

HOUSEHOLD MEMOS

by Lynn Chambers



Ripe Cherries Make Sweet Jams
(See Recipe Below)

Jelly Season's Here!

Think of the good cheer in a sparkling, quivery dish of jelly to go with your golden brown biscuits or rolls in the cold of winter. Do you need more than that to start you on a spree of jelly-making? My guess is no.

There's a great interest in jelly-making in spite of sugar rationing, for many is the smart homemaker who realizes what a spark and zest those little bits of bright-colored jelly can lend to wartime meals. So, go out into the berry patch, and let's get started on a batch of jelly.

Cherries, plums and blackberries are coming into season and make splendid jellies. They're all easy to handle and make nice, rich, luscious jellies:

***Ripe Sweet Cherry Jam.**
(Makes 7 6-ounce glasses)
3½ cups prepared fruit
4 cups sugar
1 box powdered fruit pectin

To prepare fruit, pit about 2½ pounds fully ripe cherries. Crush thoroughly or grind. If a stronger cherry flavor is desired, add a few crushed cherry pits to fruit during cooking.

Measure sugar into dry dish and set aside until needed. Measure fruit into a 5- or 6-quart kettle, filling up last cup with water if necessary.

Place over a hot test fire. Add powdered fruit pectin. Mix well and continue stirring until mixture comes to a hard boil. Pour in sugar at once, stirring constantly. Continue stirring, bringing to a full, rolling boil and boil hard 1 minute. Remove from fire. Skim. Pour at once into sterilized jelly glasses and paraffin at once.

***Ripe Plum Jelly.**
(Makes 7 medium glasses)
3 cups juice
4 cups sugar
1 box powdered fruit pectin

To prepare fruit, crush about 3 pounds fully ripe plums. Do not peel or pit them. Add ¼ cup water, bring to a boil and simmer 10 minutes. Place fruit in jelly bag or cloth, and squeeze out juice. Add small amount of water to pulp in jelly cloth and squeeze again, if there is a slight shortage of juice.

Measure sugar into dry dish and set aside. Measure juice into saucepan. Place over hottest fire. Add powdered fruit pectin, mix well and continue stirring until mixture comes to a hard boil. Pour in sugar at once, stirring constantly.

Lynn Says:

Jelly Forum: Pectin is the magic ingredient that makes jam "jam" and jelly "jelly." There must be a just right amount of it. Pectin is a natural jelling substance found in fruits and berries, but when the fruit or berry is shy on it, a liquid or powdered form of pectin may be added.

Jams and jellies may be kept for various lengths of time, but for best practical purposes it is best not to try to keep them for over a year.

Melt paraffin for jelly in a small pot over boiling water. Paraffin should not be smoking hot because it might lend a disagreeable odor to the jelly or jam.

It's possible to put up fruit juice to be made into jelly later if you do not have enough sugar to do it during the summer. Prepare fruit according to directions given in the jelly recipes but do not add water to the recipe. Squeeze the juice in a jelly bag if it is for jelly. Fill hot sterile jars with juice and process in a boiling water bath for 20 minutes.

Your Canning Cupboard

- *Ripe Sweet Cherry Jam
- *Ripe Plum Jelly
- *Cucumber-Raisin Pickles
- *Ripe Cucumber Sweet Pickles
- *Peach Nectar
- *Recipe Given

Continue stirring, bring to a full, rolling boil, and boil hard ½ minute. Remove from fire, skim, and pour into glasses quickly. Paraffin hot jelly at once.

Blackberry and Sour Cherry Jam.
(Makes 8 medium glasses)
3½ cups prepared fruit
4½ cups sugar
1 box powdered fruit pectin

To prepare fruit, crush thoroughly about 1 quart fully ripe blackberries. Pit 1 pound fully ripe cherries. Crush thoroughly or grind. Combine fruits. Measure fruit into a kettle, filling last fraction of cup with water if necessary.

Place over hottest fire. Add powdered fruit pectin, mix well and continue stirring until mixture comes to a hard boil. Pour sugar in at once, stirring constantly. Continue stirring, bring to a full rolling boil, and boil hard 1 minute.

Remove from fire, skim, pour quickly. Paraffin hot jam at once. You'll enjoy pickles, too, for your winter menu pickups. I've found some perfectly delightful recipes for you which will not take too much sugar—just in case you want to use most of the sugar on jams and jellies. Remember that you must use a pure apple cider vinegar and good, firm, fresh cucumbers to get nice, crisp pickles:

***Cucumber-Raisin Pickles.**
4 cups sliced cucumbers
1 cup salt
1 cup white vinegar
1 cup sugar
6 tablespoons raisins
1 tablespoon celery seed
1 tablespoon mustard seed

Soak cucumbers overnight in salt solution made of 1 cup salt to 1 gallon water. Drain. Combine remaining ingredients and heat to boiling. Add cucumbers. Boil 10 minutes. Pour into sterilized jars and seal at once.

***Ripe Cucumber Sweet Pickles.**
8 large ripe cucumbers
½ pound stick cinnamon or oil of cinnamon
1 ounce cloves (or oil of cloves)
1½ pints vinegar
3 pounds sugar

Par the cucumbers, quarter. Take out seeds and cut quarters into medium-sized pieces. Scald in salted water (2 tablespoons salt to 1 quart water). Drain and simmer in clear water until they are tender but firm. Drain well. Tie the spices in a bag and boil them with vinegar and sugar for 5 minutes. Pour this mixture over cucumbers, cover jar and set away. Next day pour off syrup and boil for 10 minutes, then pour over cucumbers again. Flavor is improved by repeating the process several times. With last heating, place pickles in clean, sterilized jars, cover with hot solution and seal at once.

Like fruit drinks for winter? You can make delicious nectars out of fruits easily and use them when fresh fruit juices are no longer available:

***Peach Nectar.**
Select sound, ripe fruit. Peel and crush. Combine 4 cups fruit with 3 cups water and heat slowly to simmering. Press through colander, then through fine sieve. To each pound of fruit pulp and juice, add ¼ pound of sugar. Bring to simmering temperature. Stir until sugar is well dissolved. Pour into clean, sterile jars. Put on cap. Process 30 minutes in a water bath at simmering temperature (180 degrees F).

If you have a canning problem, write to Miss Lynn Chambers, Western Newspaper Union, 210 South Desplaines Street, Chicago, Ill. Please enclose a self-addressed envelope for your reply. Released by Western Newspaper Union.

MY FRIEND FLICKA

by MARY O'HARA

THE STORY SO FAR: Ten-year-old Ken McLaughlin, given an opportunity to choose any yearling on his family's Wyoming ranch, picks the filly of a "loco" mare. His father, a retired army officer, is disappointed by Ken's choice and by his failure at school. When the filly, Flicka, is badly hurt trying to jump the corral fence, Ken takes the opportunity to make friends with the wild little colt. Captain McLaughlin, who still thinks Flicka is "loco" spends ten dollars for medicine for her and explains to a surprised Ken that his failure at school cost just thirty times that much. He thinks for the first time of what that means to his father.

Now continue with the story.

CHAPTER XV

Ken went to the table, sat down and propped his head in his hand, staring down at the red-checked cloth. It could hardly be believed that such momentous things could follow the small misdemeanor of looking out a window and neglecting to write a composition.

"If I wrote it now, Mother," he said at last.

"Well, I told you to do that, a month ago," said Nell. "Have you done it?"

"No."

"Have you even thought of it again?"

"No—not since when Dad said he wouldn't make me do the study."

"You might do it of your own accord," said Nell, writing on her list. "He does things for you of his own accord—"

"I know—that's it. Mother, do you think if I wrote it, Mr. Gibson would take me back in my own grade?"

Nell put down her pencil and paper, and sat back on her knees. "Kennie, you write the composition, 'The Story of Gypsy'; and I'll write him a letter, explaining. And we'll send them to him. And perhaps when school opens, he may decide to let you try again."

The fine weather still held. And because it was due to break any time, McLaughlin decided to hire a crew of six extra men, and get the haying done in three weeks, instead of taking on only a couple of extra hands and letting the work run through September.

Ken and Howard thought it was fun to eat in the kitchen with the hay crew. The men stamped in at meal time, with clean washed faces and hands, and freshly slicked hair.

The proximity of the two towns, Cheyenne to the east, and Laramie to the west, made the men restless. They could hear the transcontinental busses out on the Lincoln Highway; and the moment they had a few dollars in their pockets, they were in a fever to spend them.

Other things happened. One day the biggest hay wagon, fully loaded, was turned too sharply by the driver, and tipped over.

Another day, when McLaughlin had gone to town, the men tried to get the baler across the creek in Castle Rock Meadow, bridging it by means of a few heavy boards laid across. They foundered the heavy machine in the mud of one of the banks and failed to get it out during a whole morning of sweating and shouting and cursing.

McLaughlin had neither the time nor patience to help Ken with Flicka. Or, thought Ken, was it because she had cost him that ten dollars for the serum that he was so short and irritable?

When Ken bothered him to know what he should do next with the filly, McLaughlin roared, "Oh, do anything with her you want! Lead her around. Get her used to the corals and the stables."

So Ken led the filly by the halter and lead rope. Into the pens and corals, up through the Gorge into the horse corrals where she had been caught. When he first tried to get her through the door of the stable, she halted, and Ken did not force her. He stood at the door with her, and finally left her there and went in alone and poured some oats into the manger for her. That did the trick. She walked in of her own accord, and when she had eaten her oats, became curious and investigated every corner of the barn. Together they made the rounds, Ken at her head, discussing what they saw.

Everyone on the ranch got used to the sight of the boy leading the little golden mare around. She used three legs, and held up the fourth. The wound on the foreleg was hard and swollen, but did not seem to pain her.

Both the boys had to spend part of each day in the haying field. There were many ways in which they could be of assistance. When the hay was being tossed from the little piles into the hay wagon, to be carried to the big stack and dumped there, the boys could stand in the wagon, tramping the hay down, and distributing it with pitchforks, so that it would load more evenly. There was endless running of errands and fetching and carrying to be done on Highboy and Cigarette.

Howard spent the whole day with the hay crew; but Ken, when he was let off, hurried back to Flicka in her nursery.

He was beginning to have a feeling of pressure. Here it was almost September—school began the fifteenth—only a couple of weeks more to spend with Flicka. Standing at the filly's head, so he could talk to her and look into her eyes, he thought about it and it was ap-

palling. Why, the whole summer was gone! Back in school soon, without Flicka, living apart from her for many months, not seeing her, not even knowing what she was doing, how she was looking, what she was learning—bad tricks or good—

Ken knew that he had to take it like a man. It was part of the price he paid for Flicka. There was also the composition. He was writing it. He brought his copybook down to Flicka's nursery and sat on the side of the little hill between the trunks of the cottonwood trees and worked at it, and read bits of it aloud to her. It needed to be only a few pages long. Making it up was not hard, there was plenty to say, but it was hard to get the spelling right, and the punctuation. When it was finished, he would copy it at the desk in his room so that the penmanship would be perfect.

"This," he said proudly to Flicka, "is a three-hundred-dollar composition, Flicka. Dad gave you to me, Flicka, and I'm giving you three hundred dollars. So, you could say, I'm paying for you—that's a pretty good price for a little yearling filly—but I'll have to take ten dollars off that, for the shot of serum—"

Sitting nibbling the end of his pencil, his thoughts concerned with "The Story of Gypsy," his eyes were on Flicka, and it seemed to him that her first time he had noticed that. She ate her oats, she grazed, but she certainly was thinner than when she had been brought in off the range.

"I'll say there's a reason," he bawled. "I told him to put them in in Seventeen. That's why—who's running this ranch?"

Angry Nell answered, "One of the cows is coming in heat and I don't want her bred by that Hereford bull over the fence from number Seventeen on Crosby's land. That happened last year. We had a mixed Hereford and Guernsey calf—it's not going to happen again."

"Whose business is it to give orders to the men?" roared Rob.

"The cows are my job; always have been."

"You tell me what you want and I'll give the orders!"

Several of the haying crew were seated on the bench outside the bunk house. They could see and hear all that was going on.

Nell's eyes filled with angry tears. "I'll give any orders about the cows I want!"

She turned and ran into the house, sobbing with fury; because of the fright she had had; because Rob was in a nasty mood and she couldn't tell him about the wildcat; because he had humiliated her before the men; and because she had made the mistake of shouting back at him.

"Never any use," she muttered as she rushed upstairs, "just makes him snarl louder—"

She pulled off her slack suit and began to dress for town.

A moment later she heard Rob's voice in the living room, shouting, "Nell!"

She did not answer, but slipped on a green silk print, then zipped it up, stopping to wipe the tears from her face again.

"Nell!"

She perched on the edge of the stool before her dressing table and hastily smoothed and arranged her hair, determined not to answer.

"Nell!"

"What!" Rob could always whip an answer out of her, even against her will.

He came stamping upstairs and stood at the door looking at her. Just because he should have been surprised to see her dressing for town at that hour of the night, he said nothing. She volunteered the explanation.

"I'm going to town," she said defiantly. "I can't stand it here another minute. I'm going to a movie."

There was silence, while she finished arranging her hair. Then Rob said, "It's quite cold. You'll need a coat. What one will you wear?"

"The light green plaid."

He went to the closet, hunted in it till he found the coat, took it down from the hanger and was holding it for her when she was ready to put it on.

"Got your hanky? And some money?"

"Yes—Oh, wait, I don't think I've got any money."

Rob got his wallet out of the coat he had last worn to town and put some bills into her purse.

He followed her downstairs and out to the car, took the whisk broom out of the car-pocket and cleaned the seat before he'd let her get in.

Nell took her seat, her lips set, her eyes determinedly turned away from him. If he asks me now if I love him I'll slap his face. She wished he would.

He hesitated at the open door after she had taken her seat and started the engine. Then he stepped back, closed the door and stuck his head through the open window.

"Don't forget to fill up with gas in town."

Nell made no reply, waiting, with exaggerated patience, till he should withdraw his head and let her go.

"And don't drive too fast." He stood back.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

ON THE HOME FRONT

with RUTH WYETH SPEARS



to fit the back and well over the sides of the seat. A separate cushion filled with cotton, down or feathers is then made for the seat. Either plain or figured material with contrasting seam welting may be used for covering.

NOTE—Mrs. Spears has prepared detailed dimensions and directions for making this chair frame. Pattern also gives step-by-step directions for covering the frame after it has been padded. Ask for Pattern 250 and enclose 15 cents. Address:

MRS. RUTH WYETH SPEARS
Bedford Hills, New York.
Drawer 10
Enclose 15 cents for Pattern No. 250.
Name.....
Address.....

THERE is no reason that you should do without smart looking upholstered chairs while you are awaiting the day that you will have the living room furniture that you have always dreamed about. Scraps of lumber and plywood or even old packing boxes may be used to make simple chair frames and there are no priorities on cotton padding and sturdy cotton covering materials.

A simple frame for a chair of this type is shown here. It is padded with cotton batting basted to pieces of unbleached muslin cut

BACK AND SEAT OF COMPOSITION BOARD OR PLYWOOD NAILLED TO FRAME OF LUMBER

COTTON BASTED TO MUSLIN

ASK ME ANOTHER? A General Quiz

The Questions

1. What is the candle power of the sun?
2. What verse in the Bible contains nearly all letters of the alphabet?
3. Who spread his coat down for his queen, and who was the queen?
4. What people regard Apis the Bull as sacred?
5. Carrie Nation carried on most of her saloon smashing crusades in what state?
6. Acadia, the land of Evangeline, became what province of Canada?
7. Who uses a garrote?

The Answers

1. Sunlight is equal to the power of 1,575,000,000,000,000,000 candles, according to Flammarion.
2. Ezra 8:21, contains all except J.
3. Sir Walter Raleigh and Queen Elizabeth.
4. Egyptians.
5. Kansas.
6. Nova Scotia.
7. An executioner.

The gaily enameled unit insignia you see on a soldier's lapels and overseas cap are reproductions of his regimental shield displayed in the center of the eagle on his regimental flag. It's a part of U. S. Army tradition. Traditional, too, is the Army man's preference for Camel cigarettes. (Based on actual sales records from service men's own stores.) It's a gift from the folks back home, that always rates cheers. And though there are Post Office restrictions on packages to overseas Army men, you can still send Camels to soldiers in the U. S., and to men in the Navy, Marines, and Coast Guard wherever they are.—Adv.

ITCHING Soothes with Mexsana, formerly Mexican Heat Powder OF MINOR der—cooling, medicated. SKIN IRRITATIONS

Mosquitoes Prefer Animals

A recent study by federal entomologists shows that mosquitoes, when given a choice, prefer the blood of cattle, horses, hogs and dogs to that of human beings.

YOU WOMEN WHO SUFFER FROM HOT FLASHES

If you suffer from hot flashes, dizziness, nervousness, irritability, blue or weak, nervous, irritable, blue at times—due to the functional "middle-age" period in a woman's life—try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound—the best-known medicine you can buy today that's made especially for women.

Pinkham's Compound has helped thousands upon thousands of women to relieve such annoying symptoms. Follow label directions. Pinkham's Compound is worth trying!

Mockingbird's Tunes

The mockingbird, state bird of Florida, has been known to change its tune 87 times in seven minutes.

CONSTIPATION HAUNTED ME—

It hung on and on. Medicinal laxatives relieved it only temporarily.

Then—I found my constipation was due to lack of "bulk" in my diet. And I also found out that KELLOGG'S ALL-BRAN gets at the cause of such constipation and corrects it.

Boy, what I'd been missing before I tried ALL-BRAN! It's a well-tasting breakfast cereal—and, as far as my constipation was concerned, it sure worked.

I eat ALL-BRAN regularly now and drink plenty of water. And—I've "Joined the Regulars!" Made by Kellogg's in Battle Creek.

Hard Workers

Hard workers are usually honest. Industry lifts them above temptation.—Bovee.

IN THE NAVY they say:

"CAULK OFF" for take a nap
"SHOVE OFF" for depart
"PIG" for torpedo plane
"CAMEL" for the favorite cigarette with men in the Navy

FIRST IN THE SERVICE

The favorite cigarette with men in the Navy, Army, Marines, and Coast Guard is Camel. (Based on actual sales records.)

CAMELS WIN WITH ME! THEY'VE GOT WHAT IT TAKES IN RICH FLAVOR AND EXTRA MILDNESS

Camel