

HOUSEHOLD MEMOS... by Lynn Chambers



Strawberry Jam... It's the Berries! (See Recipe Below)

Get in the Jam!

Bright little berries pushing their noses out of the greenery surrounding them makes you think of jam and jelly time, and rightfully so, for this is the time to start putting up those berries!

Strawberries are usually the first to arrive on the canning scene, followed very shortly by the other berries like raspberries, cherries, and then the fruits. Don't wait until the berries you are canning are too ripe, for those do not make the best jams and jellies.

To insure success in jelly making, use a commercial pectin. There's no sugar to waste on jelly that doesn't jell, and no time to spend re-cooking juices that won't work for jelly or jam. The recipes I'm giving this year are for smaller quantities of jam and jelly for most of us do not have too much sugar to spare on canning.

You'll like this standard recipe which can be used for making several different kinds of jelly:

***Strawberry Jelly**
Red Raspberry Jelly
Blackberry Jelly
Boysenberry Jelly
Dewberry Jelly
Loganberry Jelly
Youngberry Jelly
(Makes 11 glasses, 6 fluid ounces each)

***Ripe Sour Cherry and Red Raspberry Jam**
(Makes 8 glasses, 6 fluid ounces each)

***Strawberry-Lemon Jam**
4 cups washed, hulled strawberries
5 cups sugar
1/2 cup lemon juice

Combine sugar and berries, letting stand a few minutes, stirring occasionally. Do not crush fruit. Bring to a boil and boil 10 minutes, stirring constantly. Add lemon juice and cook 2 minutes longer. Pour into sterilized glasses and seal at once with paraffin.

Are you having difficulties planning meals with points? Stretching your meats? Lynn Chambers can give you help if you write her, enclosing a stamped, self-addressed envelope for your reply, in care of her at Western Newspaper Union, 210 South Desplaines Street, Chicago, Illinois. Released by Western Newspaper Union.

MY FRIEND FLICKA

by MARY OHARA



THE STORY SO FAR: Ten-year-old Ken McLaughlin can ride any horse on his family's Wyoming ranch, but he wants a colt of his own. His father, a retired army officer, refuses to give him one until his school grades improve and he learns to take responsibility. Ken's mother tries to protect him from the stern discipline of his father and the youthful bullying of his older brother, Howard, who always manages to do things right. Nell convinces her husband that the colt may be just what Ken needs, in spite of the fact that he has not been promoted. Days pass, and Ken has not chosen his colt. But he is a changed boy.

Now continue with the story.

CHAPTER VI

Ken awakened one morning in the dark and turned to face the window, and when it showed faintly gray outside, he got up and stood watching the dawn brighten in the east.

There wasn't enough light yet for him to see anything clearly. It seemed a world of near-darkness, in which vague outlines appeared and vanished, floating and shadowy. His thoughts were like that, too. He groped for familiar footing in his mind, but everything was changed. Something new had come into him so that he was different. Even Tim said that he had grown an inch since his father promised him the colt, and Howard treated him as if he were important. But something had gone out of him, too; and sometimes he wanted it so that he was in a panic.

But now he was outside. The door was shut. It was windy and dangerous outside—the colt—he began to dress hurriedly. Today or tomorrow he must choose his colt. He would ride up now onto the range and look at the yearlings again.

It was still dark when he stole out the front door and felt the terrace grass under his feet. No one had heard him. That was good. He didn't want Howard along. Going out in the early morning was almost like going into the underwater world, or the world of a picture, or in a dream. Not quite so safe as a dream because he did have to watch his horse, or, if he was climbing on Castle Rock, he had to be careful of his footing, but still nothing like the ordinary world of the daytime.

He walked softly across the Green to the Calf Pasture to get his horse. Ken had been a night wanderer ever since he had learned to walk alone and to climb over the edge of his crib. Nell would wake, hearing a sound in the hall or living room, would find the baby's crib empty and go searching for him.

She'd find him somewhere in the dark, crawling or standing unsteadily on the tail of his nightgown and would pick him up and carry him back to bed.

She tried tying the bottom of his nightgown in a knot with his feet inside, but he merely became more expert at balancing. Then she hobbled him with a soft diaper, but he learned to swing both feet together over the side of his crib, hang with little monkey hands, drop down, and shuffle instead of walk.

When he was older, sometimes he'd go outdoors in the night. Often Nell did that herself. Restless or unable to sleep, she would slip from her bed, tie a robe around her, take pillow and blanket and go down to her hammock, and lie with her face to the sky, watching the stars.

Ken found Lady just inside the fence of the Calf Pasture, and when he held out his hand and spoke to her, she didn't move away but let him take hold of her halter and lead her out.

He had been riding Lady all week when he was exercising the geldings and looking for Rocket and inspecting the yearlings. He had gone to look at the yearlings every day, and yesterday his mother had ridden out with him. They hadn't been able to find them anywhere, until suddenly, from a high place, they heard the thunder of hoofs.

"They sounded like a regiment," said Nell, telling about it at supper. "And we looked down and saw them, a stream of color flying down the draw. It was beautiful to watch them! They shone in the sun—sorrel and black and bay and roan—the flowing movement—so gay, so free, so frolicsome!"

And then they had ridden down to the yearlings and dismounted amongst them, and Nell exclaimed upon the way their first year of life changed their appearance—dark chestnuts turned to sorrels, a pink roan changed to a blue, blacks lightened to brown, odd spots and markings vanished completely; and conformation altered almost beyond recognition.

"They look stunning," she told Rob. "Smooth and sleek and glossy, their little hides so full and taut they look as if they would burst."

Ken himself had been dazzled by the beauty of them. The rich feeling—one of them his own, but which? He wanted them all, and until he chose, in a way, they were all his.

Ken led Lady up the little path through the Gorge, into the corrals, and then into the dark stable, put the catch on her halter, poured a measure of oats in the feed box in the manger before her, and began to groom her. Dad said use saddles—can't see why—better do it anyway—

Lady was a big red roan with a black tail and mane. She moved quickly; her head had a proud, high carriage; her dark eyes were full and intelligent.

Ken slid around her, close to her haunches, one hand on her tail, and then gave her a whack and said, "Get over!"

The mare moved over with her quick strong step and Ken rubbed down her other side. He put on the saddle blanket, then the saddle, and cinched it as tight as he could, remembering the blanket he had lost; lastly the bridle—she had finished her oats. He led her out of the corral and shut the gate. There was a rock there upon which he often stood to mount the tallest horses. He led Lady up to it. First he tried the cinch again. Loose! She always blew herself up when she was being saddled. That was what he had forgotten to do the other day with Cigarette. He took the cinch up three more holes, mounted, and moved off.

The four broncs that Ross was breaking were grazing in the Stable Pasture close by the corrals, and when they saw him, they trotted over to him, and Ken drew rein and stood there, letting them come up and sniff and nicker at Lady; and she nickered back. When he went on they followed for a little while, and then turned back to the corrals—waiting for their oats, he thought. Ross always gave each one a measure of oats before he worked them.



"Might's well keep him going and git it outen his system."

Their names were Gangway, Don, Rumba and Blazes.

Sometimes, Ken thought, as he cantered toward the County Road gate, the names his mother gave the colts in their first summer didn't stick, because the colts changed so. There had been Irish Elegance, so smooth and class-looking the first summer that Nell said she was naming him after a beautiful, copper-colored California rose. But the second summer he had turned into a little mick, so they dropped the Elegance and just call him Irish.

Ross was having a tough time breaking Gangway, a big blough bay out of Taggart, the tallest and handsomest of the four. Yesterday Ken and Howard had sat on the corral fence watching Ross working with him. Gangway was bucking, and Ross had called to Howard to open the corral gate and let him out. The horse bucked out the gate with him, and Ross swung his quirt, and spurred him, and Gangway sun-fished and cork-screwed and jackknifed. Ross sat with a little grin and his quirt going all the time, and when he came past Ken, exploding in great grass-hopper leaps, he said, "Might's well keep him goin and git it outen his system."

When it was over and he had ridden Gangway back into the corral and dismounted, Ross went over to the fence and stood hanging on to it, vomiting.

Ken had to dismount to open the gate to the County Road. He was careful to hold the rein tight as he led Lady through and closed the gate behind him. He found another rock to mount by and started up the Saddle Back.

All the clouds had turned pink, and behind them the sky was a far-away, fiery blue.

The higher he climbed the wider the sky was, and the farther stretched the fleet of tattered clouds. They were getting more color every minute, some of them blazed crimson. All the stars had disappeared except one, which shone between two clouds, bright gold.

Lady wanted her head. There was a strong current of sympathy between the boy and the mare. When he wanted to stop and look around she understood perfectly and stood with ears pricked and head turning, absorbed in contem-

plation just as he was. And at exactly the moment when he had had enough, she knew it, and would move forward without the signal.

Today she was excited by the color and the electric quality of the air and the feeling of movement in the grass and the sky, and she kept asking for a free rein. When Ken gave it to her, she stretched out her nose and went up the steepest part of the Saddle Back at a gallop.

Ken looked for the yearlings where they had been yesterday but there was no sign of them. He rode around for an hour, thinking that Shorty would have taken him right to them, but Lady didn't have that much sense, she was just excited and wanting to run in any direction. All the sunrise colors had gone now, and the torn shreds of clouds were purple and gray and stormy looking.

Ken rode up to the highest peak of the Saddle Back so that he could look all around for dozens of miles; but the range was empty; not a head of stock anywhere. Still, he knew they could be hidden in the folds of the hills and never show an ear—but which fold? Which hill?

He rode on, and suddenly, coming around a curve, he saw Banner standing out in front of the brood mares, intent and alert, gathered for action.

Ken had barely time to turn his head when he saw Rocket and a sorrel filly cantering toward the bunch, and then he saw Banner trot out to meet them with lowered head and an expression of irresistible intention in his whole body.

Rocket and the young sorrel halted together. Rocket whinnied. Banner screamed. His head snaked along the grass. He reached them and circled around them both. Rocket began to gallop away. Banner pursued, first on one side of her then on the other. The sorrel colt clung close to its mother's side, whinnying nervously. She got in Banner's way. He gave a vicious, snarling neigh, plunged at the little one and bit it in the ribs. It screamed and fled, Banner pursuing.

Lady was taut and trembling with excitement, as Ken was himself. The brood mares, too, were motionless, watching the chase.

The filly showed Banner a clean pair of heels. How she could run! Rocket trotted nervously up and down near the brood mares. The filly made a big circle, with Banner thundering after her. She came back to the mares, and as she passed them Banner swerved and went for Rocket. The filly fled past Ken. He saw frightened eyes in a tangle of streaming hair and slim legs, and a pang went through him. For a fraction of a second she had looked at him, and it was like an appeal. He wheeled his mount and followed her, turning in the saddle to look back at Rocket.

Rocket was cantering away again with Banner close beside her and before the curve of a hill shut them from view, Ken saw her come to a stop, and the great body of the stallion rear over her. For a moment the two of them, twisted into one shape, were sculptured against the stormy sky.

When Ken turned and looked again for the filly she was nowhere in sight. He pulled Lady up short. The range was empty, with no movement but the clouds and the grass, and no sound but the panting of the mare he rode and the thud of his own heart beating.

Rocket's colt—a yearling, a filly—and his own. He hadn't had to choose one after all. She had just come to him. His own because of that second's cry for help that had come from her eyes to his; his own because of her wild beauty and speed, his own because his heart burned within him at the sight and thought of her; his own because—well, just his own.

Then, from far ahead of him came an excited whinny—another and another. The filly appeared from nowhere, a tiny shape, running on a ridge in front of him, tail streaming against the dark tattered clouds, she plunged over the ridge, he heard more whinnies, he kicked Lady in the ribs and gave her head, and in a few moments stood on the ridge, looking down, and saw the beautiful filly rejoining the band of yearlings, who welcomed her with excited chattering as school-children welcome each other at reunion in the fall.

Ken rode down the mountain in a daze of happiness. No dream he had ever had, no imagination of adventure or triumph could touch this moment. He felt as if he had burst out of his old self and was something entirely new—and that the world had burst into something new too. So this was it—this was what being alive meant—Oh, my filly, my filly, my beautiful!

"For once you're back to breakfast on time," said Rob, as Ken took his seat at the table.

Ever since she had read in the Government bulletins that all prize stock was raised on elaborate formulas of mixed grains—or ground oats—and had noticed that the dogs, when they were hungry, squirmed through the wire fence into the calves' corral and ate the ground oats from the feed boxes, oatmeal had a place on her breakfast table.

(TO BE CONTINUED)



Plan 'Schools of Soil' For Young Workers

Specific Farm Skills Now Being Developed

Training of non-farm high school students for wartime farm work has two objectives, according to the plan announced by the U. S. department of agriculture.

One is to familiarize these young people with rural and farm life, and the other to provide training in specific farm skills.

Classes in farm work are being given in schools throughout the country this spring, so that the farmers' valuable time will not have to be used to teach young workers their job when they are supposed to be helping him. He will be responsible only for on-the-farm training where individual requirements demand it, or special processes are involved.

Among the jobs being taught are cleaning dairy barns, brushing cows, whitewashing building interiors, milking, pitching hay, harnessing and driving horses, operating tractors, and machinery repair. Some of these may sound simple, but the department of agriculture points out that each has its little technique that makes the difference between an efficient piece of work and one that is slipshod.

Other jobs for the young will include hoeing, weeding, picking fruit and berries, harvesting sugar beets, feeding chickens, gathering eggs, and—for some of the girls—assisting "Mrs. Farmer" with the cooking, dishwashing, scrubbing, sweeping and dusting that are the "KP" of the farm army.

The training program is primarily to be the responsibility of the U. S. Office of Education and the state departments of education—in other words, the responsibility of the public schools from coast to coast. Where possible, the farming activities will be conducted on farms or in real situations.

In each community it is planned to bring before the prospective young workers speakers such as farmers, vocational agriculture teachers, farm labor specialists of the U. S. employment service, representatives of agricultural colleges and of farm organizations, county agents, and others who can speak authoritatively on the many phases of farm work. Local facilities such as public markets, milk plants and fruit storage plants also will be utilized.

On-the-job group training will be carried on where it is found desirable. It will be given by a teacher of vocational agriculture or some other approved individual.

Agriculture in Industry

By FLORENCE C. WEED

Melons

Each year, the American public drinks about 80,000,000 gallons of canned fruit juices, excluding cider. This habit has salvaged thousands of tons of fruit which otherwise would be wasted.

If watermelon juice can be marketed as a beverage, as some enthusiasts believe, this might open a new market for food which now has no use. Tons of watermelons are grown for seed, leaving quantities of waste which is now a total loss. The rind of surplus watermelons may be used for sweet pickles, but pickling varieties with thick rinds are grown especially for this purpose. Some surplus is used for stock feed and some unharvested watermelons are plowed under as fertilizer.

Studies are being made to find out the possibilities of extracting oil from watermelon seeds. About 61,000,000 watermelons are marketed each year and another 2,000,000 are left unharvested because of adverse market conditions.

Cantaloupes and other muskmelons are raised entirely for the fresh fruit market. The only market for the surplus crop and the culls is as stock feed and fertilizer and about one-half of the entire crop is wasted.

In Colorado, alone, an average of 1,000,000 pounds of cantaloupe are harvested each year for seed and seed raisers have no way of getting rid of the melon waste. Experiments are under way to find methods for drying muskmelons for cattle feed.

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