

THE CARE OF HOUSE PLANTS

House plants require the same care that children need if they are to do well. First of all there must be real love, and like children they need fresh air, clean faces, sunshine, nourishing food and good living conditions.

When caring for plants it is best to have a regular period each morning for giving them attention. Make it a point to give your plants a good watering when needed and not just a little every day. Sometimes a good soaking in a pail of lukewarm soft water is very beneficial.

Plants such as the geranium, succulents, begonias and jade plant can be easily over-watered since they use their water supply very slowly; on the other hand, petunias, flowering maples and the Jerusalem Cherry are greedy for water and show the effects of dryness very quickly. Over-watering of any plant tends to make the soil sour, which results in the hatching out of little black flies that come from small white worms in the soil.

Not only do the roots in the soil need water, but the plant itself needs water in the form of a bath or a shower to wash off dust and insects from its leaves. Place the plant in a large pan or tub and spray very thoroughly with clean water, or submerge the entire plant in the water for a few minutes. Although we are warned not to get water on the leaves of the African Violet I give mine a good washing off twice a year. This plant seems to collect dust very readily on its thick, rather fleshy leaves, and it is very hard to remove. In this case I use a spray and see that the water is sprayed over the entire surface of the leaves. The plant is then set out of the sun for the entire day, or until it is completely dry.

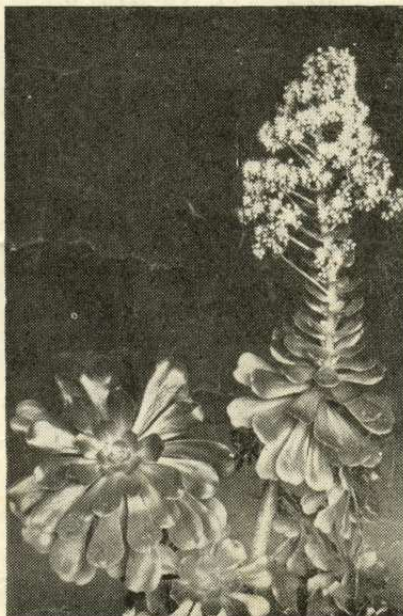
There must be proper drainage if the water is to pass through the soil in the pot. This can be done by adding fine sand to the soil so that it does not pack, by placing coarse gravel, cinders, or pieces of broken pots in the bottom of the container, or by making drainage holes to permit the water to pass on through. However, do not let water stand in the bottom of the saucers in which the plant stands. Moisture evaporation from tea kettles or pans of water set on the radiators is good for plants, and they almost always thrive beautifully in kitchen windows because of the steam from cooking.

Almost all plants need some sunlight, especially if they are to bloom, although ferns, African Violets, and certain begonias may be set in north windows or back from the sun. However, the geranium, maple, and petunia need plenty of sunshine.

The house plant has two dangerous enemies: worms and the fumes from gas stoves. The latter are hard to avoid, but we can control the former.

Certainly house plants are well worth the time and loving care that we may give them, for their gallant blossoms do worlds towards brightening some of our dark, northern days.—Mrs. R. J. Duncomb, Luverne, Minn.

Come into the Garden with Helen



A PRIZE "CHICKEN"

I can't even remember where I got my start of this tender succulent, but for many years it has attracted much attention in the background of my shaded rock garden where it stood three feet tall with 12 inch green rosettes at the tip of each branch.

Each fall I lift it and carry it over in the house where it is blooming this year for the first time.

The flowers showed that it was of the same family as our hardy "Hen and Chickens," the *Sempervivum* family. I located it in the catalog of the Knickerbocker Cactus Gardens, San Diego, California as *Sempervivum Arborescens*. It is native to the Mediterranean regions and gets its name from its habit of branching like a tree. The flowers are yellow.

I am looking forward happily to late February when I will be having blooms from six varieties of dwarf pumila iris plants which I have dug and placed in flats outdoors to get a good freezing before I bring them in.

Their blooms may not look so aristocratic as those of the Hyacinths and Daffodils, but there is something about them that seems to bring more surely the promise of spring to a sick room. They multiply so rapidly in the garden that we have no excuse for not having plenty for winter use.

Kitchen-Klatter Cook Books have the very best recipes selected from letters received from the homemakers of the farms of the middle west.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

Q.—What shall I do with my potted Chrysanthemums that are through blooming?

A.—Cut the top to within an inch of the ground and set the pot in a place cold enough to prevent growth. This may be a cave or a cold light room. In April divide severely. One root-sucker well cared for and cut back to produce branching will make a better plant by fall than an undivided clump.

Q.—Why do the buds drop from my Christmas cactus?

A.—The Christmas Cactus is native to the jungles of South America where it lives in the tree tops and gets its moisture and food from the air. This clearly indicates that it cannot thrive in the dry atmosphere of the average living room. The remedy is to increase the moisture in the air. Too much water at the root of any cactus merely causes it to fill its cells to the bursting point and beyond. Mine seems to do best if kept below 70 degrees.

Q.—What time of day is best for watering flowers?

A.—Water your flowers early in the day and, except for the most severe weather, open the windows a crack at the top from 10 a. m. to 3:00 p. m. The fresh, moist air will be wholesome for the humans as well as for flowers, and will repay the loss of heat.

Q.—How soon shall I bring my Hyacinths and Daffodils to the light?

A.—After the middle of January I bring a few pots from cold darkness to warm darkness, and when they have made two inches of growth I place them in the sunny window.

Q.—What shall I do with my Paper White Narcissus after blooming?

A.—Throw it away. But keep your Hyacinths, Daffodils, Tulips and Freesias growing until leaves mature and ripen, for they are bulbs that can be used a second time.

Q.—How can I best start plants of Bittersweet and Wahoo?

A.—Plant the berries now in a box of sandy soil, water well and sink the box in a shaded part of the yard to freeze. Little plants may be reset next fall. Iris and peony seeds may be handled the same way.

We have had such a warm sunny fall that the pansies planted in August are now blooming until their nursery plot looks like a rainbow. Close beside the bed the men have placed piles of dry loose straw which they will throw over the plants as soon as the ground freezes solidly. Of course they have watered the pansies frequently.

Helen Fischer,
Shenandoah, Iowa

The Story of My Life

(At the request of my friends I am writing this brief story.)

CHAPTER 18

In the fall of 1928 the first one of our children left for college. There has scarcely been a time from that year until now that we haven't had at least one of the seven away at school, and this will continue for some time to come since Margery has two more years and Donald won't graduate from high school until this spring. But Lucile was the first to go, and since she had to be in a school where the buildings were close enough together to avoid tramping blocks and blocks across the campus to various classes, we decided that it would be wise for her to start out at the Creston Junior College. My husband's sister, Erna Driftmier, was teaching there and so she and Lucile roomed together and made occasional trips home during the year.

It was in November of this year that we had one of the funniest experiences of our entire family history—it was a wonderful comedy of errors that makes us laugh until we cry whenever anyone mentions it. The story begins with a fox fur scarf that Mr. Driftmier gave to me shortly after we were married. I kept this in a box on the closet shelf, but one rainy day when the youngsters were upstairs playing they rummaged through the closets unknown to me and got down everything in sight.

That evening I had some callers here for a Ladies Aid Committee meeting, and at eight o'clock when we wanted to get down to serious business I sent the children to bed. Wayne, who was then about eight or so, started upstairs as willingly as usual, but when he got to the top of the stairs he shouted back down, "Mother, there's a skunk under my bed!" My guests looked at me dumbfounded and nobody said a word.

"Now, Wayne," I called back, "there couldn't be a skunk under your bed. Go on and let's not hear anymore about it."

I turned back to the plans for the Chicken-Pie Dinner, but in a minute he called down tearfully, "Mother, there is a skunk under my bed. I know there is. I can see his eyes and his teeth."

I didn't want to leave the work that we had spread out before us so I turned to Howard, who was reading in the next room, and asked him to go upstairs and see what the trouble might be. I suspected that Wayne just hated to go to bed, although this wasn't the way he usually behaved and I thought that if Howard went in my place it would be better for everyone concerned.

Well, Howard put down his book and went upstairs, and then above Wayne's wailing I heard him exclaim, "Why, there is a skunk under the bed! Get back, Wayne—stand back!"

This brought me to my feet, and I hurried to the bottom of the staircase. My friends tried to ignore this unprecedented affair, but they weren't very successful. Howard came back

down with Wayne trailing behind him crying louder than ever, and suggested that he get a shovel and run the skunk out of the house. This seemed terrible to me but we had to do **something** about it, so Howard went out to the garage to get his shovel and the rest of us waited.

By this time my committee had decided that such unusual upsets were more interesting than any Chicken Pie dinner, so they put down their work and joined in the excitement by opening all of the doors and making a clean path from the stairs to the front porch. Then they got up on the davenport and waited. At this moment there was a loud thump on the floor and then Howard began to laugh wildly. All of us hurried upstairs to see what had happened, and there we found him dangling my fox scarf from the end of the shovel. None of us could believe that both he and Wayne could have been so badly mistaken until we put the scarf back down in the corner under the bed. Then when the hall light struck the glass eyes and the teeth we could understand clearly enough why not only Wayne, but Howard as well, had been taken in. It did look like a skunk under the bed!

It was Frederick who had the interesting experience next. In the spring he went on a weiner roast with his Sunday school class, and during the afternoon they played a game called "Robbers" in which the boys went off on the search for buried treasure. Little did they know that there **really** would be buried treasure, and that the game of "Robbers" would cross the path of real robbers! Frederick went off on his own to look for treasure, and while digging around under deep weeds in a ditch he came across a black leather case.



The early part of December when Margery came home from Maryville for a weekend, we had this picture taken in our living room. She is my youngest daughter.



On my desk I have this picture of Margery and me taken when she was seven. When our new picture came from Frank's dark room the other day, I looked at these side by side and decided that you too might like to see what happens in eleven years!

He was astounded at his discovery, and quickly went back to the others with his find. All of the boys gathered about and helped open the case, and all of them were equally astonished when they found a very beautiful and expensive saxophone inside. Frederick went down to the newspaper office to tell them the story, and after it had appeared on the front page of the paper we had a telephone call from the Henstorf family in Farragut. The saxophone belonged to one of their sons and had been stolen several weeks earlier. He was delighted to get the instrument back, and gratified that it was still in excellent condition.

I look back on these days as some of the happiest of my life. I was busy from morning until night with my radio programs, church work and my home, but I was well and could easily meet the demands that were made on me. We were fortunate in having almost no illness over a period of several years. The only thing that really upset us was an illness of Margery's which the doctor diagnosed as paratyphoid—an isolated case. We never had any idea where she might have contracted it, but after six weeks or so she was her usual self again.

In the fall of 1929 I began to take an active part in the Shenandoah Parent-Teachers' Association, and this opened up another field of work with which I was deeply in sympathy, and which I enjoyed a great deal. I served as chairman until my accident, and several times went to adjoining towns to speak to the groups who wanted a fresh viewpoint on some of the problems which all of us share.

(Continued in February Issue)

Listen to the Kitchen-Klatter program over KMA every week day, 2:00 p. m.

LETTER FROM LUCILE

Dear Kitchen Klatter Friends:

Mother has asked me to tell you something about my trip to California, and I am very happy to write this letter now for she says that if I wait too long I'll be off some place else and

this paracular trip will be forgotten.

Russell and I left Minneapolis the early part of September. We went straight south to Kansas City, and as we rode through all the small Minnesota, Iowa and Missouri towns I wondered how many people in those places had listened to mother that day, and I thought too that sometime I would just like to get off the bus many places along the way and go up to various front doors and introduce myself—and get invited in, I hope, for a good visit of an hour or so! I can't imagine what it would be like to ride through the middlewest and not feel a very close contact with every small town, and every farm house lying white and quiet in the moonlight.

At Kansas City we stopped to see Louise Fischer Alexander and her baby Jean. We more than appreciated the chance to clean up for it was a very warm day, and since we had never seen Jean before it was fun to make her acquaintance. She is a very perky baby, if you know what I mean—she looks something like the Kewpie doll that I had when I was little. While we were there she trotted out into the next room and was very quiet, so of course Louise investigated after a few moments and there was Jean into the potato chips that we had tucked into a brief case—and potato chips and babies fourteen months old aren't supposed to be good company.

From Kansas City we rode straight across Kansas, a state that I love, and in the moonlight we could almost see the gradual lift of the plains towards the mountains and the west. When we awakened in the morning we were high on the tablelands of eastern Colorado, and by nine we were in Denver. This was my first trip to Denver although I have been all around it, and it wasn't as I had imagined it would be—somehow I got the idea that you had to go through mountains to get there, and instead it rises on the plain almost like a familiar small town at the end of a country road.

From Denver we drove straight south through Trinidad (maybe it wasn't exactly straight south) and then towards sunset we went through the Raton Pass to find the beautiful bowl of New Mexico opening below us. We went through Wagon Mound, the small town where my Aunt Adelyn and Uncle Albert lived several years and where Howard spent one summer, and then on to Las Vegas where we had dinner. When we left Las Vegas a wild storm was coming up, and from there into Sante Fe we drove through sheets of rain.

The next morning when we awakened we were in the clear, high country of Arizona and Russell and I walked up and down the streets of Flagstaff

and felt that at last we were in the real west. About noon our big bus panted over the Ute mountains, and this was a breathtaking trip for the road was so narrow that the driver had to back against the cliffs to get around the curves. I was determined to enjoy the country and not get nervous, but I found myself watching the front of the road disappear as the driver edged against the side to make a curve—and I can't tell you one thing about the canyons and gorges we must have passed!

Then California at last, miles and miles of desert, and finally the last pass in the mountains and the San Bernadino Valley lay below us. I felt at that moment as if I had gotten home, in one way, for that is the country mother knew so well when she was young, and it has always seemed familiar to me because of this. When I saw the sign **To Redlands** I wished so much that she were with us, for if you read some of the early chapters of her life story you will remember that Redlands was where she lived at the time she became engaged to dad.

Once in Los Angeles we spent three days with my Uncle Harry Driftmier and his family who live in Glendale, a suburb, and then Russell and I took an apartment of our own there. We had a wonderful month going everywhere, meeting interesting people connected with the studios in Hollywood, driving to the beach and towns south of Los Angeles, and looking up places that I hadn't seen since 1924. It would take pages to tell you about some of the high lights of that month in Los Angeles, for it is a great riotous city, you know, and I believe that a person could spend almost a lifetime there without seeing all that there is to see.

We had planned to spend the winter in California, but Russell's mother became very ill and we had to plan to return. We drove back with Minneapolis people who had spent the summer in Los Angeles and were returning to Minneapolis, and such a ride I have never had! On our way we drove up the coast and spent a day in San Francisco, a city that I find tremendously interesting and would like to return to many times. We drove over the big new Oakland-San Francisco bridge, and although many people have written about the truly marvelous engineering feat that this bridge represents, I don't believe that any of them have said how beautiful it is. Chills run up and down your spine when you see the gigantic piers rising sheer out of the water, and the intricate pattern of steel almost floating in the air. While we were crossing it we saw ships in the bay, trains far in the distance, and a great Clipper plane ready to take off from Treasure Island. Looking at all of this one felt the fruit of man's mechanical genius, his mastery of space—yes, and Time as well.

We saw so much on our return trip that I could spend years writing about it and still much of the material would be untouched. When I walked along the Great Salt Lake Desert, when I saw the four big planes leave almost simultaneously from Salt Lake City for San Francisco, Portland, Los Angeles, and Seattle, when I saw the

countless small towns twinkling forty and fifty miles away on the horizons of Nebraska and Wyoming and eastern Utah... When I saw all of this I felt that the United States was so exciting and so vast that it would take a dozen life times to see it all, and to attempt to record the life of our country in our time.

Lucile

THE GREAT BLIZZARD

There have been blizzards and blizzards in this section of the country, but whenever our pioneer parents spoke of the "Great Blizzard" they referred to the terrible storm of 1888 that claimed so many lives, and taught everyone a lasting lesson as to what nature could really do through the medium of snow and bitter cold.

Last year on the fifty-first anniversary of this storm Mr. C. N. Marvin, our venerable newspaperman who has now served Shenandoah as an editor and reporter for fifty-two years, wrote a brief article about the storm. When I read it I remembered vividly the stories that my parents told, and since many, many of you must have heard tales similar to this years ago I am reprinting several paragraphs of his article.

"Fifty-one years ago the day opened mildly and continued so until mid-afternoon. At noon men were working in their shirt sleeves, and women had the windows open to let in the sunshine and pleasant breeze. And then, about four o'clock, the blizzard struck. People saw the horizon disappear as a black cloud pushed its way across the river bottom; windows and doors were slammed shut, and those who ventured outside felt tiny particles of ice sting their faces like needles. In an instant every visible object disappeared, and you could not see across the street.

"The mercury dropped 70 degrees in a few hours from almost summer heat to 30 below zero. Hundreds of people, including many teachers and pupils of rural schools across the river in Nebraska, froze to death trying to get home from school. Some teachers saved the lives of children by huddling them around the stove and chopping up the desks for fuel to keep the fire going.

"Farmers rushing out to save their livestock wandered out on the prairie and froze, losing their way between the house and barn. No one froze to death in the immediate vicinity of Shenandoah, because one could not go far until he struck a wire fence and by following it soon came to a building.

"Those who went through this storm never could forget it, and some of us old-timers who hear people say that the winter must be over when we get a warm January day, silently remember the great blizzard of 1888."

The Kitchen-Klatter Magazine goes into the homes of people who have a high standard of morals. You will not find any advertisements of liquor or tobacco companies. The firms whose advertisements you find in these columns are reliable, and worthy of your patronage. Please write them and mention the Kitchen-Klatter Magazine.

COMPANY MANNERS



Some of Frederick's young Egyptian students hurrying from class.

LETTER FROM FREDERICK

Dear Mother and Dad:

I might as well start out with the weather and tell you that it is much nicer here now than it was when I first came. Autumn has arrived, and although we still can't go out in the sun, the shade is cooler. It was so cool at the cinema last night that I was actually uncomfortable. Since I have mentioned the cinema I might just as well talk about it along with the weather. Clark and I saw Robin Hood, and since you saw this too you will recall that it is very fast moving with lots of fighting and general excitement. Well, that is just what the Egyptians like in a movie, and let me tell you that they really stamped and shouted last night. Robin Hood was a clever man, and the word clever is the most appreciated adjective in the Egyptian language. To say that a man is clever is to pay him a great tribute. Every time that Robin Hood came on the screen the applause was deafening. Sometimes my students will mention in their compositions that I am a clever teacher! This is done in the hope that I will give them a better mark.

Now the city of Assiut is a great island in the midst of a flooded plain. The overflow is on, and from the roof of our dormitory I can get a beautiful view of the whole valley. The vegetation is very dense here. Every flower grown in the United States is grown here in Egypt, and I actually think that they are more beautiful here than they are at home. We have roses all year long, and our campus has hundreds of rose bushes. The zinnias are gorgeous. I have never seen zinnias at home as nice as they are here. Of course there are many kinds of shrubs, vines, and flowers here that we do not have in the States. Dad would probably be interested to know that the college gets twelve crops of alfalfa a year. They have to cut it every month.

All of last week and all of this week our Mohammedan servants are fasting, for they are celebrating the New Year. They swallow nothing between sunrise and sunset—not even their own saliva. As soon as the sun goes down they begin their feasting. I can't help but admire the way that our little tennis servants stand true to their convictions, for despite the fact that chasing tennis balls in the hot sun is hard work they do not eat or drink from sunrise to sunset.

Last night I went down to the preparatory school and talked to about sixty little boys. I would guess their average age to be about thirteen years. It was my first experience in having a speech interpreted. I would say a sentence, and then the interpreter who stood right beside me would repeat it in Arabic. I had a very good interpreter who even used the same gestures that I used.

It will probably be a very common thing for me to have a speech interpreted before I leave here. I am soon to address the College Y.M.C.A., and my speech there will be given without any interruptions; but following the speech an interpreter will give a short summary of what I have said. Here at the college most of the boys will understand at least two-thirds of what I say.

I have thought some of calling you on the telephone at Christmas time, but I know that my heart would be so full that I would not be able to talk. After all, seven thousand miles is quite a distance to be from home, and no matter how long some of these missionaries have been away from the States there are times when they would give all they possessed to be back home. Do not think that I am homesick, for I am not. It's just that the excitement and thrill of saying "Hello" to you across seven thousand miles would be too much for me, I'm afraid.

Love to all,
Ted

I know that it happens in all families where there are small children—surely there can't be many exceptions to the fact that when the younger generation is eating at home their table manners are terrible! There is much smacking of lips and reaching for food. Voices rise in heated arguments, and the meal prepared with care and thoughtfulness is bolted down in ten hectic minutes. All of us mothers have fought against these things, and I'm sure that we've wondered many times whether or not it is safe to let our children accept invitations that necessitate a meal away from home!

If we could be a mouse in the corner at such times I am certain that we would scarcely recognize our youngsters. Is this polite, gentle-voiced boy really Donnie? Can this beautifully-mannered, gracious girl really be Margery—Margery who reserves meal times at home for a thorough understanding with her brothers? Heaven forbid, but it truly is!

Don't we all have "company manners?" I'm afraid that we have, and I'm afraid too that this has been true generation after generation. I can remember our mother appealing to us when we were children. "Leanna," she might say to me, "don't you love Susan as much as you do your school friends? Of course you do, yet you are more polite to them than you are to your own family." This was true, and I always felt badly when it was pointed out to me. Each time I resolved to be as polite to Susan as I was to Myrtle or Laura, and eventually mother's reminders must have had their results for Susan and I grew to be very close companions.

I have used my mother's good solid reasoning many times with my own children and probably they in turn will pass it on to their children, for the joint appeal of common sense and love cannot be ignored. It takes years of work to develop gracious manners—to merge every-day manners into "company manners" so successfully that eventually our "company manners" are our every-day manners. When this does happen our home life is a thousand times more pleasant and satisfying.

If this were July it would be terrible if we had to wait until January first to start making "company manners" the rule for those whom we love the most dearly and are eager to help—our family. But this is January and it is the perfect time to start working towards a new goal. New Year's resolutions have a way of slipping from mind about the second week of January, but let's see if we can't keep this one the whole year through. I don't know of any other effort that brings such vast returns.

"Please start my Kitchen Klatter magazine with October so I won't miss a number. I am keeping them all and I am very proud of them, for they are full of good helps and encouraging thoughts." — Jennie Henry, Wymore, Nebr.

4-H LETTER

I suppose that all of you are making New Year's Resolutions. Or do you, like me, have too many perfectly good ones left over from previous years?

My favorite is the efficiency one—you know, about managing one's home like a business man manages his affairs. I even have a schedule guaranteed to keep a home in perfect order; the only difficulty being that I have never been able to follow it more than two days at a time! This year it may just remain out of sight. Gerald is still having colic, so our home will just muddle happily if inefficiently along.

But there is one resolution that I intend to make, and keep: and that is that nothing short of illness or hurricane shall keep Phyllis away from her 4-H meetings. No doubt she could learn some of these things somewhere else, but she probably would not.

This is the second year's work with clothing, and their leader is teaching them many of the things I learned in Home Economics classes in college. Phyllis must not miss it.

Our girls made plaques recently. They were cast in plaster-of-Paris, then shellacked and painted. They are very beautiful, especially the "Lord's Supper."

I like the music recognition work too, for the club has a portable phonograph and the girls take turns bringing it home with them and learning to recognize several records of really good music. With so much emphasis now upon music of the popular type, a knowledge of standard, classical, and operatic music is needed in order to balance one's musical budget.

Now I like swing music, within limits; I'll admit to a fondness for Benny Goodman's rhythms. But nothing can ever take the place of opera to music lovers. We cannot all be skilled performers, but anyone can become a good listener; and there should be room in our lives for both swing and opera!

Let's all try to make this the best year of all. We are very lucky people; we can live normal lives far away from Europe's dreadful turmoil. Let's show our appreciation of America's blessings by making the most of what is given to us. — Helen C. Loudon, Imogene, Iowa.

Editorial note: When Phyllis Loudon stopped here after school to bring her mother's copy she brought also such a gay, newsy personal letter from Helen that I decided to share some of it with you for I know that you will enjoy it too.)

"My Dear Leanna:

Here is the copy. I fear it limps in spots—I'm rather new at it and besides I have to stop at the end (or middle) of each paragraph to settle a dispute, kiss a bump, or dry a demanding nose. You know how it is — who knows better?

Kitchen Klatter has certainly enlarged! You have a number of new features. I like the book reviews so much, and Donald Paul reads Frederick's letters out loud to the smaller children; then they hunt him up on the map. It's fine for geography



The five Field sisters on Thanksgiving Day, 1939. Susan Conrad is holding the popcorn tree, Martha Eaton is behind her; I am in the middle, and Helen Fischer and Jessie Shambaugh are at my left.

How proud you must be of him—such a splendid young man.

Our chickens are beginning to lay, and we butchered one of our hogs. We have a cow, so our groceries don't cost us much over \$1.50 a week! I raised 95 nice pullets, and it's a good feeling to know that we have them.

I wrote a poem and I'm going to send it to a magazine that has a poet's column each month. Probably it won't be accepted, but if it is I'll let you read it."

RADIO MANNERS

Since there is a radio in almost every home and it is almost constantly in use, there are some rules that should be observed.

Don't monopolize the radio; remember that there are others in the family who would like to use it. If necessary, make a radio chart listing the programs enjoyed by each member of the household and see to it that they get to listen to these programs, and of course father and mother or an invalid in the house should have first choice if there is a conflict.

Two radios are better than one in any home if they are far enough apart. Let son or daughter buy a little portable radio if they can afford it, to have in their own rooms.

Don't criticize the taste of others in radio entertainment or the studios who plan the programs. They are designed to meet the needs of all.

Keep your radio in perfect tune and the tone low—always. Don't have it so loud it bothers the neighbors. When entertaining guests be sure they enjoy the radio before turning it on.

Never try to carry on a conversation with the radio going. If you want to visit, turn off the radio.

The radio is one of God's most wonderful gifts to us. Let us exercise our good judgment in using it.

I like a house where a kitten purrs
And the pitch in the firelog snaps and
whirrs,
Where the cheerful clatter of cup and
plate
Answers the creak of the garden gate.
The children romp, and the morning
sun
Leaps through the window to join the
fun,
And every chamber and rafter rings
With laughter, and even the teakettle
sings!

—Virginia Wallace Runyon

Frank's VEGETABLE ...SHAMPOO



This Vegetable Shampoo is a truly scientific, chemically correct, perfect Shampoo.

Human hair has no affinity for this Vegetable Shampoo, because it contains no alkali. Therefore it does not stick to the hair shaft, but rinses out very easily with either hard or soft water. No other shampoo will give you as beautiful highlights and natural sheen as does this perfect Shampoo.

So easily used at home and so economical. Approximately 50 shampoos per jar, which sells for \$1.00 postpaid.

Send Order to—

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**"THE BEGINNER"**

She measured out the butter
With a very solemn air,
The milk and sugar also;
And she took the greatest care
To count the eggs correctly,
And to add a little bit
Of baking powder, which, you know,
Beginners oft omit.
Then she stirred it all together,
And she baked it full an hour;
But she never quite forgave herself
For leaving out the flour.

DATE ROLL COOKIES

1 lb. pitted dates cut fine
 $\frac{1}{2}$ cup sugar $\frac{1}{2}$ cup water
Cook until thick and set aside to cool.
1 cup white sugar 1 cup of brown sugar
Creamed with 1 cup of shortening.
Add 3 well beaten eggs; 1 tsp. vanilla
And 4 cups of flour with 1 tsp. soda
and $\frac{1}{2}$ tsp. of salt.
Divide the dough into two parts, roll out and cover with date mixture. Roll as you would a cinnamon roll and chill. When ready to use slice and bake in moderate oven. — Mrs. Ezra R. Boyer, Cantril, Iowa.

SOUR CREAM COOKIES

2 cups brown sugar
2 eggs
1 cup sour cream
 $\frac{1}{2}$ tsp. nutmeg
1 cup of shortening
1 teaspoon vanilla
4 cups flour
1 tsp. soda
4 tps. baking powder
Cream the shortening and sugar; add beaten eggs and mix well. Add sour cream, sift dry ingredients together and add to the first mixture. Drop on to greased sheet and bake 15 minutes in a hot oven. Nuts, dates, raisins or coconut may be added to this recipe if you like.—Mrs. John Pauley, 2145 S. 14th Street, Lincoln, Nebraska.

SUMMER SAUSAGE

24 lbs. fresh lean pork
1 cup brown sugar
12 Tbls. pepper
48 lbs. fresh beef
4 cups salt
5 tsp. allspice
2 tsp. cloves
Grind meat and mix with ingredients. Serve as desired.

"Recipes Tested in the Kitchen Klatter Kitchen"

By LEANNA DRIFTMIER

BANANA BREAD

1 cup sugar
2 eggs
2 cups flour
1 tsp. salt
 $\frac{1}{2}$ cup shortening
3 tbs. sour milk
1 tsp. soda
 $2\frac{1}{2}$ mashed bananas

Cream shortening and sugar. Add beaten eggs and the sour milk. Sift flour, salt, and soda together and add. Beat in the banana last. Bake in a moderate oven for one hour.

SWEET DOUGH FOUNDATION

2 cakes compressed yeast
 $\frac{1}{4}$ cup lukewarm water
1 cup milk
 $\frac{1}{4}$ cup butter
 $\frac{1}{2}$ cup sugar
1 tsp. salt
2 eggs, beaten
5 cups flour (about)

Soften yeast in lukewarm water. Scald milk. Add butter, sugar and salt. Cool to lukewarm. Add flour to make a thick batter. Add yeast and eggs. Beat well. Add enough flour to make a soft dough. Turn out on lightly floured board and knead until satiny. Place in greased bowl, cover and let rise until double in bulk (about 2 hours). When light, punch down, shape into tea rings, rolls or coffee cakes. Makes 2-12 inch tea rings.

OATMEAL BREAD

1 cup rolled oats
2 Tbls. fat
1 cake quick yeast
 $\frac{1}{4}$ cup lukewarm water
 $\frac{1}{2}$ cup brown sugar
1 Tbls. salt
2 cups boiling water
1 tsp. sugar
 $\frac{1}{2}$ cup lukewarm milk
About 5 cups of flour.

Pour boiling water over the oats, salt, and fat and let stand until lukewarm. Meanwhile, let yeast stand with lukewarm water and sugar. Combine yeast and oatmeal mixture, add brown sugar, milk, and part of flour. Beat until smooth. Add the rest of the flour to make a soft dough. Add 1 cup chopped nuts or raisins if desired. Knead until smooth, cover, let rise until double in bulk. Divide into two loaves. Let double in bulk. Bake 45 minutes at 400 degrees F. — Mrs. Welch, Maitland, Missouri.

RAISIN BREAD

1 cup ground raisins
1 cup boiling water
1 tsp. soda
combine, let stand for a few minutes and cool.
1 scant cup white sugar
 $1\frac{1}{2}$ cups vanilla
1 tsp. vanilla
2 eggs beaten
1 tsp. baking powder
 $\frac{1}{4}$ tsp. salt

Mix together sugar and eggs. Add flour, baking powder and salt. Add vanilla. To this add the raisin mixture, and bake for 45 minutes in a loaf tin.

DATE BREAD

$1\frac{1}{2}$ cups white sugar
2 eggs
 $1\frac{1}{2}$ tsp. soda
 $1\frac{1}{2}$ Tbls. butter
1 cup chopped dates
3 cups flour
 $1\frac{1}{2}$ cups boiling water.

Pour boiling water over dates, add soda, and let stand while the other ingredients are being mixed. Then add date mixture. Bake in loaf pan about 35 minutes in moderate oven. — Mrs. Mary Thiessen, Sutherland, Iowa.

BROWN BREAD

1 cup sweet scalded milk
2 Tbls. molasses
2 tsp. salt
1 cake of compressed yeast (dissolve this in $\frac{1}{2}$ cup warm milk)
 $\frac{1}{2}$ cup corn meal
2 cups whole-wheat flour
1 Tbls. shortening
1 Tbls. sugar
1 cup warm water
 $4\frac{1}{2}$ cups white flour
1 cup wheat bran.
(If you do not have bran, add more whole-wheat flour.)

Pour the hot milk over the first 4 ingredients and stir until dissolved. Add warm water, and let stand until lukewarm. Then add the yeast which has been dissolved in $\frac{1}{2}$ cup warm milk (water could be used). Stir well. Add corn meal and white flour which have been sifted together. Beat well. Add the whole-wheat flour and make a dough that can be handled easily. Turn out dough on a floured board and knead ten minutes. Place dough in a greased bowl, cover, and allow to rise in a warm place until light—about $1\frac{1}{2}$ hours. Knead down and shape in 2 lb. bread pans. Let rise until double—about 1 hour. Bake in moderately hot oven. When loaves are removed from oven brush top with butter and cool on a wire rack—Mrs. Hattie Farney, Elmwood, Nebraska, RFD 1.

"I am sending \$1.00 for my renewal for the Kitchen Klatter Magazine. I would be lost without it. I think it is very interesting from cover to cover. I like to read your son's and daughter's letters and all the other good reading it contains."—Mrs. A. J. Olson, Des Moines, Iowa.

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Order From

Leanna Field Driftmier
Shenandoah, Iowa

BANANA DEVIL'S FOOD CAKE

$\frac{1}{2}$ cup shortening
2 eggs
2 cups cake flour
 $\frac{1}{2}$ tsp. soda
 $\frac{1}{3}$ cup mashed ripe banana
2 squares bitter chocolate
 $\frac{1}{2}$ cup brown sugar
 $\frac{3}{4}$ cup sour milk
1 tsp. salt
2 tsp. baking powder
1 tsp. vanilla
Cream shortening and sugar. Add beaten egg yolks. Sift dry ingredients and add alternately with sour milk. Melt chocolate and add to mixture with the mashed banana. Beat egg whites until stiff and fold in with the vanilla. Bake in 350 degree oven.—Mrs. Chester Wike, Sioux Falls, South Dakota.

DATE PUDDING

$\frac{1}{2}$ cups brown sugar
 $\frac{1}{2}$ cups water
Dissolve the sugar with the water in the pan you will use to bake pudding in.
1 cup white sugar
2 tsp. baking powder
 $\frac{1}{2}$ cup nut meats
1 cup flour
1 tsp. vanilla
 $\frac{1}{2}$ cup chopped dates
1 cup sweet milk
Mix the above ingredients, and then drop from tip of spoon into the syrup made in the pan. Bake 25 minutes in an oven 350 degrees. Serve with whipped cream.—Susie Hogue, Peru, Iowa.



Our home in Shenandoah, Ia. It is a plain white house, very much like many of your homes, I imagine. We have lived here thirteen years.

ORANGE CAKE

1 cup sugar
1 egg
Grated rind of one orange
1 cup buttermilk or sour milk
1 tsp. soda
 $\frac{1}{2}$ cup butter
1 cup raisins
 $\frac{1}{2}$ tsp. salt.
2 cups flour
Cream butter and sugar. Add beaten egg, ground fruit, and alternate portions of dry ingredients and liquid. Bake in moderate oven 350 degrees for 45 minutes.

HONEY CAKE FROSTING

2 cups granulated sugar
2 Tbls. strained honey
 $\frac{1}{2}$ cup water
 $\frac{1}{2}$ tsp. salt
2 egg whites
1 tsp. vanilla
Cook sugar, honey, water and salt to the firm ball stage. Beat this slowly into two well-beaten egg whites. Continue beating until icing has reached spreading consistency.—Mrs. Henry Siefkas, Osceola, Iowa.

ANGEL FOOD DOUGHNUTS

$\frac{1}{2}$ c. rich sour cream
 $\frac{1}{2}$ c. sour milk
1 c. sugar
3 eggs
1 t. vanilla
2 c. flour
 $\frac{1}{2}$ t. soda
2 t. baking powder
1 t. nutmeg
Beat sour cream and milk together until foamy. Add the sugar and beat again. Next add the eggs one at a time, beating well after each addition. Add the vanilla. Sift flour once, measure, sift again with the soda, baking powder and nutmeg. Add to first mixture. Then add sufficient additional flour to make a soft dough. (Usually $\frac{1}{2}$ cups additional flour is sufficient). Roll dough about $\frac{1}{3}$ in. thick and fry in deep fat until a golden brown. Drain on unglazed paper and sugar them if you like.



Miss Effie Hillard of Derby, Iowa, and her calf, Jerry. Without assistance from anyone she broke this calf to work.



When I saw the picture of Miss Hillard and Jerry I decided to show you this old, old picture of Dolliver with my brother Sol perched on his back, and Sue and me sitting in the cart. Sol could handle Dolliver beautifully and Martha even rode him bareback.

HOT TAMALE PIE

4 cups boiling water
1 cup cornmeal
1 tsp. salt
Boil until thick, remove from fire, and allow to cool. While cooling take 2 tbs. butter or shortening, a small minced onion, and clove of garlic (if liked) and fry until light brown. Add 2 cups of any left-over meat. Add salt, 1 tsp. Worcestershire sauce, 1 can of tomatoes or tomato soup, 2 tsp. chili powder. If not liked too hot use $\frac{1}{2}$ tsp. of chili powder. Line dripping pan with the corn meal mush. Place mixture around sides and bottom of pan. Then cover with mush and bake until light brown, about 25 to 40 minutes.—Daisy Zenor, Boone, Iowa, RFD 2.

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KMA'S DAILY PROGRAM

MORNING

- 4:30 a. m.—Haden's Hillbillies
 6:00 a. m.—Weather and News
 6:15 a. m.—Lonnie
 6:30 a. m.—The Family Altar
 7:00 a. m.—Morning Headlines
 7:00 a. m.—Family Altar (Sundays)
 7:15 a. m.—Arkansas Travelers
 7:30 a. m.—Lem Hawkins and His Gang
 (Monday through Friday)
 7:45 a. m.—Happy Hank
 8:00 a. m.—Coffee Pot Inn
 (Mon. thru Fri.)
 9:15 a. m.—Haden Trio
 9:30 a. m.—Mid-Morning Devotions
 8:45 a. m.—Ma Perkins (Mon. thru Fri.)
 9:00 a. m.—Homemaker's Visit
 9:45 a. m.—Earl May
 10:00 a. m.—Church Services (Sundays)
 10:15 a. m.—Young Dr. Malone (Mon through Fri.)
 10:45 a. m.—Old Favorites
 11:00 a. m.—Tobie's Cornstussel Nooz
 (Mon. thru Fri.)
 11:30 a. m.—KMA Country School
 12:00 Noon—KMA Quintet
 12:15 p. m.—Earl May with the News
 12:45 p. m.—Market Time

AFTERNOON

- 1:00 p. m.—Humorous Squibbs
 1:30 p. m.—S. O. S. Program
 1:45 p. m.—Hits and Encores
 2:00 p. m.—Kitchen-Klatter
 2:30 p. m.—Sunny Song 'ret Program
 2:45 p. m.—Between the Book Ends
 3:00 p. m.—Club Matinee
 4:00 p. m.—News
 4:15 p. m.—Al, Lem, and Bud
 4:30 p. m.—Affairs of Anthony
 4:30 p. m.—Met. Opera Auditions of the Air
 (Sundays)
 5:00 p. m.—Orchestra
 5:15 p. m.—Roundup on Rhythm Range
 5:30 p. m.—Male Quartette
 5:45 p. m.—The Two Lous (Mon. thru Fri.)
 5:45 p. m.—Sports Review (Fri. & Sat.)

EVENING

- 6:00 p. m.—The Bashful Bachelor
 6:15 p. m.—The Noveliers
 6:30 p. m.—Earl May with the News
 7:00 p. m.—The Aldrich Family (Tuesday)
 7:00 p. m.—The Green Hornet (Thurs.)
 7:00 p. m.—Don't Forget (Fri.)
 7:00 p. m.—The Green Hornet (Sat.)
 7:30 p. m.—Quick Silver (Wednesday)
 7:30 p. m.—Farm Bureau Program (Thurs.)
 7:30 p. m.—Carson Robison and His
 Buckaroos (Fridays)
 7:30 p. m.—Youth vs. Age (Saturday)
 8:00 p. m.—Little Ol' Hollywood (Tues.)
 8:00 p. m.—Radio Guild (Wed.)
 8:00 p. m.—Plantation Party (Fridays)
 8:00 p. m.—Alka-Seltzer National Barn
 Dance (Saturdays)
 8:30 p. m.—Youth In Crisis (Mon.)
 8:30 p. m.—Meet Mr. Weeks (Tues.)
 8:30 p. m.—Horse and Buggy Days (Wed.)
 8:30 p. m.—America's Town Meeting of the
 Air (Thursdays)
 8:30 p. m.—Cavalcade of Hits (Fri.)
 9:00 p. m.—Hall of Fun (Mon.)
 9:00 p. m.—These Amazing Years (Tues.)
 9:00 p. m.—Madison Square Garden Boxing
 Bout (To Be Announced)
 9:00 p. m.—1,001 Wives (Friday)
 9:00 p. m.—NBC Symphony Orchestra (Sat.)
 9:30 p. m.—National Radio Forum (Mon.)
 9:30 p. m.—Brent House (Tues.)
 9:30 p. m.—Adventures in Photography
 (Wed.)
 9:30 p. m.—Shenandoah Town Meeting
 (Thursdays)
 10:00 p. m.—Newstime
 10:15 p. m.—12:00 Midnight — Dance Pro-
 grams. (Johnny Messner, Ray Noble,
 Fats Wallers, Freddie Martin, Del
 Courtney, Lou Breeze, Will Osborne,
 Erskine Hawkins, Jimmy Lunceford, Jan
 Savitt, Little Jack Little, Ray Kinney,
 George Olson, Art Kassel, Larry Clin-
 ton, Artie Shaw, Enrie Madrignera,
 Richard Himber, Deke Moffitt, Orrin
 Tucker, Woody Herman, Carl Ravazza,
 and others.)

Kitchen-Klatter Books

Are reliable and contain the best recipes and helps. They are suitable as gifts and should be in every home. See list on page 9.

Bill Warner, who introduces me to you every day at two o'clock, is a native Shenandoahn too. His grandfather, George B. Warner, was a former mayor of Shenandoah, and his father, DeLoss Warner, still lives here at "Five Corners" just southwest of the city.

Before Bill entered the radio field he was in the hotel business. At one time he had the honor of being the youngest Chief Clerk in the United States, and later he was the youngest Assistant Manager of a major hotel. He held this position in one of the leading hotels in Seattle, Washington.

Bill came to KMA from KSOO, Sioux Falls, South Dakota. But since 1930 he has also been part owner and operator of stations in Mitchell and Huron, production manager of KWTN at Watertown, S. D., and associated with KSCJ at Sioux City, and WNAX at Yankton.

His two oldest children, Gloria Dawn and Robert, will enter the Shenandoah high school next year. The baby, Caliena Kay, seventeen months old, was born here in Shenandoah in 1938.

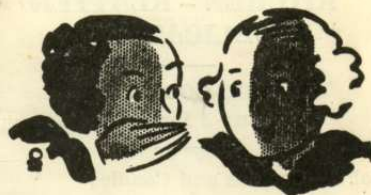


BILL WARNER

JUST A SMILE

A smile costs nothing but gives much. It enriches those who receive without making poorer those who give. It takes but a moment, but the memory of it sometimes lasts forever. None is so rich or mighty that he can get along without it, and none is so poor but that he can be made rich by it.

A smile creates happiness in the home, fosters good will in business and is the countersign of friendship. It brings rest to the weary, cheer to the discouraged, sunshine to the sad, and it is nature's best antidote for trouble. Yet it cannot be bought, begged, borrowed, or stolen; for it is something that is of no value to anyone until it is given away. Some people are too tired to give you a smile. Give them one of yours, as none needs a smile so much as he who has no more to give. —Kansas City Independent.



OVER THE FENCE

Mrs. Toby Stewart (Linda of KMA Country School) has recently returned from Hollywood where she went to spend a few weeks with her daughter, Katherine, or "Kay" as she is known by everyone. Kay is making fine progress in the motion picture field, and can already be seen in several college plays. She appears in "What A Life" with Jackie Cooper, and will soon finish her work on the picture "Siwash" in time to be home for a few days' visit in Shenandoah over the holidays. We are all proud of Kay and wish her all possible success.

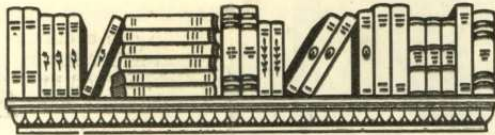
The Driftmier family enjoyed a nice long visit with Lucile the past month. As you know, she and her husband had gone to California for the winter, but because of the serious illness of her husband's mother they were called back suddenly. They had sub-leased their apartment when they left and couldn't return to it for several months, so Lucile took advantage of this delay to come home for a visit.

Fred Greenlee has a hobby. He has promised to let us have a picture of it in this magazine some time.

I have decided what my hobby is to be—party favors and place cards. I promise you that if I receive enough to make a display I will have them at the Jubilee next year so that you may all see them and get ideas. It's quite a job to think of novel party ideas, so perhaps we can use Kitchen Klatter as a clearing house to help each other. Will you remember me when you have a cute party favor?

My niece, Zoanna Field Fishbaugh, is making a nice recovery from her recent eye trouble. She is back from the hospital and will soon have normal vision again.

Mrs. Helen Fischer's daughter, Louise, and her husband and daughter Jean, drove to California last month. They had been living in Kansas City and it was nice to have them so close, but Roger secured a job in Los Angeles and they decided to move out there. Helen and I laughed the other day when we realized that Susan's daughters, all of them native Californians, have been trekking back east, while our daughters seem to find the west coast more attractive. I guess that the pioneer hankering for adventure and change has been handed down to the Field grandchildren.

WHAT
SHALLWE
READ

By

MISS ANNA DRIFTMIER, Librarian
Clarinda, Iowa, Public Library

These long winter evenings call for more reading and entertainment, and libraries have taken that into consideration and are ready to meet the demand. There is much new fiction and very readable nonfiction for all readers.

If you have read Lloyd Douglas' *MAGNIFICENT OBSESSION* and have wondered what Dr. Hudson was like and why you were not permitted to meet him in the story, you will want to read the new book called *DR. HUDSON'S SECRET JOURNAL*. It is good and makes a splendid addition to his already long list of popular stories.

Do you remember when you read the Anne stories by L. M. Montgomery? There is a new one, *ANNE OF INGLESIDE*, just as fine as the earlier ones in the series. Jane Abbott put out another new one, too, entitled *TO HAVE TO KEEP*, a light romance.

John Jennings' *NEXT TO VALOR* is a new picture of pioneer life in New Hampshire during the French and Indian war, a thrilling historical novel. It is highly praised by the readers.

Sir Philip Gibbs has another book of interest in current affairs. It is a novel based on the period preceding the peace of Munich.

LISTEN FOR THE VOICES, by Ann Colver, has an enjoyable quality and style. She has based her story on an old setting, that of Concord in the days of Emerson, Hawthorne, the Alcotts and others of note of that period. In fact, she has revived Concord of 1840 with the same ease and delight that Colonial costuming revived Old Williamsburg in its restored setting. If you have read Honore Morrows' *FATHER OF LITTLE WOMEN*, you will have all the more appreciation for *LISTEN FOR THE VOICES*.

A WORTHY LESSON

The camel at the close of day,
Kneels down upon the sandy plain
To have his burden lifted off
And rest to gain.

My soul, thou shouldst to thy knees,
When daylight draweth to a close,
And have thy Master lift thy load,
And grant repose.

Else, how canst thou tomorrow meet,
With all tomorrow's work to do,
If thou, thy burden all the night
Dost carry through?

The camel kneels at morning's dawn
To have his guide replace his load,
And rises up to take anew
The desert road. —Selected.

For the lovers of anything connected with aviation there is *SOARING WINGS* by George P. Putnam, the husband of Amelia Earhart.

CHEVALIER JACKSON is the life story of the famous surgeon who found the successful method of removing foreign bodies from lungs and throat.

Seeing window displays of Christmas things reminds one of the book called *HEX MARKS THE SPOT*, by Ann Clark, in which she has one chapter given entirely to old Dutch Christmas recipes. It is an older book having to do with Pennsylvania Dutch customs, and it is of special interest to travel loving Americans. Just now there is another about the same country written by C. Weyganat, called *THE DUTCH COUNTRY*.

Have you read P. G. Wodehouse's new book called *UNCLE FRED IN SPRINGTIME*? If you like Wodehouse, you will like this one.

It gives one special pleasure to recommend children's books; they are so attractive in illustrations and make-up. For boys there are Jack O'Brien's dog stories: "Silver Chief" and "Silver Chief to the Rescue." "Blaze and the Forest Fire," by Anderson, is a story about a fine horse that gave service during forest fires. It is well illustrated.

Emma Brock has a good new story for little girls called *NEEDLESS SUSAN*, the girl who "forgot to remember." Attractive. *SARF EWAY CLUB* by Bryce is an excellent book for younger readers. It has appeal for the active boys and girls who like to form clubs, and is full of pictures in colors.

I KNOW

I know that this day will never come again. Therefore I will make it the best day in which I have ever lived.

I know that happiness is a thing within and that it is always in the world and very near to me. I know I have but to search for it, and that as soon as I begin to hunt it out, I have it. Also, I know that as soon as I get happiness and begin to give it away it comes back doubled—and more, to me. I know this.

I know that work is a stimulus and that it keeps the world alive and moving. I know that the people who work with love in their heart and interest in their brains are the real doers and benefactors of mankind. I know that I can be a doer and a benefactor.

The Letter Basket

"I must write you a few lines and renew my magazine before you have the December issue ready to mail. I certainly don't want to miss any of them. This is one paper I read from cover to cover. I do hope you will put Frederick's letters in the Kitchen Klatter if they do cover a couple of pages, for I certainly enjoyed his letter and picture in the November issue. I am glad you can send us the magazine every month and that it is going to be larger. I like every thing you put in it. First I read your letter, then the letter from Frederick, and then your life story. From then on I read things as I come to them." — Mrs. Wm. Dozark, Boyer, Iowa.

"I am sending my dollar for a year's subscription to Kitchen Klatter. I do not know when my subscription ends, but just continue on for I do not want to miss out on a single copy. It is just the type of magazine I have always wanted and I enjoy it so much. I would like to have the cookie and candy book for my premium." — Mrs. G. D. Snaffer, St. Joseph, Mo.

"Please find enclosed \$1.00 for 1 year's subscription to the Kitchen Klatter magazine. I think it is a mighty nice little magazine for it is always full of recipes, helps, and good advice. I have taken it for 2 years and enjoy every page of it. I can hardly wait for the next issue to arrive, and I am so glad you are going to publish it every month. We appreciate the work and time you put in on it." — Mrs. Mabel N. Offenbacher, Maitland, Mo.

"I have no particular choice in your little magazine as I like everything in it. That is one magazine I get out and read over and over again and it never gets old. Please start me with the November number." — Mrs. John Bock, Mondamin, Iowa.

"Enclosed find one dollar to renew my subscription to the Kitchen Klatter magazine. I enjoy it very much and I share it with my sister and niece. They also think, as I do, that you surely have made a wonderful newsy magazine. We all wish you the best of all good health so that you can continue on with this good magazine." — Marie Amann, Hiawatha, Kansas.

"I am enclosing \$1.00 to renew my subscription to the Kitchen Klatter magazine. I enjoy it very much, have been a subscriber for a long time, and don't want to miss any of the numbers. I am glad you are publishing it each month." — Miss Carrie Anderson, Oakland, Nebr.

"I am sending \$1.00 for which extend my subscription to Kitchen Klatter for another year. I have surely enjoyed the magazine for the past year. As soon as it comes I sit right down and read it from cover to cover, and even the verses on the cover." — Mrs. Daisy Cole, Creston, Iowa.

SEWING HELPS

"When I finished fixing a pair of my husband's pants just now I decided to write and tell you about my method. When the seat and knees get worn thin I take either new or good thin material of the same color as the pants and put patches on the inside. Extend the patch to each seam and stitch it carefully on the machine. I do not stitch the bottom of the patch, but the top I fasten underneath the back pockets. It takes particular work to make the patch good and tight so the strain comes on it, but I find that it surely pays." — Mrs. Earl Martsof, Abilene, Kansas.

"If you are crocheting a spread as so many are these days, perhaps you haven't remembered to save a ball of yarn for repair work. It's very hard to match yarn later, and sometimes the exact shade never can be found." — Miss Maude Wilson, Irving, Kansas.

"When making gowns for your baby use light snafes or bias tape for binding and ties. This will wear much longer, will hold its color, and not only do these tape ties stay tied better but they are not always being pulled off." — Mrs. Chris Petersen, Riley, Nebr.

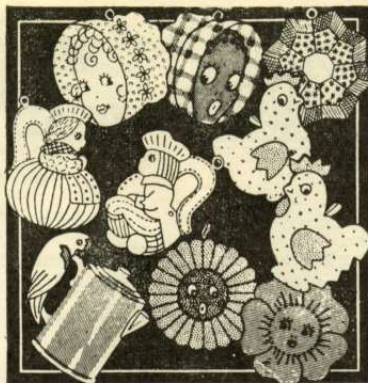
"When you are quilting and don't want the thread to snarl and twist, just melt a little paraffin in a deep dish. A small one should be used for you won't need much. Put your spool or thread down in the paraffin and hold it a few seconds, then take up and set away to dry and your quilting worries will all be over. Several spools can be fixed at one time, and you will find that it is nice to work buttonholes with also." — Mrs. E. A. Olson, 208 H. Street, Ft. Dodge, Iowa.

"Have you ever had a worn place in your choice tablecloth and wondered now you could darn it so that it would really look neat? Well, try darning it this way on your sewing machine. First put the worn places in embroidery hoops, loosen the tension of the machine, and then stitch back and forth until the place is neatly mended. The mended portion is hard to find after laundering." — Mrs. H. Frank-nouser, Scranton, Iowa.

"In making up dress material that tends to stretch, sew the skirt seams from the bottom up. I have found that this prevents it from stretching." — Mrs. R. H. Marks, Alexandria, Nebr.

"To save buying too much yardage of expensive goods, measure off a space on the table or the floor comparable to the width and length of goods to be purchased, and on this space arrange your pattern. This will show you the exact amount of material that is needed." — Lulu Echer-man, 2122 Ross Street, Sioux City, Ia.

Use your gentlest voice at home. Watch it day by day as a pearl of great price, for it will be worth to you, in days to come more than the best pearl hid in the sea. A kind voice is a joy, like a lark's song, to a hearth at home. It is a light that sings as well as shines. Train it now to sweet tones, and it will keep in tune through life—Burritt.



For our first fall needlework, what could be more appropriate than making some new panholders? Transfer C8976, 10c, gives motifs for ten holders. Gay flower faces, hen and rooster, Toby jugs and a parrot handle holder, etc. Why, even the smallest scrap bag would supply enough material, for some of these are pieced. Bazaars and gifts will take inexpensive toll of any you aren't needing yourself. Order from Leanna Driftmier, Shenandoah, Ia.

KITCHEN KLATTER KINKS

A GOOD STEAMER—"I pour cold water into a clean paper bag, then pour it out quickly before it has time to soak the paper. The inside of the bag must be wet all over. Then put left-over rolls, biscuits or muffins in the bag, twist the top to close and place in a 400 degree oven until heated through. The result will delight you." — Mrs. H. D. Collins, Clarion, Ia.

A SANDWICH HELP—"When making sandwiches cut the bread loaf lengthwise instead of crosswise; it saves much of the waste and aids in making fancy sandwiches." — Mrs. Fred Killmer, Rt. 1, Forest City, Mo.

IRONING BOARD COVERS—"To insure a tight cover on your ironing board, tack the cover on while the cloth is wet; as the cloth dries gradually it will shrink slightly, leaving a surface that is tight and perfectly smooth." — Mrs. A. E. Swanson, RFD., Aurelia, Ia.

SMOOTH IRONS—"To keep your irons nice and smooth while ironing, rub them over a sprig off of a cedar tree. I never iron without it." — Mrs. W. D. Armstrong, Logan, Ia.

WHY DRIPPY PITCHERS—"Grease the under side of the spout of your cream pitcher with butter and the cream will not run down the side of the pitcher." — Mrs. A. F. Schoenoff, 720 E. Bremer Ave., Waverly, Ia.

TO SOFTEN WATER—"If you have hard water to wash in, fill a 50 gallon barrel with water the night before. Take ¼ can of lye and dissolve in ½ gallon of hot water; pour in barrel and stir. Let stand all night, and in the morning dip off the water without stirring up the bottom." — Mrs. Ed E. Lindbloom, Osage City, Kans.

TO APPLY SOFT WAX—"Here is a household help that has saved me much time: put the liquid floor wax in the fly sprayer, and spray it on the floor; then rub with a clean soft rag in the mop stick. It surely saves my knees and back." — Mrs. W. A. Gallo-way, Plattsmouth, Nebr.

Dear Friends of Kitchen Klatter:

If you are a college girl, or a recent graduate in search of a job, a good appearance will help you to win credits, both on and off the record. A speckless, unrumpled look can gloss over your deficiencies of face, figure and even style of clothes.



Yes, a good complexion—a clean, neat complexion will go a long way toward your coveted job, whether it be in the office, school or your ambition to be a bride.

A makeup looks as clean as it actually is! Doesn't it sound reasonable, that when you apply sticky cream under your powder that your makeup cannot be the best? You use no creams under Eva Hopkins Creme Powder. It carries its own lotion base that is held in suspension and released when you apply it with the dampened facial sponge. So all the preparation you need in using this powder is merely to wash the face well, then a dash of real cold water to help close the pores, and you are ready for the Creme Powder. Simple, isn't it? And inexpensive too. A jar will last you many months.

The salmarine soap is making many, many friends. If you are bothered with external facial blemishes, such as common pimples, blackheads, etc., I wish you would try this.

If you or your family have any questions to ask about your complexion troubles, please feel free to ask me and I will give you the best information at my command.

Sincerely, Eva Hopkins
Shenandoah, Ia., Box 13



The fine-looking boys so spic and span in their white suits are Billy and Rodney Eck of St. Joseph, Mo.

◆ THE KIDDIES' CORNER ◆

NIPPY NUTCRACKER

Nippy was a very pretty grey squirrel, but she was proud and selfish. She was sure that no other squirrel was half as graceful, and she was positive that few knew where to find such large acorns as she had stored in the largest oak tree in Oak Grove.

Now Nippy had a little sister whose name was Fluffy. If Fluffy found a big tree loaded with acorns she always hurried home and told every squirrel in Oak Grove so they could get their share.

One day Nippy saw Fluffy coming home on the run. That is the way she always came home when she was lucky in finding a good supply of nuts. This time Nippy decided to give Fluffy a bit of advice because she knew what "the silly little squirrel" would do if she weren't warned, so she said,

"Listen, Fluffy, I know you have found some more nice big acorns! You seem to have bright eyes and lots of luck, but listen! If you are as smart as I think you are you won't be silly and tell every squirrel in Oak Grove. Now you just tell me and we'll have all of those nuts for ourselves!"

Fluffy just stared at Nippy. Then finally she said, "Why, Nippy, how can you be so selfish? I'm ashamed of you!"

At that moment a slight sound made them look around, and right behind them was their own mother who had heard every word. She didn't say a word; she just looked sad and hopped away slowly. She felt that all she had ever done to help Nippy overcome her selfishness had done no good. What should she do next?

"I know what I'll do," she said to herself. "I'll hide all of Nippy's nuts and acorns and corn!"

When Nippy came in from her play that evening she couldn't believe her eyes, for as sure as her name was Nippy not a single kernel of her stored food was to be found!

"Oh, how could anyone be so mean," she cried. "I'll run and tell mother right away."

On the way to mother's apartment in a big hollow tree nearby she had time to think. She thought about her selfishness, and how little she had cared if other squirrels had any food for winter or not. She began to see herself as she was.

Mother squirrel never told Nippy who hid the nuts, but she helped her carry them all back to the big oak tree. Nippy had learned her lesson. Since then she has been a happy, generous squirrel and is loved by all of the squirrel people in Oak Grove.

Now children, even though it is January, if you visit Oak Grove you will find all of the squirrels very gay and contented because they have a good food supply for the winter, and best of all they have all had a part in storing it away.

—Mrs. F. A. Zappe.

Am I ready for school?
Is my hair brushed?
Is my face washed?
Are my ears clean?
Are my teeth brushed?
Is my neck clean?
Are my hands washed?
Are my fingernails clean?
Have I a fresh handkerchief?
Are my clothes neat?
Are my stockings clean?
Are my shoes shined?
Ask the looking glass.



The little boy bundled up warmly to start his long walk to school is Richard Gardner of Fulton, S. D. His staunch friend is named Brownie.

Dear Aunt Leanna:

Cousin Fern asked me to write and tell you how I enjoy your Kitchen Klatter magazine.

I am seven years old. I am in the 3rd grade. I go to Linn Point school. My teacher's name is Miss Iona Johnson, and I think she's grand too. My favorites are—reading, writing and drawing. My pets are two kittens, three dogs and a little Guernsey calf.

The best story in your Kitchen Klatter magazine is when you were first learning how to drive your car and the car went back down the hill. The girls and boys said, "Get out of the road for here comes Mrs. Driftmier."

I have a baby sister and her name is Neola Irine Wehrkamp. My brothers like to read the magazine too. My mother, Mrs. Albert Wehrkamp, reads it too.

Yours truly,
Lillian Jane Wehrkamp,
Clarinda, Iowa
RFD 3

SOMETHING TO MAKE

When it is rainy and you can't play outdoors, or even when it is too cold to play outside very long, why don't you make some modeling clay to play with? It will help you pass away those long Saturdays in the house. This is the way you do it: Mix three tablespoons of flour with three tablespoons of salt and add just enough water to make a soft dough. With this clay you can make houses, trees, birds, people, furniture, wagons, fences, fruits and many other things. By adding a few drops of coloring from your mother's eupboard you can have all different colors. When I was a little girl my mother used to make us this kind of clay and we had so much fun with it. You can have white clay, yellow, pink, red, green, purple, and a little bluing will make blue clay. When you are tired playing with it don't throw it away; just wrap it up in a wet cloth and put it in a cool place and it won't dry out for a long time.

POPCORN DOLLS

The next time you have a party, either at home or at school, popcorn dolls are something new and different to give as favors to all your friends. They are fun to make too, and you can do it all by yourself. This is the way to make them: pop your corn and pick out the extra large fluffy grains. Stick a toothpick in one end of a large grain that you choose for the head. String smaller grains on the toothpick for the body and also on toothpicks for arms and legs. Stick the arms and legs in the popcorn body. Tie a ribbon around the neck, and make crepe paper skirts, if you like.

FLOWER POPS

Here is an idea for favors at a party or for table decorations. You can use lollipops or suckers of any size. Cut a strip of crepe paper almost as high as the candy and long enough to go around the candy. Scallop the top like petals. Tie the paper tightly with string where the candy is fastened to the stick. This makes a candy flower. The stick is the flower stem, and you could add leaves if you like.

A FANCY SNOW MAN

Save scraps of colored crepe paper that Mother is going to throw away, and the next time you make a snow man try this: pat the red or pink crepe paper on his cheeks, and they will turn red. Pat his coat, shoes, hat and tie with other colors and you will have something new—something that the other neighborhood children had never thought of—a colored snow man!

WHAT IS IT?

It has a bark but can't bite,
A trunk it cannot pack,
Limbs that cannot run
And leaves it can't turn back.

Our Hobby Club

(For Subscribers to the "Kitchen-Klatter Magazine")

Union Star, Mo. Hobby and Antique Show

One of the most interesting hobby and antique shows that I have heard about was held at Union Star, Missouri this fall. A Kitchen Klatter friend, Mrs. C. A. Carpenter of St. Joseph, Mo., wrote to me about it, and I should like to pass on to you news of some of the exhibits.

Included among the articles shown were three small almanacs about 1½ x 2½ inches for the years 1881, 1902 and 1907; a small hollow iron which used charcoal for fuel; and a bell used in a hotel in 1858 to call the boarders to their meals. Unquestionably such a call must have added dignity to the meals, for this bell had the sweet and solemn tone of a church bell.

A spice box over 100 years old was shown which had been used by generations, and candlesticks which had been in one family for five generations were also exhibited.

Also on display was a shoemaker's record book written with a quill in 1833, and his cobbler tools; an old newspaper that contained an item on the death of George Washington; an old friendship quilt used on a four-poster bed, salt dips, and toothpick holders.

Other things exhibited were tin-types, coins, a music box, Indian relics, spools, charms, ash trays, dogs, some dolls over 100 years old, scrap-books, stamps, souvenir spoons, china chickens, salt and pepper shakers, pitchers, milk bottle caps, hot pan holders, nut cups, woodcraft articles, small flags from all nations, and many other old things.

The oldest article exhibited at this show dated back 146 years. Two women were dressed in costumes fashionable years ago, and one wore her wedding dress.

Russian tea was served at this hobby and antique show, and it sounds so delicious that I am printing the instructions for those of you who are responsible for tea at some winter function.

Russian Tea

2 oranges, grated rind of one
2 lemons
4 tsp. cinnamon
4 tsp. orange peko or tender-leaf tea
1½ tsp. whole cloves
1 gallon water, 2 cups sugar
Heat the water to the boiling point and add the sugar. Add spices and let stand for 20 minutes, no longer and no less. Strain through a sack. Can be made the day before and reheated.

POSTPAID PRICES ON Eva Hopkins Products

Creme Powder with Sponge
any shade\$1.00
Cleansing Creme50
Salmarine Soap, 35c, 50c & \$1.00

Eva Hopkins, Shenandoah, Iowa

EXCERPTS FROM LETTERS ABOUT HOBBIES

"Along with cookbooks I am now collecting salt and pepper sets. I have 70 sets. It seems that there are very few new cookbooks now, but if I see any that I don't have I'll send for them. I have been collecting the salt and pepper sets for about a year now, and I am trying to get a set from each state if I can. So far I have six states represented, and also Washington, D. C. I might mention too that I collect vases, and in sewing I have dish towels as a hobby."—Zella Roller, Topeka, Kansas, RFD 1.

"My hobby is collecting maps. I would appreciate a highway map from any state."—Mrs. John V. Scott, Sheridan, Mo.

"I collect china dogs and pieces of ribbon from funeral flowers." Mrs. J. E. Jett, Clarinda, Iowa.

"My hobby is pitchers of any kind, size or color; I also collect pretty fast-color prints for quilts."—Mrs. Mary Thiessen, Sutherland, Iowa.

"I make scrapbooks, and I enjoy the pictures and poems so much! I have a book of pictures of the Dionne babies from their very first picture to the present time."—Mrs. T. B. Darby, Perry, Iowa, RFD 1.

"I collect crochet patterns of simple things, easy quilt patterns for piecing, crochet rug patterns, house plants, flower seeds, and pot holders of any kind. I am also interested in getting quilt blocks 12 inches square from different states."—Mrs. Elvena Lamster, Crete, Nebraska.

"I am collecting Indian head pennies of any year, colored buttons of any size or shape, and rayon knit underwear suitable for rugs. In exchange I can send cancelled stamps, colored buttons, or postmarks."—Mrs. Ed Rickey, Winfield, Iowa.

Mrs. Muriel Wilson of Rolfe, Iowa, has 198 sets of Salt and Pepper shakers. She has been collecting for seven years. Among them are most of the animals from Noah's Ark. There are also boats, mushrooms, cacti and footballs. I am sure she would like to have letters from others interested in Salt and Pepper sets.

I enjoy collecting fancy dish towel patterns and quilt patterns so that must be my hobby.

Mrs. Harold L. Thom,

Rushmore, Minn.

My hobby is still liking flowers. I have some pretty ones. You may put my hobby in the magazine if you like and I will answer all letters received. Well, I will stop and mail this and I still remain your Friend and always will listen to you as long as I am able.

Mrs. Wes Hoffman,
Jewell, Kansas.

CLASSIFIED ADS

WHAT HAVE YOU TO SELL?
Make use of this ad column.

Rate of 5¢ per word. Minimum charge 50¢. Payable in advance.

ASSORTED BUTTONS—New assorted buttons for button collectors. 35c (coin) per dozen postpaid. Arlene Pickett, Radcliffe, Ia. Rt. 1.

AN ORIGINAL POETRY BOOK written and published by Luellen G. Ross, entitled "Musing and Amusing." Paper binding 35c per copy or three copies for \$1.00 paid anywhere in the United States. book orders to: (Miss) Luellen G. R. Lenox, Iowa.

SCRIPTURE POST CARDS—High quality beautiful illustrations, each containing scripture text and suitable verse for b days etc. Package of ten for 25c post—Gertrude Hayzlett, Shenandoah, Iowa.

COLONIAL COCKERELS LOW \$3 AS PER 100

CHICKS World's Largest Hatcheries Day-old males, pullets, straight run in all leading breeds. Lowest prices. E tested. Hatches year around. Four weeks' bility guarantee. Catalog FREE. COLON POULTRY FARMS, Shenandoah, Ia. Box

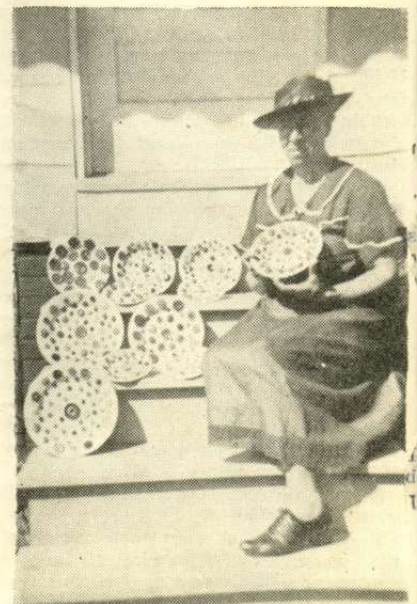
BOOK LOVERS—Our stock of old, rare new books is the largest in the west. you want to buy or sell books, write us. Kleser's Book Store, Dept. K-8, 205 N. 16th St., Omaha, Nebr.

FOR GIFTS — BEAUTIFUL TEA TOW unique pattern in hand work. Price, Luncheon set, cloth and 4 napkins, 7 Design featuring rick-rack and broidery. Order towel and luncheon p.p. for \$1.00. Order from Mrs. Ke Phillips, Seymour, Iowa.

HEAVENLY BLUE MORNING GLORY A Delphinium seed, packet of each, 10c p paid. Bessie Overholtzer, Grand Riv Iowa, Box 32.

FREE! — Earl May's 1940 Nursery and Se Catalog—"The Book of the Year." O 2000 nursery and seed varieties at tremely low prices. Write Earl E. M. Seed Company, Box KK, Shenandoah,

FLOWER ARRANGEMENT—A hand tim pamphlet, prepared by Helen Fischer an Gretchen Harshbarger. Fine for use in 4-E projects. Price 25c in silver and 6c in stamps. Send orders to Helen Fischer, Shenandoah, Iowa.



Mrs. C. A. Carpenter of St. Joseph and one of her hobbies, buttons.

PRACTICAL POULTRY POINTERS



First of all I want to say "Happy New Year" to you, and along with that I hope you have a prosperous one with good health to enjoy it. Let's not allow past failures to overshadow the prospect of the future, but resolve to start all over again with a clean slate.

and now for pointers about our flocks. Sometimes the weather can be a nice piece of trouble in the form of colds and frost-bitten combs to flock. Along with the short hours of daylight the egg yield is bound to drop unless strict attention is given to diet and drinking water. Two of the most important things in raising chickens are water and food. A laying hen must consume considerably more than she ordinarily would when laying.

If you are feeding ground feed in a brooder, stir it up occasionally for sometimes a hen will pick out a special part of the mash for which she has a liking and leave the part that contains needed elements. By stirring occasionally you are re-mixing it and avoiding this danger.

Some poultrymen advocate the use of artificial light so that the hens will have longer hours to eat, but as a general rule I do not believe that farmers who regard chickens as a side line find very practical unless they have electricity. The use of an oil lantern always adds to the fire hazard.

I have known of several farmers who use a light in their brooder houses to keep chicks from crowding, but my theory has always been that if your brooder house is warm enough there is not much danger of crowding if the chicks are separated after they have settled down for the night.

Speaking of chicks makes me think that it will soon be time to decide about the breed, the number, and the time of arrival for the 1940 flock. In changing breeds about the best way is to buy sexed chicks, and by buying enough baby pullets for an entire flock at one time they all get the same care and can develop more evenly. At the same time you can get unrelated baby cockerels and you are all set for the change when fall comes. This may seem like a rather expensive way, but when you sell your old flock you can pay for your chickens and the old flock can be producing while the younger ones are growing.

When I first started raising chickens in 1908 I had a mixture of Barred Rocks and a few Leghorns. Then I bought a few Rhode Island Reds, penned them, and tried raising enough for a flock from them. I found this was slow business, but after several years I had a fairly good flock which I built up by culling and buying extra cockerels until I had a flock which was better than the average farm flock. From this flock I sold eggs to

the hatchery for a number of years—eight years to be exact.

Then when many Red flocks had been developed in this vicinity I changed to White Wyandottes. I built up my flock the same way as before, but I bought more hens to begin with so it was more quickly done. I remember too that I paid some pretty fancy prices for some of the hens, and then for eighteen years I had nothing but Wyandottes.

Three years ago the ever-increasing demand for hybrids caught my interest so I decided to change, but this time all that was necessary was to change the breed of cockerels. As a result I now have Rhode Island cockerels and White Wyandotte hens, and the hybrid from this cross is called Red-dottes. There are many breeds of chickens and many varieties of hy-

brids, so each must be his own judge as to which kind of chickens to have, but—

The hen that takes the farmer's eye,
Is the hen that lays when eggs are high.

—Olinda Carolyn Wiles,
Clarinda, Iowa, RFD 3

No use to hunt the happy days—

They're with you all the time;
They're loafin' with you 'long the ways
An' singin' in a rhyme.

No use to search the world around
An' think they're far and fleet;
The brightest of 'em still are found
In violets at your feet.—Ex.

Turn to page 9 and see the list of Kitchen-Klatter Books. These books should be in every kitchen for ready reference.



SEE YOUR DEALER

OR THE

Iowa-Nebraska Light & Power Co.





The verse that appears underneath was written in 1881, but in most respects I'm afraid that it is as true now as it was then. Not that any of us could be guilty of all these sins, to be sure, but even if we safely pass all faults down to the second line from the bottom I suspect that most of us fall down there at one time or another.

Some go to church just for a walk,
Some go to stare and laugh and talk.
Some go there to meet a friend,
Some their idle time to spend.
Some for general observation.
Some for private speculation,
Some to seek or find a lover,
Some a courtship to discover.
Some go there to use their eyes
And newest fashions criticize.
Some to show their own smart dress
And some their neighbors' to assess.
Some to scan a robe or bonnet,
Some to price the trimmings on it.
Some to learn the latest news
That friends at home they may amuse.
Some to gossip, false and true,
Safe hid within the sheltering pew.
Some go there to please the squire,
Some his daughters to admire.
Some the parson go to fawn,
Some to lounge and some to yawn.
Some to claim the parish doles,
Some for bread and some for coals.
Some because it's thought genteel,
Some to vault their pious zeal.
Some to show how sweet they sing,
Some how loud their voices ring.
Some the preacher go to hear
His style and voice to praise or jeer.
Some forgiveness to implore,
Some their sins to varnish o'er.
Some to sit and doze and nod—
But few kneel and worship God.

Scarcely a day passes that we do not read of a terrible tragedy happening where children have been left alone. Every thing may look perfectly safe, but where there is a gas stove, oil stove, lamp, or matches, it is an unsafe place for children. Even though there are none of these things, a child has been locked in an ice box or has choked on a crust of bread. It just is not safe to leave them alone.

"Several years ago I had a class of small girls at Sunday School who were eager to do something to raise money for light bills and other expenses.

"I decided to have a "Believe It Or Not" circus, and this was a great deal of fun for all of us. The circus was made of cardboard boxes with strips of muslin for bars, and each cage had its contents labeled. The camel was a Camel cigarette; the pair of ferocious bats were two brickbats; a rare collection of butterflies were some butter and flies stuck on tanglefoot; a pair of lions were two heavy lines of harness. "For Men Only" we exhibited a mustache cup. I do not recall anymore just what else we exhibited, but we had about ten boxes and each one brought a laugh.

"We also had a quilt show, and the girls enjoyed this tremendously. They brought their doll quilts, and there were about ten entries. We also had a style show, and I composed some verses about each doll's costume to be read while the girl came to the front and exhibited her doll. We had several guessing contests, and then served free refreshments of cupcakes and coffee cafeteria style. We made a little over \$7.00, and everyone had a good time." —Mrs. Clyde Wiles, Clarinda, Iowa.

A very good idea for raising money came in my mail one day from Mrs. Rose Barnard. Her church made \$117, and I imagine that this covered the painting expense in fine shape. I think that the following verse explains itself:

"We are proud of the old M. E. church
at _____,
And we are wondering too, dear friend,
If you have memories that are sweet
and dear
That you have not forgotten.
The Ladies Aid is striving hard
With each one's contribution,
To dress the church up in a new coat
of paint,
So she too will not be forgotten.

A penny an inch for your height,
Will help paint our church very
bright.
Please measure your height
And send us your mite,
God will bless you and keep you
aright.

A party was held in the church basement, and everyone brought his pennies. A prize was given to the tallest one there, and also the shortest person present. Refreshments were served, and guests were asked to pay for them with pennies.

JANUARY GAMES

Hunt for Time

The letters T-I-M-E, a hundred or so of each, are hidden around the room or house, and the contestants find as many as possible in an allotted time—ten minutes probably—not stopping to see what letters they have found. At the end of ten minutes all sort their letters out into as many "Times" as possible. The one having the most "Times" is declared winner.

Race Against Time

To play this game seat the contestants either by couples, fours, or in two long lines facing each other. A pile of white beans and yellow corn, thoroughly mixed, is placed between each two persons. One chooses corn, the other beans, and at a given signal each begins sorting what he has chosen, taking one at a time. Two minutes are given for this, and then each counts what he has sorted. If one finds a bean in his winnings when he has chosen corn, he loses one point. —Mrs. Phil S. Corken, Burlington Jct., Mo.

Pencil and Paper Game—The "New" Contest

1. What town is the first of which is something very young, and the second is very old, and the whole thing is located in New Jersey? (Newark) 2. Being impartial? (Neutral) 3. A play to which a well-known saying speaks of carrying coals? (New Castle) 4. Another word for many? (Numerous) 5. To count? (Enumerate) 6. A post? (Newel) 7. Something obtained from the papers? (News) 8. A famous scientist? (Newton) 9. Containing air or gas? (Pneumatic) 10. A dog? (New Foundland) 11. Inflammation of the lungs? (Pneumonia).

BLOWING THE FEATHER

This game is a great deal of fun for a crowd of any age. Seat the guests on the floor in a circle and give them a sheet. Each one holds the sheet under his chin with both hands. Then place a feather in the center of the sheet, and give the signal for the players to start blowing. They will all try to keep the feather away from themselves, but if it touches a player he must drop out. The game proceeds until only one player is left.

The firms whose advertisements you see in the Kitchen-Klatter Magazine are reliable and worthy of your patronage. Please mention this magazine when you write them.

Earl May's 1940 Nursery and Seed Catalog

"The Book of the Year"

This big nursery and seed book is full of helpful gardening information and honest nursery and seed bargains. Over 2,000 different kinds of varieties of seeds and nursery stock for you to select from. Hundreds of pictures, too, showing you exactly what you'll get and what you may expect from the things you buy from Earl May. Write for a copy of this big garden book today! It's FREE and tells you all about Earl May's friendly free gifts to customers.

WRITE

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Box KK, Shenandoah, Iowa