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# Kitchen-Klatter

## MAGAZINE

VOLUME V

APRIL  
1940

NUMBER 4



Copyright 1940 by Leanna Field Driftmier

SHENANDOAH, IOWA

Price 10 cents



### THE MAGIC DOOR

Rock gardens are a magic door  
That open wide from work day hours  
To shining dreams of mountain tops,  
And valleys rainbow-strewn with flowers.

Amid these rocks that I have placed  
In strata or as glacial drift,  
Wee Alpine flowers as jewels gleam  
From sheltered pocket ledge and rift.

White heartsease ferns and buttercups  
Are tucked by tiny pool and wood,  
In miniature I've made a world,  
And I, who love it, find it good.

—Jessie Field Shambaugh



## A RADIO GUEST



A LETTER FROM LEANNA

## Kitchen - Klatter Magazine

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Shenandoah, Iowa

Dear Friends:

I always leave this little visit until the very last day before the magazine goes to the printer, hoping that something exciting will happen that I can tell you about. Well, here it is the last day and, excitement or no excitement, I want to write a little letter to each of you.

As I read my mail every day, I keep wishing I could write a letter to each of you personally who have been so nice to write to me, to thank you for your wonderful recipes and helps, for I always feel ungrateful for not writing. You know I am not. Please let this magazine be my letter to you, and answer it if you have time.

I know these are very busy months, ahead, but there are some things for which we should take time. We will live longer to be with them and our families will love us just the same, if we take our noses off the grindstone long enough to enjoy the beautiful April days. We are all inclined to rush through life not stopping to enjoy the little pleasures we might have along the way. I often think of this little verse:

"Forenoon, afternoon and night,  
Forenoon, afternoon and night,  
The empty song repeats itself,  
Yet this is life."

If we wait until all the work is done to enjoy ourselves, I'm afraid our lives would be pretty empty of pleasures so, sisters of mine, plan a little rest period every day when you can forget housework and other cares, and do something that will make life a little more pleasant. Crippled, as I am, I won't let myself give up the pleasures I enjoy. Although it is now an effort, I believe I enjoy them even more. If anything makes me feel ruffled it is to be called a shut-in or to have someone call me "afflicted", for I never think of myself as such a person and I don't believe my friends feel that way about me, either.

Letters from Ted, in Egypt, are full of his plans for the young people in the college. He has always been interested in young people's organizations and in Egypt he is finding plenty to do. He had his tonsils out at Christmas time and has recovered nicely. They have a fine hospital at the college. Three years seemed a long time to have him gone but almost one year of that time has passed.

We send him lots of pictures. He enjoys those more than anything else.

The rest of the family are well, and busy with their own work.

Thank you for telling my old friends where to find me on the air. Every mail brings me news of many doing this. Tell your friends about the Kitchen-Klatter magazine. I am happy to report to you that my subscription list has almost doubled in size, this past year. Many of these new subscribers had heard of the magazine from a friend. I am so anxious to add more pages. I have the material to fill them, I just need more subscribers so I can afford to meet the extra expense. If each one of you would get one new subscriber, what a big help that would be toward my carrying out these plans. Will you do this for Kitchen-Klatter?

And now I will say goodbye. May the month of April be a happy one, may you take time to enjoy God's miracle of spring and know that, as He gives new life to all nature, just so He will give us renewed strength each day.

Lovingly,

—Leanna

### COMMON SENSE

I like to read the writings of Priscilla Wayne. They contain so much good common sense. One thing she once wrote, I have often thought of—"Give so much time to improving yourself that you will have no time to criticize others." Isn't it true that those who find the most fault with others are those who do not have much to do.

### INSPIRATION

Your smile is contagious  
And so advantageous  
At times in lighting the way.  
Your voice clearly ringing  
Assurance is bringing  
That life may be buoyant and gay.

Your laughter is cheering,  
Renewing, endearing;  
Your manner so friendly and free  
Your heart like a feather  
Is light in all weather,  
You're an inspiration to me.

—Edith R. Smith.

Yes, that is just what I am—your radio guest and so—I visit with you every afternoon, just in the same way I would if I were welcomed into your home and put into your most comfortable chair. I forget the thousands who may be listening and seem to be talking to just one or two good friends.

One day my husband called my attention to the fact that I used my hands so much to explain things. He laughingly asked me if I thought my listeners could see me going through all those motions. I confessed I knew you couldn't but my visit seemed so real, it was natural to me to use my hands explaining how wide to cut the molasses bars or how big around to cut the cookies.

To be invited into your home each day is a mark of real friendship which I appreciate. I want to be a real neighbor to you, sharing with you the happy incidents in my day and bringing to you what help and encouragement I can. Will you return my visits at least once a month by writing me a friendly letter. If I can be of service to you, let me know. It will be a real pleasure for me to help you if I can.

"As long as we love we serve. As long as we are loved by others we are indispensable and no man is useless while he has a friend."—Selected.

### HUSBANDS AS SHOPPERS

Did you know your grocery man always welcomes a rainy day? The reason, he says, is because more men come into the store to do the shopping—a wife will call and ask her husband to stop in at the grocery and "pick up something for dinner." Sometimes she suggests what to buy but a man generally adds to that list. This is a good way to find out what that husband of yours really likes. He will probably bring home foods you didn't even know he cared for.

When I ask my husband to call at the grocery for a pound of butter he carries home a huge sack bulging with hidden surprises. Invariably there will be a pound of liver, some pickled pig's feet, a huge slice of cheese—the round kind—a package of dried apricots and a dozen over ripe bananas. (My husband likes bananas when the skins are brown.) If there are fresh vegetables in the market he will add green onions and radishes to his purchase. A man is never as careful a buyer as his wife, and we shudder when we think what a hole he makes in the grocery budget when he does the shopping. No wonder our grocery man holds the door wide open and greets him with a smile when my husband drops in to buy a pound of butter.

### THE COVER PICTURE

The cover picture is one taken in the yard of Mrs. Fannie Patterson of Peru, Nebr. Any one of you could have a rock garden. Why not start one this spring.

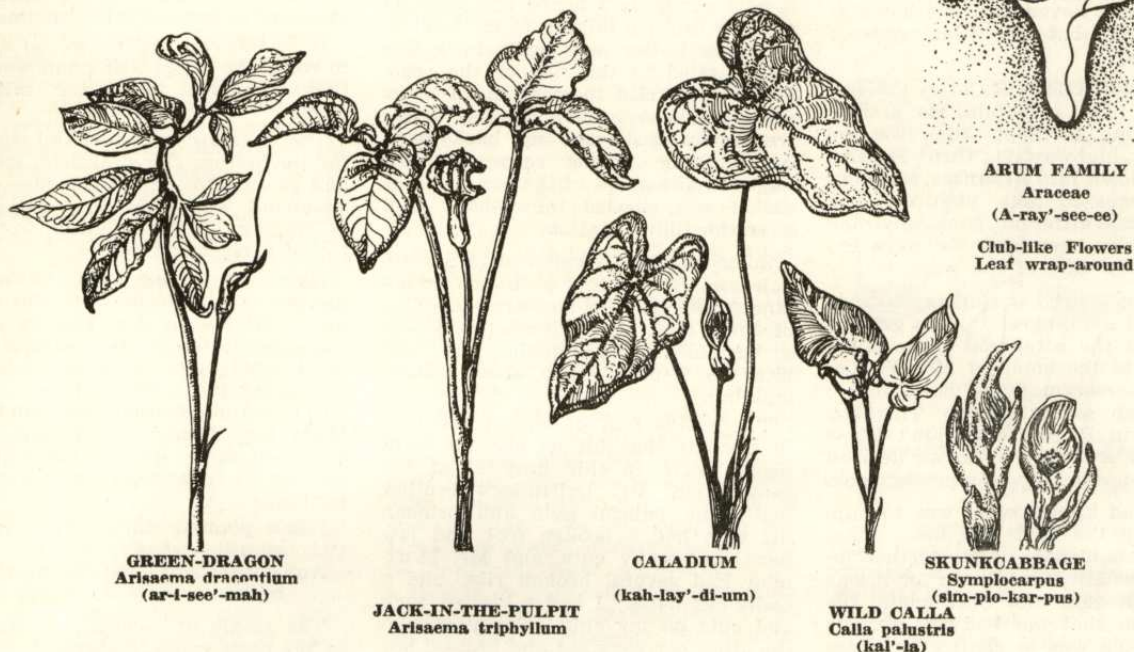


**Out April First**

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*Pictures by Gretchen Fischer Harshbarger.*



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## The Story of My Life

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

### CHAPTER 21

In the March number I told you how Mr. Driftmier and I had looked forward to having a real vacation together. While the children were real small we had never both left home at the same time but now at last we were on our way.

We had left Lucile at Cottey College, stayed all night at Joplin, Mo. and on the morning of Sept. 7th, 1930 we drove on highway 71, thro Neosho, Mo., and down into Arkansas, stopping a few times to take pictures. The scenery was different from anything we had ever seen and we were enjoying every mile of the way.

When we arrived at Rogers, Ark., we stopped at a filling station to get gas and asked the attendant if he could direct us to the home of Mr. Winkleman, a nurseryman we had met in Shenandoah several times. This boy was new in Rogers and didn't know where our friend lived so we decided to drive on, and stop on our way back.

If we had known what was to happen within the next half hour, I am sure we would have made further inquiry about Mr. Winkleman for it was between Rogers and Springdale, the next town, that we had the serious wreck which was to change our lives from that day on. Isn't it strange how small unimportant things sometimes play a big part in our lives?

Even to this day, seeing a car driving onto a highway from a side road frightens me a little for as we neared a cross road a car drove into the highway a short way up the road and turning the corner, came toward us. At almost the same time a car came over the hill, traveling at a high rate of speed. Mr. Driftmier pulled over as far as he could, to the side of the road to make room for the fastly approaching car to pass safely between us and the car that had entered from the side road. The driver must have lost her

head or control of her car for it struck us, head on.

My husband is such a careful driver that I have never paid any attention to what he does and why, so Beulah and I were probably talking about our housekeeping problems when there was a terrific crash. That was the last we knew for awhile for we were both thrown down to the floor of the car and were unconscious for a time.

As I came to, I heard my husband and his brother talking to us. Beulah, my sister-in-law, was badly hurt. She was carried to the side of the road. When they tried to move me, I knew my back was broken for my limbs were paralyzed and my back hurt, badly. Some people came by who helped make a bed of the car cushions and I was carried to a shady spot near the filling station.

Some one had telephoned to Springdale and Rogers and soon two ambulances and doctors had arrived. One of them took Mr. Driftmier and I to a hospital in Springdale. The hospital was a private one, above a store building.

There were four in our car and four in the car that hit us and all eight people were in this hospital at the same time. Mr. Driftmier's brother had some painful cuts and bruises, his wife had a broken foot and jaw bone and many cuts, and Mr. Driftmier had several broken ribs, and a badly cut hand. I had a broken back and cuts on my chin. The people in the other car were cut and bruised but were able to go on their way that same day.

We arrived at the hospital about noon and all the rest of the day people called to inquire about the injured folks, bringing flowers and offering their services in every way possible.

After my husband recovered from the shock, he telephoned my sister, Helen Fischer in Shenandoah and she consulted Dr. Gottsch, our family physician. He called Mr. Driftmier over the phone and advised him of the danger of a back injury and suggested I be taken to St. Luke's hospital in Kansas City for treatment, as they had a fine back specialist there.

We had to wait until the next evening to leave for Kansas City. The Springdale doctor had a stretcher on wheels and this was my bed on the trip to Kansas City. I was rolled right into the baggage car. Mr. Driftmier and a doctor rode with me. Bert and Beulah stayed in the Springdale hospital for a week or two and stopped to see me at St. Luke's on their way home.

We arrived in Kansas City about 8:30 the following morning where we were met by an ambulance and in a short time were at St. Luke's. I was taken at once to the X-Ray room and pictures showed that the 12th dorsal vertebra was crushed. I knew that that meant I would have to be in the hospital for a long time, in fact, it was Christmas Eve when I was brought back home to Shenandoah.

### AN APRIL WALK

By Mrs. W. T. Lamore, R 7, Ottumwa, Iowa

"Laughing April, quiet pastures  
Starred with violets, the birds calling  
And banks of brooks before a flood  
of daisies."

The newness, freshness and budding of everything is what I find in my April walk. April—that part of the season when "the turf awakens all about us in a spirit of friendliness."

It is this we feel as we go abroad to roam the green fields and woods in that "tenderest of tender salads"—April.

The dogs are with me, and we walk far out across the stalkfield, hayfield and pasture to the eastern edge of the woodland where the brown thrasher is singing his lovely song from the top of a big oak tree.

Here are many wild flowers in bloom—violets, spring beauties anemones, dutchmen's breeches and a wild honeysuckle vine. It is very quiet, cool and delightful under the trees near these waterfalls and rocks. I find two dog-toothed violets in bloom. Many lacy ferns are growing in the abundant shade, as they never grow if we try to transplant them near our homes.

"God planted them here in the  
guardian shade  
And sent soft waters murmuring  
by."

The tinkle of cowbells draws near as the cows come to stare at us from across the creek. We hear voices in the adjoining woods and several men and women come into sight. They are hunting mushrooms, but without success, and soon leave. Their voices grow faint in the distance.

The waxen, fragrant blossoms of the May apples are shining under raised umbrellas in scattered bunches all over the woodland.

Near the southern line fence there is a lonely old lilac bush in bloom, where a homestead used to be, long ago. I pluck a bunch of these flowers and as I inhale their fragrance I like to picture in my mind the old home that once was here.

"Old homes! Old hearts!  
Upon my soul forever  
Their peace and gladness lie  
Like tears and laughter."

Here is the old oak tree that had been struck by lightning some time in the past, but it is leafing out. Of one like this, Bryant wrote when he said,

"One bears the scar  
Where the quick lightning scored its  
trunk,  
Yet still  
It feels the breath of spring."

I hear the little field sparrow singing, so I very quietly walk along until I come near to where he sits in a bush—his tiny head upward and heavenward, expressing his joy and thanks for everything in life. It is as if he were singing

"God's in His Heaven,  
All's right with the world."



The shining new Studebaker is pulled back to Shenandoah on two wheels.

(Continued in May)



## A LETTER FROM EGYPT

Our son Frederick Driftmier is teaching in an American college for young men, in Assiut, Egypt. He plans to be gone for three years. I am glad to share his interesting letters with you.

—Leanna.

Dear Folks:

Some time ago I promised to write to you about an Egyptian Market. I regret that I have delayed writing this letter so long, but you know what a poor letter writer I am. There are several hundred towns and villages in Egypt, and every town and most villages have their weekly markets. The markets are held in a supervised marketplace on the outskirts of the city. There is one market just across the Nile from our college. The markets used to be held on Sunday, but since the coming of the American Mission most of the towns have changed their market day to Monday. What fun it is to go to a market. Everyone who has anything to sell has it spread out on the ground before him, and is shouting his wares at the top of his voice. Most of the selling is done by the women, but their men are usually nearby to take in the money. One of the most common items for sale is sugar-cane. All the natives eat raw sugar-cane for the sweet juice that it has, and for just a fraction of a cent one can buy a great stalk of the plant. Everywhere are baskets of onions, tomatoes, and other vegetables. Some natives bring large bundles of cheap cotton cloths, and the brilliant colors of the cloths add brightness to the otherwise dull drabness of the market. The Egyptian natives love red and green, and it is very often that one sees a young girl dressed in red and green, with perhaps a large yellow sash, and a purple hat. Here and there around the market one sees some old woman sitting in the middle of a pile of household and kitchen utensils made of baked clay and the tin remains of an old gasoline can.

Most markets are divided into sections with a special section for each trade. Probably the most interesting part of the market for an American, is the market of meat. A most unusual procedure is used here. The butcher brings his livestock to the market, and then kills it right there on the spot. In every market it is a common thing to hear the bellowing of dying cattle mixed in with the other confusion of the buying and selling. After the meat is killed it is skinned and hung from a post. The purchasers can't buy any cut they wish, but must take the cut that is most easily removed from the carcass. In other words, if one wants a cut from the front shoulder, this cut can not be purchased until all of the carcass has been sold from the rumps to the shoulders. Sometimes our servant will have to wait around the meat market until the cut that he wishes is the next to be sold. In Egypt you don't often buy meat by the cut, but just take what you can get. I have been told that there is a



Many of the Egyptians live in houses like these.

meat market in Egypt with an ice box, but I can not guarantee that to be the truth. Usually the meat is hung in the open, exposed to dust and flies. There is a law however that no meat can be sold if it is over 24 hours old. All meat must be killed and sold on the same day.

During the winter months the Egyptians make their year's supply of butter, and there is always a part of the village market devoted to the sale of this article. This clarified butter—semn, as it is called—is regularly used in cooking. The Egyptians never drink milk, but make all of their milk into semn and cheese. Most families use many gallons of semn a year. The hot Egyptian sun gives this rancid butter a smell that is, to say the least, uninviting.

Pottery water-bottles by the hundreds are sold in the markets. Tin-smiths and shoemakers are usually to be seen squatting at work, making their wares on the spot. Always there are sellers of native musical instruments, and not far from them are to be found the tattooers decorating the hands and faces of some young natives. Many of the men among the peasant class have tattoo marks on their foreheads. This is very often for nothing other than decoration, but sometimes tattooing is done as a cure for headaches. In every market are to be found the fortune-tellers and other entertainers of various kinds.

I am always amused by the things I see in a native market, and there is nothing that amuses me more than to listen to the buying and selling. Conversation is always very loud, and to the Westerner sounds like quarrelling. No purchase can be made in Egypt without time and patience. The seller always asks for twice as much as he expects to get. With much shouting and waving of the arms and the purchaser will finally get the price down to a more reasonable figure. Very often, if the seller is very insistent, the would-be-purchaser will walk away, and in almost every instance the seller usually shows a readiness to lower his price still further. In making purchases I have actually had the trader start to cry and say that I was robbing him and his starving children, but I have learned that even this is just an act. In most cases you can't believe more than ten per cent of what the merchant says, and that ten per cent is probably exaggerated. Ted

Hollywood Beauty Soap  
(Carrotine Oil) .....50¢  
Multi-Purpose Cleansing Creme.....60¢  
Eva Hopkins Creme Powder.....  
with sponge .....\$1.00  
Rug Looms and two balls jute.....  
cord .....1.50

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Shenandoah, Iowa



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"Your Kitchen-Klatter Magazine has helped me, with helps for entertainment for showers and so forth. It is very helpful to Aid Societies, too. I think it would be nice if all Aid Societies had a copy of your magazine. I think it would be nice to be on your subscription list."—Mrs. Ernest Anders, Heron Lake, Minn.

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Box 34, Shenandoah, Iowa

I can heartily recommend Perfex to our Kitchen-Klatter friends.

—Leanna.



## LETTER FROM LUCILE

Dear Folks:

If I were to tell you all of the things that we have done these past three weeks I'm afraid that you would have to give up the entire issue of Kitchen-Klatter for the account. There is always something exciting to do in Arizona, and it would take more than one life time to exhaust the possibilities.

One of the excursions that we've enjoyed thinking about in retrospect was our trip to the Colossal Caves. These incredible underground caverns were opened to the public two years ago after a government appropriation had made them safe and accessible. We drove about twenty-eight miles through the desert to reach the Rincon mountains, and after a lunch on the beautiful terrace that overlooks the entire countryside, we went through the caves with a guide.

Down, down, down we crept through narrow tunnels and across foot-wide bridges. When we reached the bottom we were almost four-hundred feet from the top of the mountain, and I began thinking with horror of the stone that lay between us and the sunlight. Someday I'm going to write a story about a party of people who are trapped in such a place by a falling rock, because I could imagine too vividly while we were there what such an experience would be.

But falling stones aside, we had a thoroughly thrilling time exploring the fantastic chambers that have been millions of years in the making. Some of the long rocks that hung down could be played as though they made up a set of chimes, and the artful lighting did a great deal to enhance the incredible formations that met our eyes at every turn.

Two weeks ago we drove about eighty miles to the Papago Indian Reservation to see their try-outs for the big Tucson rodeo. We parked our car by the fence and sat there all afternoon watching the exciting demonstrations of tying and roping. My! how the calves did bawl and bellow when they were finally downed and their feet tied! There were breath-taking exhibitions of riding, and we had a real thrill watching the wild Brahma steers buck and kick as they came out of the corral with an intrepid Indian riding bareback. We were among the few white people who watched the performance. There must have been over a thousand Papago Indians lined up along the fence to applaud and cheer.

Last week we went into Tucson and saw the exciting rodeo parade. For the past two months the town has been decorated from stem to stern with banners and flags, and for the past two weeks most of the natives have worn wild west clothes and the men have grown beards. Burros were penned along the business streets, and many horses cantered down the main

roads with skillful riders on their backs.

The parade itself lasted for over an hour and I can't begin to describe it for you. There wasn't a motor driven vehicle in it; oxen, burros and horses and mules had their day. Gary Cooper headed it, and when I saw him I remembered back fifteen years when he visited in Clarinda and sat through some English high school classes of mine for several days.

There were around two-hundred and fifty horses aside from the ones who served as motor power for stage coaches and wagons. Their riders were all cowboys from the surrounding country, and without exception their saddles and bridles were beautiful. With the music of eleven bands and drum corps they became skittish, which is understandable since they don't often hear such noise, and several of them reared up about six inches from where we were standing.

The next day we went out to the rodeo grounds and visited the fine Indian village which had been erected there, and also the Pima County Fair. Judy rode on everything twice and had one of her long-cherished dreams: to ride a Shetland pony. She was beside herself with excitement. After this we drove up into the mountains and had a lovely picnic.

Spring has come to Arizona now. The floor of the desert is green, and before long all of the exotic plants will be in blossom. The days are long and warm, and it seems strange to think that in the north there is still a great deal of snow. We understand that Tucson is overflowing with visitors until about the middle of May. Then they begin to disappear, and by June the town is left once again to the year-around residents.

We are thinking of going to Mexico for the month of April, and if we do I shall have a great deal to tell you.

With love,

—Lucile



Lucille Driftmiller Verness and a large cactus—Tucson, Ariz.

## START FLOWERS EARLY

by  
Mrs. R. J. Duncombe, Luverne, Minn.

Flower lovers who like to enjoy early blooms on flowers usually start flowers, by making an early planting inside and then another one later on get a succession of bloom on annual the seeds in the house during early spring. In this way they are able to directly in the garden after the danger of frost is over.

Small flats may be made of wooden cheese boxes, coffee cans or perhaps for larger seeds such as gourds, you may like to use the halves of butter or lard cartons. Old cake or bread pans are also good, also bulb pots. Anything used should have drainage holes, so that the soil will not become sour, also to aid in watering by immersion. Put small gravel or coarse sand in the bottom, then sterilized soil and lastly finely sifted soil on top. Then the prepared box of soil should be thoroughly watered and set aside to settle, otherwise cracks are liable to form, causing loss of valuable seed.

Seed is sown according to its size, always thinly. Fine seed such as petunia may be sprinkled directly on the top of the soil, pressing it in gently by means of a small piece of cardboard. Larger seed may be sown in rows, or if the seed pan is round, in a spiral form, beginning at the center. If seeds such as the lupine are planted, mark the flat in squares and plant at the intersections. The depth at which the seed is planted depends on the size of the seed. Some system in planting seed helps in stirring the soil between the small plants if necessary, and also at transplanting time.

Water carefully, either by a fine bulb spray or by immersion, cover with a damp cloth or paper and set aside in a dark, warm place. Some catalogues give germination dates. These may be marked on the label or the flat. As soon as the first green shoots show through, remove the paper and bring to the light. A pane of glass may be placed over the seedlings, and lifted occasionally to admit air and prevent mold from forming. If mold should form, sprinkle with fine coal dust.

When the true leaves are well formed, transplant very carefully into larger flats and later into a hot bed, or the open ground. In the case of perennials I like best to keep them in a reserve bed for a year, so that they get a good root system started before being placed in permanent quarters. Above all, watch the watering of young seedlings in flats carefully, for they are apt to die quickly if the soil becomes too dry.

When getting ready to transplant outside, first harden the young plants gradually by exposing them to the outside air for short periods.

Time and patience with young plants grown from seed, which we plant ourselves, will amply repay us all summer long, for we will have plenty of flowers for our own enjoyment and plenty to give away.





Genevieve Eckberg, Dana, Iowa.

**BEAUTIFYING HOME GROUNDS**

By Genevieve Eckberg, Dana, Ia.

(Note—Miss Eckberg has won many honors in State 4-H club work including money, medals and a trip to the 4-H Club Congress in Chicago.)

What a brilliant future awaits some forlorn and unattractive spot! It takes time, patience and hard work, but all of this will be forgotten when the flowers begin to bloom, and the turf is green beneath our feet and the trees begin to tower above our heads and offer us the shade of their magnificent crowns.

Nothing that is reasonable is impossible. It may be a broken-down fence that lets the chickens and pigs through into the petunia bed, or it may be an ugly garage that is the underlying cause of that unsightly view from the back porch. A sunny day may seem ever so dull and unpleasant if there is nothing to look at but weeds and trash about the yard. And conversely, a cloudy day may seem the brightest day in the year if there are pleasant surroundings.

Isn't this a challenge to make an effort toward making every day an enjoyable one by having things about us that are not ugly but beautiful?

We are experimenting on this problem of Home Beautification this year and judging from the results so far, the experiment will be very successful. Many renters do not care to spend time and money on someone else's property, but we want to get away from this idea and really take away that "rented look" and enjoy it while we are here.

This year we have chosen to revive the southeast corner of our yard. This corner hitherto has been neglected and left uncared for. The shrubs and trees that are now growing in this corner form a slight enclosure, and with thoughtful planning, we shall make this the most inviting and the most welcome spot in the neighborhood. Already we have placed a park table and benches here in addition to the camp stove we built for our open-air living room last fall. This equipment

is portable and can be moved from one place to another if necessary. It won't be needful to drive thirty miles on a Sunday afternoon to find a picnic spot with natural surroundings, for we will have one not thirty yards from our door. This spring we are planning to plant shrubs and trees that will add color all of the seasons of the year. The dogwood will not only display its blossoms in the spring, but in the winter it will share with us its pretty berries and bright canes that will give a beautiful color accent against the snow.

Next summer and the succeeding seasons when we look from our back porch into the back yard we'll not see gloominess and despair, nor will things seem cloudy on a fair day, for everything will be bright and sunny, not just because of the gayety in the curtain of color we see but because of the satisfaction and contentment of knowing it is ours and it exists only because of our persistent efforts.—Genevieve Eckberg.

(I wrote this article last spring and my home beautification project has truly proven successful.)



Attractive window garden of Mrs. Margaritta Vaughn, Wilmette, Ill.

# Electricity....

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*Residence Electric Rates Have Decreased 63% Since 1913*



**HOW**

"Of course, I'll gladly gib de rule  
I make beat biscuits by,  
Tho' I ain't so sure dat you can make  
Dem just the same as I.  
'Cause cookin's like religion is,  
Some's 'lected and some ain't,  
An' rules don't no more make a cook  
Dan sermons make a saint."

—Selected.

Sent by Mrs. Willard Russell, Chilli-  
cothe, Mo.

**NEVER FAIL CUP CAKES**

Into a bowl put 1 egg,  $\frac{1}{2}$  c. cocoa,  
 $\frac{1}{2}$  c. shortening,  $1\frac{1}{2}$  c. flour  $\frac{1}{2}$  c. sour  
milk, 1 tsp. vanilla, 1 tsp. soda, 1 c.  
sugar and  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup hot water.

Beat well. Bake in paper cups in a  
moderate oven.

**JITTERBUG CANDY**

1 c. white sugar  
 $\frac{1}{2}$  c. milk  
1 tbsp. peanut butter  
1 t. butter  
pinch of parowax  
1 tbsp. cream

Cook all together till it drops smooth  
off the spoon, then take off fire, add  
 $\frac{1}{2}$  t. vanilla and 1 c. mixed nut meats.  
Put on buttered plate to cool.—Marie  
Sohl, Ames, Iowa.

**SPICED CUP CAKES**

2 eggs, beaten  
1 c. brown sugar  
1 c. sour cream or heavy sweet  
cream  
 $1\frac{1}{4}$  c. sifted flour  
1 t. cinnamon  
 $\frac{1}{2}$  t. cloves  
 $\frac{1}{2}$  t. allspice  
 $\frac{1}{2}$  t. soda  
 $\frac{1}{4}$  t. salt.

Beat eggs until light. Next add  
sugar and beat well, add cream. Put  
dry ingredients into sifter and sift  
once. Add to above ingredients and  
beat well. Fill pan one-half full and  
bake 25 min. in moderate oven. Ice  
with brown sugar icing. These really  
are good. So moist and light.—Mrs.  
Burl Pfander, Conway, Iowa.

"I have just had the pleasure of  
reading your last issue. May I com-  
pliment you on your splendid maga-  
zine on the continued improvement it  
shows as time goes on."—Mrs. John  
Honkomp, Ashton, Iowa.

## "Recipes Tested in the Kitchen Klatter Kitchen"

By LEANNA DRIFTMIER

**PINEAPPLE NUT BREAD**

3 c. flour  
 $4\frac{1}{2}$  t. baking powder  
 $\frac{1}{2}$  t. salt  
 $\frac{1}{2}$  c. flour  
1 egg  
1 c. milk  
4 tbsp. melted shortening  
1 c. finely shredded pineapple  
 $\frac{1}{2}$  c. finely chopped walnuts.  
Sift flour, measure, and sift again  
with baking powder, salt and sugar.  
Beat egg, add milk and shortening.  
Add dry ingredients and beat until  
smooth. Add pineapple and walnuts.  
Mix well. Let set 20 min. Bake in  
well greased loaf pan 50 to 60 min. in  
moderate oven, 375 degrees. —Mrs.  
Geo. W. Jensen, 700 Commercial St.,  
Council Bluffs, Ia.

**BURNT SUGAR CAKE**

Burnt Sugar—Put 1 cup sugar in a  
skillet and place over the fire until it  
melts and smokes. Add  $\frac{1}{2}$  c. boiling  
water.

Cake part—  
 $1\frac{1}{2}$  c. sugar  
 $\frac{1}{2}$  c. butter  
yolks of 2 eggs  
1 c. water  
2 t. vanilla  
2 t. baking powder  
 $2\frac{1}{2}$  c. flour  
4 t. burnt sugar

Whites of eggs added last.

Filling—

1 c. sugar  
 $\frac{1}{2}$  c. water

Cook until it threads, then beat in-  
to the whites of 2 eggs. Add 3 t.  
burnt sugar.

**WHITE CAKE**

1  $\frac{2}{3}$  c. sugar  
1 c. water  
 $2\frac{1}{2}$  c. cake flour  
pinch salt  
 $\frac{1}{2}$  c. butter  
4 egg whites  
3 t. baking powder  
1 t. vanilla

Cream butter, add sugar and cream  
well. Then add alternately water, 1  
egg white unbeaten and a little flour,  
until water, 2 cups flour and 4 egg  
whites are added, beating well after  
each addition. Lastly add flavoring,  
vanilla or lemon, and the remaining  
 $\frac{1}{2}$  c. flour sifted with the baking  
powder. It takes so little time to make  
and is very good.

**ORANGE PECAN COOKIES**

1 c. shortening  
 $\frac{1}{2}$  c. brown sugar  
 $\frac{1}{2}$  c. white sugar  
1 egg  
 $\frac{1}{2}$  t. soda  
2 tbsp. orange juice  
1 tbsp. grated orange rind  
 $\frac{1}{2}$  c. chopped pecans  
 $2\frac{3}{4}$  c. flour  
 $\frac{1}{4}$  t. salt

Cream shortening, add sugar, add  
beaten egg, add rind and juice. Sift  
flour and soda, add with pecan meats.  
Combine two mixtures, form into roll,  
chill until firm. Slice and bake at 400  
degrees, about 8 minutes.

**EGG-YOLK-BUTTER CAKE**

$\frac{1}{2}$  c. butter  
 $1\frac{1}{2}$  c. sugar. Cream thoroughly.  
10 egg yolks beaten until lemon  
colored and thick  
1 c. milk  
1 t. vanilla  
 $2\frac{1}{2}$  c. flour  
1 tbsp baking powder, level  
 $\frac{1}{2}$  t. salt

Mix as given.—Lola Bradley, Clar-  
inda, Iowa.

**GOLDEN SOUR CREAM CORN  
BREAD**

1 c. flour  
 $\frac{1}{4}$  c. sugar  
2 t. baking powder  
 $\frac{1}{2}$  t. soda  
1 t. salt  
 $\frac{3}{4}$  c. yellow corn meal  
1 egg, well beaten  
 $\frac{1}{2}$  c. milk

1 c. thick sour cream  
2 tbsp. melted shortening  
Sift flour, measure and sift with  
sugar, baking powder, soda and salt.  
Add corn meal. Combine egg, milk,  
sour cream and shortening. Add dry  
ingredients. Pour into well-oiled pan.  
Bake in hot oven 425 degrees, 26 min.  
—Miss Arlene Endicott, Ridgeway, Mo.

**SILKEN GOLDEN ICING**

3 tbsp. butter  
 $\frac{1}{4}$  t. salt  
1 egg yolk  
1 t. lemon juice  
1 t. grated orange rind  
2 c. sifted confectioners sugar  
2 tbsp. orange juice

Cream butter and orange rind, add  
salt and  $\frac{1}{2}$  c. sugar and blend well.  
Add remaining  $1\frac{1}{2}$  cups sugar, alter-  
nately with fruit juices, beating until  
light and creamy. Makes enough icing  
to cover tops and sides of two 9-inch  
layers.—Mrs. E. T. Chilcoat, 1907  
Savannah Ave., St. Joseph, Mo.

"I ordered the December copy of  
Kitchen-Klatter Magazine and I en-  
joyed it so very much that I want to  
subscribe for twelve issues of it. I  
read and reread the magazine from  
cover to cover. It has so many help-  
ful suggestions, and such interesting  
articles."—Mrs. Hjalmar Rosen, Craig,  
Nebraska.



**BUTTERSCOTCH COOKIES WITH  
BURNT BUTTER ICING**

½ c. butter and lard mixed  
1½ c. brown sugar  
2 eggs  
2½ c. sifted flour  
½ t. baking powder  
1 t. soda (scant)  
½ t. salt  
1 c. sour cream  
1 t. vanilla  
2/3 c. nut meats

Cream butter and sugar, blend in well beaten eggs. Sift flour once and measure, add salt, baking powder and soda to the flour, then add dry ingredients with the sour cream to the other ingredients. Add nuts last. Let this batter chill an hour or so, drop by teaspoonfuls on greased cookie sheet. Bake in oven at 400 degrees. Cool thoroughly, then ice.

**BURNT BUTTER ICING**

Melt 6 level tbsp. butter, let brown over flame to golden brown.  
1½ c. powdered sugar  
1 t. vanilla  
Very small pinch salt  
Enough hot water to get right thickness to spread on the cookies. Let dry and put away. This icing makes the cookies delicious.

**DELICIOUS FROZEN SALAD**

½ lb. marshmallows cut fine  
1 cup sliced pineapple cut fine  
¼ c. home made mayonnaise  
1 package Philadelphia cheese  
1 ten-cent bottle Maraschino cherries, cut. Add juice also.

Mix the cheese and mayonnaise to a smooth paste, then add rest of the ingredients. Put all in freezing tray and freeze, but not as firm as ice cream. Will serve 16. Do not put any mayonnaise on top of this.—Mrs. K. V. Mace, 115 7th NW., Mason City, Ia.

**CHICKEN SALAD**

Boil one chicken until it can be removed from the bone. Cut the meat in small cubes with scissors. Add 1 cup celery cut in small pieces, ½ c. stuffed olives and enough salad dressing to moisten. A little sweet-pickle can be used or sandwich spread for added flavor. Chill and serve on lettuce.—Mrs. Howard R. Cameron, R 1, Mapleton, Iowa.

**DUMPLINGS—Always Light**

2 c. flour  
4 t. baking powder  
½ t. salt  
¾ c. milk  
1 egg  
2 t. shortening.

These dumplings are so light and good. I sometimes use this recipe with boiled pork and if broth is rich, I leave out the shortening. — Mrs. Marion Selman, R 1, Blakesburg, Iowa.

**LINOLEUM POLISH**

A good linoleum polish can be made by using 1 c. melted paraffin, 2 c. kerosene and 3 tbsp. of turpentine.—Mrs. A. Bobratz, R 2, Beloit, Kans.



Charles Wayne Manuel of Madison, Mo., the grandson of Mr. and Mrs. J. E. Utterback of Madison.

**"ONE YEAR OLD"**

To me he's worth his weight in gold,  
This little lad, just one year old,  
With tint of rose on cheeks and lips  
And dainty little finger tips.

Eyes as blue as skies above  
That look at you with trusting love,  
Hair of the purest gold,  
That's our little one year old.

When I hold him in my arms  
This little boy of many charms,  
I breath a prayer to God above  
To guide this little one I love.

God make the visions sweet, that rise  
In dreams before his bright blue eyes,  
And may life's choicest blessings hold  
For this dear one, just one year old.

—Mrs. J. E. Utterback, Rt. 4,  
Madison, Mo.

**AGE TEST FOR EGGS**

"Eggs may be tested for age by placing them in a deep pan of water. If they float, they are unfit for use; if they stand on end, they are probably about ten days old; if they lie at an angle, they are about three days old; and if they lie on their sides they are strictly fresh."—Mrs. Raymond Deckinger, R 1, Reserve, Kans.

**KITCHEN-KLATTER KINKS**

"Here is one of my helps. If one has a fine wire strainer they use daily for milk, if they will just use a suede shoe brush to clean it with every day, it won't become clogged and will stay nice and clean."—Mrs. A. J. Ormshie, Smith Center, Kans.

"If the hot dishes make white spots on your dining room table, just take paper from the butter you buy in the store, take most of the butter off, then take the greasy wrapper and just rub the white spot real hard and it will disappear."—Mrs. Henry Cast, Fremont, Nebr.

"Milk can be prevented from burning or sticking to the bottom of the kettle when boiling or scalding by first putting a small amount of water in the kettle to be used and let it come to a boil before adding the milk. Just enough water to cover the bottom of kettle."—Mrs. Arthur Anderson, Brewster, Minn.

"To save dry cleaning, put a strip of cellophane in men's hats, between hat and leather band. This keeps perspiration and hair oil from going thro. Do this as soon as hats are purchased."—Mrs. John Miller, Nebr. City, Nebr.

"Here is a little help. When you need an ice bag and do not have one, take a rubber glove, fill with chopped ice and put an elastic band around the wrist. This is not heavy and serves the purpose."—Mrs. Harry Lansman, Fort Dodge, Iowa.

"Here is a help for mending granite ware. I mended my dish pan and am using it right along. Take a fruit jar rubber ring and hold it over the hole, melting it with a lighted match. When enough has melted, take a knife or something similar and push melted rubber into the hole, which will harden immediately."—Mrs. J. S. Anderson, Oneida, Kans.

# You'll Enjoy This Program

TUNE IN TO

## LEM HAWKINS and His GANG

Each Week Day Morning (except Sat.)

7:30 A. M.

KMA ----- Shenandoah  
KENT ----- Des Moines  
WMT ----- Cedar Rapids

**MOTHER'S**  
**BEST**  
**★ Flour**





## KMA PROGRAM SCHEDULE

930 Kilocycles      Shenandoah, Iowa  
 NBC Blue Network  
 Iowa Broadcasting System  
 Mutual Broadcasting Company

KMA'S DAILY PROGRAM  
MORNING

4:30 a. m.—Haden's Hillbillies  
 6:00 a. m.—Weather and News  
 6:10 a. m.—Monroe Brothers  
 6:30 a. m.—The Family Altar  
 7:00 a. m.—Morning Headlines  
 7:15 a. m.—Chick Holstein  
 7:30 a. m.—Lem Hawkins and His Gang  
 (Monday through Friday)  
 7:30 a. m.—Novellers (Sat.)  
 7:30 a. m.—Family Altar (Sundays)  
 7:45 a. m.—Tommy Tucker Time  
 (Mon. thru Fri.)  
 8:00 a. m.—Coffee Pot Inn (Mon. thru Fri.)  
 8:00 a. m.—Uncle Bill Reads the Funnies  
 (Sun.)  
 8:15 a. m.—Harden Trio  
 8:30 a. m.—Mid-Morning Devotions  
 8:45 a. m.—Ma Perkins (Mon. thru Fri.)  
 9:00 a. m.—Jessie Young, Homemaker  
 9:30 a. m.—The Haden Trio (Sun.)  
 9:45 a. m.—Earl May  
 10:00 a. m.—Church Services (Sundays)  
 10:15 a. m.—Young Dr. Malone (Mon through Fri.)  
 10:30 a. m.—Markets and Farm News  
 10:45 a. m.—Old Favorites  
 11:00 a. m.—Tobias Cornutusel Nooz  
 (Mon. thru Fri.)  
 11:30 a. m.—KMA Country School  
 12:00 Noon—The Novellers  
 12:15 p. m.—Earl May with the News  
 12:45 p. m.—Market Time

## AFTERNOON

1:00 p. m.—Humorous Squibbs  
 1:00 pp. m.—Semi-Solid Ramblers (Sun.)  
 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.—Garden Club  
 2:45 p. m.—Between the Book Ends  
 (Monday through Friday)  
 3:00 p. m.—Club Matinee (Mon. thru Fri.)  
 3:30 p. m.—Fiesta (Sat.)  
 4:00 p. m.—Mainer's Mountaineers  
 4:15 p. m.—News  
 4:30 p. m.—Tommy Tucker Boys  
 (Mon. thru Fri.)  
 5:00 p. m.—Fiesta (Mon. thru Fri.)  
 5:30 p. m.—Bud Barton (Mon. thru Fri.)  
 5:30 p. m.—Renfrew of the Mounted  
 (Saturday)

## EVENING

6:00 p. m.—The Carter Family  
 6:15 p. m.—Chick Holstein  
 6:30 p. m.—Earl May with the News  
 7:00 p. m.—The Aldrich Family (Tuesday)  
 7:00 p. m.—Gene Krupa's Orchestra (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.—Radio Guild (Sat.)  
 7:45 p. m.—Youth in the Tolls (Mon.)  
 8:00 p. m.—The Green Hornet (Mon.)  
 8:00 p. m.—Cavalcade of America (Tues.)  
 8:00 p. m.—The Green Hornet (Wed.)  
 8:00 p. m.—Rochester Philharmonic Concert  
 8:00 p. m.—Plantation Party (Fridays)  
 8:00 p. m.—Alka-Seltzer National Barn  
 Dance (Saturdays)  
 8:30 p. m.—Rochester Civic Orchestra (Mon.)  
 8:30 p. m.—The Revuers (Tues.)  
 8:30 p. m.—Horse and Buggy Days (Wed.)  
 8:30 p. m.—America's Town Meeting of the  
 Air (Thursdays)  
 9:00 p. m.—Little Ol' Hollywood (Mon.)  
 9:00 p. m.—Roy Shield's Encore Music  
 (Tues.)  
 9:00 p. m.—Madison Square Garden Boxing  
 Bout (To Be Announced)  
 9:00 p. m.—Roy Shield's Revue (Wed.)  
 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.—Prairie Folks (Wed.)  
 9:30 p. m.—Shenandoah Town Meeting  
 (Thursdays)  
 9:30 p. m.—George Olsen's Orchestra (Fri.)  
 10:00—Newstime (Mon. thru Sun.)  
 11:00 p. m.—The Marriage Club (Wed.)  
 10:15 p. m.—to 12:00 Midnight — Dance Programs: (Johnny Messner, Lou Breese, Larry Clinton, Carl Ravazza, Glenn Miller, Eddie LeBaron, Chuck Foster, Lani McIntyre, Charles Barnet, George Hamilton, Gus Arnheim, Jimmy Grier, Ella Fitzgerald, Harry Jones, Glenn Gray, Erskine Hawkins, Gray Gordon, Will Bradley, Gene Krupa, and others.)

MY MOST EMBARRASSING  
MOMENT

There is a little couplet that states:  
 "My nose I don't mind it  
 Because I'm behind it."

but there is one unforgettable time when I minded, very much.

I was wandering around alone at the county fair, enjoying myself by doing just as I pleased. The thot came to me that probably my nose was shiny, as usual, and that I ought to powder it. I quickly proceeded to do this, using my new double compact from my purse, the while I gawked happily around. Shortly afterward, daughter returned to me, "Oh mother, what is the matter with your nose?" she exclaimed, looking at me queerly. I had noticed people looking back at me a second time but I had flatteringly explained that to myself by remembering my new fall hat-latest style, known as an Empress Eugenia hat. Remember 'em? I hurriedly looked in my mirror and I—an ardent prohibitionist—had rouged my whole nose a deep red color from the wrong section of my new double compact.

(Mrs.) Myrtle Gladson  
 Atlantic, Iowa



Mrs. Doris Murphy and son Tommie.

Let me introduce you to Mrs. Doris Murphy and her son Tommy who is 13 years old and completing his last year of Junior High School.

Mrs. Murphy grew up in Shenandoah and is a graduate of our High School. Being interested in journalism, she attended the University of Missouri, taking a special course in that subject. Returning home she was news reporter for the Shenandoah Sentinel for five years.

Ten years ago she began her work at KMA and since that time she has been a very busy member of the radio staff. You first remember her as newscaster and announcer, later, she was heard on other programs. She has helped in almost every department at KMA. At present she is to be found on the air just following Kitchen-Klatter.

Mrs. Murphy is well qualified to talk on flowers and vegetables for gardening has been a hobby of hers. The past year, she was President of the Shenandoah Garden Club giving unselfishly of her time to make the Flower Show in 1939 a grand success.

"I received the Kitchen-Klatter Magazines and I like them very much. My husband does, too. He has read more in them than I have. He says he has had a quarter's worth of good of them already."—Mrs. Clara Parker, Scranton, Iowa.



## OVER THE FENCE

Mrs. C. A. Holmberg of Reading, Kans. does just what I wish the rest of my radio sisters would do. She keeps a pencil and some post cards on the radio and when she hears some announcer mention an item she is interested in, she writes a card right then and there before she has a chance to forget it.

Are we so selfish, enjoying our own circle of friends, that we neglect the new people that move into our neighborhood? Remember that they need friends, and call on them. Put yourself in their place and be willing to go more than half way in making these people less lonely.

Mary Early of Allerton, Iowa, says that if your garden is separated from cows or stock by only a fence, plant tomatoes along your side, for the cows won't eat them.

Busy days are ahead of all of you but don't forget that a little rest during the middle of the day is really time well spent. After the dinner work is all done, rest awhile. Listen to Kitchen-Klatter. Do this and I will guarantee the work planned for the rest of the day will be much more easily accomplished. Will you try to do this?

As I write this, I am glancing up at the clock for it is almost time to bake some icebox cookies for dinner. Our clock is an heirloom. It is an old Seth Thomas clock that Mr. Driftmier's father and mother started housekeeping with. It was given them by someone who had used it for many years, so it might be very old. There are weights inside that have to be cranked up every night and that sound means bed-time at our house.

Talking of heirlooms, have you anything in your home that you could consider worth passing on to your children's children? It might be a pretty pitcher, a crocheted bedspread or a hooked rug. In this day of rapid changes, it is rather comforting to have a few old things around.

I have had a number of requests, asking that Frederick be given a shower of cards for his birthday which is May 8th. If you have enjoyed his letters about Egypt you might like to do this. Your letter or card should be written soon for it takes mail three or four weeks to reach him. A five cent stamp is required on letters to Egypt. Address Frederick Driftmier, American Mission, Assiut College, Assiut, Egypt.



WHAT  
SHALL



WE  
READ

By

MISS ANNA DRIFTMIER, Librarian  
Clarinda, Iowa, Public Library

Recently a library patron remarked that formerly he could not read biography, but that now he enjoyed it. It is not strange that he should like it now because biography has changed within the last two dozen years. Most of us remember how the subject of biography was surrounded with a halo or ridiculed to the lowest level, for there was no level between the two. In fact only the famous were remembered in writing, but today, if someone has done that which has appeal and sympathy, he may write his own biography or have it done. If it is told beautifully, with restraint and simplicity and truth, and with interest, it will be read. Truth often has appeal above fiction.

In looking over the shelves of biography we find characters that endured mudslinging in the days of activity in office. One is reminded of Theodore Roosevelt, or even of Abraham Lincoln. But their biographies show them to be very human, whom even their enemies could admire. Political propaganda had pushed their good traits into the background so that, unless one knew them personally, one could find nothing good in them.

Once upon a time there was a stable boy, a very usual stable boy, in Scotland. The great Queen of England, Victoria, and her consort and their family were spending the summer in their home there. They were in need of help that a stable boy could give. This boy was recommended and tried out. He made himself so necessary in the service that the queen kept him with her throughout his life. This is not a fairy tale. *QUEEN VICTORIA'S MR. BROWN*, by Tisdall, is the name of the story of that stable boy. There are people living who remember incidents concerning him in the papers of those years. This biography is still popular though the book is about two years old.

Many of you remember reading the columns written by Mark Sullivan. He wrote his life story, and with what simplicity! He called it *THE EDUCATION OF AN AMERICAN*. His early days were spent in a common farm house such as you have known. The book is a fine one, full of human interest.

Another biography of note, written in the last year or two, is that of Edna Ferber. She called it *PECULIAR TREASURE*. She never went to college, but her life was so filled with vitality and ambition to write that she has now produced not only novels of historical interest, but she has written plays that have had long runs on Broadway. Her life story is full of interest and is told in an appealing manner.

One could go on and on in praise of biography, but other things must not be crowded out, for they also have an important place in filling the needs of readers. With the world so upset one needs to lose oneself in fiction and mysteries and romance. Faith Baldwin has long had many followers. Her latest romances are *THE STATION WAGON SET* and *REHEARSAL FOR LOVE*. The first is about a "gay crowd of sophisticates who live in 'Little Oxford or it counterpart.'" There are Kitty Owen and Thalia Holmes and Bert Kenwood and others "of whose hopes and ambitions Miss Baldwin tells." The latter one is also filled with romance but has a great hurricane to contend with. Both are good.

*LOOK AWAY*, by George Shuster, is the story of a young Northern girl who marries a fine Southerner who becomes a spy for the South in the Civil War. That he returns to her after the war makes a fine love story.

Strange circumstances accompany the death of a wealthy man on his yacht. The crew leaves the vessel before the matter is settled, and only after considerable time was the mystery solved. The title is *THE DRAGON'S TEETH*. The author is Ellery Queen.

By request we shall list some books about religion or better living. *I WILL LIFT UP MINE EYES*, Glen Clark; *REDISCOVERY OF MAN*, Henry C. Link; *SINGING IN THE RAIN*, Monroe; *IN THE STEPS OF THE MASTER*, Morton; *CHRIST FOR EVERY CRISIS*, Maier; *SUCCESSFUL CHRISTIAN LIVING*, Fosdick. The library patrons have found them good.

*A SOUTHERNER DISCOVERS THE SOUTH* by Jonathan Daniels. After planning a route over his own country, Mr. Daniels drives on day after day to see what the conditions industrially and socially are in the South. Readers have pronounced it very good.

Paul Wellman has told the history of the cattle range in America in a book called *THE TRAMPLING HERD*. It depicts and describes vividly the herding and the driving of cattle into the corrals and into the middle west. A neighbor said he remembered when a herd of wild cattle was brought up from the Southwest and put into a well-fenced pasture near the school yard where he attended school as a boy. He read the book with great interest.

## BOOKS

By William Ellery Channing  
God be thanked for books. . . . Books are true levelers. They give to all who will faithfully use them the society, the spiritual presence, of the best and greatest of our race. No matter how poor I am, no matter though the prosperous of my own time will not enter my obscure dwelling, if the sacred writers will enter and take up their abode under my roof. . . . I shall not pine for want of intellectual companionship, and I may become a cultivated man.

### "COMFORT YE ONE ANOTHER"

To all of us comes the time when we must sit down and try to express as best we can the sympathy that we feel for friends who have lost a dear one. Our hearts are full, but we feel awkward and troubled when we face the problem of communicating our emotions. Most of us find it difficult to put into words the sympathy that we feel at such a time, and yet we don't know where to find something already written that expresses what we would like to say.

From the time I first found a short verse by William Morris I have enclosed it with letters that went to grief-stricken friends. I have found it a world of solace and comfort, and so I am passing it on to you. Possibly this will have a great deal to do with lightening someone's heart if you copy it and send it on.

#### AWAY

I CAN NOT say, and I will NOT say  
That he is dead. He is just away;  
With a cheery smile, and a wave of  
the hand,  
He has wandered into an unknown  
land,  
And left us dreaming how very fair  
It needs must be, since he lingers  
there.  
And you—O you, who the wildest  
yearn  
For the old-time step and the glad re-  
turn—  
Think of him faring on, as dear  
In the love of There as the love of  
Here;  
Think of him still as the same, I say:  
He is not dead—he is just away!  
—William Morris

## FRANK'S SPECIAL HAIR BRUSH

Brushing the hair not only gives it a beautiful natural lustre, but also starts circulation and promotes growth.

Everyone should have one of these fine hair brushes, which has five rows of strong unbleached bristles and slits in back for easy sterilization.

While they last, only 50c postpaid.

**DOROTHY JOHNSON**  
Box 467, Shenandoah, Iowa





## OUR CHILDREN

Although this page is very new I find a great deal of pleasure in working on it, for when it's all said and done nothing interests us mothers more than our children, and I think that most of us would be willing to sit indefinitely and listen to others discuss the problems that they have met and solved. If there is any mother who hasn't come right up against a stone wall at some time or another I wouldn't know where to find her! I only wish that I had about ten pages more for the letters that interest me and would interest you.

From a mother came a letter that I read and reread several times. The courage of this mother and the intelligence that she uses in helping a handicapped child certainly struck home to me, and because I know that you feel the same way I am quoting some of it.

"My child training problem has been a little different, Leanna, and please don't think I'm bragging about my little girl's beautiful happy disposition, but I'm happy to see her, although very handicapped, still unselfish and interesting.

"You see, about eight years ago my one-and-a-half year old curly-headed cherub of a baby developed infantile paralysis. It has been a long struggle with casts, braces, massage, and baths taking all of my time, money and strength, though of course I've been so thankful to be able to do this for my child, and I've been more than repaid in rich satisfaction.

"I soon realized that the mental attitude was highly important as well as very difficult, for a crippled child may get self-centered and develop a nasty disposition which will be even worse than the crippled leg. I did try so hard to have her obey the doctors and us for the satisfaction of obeying. I have tried not to humor little selfish whims, but make up to her by deep love, good books, music playmates, trips, religious training and faith in herself.

"She attends school and has many friends. Her teacher wrote me that 'she has a beautiful attitude towards life.' Of course my heart still aches for her, but the handicap is seldom mentioned except when she cries now and then about not being able to do something. I just try to substitute, and the principal at school tells me that she is really a normal reacting child at school, and the other children like her very much.

"This may sound a bit rambling, in fact I didn't think of writing nearly so much, but with my past years so full of this problem which I have coped with along with family duties I believe that my great happiness in

seeing this child so mentally fine even though physically handicapped, is justified."

I'm sure all of us agree that this mother's satisfaction is justified, for what a full, rich life she is giving her unfortunate child. It is difficult enough for us to act wisely when our children are strong and equipped to make a normal adjustment to the world. How much more difficult it is to act wisely when our hearts are torn with anxiety and love for a child who must battle his way with a severe handicap.

It is a temptation to humor the crippled child, to try and make things extra easy for him. All of us know how hard it is not to give in to a sick child, but how much harder it would be to refrain from giving in over a long period of time. Self-pity warps a life in terrible ways, and it is this that we must fight against with the child who has actual reason to pity himself. Teach him to realize that he can excel in his own way, and that the qualities which will make others love him and seek him out have nothing to do with his ability to jump and run. From the beginning expect him to do his share within reason. It will hurt you to demand that he take his own responsibilities as the others take theirs, but it will hurt him far more if you excuse him and expect nothing of him.



Who knows the best answer to this problem? A mother in Abilene, Kansas writes: "What am I going to do with my little four-year old girl who will not play with other children? She has no brothers and sisters and I thought that this might be the reason, but in the family of five children next door there is a child who won't play with the others, so I guess that being an only child isn't the reason. I've done everything that I can think of, but she still stands off and acts very unhappy when other youngsters try to make up to her."

If you have met this difficulty and have found a solution, won't you please write and tell me about it? With my seven children I seem to have missed this particular problem, so I don't feel qualified to answer her letter.

## TO MY CHILD

You are the trip I did not take;  
You are the pearls I cannot buy;  
You are my blue Italian lake;  
You are my piece of foreign sky.  
You are my Honolulu moon;  
You are the book I did not write;  
You are my heart's unuttered tune;  
You are a candle in my night.  
You are a flower beneath the snow,  
In my dark sky, a bit of blue;  
Answering disappointment's blow  
With, "I am happy; I have you!"

## MENDING

Mending to some, may be a task  
Of tiresome drudgery,  
But there are times when it has given  
A healing peace to me,  
For when I am perplexed in mind,  
And care has taken toll  
Too heavily, I mend, and find  
That as I mend the rents, I too,  
Have somehow been made whole.

—Margaret E. Bruner

## SEWING HELPS.

When making a dress, coat or blouse, I always start machine-sewing the sleeves in on the side back of the seam as I hold it in position to sew. Then when I have gone once around the armhole, instead of stopping, I sew on until I have reached a point as far in front of the underarm seam as I started in back of it. This gives me a double stitching all around the lower half of the armhole where there is so much strain and wear. — Mrs. Henry Bade, Hooper, Nebr.

Instead of making play suits with fastenings for small children which I find unhandy, I make panties and a little dress that looks more like a slip. Cut neck and armholes as low as you wish. Bind with tape. They are so easy to make and iron. Take so little material, can often be made of small left over pieces. Of course this is for girls.—Mrs. Frank Van Veldhuizen, R 2, Eddyville, Iowa.

When you wish to sew two seams which have been cut on the bias, as in a skirt, take a very narrow strip of the selvage or a piece cut with the straight of the goods and sew this right in with your seam and it will never sag and get out of shape as a long bias seam so often does.—Mrs. Chas. Ankeny, RR, Marysville, Kans.

When sewing silk material that wants to slip and creep over the machine, pin a bath towel on the left side, or the side on which you hold your material.—Mrs. Clyde Crosby, Gibbs, Mo.

When using a pattern in making a dress, press the paper pieces and the material before cutting. A wrinkle saved here will mean a better cut dress. You will have no trouble with it not fitting well. Another hint is, write the name of each piece on the wrong side of the material with chalk, before divorcing it from the tissue paper. This is a great help in assembling a dress.—Miss Maude Wilson, R1 B21, Irving, Kans.



## PRACTICAL POULTRY POINTERS

"April showers bring May flowers" is an old rhyme—not that it is April when writing this, but that we are having a shower of rain today, and



Mrs. Olinda Wiles

spring sunshine.

As soon as our chicks are several weeks old and we have a nice sunshiny day we are tempted to turn our chicks out of doors. Remember, although the ground is dry it may not be warm and chicks should not be turned out, but for a very short time each day, until they learn to seek the warmth of the hover, or the hens, when they become chilly.

It always seems to me that chicks raised with hens are smarter than those raised artificially, although I have seen the time when a hen would take a whole brood of chicks within a few feet of her shelter and then sit down and try to cover them right under the eaves of a building; and when the rain was coming down the hardest, she would get up and try to make it to her coop, and as a result I would have to go out and gather up the chicks or lose them all.

After a sudden shower one often finds chicks huddled under bushes or weeds, too wet and cold to move. I gather them up as quickly as possible (often getting soaked to the skin while doing it) and take them in to where they can be warmed up as quickly as possible. Sometimes they will be so stiff and cold you are sure you will lose them all, but often warmth will revive even some of the very worst ones. When they are able to eat, I mix a very small amount of ginger in their feed, as a stimulant. Then put a teaspoonful of Epsom salts to a quart of water in their drinking fountain, and you will seldom notice any bad effects of the soaking.

Chicks, like children, must be kept busy, and if you are unable to procure any green food for them then dig up a large chunk of sod and place it where the light is good and they will scratch and pick at it by the hour. This is good exercise and helps to work up an appetite.

Do not consider the job of raising chickens as just a "game of luck." I find you have to turn it to a "game of pluck", if you want to be successful.—Olinda Carolyn Wiles, Clarinda, Iowa.



## 4-H LETTER

April's almost here! Aren't we glad? April means garden time, here in Iowa, though it comes earlier in the South. Those of you who have a canning project in view had better plan and plant a nice big garden; for no matter how enthusiastic you may feel next summer, you will need something besides enthusiasm to put in those jars!

Have you begun collecting bulletins yet? If you begin right now, by writing for bulletins which concern your special project, you will soon have a small but very valuable library which will be the greatest help to you for years. I have some from the State University, several from the State Agricultural College, and a number of the Farmer's Bulletins which may be obtained free of charge, as they are published by the United States Department of Agriculture. The fruit jar makers and food manufacturers have good ones too, and the garden seed catalogs contain splendid cultural directions. It will pay you to keep them. Mine are never discarded until the new ones have arrived unless Bobbie or Suzanne get busy with the scissors when I don't know it. Those colored pages are alluring!

When the boys select the animals which they hope to turn into prize winners, they choose the best that money can buy. Blood tells in livestock and let me tell you, it counts in garden seeds too! You would be astonished if you could see the care that the seedsmen use in improving the strains and in keeping them pure. So buy your seeds from a reliable seedsmen (and I have never yet found one who wasn't), tend your garden carefully, and you will have lots and lots of nice vegetables to can for Achievement Day and for the family to enjoy.

I like to put in a row of hardy annuals for cutting, too, and to try one new thing each year. These things make gardening a gay adventure, instead of just a lot more work.

The home efficiency girls, and the ones with a clothing project, will find some of the best helps obtainable in this magazine. I hope you are binding your copies so you will have these things where you can find them. You can bind your bulletins, too, by punching holes in them and making a cardboard cover. Paste wall paper, cloth, or oilcloth on the outside and use notebook rings to hold them together.

I found a pattern in a newspaper for a 4-H quilt. I saved it, and will be glad to send it to any of you girls who send me a stamped self addressed envelope. It would make a pretty pillow top for a girl's room too.—Helen Loudon, Imogene, Ia.

## BEAUTY HINTS

I receive many, many letters regarding blackheads, and a few about the troublesome whiteheads. These are quite different; the blackhead is a clogged pore, while the whitehead is fatty waste that is lodged in a tiny sac of the skin.



Eva Hopkins

If you are troubled with blackheads, soaping with a neutral soap that contains Carrotine Oil (rich in Vitamin A) then steaming over a basin of hot water and gently massaging will usually loosen them. After a good rinsing dry your face with a coarse towel. Repeat as needed. Almost the same treatment will usually dislodge whiteheads, altho they are generally more stubborn. If they appear in large numbers, you had best consult a good doctor.

This season of the year is especially hard on the complexion. When you are working outside with chickens and garden you should use a powder with a cream base. This type of powder will keep your skin soft and smooth. A creme powder not only protects the skin from all kinds of weather but also keeps you looking lovely. No matter whether we are working in the garden or attending a party we should always look our best.

One skin specialist says, "If you like to remove dirt and makeup with cleansing creme, wash your face afterwards. And put on your lubricating cream after your bath and not while you are taking it. This is the time when your skin is in the process of elimination, and should be free of creams that hinder this."

Yes there is nothing like good soap and water.

Write me your beauty problems, I will be glad to answer them if possible. Sincerely—Eva Hopkins, Shenandoah, Iowa.

## KITCHEN - KLATTER PUBLICATIONS

LIST OF COOK BOOKS  
Any 5 for \$1.00

- Vol. 1—Cookies and Candies
- Vol. 2—Salads and Sandwiches
- Vol. 3—Vegetables
- Vol. 4—Cakes, Pies, Frozen Desserts and Puddings
- Vol. 5—Oven Dishes, One Dish Meals and Meat Cookery
- Vol. 6—Pickles and Relishes of all kinds, Jellies and Jams

—Household Helps Book  
Price:—25c Each, or any 5 of them for \$1.00, Postpaid

Order From  
Leanna Field Driftmier  
Shenandoah, Iowa



# Our Hobby Club

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

## HOBBY CLUB NEWS

I'm glad so many of you are taking advantage of belonging to the Hobby Club. There are some rules you must all observe if the club is to be of real service. When some one sends you something for your collection, be sure to answer their letter and if they have a hobby send them something in return for their kindness. If they haven't a hobby at least send them stamps to pay the postage on their gift to you. This is only reasonable and polite. If possible send them a gift of some kind, a handkerchief or a pot holder.

You girls all know what my hobby is, don't you? It is party favors and place cards. Please remember me when you have any thing of this kind. I can tell about them over the air, passing the clever ideas around.

Mrs. C. A. Carpenter writes from St. Joseph, Mo. that a group of hobbyists met and formed a Hobby Club. They are planning a show this spring. We'll be glad to hear more of this club.

Mrs. Ray Miller, of 5521 So. 33rd St. Omaha, Nebr. has over 1,000 quilt patterns in her collection. I can't imagine so many. If you will send her one she doesn't already have she will send you a pattern of a girl to hang pot holders on or pattern for a match box.

If you do not see your hobby listed as you requested, it is because your turn hasn't come. Every month I have more names than I have room for. Just be patient. I'll get your hobby in as soon as I can.

—Leanna

Mrs. George Beine, Plainfield, Ia. "Wanting Salt & Pepper sets. You were kind enough to list me a long time ago as wanting souvenirs but I find the S. P's. more interesting. I now have 200 and they make a nice display."

Mrs. Ellis Mattox, Graf, Nebr. "My hobby is collecting cacti and decorative containers for them. It would be fun to see a long list of the names of people collecting cacti in the Kitchen-Klatter."

Gertrude Kembery, Bridgewater, Ia. "I guess my hobby must be a little unusual or at least I haven't seen one like it. It is collecting an old dish of some sort as a remembrance from each of my older friends. I started this several years ago. Since there have been several of the older folks passed away, I prize very highly the dishes they have given me for with each one there is some memory. I have quite a collection. Each one is labeled with name and date."

Aprons and pan holders, also flower seed—Mrs. Alice Macy, Osceola, Iowa.

Grace Noll Crowell poems—Frances Cowan, 1616 Grand Ave., Omaha, Nebr.

Toy Elephants—Florence Weis, 311 So. 10th St., Geneva, Nebraska.

Odd shaped salt and pepper shakers. Will exchange—Mrs. D. L. Raher, Hawarden, Iowa.

Wash cloths and quilt patches—Mrs. V. G. Bauman, care William Jelinek, Linwood, Nebraska.

Pitchers and Salt and pepper sets—Mrs. Jesse Irwin, 1528, Carroll St., Boone, Iowa.

Vases. Mrs. E. H. Vawter, North Bend, Nebr.

Crocheting and water color painting. —Mrs. Uridil, 277 8th St. NW., Cedar Rapids, Iowa.

My hobby is a collection of china animals, ones not more than two inches high. Many of mine are only half an inch. I have dogs, kittens, elephants, squirrels, monkeys, penguins, etc. to number about thirty.

—Maxine Lance Sickels,  
Mt. Ayr, Iowa

## CLASSIFIED ADS

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

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

**BEDTIME PRAYER REMINDERS.** A cross that shines in the dark. Made by "Borrowed Timers." Just right for an Easter gift or for your own use. Envelope size. 15c each. Gertrude Hayzlett, Shenandoah, Iowa.

**FOR SALE**—Crocheted doll hat pincushions. Any color in plain or variegated. Price each, 30 cents. Mrs. Franz Redman, Alpha, Minn.

**FOR SALE**—Tatted edgings. 25c and 50c a yard, according to pattern. Mrs. Mary Sage, Clarence, Mo.

**BEDSPREADS**—Water lily applique quilt, quilted in waterlily design—\$10.00. Hand embroidered bed spread — large size — beautiful work — \$3.00. Mrs. Edward Balthazor, Gen. Del., Plattsmouth, Nebr.

**POTTERY BIRD HOUSES.** Made to Audubon specifications. Bluebird houses, \$1.00; wren houses, 50c. Plus 10c for postage and packing. Pottery vases, 50c pp. Sue Field Conrad, Clarinda, Iowa.

**COLONIAL COCKERELS LOW \$3.00**  
**CHICKS** World's Largest Hatcheries...  
Day-old males, pullets, straight run in all leading breeds. Lowest prices. Blood tested. Hatches year around. Four weeks' livability guarantee. Catalog FREE. **COLONIAL POULTRY FARMS**, Shenandoah, Ia. Box 157.

## BABY IRIS

April is the time when we are most hungry for flowers but all too often, we think that if we can't afford tulips we can have nothing.

The Baby Iris will love to help you out. They come in many beautiful colors now and spread so joyfully that you will soon have enough for all your borders and some to give away.

I have made a hobby of collecting them and have so many now that I will divide. Send me 50¢ for postage, packing and labor and I will send you two rizons each, of six named varieties.

One sky blue

One American Flag blue

One misty rose

One Plum colored

One white

One yellow

If set out now they will bloom freely next spring. Address:

**JESSIE SHAMBAUGH - Sunnyside Gardens - Clarinda, Iowa**



Mary E. Keith of Odessa, Mo. and her hobby of 140 unvarnished wooden souvenirs from 42 states. Another of her hobbies is cactus.



## ◆ THE KIDDIES' CORNER ◆



### WINGS OVER ALL STATES

Mrs. Julia Larson, De Smet, S. Dak.

Hello, boys and girls; come with me this lovely April morning and we shall attend the grandest concert you have ever heard. Leave your money at home, all I will ask is for you to use your eyes and ears.

You say, where will it be and how will we get to the concert? That will be easy. The concert will be at your own home. Just go out for a walk along the roadside, in the pasture or among the trees.

Hush! what do you hear? Cheerily-cheerup; char-char; thsee-thsee; conkerr-ee; chirp-chur; che-wee, che-wee and so on and on. Do you recognize them?

By now you have guessed what I am talking about, birds. The birds are our best friends. We protect them because they help us to grow our crops. Our native birds are one of our nation's most valuable assets. If people are so very, very thoughtless as to destroy birds, in just a few years the insects will have multiplied so rapidly that trees would be leafless, plants cease to thrive and crops could not be raised. No boy or girl would like a country like that to live in.

There are so many ways in which you can attract birds. In the spring the wings of birds move swiftly over our States, beating a flashing across the sky; wouldn't it be nice for the birds to find houses put up for them in places where their enemies will be few. Place food and water within their reach. Place nesting materials handy for them, such as bits of string, wool, fine hay or any other things you can find out a bird likes. The birds will thank you with their cheery songs.

Watch for the birds as they begin coming from the south. Have a note book and write down, name of bird, date of arrival, its coloring, size, song and interesting personal experiences. We may want to use some of your experiences in Kitchen Klatter.

If you want to have a good time during your summer vacation start planning now, how to get acquainted with your "Feathered Neighbors."

Boys and girls, how are you going to get acquainted with the birds? Your ideas may help other boys and girls to have a good time this summer. Write a letter to Kitchen-Klat-

ter, telling some of the things you have learned about birds.

**KEEP THE WINGS OF BIRDS IN MOTION OVER AMERICA.**

(Note—If you are interested in birds and would like to know more about them, write to Leanna Driftmier, Shenandoah, Iowa.

### SOMETHING TO MAKE

Let's make some swimming ducks and boats for baby brother or sister to play with in the bathtub when he takes his bath. Use milk bottle tops, or circles of heavy cardboard about that size. Cut a slit about one-half inch across on each one in the center. Cut ducks or tiny boats about two inches high and two and one-half inches across out of stiff paper. They should be flat on the bottom except for a tap going down, just as wide as the slit in the circles. Slit this tab from the lower edge to the duck or boat. Put the tab through the slit in the circle, then paste the tab to the lower part of the circle, one piece going one way, one the other. These ducks and boats will sail proudly in the bathtub.

### TRANSFER PICTURES

Cut out a picture from a newspaper or funny paper. Rub paraffin on a plain piece of paper the size of your picture. Put the picture face down on the waxed paper. With a smooth rock, a block or the bowl of a spoon, rub the entire surface of the paper over and over. Then, when you lift the picture, there should be one just like it on the plain paper.

### VACATION BIRD CLUB

Let's all study birds this summer. We can have a Kitchen Klatter Bird Club. Mrs. Larson and I will plan interesting things to do, during vacation. Would you join a club to study birds? If enough of you are interested we will really have one. Write to me if you would join a "Kitchen-Klatter Bird Club."—Leanna Driftmier.



Leanna Rose Shippers—sent by her aunt, Mrs. George Muslek of Pattonburg, Mo.



Jackie B. Conley, little son of Mr. and Mrs. Hugo Conley of Elmer, Mo. The wagon is a birthday gift from his two grandmothers, Mrs. Irvin Easley and Mrs. Anna Conley.

### JENNY WREN AND THE MARTINS (A True Story)

Jenny found the house first, and she proudly and happily flew back and forth with loads of sticks and strings for the nest she was building in the house. It was a very pretty house, indeed. It was painted a bright green and it had a fancy red and brown roof of the most sparkling shingles Jenny had ever seen. There were two porches, plenty of doors and the cutest cupola, in fact it was snug and warm for baby birds. It had fine ventilation, too.

Now Jenny thought that finders were keepers until one day a martin came along and decided it a very nice place for a summer home. So he set to work at once to settle in the vacant part on one side of the house. Jenny couldn't endure this so she started a great fuss. She sputtered and scolded and chattered and chattered some more. Mr. Martin paid little attention to her and flew right by her and dashed into the house. Each time he would stay inside the house a little longer.

Then Jenny got a bright idea—she would stuff all of the doors full of sticks on that side of the house so the martin couldn't get in at all. Mr. Martin wouldn't be bluffed like that. If Jenny was going to be mean he knew how to keep up with her. He would simply move into Jenny's apartments while she was busy stuffing up his entrance. He rather liked the idea the more he thought about it. Her rooms were nicely settled, there were no sticks in that entrance, and it wouldn't be very hard to enlarge Jenny's nest to fit his own needs. When Jenny saw the plan, she was simply furious! She scolded and fussed and chattered some more. Then, all of a sudden, she became ashamed of herself and she must have told Mr. Martin that selfishness was of no good to either of them because she went to work and helped the martin pull all of those sticks out that she had put there a short time before.

In time, the martins all moved into the house, and both families were happy as could be. They have been living contentedly in that pretty green house with the bright roof ever since.—Mrs. F. A. Zappe.





### "GOD'S ACRE"

In many rural communities this plan is being used. Each member of the church promises to give the money received for the sale of the corn raised on one acre of ground. A certain day can be set aside for picking and delivering the corn on the dedicated acres and a dinner served in the church to which the hungry corn pickers are invited. They are asked to attend in their corn picking clothes. The idea does not have to be used for rural churches only, but country people attending church in town can also promise to grow an acre of corn for the church.

The plan appeals especially to the men, but one much like it was used by rural women in one community. They promised to give all the money from the sale of eggs gathered during the week before Easter. (Any time may be chosen.) Why don't you try that plan?

### HANDKERCHIEF BAZAAR

The following verse was sent to me by Mrs. John Stallwitz, of Peabody, Kans. This verse was printed on an ordinary postcard and the cards were mailed to members of the Aid and friends of the church. With the bazaar, they held a food sale. If you haven't tried anything of this kind in your society, it might be a moneymaker.

#### HANDKERCHIEF BAZAAR

Name of Church  
Town and State

To all our friends, though far and near,

We crave your kind attention;  
So please to lend us now your ear  
While we a subject mention.

The \_\_\_\_\_ church will hold

On a day not distant far,  
If we have been correctly told,

A "Handkerchief Bazaar."

So this, then, is our plea in brief:

To help our enterprise,  
You each shall send a handkerchief  
Of any kind or size.

To be without a handkerchief

You know is quite distressing,  
From every state let one be sent—

'Twill surely be a blessing.

If a handkerchief you can make,

That handkerchief we will surely take,

But if you can't, please buy us one

We'll thank you till your race is run.

Please send by (date)

Sent by \_\_\_\_\_

### OLD AGE

Mrs. Alice L. Meyer, Dows, Ia.

Changes have been taking place in our midst, and these changes have caused me to think of the people who, because of age and financial circumstances, are unable to go along and be happy.

One of the saddest things in the world is a lonely soul—one who longs for companionship. In this class of people we undoubtedly would find those from all walks of life, rich and poor, young and old, but no less lovable. There are, for instance, those who have been deprived of husband or wife, spinsters or bachelors, couples without children or with children who have left them for a career.

I love people in the Autumn of life. As a rule they are rich with thoughts and hungry for love. Yet old age is a period of life by many the most dreaded; not always because of physical decay, though that is sad and painful, or because of the imminent approach of death for to Christian people many times death is looked forward to as an end of physical suffering and grief and troubles they do not feel able to cope with.

It is sad, but true, that often when parents have spent all their younger years working and saving to give their children an education and social advantages (many of which they themselves were deprived of) the children grow up selfish and unappreciative and neglect their parents in old age and often make them feel they are a burden.

I realize there is a great difference in the character of elderly people. If, while young, people begin to live a Christian life, and their minds are stored with knowledge and pleasant memories, as they approach the sunset of life they grow softer and gentler, more understanding, more lovable, and their wisdom and council is sought and respected and there is a joy and happiness in their association.

If, on the other hand, they neglect to form and cultivate these traits of character in their youth, as age comes on they grow hard, bitter, and intolerant, unlovely and unloved. A disagreeable trait or bad habit does not improve with age. As a person suffers physical and often mental decay, these traits become more disagreeable and these very characteristics are the cause of their being unwelcome in the house of their family. "If we would be loved, we must be lovable."

Old age is a great test and revelation of the character we have formed as we come down the span of years. How happy old age is, if we make the right preparation for that period of life and how unhappy and unloved if we do not.

"Let me grow lovely growing old  
So many fine things do,  
Laces, ivory and gold  
And silks need not be new,  
There is healing in old trees  
Old streets a glamor hold.  
Why may not I—as well as these  
Grow lovely—Growing Old."

—Selected.



My Easter lamb and a few of my hobbies.  
—Leanna.

### GAMES FOR APRIL

A clever contest based on nuts was sent to me by Mrs. A. W. Tatum of Litchfield, Nebraska. She says that it is a fine ice-breaker for any party. Pictures and advertisements are clipped that represent different nuts, and then these are pinned around the room with a number clipped to them. A limited time is allowed for the guests to make their lists.

Pecan: a picture of a can of peas (everyone guesses peanuts).

Grapenuts: a picture of grapes.

Butternut: a picture of a goat.

Acorn: a picture advertising a corn cure.

Walnut: a picture of a room.

Hickory nut: a picture of Andrew Jackson.

Hazelnut: a picture of a girl named Hazel.

Cocoanut: a cocoa advertisement.

Doughnut: a picture of a woman rolling out dough.

Chestnut: a picture of cedar chests.

Beechnuts: a beach scene.

Niggertoes: a picture of a negro and a foot showing the toes.

### PARTS OF THE BODY

1. A California tree—Palm.
2. Weapon of war—Arms.
3. A spring flower—Tulips.
4. Whips without handles—Lashes.
5. Used by carpenters—Nails.
6. A student—Pupil.
7. Part of a clock—Hands.
8. A large wooden box—Chest.
9. On a corn stalk—Ears.
10. Edge of a saw—Teeth.
11. Covering of an apple—Skin.
12. Cover of a pail—Lid.
13. Part of a stove pipe—Elbow.
14. Part of a river—Mouth.
15. Weather cocks—Veins.
16. A narrow strip of land—Neck.
17. A part of a ship—Rib.
18. Used by an artist—Palette.

### WHITE ELEPHANT BINGO PARTY

Let the guests furnish the prizes for the Bingo party by each one bringing something they want to get rid of. These gifts should be wrapped so that no one can guess what they are.

The player who first yells "Bingo" may go to a table where the mysterious packages are piled and choose one. He may get a last year's spring hat—a bird cage or a cup without a handle. Try to make your White Elephant Gift something that will bring a laugh.