

HOUSEHOLD MEMOS... by Lynn Chambers



Follow Rules to Make Canning Easy (See Directions Below)

Fruit Canning

It's time now to begin putting up fruits for next winter and fall to help stretch those ration points and to make sure your family is going to get the two fruits a day required by the nutritional yardstick.

Be wise and watch the fruit trees or berry vines or markets—wherever you get your fruit—to see that you get it for your canning at just the ripe stage. Fruits should be firm-fleshed, ripe but not over-ripe and in prime condition. Remember canning does not improve any product; it merely preserves it for later use, so it follows that you get out of the can only what you put into it.

Methods for processing fruit for canning in order of their desirability are hot-water bath, pressure cooker, steam cooker, open-kettle. Although many homemakers prefer the open kettle for the fruits, the degree of spoilage is so high and the vitamin loss so great that it is less desired than processing in the jars.

Hot Water Bath.

For a hot water or boiling water bath as it is sometimes called, utilize a large deep vessel. Fit it with a rack of some kind that will hold the jars 1/2 inch from the bottom of the canner. Be sure the vessel is deep enough so that when the jar is immersed in the boiling water, the water comes to within 1 to 2 inches over the top of the jar.

Place jars on the rack, allowing free circulation of air between the jars. The water should be kept boiling during the entire processing period. If it boils down, particularly during some of the lengthy processing times, add sufficient boiling water to keep it at the proper height.

Oven Canning.

Many homemakers like to use the oven for canning fruits and tomatoes. This can be successful if the oven you are using is thermostatically controlled and will keep the required temperature of 250 degrees.

The jars should be set on a rack, at least 2 inches apart—starting with a cold oven. The jars should not be allowed to touch the sides of the oven. If a second batch of jars is going in after the first batch, the oven does not have to be cooled.

After the jars are placed on the rack, turn on the switch or light the oven. Start counting processing time as soon as the oven is

Lynn Says:

Canning Pointers: Most fruits are canned by the cold pack method, but apples, pears, pineapple and quinces are pre-cooked in their syrups to give them that lovely, transparent look. Most homemakers are using the light syrup—three cups water to one cup sugar—for canning.

If you can't afford any sugar, use fruit juices in place of the sugar, and then sweeten the fruit when ready to use. Or, if you can't make up all the jellies and jams because of lack of sugar, put up the juice and make it into jelly during the winter when you do have sugar.

Honey syrup may be used in canning fruits, but expect to have a slightly different flavor to the fruit and somewhat darker appearance.

Use a large kettle in cooking honey syrups because they have a tendency to boil over and foam while being cooked.

This Week's Menu

- Cold Cuts
- Old-Fashioned Potato Salad
- Sliced Tomatoes
- Radishes
- Garden Onions
- Hot Baking Powder Biscuits
- Cherry Pie
- Beverage

turned on. Temperature should never exceed 250 degrees. Higher temperatures cause liquid to boil out of jars and evaporate.

Cooling and Testing Jars.

If you have used a self-sealing lid on the jars canned, do not invert them after taking from the canner. Instead, set them upright on several thicknesses of newspaper or clean towels, away from drafts and let them cool. After the jar has thoroughly cooled, remove the screw band and re-use it again and again. To test for seal, tap the lid of the jar with a spoon, and if you get a clear, high ringing note you can be certain that the jar is well sealed.

Fruits for canning are most often cold-packed, rather than hot-packed as are non-acid vegetables. Select fruit only in prime condition, ripe rather than over-ripe. Wash it thoroughly, then prepare as for table and pack in jars. Fill with hot syrup to within 1/2 inch of the top. Process according to the time table:

Fruit Canning Timetable.

Fruit	Hot Water Bath	Oven
Apples*	25	75
Apricots	20	65
Berries	20	65
Cherries	20	65
Figs	30	90
Fruit Juices	20	65
Grapes	20	65
Peaches	20	65
Pears*	25	75
Pineapple**	30	90
Plums	20	65
Quinces*	35	75
Rhubarb	10	65
Tomatoes	35	75

*Pre-cook fruit in light syrup (3 cups water and 1 cup sugar boiled together 5 minutes), for 3 to 5 minutes before packing in jar.

**Precook fruit 5 to 10 minutes in syrup before packing in jar.

Fruit Juices.

Many homemakers who will be unable to put up all the jellies they would like this summer may put up fruit juices and make them into jelly later. Canning fruit juices either for jelly or other uses is a fairly simple matter, and processing is usually done in a hot water bath, at a simmering temperature, 180 degrees.

Flavor of the fruit juices depends upon the fruit selected. The juice of fully ripened fruit should be used. Partially ripened fruit lacks flavor whereas over-ripe or bruised or decayed fruit will make sterilization more difficult.

Extracting Juice.

The cold process method must not be used if the fruit is extracted for jelly making. It is far better to heat the fruit or berries. Do not add much water, particularly for soft fruits and berries. Simmer at very low heat—do not boil—until the juices start running.

Strain the fruit juices through a cotton flannel bag, and fill sterile jars to within 1/2 inch of the top. Adjust cap, and process in hot water bath for 30 minutes.

Working as quickly as possible will save the flavor of the juices and make it more desirable for jelly-making.

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 OHARA



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 named Rocket. His father, a retired army officer, is disappointed by Ken's choice and by his son's failure in school. But he is pleased at the change in Ken since he has had a colt of his own. When Flicka, the filly, is badly hurt trying to jump the corral fence, Ken takes the opportunity to care for her and to make friends with her. McLaughlin, however, is still convinced the filly is no good and refuses to have anything to do with what he considers Ken's bad bargain.

Now continue with the story.

CHAPTER XIV

The filly's physical condition was improving. She ran all over the Calf Pasture on three legs. She was up on the hillside near the three pines in the early morning, broadside to the sun, getting what Nell said was her radium treatment; and the first thing when Ken woke in the morning, he looked out of his window and saw her there, standing in profile, motionless as a statue, her head hanging low and relaxed.

The achievement which Ken had been getting just a hint of, like the scent of something delicious but far away tickling the nostrils of a hound, was more than a hint now. It was a reality. A victory that filled his lungs and shone from his eyes and gave strength to his hands. Flicka was his. Flicka had recovered. Flicka loved him. There was only one more thing...

"Dad," he said at supper that night, "Flicka's my friend now. She likes me."

"I'm glad that, son," said McLaughlin. "It's a fine thing to have a horse for a friend."

Ken's face was strained. "And her leg's better," he said. "It doesn't hurt her. So—"

"Well—what?"

"Well—we've got to find out, don't we?"

"Find out what?"

"If she's loco."

"Loco! Oh," McLaughlin grunted and frowned. "She's not loco."

"But you said we wouldn't know until we began her training."

"Have you had that in your head all this time? That little filly's got as nice a disposition as any horse I ever knew."

"But Dad, how do we know? She might be crazy—like Rocket—like she was herself up in the stables, if we tried to put a rope on her—and she's got to be halter-broke—"

McLaughlin looked at his small son with a quizzical grin on his face. "Oh, that's what you want, is it? Some help in breaking that wild woman!"

Kennie nodded. Rob's eyes sought Nell's and then he pushed back his chair, took out his pipe and looked out the window gravely.

"I think we might do that tomorrow," he said finally. "Yes, I think I'll have time. Right after breakfast."

When supper was over, Ken fled from the table and ran to take Flicka her oats. He told her all about it. He stood smoothing her mane, he begged her to be good. He assured her there was nothing to be afraid of in being halter-broke.

He told her how he and Howard had halter-broke the colts; that the colts had liked it; they had all had fun together. He begged her—he begged her! Oh, Flicka—

He began to think of what would happen if she wasn't good. He thought of Rocket, and then the hole—and then he laid his face against Flicka's mane, and stopped talking to her, because he couldn't tell her about those things—she just wouldn't understand.

Nell came looking for him. She liked to pay a little visit every day to Flicka. They walked up through the pasture together. The air was sweet with the perfume of wild roses. In the sunset there were long horizontal bands of deep rose and golden pink with dark blue sky in between. There was a mass of mauve and violet cloud above. A sickle moon rode in the midst of the color with one star drawn close.

Nell seized Ken by the shoulder and whirled him around before he saw it. "There's a new moon in the sky, Ken—look at it over your left shoulder—and that's good luck—"

Ken obediently looked. He didn't want to stop looking. If it was good luck—Oh, if it was good luck—

When Gus leaned in at the door next morning and said "What's today, Boss?" McLaughlin began to outline a full day's work.

He was planning the haying. They'd begin in mid-August. The grass was deep and ripe. They could cut early this year. The weather had been so fine that all the ranchers in the neighborhood were getting ready to cut. Along the roadsides the mowing machines were already laying swaths of fragrant hay flat. The air smelled different.

It was said that when hay was cut in Wyoming, the perfume of it was on the wind for hundreds of miles.

The mowing machines with all their small, razor-sharp blades must be gone over, bolts tightened, worn parts replaced; harness mended; worn prongs put in the rakes; some repairs made on the stackers.

Ken sat in an anguish of suspense while his father gave Gus direc-

tions that, surely, meant a full day's work.

"And Gus—" added McLaughlin, "right now, before we begin with all that, Ken is going to halter-broke his filly—I want you and Tim on hand—"

Gus' eyes opened in astonishment. He glanced at Ken's scarlet, downcast face. "Ja, Boss—Vere will we do it?"

"In the Calf Pasture. Call Tim." McLaughlin rose from the table. "We'll do it right now, and get it over with."

Tim and Gus came down from the stable carrying lariats, halter, and a lead rope.

They stood in a group just inside the fence, and McLaughlin walked forward a short distance with Ken, and told him to call the filly.

Ken obeyed. Presently Flicka appeared coming around the shoulder of the hill. She trotted up to Ken. McLaughlin undid the red bandana from Ken's neck, handed it to him and said, "Just sling that around her neck and tie it in a loose knot."

Puzzled by these strange directions, Ken obeyed, and Flicka returned what, apparently, she



"I'd call that halter-broke," said McLaughlin.

thought was a caress, nuzzling his neck with her nose.

"And now take your belt off," said McLaughlin.

"Here," said Ken, in a complete fog.

"Slip it through the bandana," said his father.

When Ken had done that, the belt hung in a loop under Flicka's neck. McLaughlin waved his hand. "Now go down the path—put your arm through that loop."

Ken did so, while McLaughlin stepped backward, put his arm across his wife's shoulders, and pretended to lean his weight on her. He was thoroughly enjoying himself.

Ken walked down the path and Flicka hopped by his side close to him. When they reached the cottonwoods on the hill, McLaughlin called, "Now turn around and come back. Let go the loop. Just hold your hand in the air under her chin."

Ken obeyed. The leather belt, the bandana, hung loose on the filly's neck. Ken's hand was in the air under her chin. He led her by an invisible line, and the filly followed as close as she could.

"I'd call that halter-broke," said McLaughlin grinning as the boy reached him. Ken was stunned.

"But Dad—" he said, "but it's not a halter, Dad!"

"You take some convincing, young feller," said Rob. "But all right. Give us a halter, Gus." Gus stepped forward and gave him the halter.

"Now put it on her," said McLaughlin, handing it to Ken.

Ken almost shook. He held the halter in his hands and turned to Flicka but dared not take a step in her direction.

"How shall I put it on her?" he asked, thinking of the way he and Howard had to struggle with the first halter and the colts.

"Just the way I put the halter on Taggart," said his father.

Ken thought about that. His father walked up to Taggart holding the halter open in his hands, and Taggart stood there and stuck her head in it.

He summoned all his courage, went to Flicka and held out the halter. Flicka, who loved his hands, and had never felt the touch of them except in gentleness and affection, came closer, and Ken slipped the halter over her head, and hooked it under her throat.

"Now lead her," said his father. Ken obeyed and went down the path twenty yards or so—an easy halt and turn—and back again, with Flicka following so close the lead rope was slack.

"But Dad," said Ken, completely dazed, "how did she get halter-broke?"

McLaughlin did not answer directly. "That's all, folks," he said, turning to the small audience. Gus and Tim were both grinning. "That's the way we break horses on the Goose Bar Ranch. I wish Ross Buckley had been here to see that."

"But Dad," protested Ken, slipping the halter off of Flicka's head. She stood beside him, nosing at it, nipping at it with her lips.

"Figure it out," said McLaughlin boisterously as he walked away. "Come on, Gus, we'll get at those machines—"

That night, when Ken came back from taking Flicka her oats, he walked to the terrace where his parents were sitting and said, wagging his head, "More poultices, please—"

Nell, who was laughing, stopped as she heard Ken's words and turned to look at him. "What's the matter?"

"Her hock is swelled up again and she holds the leg up."

Both his parents sat so still and so gravely for a moment, that it made Ken anxious. "The poultices cured it before—they'll cure it again, won't they?"

Nell got up suddenly. "I'll go down to look at it, Ken—"

McLaughlin went too.

They looked at the wound which was swollen and obviously painful. Her right foreleg was swollen too, all the way from the knee up to the scar of the chest wound.

Ken was alarmed when his father pointed out to him the second infection. "Can we put poultices on that too?" he said anxiously.

Nell nodded. "Sure. It won't be an easy place to bandage, but we'll manage."

Next time McLaughlin went to town he brought back a bottle of serum and gave Flicka a hypodermic injection.

"What's it for, Dad?" asked Ken anxiously.

"For a generalized infection like this."

"Generalized infection?"

"Yes. She had just one infected place, on her leg. This chest wound was all healed up and never had been infected. Now it's infected. The infection came through her bloodstream from her leg. That's called a generalized infection."

McLaughlin spoke in a casual, matter-of-fact way, and Ken's anxiety was allayed.

"Will it get her well quick, Dad?" he asked.

"Hope so, son—sometimes it helps a lot—sometimes they seem to do as well without it."

"Where'd you get it?"

"I got it from Dr. Hicks."

The name of the vet always made Ken think of money—and it gave him a shock. That thing his father had said—You cost me money every time you turn around—

"How much did it cost, Dad?" They were walking back together.

"It cost ten dollars."

Ken stopped walking and McLaughlin strode on without him, heading for the tool house, near which Gus was working on one of the mowing machines.

"Ten dollars! Ten dollars..." when his father dribbled about every penny the boys spent... about a forkful of hay...

Ken ran after his father. McLaughlin was already arguing over the blades with Gus. "Dad," he began.

"Well?" McLaughlin's head was raised from the machine.

"I—I didn't know—what you said, you remember—"

"Well, out with it!" roared McLaughlin impatiently.

"That I cost you money every time I turn around. I didn't see how I could, but now, why, Dad! Ten dollars... thanks ever so much, Dad—"

"Ten dollars!" shouted his father, with the twisted, sardonic grin on his mouth. "Why, for you, Ken, that's nothing. A mere wave of the hand. You're the boy that threw away three hundred dollars just looking out the window for an hour."

"Why—why—I never—three hundred dollars—"

"Go on away and let me work," roared his father, and bent his head again over the machine.

Ken found his mother. She was busy too, sorting the laundry, sitting on her heels on the floor picking over a big pile of shirts, bluejeans, socks and linen.

Ken posed the problem. "How did I, Mother? I never did, did I?"

Nell laughed and wrote "six prs. bluejeans" on her list. "Yes, you did. You looked out the window for an hour when you should have been writing a composition. So you weren't promoted and you have to repeat the grade. And it costs about three hundred dollars for one year's schooling for you—"

"Three hundred dollars," breathed Ken with awe. "How can it?"

"Count it up, eight months' board at \$25.00 a month. A hundred dollars for tuition and books. You wasted all that, you see. If you had written the composition, your father wouldn't have had to pay that over again for you."

(TO BE CONTINUED)



Shelters for Turkeys On Range Easily Built

Dead Birds Mean Large Loss of Scarce Grain

Range shelters for growing turkeys protect them against the weather, marauding animals, and to some extent from thieves, says the department of agriculture. By providing protection for their birds, turkey growers can make a two-way saving—the turkeys themselves and the feed they have consumed.

Whenever a turkey dies, there is a loss of a substantial quantity of feed, including protein feed, which is now more difficult to obtain than in normal times. A 10-week-old turkey weighing four pounds usually has eaten about nine pounds of feed; a bird 18 weeks old and weighing 12 pounds represents about 33 pounds of feed; and a turkey 30 weeks old and ready for market weighs about 20 pounds and has eaten about 85 pounds of feed. All these quantities of feed are in addition to what the turkeys get by foraging.

To help conserve investments of this kind, the department's engineers have designed several shelters that are both substantial and inexpensive. Some of the structures are



Turkeys on range may not develop into such handsome specimens unless protected when young.

readily portable; other heavier ones are intended for only occasional moving. They are adapted to the needs of flocks of various sizes, and all of them have proved satisfactory in actual use.

The plans include detailed drawings for the construction of feeders and roosts and the arrangement of yards. The general design of the shelters calls for tight roofs, with wire netting or slats on one or more sides, depending upon the climate. The capacity of each shelter is readily calculated from the roosting space by allowing 10 to 18 inches per bird, depending upon their size. The shelters are described and illustrated in Circular A.H.D. No. 48, "Plans for Turkey Range Shelters," available from the Department of Agriculture, Washington, D. C.

Agriculture

in Industry

By FLORENCE C. WEED

Uses of Rye

"The grain of poverty" is the name given to rye because it can be produced on poor soils which would not be suitable for wheat or corn. In this country, it is considered a minor grain because only one bushel of rye is grown for every ten of wheat. But in the northern countries of Europe where wheat does not grow well, rye fills the breadbasket. No one need pity the people who live on this bread since black bread and pumpernickel is much richer in protein than that made from refined white wheat flour.

Industrially, rye grain is important in the manufacture of distilled alcoholic beverages and ethyl alcohol. Ground rye and rye bran are marketed in stock feed. Rye straw is used somewhat in strawboard and straw hats.

The north central part of the United States and Pennsylvania produces most of the rye crop. From two to four million acres are grown annually. The price has varied from 81 cents to 35 cents a bushel, so that the annual farm income from rye also varies from 12 to 34 million dollars.

Potato Sprays

Apply either dust or spray when potatoes are 3 to 5 inches high. Repeat at 7- to 10-day intervals as long as the foliage remains green. Apply so leaves and stems are thoroughly covered throughout the growing season.

For dusting: Use copper-lime dust (1 part monohydrated copper sulphate, 1 part lead or calcium arsenate, 3 parts hydrated lime). For spraying: Use 4-4-50 bordeaux mixture with lead arsenate.

ON THE HOME FRONT

with RUTH WYETH SPEARS

TODAY'S living room is often furnished with streamlined pieces that have served a more humble purpose. Almost any plain washstand or dresser may be given long smart lines by adding open shelves at the ends. Here a top of plywood with a plain moulding around the edges extends across the stand and shelves. By



adding a plain baseboard and a coat of paint the piece is finished with a modern air. The paint should match the woodwork and if old hardware is removed to make way for simple new drawer pulls the screw holes should be filled with plastic wood and sandpapered before painting.

The diagram at the upper right shows how to make the wall decoration from a remnant of flowered chintz. If you use an old frame, the chintz picture may be given the appearance of an oil painting by applying several coats of varnish, allowing plenty of time for each coat to dry thoroughly.

Note: The remodeled washstand is from Book 10 of the series of homemaking booklets prepared for readers. Book 10 also contains more than 30 other things to make from things on hand and available materials. Booklets are 15 cents. Address:

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

Likely Hercules Knew Nothing About Cave Man

The aproned figure at the sink gazed sadly at the accumulation of plates and dishes, pots and pans. Was this all that marriage meant?

A heavy sigh, a rolling up of sleeves, and the kitchen was soon filled with the clatter of washing and scouring. The toiler paused from time to time to listen to the steady thrash of a typewriter in the next room.

Suddenly the noise ceased, and a large, spectacled woman, lofty of brow, appeared in