

Jelly Roll Recipe

Only Two Eggs Required

By Mrs. Janet McKenzie Hill, Editor of the Boston Cooking School Magazine

This Jelly Roll is fast becoming very popular on account of the way it keeps fresh. With proper handling it should keep fresh a whole week, providing it isn't eaten up in the meantime, for it is every bit as good as it looks.



K C Jelly Roll

One cup sifted flour; scant half teaspoonful salt; 2 level teaspoonfuls K C Baking Powder; graded vind of 1 Lemon; 2 eggs beaten light; 1 cup sugar; 3/4 cup hot milk; glass of jelly; powdered sugar.

Beat the sugar into the eggs; add the lemon rind, then the flour, sifted three times with the salt and baking powder; and, lastly, the milk. Bake in a buttered dripping pan; turn out on a damp cloth, trim off the crisp edges; spread with jelly and turn over and over into a roll while still warm. Dredge the top with powdered sugar.

Hot milk used in the jelly roll enables it to be rolled without danger of cracking. Have the milk scalding hot, also be careful to have the eggs and sugar beaten together until very light and creamy. Bake in a moderate oven.

K C Jelly Roll is illustrated on page thirty-two of the new and handsomely illustrated 64-page K C Cook's Book, which may be secured free by sending the certificate packed in every 25-cent can of K C Baking Powder to the Jagers Mfg. Co., Chicago, Ill.

A TALE OF RED ROSES

By GEORGE RANDOLPH CHESTER

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(Continued from last week.)

that he could afford to acknowledge it now that the street car reorganization had gone beyond the point where Sledge could stop it.

"How about this marriage with Molly?"

"That's Molly's affair," stated Marley stidily.

"You know he's broke, don't you?" "I heard something of the sort," admitted Marley. "He's a clever young man, however, and until he gets on his feet again I have money enough for both."

"You won't stop it, then?" "Certainly not," declared Marley, feeling that he might just as well make capital for courage out of the fact that he could not in the slightest degree influence Molly. "I might, perhaps, prefer a more brilliant match for Molly, but I do not need to make it a matter of money, and there is no better family in America than Bert's. The Maryland Gilders are the oldest and best

per corner, with his crusted brown derby jammed down to his ears and his inch long stub of cigar puckered tightly in at the corner of his wrinkled lips, where it looked at a distance like a speck of black rot in a dusty potato. Doc had digested, condensed and purveyed news to the big chief so long that he felt a proprietorship in that department and was justly offended when Tom Bendix came in a few minutes later.

"What's the matter with Sledge this morning?" snarled Doc.

"How do I know?" immediately snarled Bendix. "I don't sleep with him."

"He's got a grudge on him a foot thick," complained Doc. "He gave me a cold turnout. Walked straight through me without even a grunt."

"I'll tell Sledge he'd better be careful," sarcastically commented Bendix. "Well, Kelly, what do you want?"

Schooner Kelly, who was afflicted with pink whiskers and a perennial thirst, stopped scratching. "Two bits," he stated, with admirable clarity. "What's the matter with Big Ben?"

"He's teething," replied Bendix, producing the desired two bits, without which Schooner Kelly would be a nuisance for hours to come.

A low browed thug, with a long and wide scar sunk in one cheek, drew Bendix mysteriously aside.

"The Dutchman down in the Eighth ward has rented his back room to the Hazelnut club," he stated.

"Well," inquired Bendix. "Well, the Hazelnut club has Charley Atwood for its president, and Charley is a brother-in-law of Purcell."

"I see," said Bendix. "I suppose Dutch Klein knew this?"

"The Cameron picture's down off his back bar."

"Tell him you told me," advised Bendix, weighing the matter carefully, for of such trifles was political control constructed.

"Is that the worst news I can carry?" demanded the other, disappointed.

"If there's any worse we'll send it out when the wagon backs up," responded Bendix dryly.

"All right, captain," agreed the tale bearer. "Say, can you slip me an ace?"

Bendix slipped him an ace from a fund provided for that purpose.

"Thanks," said the thug. "Say, what's the matter with Sledge?"

"None of your business," snapped Bendix, with a wondering glance at the back room, and he waded through the usual morning lineup with that wonder growing on him. The actions and bearing of Sledge varied by so thin a hair's breadth from day to day that a notable variation meant something.

He found Sledge standing up, and then he knew that there was something in the wind.

"Get Bozzam," directed Sledge, and Bendix went straight out to the telephone.

"Get Davis," directed Sledge when Bendix came back, and Bendix, vaguely pitying somebody, hurried out to the telephone again.

"Get Feeder," was the next order. Bendix almost whistled as he hurried out to locate by telephone the ex-county treasurer, who for two years had been drawing a handsome salary from Sledge for keeping his mouth shut about the public funds scandal.

"Get Gally," rumbled Sledge, who had not moved from his contemplative post by the window, and Bendix, keeping his growing wonder to himself and replying with a shrug to the soberly questioning glance of the concerned Phil, telephoned for the Sledge leader in the city council.

Sledge, having sent for everybody he needed, was sitting more quietly in his accustomed chair when Bendix returned from his last trip and was looking with his usual stolidness out of the window after having donned the fresh red rose, which he had put on religiously three times a day since he had met Molly Marley.

"Council meeting this afternoon?" he asked.

"Two-thirty," answered Bendix.

ed, and I don't think it's safe to beat him up."

Sledge pondered that matter weightily and sighed.

"Give him a big law job."

"We haven't anything fat enough except the Distillers' and Brewers' league, but we promised that plum to the governor."

"Give it to Lansdale," ordered Sledge. "I'll send Waver to Switzerland. I want his house, anyhow."

"You promised a consulship to Hoover. It's the only one Washington lets you name."

"Hoover's a nit," declared Sledge, turning slightly toward Bendix by way of emphasis. "He goes in the discard."

"Good work!" approved Bendix. "Young Bailey Cooper has made a joke of Hoover's leadership. I think Waver has been counting on this Distillers' and Brewers' job, though. It takes a good man to fight the dry fad, and Waver knows it."

"He has to go to Switzerland," decided Sledge.

"How about Blake?" asked Bendix. "We'll take a chance."

Bendix shook his head. "Blake's against you," he warned.

"Besides that, there's an election coming off."

"We lose," Sledge rumbled. "We're due, anyhow."

"I guess you're right," agreed Bendix reluctantly. "So long as we have to lose we might as well make it a good one. If there's any other scandal about us we may as well arrange to have it sprung and get it all cleaned up at once."

"Fix Lansdale today!" commanded Sledge.

"I'll go see Schwarzman this noon and, of course, have him offer the job to Lansdale, so he won't imagine it comes from us. Schwarzman, though, didn't want to change his legal department until fall. That won't do, I suppose?"

"Today," announced Sledge.

"If you got," replied Bendix, rising. "If Lansdale takes the job he'll have to resign from the bench immediately," and no assent to this being necessary, he hurried out to make an appointment with the president of the Distillers' and Brewers' league.

Bozzam came, suave, smiling, a more polished gentleman than anybody, but not offensive with it.

"How goes it?" asked Sledge. "Splendidly," said Bozzam. "The stock's all sold, including our own. We're ready to move on unless we can put over a real good organization of some sort. We don't want another little one, though. Traction companies are our game."

"Get busy," remarked Sledge. "With the original traction thought?"

A grunt of assent was Sledge's reply as he looked out along the high board fence which bound in the narrow alleyway. A thing which had once been a mop leaned in a corner by one of the scapplings, decaying.

Bozzam looked at Sledge for a moment and, being a gentleman of rare penetration, rightly concluded that his errand was over.

"Good day," he said and started for the door.

Bendix and a big blue eyed man with a square jaw and muscular shoulders came in, and Bendix introduced the latter to Bozzam as Jim Gally. The two gentlemen exchanged grins as they shook hands, but neither one of them was careless enough to state that they had already met, although, as a matter of fact, Mr. Gally now possessed the exclusive bar privilege at the new amusement park.

"Stick around, Bozzam," said Sledge. "Tom, Bozzam gets his car line. Gally will fix the franchises."

Bendix, although the project and Sledge's resolution were absolutely new to him, never batted an eyelash.

"We'll get together on that at the hotel in about an hour," he told Gally and Bozzam. "Nothing ready to give out to the papers, is there, Sledge?"

"Now!"

"You'd better explain to Bozzam what you want in the way of routes," suggested Bendix. "The franchises should be passed in secret session, Gally. Is everybody all right?"

"It's a family reunion," declared Gally. "Is that all, Sledge?"

with the pleasing finish of a professional. Just now, however, he remained as placidly calm as a cake of Swiss cheese.

A step came down the narrow passageway. A rawboned fellow appeared in the doorway. He was tall and big and wore good clothes. His hands were coarse and had bulbous finger tips, with extremely broad, stubby nails, but they showed no signs of recent toil. He had a wide mouth and prominent cheek bones and a low forehead. He looked like a retired coal heaver. The exigencies of politics had once made him county treasurer, and since then he had lived in prosperous idleness.

Sledge arose and walked around to the front of the table.

"Say, Feeder," he growled, "I've been paying you seventy-five a month for two years. That right?"

"Yes," hesitated Feeder, with a puzzled glance at the unusual crowd in the little room.

"What for?" demanded Sledge. "Mr. Feeder smiled ingratiatingly, but paled in the process."

"Campaign work," he replied. "Well, for?" demanded Sledge.

"Well, I— And, more puzzled than ever, he looked around the equally puzzled gathering. Even Bendix was at a loss.

"What for, I say?" suddenly thundered Sledge.

"On the level?" inquired Feeder. "I don't get this, Sledge. I don't see—"

"Tell em!"

"Well, if you got to have it!" He stopped, gave another glance at his audience and stared at Sledge incredulously.

Sledge advanced a step toward him. "I said tell em."

"Here goes, then," responded Feeder, exasperated—"for keeping my mouth shut about receiving the public funds interest money for you."

"You're a liar!" boomed Sledge and, suddenly stepping forward with marvelous agility for so ponderous a man, swung his right arm, the biceps of which was like a thigh, and knocked Feeder straight through the door.

"Throw him out," he directed and sat down.

Bendix accepted that commission as readily as if it had been a suggestion to ring for another drink. A rather heavy man himself, he stepped lightly into the passageway, grabbed Feeder by the collar as he was rising and punched him in the ear. Phil and Blundy, both gentlemanly bartenders, selected for the hardness and limberness of their shoulders, came running back as promptly as fire hoses at the sound of the gong.

"Rough toss," explained Bendix briefly, handing his collar hold to Phil.

There was a rattle of chairs and tables and the crash of two or three glasses interspersed with an occasional smack. There were exclamations from a few hangers on and a few inadvertent oaths from the astonished Feeder, but Phil and Blundy were voiceless until, after battering Feeder at the curb until a policeman came up, they turned him over for a wagon call.

"What's the charge?" asked the officer.

"Pink necktie, I think," returned Phil. "But I'll find out," and he ran

back to Sledge's room. "Feeder's pinched," he stated. "Want it to stick?"

"Uh-huh!" grunted Sledge.

"Copper's fussy. He wants to know what's the charge."

Sledge took a slow survey of his witnesses, and the faintest possible suspicion of a twinkle came into his small gray eyes.

"Attempted blackmail," he chuckled.

CHAPTER VI. Frank Marley Discovers a Great Team.

MOLLY stopped singing as her father called her into his den. She hardly recognized his voice, and his face was so drawn and pale that she was startled.

"What's the matter, father? Are you ill?" she asked, deeply concerned.

"Not at all," he assured her. "A slight headache. Molly, I've been thinking about your future all night, and I am very much worried about you. Bert has proved himself thoroughly incapable. His fine old family blood does not seem to support him in a crisis."

"Did you expect anything else of old family blood?" she demanded, smiling. "I didn't."

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- Mar. 22, 1915 — "I have divided my bottle of Peruna with people many times. It always helps."

The above quotations give a vague glimpse of the correspondence we have had with Mrs. Tanner since 1899. Our files, which cover twenty-five years, include many similar correspondents.

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Any persons claiming adversely the above-described land are advised to file their claims, or objections, on or before the time designated for sale.

G. A. C. ROCHESTER, Register. JACOB W. OYEN, Receiver

Date of first publication Dec. 24, 1915. Date of last publication Jan 21, 1916.

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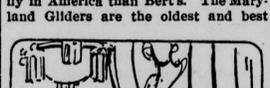
IN THE SUPERIOR COURT OF THE State of Washington in and for Grays Harbor County.

IN THE MATTER OF THE ESTATE of Anton Hiltbrunner, deceased.

Pursuant to the order of the Judge of said court made on January 8, 1916, notice is hereby given that the undersigned administrator of said estate will offer at private sale all of the interest of said estate in and to lots Five and Six in Block Twelve, France's Addition to Aberdeen, Grays Harbor County, Washington; all bids for said property shall be in writing, addressed to the undersigned and delivered in person or mailed to the office of Taggart & Phillips, 432 Finch Bldg., Aberdeen, Wash., and will be received until January 28, 1916; terms of sale cash, one-tenth to accompany the bid, and sale to be subject to confirmation by the court above named.

Dated January 10, 1916. FRANK KENZION, Administrator of said Estate. Jan. 14-21.

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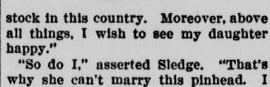
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