

**Bread—An' Butter  
—An'—Apple  
Butter**

By BARBARA KERR

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She was a little brown wisp of a thing, sitting in a big chair propped upon a box to make her just the right height to stir the apple butter. She could rest the long handle of the stirrer on the arm of the chair so it would not be so heavy, then she could keep the paddle moving over the bottom of the great copper kettle. To help keep the rich butter from sticking to the bottom of the kettle her mother had thrown in a number of bright, new copper cents thoroughly cleansed with hot vinegar and salt. If the apple butter was not scorched, Sarah Jane was to have all the pennies for her own, besides, of course, all of the good bread and butter and apple butter that she could eat all winter.

It was an ideal October day. Along the fence was a riot of color, with now and then a sunflower, like an immense bunch of scarlet geraniums or a clump of goldenrod. The pokeberries with their purple inkwells mingled with the browns, russets and greens of summer weeds and a great profusion of wild grapevines. And Sarah Jane approved. The air was spicy with the fragrance of cooking apples and cider. The great copper kettle hung over a slow outdoor fire near the spring-house, and the long stirrer moved rhythmically over the bottom, pushing the pennies about ceaselessly.

Sarah Jane was droning an improvised little song which she attuned to the swish of the pennies and the gurgle of the apple butter as it surged through the holes in the wooden paddle of the stirrer:

"Peter—pitter—patter—putter—  
Bread—an'—butter—an'—apple butter—  
Too much hard cider will make you  
stutter—"

"Well, hello, little poet! How do you know? Tried it? I've brought the rest of your cider from the mill, but it's not hard. Where's your mother?"

Ashamed that anyone, especially Milo Ward, the idol of her childish heart, should have heard her silly little song, Sarah Jane hung her head in mortification. She would have run away, but she was mindful that Duncan farm was famous for its apple butter, which had never been burned. She tried to pull her little brown bare feet up under her skirts and almost upset her precarious perch.

"Look out for the throne!" cried Milo, as he caught the chair and righted it on the box. Then, seeing her embarrassment, he took the stirrer from her hands, saying gently: "Don't mind me, little Say-Jane. Let me give the stirrer a few whirrs while you find your mother for me."

Sarah Jane needed no second bidding. She found her mother, but would not return to her post till Milo had delivered the cider and gone. She heard him say to her mother as he was leaving: "I guess I teased Say-Jane, Mrs. Dunnean; tell her I'll have better manners next time, for I'm going away to college."

October came and went in the valley. Other children, sons and daughters of the farmers, went to college. Many of them, after finishing, returned no more, but took up their lives in various ways in other places. One who did not return was Milo Ward, for his family had moved away and the Ward farm was sold. But Sarah Jane could not remain away; the old folks at home needed her. She and her mother still made apple butter, but not in the big copper kettle, for there were so few now to eat it.

Then war broke out, and Sarah Jane, patriotic and sweet and wholesome as her own valley, wanted to do her bit. She would make apple butter for the soldiers. She brought forth the copper kettle, and as she sat patiently stirring her thoughts reverted to that other October day when she was so mortified, and she and her mother laughed over the memory.

When the apple butter was done and set away to cool in great stone jars, Sarah Jane made a market basket full of apple butter sandwiches and took them in to the station, for she had been warned that a troop train was coming.

She delivered the delicious sandwiches into eager hands thrust through the windows till she had just one left, when she saw a soldier hurrying to meet her. Thinking that he was coming for the treat she held it out to him, crying out her wares in her musical contralto: "Just one of my famous apple butter sandwiches left. Warranted pure cider, fresh from the Duncan farm."

"Bread—an'—butter—an'—apple butter!" mimicked the soldier. "And it's little Say-Jane, too. Don't you tell me you don't remember me?" and he took the sandwich and the hand, too.

"I remember that you promised you'd have better manners next time, and now you've reminded me of that awful moment—"

"When the queen's throne toppled—and when I tried to fix it she abdicated—"

"It looks as if you were intent on scaring some one else into abdicating," remarked Sarah Jane with a sweep of her basket toward the train—"the way you go flying through the country, not even stopping to see the old home place."

"Who says so?" bantered Milo. "I have a 26-hour stop-over. I was going out to your place, hoping you'd invite me to stay, and then take me around to see the old places. Besides one apple butter sandwich is only tantalizing when you haven't tasted the Duncan brand for so long."

Sarah Jane for a moment was tongue-tied with a rush of her old childish diffidence. "Oh, have a heart!" he pleaded, as he took her basket from her arm. "I'm sure your mother would bid me welcome."

"Yes," assented Sarah Jane demurely, "mother is such a good patriot, she'd do anything for a soldier."

"I've a great mind to make you apologize right now for that remark to an old schoolmate, little Say-Jane," he threatened as he helped her into the roadster. "We are going to cut out all the hero stuff. I'm not making an international appeal. In fact, it is a sort of domestic matter. I've bought the old farm and I'm going to talk business to you—"

"Be careful!" warned Sarah Jane in a panic. "I'm not a good driver—it just about takes all my mind—"

"Oh, in a case like that, I'll take the wheel, or else we'll stop at the old hedge, under that big hedge apple tree, and I'll tell you why I did not come sooner."

As he drove through the sweet-scented fence he set about giving, as he termed it, a strict account of himself. And it must have been quite satisfactory to all concerned, for while 26 hours' leave is all too short, it was still long enough to convince Sarah Jane of his sincerity. Of her love for him she had been convinced years ago. So when he left for the front it was with the understanding that when he returned the old Ward farm was to be again occupied by Wards, and if the old copper kettle was not needed for ammunition it was to have a place in the Ward granary between seasons of apple butter making, when there was any to be put up for winter use.

"Bread—an'—butter—an'—apple butter."

**HEIGHT THAT FEW ATTAIN**

Not Many People Can Boast Their Complete Guiltlessness of the "Seven Deadly Sins."

The "seven deadly sins" are pride, envy, lust, avarice, anger, sloth and gluttony.

The fathers, the sages, the wise men of the world, handing down from one generation to another through the centuries what they had observed and learned, at last agreed that all our spiritual and mental miseries, as well as most of our physical sufferings, come from an indulgence in the thoughts and actions included in the above-mentioned list of sins.

Old-fashioned people used to keep this list constantly before them, and their spiritual and physical health progressed or declined in the measure that they were able or unable to control their thoughts and appetites.

In these modern days we are still surprised to learn that the list of seven deadly sins was ever even made, and we are more surprised to know that it is a list which really covers the whole moral scheme of existence.

The man who can finally subdue himself into a state in which he does not break any of the laws for which the seven deadly sins stand as infringements, may well congratulate himself. He is what we would call a pretty good man, and we would like to have him as a neighbor. Not to be proud, not to be envious, not to be lustful, never to be avaricious or angry, nor to be a lazy man nor a glutton, means that you need fear no man or devil, and that you certainly shall not be afflicted with gout.

"Be good and you will be happy." There's many a saying, but there is none better than that.

**MIGHT CALL IT ABOUT EVEN**

City Brother Had Not a Great Deal the Best of His Relative in the Country.

Dr. Samuel Schwab claims that the oldest good story is the one about the boy who left the farm and got a job in the city. He wrote a letter to his brother who had elected to stick by the farm telling of the joys of city life, in which he said:

"Thursday we auto'd out to the country club and we golfed until dark. Then we trolleyed back to town and danced until dawn. Then we motored to the beach and Friday there." The brother on the farm wrote back:

"Yesterday we bugged to town and baseball all afternoon. Then we went to Ned's and poked till morning. Today we muled out to the cornfield and gee-hawed till sundown. Then we suppered and then we piped for awhile. After that we staired up to our room and bedstead until the clock five."

**Very Possible.**  
A Kansas City business woman the day before Thanksgiving received a box of chrysanthemums, which she proudly set upon her desk for the delectation of her fellow workers. The mums really came from a rival business concern, but when the other girls wanted to know who sent them they only smiled and said, "the florist," in her most mysterious manner.

"Come, come," they said. "Tell us who."

"I shall not," she bantered. "I'm married and it wouldn't do to tell the truth about it."

"But," interjected the office anthology, "perhaps the truth would make you free."

**POULTRY  
FACTS**

**GREEN FEEDS FOR POULTRY**

There is Much in Proper Curing and Handling—Beets and Mangel-Wurzels Also Good.

If you have fed clover or alfalfa to poultry in its green state or dry you know its value. If you have not used it as a hen feed do so this winter, even if you have to buy some, and in future seasons you will lay in a good supply. There is much in curing and handling this food to have it right for hens. If it has been done properly, cut into one-quarter-inch lengths, and place it in a tub or barrel, then turn on steam or hot water, which at once brings back the aroma of the harvest field. Next spread out in the mixing box and sift on some cornmeal, middlings and animal meal, salt a little and you have as good a mess for laying hens as can be prepared. In some respects alfalfa is better than clover. It is very rich in protein, yields more in a year than clover, and hens like it better.

For poultry it should never be allowed to become woody. A good field of alfalfa will produce more hen feed than the same amount of space put into any other crop.

Next in order for a dependable winter food come beets and mangel-wurzels. There are different sorts, red, yellow and white. All make a good winter hen feed. They are composed largely of water, but it makes an excellent winter food, being easily grown and kept and is very handy to feed. By feeding plenty of green food to the hens in winter there is a profit derived in two ways. The hens will be more healthy, therefore lay better, and by working it into the daily ration the cost of feeding the flock is lessened considerably.

**HINTS ON HANDLING POULTRY**

Among Other Things for Farmer to Remember Is That Male Doesn't Influence Number of Eggs.

(Prepared by the United States Department of Agriculture.)

It is urged that all farmers and poultrymen adhere strictly to the following principal rules in handling their poultry and eggs:

1. Keep the nests clean; provide one nest for every four hens.
2. Gather the eggs twice daily.
3. Keep the eggs in a cool, dry room or cellar.
4. Market the eggs at least twice a week.
5. Sell, kill or confine all male birds as soon as the hatching season is over.



One Hundreds Hens Should Be on Every Farm.

so as to produce infertile eggs. The male bird has no effect on the number of eggs produced.

**MISSION OF OYSTER SHELL**

Not Given to Supply Grit, but to Make Bone, Muscle and Feathers —Help Out Ration.

Many poultry growers, especially beginners, have the impression that oyster shells make a good grit for fowls, but such is not the case. Oyster shells, in some respects do help to grind the fowl's food, but the chief mission is to make bone, muscle and feathers. They form the shell of the egg, or assist in this matter and at the same time aid in making a complete ration when fowls are fed charcoal and grit together with their grain rations. If you keep them before the hens and do not feed fat-producing feeds, they will prevent soft-shelled eggs and keep them from acquiring the egg-eating habit, which is one of the greatest losses ever experienced by any poultryman. In almost every feed given to fowls we find a shortage of ash. The oyster shells supply this want of ash and the hens lay their full quota of eggs.

**AVERAGE YEARLY EGG RECORD**

About 130 Per Hen Is Good Estimate —Result From Flock Properly Cared For.

About 130 eggs per hen is a fair average for the yearly egg record. A flock properly cared for should produce about one third as many eggs as there are hens, during the months of December, January and February.

**Indian Tribe Inhabiting Attu Island, Alaska, Said to Be the Poorest People**

Windswept Attu Island, a bit of Alaska at the tip of the Aleutian string, farther west than any other part of North America, is the home of a tribe of about 100 Aleut Indians, said to be the poorest people, financially, on earth.

Nature, however, provides these far-away Indians a living. From Attu and the nearby islands and from the surrounding waters they get eggs, fish, geese, seals, occasionally a walrus, berries, and, lately, blue fox.

From the far south Pacific the Japan current brings fuel. Driftwood thought to be from the Philippine islands, Hawaii and other southern lands is scattered along Attu's beaches. No trees grow on the island.

For clothes the natives use goods brought from the outside world by occasional traders. Those lacking in the cloth of the whites make their garments from grass and skins.

Like the Indian tribes of old, a native chief leads these Aleuts and acts as their head in all matters, trading, hunting, fishing, as well as in the councils of the tribe, and in the Russian services to which the natives still adhere.

Russians first settled on the island in 1747, when they sailed west of the Commodore islands, off Kamchatka, and established an important trading post on Attu. The Russians planted herds of cattle and goats, but in a few years both the Russians and their stock left for other parts.

**Wild Hemp Growing in Canada May Be Used for Making Binder Twine**

Wild hemp has possibilities for the manufacture of binding twine and its cultivation may become a part of Canada's post-war industrial program.

The Indians of the coast and interior of central British Columbia have long been famous as carvers, weavers and boat-builders, but it was only recently that attention was attracted to the fine rope which they make from wild hemp. At Avillgate in the Bulkley valley near New Hazelton there is a village of Indians who display remarkable skill in making rope from the abundant wild hemp which covers the surrounding country. They have been making this rope for centuries by a method of their own, and it is so strong that they use it for towing their heavily laden canoes up the currents of swift rivers. This is convincing proof of its stoutness. They also make twine and thread from the hemp, but not in such quantities as in the days before they were able to purchase these articles cheaply from traders. The wild hemp closely resembles the common fire weed of the United States.

**Mothers' Cook Book**

If today you've made some progress, Do not tire; Sit not down upon the morrow, Step up higher. —Adelbert Caldwell.

**Desserts for Children.**

A dessert for a young child should be something easily digested, nutritious and attractive to the eye. Custards of various kinds are especially good for the little people—gelatin desserts served with cream, simple puddings not too rich, and fruits of various kinds are all good desserts.

**Strawberry Custard.**

Prepare a pint of good boiled custard, using two eggs, sugar and flavoring to taste, and one pint of good milk. Using a teaspoonful of cornstarch stirred into a little of the cold milk and well cooked before the eggs are added, also mixed with cold milk, will make a thicker custard. Two tablespoonfuls of sugar will be sufficient in this pudding. Freeze slowly until it begins to get thick, then add one large cupful of strawberry jam, which may have been pressed through a ricer to remove some of the seeds. If canned berries are used, the removal of the seeds will be easier.

**Fruit Dumplings.**

Make a batter of a cupful of flour sifted with a teaspoonful of baking powder and a little salt; add rich milk to make a drop batter. Butter the small cups and drop in a spoonful of the batter, then add a tablespoonful or two of canned cherries, juice and all; then another spoonful of batter. When four or five small cups are filled, leaving space to rise, set them into a shallow pan, adding boiling water to come well up on the sides of the cups, but not too much to boil over into them; cover and cook 15 minutes; serve with sugar and cream. Any canned fruit may be used; the juicier the fruit the better.

**Fruit Juice Pudding.**

For this pudding any strained left-over juice from canned fruits may be used. Take a cupful and a half of the juice, add a half cupful of water, into which has been stirred two tablespoonfuls of cornstarch. Cook until well done, then fold in lightly the whites of two eggs. Pour into a mold with alternate layers of the same fruit, drained, and serve with cold with a custard made of the two yolks.

Nellie Maxwell

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Swift & Company went into the produce business because they saw a crying need for the kind of service they were equipped to perform.

The produce business was in chaos. Collecting, transportation, preparation and distribution was hit or miss, with delay, deterioration and loss on every hand.

The farmer was at the mercy of an uncertain, localized market. He had no way of reaching through to the people who needed what he was raising for them. There was no premium upon improving his stocks, for grading was lax or lacking.

The consumer had to accept produce that, as a rule, had no known responsible name behind it. He had no way of knowing how long the eggs or the butter he was buying had been lying around in miscellaneous lots in the back room of a country store. Much of the poultry was not properly refrigerated before shipment or properly protected by refrigeration in transit.

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Nothing suffers from this save inefficiency, which has no claim upon public support.

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**Daily Thought.**  
Whatever chance shall bring we will bear with equanimity.—Terence.

**When?**  
No one can be perfectly free till all are free, wrote Herbert Spencer. No one can be perfectly moral till all are moral; no one can be perfectly happy till all are happy.

**Riches are a disgrace to him who hath kinsmen in want.**

**Set in Their Ways.**  
Will Meddle, the efficiency sharp, is trying to teach the hens to lay square eggs so they can be packed to better advantage, but is not meeting much encouragement from the old-fashioned hens.

**Javanese Orchids.**  
There is a very interesting orchid in Java, the grammatophyllum, all the flowers of which open at once, and they also all wither together.

**Sweet Revenge.**  
A Cleveland man was kicked by a mule. Instead of complaining to the owner of the animal, he backed the mule to a point within a few feet of a beehive and let it kick.

**Not So Bad After All.**  
A lot of people forget that today is the fatal tomorrow about which they were so worried.—Wilmington Journal.

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P. N. U. No. 8, 1919