves if only they could be left alone to manage their own way.

We've all been annoyed by the "gracious" hostess who cannot stop inquiring if we won't have a little more meat or another helping of vegetables. She isn't to be stopped, and we may have to eat a great deal more than we want in order to be civil—not our own hunger—but her sense of hospitality.

There is the anxious friend who is sure we cannot manage our own investments. There is the one who feels that we must not be trusted to look after our own clothes without the benefit of her good taste. There is the person who insists on sending out for concert tickets so we won't have to make a trip to the theater to get our own.

Probably we aren't ready to do any investing at all—or, if we are, be that we have a small sum to put away and hate to take any one into our confidence—it is even possible that the investment suggested is just the particular thing in which we hate to risk our little nest egg.

The generous friend is convinced that we need help, and nothing short of brutality will save us from the proffered and unwelcome assistance.

The clothes our kind friend selects do not represent our own idea of our personality. They may have cost too many dollars, but we have not tried in our choice by having some one else choose for us. We couldn't too greatly infringe upon.

And when it comes to the concert tickets, we wanted to go straight to the theater and have the fun of making our own choice.

For the most part, this business of being very generous and helpful is nothing in the world but a way of satisfying our own concept of self. When we thrust kindness upon folks, it isn't kindness—it is just a selfish way of feeling noble at their expense.

Friendship ought to be so simple and so clearly defined that we can feel free to ask the help we want. Our minds ought to be so broad and generous that we will be ready to accept and understand when a friend says regretfully that he cannot aid us. We should not be burdened with favors we do not want and have to accept because some one else desires the joy of feeling like a beneficent angel—at our expense.

I wish there were some way of teaching ourselves not to be obnoxiously kind. I wish there were a method of inhibiting our seemingly noble and often selfish impulses to "do things for folks."

And generous, send a little contribution to an organized society or go frankly to some one you love and ask if you may feel generous at their expense. There is plenty of poverty and work and need in the world crying out for our attention. There is plenty of chance for real service. But here is no need

Legal Opinion Sought on Paving Petitions

The city council has encountered an unusual situation in connection with the selection of material for paving Military avenue, Wirt to Sixty-sixth street.

Commissioner Joseph Koutsky of the public improvement department reported last Friday that neither brick nor asphalt petitions, filed by property owners, were legally sufficient. Council, acting under the main thoroughfare act, designated brick for this district.

Yesterday morning the city council reconsidered its action of last week and referred the matter back to the city legal department for an opinion.

One of the questions involved is whether Miss Louise Post and four of the six Post children could legally sign for the full foot frontage of 220 feet of the Post property. They signed for asphalt. Another question is whether the signature of Mrs. Margaret A. Daley on the asphalt petition should be accepted as representing 450 front footage or 335 feet, the difference being one lot which Mrs. Daley did not describe in her entry on the petition.

What have you to sell that you have no further need for? A Want Ad in The Omaha Bee will find the buyer for you.

Parents' Problems

How can a child be broken of the habit of talking at the top of his voice?

The playing of soft music; addressing him in tones lower than the normal speaking voice when replying to him. As often as possible take him where it is quiet. Interest him in birds, so that his ear will be trained to listen for the softer sounds that the woods afford. It is difficult for children who are constantly surrounded by harsh noises to be conscious of their own loud tones.

What Yeast Foam Tablets are for

loss of appetite, indigestion, lack of physical strength and energy, under weight, malnutrition, pimples, boils, run-down conditions.

Yeast Foam Tablets, rich in the energizing element that many foods lack, are a most remarkable strength and health builder. They stimulate the appetite, improve digestion and help the system convert your food into energy and firm, healthy tissues.

If you are under weight; if you tire out easily and seldom feel quite right, get a bottle of these pure whole yeast tablets. Take them regularly along with your usual food and observe their splendid toning-up effect.

Thousands of women and men are now asking for Yeast Foam Tablets in preference to other forms of yeast or yeast preparations, because these tablets are made entirely of pure whole yeast—the richest source of that essential food element, vitamin B.

Sold by all druggists. Northwestern Yeast Company, Chicago, Ill. Makers of the famous baking yeasts, Yeast Foam and Magic Yeast.

Caskets of War Dead Are Due Here Today

Three more caskets of soldier dead, delayed in transit from Hoboken, will arrive in Omaha today over the Rock Island, either at 8:45 a. m. or 1:50 p. m.

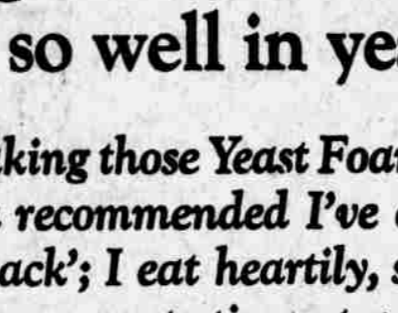
J. M. Buck will pin gold stars on the flag-draped caskets, as he has done for all preceding caskets.

One, that of Lewis W. Rehm, private in Battery B, 127th field artillery, is consigned to Alber Fisher, Bloomington, Neb.

The other two are Council Bluffs lads, of Company L, 16th infantry. They are Morris Dunn, son of W. F. Dunn, and Robert A. Gress, son of Herman Gress.

Alamito

The Safe Milk. DO UGHS 0409 AND OUR WAGON WILL STOP.



"Yes, sir, I'm working harder than ever, enjoying it and have not felt so well in years"

"Since taking those Yeast Foam Tablets you recommended I've certainly 'come back'; I eat heartily, sleep fine and never seem to tire out any more"

BUY-RITE STORES

Little Boy Blue the original condensed liquid blue. \$2.15 9c

On Saturday, June 17, the Society for the Relief of the Disabled will have on sale Sun-Maid Raisins at all Buy-Rite Stores.

BUY-RITE FRUIT DEPARTMENT		
500 cases Cherries, per pint box	10c	
Bake that Cherry Pie now	20c	
250 cases Pineapples, 30 to case, each	\$5.75	
250 cases Pineapple, 30 to case, each	15c	
Per case	\$4.75	
Folks, the pineapple crop has been very short this year and this is about our last shipment. Home grown Peas, quart	10c; market basket for	75c

SUMMER DRINKS.	
Good old Budweiser, 24 pints	\$2.75
Fountain Ginger Ale, 24 pints	\$2.15
Fountain Root Beer, 24 pints	\$2.15
Orange Crush and all flavors Pop, 24 bottles for	98c

M. J. B. COFFEE—WHY? Vacuum packed as fresh to you as the day roasted. Costs more but goes farther, per lb. 47c 3 lbs. for. \$1.35

LAUNDRY SPECIALS.	
P. & G. White Napha Soap, 10 bars	49c
Omaha Family Soap, 10 bars	42c
Gold Dust, large packages	27c
Sea Foam, large packages	27c

CEREAL SPECIALS	
Kellogg's Corn Flakes, small size, 3 for	25c
Kellogg's Corn Flakes, large size, 3 for	25c
Post Toasties, small size, 3 for	25c
Post Toasties, large size, 2 for	25c
Shredded Whole Wheat Biscuits, 2 for	25c

TROCOS	
The best nut Margarine. Received fresh daily, per lb.	24c

TUMBLERS—Another large shipment of those fancy Drinking Glasses, per dozen. 53c

Our Advertising man, Mr. George Ross, is on his way to the island of Madagascar—honeymooning. He will stop on his way to buy the new crop of those famous peach flavored prunes.

SKUPA & SWOBODA, 21st and S. 2nd Sts., South Side	ERNEST BUFFETT, The Grocer of Dundee	FRANK KUSKA, 12th and Garfield	OSCAR E. NELSON, 24th and I. Sts., South Side	THOMAS & NYGVE, Twentieth and Hamilton
JEPSEN BROS., 22nd and Center	J. D. CREW & SON, Thirty-third and Arbor	GEO. I. ROSS, 24th and Ames	GILES BROTHERS, Des Moines	WILKE & MITCHELL, Twentieth and Panama
LYNAM & BRENNAN, 16th and Durand	E. KARSCH CO., Vinton and Elm Sts.	ARMAND PETERSEN, 2904 Sherman Ave.	HANNEGAN & CO., 32d Ave. and Leavenworth	

My Marriage Problems

What Katie Did With the Paper Father Graham Sought.

The nearer I came to my mother-in-law's room upon our bizarre errand, the more faint-hearted I became. Katie's monkey-like cleverness in hiding in my mother-in-law's quarters the paper she had abstracted, did not appear like cleverness, but monumental idiocy, by the time I reached the door behind which Mother Graham was peacefully sleeping.

Katie poked her hand upon my arm and her lips close to my ear. "Please, I don't like to go in, she'll see me if she wakes up and find me snooping round her room."

With an effort I repressed the inclination to inquire fiercely in return, what fate she thought awaited me were my august mother-in-law to wake, but I turned instead and tensely whispered:

"Where is it hidden?"

"You know dot pretty box mit roses und pictures of old-time ladies und mens on it?"

"You mean her hat box?" I gasped with a mental vision of the pride of my mother-in-law's heart—a fancy and costly military box, decorated with old English scenes and narrow borders of roses, inside which reposed her very best hat.

"Dot's the one," Katie whispered back, and I could have shaken her for the nonchalance in her manner. Katie patently had cast her burdens upon me and was worrying no longer.

A Tense Moment.

"It's on top shelf in closet," she went on. "I saw get ven I dusted room yesterday. You can hook set shoost as easy! See! I'll hold door open. You shoost grab eet and run, und I close door after you."

"Don't dare to touch the door," I whispered, setting my teeth for the ordeal in front of me. "Go back down stairs and wait for me. I'll manage this. Softly, now. Hush! Not another word!"

She scuttled obediently and to her credit—noiselessly down the stairs, and I waited beside the door for a long two minutes to see if my mother-in-law had awakened. But the rasping sounds of what she euphemistically terms heavy breathing, but which Dickering describes as the "sincerest snoring on Long Island," went on without interruption.

So, with tense nerves and quickly-beating pulses, I turned the knob with infinite caution, pushed the door ajar and slipped into the room. I had taken the precaution to turn out the hall light, that she might not be awakened by its sudden gleam, so I left the door ajar that I might be able to escape quickly and noiselessly.

"Oh! I forgot!" I made my way to the clothes closet, deciding that the highly-colored life of a fiction burglar was not worth while. And while I was lifting the box down, recognizing it by touch rather than sight, and making my painful way back to the door, I was listening tensely to the regular little joss for their volume.

I reached the door without mishap, passed into the hall, closed the door after me, relighted the lamp, and went swiftly down the stairs, hugging to my breast the assurance that I had succeeded in my mission. True, there lurked in the background the ordeal of getting the bandbox back to its place, but I did not have to consider that for another half hour or so, and I was frankly triumphant as well as comely curious, when I rejoined Katie in the hall below.

"You get get?" she whispered excitedly.

"Yes! Hush!" I returned as I hurried her into the library, locked the door.

Loose Teeth are often a sign of pyorrhea. See your dentist about treatment. Also use Lysol, the powerful, soothing disinfectant, as a daily mouth wash. Lysol keeps the mouth clean, destroys germs, neutralizes acids. You need it as a preventive of mouth disease. Sold by leading druggists.

How to Make Strawberry Jam For 10c a Half-pound Glass

Everyone loves strawberry jam. For a spread on bread or hot biscuits, nothing seems to make children of us all. Until now, however, an expert was required to make it. Uncertainties also it has been expensive. Certo, a natural product of fruit, has solved the problem so that everyone can make and eat this delicious conserve.

To Make Strawberry Jam by the Certo Process: Wash and trim 2 quarts of ripe berries, using wooden masher, crushing each berry and discarding all green parts. Add juice of one lemon. Measure 4 level cups (2 lbs.) crushed berries, including lemon juice, into large kettle. Add 3/4 leveled cups (3 1/2 lbs.) sugar and mix well. Stir hard and constantly and bring to a vigorous boil over the hottest fire. Boil hard for one full minute with continual stirring. Remove from fire and add 1/2 bottle (scant half cup) CERTO, stirring it in well. From the time jam is taken off fire allow to stand 5 minutes only, by the clock, before pouring. In the meantime skim, and stir occasionally to cool slightly. Then pour quickly. Use this same recipe with raspberries, blackberries, dewberries and loganberries.

This Certo process banishes all the guess work or worry, as perfect results are certain. Unlike the old method of "pound for pound" mixture boiled for thirty or more minutes, with