

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) 3 1/2 cups prepared fruit. 4 cups sugar. 1 box powdered fruit pectin.

To prepare fruit, pit about 2 1/2 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.

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.

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 1/2 minute. Remove from fire, skim, and pour into glasses quickly. Paraffin hot jelly at once.

\*Blackberry and Sour Cherry Jam. (Makes 8 medium glasses) 3 1/2 cups prepared fruit. 4 1/2 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.

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.

\*Ripe Cucumber Sweet 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. 1/2 pound stick cinnamon or oil of cinnamon. 1 ounce cloves (or oil of cloves). 1 1/2 pints vinegar. 3 pounds sugar.

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 corrals, 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.



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 him 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 ribs were showing. It was the 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,



"That's why—who's running this ranch?"

thinner even than she had been a week or two ago.

He spoke about it to his father. Rob glared at him. "Do you give her oats twice a day?" "Sure."

"Does she clean 'em up?" "Yes."

"All right, then." "But Dad—would you come and look at her?"

"No! Don't bother me about her!" Ken went back to Flicka and his copybook and pencil. But when he looked at her, his eyes were troubled. The wounds seemed neither better nor worse; hard and dry and somewhat swollen; but certainly, she had lost flesh.

Everyone is thin, thought Ken, after an illness. And Flicka had been ill a long time. She would pick up gradually, the way grown people did, when her sickness was quite over. Besides the wounds, there was that thing his father had said—an infection of the blood-stream. That means she was sick all the way through. She had a lot to get over.

Nell was counting the days until the hay crop should be in, the haying crew gone, and she would have time to breathe again. She lived in the hot kitchen, or in the car, driving back and forth to town for supplies.

into the darkness that was gathering between the cliffs and under the aspen. Though there was nothing of a frightening nature to be seen she whirled and broke into a run, calling, "Rob!"

There was a tremor of hysterical excitement in her voice, as with head turning constantly to look over her shoulder, her feet flew down the path.

"Rob!" she called again. "The wildcat!" Then, reaching the edge of the Green, she pulled up short. Rob was standing some distance off, bawling out Tim. He had not heard her, and Nell tried to assume a calmer demeanor. It would not do to appear before Tim in near-hysterics.

She went quietly toward them, anxious to reach Rob, to get hold of his hand, or at least to stand close beside him until he should be through talking to Tim. She was ashamed of her fright but could not control the pounding of her heart or the trembling of her hands. When she had told Rob all about it, she would feel better, she thought.

But she stopped before reaching them, because Rob was shouting, "When I tell you to pasture the cows in Seventeen I don't mean Sixteen."

Tim's face was crimson. "The Missus told me to put them in Sixteen, Captain."

Nell stood there with the little gun in her hand, looking from one to the other, the wind gone out of her sails. "Did you tell Tim to put the cows into Sixteen?" shouted Rob.

It was a relief to her taut nerves to whip back at him, "I did. Any reason why I shouldn't?"

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

Angrily 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 work.

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.

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Advertisement for Camel cigarettes. Includes text: 'IN THE NAVY they say: "/>

(TO BE CONTINUED)