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Kitchen-Klatter

MAGAZINE



VOLUME V

MAY
1940

NUMBER 5

Copyright 1940 by Leanna Field Driftmier

SHENANDOAH, IOWA

Price 10 cents



TO MOTHER

●

When I was a careless little girl,
With turbulent spirit and hair a-curl,
The thing that kept me good all day,
And made me work instead of play,
Was the thought of what she would do and say,
When she talked with me at the close of day,
And I showed my work to Mother.

Today, when the work of my hands was sought,
And loving homage by friends was brought,
Their praise seemed little and far away,
My heart was heavy instead of gay,
And tears rained down at the close of day,
For I could not show it to Mother.

But I took up my tasks with courage new,
I can live my life so sweet and true,
That my heart will be glad and my skies will be blue;
And then, when the boys have to manhood grown,
And my harvests are gathered, where love was sown,
I can slip away, and with raptures sweet,
Lay all of my treasures at her feet,
And the joy in my heart will be complete,
When I show my life to Mother.

—Martha Field Eaton

HOSPITAL EXPERIENCE



A LETTER FROM LEANNA

Kitchen - Klatter Magazine

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LEANNA FIELD DRIFTMIER
Shenandoah, Iowa

Dear Kitchen Klatter Sisters:

"Here's May once again, with her orchards in bloom,
There's a wreath in her hair, and her bridal bouquet
Scatters beauty afar as she flings it away."

This little verse sent me by Mrs. W. T. Larmore of Ottumwa, Iowa expresses to me the very spirit of May—As she describes walking in the woods, in May, I can clearly see the little path that leads past wild crab-apple trees and red-haw bushes that are huge bouquets of pink and white flowers. I can almost smell the sweet fragrance that is wafted on every gentle breeze.

This is the month when the modest Violet, the Sweet Williams and the Jack-in-the-Pulpit are growing among the ferns in under the shrubs and the buds of the hickory trees swell and burst.

Of all the months of the year I believe May is the time that I wish most that I could walk. I live over again the trips to the woods with my children, the girls picking violets for May baskets and gathering ferns for our rock garden, while their brothers catch crawfish in tin cans and stealthily removing shoes and stockings, dip their feet in the clear cold water of the creek.

My tho'ts go back to May at Sunny-side Farm where I spent my childhood. The blue bells that grew under the plum trees and the lilac hedge that was the chief glory of our yard, bloom again for me.

And then, there were the May days in Southern California. The deserts were carpeted with tiny pink and blue flowers.

Wild lupins, yellow poppies, and golden wild mustard gave color to the landscape as far as the eye could see. There comes to my mind a part of the poem Daffodils that says,

"And now, when on my couch I lie
In vacant or in pensive mood,
They flash upon the inward eye
Which is the bliss of solitude."

We are all glad for the memories of other Mays but let us come back to this May, 1940. I wish there were three or four of me. I could surely keep them busy. One to sit in the sun and enjoy my flowers, another to stay in the house and read radio letters and prepare broadcasts, another to edit a magazine and a Leanna to sew and bake and be just a mother. Well, school will soon be out and Margery will be home to help me. Lucile ex-

pects to visit us for awhile too, and she always gets her shoulders under the wheel, so I see a little more leisure time for me.

I hope, when you visit Shenandoah, you will not forget to call on me. I am almost always at home and never too busy to stop and visit with my radio sisters. And now this little tho't by Abbie Brown.

"God fold you in His arms

And in His peace,

Keep you by night and day.

Granting you sun—glints, thro' the darkest hours;

Assurance when you pray.

And all I fail to ask for you, not knowing how,

I leave to His wise choice

Who loves you best, and so in all he sends

We will Rejoice.

FRANK FIELD AT MAY'S

Commencing April 15th, Frank started work with Earl May. I know you folks, who are his friends and who appreciate his thorough knowledge of the seed and nursery business, will be glad to know where Frank is located and in due time you will be able to hear him over KMA, the Earl May radio station.

Frank has had a world of experience with Farm Seeds and Nursery, and will assist Mr. May in his large and growing business. He feels confident he can be a real help to you, too. Write him your problems. He will be glad to hear from you.

A VACATION TRIP

Be sure to include Shenandoah in your summer travels. There is much to see here, and it is always fun to visit a radio broadcasting studio. Be sure to call on me. Don't be like some friends who have written me they drove by our home but were afraid to come in. I don't want any of you to feel that way. My latch-string is always out for Radio sisters, and a warm welcome awaits you.

Here is how you find our home. The Shenandoah High School is on Center Street, at the south edge of town. Turn east at this school, where Summit crosses Center. Go east on Summit. We live in the first block, the fifth house on the north side of the street—the only house in the block with a run-way for a wheel chair, down the front steps.

A Kitchen-Klatter sister at Corning, Iowa sent in a letter which was so full of ideas for making hospital patients happy that I am reprinting some of it. Most of us have been in the hospital at one time or another, and I don't suppose that there is one of us who hasn't gone to call on friends who are ill. Consequently we might keep some of these hints in mind for the time when they are needed

"The first article I sent home for was—believe it or not—my kitchen tongs, a long, heavy pair made like ice tongs. These enabled me to reach papers, magazines, my notebook or pencil—things that I was bound to drop. I could even reach my window shade pull cord after I had gotten more spry, and at night I could reach my extra blanket off the foot of the bed without calling a nurse.

"Flowers are always welcome, of course, but they *do* make a great deal of extra work for the nurses, and it seems like money spent for something that disappears practically overnight. Instead of buying flowers my folks brought me a radio, and I enjoyed it tremendously day in and day out.

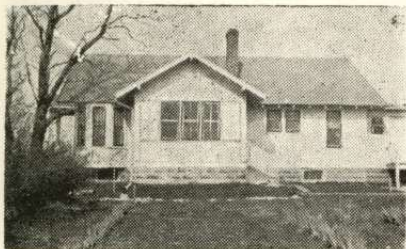
"Another very useful thing was my bed light. Some hospitals have only ceiling lights, you know, and they aren't much comfort at night. Between two and four in the morning I got tired when I couldn't sleep, and the nights seemed long, so I turned on my bed light, took a magazine from my bedside table, and read until I became drowsy. Then I enjoyed seeing the early morning nurse come in, and I didn't feel worn out from tossing through the before-dawn hours.

"I think that the nicest time you can visit a friend is around meal time if guests are allowed then, and generally they are if the patient is doing nicely. Unless you have a special nurse it is quite a trick to manage such foods as soup, and friends who want to help you at such a time are certainly more than welcome.

"Little surprising gifts from the Five and Ten are just as welcome to my way of thinking as expensive flowers. Small notebooks to keep the autographs of nurses and doctors, a bright new nail file, a small manicure set, a bottle of hand lotion, several bars of good soap such as we don't indulge ourselves in at home, fresh powder-puffs, a pretty comb or brush—well, there is just no end to what you can get for little money that will make a sick friend happy."

There is one suggestion that I can add to this list. When I spent four long months in a Kansas City hospital, a club to which I belonged sent me something that I treasured far more than I could have enjoyed flowers. They must have known that a good fountain pen would have been a blessing every day that I spent in bed. Remember this when your club decides to send a sick member something. If flowers *must* be sent, decide on a small potted plant and tuck the fountain pen in the pot.

Come into the Garden with Helen



Before — What a desolate looking place.



After — A lovely view from the kitchen window.

The home of Mr. and Mrs. L. F. Feldmann, Sabetha, Kansas.

What a difference flowers make in the looks of a home! And by using Hardy Perennials that require almost no care, we can have flowers easily. One of the biggest thrills is to see the green tops push through the ground the minute the snow is gone, the feathery pink fronds of peonies, brave blades of iris and sharp green noses of tiger lilies. Surely every home has these old standbys.

But in your neighbor's yard you may see odd new plants that seem to grow just as easily and give exciting kinds of bloom for every day of the summer. Let me help you select some of these newer varieties, and if you get the plants set before May 10 you will have flowers from them this year as well as all the years to come.

FOR APRIL choose Mertensia blue bells for semi-shade, bright pink creeping phlox and several varieties of dwarf iris for sunny spots.

FOR MAY use plenty of Early Shasta daisies and the pale blue hardy flax in the sunny part, and the Polemonian Bluebells for shade.

FOR JUNE, Shasta Supreme, which is the giant late daisy, coreopsis, a yellow daisy and Gaillardia, a bronze one. With these use blue Delphinium and several colors of the graceful long spurred Columbine.

JULY brings hardy phlox, and be sure to get plenty of its coral pink variety, R. P. Struthers. Have plenty of Yucca with its tall spikes of white flowers like candelabra, and for blue the Chinese Bellflower, Platycodon.

AUGUST may be made gorgeous with Giant Mallows in all colors, with Black-eyed Susan and yellow Hardy Snapdragon.

SEPTEMBER. The tall lavender spikes of Butterfly Bush neighbor with the tall henna daisies of Helenium and the silver mist of Artemesia Silver King. At their feet have several varieties of dwarf Hardy Asters.

OCTOBER brings the chrysanthemums, the tall Hardy Asters and the Blue Mist Flower, Hardy Ageratum.

For less than three dollars you could buy all of the above flowers.

Besides these you should have plenty of those ironclad ever blooming roses, Gruss an Teplitz (red) and Radiance (pink), and you will find the Double Tiger and Red Russian lilies as easy to grow as the common Tiger Lilies. The pale yellow Lemon Lilies are easily raised and not so spready as their brother, the Corn Lily.

To make your hardy border complete, set clumps of tulips near the front in October and remember that August is the time to move in the gorgeous Oriental Poppies.

Of course I haven't named nearly all of the good plants, but these are the easiest ones and by next year at this time you will probably have gleaned enough information to select your own additions. By that time, too, you will have something to trade with your neighbor—and that is one of the biggest joys of flower gardening.

HAVE YOU ORDERED YOUR FLOWER FAMILY ALBUM?

The hundreds who have are delighted with it. Here are extracts from a few of the letters that Mrs. Fischer has received.

From Mrs. C. Radke, Clarinda, Iowa—

"I am thrilled with it. Such wonderful knowledge in such simple form. It is a treasure."

From Mrs. R. D. Kaster, Corydon, Iowa—

"I like the odd and suitable binding. Every line is full of information."

From Mrs. W. R. Roderick, Rosendale, Mo.—

"Book is finer and much larger than I expected."

See April Kitchen-Klatter for full description.

Price \$1.50 pp. Order from Helen Fischer, Box 5, Shenandoah, Iowa.

CHILDREN'S GARDENS.

Mrs. R. J. Duncomb, Luverne, Minn.

Children who love flowers and who love to share them with others often cannot understand why mother does not like to have them wander at will through her flower garden, picking whatever their fancy may choose for a bouquet. It is quite natural that mother objects, because she knows, herself, that some flowers are all the better for frequent cutting, while others have only one chance to display their beauty. At the same time, many a child has lost his interest in flowers because in childhood he was refused a garden of his own, or at least a chance to share mother's.

Mothers may solve this problem in two ways. If it is not practical to give the child, especially the little tot, a plot especially for their very own, arrange the border so that they may gather a bouquet without stepping on valuable plants or spoiling a display of flowers. I have found that the best way to do this is to edge the flower bed or border with the flowers which are all the better for frequent picking. I use pansies or nasturtiums for this, also I have a border of dwarf purple iris which has belonged for years to the youngest member of the family. A bed of violets is especially loved by children also. The flowers come in earliest spring, and what joy it is for the child to find them growing in their own yard. Later on in the season a row of sweet peas on a convenient trellis will keep small fingers busy each day—the neighbors profiting thereby.

As the years pass the children will want gardens of their own, and if a mother cannot spare any place in her own border, why not give them a part of the vegetable garden to raise annuals in? They will take much more interest in weeding the carrots, if they can glance over at their own small patch of beauty occasionally. Incidentally they will be much more apt to keep the vegetable garden presentable in appearance, for they will naturally want to show off their flowers to their visitors. At least I have found it so. At first these flowers may be planted in rows directly out in the garden after the danger of frost is past. You will have to direct them at first in their choice a little, as it is very important that they do not make failures which might discourage later attempts. Large seeds, easily handled and quick to germinate, are best, such as nasturtiums, balsam, zinnia, marigold or yellow cosmos. Also try to choose those which give a succession of bloom from spring to fall. They should not sow the seeds too thickly nor too deep.

When they have homes of their own, the love of flowers will have become a part of their nature and home beautification will have become a matter of course. Children will be sure to love their homes better if they first learn to beautify them with flowers.—Mrs. R. J. Duncomb.

When writing to advertisers, please mention that you saw it in the Kitchen-Klatter Magazine.

—Leanna Driftmier

The Story of My Life

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

CHAPTER 22

As I told you in a previous chapter, this car accident happened after we had left our daughter at Cottey College, Nevada, Mo.

When my sister, Helen Fischer, received a telephone call from Mr. Driftmier, telling her what had taken place, she thought best not to mention it to my children until it was found out just how serious a condition I was in, for the first report was that I had little chance for recovery. She told my brother Henry about it and he, not knowing the children had not heard the news or that they had their radio tuned in for his morning talk, told about the accident on his news broadcast.

I believe the children were eating breakfast. Dorothy called her Aunt Helen to find out what she knew and she immediately came to comfort them. There were five of my children at home at that time, for Lucile was in college and Howard working for an uncle in the country. I have told you what wonderful neighbors I have, and at this time they surely proved friends, indeed. My sister Helen had the children stay with her until their father returned home.

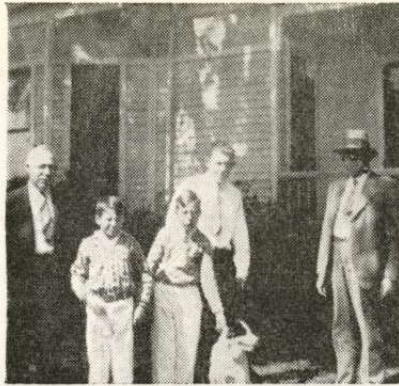
Lucile, who had only been at Cottey College one day, was practically among strangers. The president of the college read of the accident in the Kansas City paper and told her about it. Arrangements were made for Lucile to come to Kansas City to see me. She begged to be allowed to go back to Shenandoah and take care of her brothers and sisters, but her father and I insisted she return to school.

This was my first hospital experience, but I made up for that by staying almost four months.

As soon as I had been X-rayed, I was put on a fracture bed. This bed had a crank on one side, halfway between the head and the foot, and every day the doctor would elevate the center of the bed by giving the crank a few turns. After a few days my head and my feet were about fourteen inches lower than the middle of my body. Imagine trying to swallow up-hill! For six weeks I had to be in this position and then a cast was made and I spent six weeks in that.

My husband stayed with me until the doctors pronounced the critical period past, then he returned to Shenandoah to be with the children and to take care of his business. He made many trips to the hospital, bringing the children to see me, and my sisters and sisters-in-law were one of them with me all the time.

When I could have callers, many radio friends who lived in or near Kansas City came to see me and brought me late fall flowers from their gardens. The desk clerk said I received more mail in a day than the rest of the patients, put together. It took bushel baskets to carry the



Mr. Driftmier, Mr. Fischer, Wayne, Ted, Howard and Trixie, taken at the Fischer home while I was in the hospital.

mail home. I shall always feel that the prayers and encouragement of you radio sisters had much to do with my recovery. I felt your strong arms around me, carrying me onward.

As soon as I was out of the cast, braces were made for my back and limbs, so that when I became strong enough, I could walk on crutches. I had hoped to go home by Thanksgiving but instead, Lucile came and spent the day with me and we ate our Thanksgiving dinner from trays.

One of the pleasures and benefits of belonging to a radio family was that every day my sister Helen would tell me what my children were doing and on Saturdays they would go to the studio and dedicate songs to me. When I would hear Margery's sweet little voice singing "God Will Take Care of You" I would bury my face in my pillow and cry, but they were not tears of sadness. They were tears of happiness that God was taking care of me and my family and friends.

After Mr. Driftmier returned home, Mrs. Fischer had the whole family for dinners but they got their own breakfast and supper. The doctors had promised me I could go home the day before Christmas. Lucile's school was out a week earlier so she went on home to help get things ready for my return.

That Christmas Eve has gone down in family history as one that can never be surpassed for happiness. Lucile wrote about it in a story called "The Welcome" which was published by the "Woman's Home Companion." I have permission from this magazine to reprint this, for the next chapter of my autobiography.

(Read in the June Kitchen-Klatter Magazine, "The Welcome" by Lucile Driftmier.)

SEWING HELPS

"I keep a nut pick in my machine drawer. The blunt end helps me in turning narrow belts more than anything I have used. The pick end can be used to pull out the corners after the belt is turned.

I have my electric iron handy when I sew, to press out seams and to use instead of basting, when hemming towels, aprons, pressing belts and so many other things.

Tweezers have a great help in sewing, holding hems, trimmings or bindings to a fine line when sewing by machine. They can be used to pick up thread, hold under ends and do many things that the fingers cannot get at."—Mrs. E. J. Westgate, LeCenter, Minn.

"I do my sewing like I do my baking. First I oil my machine, then thread it. I have my sewing table by my machine and have on it pins, needles, scissors, thread, thimble, tape measure, patterns, goods, snaps, buttons, bias tape, and a safety razor blade for ripping. Then I sit down and go to work. No jumping up and getting one thing and another. I have a large rug under my table. When I am through I pick my rug up and take it out and shake it so no sweeping needs to be done. It saves steps."—Mrs. Jessie Gieber, Blue Springs, Nebr.

"When using the new fancy buttons, either animal or other kinds, they may be fastened on with tiny safety pins and then removed when laundered, as it ruins them to go through the wringer."—Mrs. Roy Chaffee, Stockham, Nebr.

"When any article of clothing or linen has been torn and you wish to mend it so it will not show, work around the tear with a button hole stitch, then simply draw the edges together. Be sure and use thread to match article you are mending."—Mrs. Frank Plymnesser, Estherville, Iowa.

"When sewing with bias tape, always hold the wrong side of the goods towards you, when basting on the tape. When you stitch on the right side with the machine, you won't have any trouble."—Mrs. John Bruggeman, Carroll, Iowa.

"Make as many button holes as you like on both sides of your comfort protector. Sew the buttons on the comforter, leaving the threads slightly loose. The protector can then be unbuttoned, washed and ironed and replaced with no more trouble than changing a pair of pillow cases."—Mrs. Etta M. Coxon, Villisca, Iowa.

PERFEX DRY CLEANER

Now you can safely clean garments, drapes, and rugs at home for only a few cents.

Spring house-cleaning jobs are easy with Perfex. Use it to brighten up woodwork and linoleum; wash windows, take spots out of upholstery or rugs.

A 25c package makes 20 gallons of cleaning solution.

2 packages postpaid to you for 50c (on single can orders add 10c for postage).

Send Orders to

The PERFEX Co.

Box 34, Shenandoah, Iowa

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

—Leanna.

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 Mother:

This letter will be mostly about my trip to the Red Sea. You remember I wrote to you some time ago that we planned to make that trip during the Christmas holidays. Our route followed the old Roman trail made during the time of the Caesars.

There were twelve made the trip, including four drivers. The cars were old, we knew, but we thought they were in good repair. We learned differently. I don't believe they had ever been greased since the day they were bought. Egyptians are not naturally good mechanics and so we had quite a time keeping those cars so they would run, at all.

Our biggest difficulty, though, was the drivers. One of them wanted to take his servant to dust off the car every time we stopped. This same driver refused to go unless he could lead the procession.

Well! finally we were off about five o'clock in the morning in a cloud of dust—and I mean dust, for the dust is four or five inches deep and it did no good to try and stay back out of it for the stuff would linger in the air like a cloud, for hours.

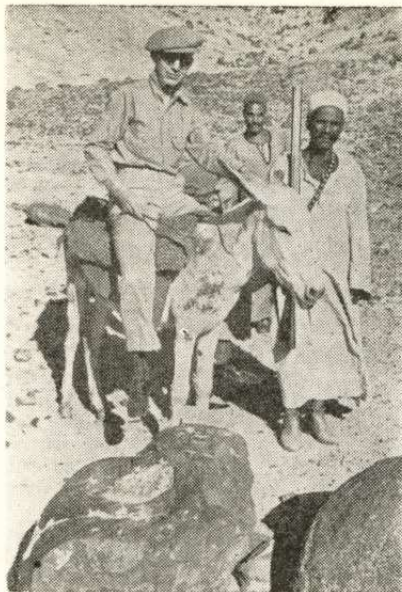
Until at least ten o'clock in the morning it is useless to try to make more than ten miles an hour for until that time the road is alive with animals being taken to the fields. In one mile of road we would have to work our way through perhaps one hundred and fifty goats, fifty cows, twenty or thirty donkeys and many camels.

Our cars kept all their horns blowing and such a noise as it made! The drivers seemed to love to honk the horns and when we came into a village they did so much honking, that the natives would crowd around our cars every time we would stop, thinking it was a wedding procession.

It took us weeks and weeks to get our traveling permits but once we had them we really had to use them. At regular intervals on the road would be a police station and there our permits would be inspected. This was done on account of the war situation.

We stopped for lunch, that first day, in a nice palm grove. In less than five minutes there were crowds of natives around. At first they stood back a little way but before we had finished our lunch they were packed closely around us. It seems you can't get away from people, in Egypt. We traveled on the rest of the day, having flat tires, boiling radiators and all kinds of trouble. Once we got off on the wrong trail and almost lost ourselves in the desert.

We were so tired when we finally found a suitable place to camp, that we could hardly move but while the men pitched our tents the girls cooked us a good meal over a camp fire and at ten-thirty we rolled in. I guess



Frederick on a vacation trip.

I forgot to tell you that there were several of the girl teachers from the Girls' School in Cairo, went with us. They brought with them a chaperon who is the supervisor of all temperance work in Egypt. She was one of the most lovely women I have ever met.

My first night on the desert was a great thrill. The thing that impressed me most, was the quiet. Not an insect, not a bird, not even the wind. The sky was so blue and the stars shone so brightly. I never knew there were so many stars in the heavens.

The next morning we were up early, had our breakfast and were soon on our way. After driving an hour we arrived at the only oasis on the entire trip. There were probably fifteen palm trees and a patch of grass about the size of our back yard at home. I suppose there were nearly one hundred people living there. They lived in mud huts even worse than those the Egyptians live in. The oasis had a well with a camel turning a water-wheel.

From the oasis we struck out again, across the desert. Mile after mile we drove, over rocks and sand. Sometimes we would be out in an open stretch, and other times we would be down in a canyon or up on the side of one of the cliffs. Every few hours we would pass the ruins of an old Roman fort, built before the birth of Christ. We also saw some old Roman wells, some of them still having water in them. The wells would be so deep that to get down to the water level we would have to go down winding steps cut in the rock.

—Ted.

(Continued in June.)

THE COVER VERSE

The verse on the cover was written by my sister, Mrs. Martha Field Eaton, who lives in Des Moines. Since I read it over the air I have had many requests for copies of it for it expresses a wish many of us have had.

4-H CLUB LETTER

Was my face red! I taught Phyllis to make bread, and hers was better than mine. Perhaps she had more patience, and kneaded it longer.

Do you remember the jokes in the farm papers about "Peter Tumbledown"? Peter, it seemed, had all possible faults, and his farm was scarcely a farm at all; instead, it resembled a junk-yard inhabited mostly by a motley crowd of mongrel livestock. Fortunately, Peter only existed in someone's imagination. Nobody could have been quite so poor a farmer and stock raiser as that.

I think the reason we no longer hear of Peter is because he is truly the vanishing American. Men who farm now do not waste their time and money on inferior animals, poor seed, and calico hens who sit but never lay. Many of today's farmers have been 4-H boys, or else they have sons who are club members, and men who have handled fine animals are never satisfied with any other kind.

Farm homes are different, too. Part of this is due to the 4-H projects, and part to the women's clubs, where ideas are exchanged. Once, when I was a guest at a large gathering, one of the 4-H mothers passed around some of her daughter's leaflets for us to see and discuss. (Goodness, don't let the girls find out that they are educating us mothers. Perhaps I should not have mentioned this!)

More and more rural homes are being landscaped. Again, the 4-H girls are busy, planting shrubs and flowers, setting out young trees, and building rock gardens and tiny pools.

More and more canning is being done each year. This is partly due to pressure cookers and improved fruit jars, but much of it must be credited to the girls whose fingers fly, filling jars for Achievement Day. Happy the mother whose daughter is interested in gardening and canning!

Farm women are better dressed and better groomed, too; and their posture is better. Mrs. Tumbledown's classic gray calico and wispy scolding locks have vanished; she wears attractive prints, which cost almost as little, and look much better; and she has a permanent. When she goes places she is dressed nearly as well as the Duchesses of Windsor and Kent, perhaps better, for she can wear clothes beautifully, and make them herself!

These are the farm homes and farm folks of today and tomorrow. These are the backbone of America and the hope of the world.

—Helen Loudon
Imogene, Ia.

FOR PHYLLIS, ON MOTHER'S DAY

Dear, we could not hope to cling together

Through the coming years,
And your lips were made for laughter,
Though your eyes be filled with tears.

We've known so much of Life's sweet joy,

So, daughter, heed my plea,
When you wear a white carnation,
Wear it jauntily, for me!

—Helen Loudon

BEAUTY HINTS

Years and years ago, when our foremothers were plunging thru the wilderness, and laying



Eva Hopkins then as now.

the foundations of this comfortable life that we have today, a box of face powder was an unheard of luxury. So, when on Sundays, she put on her one silk dress, our foremother slipped into the pantry and dipped into the flour bin or the starch box — because the shining nose was just as detestable

then as now.

Then came greater freedom of powder and rouge. They did brighten up the dull skin and take away the shine for a little while, but it was not advisable to grind powder into the pores with the old powder pad. Enlarged pores often resulted. Clogged pores often became festered and pimples resulted.

Now it's a cream powder! A cake powder applied with a dampened facial sponge. No sticky creams underneath! Just a thorough washing with a good facial soap and water, then a dash of real cold water to help close the pores and now that thin, almost transparent covering of cream powder. Remove any surplus with your towel before it is quite dry. Doesn't that sound like a safe and sane way of caring for the complexion? Always remove your makeup at night. If your skin is dry, use a good cleansing cream for this purpose.

Yes, we have gone a long way from the yoke and oxen days, thru the horse and buggy means of transportation, to the stream-liner, automobile and aeroplane. So too, we have gone a long way in the proper care of that most precious gift to womankind—her complexion.

If you have complexion worries, I will be glad to give you the best advice to my knowledge, if you will write me.

Sincerely, Eva Hopkins
Box 13, Shenandoah, Iowa

TO ALL WOMEN ON THE MERRY-GO-ROUND OF WORK!

A ship is speeding out to sea
And storms begin to blow
"What shall we do?" the sailors cry—
"Unload your loose cargo."

And so to make the going smooth
The useless baggage goes
For every hindrance holds them back
When stormy weather blows.

So in the good ship Life, the same,
In restless seas of work—
Throw out the useless bulk of woes,
The trifling cares that irk.

But keep a strong courageous heart,
A faith in work well done,
The journey will be safely made—
The going will be fun!

—Mary Duncomb



When the "Sunshine Sisters" 4-H Club of Springfield, So. Dak. meets.

Springfield, So. Dak., Bon Homme Co.

For the fifth year under the leadership of Mrs. Roy Beecher, our club, the Sunshine Sisters, is marching forward in 4-H work. Projects during these years have included sewing, home life, and this year, meal planning.

In November of this year we reorganized, electing the following officers: President—Jean Balvin, vice-president—Myrtle Beecher, secretary-treasurer—Eleanor Thomas, and Reporter—Joyce Vander Kooi. Our club for a few years now has held the honor of having the largest membership enrollment in the County. We are not only proud of this, but more so of the high percentage of girls who complete their unit work each year. Fifteen members, ranging from 11 to 17 years of age and living in an area of ten miles, are in our club.

During the existence of the club, we have always been represented at Club Camps, have sent delegates to judging school in Brookings last year, have taken prominent part in Rally Day. The demonstration and judging teams from the County to State Fair were from our Club last year, and the members of the club have won numerous ribbons for their exhibitions at Achievement Day and State Fair.

Hikes, picnics, club tours and parties are some of the social events enjoyed in the past beside the regular 4-H work. Our leader has always placed special emphasis on Conservation by reports, talks, and readings. Plans on schedule for this year are a market trip to a larger town, collecting birds' nests, giving a formal mothers' tea party, and a nature hike.

At each meeting at least one cooking demonstration is given by a club member with an exchange of recipes (based on what the demonstration is) among the members. Etiquette is practiced at each meeting thus "learning by doing."

Thus through these activities we are striving to be an ever progressive and wide awake club, making our community a better place through our practicing the 4-H motto, "To make the best better."

Joyce Vander Kooi,—Reporter

Send \$1.00 for a yearly subscription to this magazine and get 15 gladiola bulbs free. Offer for limited time only.

The firms advertising in the Kitchen-Klatter Magazine are reliable and their products have merit. No other advertisements are accepted.

—Leanna Driftmeyer

PRACTICAL POULTRY POINTERS

I have received a number of inquiries as to feeding problems, and will try to make some points a little clearer.



Mrs. Olinda Wiles

First of all, I wish to say it is pretty hard to keep chicks from having bowel trouble if they have been chilled — likewise if overheated. The reaction is very much the same. If a very young chick is chilled or overheated, the yolk of the

egg is not absorbed as Nature intended it to be, and therefore becomes a menace to the chick instead of nourishment, as it should be.

In reply to letters of inquiry about pellet forms of feed will say it has the same ingredients as chick mash, but is made into small pellets about the size of a grain of wheat, which dissolve very readily after it is eaten. By using this form of feed the chick gets a balanced ration with every bite. I have started all my chicks on this form of feed for the last two years and I would not use any other kind.

In feeding sour milk be sure you use only stone-ware or crockery. I have a six gallon jar I use to sour the milk in and then put it in the crockery containers.

I have known of several cases where chick losses were traced to feeding buttermilk that was allowed to sour in galvanized pails. As the chicks become older (about three weeks old) I begin feeding home-ground and home-grown corn, oats, wheat and alfalfa, moistened with sour milk, with plenty of fresh water at all times. This is fed in wooden troughs and they really can devour it. I have found that chickens that are milk-fed feather out more quickly and evenly.

When using hens for setting purposes, be sure she is free from parasites. A good dusting with sodium fluoride, or flowers of sulphur, will keep her from becoming restless and leaving her nest.

Put the hen on her nest of eggs after dark and she will be accustomed to her new location when daylight comes. When setting hens in nests that are up off of the ground, I have found it to be very beneficial to cover the bottom of the nest with moist ground before putting in the nesting material. This conserves heat and also adds to the moisture necessary for a good hatch.

Treat your chicks the same as you would a baby. Keep them warm, full and dry—and before you know it they'll turn right into—fried chicken.

—Olinda Carolyn Wiles
Clarinda, Iowa.

The Kitchen-Klatter makes an idea gift for Mother's Day.

KITCHEN-KLATTER LETTER

Dear Folks:

When I wrote to you the last time I was sitting at a table under the bamboo that grew right beside our house, and when I looked off across the desert I could see the Santa Rita mountains shimmering in a blue haze far, far away. I didn't dream then that when I wrote again I would be up in those mountains, and that Tucson and the ranch where we lived formerly, would stretch below us almost forty miles distant. We are now only thirty miles from the Mexican border.

This is the first time that I have ever lived in a mountain—literally—and it is an exciting experience. We moved up here last week because there were so many dust storms on the desert that took their toll from Judy, and we thought she would be better where the air is sparkling clear and thin. We rode straight across the desert to get here, and then abruptly the road turned off and snaked across a rising foothill until we entered the canyon. How the car chugged to make the steep road! We were heavily loaded, and for a while it seemed that we might have to carry luggage a long, long distance, but after much coaxing and shifting it finally climbed the steep grade.

Our house has four rooms, a large kitchen, living room, and two sleeping porches. It is perched on a stone ledge on the side of the mountain, and there is nothing to see in any direction except forests of pine and holly, and great mountain peaks—one after the other. A beautiful stream rushes along just below us through a series of waterfalls, and there are rocks large enough to sit on right in the middle.

It seems curious to be living where any noises in the night are made by deer! They prowl around our house for hours at a time, and I have to keep the milk and butter anchored high enough that they can't be knocked down by exploring antlers. The other day we came upon a herd of antelope—about twenty of them—and one little fawn frolics around our back steps when it thinks that no one is near. There are bears and mountain lions too, and we had to impress their ferocity on Judy even though we hated to, because if she wandered off even thirty feet from the house and got turned around we might never see her again!

Our house has running water and a nice sink, but otherwise we are real pioneers. I cook on a small wood-stove that gobbles up sticks faster than I can stuff them in. We have kerosene lamps and candles at night, and of course we can't enjoy our radio because there is no electricity. The paper comes three times a week, as does our mail also. At this minute we haven't heard an outside sound for two days, and all of Europe could have fallen into the ocean and we wouldn't be any the wiser. This is what they call "escaping from the

world" and I find it very pleasant for a change.

We regretted leaving the desert just before everything sprang into bloom. We had watched all of the different plants bud, and were anticipating seeing the blossoms, but we expect to go back down into the valley twice before we leave Arizona and then we can find out what the tight red buds turned into.

Just below us is a small stone building that has a tiny cafe, store, and post office housed in it. At this time of the year there are only five or six families in the canyon, but by the end of May all of the cabins are full. The owners of the store have a parrot that keeps us constantly entertained, for we can hear every word it says as it walks back and forth on a little white bench in front of the store. One of the funniest things it says runs like this: "My, what a nice day! Hip, hip horay! Oh boy, ta ta ta. Where's Ed? What? What say? Tell Ed to come. Oh boy! Hip, hip horay!"

I've never heard a bird with such a vocabulary. It keeps up a running fire of comment from morning until night, and if you go in sight it screams, "Hello there, Ha Ha Ha. Goodbye. Come again." The first time Judy saw it she nearly dropped dead. She didn't know that any bird could talk, and when it looked at her and said, "Hello!" she actually turned white. Now she likes to sit across the road and listen to it mimic chickens, cats, crows, donkeys, and just about anything else you can think of.

We expect to leave here on April 27th to start the long trip back north again. I hope that this year there aren't late snows in the mountains, for we expect to drive north to Santa Fe and across the New Mexico ranges. It was over ninety in the valley before we left for the Madera Canyon, and it was hard to believe then that it was still bitterly cold in the north.

Russell snapped this picture of Doris, Judy and me at the lunch table just before we left the ranch. The sun was brilliant that day and we lingered for a long time over our salad



and soup. Judy tried to slide down in her chair because she didn't have on her beautiful new white slippers that are the pride and joy of her life. When we went to buy them she said to the shoe clerk with tears in her eyes, "Oh, do you possibly have one more to match the one I have on?"

—Lucile

FOR PATIENCE.

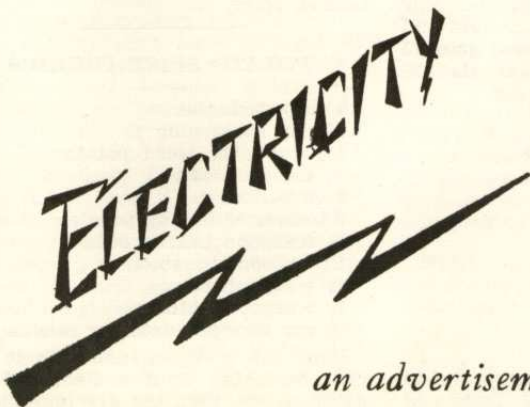
God give me patience, with small hands that cling and hinder;
With small feet that run so fast into mischief.

I must be so wise to meet the endless eager questioning,
To keep the faith in those clear anxious eyes.

From daylight till the last goodnight is said,
So many needs that I alone must fill;
I must be strong, who know myself so weak,
Must guide their feet where mine go stumbling still.

Mary, who raised a Boy in Galilee,
Did you long sometimes for the end of day,
And did you ask for patience, when you bent
At night above a sleeping Child to pray.

—Floris Clark McLaren.



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Cookery means carefulness and inventiveness and willingness and readiness of appliances. It means that economy of our grandmothers and the science of the modern chemist; it means much testing and no wasting; it means English thoroughness and French art and Arabian hospitality.—Ruskin.

CORN MUSH BREAD

- 1 pt. milk
- $\frac{3}{4}$ c. corn meal
- pinch of salt
- 4 eggs

Heat milk to boiling. Stir in corn meal. Beat well. Cook a few minutes. Add yolks, cool slightly, then add whites beaten stiff. Bake 30 minutes in moderate oven. Its like a souffle. Very good.—Mrs. S. L. Pease, Box 263, Alton, Iowa.

MARGERY'S QUICK NUT BREAD

- $1\frac{1}{2}$ c. sugar
- 4 c. flour
- 2 rounding t. baking powder
- 2 c. sweet milk
- 2 t. salt
- 2 eggs
- 1 c. nut meats

Measure flour, sugar, baking powder and salt and sift together. Beat egg until light and foamy. Put milk in eggs and beat again. Add egg and milk mixture to dry ingredients. Stir thoroughly. Lastly add 1 c. nuts and stir in well. Put in greased pan (I use my loafcake pan). Let rise 20 min. Bake in moderate oven.

BRAN BREAD

- 1 c. sugar
- 2 c. flour
- 2 c. All-Brn
- 2 t. soda (level)
- 2 c. sour milk
- 1 c. dates
- 1 c. nutmeats
- 1 t. salt

Mix dry ingredients together. Add sour milk and mix well, then add dates and nuts. Bake in a 9x12 greased loaf pan for about 25 min. in a moderate oven. We like it sliced the thickness of bread and spread with butter.—Mrs. W. A. Hildreth, East Lawn, Estherville, Iowa.

“Recipes Tested in the Kitchen Klatter Kitchen”

By LEANNA DRIFTMIER

BAKED BROWN BREAD

Sift together $\frac{1}{2}$ c. sugar, 3 c. whole wheat flour, 1 c. white flour, 2 tsp. baking powder, 1 tsp. soda and 1 tsp. salt. Beat 2 eggs and add $\frac{1}{2}$ c. molasses and 2 c. sour milk. Add to dry ingredients and beat. Lastly beat in 3 tbsp. shortening. Fill cans $\frac{1}{2}$ full and bake in moderate oven for 45 minutes.—Mrs. B. P. Nemechek, R 2, Abilene, Kans.

CHEESE SALAD

1 pkg. lemon Jello
Add either 1 tbsp. vinegar or lemon juice
1 c. water
1 c. grated cheese
1 c. crushed pineapple
 $\frac{1}{4}$ c. sugar.
When it begins to thicken add 1 c. cream, whipped.
Garnish with nuts. Cut in squares and serve on lettuce.

HAM LOAF

$1\frac{1}{2}$ lbs. chopped ham
 $1\frac{1}{2}$ lbs. chopped beef
1 c. bread crumbs
1 c. milk
2 eggs
2 tbsp. ketchup
2 green peppers (chopped)
Mix above ingredients very thoroughly and form into loaf. Bake in moderate oven for $1\frac{1}{2}$ hours, basting with the following liquid—2 tbsp. vinegar in $\frac{1}{2}$ c. sweet milk, stir unto the dry in—Laurel, Nebr.

POTATO SPICE COOKIES

1 cup molasses
 $\frac{3}{4}$ cup shortening
 $1\frac{1}{2}$ cups hot riced potato
 $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon salt
2 cups flour
2 teaspoons baking powder
 $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon baking soda
1 teaspoon cinnamon
 $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon cloves
 $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon nutmeg
 $\frac{1}{2}$ cup chopped dates or raisins
Heat the molasses and into it stir the shortening until melted, add the potatoes hot, then the dry ingredients sifted together and the dates. Mix well and drop by half teaspoonfuls on oiled paper, spread on a baking sheet. Bake in slow oven (325 degrees to 350 degrees) 10 to 12 minutes.—Agnes Casperson, Cushing, Nebr.

Kitchen - Klatter Salad and Sandwich Book

The best tested recipes from Radio land. New sandwich fillings. Delicious salad combinations. Price 25¢ PP. Order from

LEANNA DRIFTMIER
Shenandoah, Iowa

ROLLED OAT MUFFINS

$\frac{1}{4}$ c. sugar
2 t. lard
1 egg
1 c. sweet milk
1 t. salt
 $1\frac{1}{2}$ c. quick oatmeal
 $\frac{3}{4}$ c. flour
4 t. baking powder
Cream fat, sugar, salt, beaten egg. Add oatmeal then flour and B. P. that have been sifted, milk and flour alternately. Beat just enough to mix. Pour in greased muffin pan. Bake in moderate oven.

GRAHAM MUFFINS

1 c. graham flour
1 c. white flour
1 t. soda
 $1\frac{1}{2}$ t. B. P.
1 t. salt
1 t. sugar
1 egg
 $\frac{1}{2}$ c. sour cream
 $\frac{1}{2}$ c. buttermilk (or clabber)
Combine egg, cream and buttermilk. Sift dry ingredients together and add to first mixture, put in muffin pans and bake in hot oven.—Mrs. W. C. Webster, R 1, Cowgill, Mo.

LAYER SPICE CAKE

2 c. brown sugar
 $\frac{1}{2}$ c. butter
2 egg yolks
1 tsp. cinnamon
 $\frac{1}{2}$ tsp. allspice
 $\frac{1}{2}$ tsp. nutmeg
 $2\frac{3}{4}$ c. flour
1 c. sour milk
1 tsp. soda
1 tsp. vanilla
Mix thoroughly. Bake in a moderate oven in layer pans. Use egg whites for boiled icing. For a change, add a little peanut butter to the icing put between the layers. — Mrs. C. Eaton, Dickens, Iowa.

Kitchen-Klatter Vegetable Book

A large collection including choice recipes for preparing all vegetables for the table. Also methods of canning them. You need this book. Price 25¢ PP. Order from

LEANNA DRIFTMIER
Shenandoah, Iowa



Mr. Driftmier and I spend a quiet evening at home.

FIVE MINUTE DUMPLINGS FOR CHICKEN OR BEEF BROTH

1½ c. flour
2 t. baking powder
Pinch of salt
Sift the above three times
1 egg beaten with fork and add:
½ c. sweet milk, stir into the dry ingredients. Drop with a fork into the boiling broth. Cover and boil for five minutes without taking the lid off or they will fall.

VELVET SALAD DRESSING

Mix together:
1 egg (well beaten)
2 tbsp. flour
4 tbsp. vinegar
1 t. prepared mustard
1 t. salt
1 c. cold water
Cook in double boiler until thick, remove from fire and beat in three tablespoons butter. This may be mixed with cream, is delicious without.—Mrs. J. W. Arney, Rt. 1, Clarks, Nebr.

CHOCOLATE CREAM ROLL

5 eggs
½ c. sugar
½ tsp. vanilla
½ c. cocoa
¼ tsp. salt
Separate the eggs and beat the egg yolks until lemon-colored. Blend together the sugar, cocoa, and salt, and add to the egg yolks. Beat the egg whites until stiff and fold into the mixture. Flavor with vanilla, and pour into a shallow pan lined with heavy wax paper. Bake in a moderate oven (325 degrees) for 25 minutes. Turn out on a damp towel, and roll slightly. Cool, unroll, and spread with 1 cupful of thick cream whipped until stiff, sweetened, and flavored with vanilla. Roll and let stand a while before serving. Cut in slices like a jelly roll. The roll may be covered with fudge icing, or it may be served with a hot or cold fudge sauce.

CURTAINS TODAY Dorothy D. Johnson

When mother and I mention spring housecleaning these days we don't really seem to be discussing the same subject, for I have a small apartment to tackle and she has a large house. But we'll both be washing curtains and we'll both be thanking our lucky stars that styles in curtains have changed so much in the past few years.

When I was growing up no one would have thought of using the kind of curtains that are popular today. I can remember heavy velvet and damask at the windows in those days, and I can remember too what housecleaning was like when they had to be freshened up somehow for another year's duty. Those materials were so expensive that the same drapes had to hang at the windows for a long, long time, and it was a great event when they were finally discarded in favor of new ones.

I'm sure that when mother was a bride she wouldn't have thought of using unbleached muslin at her living room windows because unbleached muslin certainly wasn't acceptable in the best room of the house at that time. But I have unbleached muslin at my windows (mother helped me make them!) and it isn't going to be much of a chore to handle them during spring housecleaning. They're not only easy to keep clean, but they didn't cost so much that I'll have to look at them for several years.

If you are considering new curtains this spring, try something cheap and bright. There are all kinds of materials for sale that will do a great deal for any room, and fortunately they cost so little that you won't get a headache trying to figure out where the money is coming from.

The secret of using cheap material successfully is to buy enough so that

it will hang gracefully. Don't try to stretch just enough over a window; make your curtains as full as a ballet skirt. You can't do this when you pay \$2.00 per yard, but the most effective curtains I ever saw cost exactly eight cents per yard—and it was because they were so full and edged with bright crimson ball fringe.

It has been said that the best way to be in style is to stay out of style! Certainly this is true in home decoration. If every house on the street has the same kind of curtains, the same kind of furniture, and the same kind of rugs, the impression that your home makes is going to be lost. Try the things that you yourself like and have thought of on your own hook. You can't go wrong if you do that, for every homemaker knows in her own mind what really looks inviting and pleasant, and when she puts these ideas into practice she has a home that expresses her own personality and preferences.

Father, my days are full, You see,
With work that Thou hast given me,
Oh, let me do my woman's part
With Martha's hand, but Mary's heart.
—Helen Loudon.

Do you make this mistake in baking?

When you bake do you make the mistake of thinking that the all important thing is the recipe?

Of course, the recipe is mighty important. But, don't forget that the foundation of all your baking is the flour you use.

In the kitchen, where Mother's Best Flour is carefully tested, we have learned that even with the same recipe a batch of bread, a cake, a pie, or anything else can be spoiled simply by changing the quality of the flour.

That's why it is so important to carefully choose your flour.

No flour leaves the Mother's Best mills until generous samples have been tested both in laboratory and kitchen. It's always kept to uniform, high standards so you can depend on it for all your baking, at all times.

Every sack is guaranteed to please you or you get your money back. Ask your grocer today for a sack of

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.—Farm News (Earl May)
 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.—Mainer's Mountaineers
 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, Homemaking
 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.—Chick, Kennie and Bud
 (Mon., Wed., and Fri.)
 10:45 a. m.—Old Favorites
 11:00 a. m.—Tobias Cornutssel Nooz
 (Mon. thru Fri.)
 11:15 a. m.—Chick Holstein
 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.—A. L. Stithem
 3:00 p. m.—Club Matinee (Mon. thru Fri.)
 3:30 p. m.—Fiesta (Sat.)
 4:00 p. m.—News
 4:15 p. m.—Mainer's Mountaineers
 4:30 p. m.—Frank Watanabe and the Hon.
 Archie
 (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.—Homer Rodeheaver
 (Mon. Wed. and Fri.)
 7:00 p. m.—The Aldrich Family (Tuesday)
 7:00 p. m.—Tommy Dorsey's Orchestra (Sat.)
 7:30 p. m.—Quick Silver (Wednesday)
 7:30 p. m.—Farm Bureau Program (Thurs.)
 7:30 p. m.—Maurice Spitalny's Orch. (Fri.)
 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.—Roy Shield's Revue (Wed.)
 8:30 p. m.—America's Town Meeting of the
 Air (Thursdays)
 9:00 p. m.—Paul Martin & His Music (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.—Florence Wynn & Conrad Thibault
 (Thurs.)
 9:30 p. m.—George Olsen's Orchestra (Fri.)
 10:00 p. m.—Newstime (Mon. Thru Sun.)
 11:00 p. m.—The Marriage Club (Wed.)
 10:15 p. m.—12 Midnight—Dance Program:

OH! THOSE DISHES AGAIN

A friend wrote me an original verse on dishwashing and every other line read "Here I am, washing dishes again." That is the way it always has been and I guess that is the way it always will be. Since we wash dishes about one hundred times a month, why not do it well, in the least possible time and with the fewest motions?

Did you ever watch a child clear a table? She generally carries out the dishes, one at a time, and places them on table, stove or cupboard—a jumbled mess, using the most possible motions, and the longest time to accomplish the task at hand. It isn't because children enjoy the job and want to make it last as long as possible—it is because they don't consider it important enough even to think about. Those of us whose days are overflowing with other work to do, realize that time and energy saved in the dishwashing job can be used to accomplish much when used for some other task.

You who have many dishes to wash and wish to do it efficiently can try some of these suggestions:

Be sure your dishpan fits into the sink.

Use a wire rack to drain the dishes on, if possible.

Have a good water softener and soap that makes a cleansing suds.

Have rinse water very hot and you will not need to wipe the dishes.

If you use a dishcloth, boil it at least twice a week and always hang it up after using.

Keep dish towels to wipe dishes with. Do not use them for pot holders.

Scrape and stack the dishes carefully and place them to the right, washing from right to left.

It helps to simplify dish washing if all kitchen pans are put to soak as soon as emptied and then washed and put away, before glassware, silver and china are washed.

THANK YOU

I listen to the programs broadcast over KMA,
 I listen to the farm talks by Nebraska's own Earl May.
 I listen to Kitchen Klatter and I thank you oh, so much,
 For the recipes and verses, letters and advise and such.

We always have a garden and we do enjoy it so
 For half the joy of living is in watching things that grow.
 We have a pretty fish pool and we like our birds and trees,
 E'en though they keep us working like the busy little bees.

If you should send a lovely gift and we in silence sat
 Would we not be ungrateful, or something worse than that?
 Yes, that is why I'm writing to thank you for the pleasure
 Of KMA's good programs and "Kitchen Klatter Treasure."

—Mrs. George Stanley, 1160 Stillwater St., Lincoln, Nebr.



OVER THE FENCE

I have permission from the Woman's Home Companion to re-print a story Lucile, my daughter, wrote. It is about my return home from the hospital on Christmas Eve. Some of you probably read the story at the time it was published but many could not get the magazine and it is with them in mind, that I will print it in the June Kitchen Klatter Magazine.

Read the ads in the Kitchen-Klatter Magazine and send in your orders. Be sure you say you read of their product in this magazine. They all carry my personal recommendation.

It would surely be wonderful if those of you who know that your subscription expires with this number would prove to me you appreciate the extra magazines I have been sending you, by mailing in your renewal right away. This would save me sending out renewal cards — save me money and time. How many will do this?

My sister, Helen Fischer, thanks you for the orders she has received for her new book, "The Flower Family Album." It was a real undertaking to publish such a book, but we all felt Helen should put all of her wonderful knowledge about flowers in such a form that it could be kept for our children's children. Her voice rings through every page.

There has been a wedding among the KMA family since you received your last Magazine. On April 6 Mr. Owen Sadler, Assistant Manager of KMA, was married to Miss Elizabeth Rankin of the Advertising department.

Mrs. Rankin is a sister of J. D. Rankin, who married Mr. May's daughter, Frances. She is a graduate of Tarkio college and a talented and charming girl. I am sure the Kitchen-Klatter friends wish for them many happy years together.

Do you remember those popular entertainers "Five in a Row" who used to be with KMA? The mother (Mrs. H. W. Maier) of two of the group, Hazel and Harold, is a listener to Kitchen Klatter. She writes they are now called "The Novelty Aces" and are with WLW Cincinnati.

Send in kodak pictures for this magazine. They must be very good, clear prints to look well. Any unusual pictures, picture of your hobby, garden or children is acceptable. I may not be able to use it, but send it in and let me be the judge.

Listen to Kitchen-Klatter over KMA, 2:00 P. M. every weekday.

WHAT
SHALLWE
READ

By

MISS ANNA DRIFTMIER, *Librarian*
Clarinda, Iowa, Public Library

If you have read Lin Yutang's *MY COUNTRY AND MY PEOPLE*, his *IMPORTANCE OF LIVING* will please you. In it he gives his philosophy. He says one's happiness is not derived from material things such as having beautiful clothing and fast automobiles. These are mere toys of which we tire. We should seek pleasure in the little everyday happenings, in leisure moments, in reading, writing, in talking with friends, and in growing old. One should learn to be quiet and reflect. The newest of his books is *MOMENT IN PEKING*, a novel of several generations of a family trying to adjust themselves to the changing national conditions.

Romance

BIRD OF PARADISE by Ferguson is a glamorous romance. A young man is taken through many dangers, but is finally rescued by the right girl and they live happily ever after.

GOODLY FELLOWSHIP. Very good.

There is another book of essays, printed in 1920 or shortly after, that many have read with laughter and tears. If you have not, you have missed something. Read Clarence Day's *LIFE WITH FATHER* or *LIFE WITH MOTHER*. They are available in most public libraries. Read *LIFE WITH FATHER* first.

A recent popular novel called *THE STAR-GAZER*, by Zsolt Harsanyi who comes from an old family of writers and is himself noted, deserves recommendation. The subject is Galileo, an early astronomer, who suffered imprisonment because he made known his findings concerning planets and their habits. Critics say he did excellently what many writers fear to do, namely, to risk putting historical material into novel form.

Another fine book, not so new, will delight nature lovers. "Tales of an Empty Cabin," by Grey Owl, is appreciated as one of the best of its kind. The author tells how he made friends with wild animals from the smallest to the greatest and let them enter his cabin freely, feeding there from his bounty.

CHRIST AND THE FINE ARTS, by Cynthia Pearl Maus, is one of the best books bought this past year. There are many copies of great paintings of Biblical subjects with descriptive passages, poetry, hymns, and stories. The book will be fine for home use and for church organizations.

"Yes, I want the Kitchen-Klatter another year and certainly wish you more years of 'printability'. All work, so far as I'm concerned, stops when this magazine comes."—Mrs. B. J. Williams, Ethel, Mo.

WIND, SAND AND STARS, a recent book about aviation, was written by Antoine de Saint Exupery who is not only an able aviator, but is also an artist with words. How the pilot feels when he is lost somewhere between clouds and stars, mistaking a star near the horizon for signal light and finding himself beyond call, holds the reader's attention. One's petty fears are as nothing compared with those the pilot must feel when he finds himself alone in the wide spaces of night with only stars for company, the friendly face of the earth wiped out by clouds.

In answer to questions concerning books about clocks: There is a book called *CLOCKS*, by Wallace Nutting, which we find valuable for information you want. It is published by The Garden City Publishing Co., Inc. It is very inexpensive.

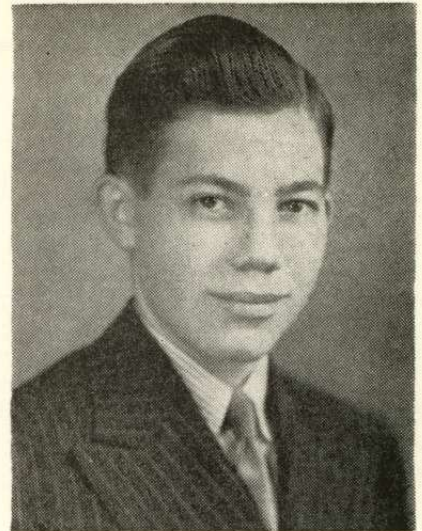
By the way, if you have never visited New Salem, Illinois, the village where Abraham Lincoln "kept store" during his early manhood, you still have a treat before you. The village, as you know, has been reconstructed on the old plans, with every cabin furnished as in former times. Almost every cabin has its Seth Thomas clock standing on the mantle. It is as fitting as are the spinning wheel and the trundle bed.

As for early American furniture, there are several books of value to collectors. *THE OLD FURNITURE BOOK* by N. Hudson Moore is very good. It describes not only the furniture but tells about the cabinet makers, too, and their work, as early as 1622. Another book is *EARLY AMERICAN FURNITURE*, by Corneliu. Copyright 1926. *COLONIAL HOMES AND THEIR FURNISHINGS*, by Mary H. Northend, published by Little, Brown and Company in 1924. Both have chapters on clocks.

Inquire at your local library about the *HOBBIES MAGAZINE*. It is fine for collectors of anything. It is very popular with the entire community here, being excellent for classification of objects.

For biography we recommend William Lyon Phelps' life story called "Autobiography with Letters", one of the best of the past year. His friendship extended over all United States and spread far over Europe. In his unassuming way, he attracted men and women who remained loyal through the years.

"It's the only magazine I enjoy reading from cover to cover. I wonder how you ever think up so much good information. Please keep up the good work."—Mary Diekmann, Edgar, Nebr.



Donald Driftmier, our youngest child, graduates from High School this year.

MY SON

Do you know that your soul is of my soul such part,
That you seem to be fiber and core of my heart,
No other can pain me as you, son, can do;
None other can please me or praise me as you.
Remember the world will be quick with its blame,
If shadow or stain ever darken your name.
'Like mother, like son' is a saying so true
The world will judge largely of mother by you.
Be this then your task, if task it shall be,
To force this proud world to do homage to me.
Be sure it will say, when its verdict you've won,
"She reaps as she sowed, this man is her son."

—By Floyd Carr.

The habit of being optimistic, of facing life in the right way, of looking on the bright side, always, is worth infinitely more to anybody than the greatest fortune in the world without it.

A certain amount of opposition is a great help to a man; kites rise against and not with the wind.

There's more religion in a smile to the living than an eulogy to the dead.

Let us have faith that right makes might, and in that faith, dare to do our duty as we understand it.—Abraham Lincoln.

It is just as well to forget your troubles, because there are a lot more of them coming.

A big man is usually a little man who took advantage of an opportunity.

Listen to Kitchen-Klatter over KMA at 2:00 P. M. every weekday.



OUR CHILDREN

If anyone asked me what problems I found most frequently in my mail it wouldn't take me long to answer, for in this past month alone there have been many letters that said the same thing: "How can I get my children to dress the first time they are told, to be places on time without my nagging at them, and to take the responsibility for getting to school without being tardy?"

This is a problem that I know backwards and forwards, for if the mother of two or three youngsters finds herself stumped you can imagine what it was like when there were seven to keep in line. Now the thing that most of us do when we're rushed from morning to night is to take the course of least resistance so far as our children are concerned. We're in a terrible rush to get breakfast, so we dress the four year old instead of letting him work with his own shoes and stockings. We can do the job in the flash of an eye, and it is provoking to have the meal on the table and see a child still fussing with his pajama buttons.

This is the course of least resistance because it smooths out our own problems, and the next step is as sure as the rising sun. We wash the child's face, comb his hair, push him into his coat and cap, hurry him out the front door, and then draw a heavy sigh of relief. He's on his way to school all right and he won't be tardy if he keeps moving, but he hasn't done a thing for himself since he awakened and he is growing dependent upon you to keep the wheels turning and to get him where he should be.

I'll never forget one Sunday morning about twelve years ago when I suddenly took my stand and announced at the breakfast table that I wasn't going to lift one hand to get my family started on the day's activities. By church time I was out of breath, I said, and there was no reason why they couldn't get themselves ready for Sunday school in plenty of time.

After we were through with breakfast I watched them get the funny papers and settle down in the living room, something that they had never been allowed to do until the dishes were washed and they were dressed and ready to go. I kept still, even though it was a temptation to begin saying, "All right, now, hurry or you're going to be late. Dorothy, clean your white shoes if you expect to wear them. Frederick, where is your treasurer's report? Margery, where is your hat?" Well, I guess you know the running fire of comment it takes on Sunday morning.

About eleven Lucile came hurrying downstairs excited and cross because she'd forgotten that I wasn't going to call her the second time to remind her what time it was. She was play-

ing the organ at the Baptist church then, and it was so late that she had to call a taxi and then she went without giving her hair more than a lick and a promise. It seems to me that she delayed the church services ten minutes too.

Dorothy had had a perfect attendance record in Sunday school, and it was a real disappointment to her when she arrived just as the closing song was being sung. Frederick was treasurer of his class, and he couldn't present his report or the cash on hand. Wayne went without his necktie. Margery and Don never got out of the front door, and if Howard had been at home I don't suppose he would have been out of bed.

That morning was a revelation to all of us. I realized then how much of the responsibility I had taken that really belonged to my children. If I expected them to be able to look after their own affairs, to acquire a reputation for dependability and promptness, it was certain that I had to make them take the initiative themselves. I had fallen into a habit without knowing it until the harm was done, and that shortcuts that I thought had saved time and kept things running more smoothly, were in reality taking far more of my time. The minute I wasn't on deck everything came to a standstill, and all kinds of chaos resulted.

The time to start making the child independent and able to take responsibility is from the beginning. Looking back I can see how differently I should have done, and would have done had I known then what I know now. Call your children in plenty of time to allow them to dress and wash before breakfast. Set the alarm, if you like, and tell them that when it rings they will have to be at the table with their faces washed, their hair combed, and their shoes laced (if you don't mention shoes they'll arrive with the laces dangling!)

When the alarm rings, sit down at the table. If the children are not there they will have to go without. This may sound hard and you'll wince at the thought of your child's empty stomach all morning, but he'll only go to school hungry once or twice, you can be sure of that. Set the alarm again when it's time to start to school. If he goes on a bus he'll miss it if he doesn't hurry. Then, if he misses the bus he'll have to go to bed for the day, for few children love school so dearly that they won't manage to miss the bus far too often. One day in bed without books, without anything to play with, will probably make an all-time cure. The child who walks to school will have to face his teacher's wrath if he is tardy, so the results of his carelessness rest on his own shoulders.

When you start to town for a shopping trip tell your children just once to get ready. If they aren't ready, leave them at home. If you can't leave them, take them with you and make them sit in the car while you shop instead of getting out and having their usual good time.

I think the secret of getting children to move is to speak to them just once. If you break down and tell them over and over again they come to wait for the final time when you fairly scream at them—they don't even hear the other reminders that are spoken in a pleasant voice.

If you have fallen into the course of least resistance and keep your family going by dint of never-ending reminders and pleas to hurry, you can only change events by making a sudden break. I knew that when I made my announcement at the breakfast table long ago. Lucile says that her habit of being places five minutes ahead of time dates from that morning she held up the church services. Dorothy, Frederick and Wayne were never late to Sunday school again and took the responsibility for getting everywhere on time. Margery and Don were younger and needed the lesson several times, but it worked before long.

I've often wondered what would have happened if I hadn't "reformed" two years before my accident. The children managed remarkably well those four months I was in the hospital, and if they hadn't had to stand on their own two feet before then the entire time I was away would have been a nightmare. We never know when we're going to be taken from our families for a while, and we owe it to them and to ourselves to teach them independence from the very beginning.

—Leanna.



Mike Cook, grandson of Mrs. Mae Zeigler, George, Ia.



Bess White Donaldson, Trenton, Mo. in her wild flower garden.

JOHN H. KELLOGG

A Pioneer Authority on Missouri Wild Flowers

By

Lela Bess Donaldson

Do you know your state flower? Do you know the number of plants native to your state?

Have you been anxious to see and talk with some person whose hobby is wild flower gardening? If the answer is *yes*, you will know why my most intimate friends, in our Missouri home, have been women I met in a garden, or near a bulb counter. Some of you know that my garden was named FLORADISE, but perhaps you do not know its significance. It means "piled up plant life." I have not made a list this spring of survivors; continually, new species are brought to replace the ones that were not happy in strange environment, but it is safe to say there are six hundred different perennials,—one hundred and fifty of them, being native wildlings of Missouri. You who are kindred spirits, know the thrill that is yours when another new one is discovered. Familiar to you also, husband's remark: "Where in the world are you going to put it?"

For ten years I had read of a man who knew, intimately, more Missouri plant life than any other living person. Last March, being in St. Louis, my wish to meet that man, "came true." Before telling of that visit, you will want to know some of his history. John H. Kellogg, was born in 1862, in St. Louis Co., Mo., being one of seven children. When six years old the family moved to Allenton, Mo. and there he obtained all his "schooling." His school master was George W. Letterman, who had come from Pa. after the Civil war. The school-master inspired his pupil with his own love for Missouri wildlings; through

wood and by-ways, the youngster tagged the master, searching out rare specimens, which they identified, classified, preserved in an herbarium. But school days were over for John at 14, and Letterman returned to Philadelphia. However, the collection was left with the boy, who was asked to add to it as he could. He not only enlarged it, but began making an herbarium of his own. So intense was his study and research, that—a few years ago, he sold his private collection of eight thousand specimens of North American plant life—to Shaw's Gardens.

The first tree census in our U. S. A. was taken in 1880. Under Letterman's direction, John began collecting trees for this census, in an area embracing Missouri, Arkansas, Northern Louisiana, and Indian Territory. This kept him busy for three years—and during that period he met a world authority on trees, C. S. Sargent of Boston—And twenty-five years later John collected for Sargent and the Arboretum in Boston, the different varieties of plum and hawthorn native to Missouri. He had discovered twenty eight, previously unclassified species of hawthorn. In South St. Louis, on the bank of River des Peres, one grew which was named in his honor, Grataegus Kelloggii. And hawthorn is the Missouri state flower.

But for many years, before Kellogg was so honored, he was obliged to seek other work in order to earn a livelihood. He was a stone mason, worked for a street car company, and in a wire mill. He passed teacher's examination and taught two terms of country school.

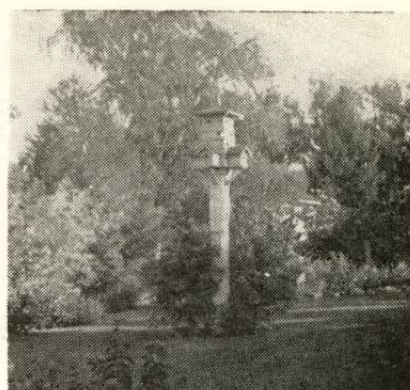
Throughout those years, playing hooky from his regular job, he would be gone for several days at a time, *having fun*, collecting for his herbarium. He found and identified 107 herbs in one day.

He remained a bachelor until 44.

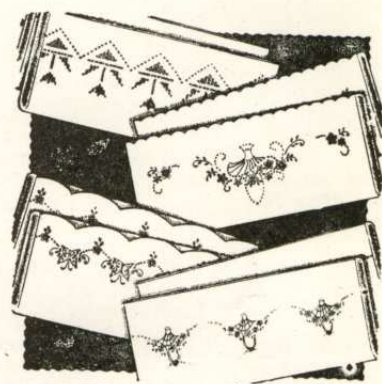
In 1900 he was hired by Shaw's Garden, in St. Louis, and gave up all other labor for this labor of love. Tho tied to certain duties, he was now enabled to satisfy that urge, to search and discover. He spoke of it as a great curiosity. Do you wonder I was thrilled at the prospect of talking with this plant-wise pioneer? After coming to Shaw's garden, he operated, for a few years, a medicinal herb garden, at Jerome, Mo., for a Medicine Co., so that he had been at Shaw's Garden just thirty years. (In the June number, Mrs. Donaldson will tell of her visit to the home of John Kellogg.)

A REAL JOB

When I hear from one of you girls that you are making a bed spread or knitting a dress, that sounds like a big job to me, but here is a lady in Meriden, Kansas, who knitted a room-sized rug. She made blocks six inches square and sewed them together, one lengthwise and the other opposite. She said it really did not take very long and was nice "pick up" work. It was made of cotton rags.



Martin house in the yard of Mrs. Mike Christensen, Harlan, Iowa.



PRACTICAL PILLOW SLIPS

It's fun to embroider when the designs are as simple and practical as these. If your own supply of pillow slips is low, or if you've need of gifts—NUMO hot iron transfer, C9081, 10¢, is just what you wish. Three dainty flower baskets adorn the pillow slips at the top, a butterfly band provides the next lovely motif, a graceful basket design is on the third pair, and cross stitch tulips give a modern note to the pair at the bottom.

Stamp each design several times—it is easily done from the NUMO hot iron transfer giving these four motifs. Send orders to Leanna Driftmier, Shenandoah, Iowa.

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 50¢ postpaid.

DOROTHY JOHNSON
Box 467, Shenandoah, Iowa

Our Hobby Club

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

"I am a hobbyist, too. Have a collection of miniature bottles and collect buttons. I have my buttons sewed on a large canvass and have it hanging on the wall. It is very attractive. I have some very old ones and collected from most everywhere. I have over 3000 of them—and still collecting. It's great fun."—Mrs. Pearle Williams, 3725 Center St., Des Moines, Iowa.

"My hobby is making fancy pot pan holders of prints, stuffed toys and wooden toys and would be glad to exchange patterns or ideas with anyone."—Mrs. Wyatt Hartman, Box 438, Lake View, Iowa.

"I have a new hobby. It is collecting pretty hankies and pot holders. My daughter also has a hobby. It is collecting novelty dogs, rabbits, dolls and anything else in that design, either china or glass. We'll exchange with anyone."—Mrs. Geo. Witkofski and Miss Mary, Rt. 2, Crab Orchard, Nebr.

"My hobby is collecting postcard pictures of radio entertainers. I will exchange for a handkerchief."—Miss Vada Haines, McClelland, Iowa.

NEW HOBBY CLUB MEMBERS

Cynthia Albright, Rt. 2 Eldora, Ia. Collecting buttons.

Mrs. M. L. Welden, 1217 E. 8th Ave., Hutchinson, Kans., Salt & Pepper shakers.

Mrs. F. W. Zack, 211 Hartman Ave., Waterloo, Ia. Picture Post Cards will exchange.

Mrs. Elvena Lamster, Crete, Nebr. Wash cloths, rug patterns.

Mrs. Cyrus F. Snyder, Rt. 2 Bx. 116 Mercer, Mo. Pot Holders.

Eleanor McClurey, Mapleton, Ia. Paper Napkins.

Mrs. James VanAken, 2721 5th Ave. Co. Bluffs, Ia. Old fashioned Post Cards, Salt & Peppers.

Doris Anders, Heron Lake, Minn. Exchange Post marks & Pictures of Movie Stars.

Mrs. D. H. Collins, Clarion, Ia. Miniature Dolls.

Miss Bette Volenec, 2617 So. 12th St. Omaha, Nebr. Antiques.

Ruth D. Hornberger, Baldwin, Kans. Collecting Stamps.

Mrs. Robert Chipman, 918 So. 7th St. Beatrice, Nebr. Advertising Pencils.

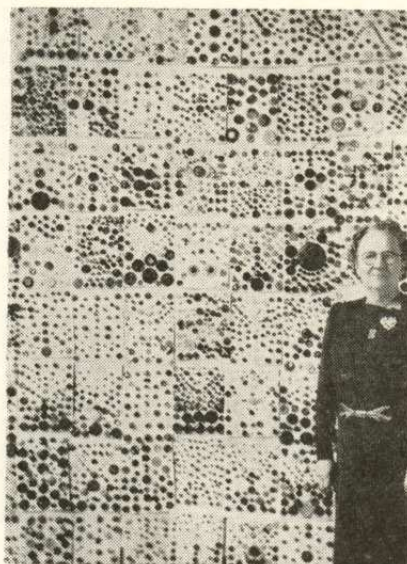
Mrs. Clayton Bugh, 501 W. Willow St. Cherokee, Ia. Cacti & Succulents.

Mrs. Bessie Richards, Beverly, Kans. Salt & Pepper shakers.

Mrs. Ida Mae Brown, East Leavenworth, Mo. Shoes, Glass Metal Pottery Etc.

Mrs. Niels Nielsen, Niobrara, Nebr. Collecting small dolls (mostly china).

Mrs. Jesse Irwin, 1528 Carroll St. Boone, Ia. Pitchers and Salt & Pepper shakers.



Mrs. Hattie Sears, Falls City, Nebr. and a few of her 10,000 buttons. She has collected these in a year's time.

Mrs. Ruby Miller, Main St. Lenox, Ia. Salt & Pepper Shakers.

Mrs. L. Haldeman, Ceresco, Nebr. Crocheting & Stamp collecting.

Lois Jetter, Vail, Ia. Dress Patterns. Mrs. Ralph Pae, Rt. 1 Concordia, Kan. Greeting Cards.

Mrs. H. D. Fagan, 315 So. 3rd Ave. Marshalltown, Ia. Cream Pitchers.

Mrs. B. F. Parmenter, 2230 St. Marys, Lincoln, Nebr.—Flowers, beads.

Mrs. Raymond Becker, Box 3, Okabena, Minn.—Buttons.

Mrs. Lee Dennis, 215 Filmore St., Ottumwa, Iowa — Salt and pepper shakers, small pitchers.

Mrs. Robert Chipman, 918 So. 7 St., Beatrice, Nebr.—Pencils.

Mrs. Ernest Anders, Heron Lake, Minn.—Road maps from all states, state capitol building view cards.

Mrs. Herbert Salsburg, 4606 Center St., Omaha, Nebr. — Figurines or statuary.

Mrs. Fern Jorgensen, 1003 10½ St., Guthrie Center, Iowa.—Houseplants.

Mrs. Henry Clifton, Iowa Falls, Ia.—Handkerchiefs.

Mrs. Lorand Clifton, Williams, Iowa. — Salt and pepper shakers, small vases.

Mrs. May Christensen, Humboldt, Nebr.—Cacti, handkerchiefs.

Mrs. G. Goedeker, Arlington, Nebr.—Flower quilt patterns.

Mrs. Caroline Scholer, Gruetli, Tenn.—Cacti, pottery.

Mrs. Grant Weter, Lorimer, Iowa.—Holders.

Mrs. Geo. D. Janssen, Minonk, Ill., Rt. 3.—Salt and pepper shakers.

Mrs. Will Janeczek, Cortland, Nebr. English tea leaf design, Bronze edged dishes.

CLASSIFIED ADS

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

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

"MOTHER'S LOVE SONGS" — A book of verse by Martha Field Eaton. Suitable for a Mother's Day gift. Price 50¢ PP. Mail orders to Martha Field Eaton, 547, 35th St., Des Moines, Iowa.

ARTIFICIAL CARNATIONS for Mother's Day. Red or white. Price 10¢ each. \$1.00 a doz. Mrs. J. Krasnicka, Wilson, Kans.

CLEVER SEWING BAGS. 50¢. Pattern included. A fine gift item. All money to go to A'd Society. Please include 10¢ for postage and packing. Anna Herr, Ellis, Kans.

FOR SALE—Hand crochet buffet set. Price \$1.35. Julia Leonard, Rt. 1, Box 92, Graettinger, Iowa.

SPECIAL—One of my 25¢ "King Corn" recipe books for 10¢ PP. while they last. Many new ways to serve this healthful vegetable. Order soon. Mrs. M. Zeigler, George, Iowa.

SOMETHING NEW in hot pan holders! Hand woven. 11¢ each, PP. Also lovely woven Davenport and chair sets. Pluma Ray, Lenox, Iowa.

FOR SALE—Tatted edgings. 25¢ and 50¢ 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.

SCRIPTURE POST CARDS — High quality, beautiful illustrations, each containing a scripture text and suitable verse for birthdays etc. Package of twelve for 25¢ postpaid.—Gertrude Hayzlett, Shenandoah, Ia.

BOYS AND GIRLS — Make money taking subscriptions for the Kitchen-Klatter Magazine. Write for information.
—Leanna Driftmier, Shenandoah, Iowa

Miss Marie Galles, Remsen, Iowa.—Articles with names of towns or states on them.

Mrs. L. A. Bray, 3125 Maple St., Omaha, Nebr.—Salt and pepper shakers.

Clara O. Donmyer, Rt. 1, Solomon, Kans. — Knick-knacks for what-not shelves, slippers, tiny vases.

Mrs. Cecile Huff, R 1, Warsaw, Mo.—Buttons, china dogs.

Mrs. Maude Rich, Janesville, Iowa.—Flowers, vases, cacti.

Mrs. Ernest Rich, 501 N. Ash, Nevada, Mo.—Salt and pepper shakers, cacti.

Mrs. Bernard Olson, c/o Florian Kinerth, Kinbrae, Minn.—Different three-cent stamps, tally cards.

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

EVA HOPKINS
Box 13
Shenandoah, Iowa

◆ THE KIDDIES' CORNER ◆

SUNSHINE AND SHADOWS Mrs. F. A. Zappe

It was May. In just a few days Jimmy and Jennie would celebrate their tenth birthday, and they were to have a party. The invitations were sent out, and the twins were smiling and happy as they talked of the games they were to play. Jennie was making a Sunshine cake all by herself, and she was delighted at the thought of the surprise her friends would have when they saw it.

Jennie said, "I'm going to ask the girls to bring their dolls and those pretty rabbits they got for Easter. After we have had fun with them we'll play that game called 'Dumb Bunny'."

"Oh shucks!" said Jimmy, "You would spoil the party! We boys can go down in the willows by the creek and see real rabbits."

"Now don't get 'crabby', brother Jim. Most of the games on my list are outdoors games and I am sure we shall all have a lovely time."

"Well, I hope so—and I know we will if we can play outside," said Jimmy, feeling a little ashamed for having said what he did.

At last the day came, but it was raining—yes raining. It had started early in the morning and it was still pouring at noon. Jennie started to cry and Jimmy looked as sour as vinegar.

"Just listen, children," said mother. "When I was a little girl rain was a very great worry for sometimes we couldn't get across the village on account of the mud and rain. There were no automobiles to take us to our friends' homes and land us there, safe and dry. Your friends will come in spite of the rain and you can have a lovely time if you make up your minds to turn on the sunshine inside."

"But how can we boys go to the creek in the rain?" stormed Jimmy.

"—Yes and how can we play our games, mother? You know most of them were outside games," Wailed Jennie.

"Now," said mother, "just make your plans over for a rainy day. Jimmy, you find a pencil and plenty of paper. You and the boys can draw plans for a new bird house. Jennie, try to think of all the 'sunshine songs' you know. The girls would like to sing, and I will play the piano for you."

"I don't know any songs like that except 'Good Morning Merry Sunshine', and we sing that all of the time as school," scowled Jennie.

"How do you like the song 'You Can Smile Anytime, Anywhere'?"

"Oh, I do like that song, and I can think of several others. Let me get a pencil and paper. I can write down several titles," said Jennie as her face brightened up.

When the children came it wasn't long until everyone was having hilarious time. The boys turned out all

kinds of plans and it was quite a contest to see who could draw the best plans for the new bird house. There were all sorts of ideas, and most of them were very good. It seemed like no time until Jennie said, "It's almost time for lunch, but before we eat let's gather around the piano and sing a jolly song. Let's sing 'You Can Smile.'" The sound of merry voices singing told mother that the children were very happy in spite of the rain.

The dessert for the lunch was ice cream and Jennie's sunshine cake. Just as the cake was being served, the good old sun flashed out in all of its glory. As soon as the dessert was finished to the last delicious crumb of Jennie's fine cake, the children went outside and had time to play several games before it was time to go home. The boys ran down by the old creek and found a real rabbit and a cute little turtle. The girls went for a walk and found a patch of lovely violets, the first they had seen this spring.

It seemed all too soon when the children thanked their host and hostess for the wonderful time. It was a happy group of children who said "Thanks for the wonderful time!" and Jimmy and Jennie were especially happy because they had found out that they could have a happy time, no matter what the weather might be, if they decided to make the "sun shine inside".

GUESS THIS ONE.

1. Why is the heart of a tree like a dog's tail?
2. What has pains but cannot ache?
3. Who was Jonah's guardian?
4. What has eyes but cannot see?
5. What would you raise if you planted a puppy?
6. On which side is the handle of a pitcher?
7. How is a dentist like a discouraged man?
8. What is covered, yet seen?
9. What is the best kind of butter?
10. What would you raise if you planted a clock?
11. What is the difference between a hill and a pill?
12. What is the strongest day?

Answers

1. It is the farthest from the bark.
2. A window.
3. The whale, because he brought up Jonah.
4. A potato.
5. Dogwood.
6. On the outside.
7. He always looks down in the mouth.
8. A book.
9. A goat.
10. Four o'clocks.
11. One is hard to get up, the other hard to get down.
12. Sunday. All the rest are week days.



Mary Joe Kapfer, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Kapfer, of Des Moines, Iowa, and her pet.

MAY BASKETS.

About the time you read this Children's Page it will be time to make May Baskets.

I hope you have been saving materials all year, and have lots of little boxes and bits of tissue paper. They all work up nicely in May Baskets. Did you ever use paper drinking cups as a foundation for your baskets? They can be decorated very easily and the water from the stems of the flowers will not soak through the paper.

When I was a little girl we never put anything but flowers in the baskets, but my children always add something good to eat. Sugared pop corn or crackerjack is easy to make and not expensive. Home made candy kisses or divinity wrapped in oiled paper are nice to hide under the flowers.

If there are any old people in your neighborhood, pick out your prettiest basket for them. You will be making them very happy, and remember when you are picking wild flowers

"Wherever you go and whatever you find,

Always be sure to leave something behind.



This is Elaine Schewe of Marshalltown, Iowa,



AID SOCIETY HELPS

Edison, Nebr., March 16. Galloping teas are old stuff here, and the women folks say if you want real excitement you should try a kidnaping tea.

Mrs. French, president of the Aid Society, started it. One afternoon she called three of her friends who drive cars and told them she wanted 16 ladies kidnapped and brought to her house. Each person was permitted time only to find or borrow a dime—the ransom—and had to come as she was.

Talk about fun. After the first tea almost all the women in this town of three hundred donned a clean dress and combed their hair every afternoon as insurance against kidnaping.—Mrs. Leona Arnold, In Omaha World Herald.

SERVE SCHOOL LUNCHES

"Our Methodist Guild is divided in three Divisions and we serve a hot school lunch once a week to the children for ten cents. It is a very good way to make money." — Mrs. L. A. Laverty, R. 1, Laurel, Iowa.

PENNY SUPPERS

"I am going to tell you how our Aid Society makes some money. We have what we call Penny Suppers, that is, we charge a penny a helping with the exception of pie which is 5c and ice cream 5c. We generally serve two kinds of meat, creamed chicken, and roast beef or pork or meat balls, with a roll and butter, mashed potatoes, gravy, peas, baked beans, slaw, deviled eggs or pickle of some kind. Pie, cake at a penny a square, Jello and coffee. We serve cafeteria style, and a person can take as many helpings of anything as they wish.

"Then we have something else started now to raise money to get a new sink for our kitchen. A basket was started out with a chicken (dressed) in it. The person to whom the basket was given put in a little glass jar the amount the chicken was worth to her, and she put something else into the basket and passed it on to someone else, and so on. When it came to me it had a dozen eggs and a bath towel in it."—Mrs. Eva D. Phinney, Olivet, Kans.

I find from my mail that many of the readers of this magazine use these Aid helps every month. Can you not send in a plan used successfully in your society? Also tell us what refreshments are served and what entertainment you plan for the social hour.

MOTHERS AND DAUGHTERS BANQUET

THEME—Treasure Chest.
FAVORS—Little chests filled with brightly colored gum drops.
TABLE DECORATIONS — Vases covered with gold or silver paper—brightly colored flowers.

Menu

PIRATE GEMS—(Fruit Cocktail)
SARDONYX — (Swiss Steak with Mushrooms)
SAPPHIRES — (Scalloped potatoes with yellow cheese)
BLOODSTONES — (Small buttered beets)
RUBIES — (Pears colored red on lettuce)
DIAMONDS—(Rolls)
GOLD NUGGETS—(Butter)
AMETHYSTS—(Grape jelly)
TREASURE ISLAND — (Lemon snow with wafers)
AGATE—(Coffee)
PEARL—(Cream)

Program

TREASURES
Grace—
Solo—
Spiritual Treasures—
Physical Treasures—
Solo—
Material Treasures—
Treasure Hunt—

"Know Your Ads"

What well advertised merchandise do the following lines suggest to you?

1. Just like Dad's.
2. The garments that go on with ease.
3. \$5.00 & \$6.00—Shoes for women & children.
4. Southern Pancakes.
5. Children cry for it.
6. I can't afford baking failures so I insist on
7. Magic Scouring pads.
8. It's kitchen tested.
9. 57 Varieties.
10. When it rains it pours.

MOTHER

My mother listens to me, I know,
When I say a word that is sweet
with love;
Sometimes I think that the afterglow
Is the smile she sends from her
home above.
Sometimes I think that the silver
stars
Reflects the gleam of her silver hair
Sometimes I think that the light of
dawn
Is a sign that she hears my silent
prayer
Mother? She's not so far away
When I see her face in each shining
thing!
She comes again to the child she left,
When the world is gay with the
songs of spring.
And I know when my youth has hur-
ried by,
When each doubt is dead, and I've
lost all fear—
That her hands will reach from the
sunset sky
To beckon me ... And to draw me
near ...

—Selected

GAME FOR A MAY PARTY

Cut colored flowers from an old flower catalog. Mount and number them. Have guests name them. This is also good using birds, but it is harder.—Mrs. R. H. Marks, Alexandria, Nebr.

SAYINGS OF CHILDREN

We had attended a baptismal service in the spring, where several persons were baptised. By fall, one of the men had fallen from grace by doing all kinds of bad things. Our 6 year old daughter heard us talking about him one day and she said, "Mother, they must have baptised all the others first and their sins stuck to him!"

Doesn't it take a youngster to say things like that?—Contributed.



The nine daughters of Mrs. Nellie Knutson of Adams, Minn. This reunion was the first in 15 years. In the back row, left to right, are Miss Evelyn Knutson, Minneapolis, Minn.; Mrs. A. F. Groll, St. Paul, Minn.; Miss Gladys Knutson, Minneapolis, Minn.; Miss Ella Knutson, Minneapolis, Minn.; and Mrs. I. W. Nelson of LeSueur, Minn. In the front row are Mrs. R. W. Woods, Taopi Minn.; Mrs. Olin Lillegraven, Beverly Hills, Calif.; Miss Mamie Knutson, Austin, Minn.; Mrs. D. L. Halver, Shakopee, Minn.