



Reading for Women and the Family



VIVIAN MARTIN'S COOKING CHATTER

No. 53—Jams and Jellies
Bread and jam, that is one of my favorite lunches during the hot summer months. I don't think I am exaggerating one bit when I say that my mother's jams cannot be rivaled. Many a time during the past summer while we were filming some interior scenes for "The Right Direction," bread and jam would be the extent of my lunch. I would always take a jar or two of my mother's "best," then spread the "props" for a loaf of bread and butter and finally munch away to my heart's content. I am not the only one who is fond of this sweet delicacy. Gordon Griffith, the Morocco kiddie, whenever his keen sense tells him that jam is around will always hunt for me for a "helping."

Jams are best made with small fruit or chopped up large fruits. They are cooked with an equal weight of sugar until rich and thick, then put into tumblers or small jars and sealed very tight.

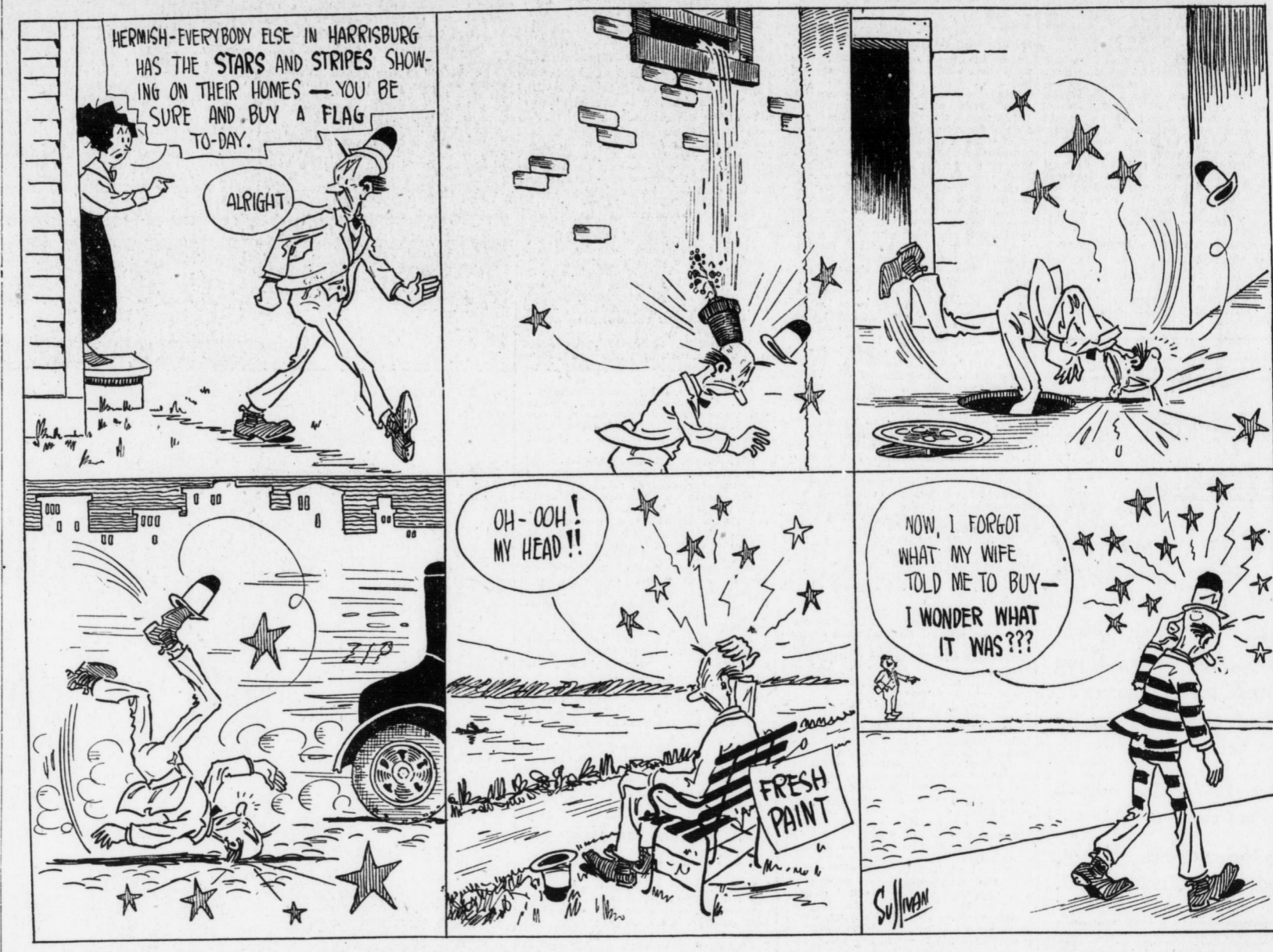
Jellies—As I have stated before that mother is a "wonder" when it comes to making jams and jellies. Her specialty is quince jelly. One day I was entertaining Kathryn Williams and Myrtle Stedman up to the house and after much coaxing on the part of the three of us we managed to induce mother to bring out some of her quince jelly. While mother got the jelly ready I prepared the tea. We chatted and talked "shop" over the tea and jelly and really had a very enjoyable

time. We then induced mother to tell us how it was accomplished and I here repeat it for your use.

Take the quinces, chop them fine and cover with water. Allow this to simmer until they are tender. Use equal part sugar and drained fruit juice. Heat the quinces until the juice runs readily then turn into bags of unbleached muslin or two thicknesses of cheese cloth and then let drip. Measure juice and sugar. Boil the juice twenty minutes. Have the sugar in a shallow pan, heat through in an open oven, then add boiling juice, allowing it to boil up once, then take off of the fire and pour into tumblers.

Spiced Fruits.—Spiced fruits are something that goes fine with a picnic, in fact that is one of the essentials that I demand whenever we go for a day's outing. "Dusty" Farnum always uses a jar or two on his various fishing trips. For four pounds of prepared fruit allow one pint of vinegar, two pounds of brown sugar, one half a cup of whole spices, cloves, all-spice, stick cinnamon and cassia-bads. Tie spices in thin muslin bag and boil for ten minutes with vinegar and sugar. Skim and add fruit. Cook until tender. Boil down syrup, pour over fruit, and seal. If put in stone pots boil syrup three successive mornings and pour over fruit. Peaches, grapes, pears, berries can all be prepared in this way.

The Scribb Family---They Live Here in Harrisburg---By Sullivan



THE HONEYMOON HOUSE

By HAZEL DALE

By Hazel Dale
Jarvis had done more than he knew that night when he had spoken to Karen Mikal in the street and asked her to pose for him. Karen up and went to the finest type of American girlhood, her ideals were the ideals that make for progress.

For any girl to meet and know Janet was an education; then what must her friendship have meant to half-starved Karen Mikal, with her passionate love of beauty and her abhorrence of the life she led?

Karen's father had been a man of culture, her mother she had never known at all. But her father's death she had scraped together enough money to come to America with two other girls who were joining friends. And once in New York she had been forced to accept any means of livelihood to keep body and soul together. Her father's money were coarser types; they lacked her fineness and her really marvelous beauty.

That very beauty had been a source of keen anguish to the girl, for it had brought her unwelcome attentions and continual fear. Fear was what had sprung to her heart the night Jarvis had spoken to her, but something about him had invited her trust, and when he had taken her to Janet, Karen had known her first bit of happiness since she had come to the city.

No one, not even Janet knew what Karen Mikal might become, given the means for finding her. Even Janet knew that there were depths about the girl hitherto unsuspected and feelings that an average woman would not possess. Things at present were this way with Karen. She had been plunged into the interest and excitement of the Honeymoon House, and she had made a personal friend of Janet's, even more, Janet and Jarvis had taken her under their wing and had been the first to encourage her and tell her that they thought she had talent.

Miss Alden's failure to show interest had hurt the girl, but only temporarily. Her life had changed even in the matter of money to permit of the horrible despair that used to clutch at her heart, and now, there was Dick Armstrong.

Dick Armstrong, the artist had been struck by Karen's loveliness. He longed to put her on canvas, he thought in a second of a hundred ways that he might make her beauty stand out in the portrait he had done of her was a continual eyesore to Dick. He wanted to paint Karen himself, and her refusal to pose for him had wounded him.

Karen was poor, her clothes were shabby, and Dick knew that she needed the money. He had put his own influence to work for her, as he always did everything. His code of life did not permit of pandering to women who had to be paid for doing things. Up to that time Dick had not analyzed his feelings, but the thrill of interest he had felt when he had met her, told her that she was not a professional model, made him realize for the first time that here was a woman who, with nothing behind her in the way of influence, had thrown his offer of work in his face.

Something primitive sprang to the fore when he had met her cold eyes, even in the Honeymoon House, he laughed to scorn and throttled before it had time to make an impression.

Janet had told Karen something of Dick's reputation as a man, and Karen herself had observed a great deal, for she had met Dick time and again in the Honeymoon House, at Keats Barnard's studio. Dick's attitude toward life was negligent. His huge blond head and almost perfect features had given him an easy relationship with women, and he boasted even before women whom he wished to impress that he was a power.

Women were curiosities to him, and Janet and he had been at sword's points for a long time, because Dick had refused to take her work seriously. Dick had taught Keats Barnard all that she knew about pastel drawing, and Keats had forged her way ahead until she made more than Dick at his own game.

But Dick painted when he needed the money, and his lack of ideals had robbed his pictures of atmosphere. He knew this fact as well, but laughed at its possibility of frightening him.

Karen's quick love of beauty had thrilled her when she had met Dick for the first time. A certain lawlessness about her had awakened a response in her that made her afraid of him. Naturally reticent, she had never mentioned liking him one way or the other until the day she had received his curt note, which she longed to ignore even while she wanted to accept his invitation. Karen's soul was starved for a little pleasure, and the prospect of a costume ball and a possible meeting with Dick's brother, who was a playwright, was even more enticing.

Karen wondered if she and Dick Armstrong could ever be friends. She had dreamed of anything else between them. At present she was only afraid. Afraid of the way he looked at her, and of the fact that she could hold him at arm's length.

(To Be Continued.)

McNichol Bills Would Change Financial System

Senator McNichol introduced four bills yesterday that intend a change in the methods of handling State money. One of these appears to wipe out the executive controller's department entirely. A board of finance and revenue is created in accordance with the recommendations of the economy and efficiency commission. It is to consist of the Auditor General, State Treasurer, Attorney General and Secretary of the Commonwealth. The four fiscal boards in which these officers now figure are to be consolidated into one.

Another McNichol bill provides that contingent funds shall be used only for postage, expressage, telephones, etc., and under no circumstances for clerk hire unless statutory authority exists.

A fourth McNichol bill proposes to amend the constitution so that no money may be spent except as specifically provided by act of assembly. After receiving legislation from the House the Senate adjourned at 1 o'clock until 10 o'clock this morning.

"A. P." Newspapers Pledge Support in Waging War

New York, April 25.—Newspaper publishers from all parts of the country assembled in New York yesterday for the Associated Press convention, passed a resolution pledging their hearty support of the executives of the Government to carry out effectively the mandate of the nation.

Later at a patriotic luncheon the Stars and Stripes, Union Jack and Tri-Color were raised and unfurled amid the cheers of members and while a chorus of fifty voices sang the national anthems of the United States, England and France.

Joseph H. Choate and former Judge Peter S. Grosscup were the principal speakers. Frank B. Noyes, president of the association, was toastmaster.

PRICES SOAR IN CHILE

Santiago, Chile, April 25.—Extreme high prices are prevailing in Chile for wheat, peas, beans and other farm products. The continued rise in prices has led to an agitation by various elements, notably the labor parties, which is being reflected in the press, to urge upon the government a prohibition upon exports of such products.

TO AID U. S. ARMY

New York, April 25.—Captain Charles Greeney, an American, who has fought in the foreign legion in France, arrived to-day and will go to Washington to offer his services in the fighting of the American army. The French government has granted him unlimited leave of absence for this purpose. Captain Greeney's valor at the front won him him the cross of the Legion of Honor.

WOMELSDORF TO CHANGE NAME

Reading, Pa., April 25.—Because it has no significance as a family name and is correctly spelled and pronounced only by Germans, the name of Womelsdorf borough is to be changed by court proceedings to Welser or Welserston, after the Indian interpreter who founded the place.

MEN OVER 43 EXEMPT IN RUSSIA

Petrograd, April 25.—The government has approved a proposal made by the war minister to disband all soldiers over the age of 43 years.

Nan of Music Mountain

By FRANK H. SPEARMAN
Author of "WHISPERING SMITH"

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(Continued.)

waited. After a long time the door was stealthily reopened. Nan tiptoed out. She closed it softly behind her. "I wait for him to go to sleep," she explained as she started down the corridor with De Spain. "He's had his main pain today—I hope he sleeps."

"I hope so, too," exclaimed De Spain fervently.

Nan ignored the implication. She looked straight ahead. She had nothing to say. De Spain, walking beside her, devoured her with his eyes; listened to her footfalls; tried to make talk; but Nan was silent.

Standing on the wide veranda outside the front door, she assented to the beauty of the distant illumination, but not enthusiastically. De Spain declared it could be seen very much better from the street below.

Nan thought she could see very well where they stood. But by this time she was answering questions—dryly, it is true, De Spain leading the way a step or two forward at a time, as he did in the driveway.

She stood again irresolute, her drinking in the fragrance of her presence after the long separation and playing her reluctance guardedly. "Do you know," she exclaimed with sudden resentment, "you make it awfully hard to be mean to you."

With a laugh he caught her hand and made her walk down the hospitable steps. "You may be as mean as you like," he answered indifferently. "Only, never ask me to be mean to you."

"I wish to heaven you would be," she retorted.

"Do you remember," he asked, "what we were doing a year ago today?"

"No." Before he could speak again she changed her answer: "Yes, I do remember. If I say 'no' you'd be sure to remind me of what we were doing. We can't see as well here as we could from the steps."

"But from here, you have the best view in Sleepy Cat of Music mountain."

"If I come here often to look at it, you won't let me see you—what can I do but look at where you live? How long are you going to keep me away?"

Nan did not answer. He urged her to speak. "You know very well it is my people that will never be friendly with you," she replied. "How can I be?"

They were passing a lawn settee. He sat down. She would not follow. "The stars are in a sort of protest at his side, but he did not release her hand. "I'll tell you how you can be," he returned. "Make me one of your people."

"That never can be," she declared stubbornly. "You know it as well as I do. Why do you say such things?" she demanded, drawing away her hand.

"Do you want to know?"

"No."

"Yes, because I love you."

She strove to command herself. "Whether you do or not can't make any difference," she returned steadily. "We are separated by everything. There's a gulf between us. It never can be crossed. We should both of us be wretched if it ever were crossed."

He had risen from the bench and caught her hand. "It's because we haven't crossed it we're wretched," he said determinedly. "Cross it with me now!" He caught her in his arms. She struggled to escape. She knew what was coming and fought to keep her face from him. With resistless strength, and yet carefully as a mother with an obstinate child, he held her slight body against his. He said determinedly, "Cross it with me closer. Let me go!" she panted, twisting her averted head from the hollow of his arm. Drinking in her face from him. With resistless strength, and yet carefully as a mother with an obstinate child, he held her slight body against his. He said determinedly, "Cross it with me closer. Let me go!" she panted, twisting her averted head from the hollow of his arm. Drinking in her face from him. With resistless strength, and yet carefully as a mother with an obstinate child, he held her slight body against his. He said determinedly, "Cross it with me closer. 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