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Kitchen-Klatter

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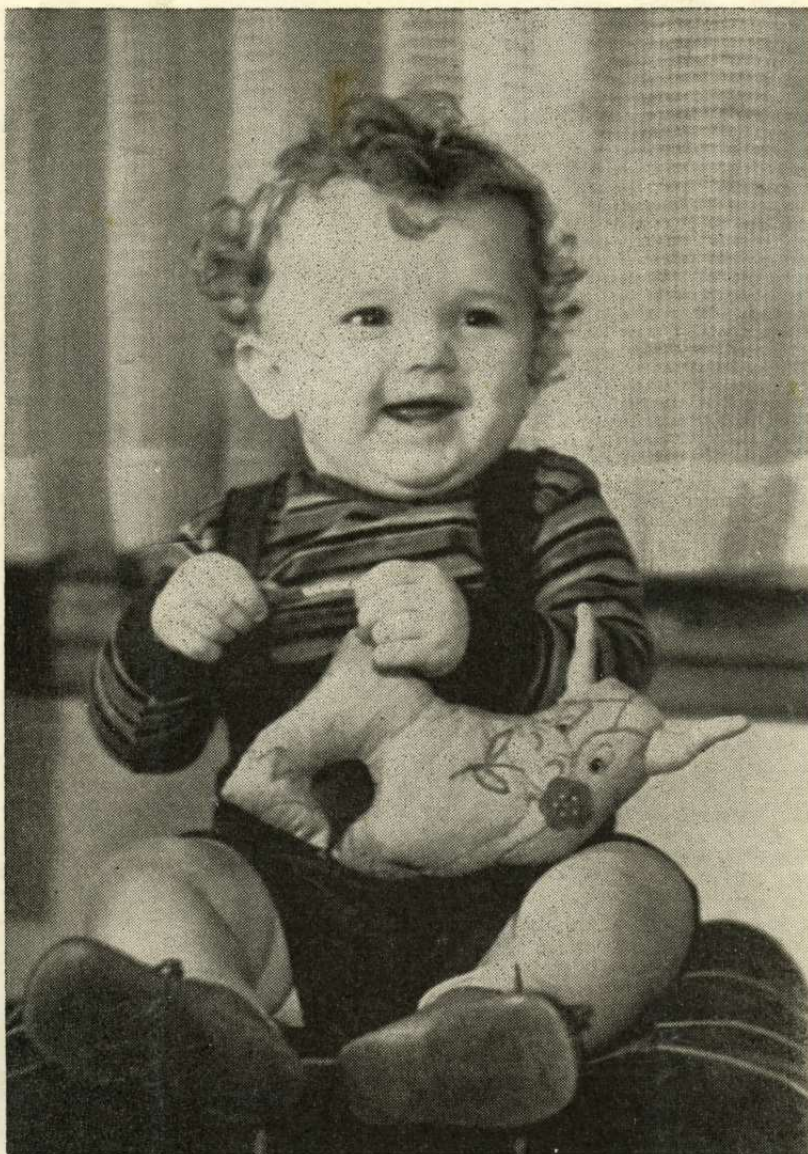
Number 1



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SHENANDOAH, IOWA

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A HAPPY NEW YEAR!



A LETTER FROM LEANNA

Kitchen - Klatter Magazine

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Shenandoah, Iowa

HAPPY NEW YEAR, KITCHEN KLATTER SISTERS

I do wish every one of you a Happy New Year, even tho there is something a little bit sad about the going of the Old Year. Many of our yesterdays were happy ones, and we don't wish to forget them.

There is something uncertain about starting a new year. We wish we could take just one peek into the future to see what it holds for us. We can't see even a day or an hour ahead; we just have to **hope** and **believe**, if we cannot **know**. That must be enough. What we hope for and believe in will have a great deal to do with what this new year brings to us so let us hope for the best. What we think will decide what we do and what we do will decide our happiness or unhappiness in the year 1941.

Nineteen forty was a busy and a happy one for our family. The most anxiety in our hearts has been for Frederick, our son in Egypt. Altho he went through some frightening experiences while in the Y M C A work with the British army this past summer, he is back at Assiut now and busier than ever with his English classes in the college there. He sees so much that he can do in Egypt. He writes that if the school should be closed, he would stay and do Christian work of some kind.

The past year has brought our daughter Lucile and her husband happiness, for he has work in Hollywood as a photographer. Wayne has enjoyed his work with the Mount Arbor Nurseries, and Margery and Donald are happy in their college activities. Howard, our oldest son, who is a flour miller, reports business as usual. He and Wayne and Dorothy's husband, Frank Johnson, are attending a course of classes in the science of flying a plane. I suppose some day they will be wanting to take me for a ride. They will find it more of a job than they anticipate, persuading me to go up with them. I guess I'm a bit old fashioned.

There has been only one serious illness among any of our Field or Driftmier family circles this past year, and that is something to be thankful for, as Mr. Driftmier and I each belong to a family of seven brothers and sisters. Mr. Harry Eaton, my sister Martha's husband, has been quite ill but is improving nicely. Their home is in Des Moines, Iowa.

So far none of our young folks have been called to army training but several of those in California are working in plane factories.

My high spot of satisfaction in my home is the completion of two new rooms, a library and a downstairs bedroom. I can't feel, yet, that I won't wake up some morning and find it all a dream. I also have a new ramp for my wheel chair. It has such a gradual slope that I can easily **take myself** out into the yard and back up onto the porch again. It has iron rails at the sides to make it perfectly safe.

I am always glad to hear from you, after you receive a Kitchen-Klatter Magazine for it **really** is a letter to you. You should write me at least once a month, oftener if you have time. Send me your original verse, articles, household helps and pictures. You will enjoy your magazine even **more** if you have a part in making it interesting. Now I will say goodbye with Goethe's New Year's Wish.

Health enough to make work a pleasure,

Wealth enough to support your needs,

Strength enough to battle with difficulties and overcome them,

Grace enough to confess your sins and forsake them,

Patience enough to toil until some good is accomplished,

Charity enough to see some good in your neighbor,

Love enough to move you to be useful and helpful to others,

Faith enough to make real the things of God,

Hope enough to remove all anxious fears concerning the future.

I LIKE TO LEND

I had a letter from a lady the other day who complained that one of her neighbors borrowed things from her. She didn't think that was the right way to do. I felt like writing her that I was glad she was not our neighbor.

My husband and I have always been glad to lend anything that we have—ladders, tools, fruit jars, sugar, coffee, and even the family car (in a few instances), and we know that we are welcome to borrow from our neighbors. I think this is a splendid friendly way to live.

I have a verse in my scrapbook which says that God could not live next door and so He gave us neighbors, who are His angels, though we know it not.

NEW BEGINNINGS

By Mary Duncomb

The sad mistakes of yesteryear
Are gone, and in their place—
A sheet of paper, snowy white
On which our deeds to trace.

Upon that sheet of paper white
Shall we with blots deface,
With careless line and smeary thought,
And many times erase?

Or shall we strive to keep it clean
It's whiteness still unscarred,
It's records clearly cut and true,
Its purity unmarred.

For the sad mistakes of yesteryear
Are gone and now once more,
Another chance have we again
To make a perfect score!

A CLEAN PAGE

It appeals pleasantly to our imagination to think that at the beginning of the New Year we are given a clean page in the book of our life, or that we can erase or blot out from last year's page those things we wish to forget. There will be some parts of last year's page we will wish to keep, and carry across the threshold into 1941.

I want to look more often to a greater strength than mine for courage to meet each day in the year to come, and make more use of prayer in overcoming difficulties that arise.

I want to keep my own enthusiasm for my chosen work and help others to find joy in the path they have chosen.

I hope to be tolerant of other people's beliefs, be understanding and forgiving.

I want to continue being able to find enjoyment in every day happenings and beauty in every day things.

I should like to keep my sense of humor, for it will lift me above many bumps in the road.

I want to keep the confidence and loyalty of my friends, and live up to the trust they put in me; to be true and sincere, always.

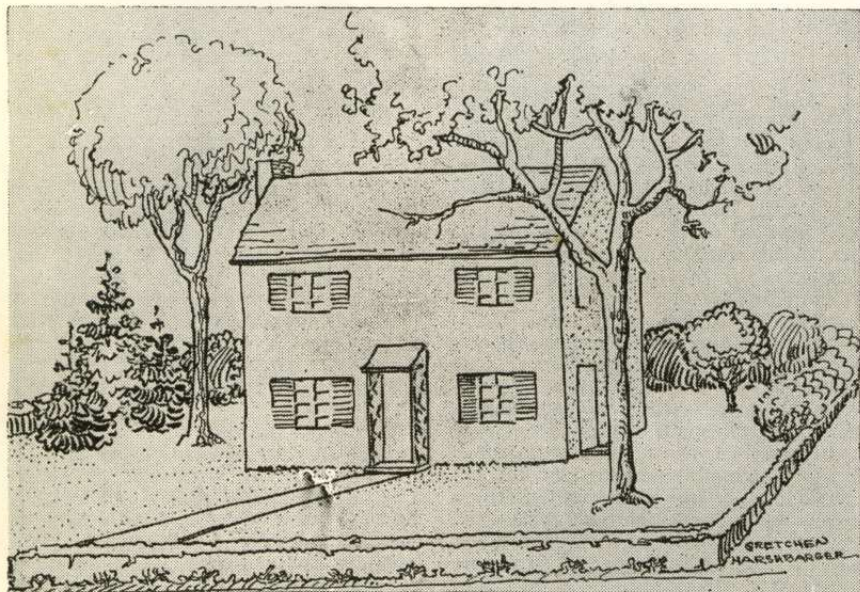
I should like to keep my heart full of love, so that I may be able to give it to you who mean so much to me—my radio friends, my family and my God.

—Leanna



Mary Ellen Alexander, my little neighbor, is almost as happy about my new ramp as I am.

Come into the Garden with Helen



Here is the lawn with a hedge.

HEDGES

One thing that the eye unconsciously seeks in looking at your place is the line of the boundary. Just as the trees frame the house, the ground plan must be framed by something definite such as a fence, hedge, walk, or merely a sharply trimmed edging to the lawn. A yard that has no such decisive ending gives the feeling of a dress without a hem. A lawn that is allowed to creep shaggily over the edge of the walk in an irregular line, suggests an unclipped neck with the hair sprawling over the coat collar.

There is so much difference in hedges and in tastes that it is well to study the matter very carefully before planting. First of all decide whether you prefer a trimmed hedge or one with natural lines. It is a work of art to shape up a perfectly trimmed hedge and then keep it in shape, but if you have time and inclination for the task, nothing gives more pleasure to the artist nor more distinction to a yard. Since the ideal form is a perpendicular unbroken surface of green on the sides with a square top, one must be patient in getting the lower twigs densely branched and well spread out, for this can never be accomplished after the hedge is grown except by cutting clear back to the ground once more. Of course, this cutting back would not injure your plants in the least since for hedges we select plants that enjoy trimming, but it would delay your hedge.

The most popular plant for trimmed hedges is Privet, because of its fine branches and glossy green leaves. For a taller trimmed hedge, Russian Mulberry or Buckthorn make rapid growth and are very inexpensive.

Perhaps you will prefer the graceful lines of an untrimmed hedge. It will require more space but it will give you bloom and berries besides leaves. For untrimmed hedges, Japanese Barberry heads the list where both beauty and utility must be considered, for its thorns will turn chickens, dogs and boys. It is slow growing and requires no attention after it is established. It has fine-cut leaves, scarlet berries and beautiful autumn coloring.

Spirea Van Houttei or Bridal Wreath is loved for its white flowers in the spring and for its rapid growth where a screen hedge is desired. Bush Honey Suckle grows even more rapidly, has dainty flowers of white or pink in May, red berries in mid-summer, and is the first shrub to flaunt green leaves in the spring. A splendid shrub to screen and shade your chicken yard.

Persian Lilacs make a distinctive hedge for a sunny background. Slow growing but adding beauty and sentiment to a yard. Use Baby Rambler roses where you wish a dwarf hedge to edge a flower garden, mark a division line, or border a sidewalk. The little bushes grow from eighteen inches to two feet tall and bear constantly their tiny button roses of pink, white or red. The hedge looks better if you use but one color.

No hedge will do as well in the shade as in the sun, especially when under trees that sap the moisture, but Spirea Van Houttei, Bush Honeysuckle, and Snowberry will do fairly well.—Helen Field Fischer.

BRIGHT BERRIED HOUSE PLANTS

By Mrs. R. J. Duncomb,

January is very often apt to be a white month, and that is why we like the vivid red or orange colors of the Ornamental Peppers and Jerusalem Cherries to add contrast to the dazzling purity of the snow. Very often they come to us as Christmas gifts and are second in popularity only to the Poinsettia. While the Cherry has been with us for many years, the Peppers seem to have gained favor more slowly though the latter are much easier to bring into fruitful bearing.

Belonging as they do to the same family, the nightshade or Solanaceae, they have many characteristics in common. They both like plenty of water, good drainage, and while they wilt in a hot sunny window, they also show bad effects if kept in too cold a one. However they do not need much sun to ripen their colorful fruits, which should be set before bringing the plants inside for the winter. Pollination is usually done by insects, so in order to have a well berried plant, the blossoms should be accessible to their visits.

New plants are easily started from the seeds of the Jerusalem Cherry. After being started in the house they may be set out in the open garden for summer and put into pots for winter. The old plant may be set, pot and all, in a spot reserved for house plants outside—remembering to water it well. By Fall they will have a most bountiful crop of cherries. New plants should be pinched back to induce branching when rather small.

Pepper plants are just as well started new each year from seed. They are not to be confused with ordinary garden peppers, though they are grown in much the same way. Their fruits are much smaller and also much too hot to use in cooking. There are many varieties of Ornamental Pepper seeds on the market. Mine were in a mixed packet. All are very beautiful, some tiny and round like small individual currants, some conical and one variety has variegated leaves. Last year I used mine in winter bouquets, but this winter they are growing in pots and brighten up the window with their crisp, green leaves and bright, odd shaped fruits.

Perhaps you have been enjoying the pleasure of a Christmas Pepper or a Jerusalem Cherry. Why not plant some of their seeds this spring and multiply this pleasure for next season's gifts?



Winter in Iowa. The home of Mr. and Mrs. Oscar Abrahamson, Dayton, Iowa.

The Story of My Life

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

CHAPTER 29

By the time fall arrived I was going about all of my work again as usual except that now I was getting almost all of it done from my wheelchair. Donald was in the eighth grade when school opened, Margery and Wayne were in high school, Frederick was a student at Tarkio College, Dorothy was working as society reporter on the newspaper, Lucile was also doing some work for the paper, and Howard was running the mill. Mr. Driftmier's work took him all over the state with headquarters in Des Moines during the late fall months and through the winter and early spring of the next year, so it was up to those of us here at home to keep things running along smoothly, although he did manage to spend almost every weekend with us.

On one of his trips home I told him that I had been thinking about publishing Kitchen-Klatter once again, and we had several long talks about it. Those of you who have known me over quite a span of years probably remember that way back in the twenties I had gotten out a small magazine that I called "The Mother's Hour Letter." It had gone into many of your homes at that time and I guess that both of us enjoyed it, for I had great pleasure in writing it and from the letters that came back from you I knew that you enjoyed reading it. In the years that followed it often surprised me when friends wrote to ask why we couldn't get it out again, and after a good many of these had arrived in the fall of 1935 I began to think seriously about starting it once again with the new title, "Kitchen-Klatter Magazine".

When we talked about this plan of mine to get out a new magazine Mr. Driftmier felt that I would enjoy it, and as I said to him, there just seemed to be no better way to acknowledge all of your kindly, helpful letters. Then, too, they were full of fine helps, discoveries that you had made in your own kitchens and experiences that you had had with your children, and it seemed a shame to read them over the air and then put them aside where I was the only one who could turn to them again. I began to feel that something should be done to put them in a more permanent form, and I felt too that by means of this magazine I could keep in touch with you as satisfactorily as though I were to sit down and write a long letter telling you how things were going with all of us from time to time.

It was a happy day when I decided to go ahead with my plans, and I still remember what a thrill it was to see the first copy back from the printer's just as it had been years ago. The children were all interested in this work, and many nights after supper we sat down at the table and folded copies to go into the envelopes that you had sent. The envelopes were all

different sizes, of course, and Wayne used to sort out the smallest ones because he could fold very neatly and he made those his responsibility. Dorothy and Lucile and Margery also helped, and it was Donald's job to pack them in a basket and take them down to the post office after he came home from school. We enjoyed everything connected with the magazine, and when something out of the ordinary happened one of the children was bound to say, "Quick, let's get a picture of this for Kitchen-Klatter." That was how we got the picture of Frederick and me taken in the cutter when we had an old-fashioned ride complete with bells on the horse and fur robes to keep us warm. It was Howard who looked out of the kitchen window just as we pulled into the backyard, and he thought it would make a good picture that all of our friends would enjoy, so he went to the telephone and asked one of the local photographers to come and bring his camera.

After the holidays we had many happy evenings with Frederick's college friends. They were all such nice young people that we enjoyed every moment they spent in our home. Monopoly was becoming extremely popular at this time, and I remember that we bought three sets and had exciting games that went on for hours and hours. Then everyone pitched in to help get a light lunch on the table, and midnight often saw ten or twelve people gathered around our big dining room table eating sandwiches and apples. Aside from the fact that Mr. Driftmier had to be out of town so much, it was a very happy winter.

In the early summer of 1938 Lucile went to Chicago for a Writer's Conference, and while she was there she met her friend, Meridel LeSueur. The upshot of their meeting was that Lucile went back to Minneapolis in July, and then a few weeks later she came down to Shenandoah to bring little Rachel and Deborah LeSueur for a visit. We were all anxious to see these little girls we had heard so much about, and aside from Lucile's letters about them we had read articles and stories their mother had written about them in the Woman's Home Companion, Parent's Magazine, etc. They came in one night quite late, having ridden back with Mr. Driftmier from Minneapolis where he had gone on a business trip. They were sleepy and tired out with the long ride, so Lucile hurried them off to bed right away. The next morning we saw that they were as sweet and attractive as she had always said they were, and although they were only six and seven at this time they didn't get homesick and enjoyed their two week's visit.

Soon after they returned to Minneapolis with Lucile, school started and this year both Wayne and Frederick were students at Tarkio. Along with a group of other Shenandoah young people they drove back and forth to school every day, a distance of some twenty-three miles. Those of you who have children who make a long drive every day over icy roads in the winter, and slippery roads in the spring, know how I used to worry about them in spite of telling myself that they were all sensible and wouldn't run risks. A

number of times they had some close shaves, I guess, but they made countless trips back and forth without getting a scratch.

That Christmas we had all of the children home with us except Lucile. She had planned to come but she was working on a magazine that winter, and at the last minute she discovered that an editorial meeting was to be held in Chicago at which her presence was required. This was the first time we hadn't all been together for Christmas since 1924, but all of us were well and we felt that we had much to be grateful for.

(Continued in February Number)

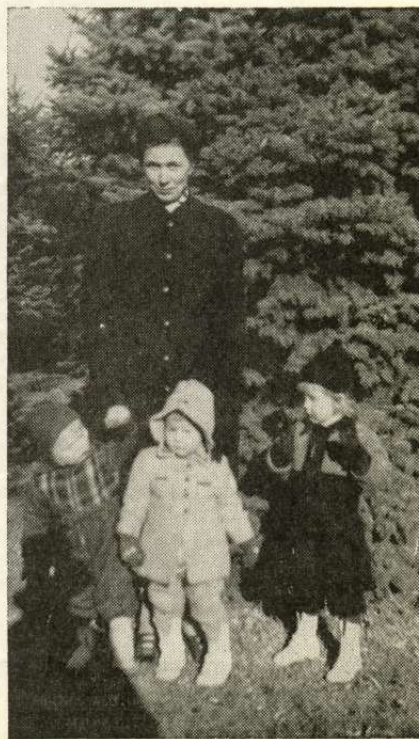
HAPPY NEW YEAR

January First is "Happy New Year" for you and me, and I had never stopped to think that it was not the beginning of a new year for every one in the world until these interesting facts were brought to my attention.

The Mohammedans celebrate New Year's day on April 16, the people in Jerusalem on September 16, while the Chinese start their year on February 18.

Whatever the date used as the first day of the year, we may all of us shut the door on the past with its disappointments and mistakes and look into the future with its possibilities, so you see it is up to us. Our lives are what we make them. Donald sings a song that says, "I am the master of my fate, I am the captain of my soul!" If we are wise we will stop and consider just how much happiness and success, how much peace and prosperity can be brought to our homes, and the homes of our neighbors. Let's be friends. Going alone, anywhere, is impossible, so let us help one another along the way.

—Leanna.



Mrs. Helen Castle, who is one of my helpers, and her three grandchildren.

HOME WORK

By Helen Louden

"Ruthie, have you finished your home work?"

Probably she hasn't, unless she has a comfortable, quiet place to work. If she has to attempt to study in a room where Daddy and Mother are talking, brother is twisting the radio dials, and she has to hold her book and paper on her lap, we cannot expect her to accomplish very much.

The nicest place for school children to study is in a quiet dining room. Their work can be spread out comfortably, and the light is usually good. This leaves the living room free for the other members of the family. If there is no dining room, a dinette or breakfast nook, or even a kitchen table may be used.

I do not believe that very many parents actually work the children's problems. Nearly all of us realize that this only harms the child. But any child needs help at times. We have to be careful, however, to let the child look up references and spelling of words for himself.

Every home should have a good small dictionary. The big dictionary may be used to look up anything not treated of fully, in the smaller home volume.

It is a good thing to ask a child occasionally to read something aloud. It is often possible to discover and correct some fault in pronunciation or some unpleasant small mannerism, that the teacher, who has dozens of small charges, has not had the opportunity to correct.

If the smaller children want to stay in the room where the older ones are studying, let them, so long as they are quiet. They pick up many a stray bit of information from the older children.

Some educators do not believe in home work for children. They say that a child can do sufficient work during school hours. To a certain extent, this is true. But surely it doesn't harm a child in normal physical condition to study for a little while each evening.

Piano practice, while not exactly homework, is another bugaboo. Some children accomplish more by dividing their practice time into three twenty-minute periods.

WHEN MOTHER BAKES BREAD

Autumn days are crisp and cool
And children coming home from school

Pause at the kitchen door to say,
"Um-m! Mother's baking bread today."

"Mother, may I have just one bun?
I am so hungry! It's no fun
To wait till suppertime is here.
Please let me have one, mother dear."

Then when the evening meal is spread
The favored food is mother's bread.
And father says for old time's sake,
"It's just like mother used to bake."

—Helen Snell, Goshen Co., Wyo.

HEALTH HINTS

By Mrs. Walt Pitzer

One of our Kitchen Klatter friends asked for a talk to use at a club meeting and I am passing it on to you for it is a good subject to consider at the beginning of the New Year.



Mrs. Walt Pitzer

"Everyone Should Worry"

Yes, everyone should be an expert at worrying, for "experts" go about their work scientifically. Worry, expertly done, will relax the nervous system, develop our power of concentration and help solve many problems.

To worry haphazardly may wreck the health, especially the nervous system, for we are told that many mental troubles are caused from trying to solve problems for which there seems to be no solution. My suggestion on HOW to worry! For twenty-four hours write down all your worries, circumstances that cause discontent and unhappiness, then forget them. You don't want your worry habit on your mind anymore than your diet. It would be wise to go on a mental diet and forget the worries.

Now set aside an hour each day to "pick your worries to pieces." Call it your "worry hour." When that hour comes put on a fresh dress, doll up your face and hair, then push your chair in front of a mirror (and if necessary, sell yourself on the idea that you are a fine looking lady). Now take your notebook of worries and "face" your problems one at a time. I learned some of your leading worries when I was broadcasting health talks, so I'll mention a few of them.

If you find you are nursing a grief as you would an injury, or you are remorseful over something you may have said to a loved one who has been taken from you, reason with yourself to let by-gones be by-gones. Why should you make yourself miserable and waste nerve energy over a circumstance over which you have no control? "Forget it" is a good motto for the worrier.

Next comes financial worries. Most folks have them; for like taxes, few are exempt. Anticipation of trouble causes more worry than the real trouble when the climax comes. With "anticipated" trouble there is nothing tangible and your thoughts are apt to run "helter skelter" unless you can use common-sense and good judgment. Use Leanna's common sense philosophy. When you are face to face with the "real" problem you have something concrete, and then you can do some constructive thinking and planning.

If you are unable to adjust yourself on some of your problems write them to me and perhaps I may be able to give some helpful suggestions.

Good luck!

HELP FOR A BUSY MOTHER**QUESTION**

I have a family of 3 boys and 1 girl whose ages range from 5 to 13 years. Now my work doesn't worry me one bit. I can keep my house work up and all necessary things done without any trouble, but my problem is the quarrelling; no, not really quarrel, but—what shall I say—fussing between the children. I try to keep games, reading material, toys etc. that will keep them interested but it does seem like when two or more of the children are together they fuss with one another over little or nothing. Is it just a stage they will outgrow? I do want them to grow up with pleasant childhood memories and a great love for one another. Would be glad to hear what your idea is of this. Maybe in my attempt to have a peaceful atmosphere in our home I am making a mountain out of a molehill."

—A Worried Mother

ANSWER

I heard you read the letter from the woman with the children that fuss and quarrel all the time. My 12 and 8 year old seemed to quarrel all the time till I would be so nervous I could hardly stand it, so I decided not to pay any attention to it or let it bother me. It was pretty hard to do but it doesn't bother me so much now, and as for loving each other—didn't we all quarrel with our brothers and sisters when we were young?

I think it helps a lot if we have something for them to do. Maybe there is a shelf in the bookcase, buffet, or cabinet that little sister could use for a doll house. She will have many happy hours and there will not be a thing to pick up and put away. She can close the door and forget about it till she wants to play again.

We use our big old fashioned pantry for our hobby room. It has open shelves along one side and a window at one end. We have a work bench across the window. We use the shelves for books, scrapbooks and collections the children have started. It will be a busy place until after Christmas. My 12 year old and I are making a train for little brother and a doll high chair for sister. The engine of the train will be large enough for him to sit on and push along with his feet, then there will be cars fastened together with screen door hooks. We buy each child a new gift besides the things we make for them. We gather up all the old toys, repair and paint them. We are hoping there will be something we can make for Daddy in the Home Hints book we are sending for.—D. S., Weeping Water, Nebr.

Does your child object to having his hair washed? Mine did, at first, but now he thinks it is great fun. I let him make a foamy suds in the wash bowl and put it on his hair himself, first. I bought him a washable, fuzzy animal, and let him shampoo it after I have finished with his hair.—Mrs. O. R., Hastings, Nebr.

A LETTER FROM LUCILE

Dear Friends:



From California I send the warmest of New Year's greetings to each and every one of you and if I had my way about it I would ask mother if I couldn't slip into her office to extend them in person over the air. But Shemandoah is many, many miles away from here and so I shall have to content myself with this letter.

The holidays were happy ones for us, although I must admit that it was difficult to get the proper feeling about Christmas trees that lifted their spangled limbs into a warm sun against a background of tropical looking palms. I kept reminding myself that Christmas is the same everywhere, but I think that those of us who have known snowy holidays are always spoiled. We had a lot of fun with Jean Alexander, Louise Fischer Alexander's little girl. She is two now, and although she called Santa Claus "Kitty" because of his long white beard that looked like fur to her, she had the rest of it pretty straight. I made a little house for her out of cookie squares like mother described in December Kitchen-Klatter, and on the roof I wrote "Merry Christmas" with green frosting. This was filled with small decorated cookies, and she thought it was simply wonderful! The truth of the matter is that it tasted so good I am ashamed to say we nibbled off one small corner before she got it, so that's what comes of making cookie houses.

From my window today I can see some red balloons floating high up in the sky. At first I couldn't imagine what they were, and then I learned that the motion picture studios use them for a very good purpose. We are only one block from the big R-K-O studios, and when outdoor scenes are being made these balloons are sent up into the sky to warn airplane pilots not to fly too low, for of course the sound of the engines would be recorded on the sensitive sound strips. Now when I wonder if any pictures are being made, all I have to do is look up into the sky and if the balloons are in sight I know that the stars and technicians are hard at work on something you'll see in your local theatre before many weeks have passed.

The weather has been so delightful that we have enjoyed many days at the beach. We always try to start around nine o'clock in the morning, and generally Louise and Jean and Russell and I all go together. We take a light lunch along and a big blanket, and then for hours we lie in the sun and watch the ocean. Jean is afraid of the waves, and it's funny to watch her when we're digging caves near the water's edge. She loves to help us dig, but she always keeps a sharp eye open for each wave and when a big one comes that rolls up on the beach she turns around and tears for dear life across the sand. One day we all had quite an experience. We were stretched out on our blanket far back from where the waves were breaking,

but suddenly without any warning an enormous comber came rolling in and before we could think about scrambling to our feet it had dashed in over us. That was once Jean had a soaking in spite of her caution.

The poinsettias have been blooming magnificently out here, and I never see a big field of them without wishing that I could pick a freight car full and send it back to the midwest. When Russell and I were in Minneapolis we always felt extravagant when we bought even one big poinsettia at Christmas time, so it was quite an experience to have a big jar full in our living room all through the holidays.

It is beginning to get dark now, and so I must stop writing and think about what we are going to eat tonight. I can see that the balloons are down, and a block away I can hear all of the homeward traffic speeding down Vine Street, one of the main boulevards in Hollywood. There is much more that I would like to write, but until February this must be all.

—Lucile.

SUPPER-TIME PICTURE

Our home at evening is like this—

We are all well, no one amiss.
Soon dinner will be ready now,
The children splash and wash, but how!

The men bring smells from air and earth,
The dog lies down close by the hearth.

Now while we eat, since Grace is said,
We talk of things we've heard or read.

Then Daddy settles in his chair
With paper, pipe; this hour from care.

The girls click dishes in the pan,
As eagerly they talk and plan.

Our puppy's rest is best of all,
His plans are neither great nor small.

We study, play, or read at ease,
We each do mostly what we please—

Tomorrow's plans are now aborning,
For energy that comes with morning.

We thank Thee, Lord, for home like this,

Our cup is full, no thing amiss!

—Mrs. Esther Sutton Donecker
McCracken, Kansas.

TRY THIS PLAN

Here's a little help for busy mothers that I have tried this year since school started, with great success.

Along about 3 o'clock P. M. I sit down and take stock of what jobs have to be done before evening, then I make a list for each of my three children. I try to divide the work evenly and the same number of jobs for each child. I write their names on their slips of paper and put them on the kitchen table. Then my mind is free. I know those jobs will be done and I don't have to do a lot of talking. Also when they are done, they are done. If they dawdle, that's just their hard luck.—B. L. Brock, Nebr.

BEAUTY HINTS

By Eva Hopkins

It is the time of year for New Year's resolutions! So why not resolve to



Eva Hopkins

take better care of your complexion in 1941 than you did in 1940? Or if you are the mother of teen age daughters, resolve to see to it that they get started in using the right things for their makeups. Maybe your mother is with you yet and is getting along in years; try giving her some of the little beauty aids and help that she has denied herself

during her life.

During the past year I have some wonderful letters from you who read this fine little magazine of Leanna's, and have been tempted to reprint some of them. Then too, I have received some that I was very glad to answer, but was so sorry to read between the lines of the malice of the writers' neighbors. For instance, just the other day, I had a letter from a sweet old lady. I had never seen or met the writer, but I know that my description fits her, because her letter just breathed that atmosphere. She asked about various beauty aids to use and then said that her neighbors had told her that creme powder and cleansing cream would grow hair on the face. I told her that if this were possible that I could make a million dollars which I would share with her, as all the bald headed people in the world would beat a path to our door. No, KITCHEN KLATTER friends, hair is not produced so magically.

There have been numerous women that have told me that just now they could use no type of powder as it smarted their faces and looked so rough on the skin. Some of them had been helping with corn picking and others had some out door jobs. Some the changeable weather had caused, but the results were in the main, the same. The answer is that weathering and exposure had robbed the skin of the vital oil needed. They all should use a good cleansing creme at night to help supply these oils and moisture to the skin, and then they will not have this trouble. Better still they could have covered their faces with creme powder and the most cases would not of had that trouble at all. You cover your hands with gloves for outdoor exposure, why not your face?

Keep your letters coming during the New Year and if I can be of any help to you, I will be glad to answer them personally.

"We think it is a great little magazine. My husband reads it and enjoys it, too. You know how men are as a rule, if it is a woman's magazine they love to joke about them, but your Kitchen-Klatter got only a good word." —Mrs. Leslie Sebbler, R 1, West Des Moines, Iowa.

A LETTER FROM EGYPT

June 6, 1940

Dear Folks:

When we reached the Alexandria airport we climbed into the airways bus and started for the city. The bus stalled in the center of a busy intersection and the driver had to get out and tinker with the motor. A very dignified English colonel turned to me and said, "Well, I say now, I'm glad this didn't happen to the plane." I had dinner tonight with the McClanahans.

Last night as I lay here listening to the guns practicing somewhere, I had plenty to think about. I have had so many wonderful experiences here in Egypt, and yet I shudder to think what experiences I may have before I get home.

June 15, 1940

Many things have happened in the last few days. I went out to the army camp and looked the place over. The Y M C A hut is really swell.

While eating dinner with friends last night we had our first air raid alarm. The whistle started blowing its stacato warning, and instantly Mr. Given, my host, jumped up and started closing the shutters and blinds. In the excitement I swallowed a fish bone. I had heard many practice air raid warnings, but the first real one gave me a very different feeling. It is not very pleasant to know that the enemy planes are actually flying over you. No bombs were dropped.

The police go about at night looking for lights and fine the owner of the house ten pounds if he sees a light showing.

Prices are jumping sky high. Bacon is more than a dollar a pound. Many things cannot be had at all, and this is just the beginning. (I hear a terrible commotion in the street and am going out to investigate.)

Just a few hundred yards from this Schutz school the native section begins. Running down the street past my window are hundreds of native women and children. Many are standing in front of a small primary school a block or so down the street. It is a regular riot. As near as I can figure out, word has started around that they are going to evacuate some of the children. It is amazing how news spreads in this country. Eighty-nine per cent of the people can't read or write but news spreads faster than one could possibly believe.

I love Alexandria. The weather here is delightful. It is a far more European city than Cairo. The Y M C A Secretary tells me he has twenty-two different nationalities in his membership. My opportunities for service are tremendous. Life here is a great and tragic adventure, and altho I love the excitement of it all, the stark mad horror of this life is taking a lot out of me. Every day and sometimes every hour brings a new experience.

June 28.

It was just one week after Italy declared war that I took up my work at the Y M C A hut, here in the vicinity of Alexandria. My first surprise was to discover that I was not to work with young volunteer soldiers, but with men who had been in the Near



A street scene in Egypt.

East for years. The unit is a completely motorized machine gun division. The hut is a large building made of wood and woven matting. It is the coolest place in the camp. At one end of the large room is a place where cold drinks are served (not beer), cookies, sandwiches, candy and tea. There are reading tables, game tables, a radio, piano and a small stage.

Opening off one side of the main room is my little room, where I have my bed, my desk and a small library for the men.

I thought that I would never live through the first week. The soldiers looked so tough and hard it took no small amount of courage to approach a man and visit with him. On Sunday evenings we have church. It is one of my jobs to get the soldiers to come to the services. All during the week I give a lot of personal invitations but always they say, "I haven't been to church for years and I don't think I'll start now." The services are held in one end of the room and one Sunday night when it was time for church not a single soldier was intending to stay. I looked at the group of men and thought how useless for me to go back and ask them to come to church. I did, though, and nearly every one came to the front. I was surprised at the number of hymns they knew. We had a grand service.

I locked up the hut about ten o'clock

last night and went to bed. At about a quarter to one I heard planes flying overhead, but since no alarm had sounded I supposed they were English planes. I dropped off to sleep to be awakened by an air raid alarm. Men were shouting, "Out with the lights", and everyone was running. I jumped out of bed, put on my slippers and ran to the door in my pajamas. I knew that I was supposed to go to a trench shelter but I had forgotten to inquire where it was located.

(Continued in February Issue)

TO THE DISCOURAGED MOTHER

1. Get up early.
2. Reduce tasks to a minimum, then do them.
3. Don't try to do everything; do only that which YOU can do well.
4. Stick to a simple daily, weekly, monthly and yearly routine.
5. A place for everything and everything in its place.
6. Have only those things in the house which are necessary or beautiful.
7. Determine to have the necessary labor saving equipment.
8. Dress neatly; you will feel more efficient and work better.
9. Study and learn the correct, most efficient technique for doing things from other people, radio, magazines or bulletins.
10. Come hail or high water, get this routine behind you early and before taking on any other big job or the unexpected company, agents, etc. will catch you in a mess.

—Mrs. John V. Scott, Sheridan, Mo.

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



Start the
New Year Right.

LIVE ELECTRICALLY

IOWA-NEBRASKA LIGHT & POWER COMPANY



MY KITCHEN

Here I may be an artist
Who measures as she makes
Here I may be an artist
Creating as she bakes.
Here busy heart and brain and hand
May feel and think and do.
A kitchen is a happy place
To make a dream come true.

VERMONT PUMPKIN PIE

- 1 unbaked pie shell
- 1½ cups cooked pumpkin
- 1 cup dark brown sugar
- 1 teaspoon cinnamon
- ¼ teaspoon cloves
- ½ teaspoon salt
- 1 teaspoon vanilla
- 2 tablespoons maple syrup
- 3 eggs beaten
- 1 cup milk
- 1 tablespoon butter, melted

Mix the pumpkin with other ingredients and pour into the shell. Bake 10 minutes in a hot oven, lower the heat and bake 40 minutes in a moderately slow oven.—Arlene Endicott, Ridgeway, Mo.

DATE PUDDING

Pour 1 cup boiling water over 1 cup chopped dates, 1 level teaspoon soda and 1 rounded teaspoon butter. Let stand till cool. Add 1 cup sugar and 1 beaten egg. Sift together 1½ cups flour, ½ teaspoon baking powder, ¼ teaspoon salt, and add. Bake in a greased and floured pan about 12x14 inches, in a moderate oven. While this is baking, prepare the following in a small pan, cooking it on top of the stove. 1 cup chopped dates, ½ cup sugar, 2/3 cup boiling water. Cook till thick. Spread over the hot baked pudding and sprinkle with nut meats. Cut in squares and serve with whipped cream.—Mrs. Waunetta Ernst, Kenesaw, Nebr.

SALMON AND MACARONI LOAF

Heat 1 cup milk, add 2 cups cornflakes or breadcrumbs, 4 beaten eggs, 1 cup cooked macaroni, 1 tall can cheap salmon, 4 tablespoons cream, 4 tablespoons melted butter. Stir thoroughly, pour in buttered baking dish, sprinkle with paprika, and bake 40 minutes. Set in pan of water. This may be served with a white sauce.—Josie Van Nyhuis, Sheldon, Iowa.

“Recipes Tested in the Kitchen Klatter Kitchen”

By LEANNA DRIFTMIER

MINCEMEAT

- 2 pounds fresh lean beef, boiled and chopped when cold.
 - 1 pound suet chopped very fine.
 - 5 pounds chopped apples
 - 1 pound seedless raisins
 - 2 pounds currants
 - ¾ pound sliced citron
 - 1½ teaspoons cinnamon
 - 1 grated nutmeg
 - 2 tablespoons mace
 - 1 tablespoon cloves
 - 1 tablespoon allspice
 - 1 tablespoon fine salt
 - 2½ pounds brown sugar
 - 1 quart boiled cider
 - 1 pint grape juice
- Mix in order given. Pack cold into sterilized jars and seal. Keep cold and dry.—Mrs. Lester Hunt, Glenwood, Iowa.

HOT DISH WITH CHILI

- 2 pounds best round steak, ground.
- A small piece of suet
- 1 medium sized onion
- 1 bunch celery, cut fine
- ½ green pepper, cut fine
- 1 box macaroni or spaghetti boiled tender
- 1 can (1 quart) tomatoes, sweetened a trifle
- Salt and pepper to taste
- 1 teaspoon (level) chili powder.

Brown the ground meat in the suet with the finely cut onion until meat is quite brown. Add rest of ingredients. Bake 1 hour in a moderate oven. This makes a large dish or 2 small ones.—Mrs. I. S. Ford, Omaha, Nebr.

FROZEN APRICOT SALAD

- ¼ cup apricot juice
- ¼ cup orange juice
- 2 tablespoons lemon juice
- A few grains salt
- 2 eggs
- 1 cup whipping cream
- 1½ cups canned, diced apricots
- ½ cup sugar

Combine juices and salt and heat over hot water. Beat egg yolks till very light. Add sugar. Add to juices, stirring constantly. Cook over hot water till thick and smooth. Cool. Fold in stiffly beaten egg whites, stiffly beaten cream and apricots. Pour into trays and freeze.—Mrs. Harry Snider, Booneville, Mo.

SUGAR CURE PICKLED MEAT

To each 100 pounds of meat scraps use 9 gallons water. To this add 4 oz. soda, 2 oz. salt petre, 9 pounds salt, 5 pounds brown sugar. Bring to a good boil and dissolve. Add enough boiled water to cover meat. Do not pour over meat while hot. You can put feet, ears, tongues, ribs, back bones or pork chops, or any meat scraps you want in this brine. It isn't the old-fashioned strong brine. We have the scraps to use on all winter as we like and none are wasted or spoiled.

CANNING SAUSAGE AND RIBS

Form sausage into cakes or balls and fry until done. Do not brown much for when opened for use and warmed again they will become hard and tasteless. Pack into jars. Do not add water or lard. Enough will drip from the cakes into jar for gravy. Process 20 or 25 minutes at 10 pounds pressure, or 15 pounds won't hurt. Take out and seal. Sausage canned this way will not taste greasy or of lard and will not mold if sealed well. We would not eat canned meat until I used this method and now we eat every jar I fix.—(Sorry I lost this contributor's name.)

SOLUTION FOR COLD-PACKING MEAT

- 1 gallon boiling water
- 2 cups salt
- 1 cup sugar

Fill jars full of meat cut into pieces. Pour this boiling solution over the meat. Boil 3 hours. This will be enough for about 8 quarts.—Mrs. Earl Johnson, Pattonsburg, Mo.

NEVER FAIL SAUSAGE

- 10 pounds ground pork
- 10 pounds ground beef
- 3 rounded tablespoons coarse salt
- 1 rounded tablespoon black pepper
- 1 rounded tablespoon cloves
- 1 rounded tablespoon allspice
- 1 rounded tablespoon sage
- 1 rounded tablespoon pork and sausage seasoning.

Make into balls, fry and can.—Mrs. Edward Lande, Forest City, Ia.

When using flavoring, measure it in the screw cap of the flavoring bottle. A large cap holds 1 teaspoon. This saves time.—Mrs. Elmer Bartles, Lytton, Iowa.

Time for Cookies!

- Set of 6 Aluminum Cooky Cutters, each a different design, extra nice. Per set. 35¢
- Set of 6 Square Aluminum Jelly molds. 35¢
- Set of 5 sheets transfer patterns. 25 popular designs. 25¢

Orders filled promptly.

LEANNA DRIFTMIER
Shenandoah, Iowa

FEATHER-BED ROLLS

$\frac{3}{4}$ cup sugar, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup lard. Cream as for a cake and add 1 well beaten egg.
Dissolve 1 cake yeast in $\frac{1}{2}$ cup luke warm water.
1 cup unsalted mashed potatoes
1 cup potato water
1 cup cold water
2 teaspoons salt
Flour to make stiff.
When cool mix all liquids. Alternate liquid and flour with creamed mixture. Keep in cold (not freezing) place, and bake the second day. — Imogene Watson, Maitland, Mo.

SUET PUDDING

1 cup suet, ground
 $\frac{1}{2}$ cup sugar
 $\frac{1}{2}$ cup sorghum
1 egg
1 cup sour milk
1 teaspoon cinamon
1 teaspoon cloves
1 teaspoon salt
1 teaspoon soda
1 cup raisins
1 cup dry breadcrumbs
2 cups flour
Steam for 1 hour. This is good as it is but you can add citron, and candied peels for special occasions. Serve with

Sauce

1 tablespoon butter
2 tablespoons brown sugar
2 tablespoons vinegar
1 teaspoon cornstarch
 $\frac{1}{2}$ cups boiling water
Cook until thick as cream.—Mrs. Will Cran, Bradgate, Iowa.

QUICK NUT BROWN BREAD

3 cups graham flour
3 cups white flour
 $\frac{1}{2}$ cup white sugar
1 teaspoon salt
 $\frac{2}{3}$ cup raisins
 $\frac{2}{3}$ cup nut meats, preferably black walnuts.
Mix the above all together.
2 cups sour milk, or buttermilk
1 cup molasses
2 level teaspoons soda. Dissolve in the milk.
1 egg, well beaten
3 tablespoons melted shortening
Mix these together, then stir the two mixtures together and bake in 2 greased and floured loaf pans, for 1 hour and 20 minutes in a slow to medium oven. It burns quickly.—Mrs. Ray Price, Liberty, Mo.

COCOANUT SNAPS

2 cups brown sugar
1 cup butter or shortening
2 eggs
 $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon salt
 $\frac{3}{4}$ cups flour
2 teaspoons cream tarter
2 teaspoons soda
1 cup cocoanut
 $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon lemon extract
1 teaspoon vanilla extract
Roll in small balls, size of a walnut. These flatten out as they bake. Bake 12 minutes. —Mrs. Sol Werkmeister, Clearfield, S. D.

POTATO DOUGHNUTS

2 eggs, beaten
Add 1 cup sugar and beat again
3 tablespoons melted butter
1 cup mashed potato
1 cup sour milk
 $4\frac{1}{2}$ cups flour
1 teaspoon salt
1 teaspoon soda
4 teaspoons baking powder
 $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon vanilla
 $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon lemon
 $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon nutmeg
Mix well and chill. Fry in hot lard and roll in sugar.—Mrs. Cliff Rose, Winterset, Iowa.

HOW DOUGHNUTS CAME TO BE MADE

When I was a child, one of my "readers" had in it a story telling how doughnuts came to have a hole in the center.

It seems that once there was a little Cook (a man or boy), who had eyes as dark as black currants, cheeks as pink as his best frosting, and a skin as white as finest pastry flour. He wore a snowy cap and apron and was the very best cook that ever lived. He never cooked anything that was not good and there was no end to the good things that this little Cook would make.

One day he happened to look out of the window and saw walking by a little Fairy who had a cap and apron and who was a cook, too. So the little Cook called the Fairy in and invited her to eat dinner. He gave her a very lovely dinner and finally asked her to marry him.

At that moment the village preacher came in to buy a tart and the little Cook said, "You shall have the tart for nothing if you will marry us."

But there was no ring. The little Cook's eyes fell upon the dough on the table. Then he knew what to do. He made a little pat of dough and poked the little Fairy's finger through the middle of it, and then dropped the dough into a pan of hot fat. When it was done it was a beautiful nut-brown color and the little Fairy cried, "Why, it looks just like a dough-nut."

Of course the ring fitted perfectly, the preacher married them and they filled the preacher's hat with raspberry tarts, buns and spice cakes.

The little Cook and the little Fairy lived together happily, both stirring the soup at the same time, and never quarreling. They often made beautiful brown doughnuts, with little round holes in them, to remember their wedding day.

And that is the way doughnuts came to be made.

—Mrs. R. Letterly.

CREAM BISCUITS

2 cups flour
3 rounding teaspoons baking powder
Salt
Enough cream to mix to a soft dough.
Put on board and pat out. Cut. Bake 400°.—Mrs. Ethel VanZee, Pleasantville, Iowa.

GLORIES OF A FLOUR SACK

When times are hard and dollars rare
And ma must mend our clothes to wear
She gets her shears and skillfully whacks
A generous patch—of flour sack.

In doing chores I jump a rail
And catch my dress upon a nail.
If more material we should lack
Ma gets a piece—of flour sack.

If fancy work we should make
We always have the stuff it takes
There's plenty of aprons and towels on the rack
As long as we have—a flour sack.

If you're not a farmer you probably won't know
The pleasure there in is flour sack clothes.
So let's cheer the man who had the knack
To put our flour in a useful sack.
—Farm Maid, Custer Co.

**OH BOY!
CHOC'LIT
CAKE!**

**Nebraska Woman Praises Mother's Best Flour**

Mrs. Carl F. Siems, RFD 3, DeWitt, Nebraska says, "I have used Mother's Best for years—it's good for all baking. I can make so many more loaves of bread with it that it really is the most economical flour — and I have better bread."

Won't you ask your grocer for this grand flour soon? Remember, Mother's Best is sold with a money-back guarantee.

**Mother's
Best
FLOUR**



KMA PROGRAM SCHEDULE

930 Kilocycles Shenandoah, Iowa
NBC Blue Network
Iowa Broadcasting System

KMA'S DAILY PROGRAM

MORNING

4:30 a. m.—Haden's Hillbillies
5:45 a. m.—Chick Holstein
6:00 a. m.—News
6:30 a. m.—The Family Altar
7:00 a. m.—Morning Headlines
7:15 a. m.—Frank Field
7:30 a. m.—Stamp's Quartette
7:30 a. m.—Family Altar (Sun.)
7:45 a. m.—Haden Children
8:00 a. m.—Lem Hawkins
8:00 a. m.—Uncle Bill (Sun.)
8:15 a. m.—Uncle Carl
8:30 a. m.—Frank Field
8:45 a. m.—Mid-Morning Devotions
9:00 a. m.—Homemaker's Visit
9:30 a. m.—Stamp's Quartette (Sun.)
9:45 a. m.—The Rangers
10:00 a. m.—Earl May, News
10:00 a. m.—Church Services (Sun.)
10:30 a. m.—Kitty Keene
10:30 a. m.—Our Barn (Sat.)
10:45 a. m.—Ma Perkins
11:00 a. m.—Songs of a Dreamer
(Mon., Wed., & Fri.)
11:15 a. m.—Cornstussel News
11:30 a. m.—KMA Country School
12:00 Noon—Midday Melodies
12:15 p. m.—Golden River Boys
12:30 p. m.—Earl May and the News

AFTERNOON

1:00 p. m.—Stamp's Quartette
1:15 p. m.—Nancy Lee
1:30 p. m.—S. O. S. Program
1:30 p. m.—Back to the Bible (Sun.)
1:45 p. m.—Chick Holstein
2:00 p. m.—Kitchen Klatter
2:30 p. m.—Songs of the Range
3:00 p. m.—Club Matinee
3:30 p. m.—Musical Parade
3:45 p. m.—Kornbelt Kapers
4:00 p. m.—News
4:15 p. m.—Carter Family
4:30 p. m.—Back to God Hour (Sun.)
5:00 p. m.—King Arthur, Jr.
5:15 p. m.—Irene Wicker
5:25 p. m.—A. P. News
5:30 p. m.—Bud Barton
5:45 p. m.—Earl Midnight

EVENING

6:00 p. m.—Western Melodies
6:30 p. m.—Earl May, News
7:00 p. m.—Ben Bernie's Musical Quiz
(Tues.)
7:00 p. m.—Pot O' Gold (Thurs.)
7:00 p. m.—Singin' and Swingin' (Fri.)
7:00 p. m.—Three Cheers (Sat.)
7:30 p. m.—Fame and Fortune (Thurs.)
7:30 p. m.—Little Ol' Hollywood (Sat.)
8:00 p. m.—You're in the Army Now (Mon.)
8:00 p. m.—Roy Shield's Revue (Wed.)
8:00 p. m.—Gangbusters (Fri.)
8:00 p. m.—Song of Your Life (Sat.)
8:00 p. m.—Old Fashioned Revival Hour
(Sun.)
8:30 p. m.—News
8:35 p. m.—Chamber Music Society (Mon.)
8:35 p. m.—Bishop & the Gargoyle (Tues.)
8:35 p. m.—Spin and Win With Jimmy Flynn
(Wed.)
8:35 p. m.—America's Town Meeting of the
Air (Thurs.)
8:35 p. m.—Your Happy Birthday (Fri.)
8:35 p. m.—NBC Symphony Orchestra (Sat.)
9:00 p. m.—Dramas by Olmsted
(Mon., Tues., Wed.)
9:00 p. m.—Madison Square Garden Boxing
Bout (TO BE ANNOUNCED)
9:00 p. m.—Newstime (Sunday)
9:30 p. m.—Shenandoah Town Meeting
(Thurs.)
10:15 p. m.—Newstime (Mon. thru Fri.)
10:30 p. m.—Unlimited Horizons (Fri.)
10:30 p. m.—Newstime (Sat.)
11:00 p. m.—Associated Press News
10:00 p. m. to 12:00 Midnight—Dance Bands:
Emil Coleman, Tony Pastor, Johnny Mc-
Gee, Glenn Miller, Eddie Le Baron, Isham
Jones, Fats Waller, Tommy Reynolds,
Erskine Hawkins, Jimmy Dorsey, Charlie
Spivak, Harry James, Ben Cutler, Sonny
James, Russ Morgan, Bernie Cummins,
and others.

COVER PICTURE

David Michael Harnden greets the New Year with a smile for his Kitchen Klatter aunties.

David is the small son of my niece, Francis Conrad Hernden, who lives in California.



Ralph Childs, announcer at KMA, has a new son, born Nov. 16 and using Ralph's own powers of description the baby is "remarkable, colossal, stupendous, beautiful, marvelous and astounding." We can see for ourselves it is a fine baby.

HEED THIS ADVICE.

Is nervousness spoiling your enjoyment of housework? Then heed this advice given in the September number of Hygeia.

1. Keep a chair or stool in the kitchen so that you may be seated while you work.
2. Avoid body strain by wearing sensible shoes, not bedroom slippers.
3. Eat at mealtime and keep away from food between times.
4. Set aside a regular rest period each day.
5. Do not be fussy about your house work. Strike a happy medium.

"If you are making a dress to give to some new baby, plan to buy a six-months old pattern. The tiny infant's size may look cunning, but most mothers find that outing gowns are the most practical things for the first six months. Then when baby is sitting up alone your gift will be so much more enjoyed and appreciated, for a tiny dress will have been outgrown by this time ... and the embroidery you put in so lovingly will have been hidden by blankets." — Lucile Driftmier Verness.

EVA HOPKINS CREME

POWDER & SPONGE\$1.00

CLEANSING CREAM60

SALMARINE SOAP50

Service weight HOSE, 2 pr.1.10

Berkshire 4 thread, 2 pairs... 1.50

Berkshire 3 thread, 2 pairs... 2.00

Berkshire Lace (Non-run)

2 pairs 2.30

All postpaid.

EVA HOPKINS

Box 13

SHENANDOAH, IOWA



OVER THE FENCE

I am going to do my best, during 1941, to bring you what will interest you, amuse you, and give you ideas for becoming a better homemaker, one who enjoys her job and appreciates its possibilities. And in return I ask that you write me about your problems in home-making and offer your helpful suggestions. Be a booster for the Kitchen-Klatter Magazine.

Mary Ellen Alexander, the little girl next door, has started a stamp collection. She has asked me to thank those of you who have sent her stamps.

I have been asked how many children Frank Field has. There are four. Zoanna, who is Mrs. Robert Fishbaugh, lives in Shenandoah. Bob is a natural born gardener like his father and grandfather. He is very much interested in the propagation of plants and landscaping. John is in High School. He works in a department store on Saturdays. Peggy is in Junior High School.

Thanks a lot for the lovely Christmas cards I am receiving in the mail every day. They print more beautiful cards every year.

Did you know that Fred Greenlee used to be a teacher? It's no wonder he does so well as the schoolmaster in KMA's Country School.

My, how the contest letters are pouring in. I know it has been fun for you to work on it. January 1st the judges will start their work and I hope to have the names of the winners in the February Magazine. My family had a good joke on me. When I was telling about the prizes I said it would be nice for some of you to have extra Christmas money. **The contest closes December 31.** I explained that I must have meant **next Christmas**. I couldn't help but wonder how many noticed that mistake, too.

I hope many of you will get every number of the Kitchen-Klatter Magazine during 1941. If you are buying them by the **single copy**, you had better order them as soon as they are ready, for I always seem to mail them all out leaving some one disappointed.

Mrs. Caroline Scholer, a Kitchen-Klatter subscriber in Gruetli, Tenn. sent me a box of holly and evergreen sprays. They came the day before I was to entertain a group of friends for a Christmas Exchange and looked very lovely in an arrangement on my sideboard.

Books For You To Read



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

SHALL NOT PERISH FROM THE EARTH, by Ralph Barton Perry, Professor of Philosophy at Harvard, "maintains that no man can successfully defend democracy today unless he is passionately convinced that it is worth defending. The author believes that it can be, and must be, defended; he reveals its basis in American individualism, firmly rooted as it is in American philosophy." Mr. Perry believes that we must fight for the survival of democracy; that we must not give way to "fatalism, defeatism, ostrichism, and doctrinaire pacifism."

This book clears many details that have seemed confusing in the term "democracy".

ESCAPE FROM FEAR, by Walter Pitkin, does just what he says it shall do—shock the reader. If you want to stay awake at night, read it. It strikes you like shot from a gun. Without mincing words, Walter Pitkin tells you what he thinks of you.

He tells those who find nothing useful to do in life that fear will overcome them, and that very soon, for the world will dispose of all who cannot fit themselves into a pattern of usefulness. He seems to be talking mostly to the women of the land who do not live seriously—live only to be beautiful and to spend hard earned money. He has found a "sixth column" to deal with, leaving the fifth column entirely to the government.

For a beautiful story, a comforting yet profitable one, read Gunnar Gunnarsson's **THE GOOD SHEPHERD**, a Christmas or "Advent" story. An elderly shepherd in Iceland has for twenty-seven years gone into the mountains to bring home the stray sheep that could not live in the mountains in winter. His experiences and his fine generosity toward others in the great bleak mountains and his difficult but successful errand make one of the finest short stories we have read this season.

SO PERISH THE ROSES, by Neil Bell, is the story of Charles and his sister, Mary Lamb. It is a novel based upon biographical facts. Literary club women may enjoy this very much, for it comes highly recommended by critics.

Sometime ago we mentioned **THE TORGUTS**, by River, a novel of Asia. It had to do with several hundred thousand migrants from Russia into their ancestral homeland in China. Another fine story of White Russians seeking peace and freedom after the Japanese invasion in 1937 is called **THE FAMILY**, by Nina Fedorova. The setting is in China where with various changes and moves they adapt themselves to their surroundings.

This is Atlantic's 10,000 dollar prize novel of 1940.

Kenneth Roberts, author of **NORTH-WEST PASSAGE** which attracted so much attention two or three years ago, has a new one called **OLIVER WISWELL**. We are accustomed to stories about the patriots of 1776, and we have accepted them wholeheartedly, but here is a story from the viewpoint of the loyalists, those who were faithful to England, who looked upon the patriots as the scum of the colonies. One gets another view of the Revolutionary War times, and one remembers the Virginians who looked upon Patrick Henry and Thomas Jefferson as rebels and unfit to lead the nation.

This is considered one of the strongest historical novels by many critics.

Kathleen Norris and Grace Livingston Hill have new books for their readers: **SECRET OF THE MARSH-BANKS** by Norris, and **THE PARTNERS** by Hill. Those who want a story of family problems of modern days will like the first. For a sweet, religious story, filled with faith and hope for better living and church life you will not want to miss **THE PARTNERS**.

Cunningham, **SPIDERWEB TRAIL**; MacDonald, **BLACK SOMBRERO**; Field, **MAN FROM THIEF RIVER**.

For mothers who have searched for short and very easy songs to teach very young children, look for **LET'S SING**, by Thompson. Short evening prayers, grace for table, song of praise, and other childhood songs put to music. We find the book answers a demand long felt by library patrons.

There are so many fine new books out now that tempt one to go on and on, but space prohibits adding more titles. There will be something to look forward to next time.

Happy New Year to you!

TRAINING THE OTHER WOMAN'S CHILD

They all sat around in friendly chat,
Discussing mostly this and that—

And a hat—

Until a neighbor's wayward lad
Was seen to act in ways quite bad.

Oh, 'twas sad!

One thought she knew what should be done

With every child beneath the sun—
She had none.

And 'ere her yarn had quite been spun,
Another's theories had begun—

She had one.

The third was not so sure she knew
But thus and so she thought she'd do—
She had two.

The next one added, "Let me see,
These things work out so differently"

She had three.

The fifth drew on her wisdom's store;
She said, "I'd like to think it o'er"—

She had four.

And then one sighed, "I don't contrive
Fixed rules for boys; they're so alive"

She had five.

"I know it leaves one in a fix,
This straightening out of crooked sticks"—

She had six.

And one declared, "There's no rule given,
But do your best and trust in heaven!"

She had seven.

—GEM Priscilla Club, Idaho.

AN ACRE OF DIRTY DISHES.

In 12 months the average woman washes an acre of dirty dishes, 3 miles of clothes, 1 mile of glass and 5 miles of floors, declared a home service director of a gas association in London.

How To Get The Things You Want....

If you are like most of us, you have some one outstanding desire. You have one thing you want above all others. It may be riches, happiness, good things of life. But **NO MATTER WHAT YOU WANT**, it is in **YOUR POWER** to get it . . . providing you make use of the powers within you.

Have you ever wondered why some folks always forge ahead and get what they want? Have you ever wondered why some folks even get plants to grow better. . . How some people get others to do what they want them to do? Have you ever wondered, what is the Law of Success that they use?

Is it worth risking a little time at home reading, to learn this true life secret, to learn how to use the powers within you? If it is, then send today for Lowell Fillmore's amazing book, "**NEW WAYS TO SOLVE OLD PROBLEMS.**"

Be prompt, and we will include, **ABSOLUTELY FREE**, a copy of **THE GOLDEN KEY**, written by Emmet Fox. Hundreds have **CHANGED THEIR LIVES** by reading this book alone. They paid money to read it. Yet, it is yours **FREE** with each copy of "New Ways To Solve Old Problems," at the regular price of only \$1. You risk nothing. If for any reason you are not satisfied, if the methods described do not do for you what they have done for hundreds of others, send back Fillmore's book within 30 days and get your money back in full, yet keep **The Golden Key, FREE!** No strings attached. This book will either help you get what you want, or you get your money back. Send \$1 today to **TRUE LIFE, BOX 503, OMAHA, NEBRASKA.**

THE GIFT BOX

By Gertrude Hayzlett

The envelopes of the Christmas cards you have been receiving are lined with beautifully colored papers. They are too pretty to throw away, yet few of us know what to do with them.

These lovely papers lend themselves well to paper patch-work and if you are careful to do the work neatly you can make some real works of art with them. Materials required are, besides a variety of colored linings, paste, a small can of shellac, black enamel paint, a fine brush, and some nice shaped boxes, bottles and jars.

First clean the articles you wish to cover thoroughly. Remove paper from wooden boxes and smooth them with sandpaper. If your linings are thin, give the box a coat of enamel to cover the printing on it. Paste a white paper over any printing on a pasteboard box that might show through.

Cut the linings in small pieces. They can be squares or triangles or circles or odd shaped pieces that may be put on crazy-fashion. Cover back of each piece all over with good paste and smooth onto the box. Lap the edges a little. When box is entirely covered with the linings, let it dry thoroly, then with your fine brush put a narrow line of black enamel around edge of each piece. This gives a neat finishing touch. Let paint dry, then give the whole thing 2 coats of clear shellac, to protect the colors and keep the edges from coming loose and tearing.

The articles that can be made this way are almost unlimited. Boxes of all sorts, lamp shades, picture frames, book ends, door stops, book covers, waste boxes. Remove the glass from a tray, cover top with linings and put the glass back. Cover top of a card table, and give it several coats of waterproof varnish. Interesting vases are made from wide mouth jars. It will probably be necessary to use latex paste on glass foundations.

Sometimes you can cut a picture from the Christmas card itself to use as part of the decoration. Another way to use the cards is to trim them down to a small size, leaving a pretty part of the design on the small card, and use to enclose with a gift. If this is neatly done, you will have nicer cards than you can buy.

When you have enjoyed your cards and want to dispose of them, Mrs. Robert Kennedy, Box 417, Manette, Wash. will be glad to have them. She sends them to a foreign mission school. If you send them to her by mail, you will have to remove the writing from them, else they will require 1st class postage. Writing can be taken off with any good ink remover, or mix a little Chlorox in water and dab on the writing, then blot off. Harvey Orsbon, Beulah, No. Dak can also use old cards of all kinds, also colored papers and ribbons, in his mission work.

"The Magazines are getting better and better. I have taken it for three years, and I save every one."—Myrtle Kolzow, Hope, Kans.

PRACTICAL POULTRY POINTERS

By Mrs. Olinda Wiles

Happy New Year!

In an old autograph album that I had as a little girl I found a verse written by a friend that has long gone to her reward. It was written on New Year's day and at the time it was written to me it was just another name and another verse in my new album that I had received the previous Christmas.



Mrs. Olinda Wiles

But today it fully expresses my New Year's wish. Little friends, big friends, old friends and new,

May the bright New Year hold blessings for you.

Keep them and share them, with loved ones so true,

And the best of good luck to you, the whole year through.

The new year is not too early to begin planning for your next season's poultry flock. In fact I made up my mind early last fall that I would have my first hatch of chickens earlier than I did in 1940, as my pullets did not quite come up to my expectations at culling time, and I know it was not due to lack of feed or care, but rather due to lack of early maturity.

In reply to several inquiries as to what variety of chickens are best I give each inquiry the same answer. It depends on what you are intending to raise chickens for—eggs or market. The lighter breeds—such as Leghorns and Minorcas are of the egg-laying type, but Rhode Island Reds, Wyandottes and some of the heavier types such as White Rocks are also good egg producers as well as a good dressed fowl. Personally I do not like the Orphingtons as the skin is very pale and unappetizing in the dressed fowl no matter if it is fat and in excellent condition. They lay early but are also given to persistent broodiness.

If I were starting a flock for quick maturing and early laying I would choose chicks from one of the many hybrid matings. Last spring I set some of the eggs from my flock of Red-dottes hybrids that hatched at the same time I received some straight White Wyandottes from the hatchery.

These were all put together in the same building, received the same care and feed, but the Red-dotte hybrids were invariably the heaviest and best developed.

I sold off all of the cockerels and when I dress the pullets almost every one is laying which is more than I can say for my Wyandottes.

Do you know how hybrids are named?

Well, the cockerels lend part of their name first and the pullets the last of their name. In the case of Red-dottes the cockerels are Rhode Island Reds and the word (Red for short) is finished up with dottes—from Wyandottes.

Rock - Reds are Plymouth Rock cockerels and Rhode Island Red hens. Red-Rocks are just the opposite, Red cockerels, Barred Rock hens. Legorica are Leghorn cockerels and Minorca hens. Minhornas are Minorca cockerels and Leghorn hens.

THE BREAD DRAWER

"Ah!" said the bread drawer in the new Kitchen Cabinet, "I'm so glad I won't have to hold sharp knives and scratchy forks, or like the odds and end drawer, be filled with so many things that every time I am opened there is a mad scramble and someone saying, 'it must be here.' Finally, failing to locate desired article, it is jerked out, everything dumped on the table or floor, then all odds and ends swept hurriedly in again and the drawer shoved in place. How proud I am that I hold the sweet brown loaves of the staff of life.

"The lady of the house will gently pull me open three times daily for bread and as gently close me. How proud I am that I'm the bread drawer."

(Some Time Later)

"O! me! my courage is gone, my spirit broken. I have been jerked open and shut until I'm hanging at an angle. The air I breathe is terrible. I'm full of stale pieces of cake and mouldy bread, oil wrappers, and I think there is a piece of forgotten cornbread and perhaps a cookie or two in the far corner.

"I haven't seen any sunshine or had a bath since I came to this place. I heard the odds and ends drawer mumbling about wishing it could be moved to the other side.

"My last hope has departed!"

—Mrs. J. F. Hargis

Good work cannot be done without good tools and supplies and every house wife owes it to herself to provide as many of these as she can afford. A good broom, various brushes, scouring pads are all essential for easier cleaning purposes.

Mrs. D. B., Iola, Kansas

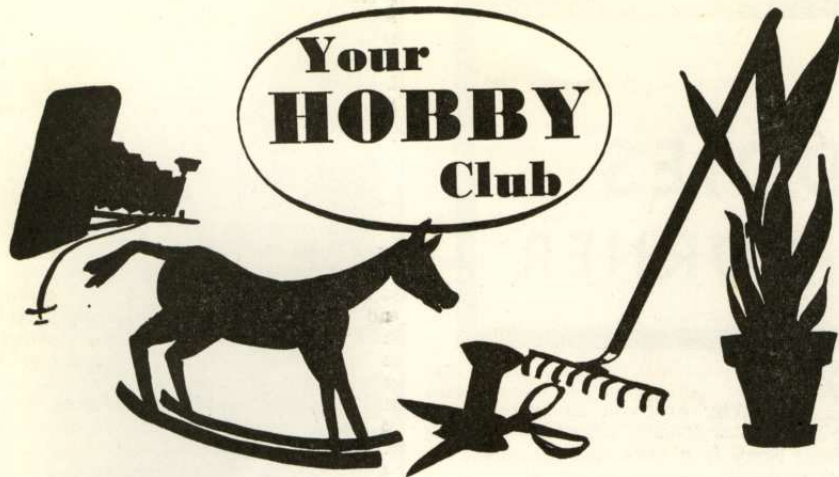
NOW! ... Real CORDUROY

QUILT BLOCKS

Have the warmest quilt ever, with genuine fine-ribbed corduroy. Beautiful variety of rich colors — reds, greens, browns, blues, many others. Bundle contains enough blocks for full quilt. Send \$1.50 to receive postage-paid, or send no money and pay postman \$1.50 plus postage. Limit two bundles to any one person.

LINCOLN TAILORS, Dept. 5
Lincoln, Nebraska.

Your HOBBY Club



HOBBIES

Mrs. Willis of Topeka, Kansas is a collector of buckles. Someone once asked her why she collected buckles and she said, "Buckles have always appealed to me. The first old buckle I secured was one dating from the Civil War that my brother plowed up in a corn field."

Mrs. Willis has in her collection which was on display at the Chicago Hobby Show, Indian, Chinese, Colonial, English and French buckles. Some are of silver and gold, others are of steel, beads, wood, enamel and bronze. Her buckles vary in size and range from overall buckles dating back to 1855 to the modern costume buckles of the pin type. She says, "The more buckles I find, the more I want," and I guess that is true no matter what your hobby may be.

Scenic Postcards and Edgar Guest Poems. Miss Jennie E. Morris, Whiting, Kans.

Dogs. Christena Miller, Burlington Junction, Mo.

Napkin Rings, new or old. Has one that is 60 years old. Bernice Virden, 621 Clay St., Cedar Falls, Iowa.

We have a variety of hobbies in my family. My husband has a nice collection of Indian relics and old guns, including a flint lock musket. I have a start in collecting pitchers. My son, fourteen, collects stamps. His special love is stamps having a ship or ships as their central design. Last month he exhibited two frames of his ship stamps at the Missouri State Fair and won a ribbon and plaque for having

the most outstanding exhibit in the Junior division. He got a blue ribbon for the best High School boy's exhibit. Mrs. J. C. Wolfe, Leeton, Mo.

Pictures of Radio Stars. Mrs. Goldie Radosevich, Brazil, Iowa.

Crocheting and collecting patterns.

Mrs. Myrtle Zeigler, R2, Friend, Nebr. Paper Napkins. Margaret Vermeer, R1, B26, Sioux Center, Ia. This is Margaret's school project.

Dogs. Miss Dora Curtis, Box 64, Sergeant Bluff, Iowa.

Poems. Mrs. J. A. Scholz, Huron, Kans.

Miss Hollis E. Schroeder, Wells, Minn. wants to exchange seed of annual and perennial flowers for anything that can be used in a home. Write first.

Fancywork. Mrs. H. J. Volkmann, 211 So. 12 St., Denison, Ia.

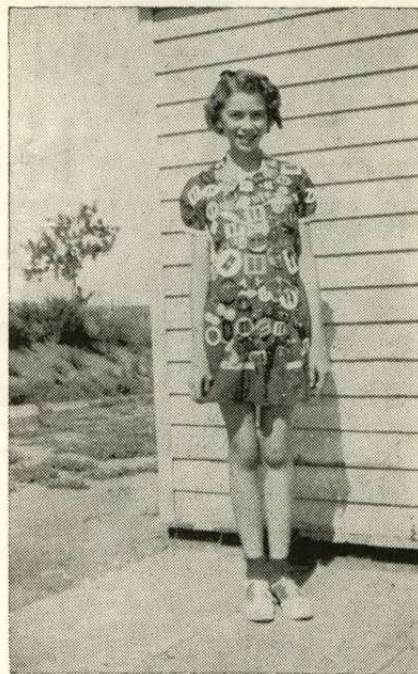
Will exchange oleanders, amaryllis, sultana, salservia, Pink Surprise Plant, geraniums, foliage, green Wandering Jew, rubber tree, Angelleaf, Elephant Ear Begonias, Rex Begonia, Fern, Lantana, and a few cactus, for grapeleaf, white wax and beefsteak begonias, poinsetta, pink fuschia, calla lily and cactus—Mrs. G. M. Tillotson, 945 Missouri St., Lawrence, Kans.

Iowa post marks, 2x4 inches and cacti.—Mrs. Jonathan Johnson, Alden, Ia.

Cactus—Mrs. Elma Larimore, Dawson, Nebr.

Napkins. Luella Ahrens, R3, Kearney, Nebr.

China Animals, Small Dolls and Stamps. Mrs. John L. Wilson, 722 Market St., Emporia, Kans.



Zelma Jean Williams, Henderson, Ia., R1, collects buckles for her hobby.

A TEA AND HOBBY SHOW

Inez Baker writes from Carbon, Iowa, "We had a Tea and Hobby Show and made about \$12, which was good considering the size of the town and the fact that we just charged 10¢ for the tea. My group put this affair over so I was particularly pleased.

Since we do not have much to work with here as they do in nice large church basements, we just do the best we can with what we have. Here's how we arranged our exhibits. We placed long tables along the south and east walls of the hall and covered the tops with white paper. Then we made little "booths" on the tables by running white crepe paper streamers from the edges of the tables back to the wall. Each lady who wished to enter her Hobby collection in the Show was given a booth and she arranged her things in it. They looked so pretty against the white. We had to limit each entrant to 25 articles or 25 pairs, from lack of space.

Some of the collections were bottles, pitchers, dogs, horses, vases, shakers, slippers, stamps, buttons, souvenirs, blue glass, figurines, and part of our minister's collection of 50,000 definitions which was so interesting. The button collection took first prize, a shaker collection second, and the blue glass third. The prizes were just for fun because they were all equally nice and we let the crowd vote on the one they liked best. To make additional money we sold items for folks' collections.

We served tea and homemade cookies and had pretty napkins on each plate. We didn't pour, but just passed the plates because it is easier when the space is so limited.

Birth Announcement FOLDERS

Pink for girls.

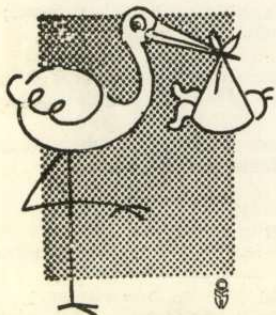
Blue for boys.

Printed, folded and inserted in envelopes ready to mail. The names of both the baby and the parents are printed on the inside page.

Print names and date and state whether it is a boy or girl. Orders filled promptly.

PRICE \$1.00 FOR 25

**Order from Leanna Driftmier,
Shenandoah, Iowa**





OUR KIDDIES CORNER

THE CLUMSY TOAD AND THE PATIENT SNAIL

By Margaret Lowery

One evening just about sunset the Clumsy Toad hopped along beside the Deep Pond in search of the low, flat rock on which he liked to sleep. On his way he met the Patient Snail slowly plodding along through the grass.

The Clumsy Toad was always in a hurry, had never taken time to notice the Patient Snail, who usually crawled along the ground at a very slow pace. Tonight, however, as he had nothing else to do but find his low, flat rock, stretch out, and go to sleep, he paused to stare very impolitely at the Patient Snail.

"How very queer you are!" he cried. "Why do you bother to carry that shell about all the time?"

The Patient Snail poked out two long, slender horns and peered at the Clumsy Toad through her tiny, black eyes, one at the end of each horn.

She was far too polite to say, "You are queer also with your grey, oily skin and those wartish bumps all over your body."

Instead she said, "It is a great pity that you are not as handsome as your cousin, the Frog."

"But I can get about just as fast as he," replied the Clumsy Toad as he hopped about making great splashes in the mud. "Now catch me," he called, and with a great leap he landed on top of a high rock close by.

"Can you do that?" he shouted down to the Patient Snail.

"Oh, no," she sighed. "I can't do anything as fine as that!"

"If you would only throw away that shell, you might be able to jump just as high as that. You can't do this!" He shot out his funny little tongue and caught a mosquito flying by.

"Who wants a mosquito?" cried the Patient Snail. "I much prefer a tender bit of fresh, green leaf."

She bit off a piece from a near-by plant, daintily shredded it with the sharp ends of her tongue, and ate it, gently smacking her lips.

The Clumsy Toad was just going to make a sarcastic remark about eating leaves for dinner when he heard a distant rustle in the grass.

He listened and then began to quiver with fright.

"Why are you so frightened, Clumsy Toad?" asked the Patient Snail in a very calm manner.

"Don't you hear? The Portly Duck is out hunting her supper. If she finds us, she'll catch and eat us even quicker than I did that mosquito."

"But you can hop about very fast," said the Patient Snail. "I should not think that you should be so afraid."

"If I start to jump around," replied the Clumsy Toad still quivering, "the Portly Duck will be sure to see me, and she can run much faster than I can hop."

"Why don't you go over and hide under that flat rock?" asked the Patient Snail after a moment's thought. "If you keep quite still, the Portly Duck will never find you."

"What a wise idea!" the Clumsy Toad cried. "But what about you?"

"Don't worry about me! I can take care of myself," answered the Patient Snail.

So the Clumsy Toad crawled under a rock where the Portly Duck would not see him and kept very still. From where he lay, he was able to peek out through a tiny crack. He looked for the Patient Snail, wondering if she, too, had found a rock under which to hide. But all he could see was the little shell lying all alone on the ground. The Patient Snail must have left it behind.

Down through the grass came the Portly Duck crushing the small plants with her webbed feet. Slowly she came to the rock which hid the Clumsy Toad and passed by without even stopping to look under it. She went to the lonely, little shell, glanced at it wonderingly, and passed by also.

At last, when the Clumsy Toad could no more hear the webbed feet of the Portly Duck swishing through the grass, he crawled out from under the rock and stretched himself.

"I wonder what became of the Patient Snail?" he said aloud.

"Here I am," a small voice said.

The Clumsy Toad looked about carefully, but he could not see the Patient Snail anywhere.

"Surely the Patient Snail cannot be inside the shell!" thought the Clumsy Toad. "One would have to be very clever to fold one's self up that small!"

But sure enough soon two slender horns began to poke out from underneath the shell, then a tiny head, and finally a little, round body. It was the Patient Snail, after all!



Delores Pauline Smith of Ferguson, Ia., and her doll family. Delores raised a little lamb, sold it and bought the doll she is holding on her lap with some of the money.

"Were you there all the time?" asked the Clumsy Toad.

"Of course," the Patient Snail replied, giving herself a shake. "I fold myself up and go inside whenever danger comes my way."

"Well, I never!" declared the Clumsy Toad.

"When cold weather comes, I never worry about having to find a place to keep warm. All I do is to roll up, go in, and close up my shell with my own special sealing wax. A shell is the nicest kind of a house—so warm and cozy!"

The Clumsy Toad looked at her very thoughtfully. "I wish I had a shell!" he sighed.

TRY THIS ONE ON DAD

Tell your guests to put a newspaper someplace on the floor where you can stand on one end of it but not on the other end. It will be quite a while before anyone discovers that the paper should be placed across the door-sill and the door closed on the end that is outside.—Mrs. V. Middleton, Maryville, Mo.

A RIDDLE

By Clarence M. Lindsay

It's not a ship, it's not a boat;
And yet you often see it float!

Upon it none of us may ride,
Since there is nothing much inside.

Just whence it comes or where it goes,
I doubt if anybody knows;

Yet you may watch one any day
Just floating gently on its way.
A cloud. —Contributed

I should like to have letters from you girls and boys who read this page.
—Aunt Leanna.

COOKING HELPS

Keep nut meats in a cold place. If they seem to get soft before using them, heat in the oven until well warmed through. — Mrs. Harry Williams, Round Lake, Minn.

To remove core from pears, after you have them peeled and cut in halves, use the little gadget you use for making melon balls. It is a cup-shaped metal piece, set in a handle. Also, remove the blossom end from the pear with a sharp knife before peeling. This keeps the small dark specks from sticking to the pears after peeling. — Mrs. Wm. L. Pauls, Newton, Iowa.

If 1 teaspoon salt and 1 teaspoon sugar is added for each pound of butter when churning, the butter will stay fresh and sweet. The sugar does not taste and is a preservative. — Mrs. H. S. Carson, Willard, Kans.

My Tapioca Pudding recipe calls for egg whites beaten, to make it fluffy. I have found that if I add the sugar called for to the beaten egg whites instead of to the pudding, it becomes thick like whipped cream. Then add this to the cooked tapioca pudding and it will hold its shape.

I pick a small branch from our cedar tree and keep it at the end of my ironing board where I keep rubbing my iron over it. This gives a clean, spicy smell to the clothes as well as a glossy appearance to the starched surfaces. — Mrs. Eugene J. Wallace, Cameron, Mo.

Have you ever tried using candy orange slices cut up fine when cooking apple butter? It gives a nice flavor and sort of jellies the butter, too. — Mrs. Jap Thompson, Carroll, Ia.

Cut up tomato and onion and mix with salad dressing. Serve over hamburger. — Mrs. Everett Eisiminger, Savannah, Mo.

EVERY HOME NEEDS

KITCHEN-KLATTER
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Any 5 for \$1.00

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 - Vol. 5—Oven Dishes, One Dish Meals and Meat Cookery
 - Vol. 6—Pickles and Relishes of all kinds, Jellies and Jams
 - Household Helps Book
- Price:—25¢ Each, or any 5 of them for \$1.00, Postpaid

Order From

LEANNA FIELD DRIFTMIER
Shenandoah, IowaMRS. FIXIT BRIGHTENS UP
HER LIVING-ROOM

By Maxine Sickels

When the stove is up and the doors are shut against winter's cold again, our living room seems too drab and dreary to endure. It is lacking in window space and the wood work is dark varnish and those two things I can not change at all.

"What cannot be cured must be endured" I copied in an old copybook years ago as a penance for some childish sin.

I could not make the window larger, but I did remove all the curtains and hang, instead, a deep valance of bright cretonne across the top of the window. It looked bare so I took a few dimes to the dime store and purchased two of those little shelves that hook in at the center of the window where the top and bottom sashes join. One hangs a few inches below the other. Then I bought a few of those animals fashioned to hold a flower. In them I used wandering jew, but a sweet potato (be sure to use a home grown one, the others are baked and will not grow) or carrot tops or beet tops—made by slicing an inch or so from the top of the vegetable—would have been pretty.

In one dark corner, I hung a mirror over a shelf and arranged a bouquet of artificial flowers.

Wall pockets would have done in that corner, but the mirror was one we had left from a previous job of remodeling. The prettiest wall pockets I ever saw were made from a card board foundation rolled into a cornucopia and covered on the outside with a paste of flour, salt and water into which little bits of bright colored crepe paper had been stirred.

The window and the wall taken care of, I turned my attention to the slip covers on the daybed and chairs. They had been a cool dark green all summer but I have my eye on a new coral rose. For twenty cents I could bleach these and re-dye them. The new ones will cost many time that. Like many of the rest of you, I will have to wait and see how young chickens sell when mine are ready.

Any way I am going to remove the landscape that hangs above the day bed and replace it with a series of three flower pictures from one of the current magazines which I will frame in ten cent frames.

All of this has been simple and inexpensive and what a difference it makes in our room.

ANOTHER BOOSTER

"Another year has rolled around and time to renew our subscriptions to the Kitchen-Klatter magazine. My sister and I enjoy reading it very much and would do without any of the popular magazines if need be to get yours as it seems so personal and since we have listened to you as long as I can remember we almost feel we know you through your daily visits. I especially enjoy your own personal letter and always look for Lucile's next and then of course we want all the pictures you can get in."—Ida Naber, Bancroft, Iowa.

CLASSIFIED ADS

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

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

NOVELTY SALT AND PEPPER SHAKERS.
Made of wood. Price 50¢ a pair. Mr. John Sattler, Ft. Atkinson, Iowa.

WALNUT AND LARGE HICKORY NUT MEATS, 50¢ per quart. May Carpenter, 507 W. Van Buren St., Centerville, Iowa.

WALNUT MEATS, 40¢ per pound. Ray Paulding, Hamilton, Iowa.

FOR SALE—Hand crocheted baby shoes. Colors, white, pink, blue, pink and white, blue and white. 59¢ per pair, postpaid. Mrs. R. F. Plummer, 315 Cottonwood St., Emporia, Kans.

APRONS. 35¢ each or 3 for \$1.00. All different prints. Maria Shimler, 912 Park St., Perry, Iowa.

SPECIAL FOR VIEW CARD COLLECTORS.
Post Card Views of ALL State Capitol Buildings, 2 for 5¢; 25¢ a doz. An easy way to get those hard-to-get views. Gertrude Hayzlett, Shenandoah, Iowa.

A FARMER'S WIFE SELLS SLIPS THAT SATISFY. Brassiere tops in sizes 30 to 44 - \$1.10 C.O.D. Fitted tops or built up shoulder straps, 46 to 50, \$1.50 C.O.D. White rib knit, 4 gore, elastic back, adjustable straps. Dresses - Hats - Lingerie - Hose. Clara Heaton DeLambert, Pierson, Ia.

I AM BLIND. I make small coin purses that sell for 25¢ postpaid. Mrs. Nellie Worcester, 1529 W 18th St., Des Moines, Iowa.

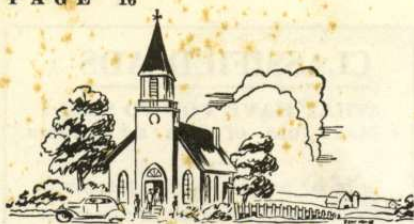
If you have anything to sell you should make use of the Ad Column. The rates are reasonable and the reports I get from advertisers prove many read the ads and send in their orders. Of course the item you advertise should be something folks will want and the price must be reasonable. Write me, I will be glad to give you my honest opinion of what you might consider selling.

TEA TOWELS OF MANY NATIONS

From Africa, China, Scotland, England and France comes the cosmopolitan group decorating this new tea towel set. Each, busy at his own particular specialty, may be quickly sketched in outline on a daily tea



towel square; on Sunday's towel, the entire group is shown in festive attire. Pattern for the 7 clever tea towels and the two matching panholders is C9256, 10¢. Order from Leanna Driftmier, Shenandoah, Iowa.



A CAKE MARCH

Stella Field of Perry, Iowa sends this new Ladies Aid Help. Some member of the Aid donates a nice large cake. You could have several cakes donated and play this game several times the same evening.

Someone plays the piano, as in the game "Going to Jerusalem" and as the guests march around the table they put a bit of money—a penny or a dime or whatever they care to—in a dish by the cake. Suddenly the music stops. The one nearest the cake, gets it. You should have enough distance between the "marchers" so there would be no question who was nearest and got the cake, or there might be two claim it. In that case, cut the cake in two.

Mrs. E. C. Warren of Montrose, So. Dak. sends in another Ladies Aid Help that uses a cake. The idea is a little different. At their meeting they had a cake made of cardboard, with a hole in the center—like an angel food cake, I imagine. Each one present put in the cake "dough" by dropping money in the center hole. The cake could be carried to the kitchen and later on in the afternoon a real cake might be brought in and passed around, perhaps when coffee is served.

WHAT ABOUT YOU?

If all the others **came** like you,
Would there seldom be a vacant pew?
Or would the opposite be true,
If all the others **came** like you?

If all the others **worked** like you,
Then how much service would your
church do?

Would the Master's plans be carried
through,

If all the others **worked** like you?

—Selected.

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A NEW CONTEST

Should My Husband Help Me? What Is Your Answer
to These Questions?

1. Should he help you when he is not busy with his own work?
2. Should he help with the washing and ironing?
3. Should he be expected to get meals?
4. Should he do the sweeping and dusting?
5. Should he make the beds?
6. Should he help discipline the children?
7. Should he wait on them in the night?
8. Should he buy the groceries?
9. Should he make the garden?
10. Should he keep up repairs on the house?

For the best answers mailed me before January 25th, I will give these prizes:

1st — \$3.00

2nd — \$2.00

3rd — \$1.00

LEANNA DRIFTMIR, SHENANDOAH, IOWA

NOTE—Please write the word "CONTEST" at the top of your letter.

A NEW YEAR'S PARTY

A New Year's Party wouldn't be complete without some New Year's resolutions. Give guests pencil and paper and ask each one to write one resolution, in poetry if they can. These are not to have the names signed and when collected and read, the authorship is to be guessed. Award a piece of bologna as a prize for the best resolution.

A JUMBLED MENU

PECANSA RCBANERYR CKAILTOC
VSEILO ROTRCA TPYSIS
LPKD NAE TASEK
THO RLOLS AJM
TSUFFDE OTOMAT
CEYRRH RAVABINA
PCU KSEAC
INMTS UTSN
FEFCOE

AGE CONTEST

1. A poor immigrant's age. Steerage.
2. A brave man's age. Courage.
3. A nobleman's age. Peerage.
4. An old man's age. Dotage.
5. The age of slavery. Bondage.
6. The age that bought a birthright. Pottage.
6. The age of Uncle Sam's revenues. Postage.
8. The age for which women are struggling. Manage.
9. The age for board of health. Garbage.
10. The age of the mint. Coinage.
11. A lonely man's age. Hermitage.
12. A real estate dealer's age. Mortgage.
13. A gardener's age. Cabbage.
14. The President's age. Message.
15. A butcher's age. Sausage.

Mrs. Ed. Kahma of Table Rock, Nebr. has an original way of saving money for the Kitchen-Klatter Magazine and other little extras. Every time she sells a dozen eggs, she puts one penny in a bank. If she sells 25 dozen she deposits 25 cents. When a dollar is saved, she replaces the small change with a silver dollar. I thought maybe some of you would like to try this plan.

LOOKING BACKWARD.

I attended a Sunday school class party of middle aged women a few days ago. I thought the theme of the party was worth passing on. It was held in our church parlors and each invited guest was asked to bring her baby picture.

Everything was carried out in accordance of the gay nineties. Our photographs were placed on an old fashioned chenille covered table and these were indeed interesting. The lighting of the room was procured by coal oil lamps. A long table in the center of the room was set with old fashioned dishes and according to old time table setting, with plates turned over the silver, cups upside down on the saucers, tumblers with paper napkins inside, a castor with spices in the center of the table, a toothpick holder in the shape of a hat, etc. The refreshments of chicken salad, pickles, doughnuts, sandwiches and coffee were passed family style.

Another table contained antiques such as crystal ware, an old coffee mill, baby clothes like we wore when babies, photograph albums, pewter spoons, hats, etc. The history of these was given by one of the members.

Old fashioned games were played, such as "button, button, who has the button", "hide the thimble", "cross questions and silly answers."—Fairfax, Mo.



Mrs. H. L. Huber of Washington, Ia visits a cotton field in Tennessee.