

TXI

K57X
C.1

Kitchen-Klatter

MAGAZINE

(Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.)

Volume VI

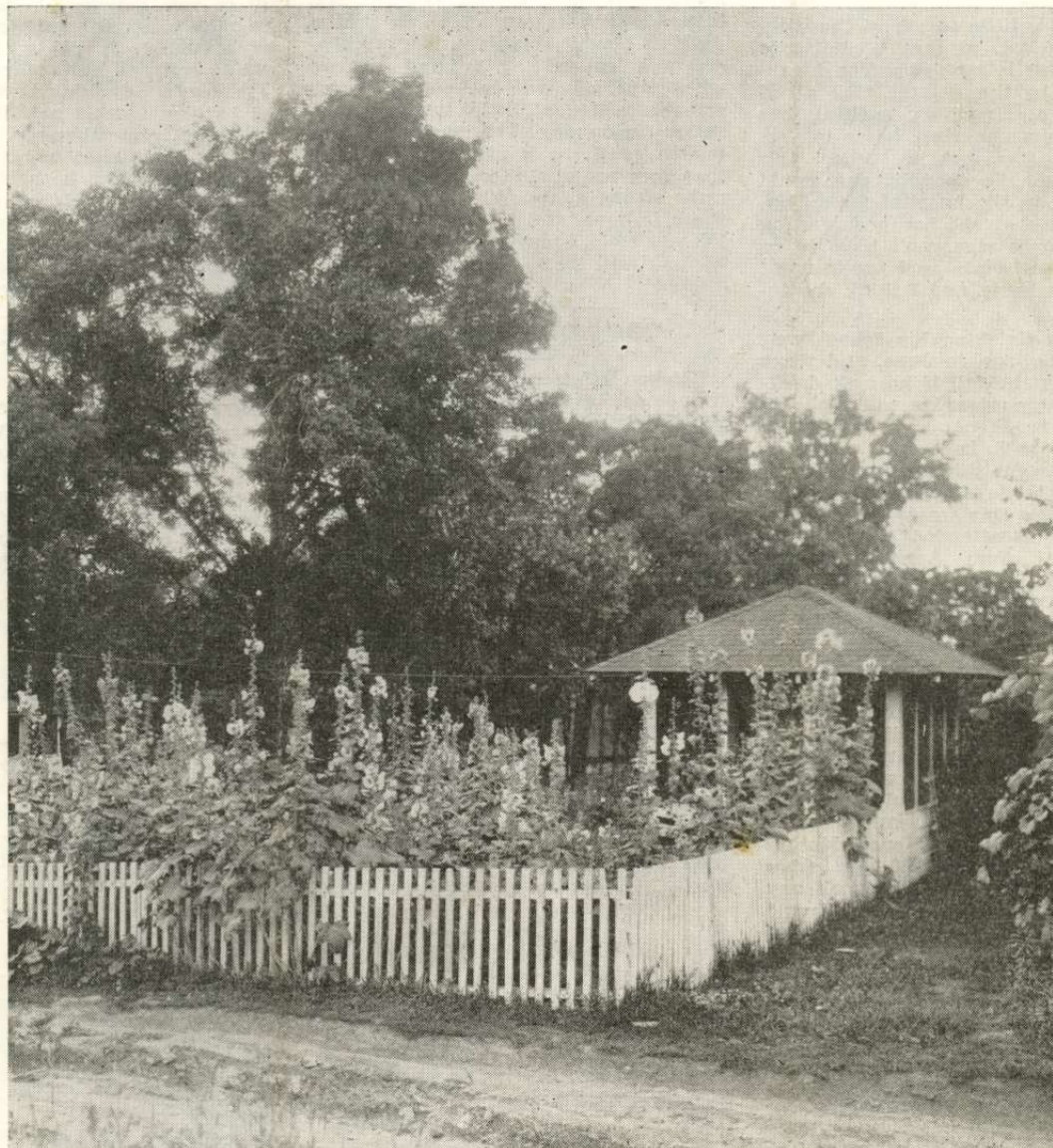
JUNE
1941

Number 6

SHENANDOAH, IOWA



Price 10 cents



A Quiet Nook Among the Flowers.



A LETTER FROM LEANNA

Kitchen - Klatter Magazine

LEANNA FIELD DRIFTMIER, Editor
LUCILE VERNES, Associate Editor
DOROTHY D. JOHNSON, Associate Editor
M. H. DRIFTMIER, Business Manager

Subscription Price, \$1.00 per year (12 issues) in U. S. A.

Foreign Countries, \$1.50 per year.

Advertising rates made known on application.

Entered as second class matter May 21, 1937 at the Post Office at Shenandoah, Ia., under the Act of March 3, 1879.

Published Monthly by

LEANNA FIELD DRIFTMIER
Shenandoah, Iowa

Dear Friends:

I leave this little corner of the magazine until last, so that I can write you the very latest news. The Magazine goes to the printer this afternoon and nothing very exciting has happened since my last letter to you.

Margery was not in school this spring term. We thought she would have to go to the hospital for an appendectomy, but she has been feeling so well, maybe she won't have to go at all. It has been a real joy to us to have her at home, and I think she enjoys it, too.

Wayne is finishing his school year at Tarkio College, in June, and plans to return in the fall if he isn't drafted for army service. He will probably work here in Shenandoah during the summer. Donald isn't sure what his plans will be for the summer. He will work, though. He is sure of that.

On Mother's Day we drove to Parkville, Mo. and attended church with Donald. His Aunt Anna Driftmier, Margery, Mr. Driftmier and I, went. The church on the college campus is beautiful, both outside and inside and we enjoyed the service very much.

We ate a picnic dinner in "Deer Park", which is part of the college campus. Donald's roommate ate with us and how those boys did eat fried chicken! We sat in the park and visited awhile, then drove over to Woodward Hall, so that I could meet his "House Mother", Mrs. Fleming. In the years she has been House Mother there, she has had over 900 boys in her care and she said she could call any one of them by name, if they should come to see her. She takes a real personal interest in each boy under her care.

If you are in Shenandoah this summer, be sure to come to see me. Don't just *drive by*. STOP. I shall be at home all summer, except the last week of June, when we will go to Spirit Lake for our vacation. My programs will be on the air by transcription while I am gone, so you see, it is possible to be two places at once. I shall hope to see all my old friends, and to make new ones, at the Kitchen Klatter picnic which will be at noon, June 26th, in Gilbert Park, Spirit Lake, Iowa. Please plan to be there. It is a lovely spot for a picnic, and I would like to know you, personally.

So many have asked me how my health is now, so maybe I had better report to you about that, before I say goodbye. I am feeling very well. I can forget I have any physical hand-

icap except when I want to walk. My little wheel chair gets me places pretty well, so I can't complain. The paralysis was caused by injured nerves when my back was broken, and now, sometimes I feel little tingling sensations in my feet. The nerves are trying to send me a cheering message that they are still there and trying to grow strong again. While there is life there is hope, and if I can live to be 150 years old I may be as spry as any of you. Until then— Lovingly,

—Leanna

COME ONE, COME ALL!

Kitchen Klatter families and their friends are invited to come to Gilbert's Park, Spirit Lake for the annual Kitchen Klatter picnic the date will be June 26th, the time, noon.

For several years my husband and I have spent a short vacation at Spirit Lake, and I always look forward to meeting my friends in that part of the country, at our annual Kitchen Klatter picnic.

Fill up that picnic basket and join us. If it is the first time you have attended a Kitchen Klatter picnic you will not feel you are among strangers. They are the friendliest bunch you ever saw.

We will hope it doesn't rain June 26th and that you can arrange to be at Gilbert Park that day. Tell your friends and neighbors about it, or better yet, put an item in your newspaper. I'm going to be looking for you if you live near enough to Spirit Lake to be there.

JUST A HOUSEWIFE

I dislike to hear a mother or any woman who has her own home, or works in another home, say, when asked about what her employment is, "Oh, just a housewife." I would rather hear them proudly say, "I am a homemaker."

The same is true of men and boys when they often say, "Just a farmer," or "I'm just a farm hand." I will be plenty proud of our sons if they build fine characters, try to live good useful lives and become good farmers. If anyone likes the farm they must love nature and the great outdoors, and one who loves nature learns from her many lessons that make them better sons, better fathers and better citizens. Home life on a farm can be most ideal.—Mrs. Louis Benaka, Netawaka, Kans.

JUNE WEDDINGS

Many of your boys and girls are being married this summer. You want them to be happy. Some of them are very young, and know very little of what life will expect of them. A girl who has had to shoulder some responsibility in her father's home will have a better chance of happiness than the girl who has spent all of her time selfishly, doing only the things that brought her personal happiness.

These girls, however, will learn that there is a joy in being useful, in doing for others, that far exceeds any happiness they have ever experienced. A new life will be revealed to them, more full of real satisfaction than the old life of ease, for the only true and lasting happiness in life is found in forgetting self and doing for others. Our girls should be willing to share half of the burden, in this new life they are entering. I remember my mother once told me that when my father asked her to marry him he said, "You may carry, if you will, Half the burden up the hill." Their life together was made happier by the fact that the work of establishing a home and raising a family was shared equally.

A ROADSIDE STAND

If you live on one of the main highways of the country you have probably considered selling some of your surplus farm products from a roadside stand. I believe I would not build an expensive permanent stand right away, but would experiment by using a table under the shade of a large umbrella, or if you are fortunate enough to have trees near the highway, under the trees. Have your stand look inviting and attractive and if you have a good location, sell fresh, good quality produce at reasonable prices, I feel sure you will succeed.

GIFTS YOU SHOULD MAKE

To your enemies—forgiveness.
To your opponents—tolerance
To a friend—your friendship.
To a child—a good example.
To your parents—respect and affection.
To all men—Charity.



Starting for church on Easter Sunday. This shows the cement ramp which extends in a gentle slope, from porch floor to sidewalk.

Come into the Garden with Helen



FLOWERS

By Helen Field Fischer

Of course, you will want blooming flowers, and if you plan wisely you can have them out of doors in Iowa every month but December and January. Of course, the early ones must come from bulbs originally planted in the fall, and most of these multiply and become more beautiful year by year until in the course of time they must be lifted and divided.

Styles change in regard to the proper places to put your flower beds and in spite of styles, some flower lovers will always insist on placing their plants in the situations in which they can thrive the best, but it is well for us to know that it is considered more correct now to keep all flower beds away from the front yard. It is permitted to plant perennials in front of the shrubbery around the foundation as a facing. You can use tulips, hyacinths or narcissus in solid color masses in the same manner, and they are lovely in the spring. Mixed colors are never so satisfactory in prominent places. One happy idea is to bring from the woods our native phlox or Sweet William. It soon multiplies by self-sowing and forms a lavender footing around your shrubs in late April. There is no better color effect than the combination of this wild phlox with waves of pink tulips, which bloom at the same time. Another good color mass for spring may be obtained by the use of the dwarf *Pumila* Iris in either its purple or sky blue forms. This makes an edging for perennial beds that looks well all summer as the foliage remains green.

Of course, your perennial bed or border is properly placed in your intimate garden. It is best handled as a long border bed with a background of shrubbery and can be from four to six feet wide. It is impossible to make this border absolutely formal for one of its charms is that it is never two days the same. The best solution seems to be to compromise between the formal and naturalistic treatment by having the front neatly edged with some low plant, or with a straight line of carefully cultivated soil. With this to rest the eye, the interior of the border may safely be allowed to scramble around in Nature's own ways so long as you are careful to remove all dead leaves and seed pods and make sure that no sections are entirely bare of bloom at any one period. Probably the happiest way to start a perennial border is to set out the first year a few plants of just as many varieties as you can secure so that you may learn to know their habits. By the second year you will be propagating by seed and divisions and will know what combinations you wish to make of the ones that have proven your favorites. You will quickly learn that you want things planted in masses; that the eye does not wish to jump rapidly from one spot to another. You will learn to make skillful use of annuals as fillers among the perennials, but there is always danger that they will grow so large as to injure the growth of your perennials, so be cautious in this matter. Your keenest intellectual pleasure will come from trying to figure out what is called the perfect succession of bloom, that is, the selection of plants so that there will be equal proportion of those having their blooming periods in the different months.

You will find that annuals give more bloom than perennials during August and September, and will wish to plan some nice annual beds for your intimate garden and others in some out of the way place where you can cut them as freely as you wish for house decoration, since all flowers in the intimate garden serve as an outdoor bouquet which you will hate to disturb.

BABY IRIS

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

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

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

If set out now they will bloom freely next spring.

One sky blue

One American Flag blue

One misty rose

One Plum colored

One white

One yellow

JESSIE SHAMBAUGH - Sunnyside Gardens - Clarinda, Iowa

MEMORIAL DAY PLANTING

by Mrs. R. J. Duncomb

The season around Memorial Day is usually the time which we take to care for the family lot where our loved ones rest, and this is a task which should be undertaken lovingly and thoughtfully. No longer are such spots neglected and unkempt; rather do they have the appearance of well kept parks and planted accordingly.

Too often plants are purchased hurriedly, with too little consideration either as to their suitability or their ability to adapt themselves to conditions which are hard to thrive in. If a greenhouse plant is chosen chiefly because of its appeal to the eye at the moment, and is planted in barren ground, left to the vicissitudes of summer weather with only occasional care, is it to be wondered that its season of beauty is short. Shrubs such as roses, spirea, peonies or beds of bulbs are planted long before Memorial Day, either in Fall or early Spring, but usually the smaller plants are set into beds around this time, so that they will be beautiful for at least a few days.

Observation of the flowers in our own gardens, gives us some idea of what will be best to plant. Geraniums are always good, especially red ones, so are petunias. They stand heat and dry weather, and they are constant bloomers. Sweet Alyssum is a good edging, also pansies or dwarf ageratum. Dusty Miller makes a good contrast with self colors of geraniums or petunias. There are several varieties of these lacy, gray-leaved plants in varying heights. Blue lobelia or Jacob's coat (a dwarf variegated amaranthus) also are good to use as edgings. After the first bloom is over, many of these may still be beautiful in the Fall if the plants are sheared back and well watered.

Often at this season of the year, it seems best to use the cut flowers which are in season, for a day's beauty and to plant seedlings which, although they make a small show at first, later on will outshine many earlier bloomers. All sorts of annuals, depending largely on Summer rains for moisture, may be used here. Balsams, Marigold, very dwarf zinnia, African daisies, rose moss and mignonette are among a few. Biennials such as pinks, Sweet William, English daisies and Canterbury bells will give mounds of green one season and blooms the next.

An entire bed of coleus - foliage plants - is a good choice, since they do not mind being broken by severe storms, but only branch out the more and increase in beauty and size until their period of usefulness is cut down by frost. When removing at this time, plant the bed with tulip bulbs for next Spring's bloom.

When planting, consider the place where the plants are to grow; whether it is in full sun or partial shade; its exposure to the weather, and how much care it may expect after planting; for only too often, neglect will spoil any good intentions made on Memorial Day. It is far better to choose some beautiful shrub, than to plant thoughtlessly for one day only.

LUCILE'S WEDDING

(By request, Lucile has written this account of her wedding.)

In a letter that mother wrote to me a short time ago she said that she would like to have me write something about my wedding, and it wasn't until I sat down to do this that I realized you would be reading quite a bit about a blizzard on what will probably be a warm June day. The blizzard, you see, was what made our wedding such a topsy-turvy affair, but I guess I shall just have to ask you to shut out of your sight all of the evidences of June and try to remember what the world is like on a bitter January day.

Probably I should preface this little story with the statement that I had always said I wanted to be married with the least possible fuss. Elaborate weddings are all right, but for myself I wanted a ceremony as simple and inconspicuous as any ceremony can be. If I had been at home I should have enjoyed a wedding such as Dorothy had, but I was in Minneapolis when Russell and I decided to be married, so we went about it in what I thought would be the height of simplicity. Mother always laughs when she hears me say this, for in the end we inconvenienced quite a few people!

It was about the first of January when Russell and I decided to become Mr. and Mrs. Verness. We went apartment hunting and found one that was convenient and reasonable in rent, so we told the manager that we would move into it on January eighth. That gave us time to get some of our things moved in, and to give the place a thorough housecleaning. We got so interested in fixing it up that we forgot how quickly time was slipping by, and all of a sudden we realized that before we knew it January the eighth would be at hand when we were scheduled to move in as Mr. and Mrs. Verness.

Therefore we decided on the afternoon of January the seventh that we should have the ceremony immediately. I thought that it would be the most simple thing in the world.

"We can just get on the train and go down to Northwood, Iowa," I said, "and it will take almost no time to get our license from the county clerk and have the ceremony read. Then we can catch the next train back to Minneapolis."

This sounded sensible to both of us, so we called a good friend of ours, Valerie Spencer, and asked her if she would like to go with us as a witness. She thought that it would be a lot of fun to see us married in Northwood, and when we finished talking she agreed to meet us at the Milwaukee Station at 6:00 that evening to catch the 6:15 train.

It was snowing when I got out of a cab in front of the station and met Russell. It was snowing harder when Valerie arrived. But it wasn't until we actually boarded the train and started towards Iowa that I began to wonder if it was going to be a first-rate blizzard. There was no doubt in the conductor's mind, however. He came through about nine and told us that we would be over an hour late get-



This is the corner of the apartment that Russell and I lived in when we were first married.

ting into Northwood. Since they were stopping the train for the sole purpose of permitting the three of us to get off, he didn't seem any too pleased about the business.

It was after eleven when the train ground to a stop at Northwood. We stepped off into a terrific storm—the wind was blowing so hard that we could scarcely walk against it, and there was so much snow in the air that it took us a little while to make out a dim light in the depot. It was then that all three of us realized we were separated from town by a good quarter of a mile, drifted every inch of the way, and that we couldn't just step to the curbing and call a cab. I didn't feel like much of a bride at that moment!

Finally we ploughed through the drifts to the depot and found the agent just closing up to go home. When we explained our predicament he said that he would call into town and see if someone could come out to get us, so we stood around the coal stove while he tried to locate a warm-hearted soul who would take himself out into the blizzard to bring in three stranded strangers. At last he located someone at a cafe, and before long we heard a car chugging along and saw clouds of snow flying up around it.

We all piled in, half-frozen, and drove to a hotel in Northwood. (I had already found out that there was no such thing as getting the county clerk out of bed at such an hour and on such a night.) For a few minutes after we arrived at the hotel it began to look as if we would have to sit in the lobby all night because all of the traveling men were snowed in, but at last the clerk said that he could give us two rooms on the north side of the hotel. I didn't think much about the "north side" when he said it, but later Valerie and I decided that this meant we were privileged to have the unhappy sensation of waiting momentarily to be blown away. How the wind did howl! A shutter on our window banged back and forth all night long, and several times I thought that we would find ourselves in the next county.

When we awakened the next morning we looked out upon a world that was completely buried in snow. Not a soul had stirred, and there was nothing to be seen except the vast drifts punctuated with telephone poles and frozen looking houses. There was no question of trying to get out of the hotel until some walks had been shoveled clear, so we hung around the lobby for an hour throwing everyone into a state with our uneasiness and doubt. I could see the courthouse tower from the windows and I wondered if we would have to go back to Minneapolis (providing we could get to the station) before we could get into the courthouse.

Finally about ten o'clock a path was cleared from the hotel to Main street, so we inched our way into a restaurant and had breakfast. When our waitress saw strange faces she asked if we had come to get married and congratulated Valerie before we could explain that I was the prospective bride! This made us laugh, needless to say.

After we had finished breakfast we stood in the door of the restaurant and looked longingly at the courthouse. It was only two blocks down the street but it might as well have been five miles what with the oceans of snow that lay between us. We had stood there for at least twenty minutes wondering what to do next, when Russell spied a grocery truck ploughing through Main Street. Without a word he dashed out to see if we could get a ride in it, and sure enough, the driver obligingly told us to pile in. We piled in all right, and with much effort the truck finally made it to the courthouse.

"If you can loan us your shovel," Russell said, "we can make it from here all right."

"Well, I'll be glad to give you the shovel," the driver said, "and in about thirty minutes I'll drop back to take you to the depot."

This generous offer saved our lives, for once married we still had to get back to our train that was due at noon. Consequently, Russell and Valerie took turns shoveling as if their very lives depended upon it, and eventually we shoveled our way into the courthouse.

I'm sure that the county clerk hadn't expected anyone to apply for a license on such a morning, and before long the word traveled around that three people had actually gotten through from Minneapolis to be married. Everyone drifted in to congratulate us and the ink was just drying on our papers when the Justice of Peace arrived. He turned out to be an old friend of Aunt Helen Fischer, so I gave him all of the family news while he got out of his overshoes and mufflers.

He read the ceremony while the big windows (they were north windows too) rattled away and a handsome old collier slept peacefully in the corner. We've often said that it isn't everyone who hears a marriage ceremony read under such circumstances! It seemed to me that in about two seconds the Justice was through, and then I went to the telephone and called mother. To say that she was as-

tounded to hear about my marriage is putting it mildly. She was flabbergasted! All of the way to the telephone she had had an opportunity to wonder who would be calling her from Northwood at such a time, but she didn't dream that it would be her daughter announcing her marriage.

After we had shaken hands with everyone and bundled up, we went back outside to see if our truck had turned up, and sure enough, there it was and the driver was waiting. We piled in once again and headed towards the depot, but both Russell and our driver had to get out and shovel a dozen times before we finally arrived. It was none too soon, either. When the agent heard that we wanted to catch the train, he grabbed up a red flag and ran through drifts along what must have been the track, although there was no evidence that anything lay beneath the snow.

In just a few minutes we heard a whistle far away, and we went out in front of the station to watch the train break through the drifts. There was a snow plough, and my! how the clouds of snow did fly high into the air as the train came chugging in. We called goodbye to our nice truck driver and climbed on without wasting a second, and then in only a few minutes we were sitting in the diner eating our wedding dinner. That was a very pleasant meal even though it was a somewhat unconventional place to be eating a wedding dinner, and we lingered in the diner for a long, long time.

It was dark when we reached Minneapolis, and this time all we had to do was to step to the curb and call a cab. We went to our new apartment that was waiting for us, and when I stepped inside I found it hard to realize that only twenty-four hours lay between the time we had started out for Northwood and returned. It seemed to me as though a century had passed, but I wouldn't have changed a moment of it for there is nothing like battling a blizzard to make a wedding exciting.

—Lucile Verness

OUR WOES AND HIS

Whene'er I feel sad, I often muse
These words that I've read, and oft repeat:
"I used to complain I had no shoes
Till I met a man who had no feet."

Each man has a cross which he must bear;
While ours seem so great, they're really small—
If we but could see a brother's care
We'd learn that our own are trifles all.

If all pitched their woes into a heap,
And we'd see the cares of other men,
Into that Big Pile we'd quickly leap
To make sure we got our own again.

The ancient composed these lines to use
When one's crushed to earth in sad defeat;
"I used to complain I had no shoes
Till I met a man who had no feet."

—Anon.

HOUSEHOLD HELPS

Exclude the air from silverware you do not use every day, by placing it in air tight containers. It is the air that makes silver tarnish. Mason fruit jars are fine, as well as the two-pound coffee tins.—Mrs. C. J. King, Seymour, Ia.

Put vanilla on a burn to relieve pain. No blister afterwards.

Farm women, put milk in fruit jars instead of crock or pan in your refrigerator, to save space.—Mrs. K. G. Garton, Humeston, Ia.

Try brushing the dust out of your dustmop with a whisk broom instead of shaking it out. You will find it far more satisfactory.—Mrs. Fred Torbeck, Worthington, Minn.

To clean old jar lids, put them in a saucepan, cover with water, add ½ cup vinegar, boil a few minutes, rinse and dry. They will look like new.—Mrs. Emmet Lauck, R1, Camden, Mo.

When a shoe bag sags and tends to tear away from the hooks, run a narrow curtain rod through the top hem.—Mrs. Ed Hennessey, Lincoln, Nebr.

When washing blankets, soak them first in lukewarm water, then wring out and put in the washing machine. They will not absorb all the suds in the machine, and will wash nicely.—Mrs. Leonard V. Larsen, Kirkman, Ia.

When patching wall paper, don't cut it. Tear it just any way, then match the pattern and you can't tell it has been patched.—Mrs. Chester Snow, Tekamah, Nebr.

A whisk broom trimmed into a sharp V-point makes a perfect reacher for those couch corners or even floor corners.

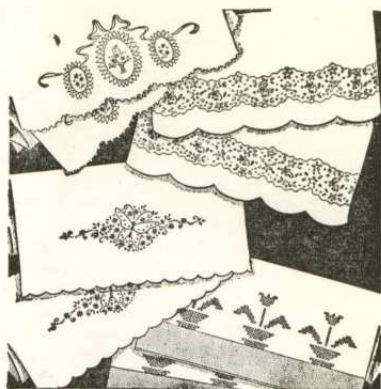
If grease is splashed on the stove, vinegar will clean it.

Scratches on walnut furniture may be made invisible with iodine.

Iodine stains on fingers may be removed by mixing a tablespoon of lemon juice in a cup of hot water.—Mrs. Roy K. Clark, Yankton, So. Dak.

If anyone has a kitchen table that needs covering, there is nothing like a remnant of pretty pattern linoleum. I have had one for five years, and with a little waxing it has kept nice and will last another five years, and mine isn't even fastened to the table. It could be cemented in place with linoleum cement.—Mrs. A. K. Bush, Atchison, Kans.

A homemade frog for flowers: take paraffin, melt and mold in any size or shape to fit the vase. Heat an ice pick and punch the paraffin full of holes. The paraffin floats and this lets the stems go into the water and the flowers stay fresh longer. In changing water, the frogs may be removed without disarranging flowers.—Mrs. H. P., Trenton, Mo.



PILLOW SLIP EMBROIDERY

Beauty comes to the linen closet in fascinating pairs when pillow slips are embroidered with these new motifs. At top, there is a picture treatment, unusual and interesting Next—a scalloped band of dainty flowers, most effective in all white, is relieved by pastel center flowers. For the third pair, the perennial butterfly emerges in a new and lovely design; lastly, pots of tulips furnished distinctive embroidery in cross stitch. You'll agree there is beauty in all four designs, and you'll be glad to know they are all on one usable several-times transfer — C9344, 10c. Order from Leanna Driftmier, Shendoah, Iowa

Sew old jar rubbers to the under side of the small rugs that will not lie flat to the floor. This makes them lie flat and cling to the floor.—Mrs. C. D., Brighton, Ia.

Instead of climbing on a chair to straighten a curtain, I use the yard stick.



Mrs. Helen Fischer working among the flowers in her little greenhouse.

A LETTER FROM EGYPT

Assiut, Egypt.

November 10, 1940

Dear Folks,

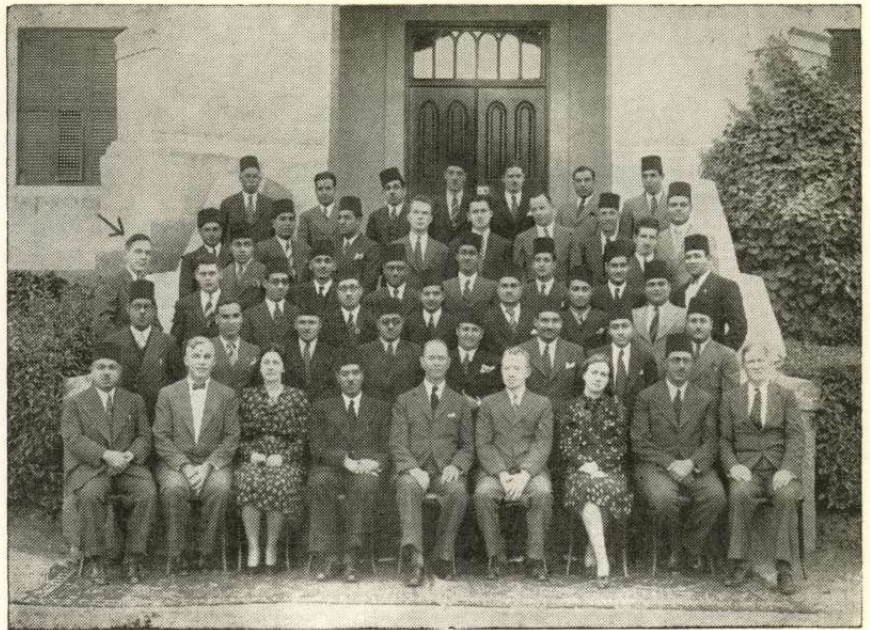
We are having beautiful spring weather here, now. Every day is just the kind of day that you think of back home as a perfect day. Everything is turning green after the overflow and this parched land is again ready to produce its abundant crops. Out of my south window I can see the college alfalfa fields, looking like a piece of checked green velvet. I say checked, because all the fields here in Egypt are divided into little plots of about twelve feet by twelve feet, all separated from one another by the little six inch water ridges. With the spring weather we have very heavy dews, so I have moved in from the roof and am now sleeping in my bedroom. I hated to leave the roof, because I do so enjoy the early morning view one gets of the valley, from there.

There is one sight that I don't suppose I shall ever see, outside of Egypt. It is the sight of the white egrets in the trees along the canal. At first I thought they were beautiful white flowers, but when one of them flew away, I realized that they were birds. Actually the trees look, from a distance, as if they were loaded down with some kind of gorgeous white blossoms.

I had a grand time on Hallowe'en. I helped the American children fix up a hall of horrors. It was the first time I had put on my old clothes and worked with my hands since I left the states, and I thoroughly enjoyed it. We really had a grand "hall of horrors", with skeletons and all. They did look slightly alive, but looked real enough.

Here is something interesting. It is not only a custom, but a rule here in Egypt, that if a person admires something of yours you are to give him the object of his admiration. One man I heard of, became very wealthy through this custom. He would go about admiring this farm and that house, and it would be given to him. I have already been given two new cars and a fine home. Of course, I refused them. I have been given many little things that I have thoughtlessly admired aloud, and if the object is small, it is almost impossible to refuse to accept it.

Most Egyptians have never been out of their own country and just as in America, they know little about the outside world. However, because their country is small, the situation is much different from that in America. I have an Egyptian friend who is a great land owner here. He was asking me, the other day about farming in America and I was telling him about the farm where Uncle Paul lives. He could not understand how Uncle Paul could irrigate such a large farm. It was impossible for him to understand about rain. But the thing that amazed him most was the fact the Uncle Paul could leave his stock out in the fields at night. "How many guards does he have for his farm?" he asked. "He surely must have six or seven armed guards!" Here in Egypt, the people can't even trust their cattle in a locked barn, but put them right in the house with the family. When the



Teachers in the American Mission College, Assiut, Egypt. Those wearing the fez are native Egyptian teachers. The arrow shows you which is our son Frederick.

grains are ripe the whole farming population sleeps in the fields to guard the crops.

It is difficult for these people to put two and two together, in the sense that they have the idea that America is full of gangsters, yet they hear us telling of doing things it would be impossible to do in Egypt.

In one of your letters you asked about the food situation here in Egypt. Egypt never need worry about food. The only thing that would hurt, seriously, the food situation would be an interruption of the irrigating system and that is highly unlikely. For the last few days we have not been able to get our Australian butter. We could eat Egyptian butter if we had to, but most of us will prefer to go without. Imported fats, such as Spry and Crisco, are no more. Believe it or not, these products are usually very reasonably priced. Apples are now \$1 a pound, and potatoes are just about as high. For the present we are eating sweet potatoes and rice. Potatoes came from Italy and Rumania.

It won't be long before another Thanksgiving has rolled around. I have much to be grateful for, this year. *We are still safe!* and that is something! We will have our big dinner outdoors as is the custom here, and what a grand feast it will be. Of course we won't have the cranberries brought from America, as we had last year.

Lovingly,

—Frederick

"We take a lot of magazines but none so good as Kitchen-Klatter. It is read from cover to cover, many times, and each time we find something helpful. My husband enjoys Frederick's letters so much, he is as anxious as I am to read Kitchen-Klatter. Lucile's letters are so interesting to us as we have been many places she writes about. The recipes and Aid Society helps are a great help to me. —Mrs. F. S., Hedrick, Iowa.

A CREED FOR COLLEGE STUDENTS SPENDING THE SUMMER WITH THEIR LONG-SUFFERING PARENTS

1. I will not be a pain in the neck this summer.
2. I will not monopolize the family car, but will let mother and dad use it occasionally at night.
3. I will not try to reform the family, leaving both their naive political opinions and their English as I find it.
4. I will not sleep until noon every day, but will get up occasionally and eat breakfast with the family.
5. I will go easy on spending money. In fact, I may go so far as to get a job and earn my own.
6. I will help a little to "earn my salt", instead of regarding my home as a summer hotel delighted to have my patronage.
7. I will not try to "shock" the old folks.
8. I will not parade my newly acquired knowledge all day long.
9. I will not overwork the slang that passes for conversation among college students.
10. I will not tell dad how to run his business or tell mother how to run the house.
11. I will show my appreciation for all the things done in my honor—like having my favorite dishes served again and again.
12. I will talk something besides college when I am around my high school friends who are working.
13. I will not resent (at least not openly) being bossed a little by my family, realizing that as long as they foot the bills, parents have a right to dish out advice.
14. In short, I'll give my family little or no reason to console each other with "He'll outgrow it" when I am out of earshot.

—Parent's Magazine."

THAT FLY - A SUMMER PEST

by Mrs. Walt Pitzer

Look at the fly under a magnifying glass and you will see the body and legs covered with fine hairs. After standing with its hairy feet on all sorts of objectionable substances it may alight on something you intend to put in your mouth.



Mrs. Walt Pitzer

Many disease germs are carried in this way by the fly. Our babies and little tots probably suffer the most from these germs. By energetic measures we can protect

ourselves and children from a real health menace.

The female fly lays around 120 eggs at a time. In ten days these eggs may be full-grown flies ready to lay eggs. You can readily see the importance of starting the swatter and screening the windows and doors early in the season.

If you have no garbage master in your town, bury or burn the garbage immediately or keep the garbage can tightly covered. See that no refuse is thrown on vacant lots. SCREEN OUTDOOR TOILETS, as here is the worst danger point.

Refuse to buy food that has been exposed to flies unless it can be thoroughly washed. A garbage dump or manure pile inside or outside the town limits, can be treated so the female fly will avoid it when hunting a place to lay her eggs.

Save the Old High-back Rocking Chair

You may suffer and need it. The soothing effect is more than just psychology, when the suffering person discovers that pain can be endured more easily when the body is in motion.

Some hospitals have installed the rocking bed and chair controlled by electricity. The gentle motion helps to stimulate a sluggish circulation, and relieve nervous tension.

This motion often makes it unnecessary to give a "pill or powder" to relieve pain. Many a mother can recall the relief a rocking cradle often gave a suffering child. Old-fashioned, is it?

Some of the older methods must have proven to be "better ways" or the hospitals would not have "gone back" to them.

Children and Their Gardens.

Encourage the children to have a garden. Do not compel it but try to make them like it. Try contests, praise and allow them to plant unusual vegetables, such as broccoli, brussels sprouts, endive, etc. I explained the excellent food value of these vegetables in the Health Hints Leaflet.

It is hard for a child to enjoy garden work if he must use long handled tools, and work in his garden alone.

You will find a report on the Health Hints Leaflet in the advertising column. Some folks over looked it.

KITCHEN-KLATTER COOKING HELPS

In making cocoanut cookies, try browning the cocoanut first. Put in a not too hot oven and stir now and then till it is a nice brown. Cool and roll with rolling pin. Nice for cookies, icebox pudding, candy, etc.—Mrs. Murray, Des Moines, Iowa.

To frost a cake evenly to the very edge of the cake and prevent the icing from running down the sides, double a piece of paper and pin it closely about the cake, letting the paper extend about an inch above the cake. Spread icing and do not remove the paper until icing it set.—Mrs. O. E. Fitzgerald, Conway, Iowa.

The reason for watery custard is too much sugar. I never have that trouble. My method is 3 tablespoons of sugar, 3 eggs, beat the whites separate, a little salt, vanilla and nutmeg, enough milk to fill a large tin. If you want a good cocoanut custard pie, make the same but add $\frac{1}{2}$ cup cocoanut and put 4 dots of butter on top before baking. It will brown beautifully and taste fine.—Mrs. L. H. Brandes, Avoca, Ia.

Did you ever use brown sugar instead of white in an Angel Food? $1\frac{1}{2}$ cups of brown sugar and $\frac{1}{2}$ cup of water, cook until it threads then cool and fold into the $1\frac{1}{4}$ cups of beaten egg whites. I have made two lately and they are delicious, so moist. For the icing, I use that brown sugar, cream and melted butter, and stir in powdered sugar. It is called Caramel Angel Food.—Mrs. Bert Bassett, Rt. 1, Hastings, Nebr.

Some wrote asking you about pie crust getting so hard. I always cream the top of my pies, that is, the fruit ones. It gives the pretty brown and crisp to them.—Mrs. Van LeFever, Hannibal, Mo.

When meat or vegetables are scorched while cooking, the pan containing them should be set immediately in another pan of cold water and allowed to stand a few minutes. Then transfer the contents to another pan without scraping the bottom and they will never taste scorched.

A teaspoon of lemon juice to a quart of water, when cooking rice, will make rice very white and keep the grains separate.—Mrs. Read Jacobs, Emmetsburg, Iowa.

When making raisin pie add cinnamon to flour or cornstarch mixture (whichever is used for thickening). The cinnamon will color the white dots sometimes found in a pie of this kind.

Place marshmallows on your pie filling instead of usual egg white meringue. Space them one-half inch apart and as they melt in the oven they will run together. Differently colored and flavored marshmallows are now on the market and are especially delicious and attractive on cream pies.—Mrs. J. C. Schweers, Traer, Iowa.

When I make cottage cheese I stir the clabbered milk with my hand while pouring boiling water into the milk. When it gets too hot for my hand, I quickly drain the curds and immerse in cold water. If the curds cling together, separate them, as the quick cooling helps to make good cheese.—Mrs. G. J. King, Seymour, Ia.

To separate the white of an egg from the yolk, break the egg into a funnel. The white flows through, but the yolk stays in the funnel.—Mrs. Robert Rieken, Emerson, Ia.

When making ice cubes for a special occasion, drop a mint leaf or a maraschino cherry into the tubes when freezing. When dropped into ice tea or any other cool drink, this is very colorful and it also adds a flavor to the drink.—Mrs. Henry Hauser, Wall Lake, Ia.

For frying meat or fish that is usually rolled in flour, use ready made pancake flour instead of white wheat flour. It gives a crisp taste and is nicely browned when done.

To clean bacon grease or other fryings, I put the grease in a large kettle and put hot water over it. Bring to a boil, then take from fire and let cool. The frying will go to the bottom and the lard is nice and clean on top, not even salty. I use this in pie crust, cookies, and even cake. It works fine. You can never tell what was in it, ham, bacon or what. Of course, I am always careful not to burn the grease. If I happen to do that, I put it in a can and use it to start fires with.—Mrs. Ed. G. Buchholz, Blue Rapids, Kans.

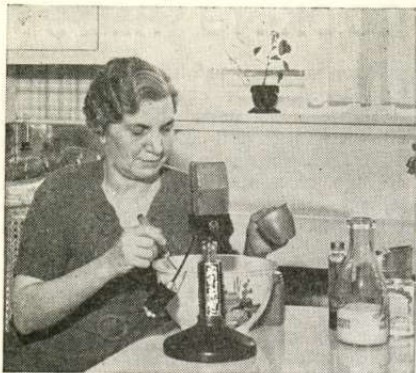
Watto Says:

Keep Cool Electrically!
Cook this summer in
an Electric Roaster.

An Advertisement of The

IOWA-NEBRASKA LIGHT & POWER CO.





KITCHEN-KLATTER

From one-thirty to two o'clock each day,

Comes Kitchen-Klatter from KMA
For household hints that can't be beat,
Just tune on Leanna, and pull up
a seat.

She gives us helps and answers, too,
And lots of recipes that are new.
She tells us bargains lots of times
In order to help us save our dimes.

As for myself, I think she's swell,
And I feel as if I knew her well.
Some day I hope that we can meet,
I'm sure I'll find her kind and
sweet.

—Frances Church, Bennet, Nebr.

FAVORITE DEVIL'S FOOD CAKE

- ½ cup shortening — butter preferred
- 2 cups brown sugar — not packed hard
- 2 eggs, beaten
- 2 oz. unsweetened chocolate
- ½ cup boiling water
- ½ cup sour milk. If you don't have sour milk, take out 1 tablespoon milk and put in 1 tablespoon vinegar.
- 2 cups cake flour
- 1 teaspoon soda
- ¼ teaspoon salt, if butter is not used
- 1 teaspoon vanilla

Cream shortening and brown sugar thoroughly. Then beat in eggs that you have beaten quite thoroughly in another small bowl. Dissolve chocolate in boiling water until blended to make a sort of a smooth sauce, and add to the above. Mix well. Add alternately the sour milk and the flour which has been sifted with the soda and salt. Add vanilla last. Bake in layers at 375 degrees about 20 to 25 minutes, in 8 inch square pans. Frost with Sea Foam Frosting or White Seven-Minute frosting.

CHOCOLATE CAKE ICING

- 2 eggs yolks, beaten
- 2 cups powdered sugar
- 3 tablespoons cocoa
- 2 tablespoons melted butter
- 2 tablespoons rich milk
- 1 teaspoon vanilla

Mix well, beat until creamy. Set in ice box until needed. Keep covered.—Elva B. Edgar, Conesville, Ia.

"Recipes Tested in the Kitchen Klatter Kitchen"

By LEANNA DRIFTMIER

ROLLS

- ½ cup lard
- 1 cup mashed potatoes
- ½ cup sugar
- 2 eggs
- 1½ cups milk
- 1 teaspoon salt
- 5 or 6 cups flour
- 1 cake quick yeast
- ¼ cup water

Soak yeast in ¼ cup warm water and 1 teaspoon sugar for 10 minutes. Mash potatoes, add lard, sugar and scalded milk. When cool add yeast, eggs beaten well, flour and salt. Do not have the dough too stiff. Let rise once, then roll dough in ½ inch thickness, brush top with melted butter, cut with biscuit cutter, crease in center with back of knife and fold top well over bottom. Let rise short time and bake.

—Mrs. Lowell Dougherty, Wauke, Iowa.

PINEAPPLE ICE CREAM

- 15 marshmallows
- 1 small can crushed pineapple.
- ½ pint cream

Melt the marshmallows in a double boiler. Add can of pineapple and fold in the whipped cream. Put into your refrigerator trays and freeze.—Mrs. Okee Bales, Stet, Mo.

CHICKEN SALAD

- 2 chickens, cooked tender, boned, chopped and seasoned
- 1 large bunch celery, diced
- 1 can pimento, diced
- 6 hard cooked eggs, diced
- ½ package cooked macaroni, diced
- 6 pickles

Mix with mayonnaise and serve on a lettuce leaf. 36 small servings.—Mrs. Lowell Dougherty, Wauke, Ia.

ORANGE ICE

Dissolve 20 marshmallows in 1 cup boiling water. Add 1 cup of orange juice and the juice of 1 lemon. Put in the tray of the electric refrigerator and allow it to partially freeze. Beat the whites of 2 eggs until they are stiff and add the partially frozen juice, a tablespoon at a time, beating thoroughly after each spoonful. Return to tray and finish freezing. This serves 6 generous portions.—Mrs. H. C. Cox, Rothville, Mo.

CARAMEL ICE CREAM

- 1 tablespoon cornstarch
- 1 cup milk
- ½ cup corn syrup
- ½ cup sugar, caramelized
- ½ teaspoon vanilla
- ½ cup cream, whipped

Moisten cornstarch with a little milk. Scald remaining milk, add syrup and cornstarch mixture. Cook in top of double boiler 10 minutes, stirring well. Add caramelized sugar slowly. Continue cooking until well blended. Cool and add vanilla. Fold in the ½ cup cream, whipped. Freeze. Six servings. May seem like a lot of work, but is worth it.—Mrs. Carr Sherwood, Hamilton, Ia.

ICE CREAM

- 20 marshmallows
- 1½ cup milk
- pinch of salt
- 1 egg, well beaten
- 1 cup whipping cream
- 1 teaspoon vanilla

Melt marshmallows in milk in the top of double boiler. When mixture is smooth remove from stove and add the well beaten egg mixture, stirring constantly. If egg is added while mixture is still hot it cooks it partly. Just enough to be digestible and not be overcooked.

When mixture is cool, add cream that has been whipped and blend in vanilla and salt. Put in freezing tray and freeze at highest point of freezing on your refrigerator. After it has been frozen 30 or 45 minutes, fold that which is frozen around sides and on the bottom into the center so that it freezes evenly all the way through. When all the cream is thoroughly frozen, turn refrigerator back to normal again, so that your cream does not over-freeze.—Mrs. R. G. Wendt, Cameron, Mo.

CARAMEL FROSTING

- 4 tablespoons milk
- 4 tablespoons butter
- 4 tablespoons brown sugar

Bring to a boil. To this add enough powdered sugar to make a smooth paste. Frost at once.—Mrs. Wendell W. Miller, Anderson, Ia.

BURNT SUGAR CAKE

- 2 eggs, thoroughly beaten
- 1 cup sugar
- 1 cup thick sour cream
- ½ teaspoon soda
- 1½ teaspoons baking powder
- 2 scant cups flour
- 1 teaspoon vanilla
- 1/8 teaspoon salt

2 or 3 tablespoons burnt syrup—depends on how dark you want your cake. Beat eggs very thoroughly, add sugar and beat again, then add sour cream, vanilla and burnt syrup and blend well. Then stir in the dry ingredients and beat well. Bake in moderate oven. To make the burnt syrup, brown 1 cup sugar until golden brown, but not burned, then slowly add 3/4 cup water and simmer until syrupy.—Mrs. water and simmer until syrupy.—Mrs.

COCOANUT PUFFS

3 egg whites
2½ teaspoons cornstarch
1 cup sugar
dash of salt
1½ cup shredded cocoanut
½ teaspoon vanilla
¼ teaspoon almond extract

Place egg whites in top of double boiler and beat until stiff. Mix cornstarch and sugar and beat gradually into egg whites. Place over hot water and cook for 2 minutes, stirring constantly. Remove from water. Add salt, cocoanut and flavoring. Drop from teaspoon on ungreased heavy paper. Bake in slow oven, 325 degrees, for 20 to 25 minutes. Makes 30 small puffs.—Mrs. Harold Loseke, Columbus, Nebr.

CHOCOLATE CHUNK KISSES

4 ounces semi-sweet chocolate, cut in small pieces.
2 egg whites
1/8 teaspoon salt
1/8 teaspoon cream of tartar
3/4 cup sugar
½ cup broken walnut meats
½ teaspoon vanilla

Beat egg whites until foamy and add salt and cream of tartar. Continue beating until egg whites are stiff enough to hold up in peaks, but not dry. Add sugar, 2 tablespoons at a time, beating thoroughly after each addition. Fold in chocolate, nuts and vanilla. Drop from teaspoon on ungreased heavy paper. Bake in slow oven, 300 degrees, 25 minutes or until done. Remove from paper when slightly warm. Makes 18 kisses. 3/4 cup shredded cocoanut may be added to the mixture.—Mrs. Chester Curtis, Omaha, Nebr.

CUSTARD RHUBARB PIE

2 eggs
1 cup sugar
2 tablespoons flour
½ teaspoon salt
2 cups red rhubarb cut in small cubes
1 cup sweet cream (or rich milk)
sprinkle of nutmeg
An unbaked crust.

Beat eggs well, combine with sugar, flour and salt. Beat mixture with rotary egg beater until it is smooth and creamy and then add the cream. Place diced rhubarb in unbaked pastry shell and pour custard mixture over it. Sprinkle with nutmeg. Bake in a hot oven for 10 minutes, then reduce heat to moderately low and continue baking for about 20 to 30 minutes or until custard is set. Test as any other custard pie.—Mrs. Roger Ridgely, Rockwell City, Ia.

"I am enclosing \$1.10 for the Kitchen-Klatter for one year, also the glad-iolus offer. I could not miss a single issue, every number is full of such instructive suggestions and lovely recipes. Every time we serve something new, my husband says I'll bet that comes from Leanna. Here's hoping you broadcast many, many years to come. Your friend, Mrs. E., Booneville, Ia."

THE INEVITABLE DISHES

There is a task in this world
I can't perform with calm,
A job which gives me aches and pains,
For which there is no balm.

And that one task is dishes—
You never do get through;
You get one batch all neatly washed,
There's another batch to do.

Our joys are all too fleeting,
Even sorrows fly,
But always we have with us
Dishes to wash and dry.

Its sure as death and taxes,
A fact you can't ignore,
That, though you cleanse each single dish,
You're bound to soil some more.

When, as, and if, the fairy comes
With those three splendid wishes,
All three of mine will be to get
Out of doing dishes.

—Selected

DAINTY CHIPS

1 bag of potato chips
American cheese
Potted ham
Sliced sweet pickles
Place in a thin layer of cheese on each chip. Cover this with thin slices of sweet pickles and a layer of potted ham. Place them in a hot oven until the cheese is melted. Allow them to cool until crisp, and serve. They'll be the hit of your "snack party."—Mrs. R. Y., Pitcairn, Penn.

CORN MUFFINS

Sift one pint corn meal and one teaspoon salt. Pour one pint of boiling water over it and add one cup of cold sweet milk at once to keep it from lumping. Add two eggs, well beaten. Add four level teaspoons baking powder and one tablespoon melted butter just before pouring into the pans. Bake in a hot oven to a golden brown.

KITCHEN-KLATTER PUBLICATIONS

LIST OF COOK BOOKS
Any 5 for \$1.00

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

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

Order From

Leanna Field Driftmier
Shenandoah, Iowa

FROZEN CHOCOLATE PUDDING

15 marshmallows
1 cup milk
3 tablespoons cocoa, dissolved in cold water
3 eggs
¼ teaspoon salt
1 teaspoon vanilla

Melt marshmallows and milk and dissolved cocoa in double boiler, add beaten egg yolks and cook 5 minutes. Remove from fire, fold in beaten whites of eggs and vanilla.

In tray of electric refrigerator put a layer of split lady fingers or sponge cake cut in strips to fit in pan, then put on a layer of custard, then a layer of cake or lady fingers, then custard on top. Freeze. Serve in sherbet glasses with whipped cream.—Mrs. D. M. Newman, Omaha, Nebr.

Give the Kitchen-Klatter Magazine to Mother, Sister or Daughter as a birthday gift. She will appreciate it. \$1.00 per year.



AN "ALL-PURPOSE" FLOUR

MOTHER'S BEST
The FLOUR with a Flavor

KMA'S DAILY SCHEDULE

960 Kilocycles Shenandoah, Iowa
NBC Blue Network
Iowa Broadcasting System

MORNING

5:00 a.m.—Haden's Hillbillies
5:45 a.m.—Mary Jane
6:00 a.m.—News
6:30 a.m.—Hour of Morning Worship
7:00 a.m.—Cap't. Herne, News
7:30 a.m.—Stamp's quartet
7:30 a.m.—Hour of Morning Worship (Sun.)
7:45 a.m.—Haden Children
8:00 a.m.—Morning Headlines
8:00 a.m.—Uncle Bill Reads Funnies (Sun.)
8:15 a.m.—Garden Talks
8:30 a.m.—Lem Hawkins
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.—Lone Journey
10:45 a.m.—Ma Perkins
11:15 a.m.—Cornstussel News
11:30 a.m.—KMA Country School
11:45 a.m.—Earl May
12:00 Noon—Earl May, News
12:15 p.m.—Market reports
12:35 p.m.—Golden River Boys

AFTERNOON

1:00 p.m.—Stamp's Quartet
1:15 p.m.—Nancy Lee
1:30 p.m.—Kitchen Klatter
1:30 p.m.—Back to the Bible (Sun.)
2:15 p.m.—Major League Baseball Games
4:15 p.m.—The Bartons
4:30 p.m.—News
4:45 p.m.—Gasoline Alley
5:00 p.m.—S. O. S. Program
5:20 p.m.—Organ Serenade
5:30 p.m.—Drama Behind the News
(Mon.-Wed.-Fri.)
5:45 p.m.—Captain Midnight

EVENING

6:00 p.m.—Evening Jamboree
6:00 p.m.—Star Spangled Banner (Sun.)
6:00 p.m.—Pot O' Gold (Thurs.)
6:15 p.m.—Ruth and Ruby
6:30 p.m.—Earl May, News
6:30 p.m.—Inner Sanctum Mystery (Sun.)
7:00 p.m.—Old Fashioned Revival Hour (Sun.)
7:00 p.m.—Basin St. Chamber Music Society (Mon.)
7:00 p.m.—Roy Shield Revue (Wed.)
7:00 p.m.—Eastman School of Music (Thurs.)
7:00 p.m.—Ben Bernie's New Army Game (Fri.)
7:00 p.m.—Spin and Win with Jimmie Flynn (Sat.)
7:30 p.m.—No Foreign War Committee Program (Mon. and Wed.)
7:30 p.m.—News Here and Abroad (Tues.)
7:30 p.m.—The Nickel Man (Thurs.)
7:30 p.m.—Your Happy Birthday (Fri.)
7:30 p.m.—NBC Summer Symphony (Sat.)
7:45 p.m.—No Foreign War Committee Program (Sat.)
8:00 p.m.—Weather and News (Sun.)
8:00 p.m.—Gordon Jenkins Orchestra (Mon.)
8:00 p.m.—New American Music (Tues.)
8:00 p.m.—Author's Playhouse (Wed.)
8:00 p.m.—Romance and Rhythm (Fri.)
8:30 p.m.—The Voice of Creston (Sun.)
8:30 p.m.—National Radio Forum (Mon.)
8:30 p.m.—Doctors at Work (Wed.)
8:30 p.m.—Ahead of the Headlines (Thurs.)
8:30 p.m.—Ray Kinney's Orchestra (Fri.)
8:30 p.m.—Blue Barron's Orchestra (Sat.)
8:45 p.m.—United Press Interviews (Sun.)
8:45 p.m.—Dramas by Olmstead (Tues.)
8:45 p.m.—Paul Martin and His Music (Thurs.)
9:05 p.m.—Associated Press News (Sun.)
9:00 p.m.—Voice of Hawaii (Mon.)
9:05 p.m.—This Week and Last (Sun.)
10:00 p.m.—War News
10:15 p.m.—Newstime
10:30 p.m.—Newstime (Sun.)
10:55 p.m.—Associated Press News
11:50 p.m.—Midnight News
9:00 p.m. to 12:00 Midnight—Dance bands—Ray Kinney, Charlie Barnet, Les Brown, Gary Nottingham, Eric Madrigueras, Clydeucas, Chuck Foster, Joe Sanders, Val Olmen, Bobby Byrnes, Blue Barron, Skinny Ennis, Gene Krupa, and others.

Margaret Ellen Lowery, who writes stories for the children lives at 1543, Garfield Ave., Salt Lake City. She would be glad to have letters from your children about their pets, their school or their vacation plans.



Ruth and Ruby, the twins who broadcast over KMA.



OVER THE FENCE

Here is the relationship of the Blackwood Quartette. Roy is the father, Roy, James and Doyle are brothers, R. W. is the son of Roy, so James and Doyle are uncles of R. W. All the boys are married. R. W. has a sweet baby just seven months old. His father, Roy, has a son 6 years old. I'll see if I can get you some pictures of the wives and children.

I know those of you who took part in the "K" contest will be interested in these high lights of the contest. The winner, a man, had over 9000 "Ks" in the square. They looked like mere dots to the naked eye, but with a microscope you could see that each one was a perfect "K". There were some had over 3000 "Ks" in the square. Many of the "thank you" letters received said this was the first time they had ever won anything in a contest. Too bad everyone can't be a prize winner.

This month I had a nice visit from my niece, Josephine Field Nelson. Josephine is one of my brother Henry's daughters. Her home is now in Clinton, Iowa, where Mr. Nelson is with the new DuPont factory. They have two lovely children, a girl and a boy. It has been three years since she has been in Shenandoah, and we were all glad for the visit.

How do you like the 1:30 time for Kitchen Klatter? Of all the mail I have received about the change of my time of broadcast, I have only had one listener write that she liked two o'clock better.

We are all proud of Frank Field's daughter Peggie. She was chosen as one of the most courteous girls in the Junior High School. Bob, the oldest son, is following the tradition of the Field family of doing landscape gardening. John, the youngest son, graduates from High School this year. He is employed by our daily newspaper after school and on Saturday and hopes to make printing his vocation.

Mr. Hayzlett, Gertrude's husband, is visiting their two sons who live in California. Mrs. Hayzlett has helped me in my office for the last two years.

This past month, May 6th, I had a visit from the Omaha Garden Clubs. They came in a big chartered bus. Frank Field was acting as guide. Although we were in the midst of housecleaning, I invited them in and Margery took them through my house, showing them my office and kitchen, where I broadcast.

KITCHEN IMPROVEMENTS POSSIBLE TO MAKE

1. Racks built near stove for utensils, as kettle lids, etc.
2. Drain boards added to sinks.
3. Shelves added near stove.
4. Addition of drain to sink, even though no running water in kitchen.
5. Wood boxes to be filled from outside.
6. Garbage cans with covers.
7. Plan for removing garbage can without coming into kitchen.
8. Racks made from broom and mop handles.
9. Homemade rack for rubbers and overshoes, made of orange crate, enameled or varnished.
10. Woodboxes raised on legs, or rollers placed under them.
11. Homemade cleaning cupboards for storage of brooms, brushes and mops.
12. A case for the ironing board, built on kitchen wall.
13. Built in china closet and pass cupboard into dining room.
14. Business corner in kitchen, for keeping accounts, poultry record, grocery orders, cook books, memoranda pads.
15. Home made stool and step ladder.
16. Cooler or basement refrigerator.

THE SILVER LINING

I've found the silver lining
In the cloud they talk about,
And I went up very boldly
And ripped the lining out.

"You cloud," I said quite firmly
"You now may go your way;
Your lining is the only part
Of you I want to stay."

And from that silver lining
I made two wondrous cloaks—
One to wear myself, and one
To give to other folks.

THE GIFT BOX

Gertrude Hayzlett

At this time of year many people like to make rose jars. Gather the petals every morning from newly opened roses (not waiting till they are ready to fall).

Pack them in layers in a stone jar, sprinkling each layer with salt. When the jar is full, cover and put in a cool place and let remain 3 or 4 weeks to ripen. Then add to it the following essentials: a teaspoonful each of lavender, clove and cinnamon, and a quarter

teaspoon each of rosemary, bergamot, eucalyptus and lemon, an ounce of pulverized orris root and half as much sachet-powder (orange blossom, carnation or any scent preferred). Mix the entire mass with a silver fork, blending it perfectly, then add about 2 oz. of grain alcohol to serve as a preservative. Mix thoroughly. Pack the mixture in your rose jar and let stand a month or six weeks, closely covered! then it is ready to bring the "perfumes of Araby" into your rooms. Put some of the mixture into small jars—they make delightful gifts.

Another interesting thing to make from rose petals is beads, and they are very easy to make. Gather the petals before they begin to fall and spread them on iron to dry—a clean skillet will do. Set where the sun will strike them, but out of the wind. When thoroughly dry, pulverize them till they are as fine as flour—the finer the rose powder, the smoother the beads will be. Put the powder into a bowl, and stir it constantly while adding enough water, drop by drop, to make it the consistency of putty. If absolutely necessary you may add a very small amount of flour to make it easy to handle. Take out pieces the size of a pea, shape with your fingers, stick a pin through them or string on waxed thread and hang up to dry. When they are thoroughly dry they may be waxed with paraffine to make them glossy and smooth. They blend nicely in color with any dress and have a faint rose fragrance. Ornaments for a charm string—even small statues—may be made from this mixture.

Rose sachets may be made from the pulverized rose leaves by sewing a small amount in a little bag. The petals of some other of the more fragrant flowers may be used the same way. Lavender leaves, dried and made into sachets, are a favorite with some people. Valentine day a friend sent me a red organdy heart filled with dried lavender leaves—it was delightful. Easter time brought an organdy "Easter bonnet" with the crown stuffed with lavender. A May basket of organdy came on May Day—and I fully expect to see a fire cracker with lavender filling to come popping in on the 4th of July.



Gertrude Hayzlett

LONELY MOTHERS

by Helen Loudon

So your daughter is to be married in June? That is lovely; I know she will be happy. But, you say you will be so lonely! After all these years, during which you devoted your life to her, she is leaving you for a home of her own.

I have a very deep feeling of sympathy for all such mothers, it is hard to see the child upon whom you lavished all your time and energy, leave you just when he or she is grown old enough to be a companion instead of a precious charge.

But that is the world's way; marriage and home making are the natural completion of the years spent in growing to be adults. After all, mother dear, *you* married, and probably your mother hated to see you go from the home nest! Besides, God didn't give you your children; He loaned them to you for a few years. What He gave you, was the privilege of bringing them up.

Unfortunately, the very mother who has devoted all her time to raising her children is often the one who must suffer most. She hasn't enough other interests to fall back upon. During those precious years when the babies were small, she should have been preparing for this very day. It won't make any one less a good mother to read a few good books, to read enough newspaper articles to know what is going on in the world outside her four walls; to know a bit about music and art, enough to discuss these topics with some degree of comprehension. These things make our lives so much richer. Besides, our husbands and children like to think that Mother know a few things besides cooking, sewing and cleaning.

A fascinating hobby is a great help; at nearly any crisis in our lives, we can come through better if we have our hobbies to think about. Mine is growing flowers, fruits and vegetables; once when I was ill I lay in bed and read seed catalogs by the hour! I'm positive my mental gardening was a great help to recovery. You see, if our minds are pleasantly occupied, our bodies can go ahead and get well without interference from a worried brain; and if we are not ill, but just worried and unhappy, we can remember that our minds can only concentrate on one thing at a time, and we have the power to choose what we will think about. I often think that my husband's mother owes much of her tranquillity to the hours she spends making lovely laces.

So don't let that son or daughter who is going to be married take all the sunshine out of your life. There is so much fun ahead for you, if you try to find it. Perhaps Father would enjoy a bit of extra attention now. He won't say much, but he probably feels bereft, too.

A "SWAP" COLUMN

Someone suggests we add a "swap" department to this page. If you have anything to trade, write to me and tell what you want to exchange for. If there are enough, I will print them.

PRACTICAL POULTRY POINTERS

Mrs. Olinda Wiles

A good many hatcheries are closing down on egg deliveries and asking the flock owners to bring only a small percentage of the run of eggs as the hatching season is nearing its close. As soon as they close down completely, sell your cockerels as they are a nuisance to the flock and consume considerable feed that should be going to your hens and younger chickens.



Olinda Wiles

Broody hens become more numerous as the

warm weather approaches and should be taken from the nests and put in confinement as soon as they become broody, and it will not take nearly as long for them to overcome their broodiness if it is done immediately. Give them feed and water, the same as if they were laying, and they will soon be back in production as Nature intended it to be, and abuse or neglect will never remedy it.

To those who have early hatched chicks, it is time to separate your cockerels and pullets and get your pullets on clean healthful range, and by careful feeding begin to lay the foundation for that egg record next year. Do not be overly eager to bring your pullets into early production, as a hen that has been properly developed and not forced, lives longer and lays larger and more uniform eggs than those forced into production with concentrates and over-feeding.

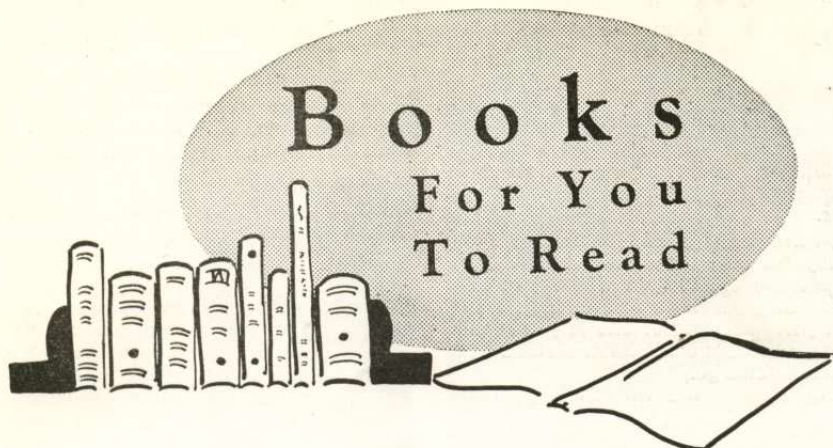
Give the pullets plenty of range, a balanced ration, plenty of good clean drinking water and they will take care of the rest.

Pen the cockerels, give them all the feed they can consume and you will be developing them into profitable broilers. Keep plenty of feed before them and never let them see the bottom of their feeders. Have plenty of water, and good sharp grit available to aid digestion.

Males may be caponized, and bring a much higher price—but many hesitate to go into the business of producing capons. It requires careful feeding and management, but as a rule capons find a ready market.

A HOME-MAKER'S PRAYER

Help me, oh God, to be a good wife and mother. Give me wisdom to know my duties as such and the understanding to perform these duties. Keep me tolerant, slow to anger, quick to forgive and forget, blind to the faults of others but conscious of my own. Permit no thought, word or deed of mine to bring discord into this home. Make me content. Amen. Sent by Mrs. B. H. Whitted, Ft. Crook, Nebr.



MISS ANNA DRIFTMIER, *Librarian*

Clarinda, Iowa, Public Library

BOOKS TO READ

DAYS OF MY LIFE, an autobiography by Flo Menninger. Born in Pennsylvania, she came with her parents to Kansas as a pioneer. Because of her serious-mindedness and ambition she educated herself for teaching and followed that profession many years. She tells her story simply and frankly. Another good book to add to your pioneer list.

LONG MEADOWS, a good novel by Minnie Hite Moody, concerns exiles from Europe in the eighteenth century, settling in the famous Shenandoah valley of Virginia. Like others before them they dreamed of owning vast stretches of land and of developing a culture in America. How they adapted their culture to blend with the wilderness makes this an interesting novel.

MY SISTER AND I, a diary by Dirk van der Heidi, a twelve-year-old Dutch boy, is a moving story of his escape from Holland with his little sister, going first to England and then to America. The interest lies in the simple telling of the terror endured by the children after the death of their parents.

Many books have been written about the women of the Bible, but H. V. Morton's book, **THE WOMEN OF THE BIBLE**, has a peculiar interest, a reality that gives it distinction. If you have read his **IN THE STEPS OF THE MASTER** and **THROUGH LANDS OF THE BIBLE**, you will want to read this one, too.

MY THEODOSIA, by Anya Seton, the daughter of Ernest Thompson Seton, is the story of Aaron Burr's daughter, a brilliant girl who is the medium through which the reader understands the real Aaron Burr and his friends and enemies and their political affairs.

Benelmans' **THE DONKEY INSIDE**. Critics report this as one of the best books out about South America. Beauty and appeal in every page, well illustrated.

John Kieran's **NATURE NOTES** is a distinctive little book with two-toned illustrations of birds, flowers, animals, trees, and what not. Half-paged paragraphs of notes concerning these make delightful reading.

Preston Bradley's new book called **NEW WEALTH FOR YOU** is a timely little book filled with such thoughts as we need these troublous times. Such chapters as these show the stuff of which it is made: New courage for a new day; Three cheers for youth; Bedrock anchorage; Creative power; The inner need; etc.

Cruickshank's **BIRD ISLANDS DOWN EAST** is about birds off the coast of Maine. The wife of an ornithologist writes her experiences with American birds that breed there. All the time one reads one is aware of the background of ocean and rocks and bird cries, and one feels the time well spent.

SPECIAL JUNE OFFER

New subscribers to the Kitchen-Klatter Magazine may have **THREE BACK NUMBERS FREE**. Your choice. Copies available, Jan, Mar., April and May. Start yearly subscription with June. Offer good while back numbers last.

LEANNA DRIFTMIER
Shenandoah, Iowa

I MUST TEND THE ROSES

Others go a-traveling; I must stay at home.
They are in England, Scotland, they are in Rome.
They see Egypt skyline, they see the Nile
Perhaps I shall see them after a while.
Now I tend the fire, now I tend the door
Now I sew a button where it was before.
I can watch the Postman coming down the road
And a neighbor bringing me a very heavy load.
I must tend the roses on my little lawn
Everything would die, I think, if I should be gone.
I hear all the country's news, births, deaths, and such,
If I should go a traveling, I would miss so much.
—Mrs. C. Scholer, Gruetli, Tenn.

MONDAY WITH GOD

The wind is blowing soft and warm,
My clothes are on the line;
I've made the beds and mopped the floors
And put pickles in the brine.

I arose at five this morning,
God, you seemed so close to me;
As I pumped the water for the wash,
I breathed a prayer to Thee.

I breathed a prayer to make me strong
And not to fret at my task,
I sang a song as I hung my clothes,
Give me love and work, I ask.

Make me a child in spirit again;
Oh! make me laugh and play;
Thanks for moments with you, dear God,
May I have them every day.

You seemed so close this morning,
I could almost touch your hand;
As I pumped the water for the wash
In this free and happy land.

—Mrs. W. S. Moore, Walnut, Iowa

LITTLE THINGS

My joys are made of little things —
A child's caress; a husband's love and trust;
A letter from a friend; a flower in bloom;
The sun's rays breaking through a cloud;
A clean and pleasant room.

My days are made of little things —
A meal to get; a dish to wash;
A dress to make with care;
And irons passing over clothes;
A garden to prepare.

My life is made of little things —
But so is earth and sky and sea,
And all unite into one glorious whole
To bring great happiness to me.

—Mary Duncombe

Our Hobby Club

For Subscribers to the "Kitchen-Klatter Magazine"

BUTTONS

The humble button has built up an industry in the United States alone that is worth \$31,291,279. \$9,256,231 is paid out in wages annually. That does not look as if the zipper were taking first place, even if it is convenient!

When you have to stretch the family purse to get that cherished button for your collection, think of King Louis XIV. He spent \$600,000 in one year on his buttons, and a mere \$5,000,000 on them in his lifetime! He became positively silly on the subject.

Speaking of Kings—A craze for buttons swept the country at the time of Charles I of England. Court handkerchiefs were decorated with buttons. The ex-Kaiser spent hours gloating over his chests of buttons. He changed them often on uniforms so he could show them off.

Buttons play an unusual part in old willis. I find that often a simple button such as the bone or calico, are the most interesting. Does anyone remember the prune seed buttons? When the West was young and there were no stores, buttons were made from seeds, bark and wax. Do you remember the dark brown sealing wax such as was used to seal jars of fruit and jams? They made the mold in a piece of home-made soap, using two or four straws to leave holes in the buttons. The sealing wax was poured hot into the molds, but cooled quickly.

One lumber Company pays the wood crew in buttons which are redeemable at the Company store.

Buttons are as old as man. While there is no early data on buttons, as far as I know, information came to me that a dress "leather" found in a tomb had thousands of buttons on it. That was B. C. Also in the Stone Age, stone buttons were used. So you see, buttons are old as well as new. The new buttons need not be high-hatted, either. It took artists to create them. Over one hundred by-products make it possible for us to buy buttons at 10c a card. They may not be as substantial as pearl, bone, ivory or metal—but what more can one ask for the money? When you make that new spring dress and use the new buttons, just remember it might be beer, milk, blood, paper, bark, or even the rags you give away, that made the newest creation in buttons.

—By Mrs. Elfrieda Felger, San Diego, Calif., Vauclein Home, Room 5.

STILL COMPLAINTS

If you have your name and hobby listed on this page and someone sends you something, the least you can do is write and thank them. Please do this. If you wish to exchange with some other hobbyist, write a card first and be sure they want to trade.



Part of the 231 pairs of "Shakers" collected by Helen Schlesselman, Victor, Ia.

HOBBIES

Miss Gladys Wilson, 424 1st St. So., Newton, Iowa.

Miss Bernice Wiebe, R2, Marathon, Iowa. Paper napkins, hankies and pictures of twins.

Mrs. L. C. Riggs, Boone, Iowa. Miniature shoes of china, glass, metal and wood.

Mrs. Felix Bedlan, R1, Friend, Nebr. wants to exchange pie pumpkin and melon seeds for mash sacks free from holes.

Mrs. Henry J. Williams, R4, Winchester, Ill. Pen pals.

Mrs. D. M. Lintner, Keswick, Iowa. Quilt patches and patterns.

Mrs. Ronald Hall, R3, Lincoln, Nebr. Salt and pepper shakers. Has 64 sets.

Mrs. Ed. G. Buchholz, Blue Rapids, Kansas. Odd dishes or ones that have a history. Also crocheted dollies. Would like to exchange some that she has crocheted for some old ones.

Mrs. Joe Harms, Archer, Iowa. "I collect fiesta ware, one piece from each town or city I visit. I collect old felt hats and pennants, too. I clean them, if soiled, and use them in making purses, pillow tops, table mats, rugs and many other articles. I'll pay the postage if anyone will send me their old felt hats. Many people burn them during housecleaning."

A SHAKER HOUSE

Mrs. Geo. E. Travis of Fort Worth, Texas has a novel way of housing her "Shakers" of which she has a collection of over 600. In her back yard she built "The Shaker House". It is octagonal with windows all around, and has wide shelves inside the windows. The shakers can be easily seen and studied, but cannot be handled.

ANOTHER HOBBY

An interesting hobby for one who loves nature is collecting and pressing flowers. Another hobby similar to this is the collecting of leaves from trees. A friend who has a copy of my sister Mrs. Helen Fischer's "Flower Album" is making a hobby of collecting and pressing specimens of the flowers illustrated in the book.

CLASSIFIED ADS

WHAT HAVE YOU TO SELL?
Make use of this ad column.
Rate of 5c per word. Minimum charge 50c. Payable in advance.

HOBBY LISTS furnished monthly. 6 months for 40c; 1 yr. for 75c. Address Ruby Bauer, Box 40, Bland, Mo.

HEALTH HINTS LEAFLET: Six pages—includes health suggestions, vitamins—value and dangers, six day diet for that "excess baggage", food sensitiveness, table of food values, etc. No letter necessary to get the Leaflet. Enclose 15 cents and your name, address, and word "Leaflet" on paper. Mail to Mrs. Walt Pitzer, Shell Rock, Iowa.

PERFECT PICKLE RECIPE. Crisp, sweet, so good. 10c. Mrs. E. R. Hinks, Munden, Kans.

HATS, DRESSES, HOSE, LINGERIE, GIFTS at the "Farmer's Wife", 1 1/4 miles North East of Pierson, Iowa. Mail orders filled. Mrs. B. R. DeLambert, Pierson, Iowa.

PLANT LOTS OF SWEET CORN IN MAY. Get lots of Corn Recipes in the "King Corn" book. Only 10c now. Mrs. Mae Zeigler, Laurel, Iowa.

"YOUR HANDWRITING TELLS." Send stamped, self-addressed envelope, birth date, 25c. KENNEY, 615 - 9th ST., SIOUX CITY, IOWA.

PRETTY HAND WOVEN POTHOLDERS, 11c each. 10 for \$1.00, postpaid. Pluma Ray, Lenox, Iowa.

FARMER BOY POTHOLDER, 15c. New and Original Designs, 3 for 10c. Mrs. Harvey Farr, Ellendale, Minn.

WHITE LINEN HANDKERCHIEFS with edge crocheted in color, 25c each. Brown or black leather billfolds with zipper, 75c. Made by blind lady. Mrs. Nellie Worcester, 1529 W 18 St., Des Moines, Ia.

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

QUILTING STENCILS—Something new. No carbon paper needed. Use a sharp pencil or stiletto for marking. Special assortment for fifty cents. NOVEL NOVELTY CO., STERLING, NEBR.

I'M GOING TO GIVE YOU THIS—

FREE

Wedding RING

with every simulated diamond engagement ring ordered now. Smart, new yellow gold finish Romance Design wedding ring given as get-acquainted gift FREE with every Flashing simulated Diamond Solitaire Engagement ring ordered during our special offer for only \$1. SEND NO MONEY with order, just name and ring size. Pay postman \$1 plus few cents postage. 10 days' approval. Your package comes by return mail.

Jim the Diamond Man

ROYAL DIAMOND CO., Dept. H, Omaha, Nebr

Eva Hopkins Creme Powder, sponge and three cakes of Facial Soap—all postpaid for only \$1.25.

Box 13
EVA HOPKINS
SHENANDOAH, IOWA

BEAUTY HINTS

Eva Hopkins

So many write to ask me if there is a chance of recapturing a good complexion once it is gone. Of course it is easier to keep a good complexion, but it is also possible in most cases, to regain that rose petal softness if your facial blemishes affect only the top layer or epidermis. For you know, we have three layers of skin the outer one of which is constantly changing and renewing itself—the old sloughing off, the new replacing it.



Eva Hopkins

The outer skin is formed of tiny, horny, scale like cells which are kept smooth and soft by natural lubricating oils. The second layer, or true skin contains all the blood vessels, nerves, glands, ducts, hair follicles and also the pigments which determine your skin coloring. The third layer or sub-dermis is called the fatty skin. Infections of the two latter are matters to be treated by the doctors, but you can do something for the top skin. It is a case of save the surface and you save all.

The worst and most common enemies of skin beauty are dirt, a sluggish system and harsh, drying, aging elements, such as steam heat and hard water. These separately, or in combinations, cause enlarged pores, blackheads, acne, rough patches, red blotches, "fever blisters" and almost every other form of surface blemish.

Enlarged pores are usually the result of a sluggish system, careless cleanliness or a combination of the two. Vigorous and regular outdoor exercise, a diet of light foods, including lots of garden fresh fruits and vegetables, a let down on sweet, rich, heavy foods, together with six or eight glasses of water every day will do a lot toward restoring your skin. Add to this a daily scrubbing with warm water and plenty of good facial soap suds. Always follow with a cold water rinse and maybe an ice cold astringent. Then you are ready for creme powder.

Give blackheads a good steaming, before you try to take them out. Then press them very gently with a cloth over the hands. Never use a bare finger nail for this, as you are apt to leave a disfiguring mark. Rich heavy foods are taboo for you if you have acne.

Correct diet, thorough skin cleansing every night, correct cosmetics and plenty of rest is the answer to most complexion trouble.

Mrs. Fee of Redfield, Iowa. "My husband made something for my vines to climb on this summer. He set a solid post, then set an old wagon wheel on top of it. He fastened a wire from each spoke to the ground, leaving a door on one side. We planted Cypress Vines and Heavenly Blue Morning Glories around it. When the vines grew it made a nice shady place."

OUR CHILDREN AT WORK AND PLAY

by Maxine Sickels

It always seems to me that thru the winter months, parents see too little of their children. With school and its outside activities, music lessons, and their own friends and hobbies, winter leaves little time for those hours of work and play with our children that give us a chance to teach them, by example, the things that we think are important.

Summers give us a chance to be parents, to work and play with our children.

On a farm, in a city home, wherever children live, they should be allowed to feel that the home is their home. They should have responsibilities that are theirs. And they should be allowed to assume them.

Sit down as a family and make a work chart. Give each one a fair share according to his ability. On a farm there are chores enough to go around. In the city, children can keep the car washed, the porches clean, help with the heavy cleaning if they are old enough, even help with the cooking and dishwashing.

One way of keeping track of duties done is to mark them on a chart. Another way is to make a card for each duty and hang them on a hook "To do" then transfer them to a hook marked "Done". Each child should have his own hook.

All of this sounds like a good deal of trouble and it is but HOME is the place where Johnnie and Mary learn to assume happily the responsibility of their own duties.

Work is not a duty, it is a privilege. People who have learned this are happy people. They know the honest joy that comes with a job well done, no matter how humble the task is.

But all of life is not work and happy are the grown-ups who know how to play and, I might add, what to play. To me there is genuine pathos in the situation of a man or woman who has at last retired from active work and does not know what to do with his or her time.

So take time as a family to play. Not necessarily a vacation trip, that is fun but so are other things. Day long fishing trips, scenic drives, spots of special interest, are fun. But so are a croquet grounds, a tennis court, a ball diamond for the neighborhood kids, a homemade outdoor fireplace, a wild flower garden, a yard improvement project (private or among all your friends). A rock garden and a pool are obvious but they are still fun, so is photography.

It may take a deal of searching to find something that the family as a whole will enjoy but it is worth it.

It will bring them closer together now and afterward when time has scattered them.

Don't wait to have a happy congenial family when they are grown for time does not wait and the first thing you know these children are grown and their family relationship has stayed the same. Happy children—happy grownups.



Mary and Larry Mitchell of Marcus, Iowa, off for a horseback ride.

THE FARM HOME

Peace dwells here, and quiet security; and love, stripped bare of selfishness, makes homely tasks beneath this roof true sacraments. Here, baking of the family bread, and story hours, and tucking babes in bed are joyous highlights of a woman's day. Within these walls a strong man's gallant heart is fed. This is a place apart, serene beneath the loving hand of God; a spot that travelers mark—where yellow lamplight on the snow becomes a beacon light to those who go, uplifted, past it in the dark.

—Myrtle Sheppard.

Frank's VEGETABLE SHAMPOO



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

Human hair has no affinity for this Vegetable Shampoo.

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

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

Send Order to—

Dorothy D. Johnson

Box 467, Shenandoah, Ia.



FOR THE CHILDREN

THE MANNERS OF SIR ARCHIBALD ROBIN

by
Mary Ellen Lowry

"Sir Archibald Robin is the handsomest gentleman of the garden," cried a snapdragon.

"Indeed he is!" the leaves of the birch tree whispered. "No one can quite match the elegance of his fine red vest."

"Just to see him strut across the lawn is a pleasure," chattered the sparrow.

"Tush!" said the canary. "What is so fine about him? The chances are that he is no gentleman at all, merely a stuffy pretender."

No one paid much attention to the canary. Though they admired his song, they considered him an outsider. Only since the summer heat had begun, had his cage been brought outdoors from the bay window where it usually hung inside the house.

"If I could fly out into the open and hop across the grass, my feathers would seem much more elegant than his," boasted the canary. "No one here has seen the like of my wings in the sunshine."

Thus he chirped throughout the long summer days, but the flowers continued to bow and curtsy whenever Sir Archibald Robin came near.

One day the trumpet vine which grew on a trellis near where the cage was hung said, "If you are anxious to be free, why don't you push open the door of your cage and fly out?"

"Alas, that is impossible. The door is barred fast."

"That is where you are mistaken. If you will look closely, you will discover that today the door has been left open."

So it was. With a little push the canary swung it open. Out he flew into the sunny air and down upon the lawn in the center of the garden.

"What a delightful creature!" sighed the violets.

"Her wings are more golden than the tuft of a dandelion," said the sparrows. "Never even in the sunset of a winter evening have we seen such color."

"The butterfly, herself, could well envy the color of those wings, the snapdragon said. "I must admit that even Sir Archibald Robin would look somewhat drab beside him."

All the creatures of the garden looked with wonder and admiration on the little canary in the sun. So charmed were they that when Sir Archibald Robin strutted across the lawn, they neither nodded or bowed.

But Sir Archibald, was not to be ignored.

"Pray hurry back to your cage, little canary!" he cried.

"Back to my cage indeed!"

"Do as I say! Danger lurks in this garden!"

"What manners are these for so polished a gentleman as the robin?" the canary asked of those about him.

"Shame!" cried the sparrows. "He is jealous because another is more admired than he"

"Go quickly, canary!" said the robin. "It will soon be too late."

"Too late for what?" the canary asked.

"For that!" Sir Archibald shouted pointing to an empty hole in the fence.

The canary chuckled. "Of what danger is an empty hole?"

The garden rocked with laughter, but barely had the mirth begun than a shadow fell about the hole, and an enormous creature with green eyes and a long tail crawled through.

The tittering ceased abruptly, and the canary felt a sudden quiver of fear.

"What is it?" he asked.

"The cat from the alley! He prefers canaries to any other food in the world. Quickly fly to your cage!"

The flowers shuddered, the birch leaves sighed, and the sparrows chirped mournfully.

Suddenly Sir Archibald Robin began to say, "Oh, my friend, the cat, have you forgotten me. I am far larger than that tiny canary!"

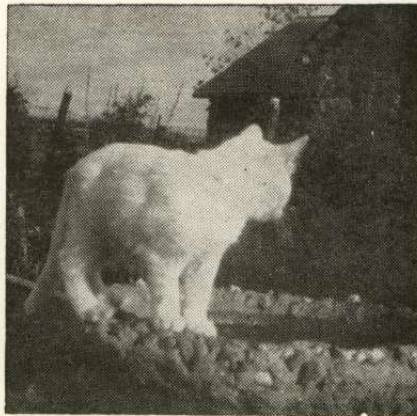
The cat's eyes did not move.

"Have you forgotten how many times you have watched me in the tree," the robin continued, "and how often you have wished me for your supper?"

Slowly the cat's eyes turned from the canary to the robin.

"Hurry to your cage!" cried the robin.

Now that the horrible green eyes were turned away, the canary was free to move. In less time than it takes a grasshopper to wink, he was back in his cage.



The birds will have to watch out for this beautiful pet cat belonging to Mrs. W. Olson of Garrison, Kans.

But when he turned to look for Sir Archibald Robin, he discovered that both he and the cat had disappeared.

"Oh!" he wailed. "the finest gentleman in all the garden is gone."

"His elegant red vest is gone forever down the cat's throat!" moaned the snapdragon.

"Did I hear mention of an elegant red vest?" a voice asked from the birch tree.

All the garden looked up, and there on the very highest branch sat the robin.

"Oh, Sir Archibald!" said the trumpet vine. "We thought that the cat had caught you."

"It takes more than an alley cat to catch a bird of my experience."

"What a great gentleman you are!" the canary cried. "How can I ever thank you for saving my life!"

"Please say nothing about it, nothing at all!"

But he did say something about it. Every rainy day when his cage hangs in the bay window, he sings of the finest gentleman in all the garden, Sir Archibald Robin.

YOU GUESS THESE

1. What is the difference between a farmer and a dressmaker?
2. When is a man greatly tickled but never laughs.
3. What is it an artist likes to draw best?
4. Who are the best bookkeepers?
5. Why is a nail fast in the wall like an old man?
6. Why does a dog bite its tail?

ANSWERS

1. One gathers what he sows, the other sews what she gathers.
2. When a fly lights on his nose.
3. His salary.
4. Persons who never return a book.
5. Because it is in firm.
6. To make both ends meet.

A NEW KIND OF PAPER DOLLS

Glue a button with two large holes to the top of a piece of paper. The holes are the eyes. Draw or color the mouth, nose and hair. Then draw the rest of the body. Make men, women, boys, girls and babies in your button doll family, and dress them any way you wish. If you don't want to draw the bodies, cut them out of magazines and paste them below the button faces.

DUCK ON THE ROCK. One of the players who is "it" puts a stone or a stick on a rock or a box and stands back a little. Each child playing has a "duck" also and throws his stick or stone, trying to knock the one on the box, off. As each one throws his stick he tries to sneak up and get it without the player, who is standing by the box catching him. If some one knocks the duck off the rock, the player who is "it" has to pick up the stick or stone and put it back on the back on the rock before anyone of the players touches him.



AID HELPS

A SAMPLE FAIR

Our church group cleared \$75 on a "Sample Fair" that I had read about in your Magazine several years ago. Besides collecting samples and souvenirs from outside companies, we also contacted all our business firms here giving them the opportunity to do any free advertising they liked. However, if they wished space to come to the church basement themselves and actually demonstrate their own merchandise and take orders, we charged \$1 for that. Otherwise we distributed things free from displays on long tables. We made our money by selling 300 tickets beforehand to a program which was held in the form of a tea because the crowd came all during the afternoon. This also included a lunch. Different bakeries served sandwiches and cake. One company served coffee, another pie, another ice cream. We even had napkins furnished by a sign company. This was so successful that several of the merchants have asked us to make it an annual affair. However, if we do have another, we will charge more than 25c, for we had much more than that for each one in actual worth, besides the lunch. Everyone had a large size paper bag full of things to take home and such fun as they had!"—Mrs. W. T. Sloan, Norfolk, Nebraska.

HOME TALENT PLAYS

When the young folks of the church are home for their summer vacations, maybe you can get them to put on a home talent play. If you want material of this kind, write to the "Wetmore Agency, Sioux City, Iowa" for their catalog. They have a large assortment of material for you to choose from.

HOLY BIBLE

Beautifully Bound in Rich
Simulated Leather
OFFERED FREE—

Webster's Illustrated Dictionary

In times like these no home should be without a Bible . . . especially for growing boys, girls. Right now the American Bible Club offers you a beautiful, Simulated Leather Bound edition. Old and New Testaments, printed in clear, readable type for only \$1. Gold-engraved letters on cover; red edges; opens flat to any page; family register.

What's more, to put Bibles in more homes, they will include ABSOLUTELY FREE, a big desk-size WEBSTER'S ILLUSTRATED DICTIONARY AND WORD ATLAS. Gives pronunciation, meaning of over 20,000 words; 32 pages of MAPS IN COLOR; cloth bound; opens flat; is 5½ by 8 inches; over 450 pages; almost an encyclopedia. Alone it is well worth a dollar . . . yet it is yours FREE with every Bible ordered at regular price of \$1. SEND NO MONEY, just name and address on post card. When package arrives pay postman \$1 plus few cents postage. If you send money with order, club pays postage. Send to AMERICAN BIBLE CLUB, OMAHA, NEBR.

CONTESTS FOR JUNE

FAMOUS SWEETHEARTS

Read the name of the woman and those playing write the name of the boy-friend.

1. Maggie—Jiggs.
2. Scarlet O'Hara—Rhett Butler.
3. Carole Lombard—Clark Gable.
4. Priscilla—John Alden.
5. Blondie—Dagwood.
6. Anne Hathaway—Bill Shakespeare.
7. Irene Castle—Vernon Castle.
8. Mary Pickford—Buddy Rogers.
9. Min Gump—Andy Gump.
10. Mamma—Papa.
11. Mary Todd—Abe Lincoln.
12. Elizabeth Barrett—Robert Browning.
13. Juliet—Romeo.
14. Evangeline—Gabriel.
15. Jeannette MacDonald—Gene Raymond.
16. Pocahontas—John Rolfe.
17. Minny Mouse—Mickey Mouse.
18. Queen Isabella—King Ferdinand.
19. Snow White—Prince Charming.
20. Josephine—Napoleon.

WHAT KIND OF CAKE?

1. The laziest kind of cake . . . Loaf cake.
 2. The cake that is divine . . . Angel food.
 3. The cake that is a jewel . . . Gem cake.
 4. The cake that is topsy-turvy . . . Upside down cake.
 5. The cake that is a kitchen utensil . . . Pan cake.
 6. The highest kind of cake . . . White Mountain cake.
 7. The meanest kind of cake . . . Devil's food.
 8. The cake that is not very long . . . Short cake.
 9. The most aristocratic cake . . . Lady Baltimore.
 10. The cake that is a crowd . . . Jam cake.
 11. The brightest kind of cake . . . Sunshine cake.
 12. The cake that is a garden implement . . . Hoe cake.
 13. The heaviest kind of cake . . . Pound cake.
 14. The cake that is a beverage . . . Tea cake or Coffee cake.
- Sent by Miss Helen Ridge, Agency, Missouri.

"MENU" CONTEST

1. Noah's son, sliced. . . Ham.
2. Cuts of a well known talking aid. . . Tongue.
3. Enchantresses of desert, assorted. . . Sandwiches.
4. Golden Nuggets in white cases. . . Eggs, poached.
5. Fruit of a tree stuffed. . . Olives.
6. The first temptation, baked. . . Apple.
7. Nuts that didn't grow. . . Doughnuts.
8. A celestial dainty. . . Angel food cake.
9. A winter complaint plus a letter of the alphabet. Coff-ee or Cold Tea.
10. A glass of white magic. . . Milk.

A BRIDE'S SHOWER

This was a party at which not all the guests were well acquainted, so the first thing, we gave each a paper and pencil and when we said GO, each was to get everyone's autograph, awarding a prize to the one who first got every one's name on her paper.

Then we had a guessing game, with each one to be answered with an article found in the kitchen.

1. What a good workman has, and to rent. . . Skillet.
2. A poet and a dog.—Poker.
3. A vegetable and a conceited dude.—Pota Masher.
4. A number of mountains—Range.
4. A member of a baseball nine—Pitcher.
6. What men sometimes do with their money—Sink.
7. The appearance of being ill—Pail.
8. What curious people try to do—Pump.
9. Impudence and receptacle for pie—Sauce Pan.
10. A football ground—Grid Iron.
11. A letter and what you are in—Broom.
12. The branching of a river—Fork.
13. An affectionate couple—Spoon.
14. What the Guest of Honor is about to become, and what every well regulated household needs—Cook.

Following this, we pinned the name of some kitchen article on the back of each guest, like dishpan, rolling pin, tea kettle. The object was to find out which you were and the questions could only be answered by yes or no. The game is similar to the one which has been used with famous people.

The next game was to have each one write down as many food combinations as she could think of in three minutes, like liver and onions, baked beans and brown bread, etc.

The the rest of the evening was spent in presenting the gifts. We called this the kitchen charade. Each guest had to act out in charade fashion the gift she had brought. She could have one of the others help her if necessary. Then the guest of honor had to guess what was in the package before she could open it, by what they had acted out. This proved very entertaining and took up quite a bit of the evening.—Mrs. A. Hansen, 2211 So. 16 St., Omaha, Nebr.



Mr. and Mrs. W. O. Hiatt parents of Mrs. Ernest Arp, of Brunswick, Mo., celebrate their 50th wedding anniversary. With them are their grandchildren.