

Jelly Roll Recipe

Only Two Eggs Required
Mrs. Janet McKenzie Hill, Editor of the Boston Cooking School Magazine



One cup sifted flour; scant half teaspoonful salt; 2 level teaspoonfuls K C Baking Powder; grated rind of 1 lemon; 3 eggs beaten light; 1 cup sugar; 1/2 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 Jagusa Mfg. Co., Chicago, Ill.

Peg o' My Heart

By J. HARTLEY MANNERS
A Comedy of Youth Founded by Mr. Manners on His Great Play of the Same Title - Illustrations From Photographs of the Play

SYNOPSIS.

Frank O'Connell, young Irish patriot, is shot and wounded by British soldiers while making a home rule speech. He is aided by Angela Kingsnorth, an English society girl, who defends him.

CHAPTER XII.

Ethel and Brent.
Ethel dropped her gaze from his face and said, with the suspicion of a smile playing around her lips:

"If you had the right to make love to me the straightforwardly—you wouldn't do it."

"He looked at her in amazement. "What do you mean?" he gasped.

"It's only because you haven't the right that you do it—by suggestion," Ethel pursued.

"How can you say that?" And he put all the heart he was capable of into the question.

"You don't deny it," she said quietly. He breathed hard and then said bitingly:

"What a contemptible opinion you must have of me!"

"Then we're quits, aren't we?"

"How?" he asked.

"Haven't you one of me?"

"Of you? Why, Ethel?"

"Surely every married man must have a contemptible opinion of the woman he is covertly making love to. If he hadn't he couldn't do it, could he?"

Once again she leveled her cold, impassive eyes on Brent's flushed face.

"I don't follow you," was all Brent said.

"Haven't you had time to think of an answer?"

"I don't know what you're driving at," he added.

Ethel smiled her most enigmatical smile.

"No? I think you do." She waited a moment. Brent said nothing. This was a new mood of Ethel's. It baffled him.

Presently she relieved the silence by asking him:

"What happened last night?" He hesitated. Then he answered: "I'd rather not say. I'd sound like a cad blaming a woman."

a snare? Have you ever seen a young man free of the trammels of college dash into a net? I did! I wasn't trap wise."

He paced the room restlessly, all the self pity rising in him. He went on: "Heavens, what nursings we are when we first feel our feet! We're the children just loose from the lead line strings. Anything that glitters catches us. Every trap that is set for our unwary feet we drop into. I did—dropped in, caught hand and foot, mind and soul."

"Soul!" queried Ethel, with a note of doubt.

"Yes," he answered. "Don't you mean body?" she suggested.

"Body, mind and soul!" he said, with a note of finality.

"Well, body anyway," summed up Ethel.

"And for what?" he went on. "For what? Love! Companionship! That is what we build on in marriage. And what did I realize? Hate and wrangling; wrangling, just as the common herd, with no advantages, wrangle and make it a part of their lives, the zest to their union. It's been my curse."

"Why wrangling?" drawled Ethel.

"She didn't understand."

"You?" asked Ethel, in surprise.

"My thoughts, my actions!"

"How curious!"

"You mean you would?"

"Probably."

"I'm sure of it." He tried to take her hand. She drew it away and settled herself comfortably to listen again:

"Tell me more about your wife."

"The slightest attention showers to any other woman meant a ridiculous, a humiliating scene."

"Humiliating?"

"Aren't doubt and suspicion humiliating?"

"They would be a compliment in some cases."

"How?"

"They would put a fictitious value on some men."

"You couldn't humiliate in that way," he ventured slowly.

"No. I don't think I could. If a man showed a preference for any other woman she would be quite welcome to him."

"No man could!" said Brent insistently.

"She looked at him coldly a moment. "Let me see—where would you? Just married, weren't you? Go on."

"Then came the baby." He said that with a significant meaning and paused to see the effect on Ethel. If it had any Ethel effectually concealed it. Her only comment was:

"Ah!"

Brent went on: "One would think that would change things. But no. Neither of us wanted her. Neither of us loves her. Children should come of love, not hate. And she is a child of hate."

He passed, looking intently at Ethel. She looked understandingly at him, then dropped her eyes.

Brent went on as if following up an advantage: "She sits in her little chair, her small, wrinkled, old, disillusioned face turned to us, with the eyes watching us accusingly. She submits to caresses as though they were distasteful, as if she knew they were lies. At times she pushes the nearest away with her little baby fingers. He stopped, watching her eagerly. Her eyes went down.

"I shouldn't tell you this. It's terrible. I see it in your face. What are you thinking?"

"I'm sorry," replied Ethel simply. "For me?"

"For your wife."

"My wife?" he repeated, agast.

"Yes," said Ethel. "Aren't you? No? Are you just sorry for yourself?"

Brent turned impatiently away. So this lying open the wound in his life was nothing to Ethel. Instead of pity for him, all it engendered in her was sorrow for his wife.

How little women understood him! There was a pathetic catch in his voice as he turned to Ethel and said reproachfully:

"You think me purely selfish?"

"Naturally," she answered quickly. "I am. Why not be truthful about ourselves sometimes? Eh?"

"We quarreled last night—about you!" he said desperately.

"Really?"

"Gossip has linked us together. My wife has heard it and put the worst construction on it."

"Well?"

"We said things to each other last night that can never be forgiven or forgotten. I left the house and walked the streets—hours! I looked my whole life back and through as though it were some stranger's."

He turned abruptly away to the windows and stayed a moment, looking down the drive.

young, what marriage really means, just as we are taught not to steal, nor lie, nor sin. In marriage we do all three—when we're ill matched. We steal affection from some one else, we lie in our lives, and we sin in our relationship."

Ethel asked him very quietly: "Do you mean that you are a stammer, a thief and a liar?"

Brent looked at her in horror.

"Oh, take some of the blame!" said Ethel. "Don't put it all on the woman."

"You've never spoken to me like this before."

"I've often wanted to," replied Ethel; then she asked him, "What do you intend doing?"

"Separate," he answered eagerly. "You don't doctor a poisoned limb when your life depends on it; you cut it off. When two lives generate a deadly poison, face the problem as a surgeon would—amputate."

"And after the operation—what then?" asked Ethel.

"That is why I am here facing you. Do you understand what I mean?"

"Oh, dear, yes—perfectly! I have been waiting for you to get to the point."

"Ethel!" and he impulsively stretched out his arms, embracing her.

She drew back slightly, just out of his reach.

"Wait." She looked up at him quizzically. "Suppose we generate poison? What would you do—amputate me?"

"You are different from all other women."

"Didn't you tell your wife that when you asked her to marry you?"

He turned away impatiently. "Don't say those things, Ethel; they hurt."

"I'm afraid, Christian, I'm too frank. Am I not?"

"You stand alone, Ethel. You seem to look into the hearts of people and know why and how they beat."

"I do—sometimes. It's an awkward faculty."

He looked at her glowingly. "How marvelously different two women can be! You—my wife!"

Ethel shook her head and smiled her calm, dead smile: "We're not really very different, Christian. Only some natures like common. Yours does. And the new have all the virtues. Why, I might not last as long as your wife did."

"Don't say that. We have a common bond—understanding."

"Think so?"

"I understand you."

"I do me."

"I tell you I am at the crossroads. The finger board points the way to me distinctly."

"Does it?"

"It does." He leaned across to her. "Would you risk it?"

"What?" she asked.

"I'll hide nothing. I'll put it all before you—the snubs of your friends; the whisper of a scandal that would grow into a roar; afraid to open a newspaper, fearing what might be printed in it; life at first in some little continental village, dreading the passers through, keeping out of sight lest they should recognize one. No, it wouldn't be fair to you."

Ethel thought a moment, then he answered slowly:

"No, Chris, I don't think it would."

"You see I am a cad—just a selfish cad!"

"Aren't you?" and she smiled up at him.

"I'll never speak of this again. I would have spoken now—only I'm distracted—completely distracted. Will you forgive me for speaking as I did?"

"Certainly," said Ethel. "I'm not offended. On the contrary. Anyway, I'll think it over and let you know."

"You will, really?" he asked greedily, grasping at the straw of a hope. "You will really think it over?"

"I will, really."

"And when she sets me free," he went on, "we could—He suddenly stopped.

She looked coldly at him as he hesitated and said, "It is a difficult little word at times, isn't it?"

"Would you marry me?" he asked, with a supreme effort.

"I never cross my bridges until I come to them," said Ethel languidly. "And we're such a long way from that one, aren't we?"

"Then I am to wait?"

"Yes; do," she replied.

(To be continued)

OF INTEREST TO SCANDINAVIANS

News Gathered in the Fatherland and Elsewhere.

CONDITIONS ARE UNBEARABLE

Russian Despotism Manifesting Authority in Finland With Greater Brutality Than Ever.

SWEDEN.

Russian despotism is manifesting its tyranny in Finland today with greater brutality than ever before.

A statement of grievances of the Finns and an appeal to civilization for help published in the Aftonbladet follows:

"Finland has not violated her obligations to Russia, yet her constitution is broken down, her national existence is in utmost danger, and many of her sons who refuse to bow to illegal use of Russian authority have been deprived of their offices and dragged into Russian captivity. By a series of decrees which have no legal validity in Finland martial law has been declared. Russian officials have been empowered through their executive policy. Finland, in spite of all the wrongs done her, placed no difficulties in the way of the Russian government after the outbreak of the war. At that time Poland was promised national unity and complete self-government. But Russia's Finnish policy took abruptly a diametrically opposite turn. Although the Russian press has repeatedly declared that henceforth peace and racial reconciliation would prevail in the empire and that all national persecutions would be at an end Finnish officials are constantly imprisoned. The venerable president of the Finnish diet has been deposed, arrested and sent to Tomsk, Siberia. The Russian consular stables herds Finns in Russia and Siberia. Without any reason they are charged with political conspiracies and the houses of Finns who have never taken part in political agitation are being searched. Newspapers are fined or suppressed because they contain harmless information. Journalists are deported. The government general and the Russian officials have recently confined to a proclamation whose effect is to destroy every remnant of Finnish self-government. A commission consisting of ministers of state worked out a program of the proclamation with the object of strengthening Russian power in Finland and completely embodying that country in the Russian empire. The entire Finnish administration is to be changed after a Russian pattern. Officials must be deposed and are to take the oath of allegiance in a new form. They are to be subject to Russian jurisdiction in every act. Finland's independent coinage and customs systems are to be abolished. The Greek Orthodox church is to be predominant in Lutheran Finland."

The volume of mail matter passing between Germany and Russia through Sweden and Denmark is increasing from week to week. The number of letters which almost from the start. But the volume of parcel post is assuming gigantic proportions. Weeks ago about 13,000 pounds passed through Malmö on the way to Russia every day. The average weight of each package is about ten pounds. A man who has a hankering for looking below the surface of things claims that a large part of the packages contain pepper. He further claims that this pepper is to be used in preparing a substitute for vodka, the sale of which is absolutely prohibited by the government of Russia. A special car is now used for carrying the Russian parcel post from Copenhagen to Malmö and it is proposed to run the car directly from Copenhagen to Karungi, on the Russian boundary line, in the northern part of Sweden.

Sven Hedén, the eminent explorer and traveler, who during recent years has been Sweden's champion on the great disease agitation, celebrated his fiftieth birthday, Feb. 19 and was the recipient of hundreds of congratulations from all over the country and from abroad. A telegram from the queen read: "God bless you for the coming years and accept our hearty thanks for services rendered in the past." The German minister, on behalf of Emperor William, personally paid his respects to Mr. Hedén, who also was the recipient of congratulatory telegrams from Generals von Moltke and von Falkenhayn.

Johan Nordling, for twenty-seven years editor of the popular Swedish monthly Idun, has resigned owing to the fact that he desires to spend the remainder of his years in pursuing literary work. His successor will be Ernst Högland, who for sixteen years has been assistant editor.

Dr. Sven Hedén has published a book of 800 pages minutely describing the war from a German standpoint.

Now comes the startling story that a cheap substitute for gasoline that will cost only 1 1/2 cents per gallon. Some big motor firms are getting interested and the consumers more so. If this story is true it will mean a great boom to the automobile industry.—Ex.

—Berg & Soderling, Tailors.—Adv.

come a minister in America in only three years, after graduating from the "Middelalke," while in Norway it takes him ten years. The paper therefore suggested that the bill should be so amended as to provide that a Norwegian-American minister shall have had ten years' of experience as a pastor before licensed to preach in the state church of Norway. The Morgenbladet's article has led to considerable discussion both in the press of Norway and in the Norse press of America. A Norwegian-American preacher, now sojourning in Norway, took the paper to task for its article, pointing out the fact that in America it takes a long time in Norway to become a full-fledged minister, except in the case of those who take the "practical" course.

A Christiania dispatch says that the Norwegian government will seek compensation for the extra expense it has been put in the carriage and distribution of European mail on account of the European war. The bulk of the mail between Eastern and Western Europe has been transported over Norway since the outbreak of the war, resulting in a large increase of expense to the Norwegian postal department. Under the international postal convention the compensation for the carriage of international mail is fixed on the basis of figures compiled every sixth year. The last compilation was made in 1913, and the international agreement provides for additional compensation only in case that the extraordinary transportation of mail continues one year. However, the Norwegian government believes that the present exceptional conditions justify a claim for added compensation and make representations to this effect to the postal departments of the foreign countries involved.

There is much concern in Norway over Germany's North sea blockade. Thus far the greatest danger has been from floating mines, but now it is the submarine, which will, of course, be a greater source of danger almost than the former. Norway continues to carefully comb its coast-lands for floating mines, many of which have been found. Before destroying them the searchers make a careful report as to their condition, size and probable source. Most of the mines appear to come from the southern part of the North sea, probably from the mouth of the Elbe. The largest mine thus far discovered in Norwegian waters contained 330 pounds of explosive.

If a foreigner visits Christiania at present the so called "Fremmed-kontroll" keeps pretty close track on him. According to a new ruling all hotel keepers and inn keepers are required to furnish a report in detail regarding every foreigner that registers in their hostelry and every foreigner will have to give a pretty full account of himself and his occupation. The office has already proven to be singularly unpopular, as many visitors resent the rigid examination which they regard as very unnecessary.

If the present war continues Norway will suffer a tremendous setback in her tourist traffic, especially from the American side. During the past few years thousands of Americans have visited Norway and Sweden during the summer months, but it is doubtful if many of them will undertake such a journey while the war is in progress. It is believed that tourist hotels are prepared for it, however, and many of them will remain closed for the season.

It is announced in Christiania that the tariff receipts of the country have increased enormously the last few months and the month of January set the highest record of receipts for one month in the history of the country. The total tariff income was 11,700,000 crowns, a sum compared with 6,980,000 crowns in 1914, 6,812,000 in 1913 and 6,774,900 in 1912.

The report from Sweden that that country's government has succeeded in raising the ban against importation of all Russian small grains has caused much joy in Norway and there now seems to be nothing in the way of the importation of all the small grains that are desired from Russia.

Mis Molla Bjurstedt, the Norwegian champion, won the women's national indoor tennis championship in New York March 20, defeating Miss May Wagner, the title holder, 6-4, 6-4. Miss Bjurstedt intends to play through the American tournaments this season.

Fredrick Waserfall, a visiting Norwegian-American in Christiania, is responsible for the statement that 33,000 Canadians are participating in the present war in Europe, of whom fully 700 are Swedes and Norwegians.

Hutchinson has the distinction of being the only town in the state outside the big cities, of having a policeman. She is Mrs. Florence Clement, wife of a well known citizen, and she was appointed by the city council.

March 13—Hilda O. Williams and husband to Oscar V. Allinder, si-2 of ne-4, sec. 28, 80 a., \$10,000.

March 13—Hilda O. Williams and husband to Oscar V. Allinder, 833 a. of lot 3 of lots 4 and 5, sec. 35, \$125.

March 16—C. F. Anderson and wife to C. A. Hanson, si-2 of lot 1, sec. 36, 405 a., \$200.

March 18—Hulda J. Anderson and husband to Charles J. Swenson, ne-4 of se-1, sec. 13, 40 a., \$2800.

William R. Johnson and wife to Axel Ekdhall, w-2 of sw-4, sec. 31, 80 a., \$200.

March 3—John A. Bodum and wife to William R. Johnson, si-2 of ne-4, sec. 34, sw-1 of nw-1, sec. 35, 120 a., \$10,800.

March 6—Ole L. Skavdalen to Andrew G. Hedén, nw-1 of nw-1, n 40 a. of lot 2, sec. 28, \$1,000.

March 9—John M. Olson to August A. Johnson, si-2 of nw-4, sec. 4, 74.0 a., \$10,500.

March 10—Ellen M. Tallakson et al to Herman S. Tallakson, e-1 of ne-4, sec. 13, 80 a., \$8000.

REAL ESTATE TRANSFERS.

Town of East Lake Lillian. March 5—Farmers' State Bank of Atwater to Lunette M. Stoll sw-1 of nw-1, sec. 10, \$500.

March 5—Lunette M. Stoll and husband to Henry N. Somson, G. W. Cunningham and W. C. Miller, sw-1 of nw-1, sec. 10, \$1,000.

March 5—Farmers' State Bank of Atwater to Lunette M. Stoll, ne-1 of nw-1, sec. 10, \$500.

March 5—Lunette M. Stoll and husband to W. C. Miller, Henry Somson and G. W. Cunningham, ne-1 of nw-1, sec. 10, \$1,000.

March 5—Farmers' State Bank of Atwater to Lunette M. Stoll, nw-1 of nw-1, sec. 10, \$500.

March 5—Lunette M. Stoll and husband to W. C. Miller, Henry Somson and G. W. Cunningham, nw-1 of nw-1, sec. 10, \$1,000.

March 5—Farmers' State Bank of Atwater to Lunette M. Stoll, se-1 of nw-1, sec. 10, \$500.

March 5—Lunette M. Stoll and husband to W. C. Miller, Henry Somson and G. W. Cunningham, se-1 of nw-1, sec. 10, \$1,000.

March 6—Frank G. Handy, Admns. to Frank Murray, und. 1-2 int. in se-1, sec. 31, \$500.

March 6—Glede Olson and wife to Frank Murray, sw-4 of sec. 31, \$5400.

March 6—Frank Murray to Henry Rust, sw-4 of sec. 31, \$1840.

March 8—Gilbert A. Johnson to Elmer Johnson, lot 1 of lot 3, lot 1 of lot 2 of lot 3, sec. 6, 10 a., \$150.

Town of Lake Lillian. March 10—George Harms to Frank Murray and J. B. Baker, si-2 of ne-4, sec. 35, 80 a., \$6000.

March 10—Murray and Baker to W. H. Brooks, ni-2 of ne-4, sec. 35, 80 a., \$6240.

Town of Holland. March 12—George Coulton to Peters Investment Co., e-1 of sec. 5, 320 a., \$5000.

Town of Lake Elizabeth. March 4—Edward H. Norblom to Swen P. Carlson, se-1 of se-4, sec. 6, 40 a., \$1,000.

March 4—Edward H. Norblom to Swen P. Carlson, ni-2 of sw-1 of se-1, sec. 6, 20 a., \$1,000.

March 4—Edward H. Norblom to Swen P. Carlson, ne-1 of se-1, sec. 6, 40 a., \$1,000.

March 5—Charles E. Bjorklund to Holm H. Hanson, sw-1 of sec. 12, 160 a., \$8,800.

Town of Fahlun. March 6—Martha Johnson to Petra C. Olson, Gov't lot 1, sec. 35, \$2800.

March 19—Edward H. Norblom to Manus Bosch, ne-1 of sec. 12, 160 a., \$12,160.

Town of Whitefield. March 17—Maurine R. Campbell and Louise F. D. Spoor to M. T. Mecum, ne-1 of sw-1, nw-1 of se-1, sec. 5, \$10.

March 20—August Bjelkengren to Henry Bjelkengren, e-2 of se-1, ne-1 of sw-1, sec. 22, 120 a., sw-1 of nw-1, w 20 rods, e-1 of w-2 of sw-1, sec. 24, 60 a., \$5,800.

Town of Edwards. March 3—William R. Johnson and wife to Axel Ekdhall, se-1 of ne-1, sec. 1, 40 a., \$8400.

March 3—John Larson, widower to William R. Johnson, se-1 of ne-1, sec. 1, 40 a., \$1,000.

March 4—Herman Schmitz to Richard Peglow, si-2 of ne-1, sec. 6, 80 a., \$5,200.

March 4—James McGrew and Albert C. McGrew to John S. Anderson and Max Osterbauer, ni-2 of nw-1, sw-1 of nw-1, sec. 11, 120 a., \$9000.

March 10—Albertus J. Prins, trustee to Ed. F. Johnson, ne-1 of nw-1, sec. 36, \$10.

March 16—Ole P. Osle to Anderson Land Co., all of section 15, 640 a., \$41,600.00.

Town of Genesee. March 3—John Holmdahl to August Nelson and Ida Nelson, si-2 of sw-1, sec. 6, nw-1 of nw-1, sec. 7, \$7,770.