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Kitchen-Klatter

MAGAZINE

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

Volume VI

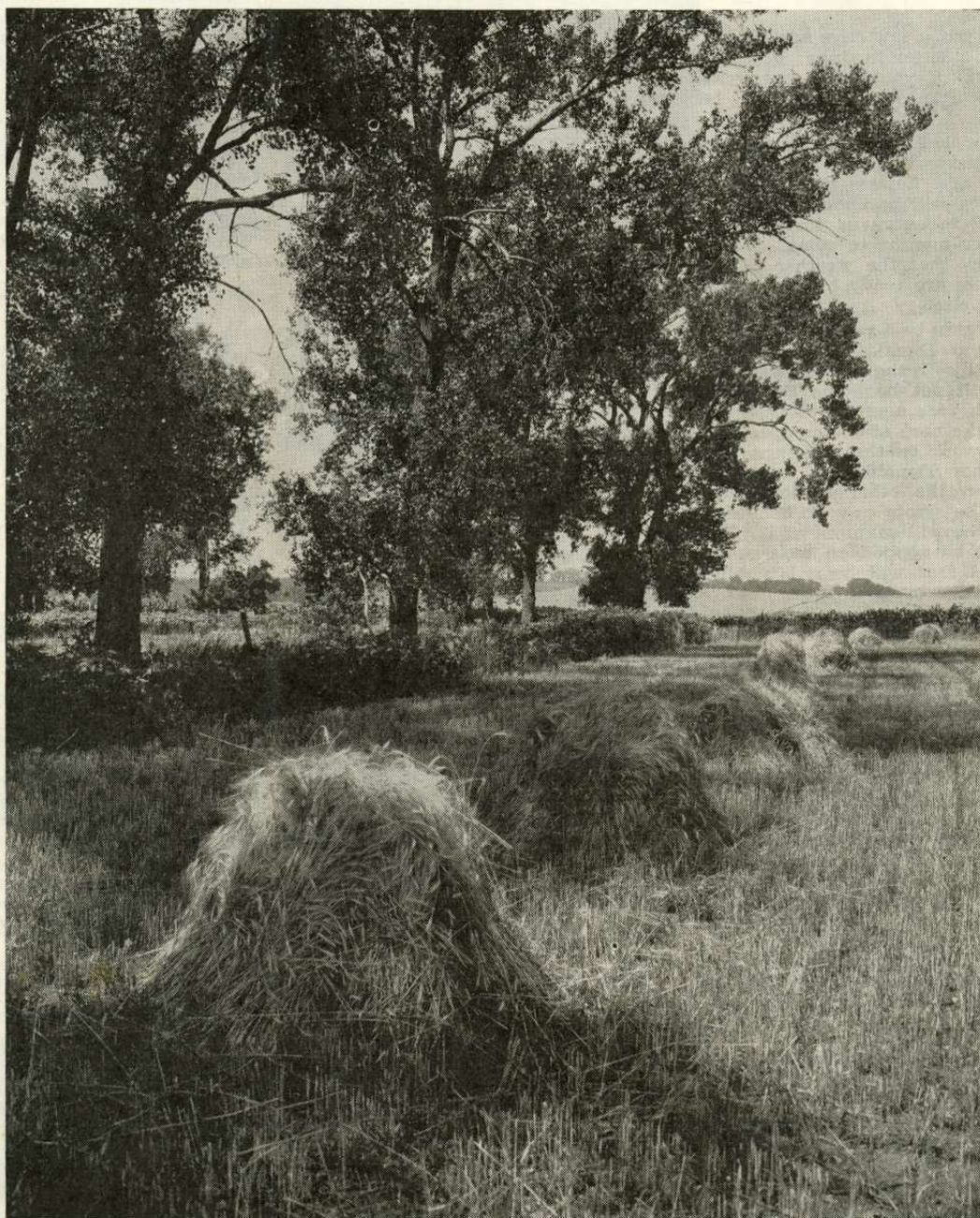
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“Of Thee I Sing”



A LETTER FROM LEANNA

Kitchen - Klatter Magazine

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LEANNA FIELD DRIFTMIER
Shenandoah, Iowa

Dear Friends,

It seems but a few days ago since I wrote you a letter in June; but here I am again. If you would just write to me as often, we would *both* be happy.

We have had lots of cool rainy weather during the past month, and the lawns and flowers are beautiful. Surely there will be enough moisture in the soil to carry us through the hot summer months to come.

Well, now that the weather is disposed of, we are ready to visit about something else.

It is going to be a rather quiet summer for us. Donald, who has just completed his freshman year at Park College, will not be home this summer. Each year a group of boys are hired to take care of the campus and do repair work on the buildings, and this summer Donald was asked to stay. When the other students left for home he wrote a very homesick letter, but he will snap out of it. His salary will be applied on next year's tuition and that will be a big relief to the family budget. Park College is only a four hour drive from Shenandoah and we will get down to see him as often as we can.

Margery is planning on attending summer school at Maryville State Teachers College, the last part of the summer. She would attend the whole summer, but I need her with me when I go on my vacation. Wayne will have work here in Shenandoah.

We were much relieved to have a cable this past week from our son Frederick, who teaches in a Mission College in Egypt. We were wondering where he would spend the summer as the war had made it unsafe for him to go north to the Mediterranean Sea shore as he did last summer. He had written earlier in the year that he might visit the Holy Land this summer, but we knew that would not be safe, now.

The cable was from the Egyptian Sudan. It was sent from Khartoum, the capitol, which is situated where the White Nile and the Blue Nile meet. The Encyclopedia says it is 100 hours from Cairo, by train, so it must be quite a ways from the war zone. He is having the opportunity to see another part of Africa. I hope he doesn't explore too far into the jungles. He writes that unless the war is over by next summer he won't be able to return home as he has planned. Let's hope it is over.

My sister, Mrs. Fischer, whom many of you know, is well and kept busy

entertaining friends in her garden. Her daughter Gretchen, of Iowa City, and her family were visitors during the flower show and another daughter, Mary, who is returning to California from a trip to New York City, will stop over for a few days visit. The youngest daughter, Louise, lives in California. She has not been home since she went west to live.

I have had many requests to have the story of my life, which was printed during the past two years in this magazine, published in book form. I will try to do this in the fall.

You might be interested in knowing that the Kitchen-Klatter Magazine goes into nearly every state in the United States now, and the subscription list is steadily growing. If any of you feel inspired to write a poem or an article, send it to me. I might find a place for it in these columns.

Sincerely your friend,

—Leanna.

VACATION

I find it quite impossible,
To hie away and rest,
Away from cares and troubles,
To distant mountain crest.

So I shall stay at home this year
And send my cares away
Upon a long vacation,
While I enjoy each day.
(Ruth Smeltzer.)

Many of you will find it impossible to get away from home for a week of vacation this year, but don't fail to capture the day, now and then, when you can take a short trip to a neighboring city or park or even drive to Shenandoah, if you are not too far away.

If it is not possible to get away for even a day, set aside a few hours each afternoon to relax and rest. Read some good travel books or write the letters you have been planning to write.

You girls and boys who have been away at school this year, accepting the opportunities Dad and Mother have made it possible for you to have, should show your appreciation by doing every thing you can, during the summer months, to make their work easier. They haven't said much, but I imagine it has been a real sacrifice for them to give you a college education. Don't do this as a *duty* but be happy as you work, glad of the opportunity to lift a part of the burden from their shoulders.

VACATION TIME

Your children look forward to vacation time to play, and often they depend on Mother to suggest *what* they shall play.

Above all things you want their play to be *safe*. Riding on a hay fork or running back and forth across the street, dodging cars, are not exactly safe pastimes. If you don't want your children to resort to this kind of entertainment, you will have to substitute something to take its place. This will mean time taken from your regular schedule to plan play hours, but it will be time well spent.

I remember when our children were little, I suggested they construct a State Fair grounds. I spent an hour with them out under the maple tree helping to lay out the grounds, but once they got the idea they spent days constructing race tracks, ferris wheels and merry-go-rounds.

One summer Ted and Wayne made a miniature golf course in our back yard, which the whole family enjoyed.

For small children a sand pile is indispensable. A cool, wet sand pile is a pleasant place to play on a hot day.

REFRIGERATION

Many of you are using an electric refrigerator for the first time, and I know, want to get all possible benefit from it.

In the first place, it should be placed so that it fits into the scheme of good kitchen planning. I have changed the location of mine three times before I have it in the most convenient place. It should be near the kitchen table and sink, if possible.

Remember, each time you open the door of the refrigerator, warm air rushes in, so plan to make each trip count. You will save money as well as time.

Keep milk, cream and butter in the coldest part of the refrigerator and keep them covered for they absorb odors. Meat, fish and poultry should be covered loosely with oiled paper. Eggs should be taken from the sack and placed in a wire basket or a pan. Keep vegetables for salads in a crisp-pan or wrapped in a wet cloth.

Refrigerators should be washed thoroughly once a week. Remove all the food and scrub the walls and shelves with soap and water. A good time to do this is when it needs defrosting. Scald ice cube trays with soda water if you want them to stay sweet and clean.



I visit the flower show. Note the unusual arrangements on this table.

Come into the Garden with Helen



Rock garden at the home of Mrs. Patterson, Peru, Nebr.

ROCK GARDENS

By Helen Field Fischer

In this age of the mechanical and the artificial, we delight in bringing Nature into the intimate part of our yard. Most of us have within us a bit of the pioneer love of the wild and we find pleasure in reproducing as nearly as possible some rustic picture that, seen long ago, has lived in our hearts. Since Nature is most picturesque in her arrangements of rocks and water forms, we are turning more and more to pools and rock gardens. The more exactly these can be made to reproduce natural effects, the more successful they are. You are fortunate if you have an inclined bank or terrace where rocks can outcrop as naturally as on a hillside. On the farm the slope of the cave often gives this opportunity. "A Rock Garden" means such a place with the addition of flowers established in earth pockets among the rocks. Most plants thrive in such situations. The rocks carry the warmth of the day over into the night and the coolness of the night over into the day and it is always moist under a rock where the roots grow. Many of you have written in for exact rules, but there are no rules except to avoid regularity or artificiality to bury the rocks from one-third to one-half their thickness, and set them so as to shed water back into the soil rather than off, as shingles.

Combined rock and water features are possible such as springs, grottoes, waterfalls and little streams whose concrete bed is well hidden by overhanging rocks and mosses. If your yard is perfectly level, a sunken pool with rocks built up the slope to the level of the lawn is one good effect and slab steps could lead down to the water's edge from one point. Do not be afraid to use your ingenuity. This is a new art and your guess is as good as that of the other person, but remember that Nature does not arrange rocks in round mounds arising sharply from a green lawn. There should always be a shrubby background into which your garden disappears, leaving the suggestion that other rocks might exist farther back out of sight. — Helen Field Fischer.

SHARING OUR FLOWERS

By Mrs. R. J. Duncombe

Along in July comes a time when we stand midway between Spring planting and Fall planting. It is the time which we give to the proper enjoyment of our season's work. The annuals begin to come into bloom, and with them comes the joy of sharing our flowers with others.

The enjoyment of giving seems to belong especially to gardeners, for the very act of giving brings a very special happiness all its own, and thus the gardener also receives a gift besides giving one. The gift seems to carry a blessing for both.

There are many ways in which we may share our flowers. In early spring when we re-arrange our borders, much will have to be divided for its own good, or perhaps moved to a new location. There are many who will welcome the surplus. A generous gardener often makes a special practice of using as fillers in the border, many plants which may easily be divided, when it is found that they are taking up too much space. These are usually the hardy perennials which readily yield themselves to even an amateur's care. And a seed packet of annuals will often provide dozens of plants for dividing among friends.

Summer brings flowers to share in bouquets for the shut-in, for the child without a flower garden at home, for the church and for those without the means of having their own flowers. The timid child will not always ask, but what child does not love and care for a flower? Children coming past the yard on their way to school will love to take something pretty to their teacher, who in turn will appreciate the thoughtfulness back of the bouquet. Children will not often maliciously destroy flowers if they learn to share them with others.

When thinking of sharing flowers, look ahead to winter days, even when summer's heat is upon us. It will soon be time to start new plants for winter. Many late sown annuals begin to come into bloom late in summer. These may be potted up in small cans and cared for until the time comes when a small gift is desired for a friend. Even the commoner petunias are very good for this purpose. They will not be thought common next winter when the ground is white or barren, but will gladly grace some one's window. The dwarf blue ageratum also is very adaptable for this purpose. Coleus and geranium among the house plants, also slip and root easily.

Those of us who like to gather seed may also have the pleasure of sharing it next winter with many people. Not all of the seed pods need to be left on the plant to develop into seed. Just leave on those which are the least conspicuous. Gather seed on a dry sunny day in the middle of the afternoon. Spread it on papers in a sunny, airy room and when completely dry, store in small bottles or bags, properly labeled. What fascinating little packets of seed we can make from these next winter, just large enough to tuck into a letter. Nature is prodigal in making her seed, but we can help her scatter it.

ADAM MADE A GARDEN

Adam made a garden,
Turning virgin sod,
Dreaming dreams of Eden
Where he walked with God.

Angels' wings yet flutter
In the swaying trees;
Wordless whispers murmur
In the passing breeze.

Flowers breathe of Eden,
Knowledge fruits at will;
Rivers murmur secrets,
Pools lie dreaming still.

Men still walk in gardens
Silently in prayer;
For the Father's presence
Ever lingers there.

—Helen Loudon.

THE CRITIC

A little seed lay in the ground
And soon began to sprout.
"Now, which of all the flowers around,"
It mused, "shall I come out?"

"The lily is so fair and proud,
But just a trifle cold;
The rose, I think, is rather loud,
And then its fashion's old.

"The violet—it is very well,
But not a flower I'd choose,
Nor yet the Canterbury bell—
I never cared for blues."

And so it criticized each flower,
This supercilious seed,
Until it woke one summer hour,
And found itself a WEED!



TRIBUTE TO DAD

by Lucile Driftmier Verness

Those of you who have been family friends for a long time know how much trouble we children have had when we tried to give you true glimpses of Mother, but I can assure you that it is even more difficult to say anything about Dad. He likes to stay strictly behind scenes, and we certainly would abide by his wishes and leave him there were it not for the fact that he very much deserves being the subject of a little sketch.

I'm sure that many of us feel the same way about Father's Day—from one end of the country to the other there are loyal, devoted fathers who combine with their children to celebrate Mother's Day in grand style, but who expect absolutely no remembrance of any kind when their own day rolls around. This is a state of affairs that should be corrected, I think, and by way of taking action on my behalf I'm going to answer the request that many of you have made to "tell us something about your father."

When we seven children were little we thought that no harm could befall us as long as Dad was around. Today when we are grown we still depend upon him in this fashion, not for small, inconsequential things now, but for big things that have come with our adult lives. Tucked away in all of our hearts is the knowledge that no matter what happens we can trust to Dad to straighten it out, and all of us are old enough to appreciate how rarely this is true in our turbulent world.

Vivid memories come back to me out of the past. I remember, for instance, how the seven of us watched for Dad to come home when a big storm was brewing. Iowa windstorms are not to be laughed at, you know, and as soon as we saw one coming we went to the telephone and called Dad to say that all of the windows were closed and when did he think

that he would be home? Then whoever had talked to him would turn away and say with relief, "Well, Dad's coming home so everything's all right."

This put the storm in its place. If Dad was at home nothing could happen! The minute his car turned into the driveway we sighed comfortably, and went about whatever we were doing with the warming knowledge that no storm could really bother us while Dad was in the house. I know now that he will laugh when he reads this, acutely aware of the fact that he couldn't check the powers of a tornado if it decided to come our way, or change the course of a lightning bolt, but just the same, Dad, I want you to know that old as we are, I noticed that we all looked to you for security last summer when some vicious looking clouds came sneaking along the horizon!

All of us knew, too, that we would never want for anything with Dad at the helm of our household. I don't believe that any man has ever lived who took more interest in keeping every essential supplied. In the winter we knew that the basement would be full of coal, and that no cold spell could last so long that it would find our bins half-empty.

And it was the same way with food. We knew that in the fall he would buy apples and potatoes and pumpkins, and that throughout the entire year he would keep a weather eye on the storeroom shelves. We never had to run down to see if we needed canned peas or beans or peaches or cherries.

I can never remember needing something for the house that he wasn't able to supply. I know that last summer when I was making strawberry sun preserves I needed sheets of glass to cover the trays, so I went out to the garage where he was working and said, "Dad, I need some sheets of glass." And he went over to the corner and reached up on some shelves and produced the glass. This impressed me, because I realized again that we'd have to ask for something like stones from Tibet or a wooden plough from Iraq if we expected to stump him. Even then he wouldn't be stumped. He'd simply say, "Well, if you want this plough I'll look up something on the subject and give you the figures." He's a walking mine of information, you see.

Home-work was never a problem in our family. Dad could tell you anything, but he made us ferret out facts for ourselves so that we would have a working knowledge of the encyclopedias and maps that he always provided us with. He loved his books, and we respected them and took a lively interest in every new purchase that he made. I didn't appreciate until later years the good fortune that we had to grow up in a home where there were many, many books and good music, two things that he would never do without.

It was Dad who taught us to be intelligently optimistic. Regardless of how difficult things might be, he always believed that a happy solution could be found. But the important thing about this was that he *worked* out the solution; he didn't sit down and wait for the ravens to feed him.

He looked at the situation from every possible angle, turned over every conceivable course of action, and then set to work on it confident that good results would be produced. From this example all seven of us learned to regard our problems in the same light, and surely a more valuable character asset could not be given to ones children.

Now that I am in a home of my own and know the financial problems that are involved in managing a household, I wonder countless times how Dad managed so well to meet the never-ending and heavy expenses for our large family. Think of buying shoes for seven children and winter coats and nice-looking clothes! Think of the food that seven children can consume! Think of the doctor bills and hospital bills and college bills! Think of the expense involved in maintaining a large house, and a car that all seven of us were permitted to use! No, my head reels when I think of the figures, and I realize that none of us will really ever know how he managed so well year in and year out, through good times and through very bad times.

There are so many things that I should like to say, but my space is limited and details must be carefully sorted. Yet I cannot conclude this without telling you about one thing that Dad gave to all of us, and that is a sense of respect and appreciation for older people. He taught us to listen with interest to elderly people because they had had many experiences. He taught us also to speak courteously and respectfully. There was no "sassiness in our house—not a word of it, and there was no impudence outside of our house either. I remember that he once sent me to apologize to a neighbor for talking a little too "smartly" about something that had come up, and I'm mightily glad that he did for it made a lasting impression on my mind—from that day to this I have thought of it when I was tempted to speak rudely.

All seven of us owe a boundless debt to Dad. We have him to thank for a childhood and adolescence wherein the shadows of insecurity never had a chance to show their ugly heads. Dad made our home a Rock-Of-Gibraltar; it could survive the strongest winds. And we have him to thank for a keen sense of the history of this country, a perennially fresh interest in the settlement of our land. He taught us to be curious, to question, to look behind the scenes and say "Why?" He taught us to live up to our word, and to meet our responsibilities honestly, and to be loyal to Home, Church and Country.

YOU WILL NEVER BE SORRY

For living a white life;
For doing your level best;
For your faith in humanity;
For being kind to the poor;
For looking before leaping;
For hearing before judging;
For being candid and frank;
For thinking before speaking.

—Anon.

A LETTER FROM EGYPT

Written by our son who teaches in a Mission College in Assuit Egypt.
—Leanna

Assiut, Egypt December 1, 1940

It seems but a short time ago that I was writing you with the letters dated 1939, and now I will soon be dating them 1941. The happy days will be when I start dating them 1942, for then it will not be long until I am back in the good old U.S.A. again.

It is really strange how one can adjust himself to war and the necessary restrictions on one's personal life. I ride on the pitch black streets without any kind of a light almost as easily as I do in the day time. Once in a while I have a narrow escape from collision. We can now have lights in our rooms. There was a time last spring when we couldn't. Of course, if we wanted to worry, we could find much to worry about, but we just *don't worry*. The situation does tell on our nerves. We never show anxiety on the outside, but we all feel it on the inside. I am afraid it makes me rather quick tempered at times.

On Wednesday night we had our community Thanksgiving prayer meeting. There were more than one hundred American people there. Our Thanksgiving dinner was on the lawn, as usual, and we had a fine dinner. After dinner we sang American songs and then played games.

We get very little American news here and we surely enjoy every bit that we get. The American broadcasts come in very late at night here and it is impossible to listen to it and get a good night's sleep and in this climate you have to have your sleep. I have really learned to like my bed.

Please do not regret sending air mail letters. They are the only ones we get. So far, nothing has been censored out of your letters.

Believe it or not, we are suffering from cold. Our school rooms are the coldest rooms in Egypt. The only warmth comes from the sun. I dress as warmly as I can. Many of the students do not have enough clothing to keep them warm. Assiut is the coldest city south of Cairo, and also the hottest in the summer. The reason for this is our location. The Nile valley is very narrow and has high desert plateaus on both sides. The desert at night is terribly cold and the north wind blows continually. My roommate suffers so from fleas that we can't have a rug in our room. This makes it seem colder.

This half year has gone very quickly but it has been a difficult one. I teach very large classes and the discipline has to be severe. At the end of the teaching day, I am a wreck. I have 210 copybooks to grade out of school hours so you can see I am really busy. I do find time to play a game of tennis every day. This helps to refresh me mentally and physically.

The pictures of the new addition are grand. I shall not know the old place when I return. I haven't been behind the wheel of a car since I left America and will look forward to driving the car when I return. And am I anxious to get home! Egypt is nice, but "God Bless America, the land that I love."

January 15.

I regret three weeks have passed



Frederick and the boatman who took him on a three day trip up the Nile river.

since I last wrote to you, but they have been busy weeks for me. Jud Allen and I started by train for Aswan at 1:30 A.M. on our vacation. We wore overcoats and each had a blanket to wrap up in. We reached Aswan at noon the next day, after a long, tiresome trip. Much of the way from Luxor to Aswan the train winds through the desert, and there is nothing but sand and rocks on both sides. The dirt and dust are dreadful. After leaving Luxor the fertile valley becomes narrower and narrower until it dwindles to nothing at all at Aswan. We went through one very interesting section where some enterprising foreigners had turned a great area of the desert into a very fertile sugar cane section. To look at that desert one wouldn't dream that anything could ever grow out of it, but the waters and silt of the Nile can work miracles. Love to all,

—Ted.

SPEAK GENTLY

I can remember when I was teaching, one of the points of school room discipline I found most successful was this—and the same methods works in disciplining children in the home speak in a low, well modulated voice. I have found that the quickest way to calm an excited or angry child is to speak gently. I learned that a loud voice and angry words only made the situation worse. Mothers who scream at their children usually have children who scream back.

A pleasing voice can be cultivated but back of it the soul must be cultivated, too. No matter how charming one's manners may be, or how beautiful their face, if they have a coarse unpleasant speaking voice, they lose much of their attractiveness.

One does not have to have a college education or a course in voice culture to improve their speaking voice. Read beautiful poems aloud, trying to put the feeling expressed by the poem, into your voice. You will soon notice definite improvement, not only in your own voice but in the voices of your children, for they learn most rapidly by imitation.

Don't miss a copy of Kitchen Klatter Magazine. Send in your renewal promptly. Order from Leanna Driftmier, Shenandoah, Iowa.

KITCHEN-KLATTER BOOSTERS

"I missed my Kitchen-Klatter badly. A boy called at my door and tried to sell me a magazine he claimed had a lot of good helps. I told him I wouldn't trade seven years of that paper for one year of your Kitchen-Klatter."—Mrs. Will Stastny, Wilber, Nebr.

"I am still 100% for your little paper. It is so good, I read and re-read them over and over. Hope you stay well and can put the little paper out for many more years." I let so many of my friends read them and they like the recipes so well."—Mrs. Lettie Fleming, Barclay, Kans.

"I can't express how much I enjoy your magazine I keep every one of them and read them again and again. I have every copy from April 1927. I know I will be a subscriber for your Magazine as long as you print it."—Mrs. Anton Bunde, Hayti, So. Dak.

"I got the Kitchen-Klatter last year for the first time and I think it is a grand little Magazine. Even my husband and ten year old son can hardly wait till I get through reading it so they can have it. I decided I would do without something else rather than have to do without Kitchen-Klatter."—Mrs. Ralph Brenneman, Wellman, Iowa.

"I never saw a paper beat the Kitchen-Klatter for games and fun. I read it from cover to cover. I save all mine and whenever I have some entertainment I haul out my Kitchen-Klatters and always find some games of some sort."—Mrs. W. C. Steege, St. James, Minnesota.

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.

A LETTER FROM LUCILE

Dear Friends:

I have a little notebook here beside my typewriter in which I have jotted down the things that I wanted to remember to tell you, and I see that the first item is: "don't forget about the

trip to Twenty-nine Palms.



Now that Russell and I have a car we have seen much more of this area. About two weeks ago we drove to twenty-nine Palms, a small desert

resort, and on our way we stopped in Redlands, the town where Grandmother and Grandfather Field lived after they moved to California from Iowa. We drove past their old home and I had Russell take a picture to send to mother, for I wanted her to see the house where she lived for several years. I missed a big Palm tree that stood in the front yard, but otherwise it all looked very much as it did back in 1924 when we spent a few days there with Aunt Susan Conrad.

We stayed that night at Twenty-Nine Palms, and the next morning we got up bright and early and drove through the Joshua Tree National Monument. It was a beautiful day, and there were just enough clouds in the sky to form a dramatic background for the twenty or thirty pictures that Russell snapped. We drove for three hours through this desert monument without seeing a soul or hearing one sound of life. The stillness was almost eerie, and it seemed to me as though we must be at least a thousand miles from the nearest human beings.

It was the most beautiful time of the year to see the desert. The entire sandy floor was a sea of bloom, strange, little flowers that blossom only on the desert for a few days each year. I am sure that those of you who love rare and exotic plants could have found enough in that three hours to occupy yourselves for a lifetime. My only regret was that our pictures couldn't be in color.

Since this trip to Twenty-Nine Palms we have had many lovely drives around Los Angeles and down to the beach. It was last Sunday afternoon that I had the unexpected and unpleasant experience of almost stepping on a rattlesnake. Years ago when we were in California, Dad had told us to be careful about getting out of the car near weeds in areas where rattlesnakes might very well be, and this had always stuck in my mind. Consequently when I stepped out of the car last Sunday on a little-traveled canyon road, I looked down before I started walking and it's very fortunate that I did so, for not more than two feet from me and right in my path, was a big diamond-backed rattlesnake. I wanted to scream and run, but I was so close to it that any violent action or sound would alarm it, so I stood frozen and completely silent while it moved away into the weeds.

Like most people, I never expected to see a big rattlesnake outside of a



California Desert.

snake farm or a zoo, so it gave me a terrific start to see one right at my feet. I'm sure that Dad has long since forgotten the Sunday afternoon in 1924 when he told us to be careful, but through all of the years his warning has stuck in my mind and very possibly it saved my life, for with two or three more steps things might have turned out differently—and we were a good twenty miles from a doctor over a road which you could only negotiate at twenty-five miles per hour.

The other day we drove to Santa Monica to visit some friends who have a nine-months old baby, and I wish you could see him! Never in my life have I seen a baby so brown. He spends the entire day on the beach, and if he had been dipped in a bucket of dark brown honey he couldn't be more evenly tanned. Looking at him I thought that any baby so healthy would surely live to be a hundred.

There are so many things to tell you that I could really fill two of these pages before I had gotten a good start, but since my space is limited I must say goodnight for now. I know that most of you are in the busiest time of the year, so I send you my best wishes and hopes that everything goes as smoothly for you as possible.

—Lucile

WHAT MATTERS

What matters when you join the fold,
If your name is called when young or old;

In looking back I think you'll find
What counts is what you leave behind.
Not jewels—riches—not your wealth—
Not even face—not robust health.
So many leave all these and more
When passing to that other shore.
The only legacy that death defies
Is love—that lives—that never dies.
So give your life—spend all your years
Then, when death claims its time to sever,

We'll live in loving hearts forever.

—May Robson.

KITCHEN KLATTER KINKS

Reviving the Furniture.

To revive the beauty of your fumed oak furniture, wash with lukewarm mild soapsuds and dry at once. If there are any bad scratches or chipped spots, rub with a small swab dipped in iodine. After these spots have been touched up, make a mixture of several drops of iodine in a cup of raw linseed oil and go over the entire surface, using a soft woolen cloth. Be sure to give the furniture a good rubbing if you expect a satin-like finish.—Mrs. Chas. Hodges, Burlington Junction, Mo.

To Clean White Poreclain

My white porcelain cabinet top was stained. I poured some purex (a commercial bleach) on it and let stand for a few minutes, then washed off and it was pretty and white as new.—Mrs. Eugene Sharp, Santa Fe, Mo.

Washing Machine Help.

To keep your power machine from sliding around on a cement floor, cut six-inch squares from an old tire and put one under each leg of the machine. This sort of "gives" and makes the machine run more quiet, especially those with gas motor on, and it stands perfectly still without so much rattle.—Mrs. Alfred Ranzinger, Franklin, Minn.

Sour or skim milk added to the water with which linoleum is washed, gives it a luster like new.

Greasy spots on wall paper may be removed by holding a piece of blotting paper over them and pressing with a hot iron.

A few stalks of rhubarb cut up and boiled in a tea kettle full of water will soften the deposit of lime so that it may be all scraped away.

The mixing pan can be quickly cleaned if a little boiling water is poured into it for a few minutes and a close cover put over it. The steam softens the dried dough so it will readily wash off.

To fasten the food chopper securely, place a piece of sand paper on the table, rough side down, before fastening the screws. To sharpen it, run a piece of sand-soap or cake cleanser thru. This also polishes the blades and removes grease.

Place a piece of string or tape across your preserve jars before adding the paraffin and you will have no trouble removing the wax when you wish to use the fruit.

To separate seeded raisins, wash the whole package in cold water.

Dip fish into scalding water for a minute and they will scale easily.

TO NEW SUBSCRIBERS

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

LEANNA DRIFTMIR
Shenandoah, Iowa

A HOME MAKER'S QUIZ

"A Kitchen Klatter Sister"

If you are a bad, inefficient housekeeper then I ask these questions:

1. Are you reasonably well?
2. Do you have an unusually large family?

3. Do you do work for wages away from home?

4. How do you have to wash?

I don't believe anyone of us can plan a schedule for another, for each family has its own problems and way of living. However, the first thing to do is look yourself squarely in the face and ask yourself "Why Can't I keep house nicely?"

1. Is it because you don't have the habit of putting things back where you found them?

2. Is it because you don't have a special place for everything?

3. Is it because you have accumulated odds and ends of decorations, furniture etc, that you really don't need, and the house would look better without?

4. Do you have any plan of procedure for your work, or do you do it haphazard?

5. Have you arranged your kitchen furniture, so you don't have to run your legs off? You don't always need to remodel the kitchen to make it handier, just get the work table, cabinet, stove, sink, etc. as close together as is convenient.

When you have figured out just why you can't keep house, it seems to me that you could tell how to remedy it.

Here are some of my time savers, also a general plan or work. Twice a year I clean house. The rest is done in weekly units and daily units. Washing, ironing, cleaning, baking, and mending are weekly jobs or semi-weekly jobs. I take a separate day for each.

Here are miscellaneous suggestions:

1. Sweep and dust thoroughly once a week. I do the upstairs on Friday and the downstairs on Saturday. A quick sweeping and dusting of table tops will do for the rest of week.

2. When you make the beds, pick up the clothes etc, straighten dresser tops and run the dust mop over the floor together up the lint.

3. Pump wash boiler water the night before. Get up an hour earlier on wash day. I fill the gas tank of washer and put clothes to soak the night before.

4. I don't iron sheets, pillow slips, tea towels or hand towels for every day use.

5. I like soap flakes for washing, because they work faster and better.

6. Don't wipe your hands on your dress or apron. You'll stay cleaner and save on washing, too.

7. I like simple kitchen and bedroom curtains, as they are easy to wash and iron.

8. A 45c pair of curtain stretchers were a big time saver for doing up lace curtains for me.

9. A small sponge and chamois skin make window washing easy and quick.

10. Don't loop your curtains over the pictures or around the stick in the blind. It looks untidy and musses the curtains and so causes you another curtain laundering. Pin them up with

spring type clothespins.

11. Pull the blinds evenly in a room. It looks better.

12. Keep the family photographs in a drawer. They are just that much more to dust.

13. Wring an old sheet quite dry. Spread it over the davenport and pat lightly. Much surface dust comes up on the sheet and is not scattered all over as when you brush the davenport.

14. Put pockets for shoes and slippers on closet doors or bedroom doors. I have one tacked on the back of my dresser. It keeps the bedroom floor neat.

15. Don't expect anyone to hang up wraps if there aren't any hooks.

16. We have a mitten box under the hooks.

17. Keep important papers and receipts in a box or drawer so you won't have to hunt all over for them.

18. Use oil cloth on shelves. A whisk with a damp cloth and they are clean.

19. Use liquid wax. It goes on easier and faster.

20. Scrape, and stack all dishes close to the dishpans. Put the rinsing pan to the left. It's easier. You won't have to dribble so much dishwater on the floor that way.

21. Put dishwater to heat before you sit down to a meal. It can heat while you eat.

22. Plan simple meals. They cost less are better for you and take less time to prepare.

23. If you are very busy, buy bread occasionally.

24. Put up clean towels, tea towels, etc., regularly.

25. I keep an emergency shelf. At present it has a small jar of sweet pickles, a bottle of maraschino cherries, a commercial salad dressing, ½ pound of cheese, a can of salmon, kidney beans, and hominy.

26. Last winter I gathered up all my old wornout housedresses and tore them up for rug rags. My! the space I had left in my closet. This winter I'm going to cut blocks for a comforter from innumerable old woolen garments.

27. I forgot to suggest a rubber scraper and paper towels for the kitchen.

28. Remember to take something each way when you are climbing stairs.

29. Put the schoolbooks, pencils, clean handkerchiefs and the overshoes and wraps in one place at night. In morning, put lunch pails close by. Lay



Mary Joe Kapfer, Marshalltown, Iowa.

out the clean clothes, too. It saves a mad scramble in the morning.

I live on a farm so I have chores to do. Here is how I manage that. About 4 p. m. I go outside, gather eggs, get cobs, wood, coal, empty ashes, care for chickens, get a pail of water, fill the lamps, trim the wicks, put separator parts together and occasionally help a little at the barn.

Before breakfast, I build fires, put the teakettle on, care for the chickens, put out clean milk pans and get breakfast.

Before bed, I pick up papers, magazines, apple cores, popcorn pans, etc. straighten furniture around, so a doctor could at least get in if we'd need him in the night.

This letter has been long. I hope my suggestions are of value, I'm not an extra good housekeeper, but the suggestions I've made have been learned by experience and I know they'll all contribute to keeping a home reasonably neat and still give the housewife a little while to rest.

Send me any interesting or unusual pictures you may have. Include a stamped addressed envelope if you wish them returned.—Leanna

Watto Says:

Iron, now, in half the time,
with a new, mextem electric
Streamlined Iron.

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IOWA-NEBRASKA LIGHT & POWER CO.





"Recipes Tested in the Kitchen Klatter Kitchen"

By LEANNA DRIFTMIER

WHITE CAKE

2 cups sugar
 ½ cup butter
 Cream together well then add
 3 teaspoons boiling water.
 Cream again until very light.
 Sift flour, then measure 3 cups
 1 cup cold water
 Add flour and water alternately to
 the sugar and butter mixture. Beat 4
 egg whites until frothy, add 2½ slightly
 rounded teaspoons baking powder and
 beat until stiff, like for angel food.
 Fold into above mixture and add 1
 teaspoon lemon flavor. Turn in three
 8-inch layer cake pans and bake in
 moderate oven (375 degrees) 25 or 30
 minutes. It can be baked in a long
 bread pan and iced right in the pan.
 An electric mixer may be used.—Ethel
 D. Smith, Hayesville, Iowa.

GRANDMOTHER'S HICKORY NUT LOAF CAKE

2 cups white sugar
 ½ cup butter
 1 cup milk
 3 cups flour
 3 teaspoons baking powder
 1 teaspoon vanilla
 1 cup chopped nuts
 7 egg whites
 Cream butter and add sugar gradu-
 ally. Sift flour and baking powder
 together. Add milk and flour alter-
 nately, beating well after each addi-
 tion. Add flavoring. Stir in chopped
 or rolled nuts. (I like to roll nuts
 with rolling pin.) Walnuts or hickory
 nuts may be used. Carefully fold in
 the beaten egg whites. Bake in loaf
 or layers.—Mrs. H.W.G., Dawn, Mo.

HEALTH BREAD

1½ cups brown sugar
 2 eggs, unbeaten
 3 cups milk
 2 teaspoons soda
 2 teaspoons baking powder
 3 cups whole wheat flour
 3 cups graham flour
 1 teaspoon salt
 1 cup raisins. One may add dates
 or nut meats, too.

Stir up in the same order as you do
 a cake, adding the dry ingredients to-
 gether before sifting. After it is all
 mixed, let stand in the pans 20 min-
 utes before baking. Bake in a slow
 oven, about 275 degrees, for one hour.
 This recipe makes 2 loaves, or may be
 baked in one loaf cake pan. Line the
 pans with waxed paper.—Mrs. C. L.
 Johnson, Des Moines, Ia.

BURNT CARAMEL CAKE

First Part

¾ cup sugar
 ½ cup hot water

Second Part

½ cup butter (scant)
 1½ cup sugar
 ¼ teaspoon salt
 2 eggs
 3 tablespoons burnt sugar syrup
 1 cup cold water
 2½ cups flour
 3 teaspoons baking powder

Melt the ¾ cup sugar until it turns
 dark brown, then add ½ cup hot water
 and let cook until consistency of syrup.
 Cool.

Cream the butter and sugar. Add
 egg yolks and 3 tablespoons of the
 burnt sugar made in first part. Beat
 well. Sift the dry ingredients together
 and add alternately with the cold
 water. Add the egg whites which
 have been well beaten, last. ½ tea-
 spoon of maple flavoring may be add-
 ed. Bake in loaf or layers. — Mrs.
 Ernest Arp, Brunswick, Mo.

ICE CREAM

3 cups milk
 1 cup sugar, less 2 tablespoons to be
 put with egg whites
 1 rounding tablespoon flour
 4 eggs, separated
 1/3 cup corn syrup
 pinch salt
 1 teaspoon vanilla
 1 cup cream, whipped
 Combine milk, sugar, flour, egg
 yolks, syrup and salt. Cook until
 thickened. While this is cooking, beat
 the egg whites very stiff and add the
 2 tablespoons sugar. When custard
 mixture is cooked, add beaten egg
 whites. When cool, add the whipped
 cream and vanilla. Pour into freezer
 tray and freeze. If it is frozen rather
 slowly, it does not have to be stirred
 while freezing. This makes a large
 tray full.—Mrs. Lee Brideson, Jamaica,
 Iowa.

To keep berry or other juicy pies
 from running over in the oven, wet a
 strip of heavy muslin 1½ inches wide,
 and place around edge of the pie. It
 also keeps the edge from getting too
 brown.

Alongside the parsley growing in
 our kitchen window, we have a pot
 of catnip. How "Tommie" does enjoy a
 nip of catnip every now and then!—N.
 M. J., Lincoln, Nebr.

PICKLE TIME

BREAD AND BUTTER PICKLES

1 gallon cucumbers
 12 onions
 4 cups sugar
 1 tablespoon celery seed
 small pinch of alum
 1 quart vinegar
 2 tablespoons tumeric powder
 1 tablespoon mustard seed.
 Slice cucumbers in quarter inch
 slices and soak over night in salt
 water. Drain, add sliced onions. Boil
 remaining ingredients five minutes.
 Add cucumbers and onions. Bring to a
 rolling boil and seal in jars.

SWEET DILL PICKLES

2 gallon pickles. Put a layer of
 pickles (washed), dill and grape leaves
 (washed) until all are packed. Add 1
 cup salt and 5 quarts of water, and
 let stand 2 weeks, then wash and cut
 in pieces and pack into jars. Make
 a syrup of 2 cups sugar, 1 cup vinegar
 and spices to suit taste. Boil and pour
 over pickles hot, and seal at once.—
 Mrs. J. M. LeBruin, Oskaloosa, Iowa.

PICKLES LIKE YOU BUY

Make brine strong enough to hold an
 egg and add 3 gallons cucumber
 pickles (not too small). Let stand 2
 weeks or longer. Then wash, slice
 lengthwise, and soak in cold water un-
 til no salt remains—or but very little.
 Soak again in alum water—2 table-
 spoons to 2 gallons of pickles and just
 enough water to cover. Soak 24 hours.
 Remove, wash and boil in strong ginger
 water—1 tablespoon ginger to 1
 gallon of water—for 30 minutes. Wash,
 drain or dry with cloth, and place in
 stone jar. Scald every day with the
 following:

1½ quarts vinegar
 1 quart water
 5 pounds white sugar
 Spice to taste
 Do this until the pickles are clear,
 no less than 5 mornings and more if
 necessary.

UNCOOKED RELISH

1 bunch of celery
 6 medium carrots
 6 pounds cabbage
 12 green peppers
 6 medium onions
 1½ cups salt
 Grind and mix together with salt.
 Let set 2½ hours. Put in sack and
 drain. Then add 3 pints vinegar, 4 cups
 sugar, 2 tablespoons celery seed, 2
 tablespoons mustard seed. Seal un-
 cooked.

PICKLED WAX BEANS.

Boil beans in salted water. When
 nearly done, lay them carefully in col-
 ander to drain. Boil 1 pound sugar,
 1 quart vinegar, with spices to suit
 taste. Lay beans in jars carefully.
 Pour hot syrup over.

Order one of my "Pickle and Relish"
 Cook Books. Also contains recipes for
 Jams, Preserves and Jelly. Price only
 25¢.—Leanna Driftmier, Shenandoah,
 Iowa.

JELLY ROLL

- ½ cup all purpose flour
- ½ teaspoon baking powder
- ¼ teaspoon salt
- 4 eggs
- ¾ cup sugar
- 1 teaspoon vanilla

Sift flour, measure, sift again with baking powder and salt. Beat egg white until stiff but not dry, fold in sugar gradually. Beat egg yolks until thick and lemon colored, add to egg whites, add flavoring. Fold in flour mixture gradually. Pour into flat baking sheet (15x10½x1/2) which has been lined with well-greased heavy wrapping paper. Bake in moderately hot oven (400 degrees) 10 to 15 minutes or until done. Turn immediately from pan onto cloth. Remove paper from bottom, trim crusty edges off side. Spread with any desired tart jelly roll up, wrap in cloth and chill. Serves 8 to 12. You may use currant jelly, orange marmalade, apple butter or lemon custard for filling.—Mrs. G. F. C., Rayville, Mo.

In Sour Cream Devil's Food Cake recipe in March issue, make these corrections. 4th ingredient is 1 teaspoon vanilla. 7th ingredient is 1 teaspoon soda.

EGG YOLK SPONGE CAKE

12 egg yolks (from large angel food cake)

- 1½ cups sugar, sifted

Beat eggs until light. Add sugar slowly. Beat 10 minutes. Add alternately 1½ cups sifted cake flour and 12 tablespoons very hot water, then flavor with 1 teaspoon lemon extract. Last add 3 teaspoons baking powder. Bake at 350 degrees 50 to 60 minutes, or add chopped fruits or nuts and bake in a flat pan for 30 minutes. Cut in squares and serve with whipped cream.—Mrs. L. W., Burlington Junction, Mo.

BAKELESS CHOCOLATE CAKE

- 1½ pound Lemon wafers
- 1 pint whipping cream
- ¼ cup sugar
- 2 bars Sweet Chocolate
- 3 tablespoons hot water
- 2/3 cup sugar
- 3 eggs
- 1 teaspoon vanilla

Melt chocolate over hot water in the double boiler. Add the water and 2/3 cup sugar. Add 1 egg and beat thoroughly, add second egg and beat again, then add third egg and beat. Cook for 3 minutes. Add vanilla and cool.

To put the cake together, roll the wafers until quite fine. Sprinkle half of them in a glass or granite baking pan. Whip the cream, add ¼ cup sugar and 1 teaspoon vanilla. Spread half of the whipped cream mixture on the wafers, then pour on all of the cool chocolate mixture. Spread on the other half of the whipped cream and add the rest of the wafers. Let stand over night in a cool place.—E. W., Redfield, Iowa

MUSHROOMS IN CASSEROLE

- 2 thick slices of round veal
- Salt, pepper and flour
- 3 tablespoons of fat
- 2 medium-sized onions, minced fine
- 2 cans of mushrooms
- 1 15-ounce can of tomato soup
- 1 package of egg noodles
- ¼ pound American cheese

Cut meat in inch square pieces, season with salt and pepper, roll in flour and fry. When almost done, put in the onions and brown. Add mushrooms cut in pieces, their liquor and the tomato soup. Boil noodles in salt water till tender. Grease a casserole and add first a layer of noodles, then a layer of the meat mixture, until dish is full. Bake till done. Before serving, sprinkle grated cheese over the top and brown slightly.

SMOTHERED CHICKEN

I large hen. Cook slowly and take from bones. Cut rather coarse. Put bones and pieces of fat in large kettle, pour water over and let simmer on stove. With this broth and what comes from chicken, make noodles, also dressing. Use 4 eggs for the noodles. Make them the day before and spread out to dry. Use 6 cups dried bread, cut in cubes, for the dressing. Grease an oblong square pan well, pour into it the cooked noodles. Spread the cut chicken over the noodles, then spread the dressing lightly over the top. Bake 35 or 40 minutes. Cut in squares to serve.—Mrs. H. T., Onawa, Iowa.

"Shoulder steak covered with milk is good. I dip meat in flour then fry to a light brown in skillet and then put into a bake pan. Bake slowly for 1 to 1½ hours. When the meat is lifted from the pan, delicious gravy can be made. I always add 2 tablespoons full of burnt sugar syrup to the gravy and it makes a nice brown gravy. Salt and pepper are the only seasonings I ever add to gravy but I like to add a little onion to dressing."—Grace Fasnacht, Diller, Nebr. Box 101.

COOKING HELPS

When making angel food, drop the yolks at once—whole—into hot water and let cook very slowly. They may be stored in refrigerator and used for salad, sandwiches, macaroni and cheese, or added to any vegetable such as peas, carrots, green beans etc. Do not stir the hot foods after adding the egg yolks.—Mrs. A. P., Shell Rock, Ia.

To clean a waffle iron when the grids become brown or a waffle burns on. Make a paste of baking soda and cold water and spread over the grids. Heat the iron barely enough to dry the paste, then brush well with a wire brush which can be purchased at a hardware store. Then wipe with a dry cloth. Before using again, heat and brush with cooking oil or melted butter. After using the waffle iron, brush the grids with the wire brush and wipe off with dry cloth, and never close a warm iron. Let it cool first.—Mrs. F. A. A., Klemme, Ia.

To can chicken. Dress them the night before or in the afternoon and let them cool. Then the next morning I pack them in the jars—first a drumstick, then a thigh, next to the thigh, place the two wings. Place the neck portion in center of jar with rib end down. Cover the neckpiece with back, spread white meat on top. Then I always put a little piece of their fat right on top. I use two level teaspoons salt to a quart and seal. Cook 3 hours in Hot Water Bath. This is delicious and so convenient to have on hand. It makes delicious sandwiches, too.—Mrs. R. E., Spirit Lake, Ia.

"I plan to make some doughnuts today and I've heard of a new way. Just use a cookie cutter. Roll the dough a little thinner than usual. Put a cooked dried apricot or any fruit in the dough, put another "cookie" on top of it, press the edges down a bit. Fry in hot fat the usual way."—Mrs. W. E. Byous, 422 Lee St., St. Joseph, Mo.

"How do you manage to have such good luck with your baking every time?"

"There's no luck about it when I use Mother's Best Flour—it's always dependable."



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
6:14 a. m.—Carl Haden
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.—Uncle Bill Reads Funnies (Sun.)
8:15 a. m.—Garden Talks
8:30 a. m.—Lem, Nancy and Sam
8:45 a. m.—Mid-Morning Devotions
9:00 a. m.—Homemaker's Visit
9:30 a. m.—Stamp's Quartet (Sun.)
9:45 a. m.—Jarry, Al, Chick & Johnny
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
11:00 a. m.—Chick Holstein
11:15 a. m.—KMA Country School
11:50 a. m.—Earl May
12:00 Noon—Earl May, News
12:15 p. m.—Golden River Boys
12:35 p. m.—Midday Melodies
12:45 p. m.—Live Talent

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.)
2:00 p. m.—Al and Faylon
2:15 p. m.—Major League Baseball Games
4:15 p. m.—The Bartons
4:30 p. m.—News
4:45 p. m.—Wings on Watch
5:00 p. m.—S. O. S. Program
5:15 p. m.—Dance Orchestra
5:30 p. m.—Drama Behind the News
(Mon. - Wed. - Fri.)
5:45 p. m.—Captain Midnight

EVENING

6:00 p. m.—Sports Review
6:00 p. m.—Star Spangled Theatre (Sun.)
6:00 p. m.—The World's Best (Thurs.)
6:15 p. m.—Evening Jamboree
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.—Hemisphere Revue (Wed.)
7:00 p. m.—Program of Pan American Music
(Thurs.)
7:00 p. m.—Ben Bernie's New Army Game
(Fri.)
7:00 p. m.—Spin and Win with Jimmy Flynn
(Sat.)
7:30 p. m.—News Here and Abroad
(Mon. - Tues. - Wed.)
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.—Ted Steele's Orchestra
(Mon. - Tues. - Wed. - Thurs.)
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.—Toronto Philharmonic Concert
(Thurs.)
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.—First Piano Quartet (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.-Fri.)
8:45 p. m.—Paul Martin and His Music
(Thurs.)
9:00 p. m.—Associated Press News (Sun.)
9:00 p. m.—Voice of Hawaii (Mon.)
10:00 p. m.—War News
10:15 p. m.—Newstime
10:30 p. m.—Newstime (Sun.)
10:15 p. m.—Associated Press News
11:50 p. m.—Midnight News
9:00 p. m. to 12:00 Midnight—Dance Bands—Ray Kinney, Bob Saunders, Clyde Lucas, Chuck Foster, Val Olmen, Bobby Byrnes, Blue Barron, Skinny Ennis, Gene Krupa, Cab Calloway, Jimmy Dorsey, Woody Herman, Dave Marshall, Don Kayes, Will McCune and others.



Robert Crandall of Charles City Iowa is in the U. S. Navy now. His cousin Peggy Lou Ferguson of Costa Mesa, Calif. is proud of him.

HOME DEFENSE
By Helen Loudon

Have you noticed that sooner or later, in every crisis in National affairs, an appeal for help is made to the housewives of our nation? Why should we care if the assessor lists us as "housewife—no occupation" when the very wisest men in our country are agreed that our work is very important, indeed!

We are asked to conserve, and to produce as much as possible. Most of us have been doing that, anyway. The depression taught so many of us that a big garden and a full cellar meant full tummies and healthier children. We became vitamin-conscious and our children are better fed and better nourished than they were back in the so-called "good" times in the 'twenties. Women's Clubs, the Farm Bureau women, and the 4-H girls have all studied these fascinating subjects.

Don't ever think that the feeding of children is unimportant. The entire structure of our nation rests upon these children of ours, and what we make of them is what our nation will be in a quarter of a century. When we build good bones, sound teeth and steady nerves into our children's bodies, we are stiffening the backbone of our nation, aren't we?

When we train our children to be neat and clean, to eat proper food, to be industrious, to follow the highest ideals of manners, morals, and religion, we exert a greater influence upon the future of America than all the political leaders together. They recognize this fact, and ask our help.

When we bring up our children with sound moral views and religious ideals that they will carry throughout life, we are truly defending the American home, and who wants a bigger job than that?



OVER THE FENCE

Another wedding this month. Frank Field's son, Robert, was married May 30 to Margaret Fritcher. They will make their home here in Shenandoah, where Robert works as a landscape gardener. Mrs. Field was formerly employed by the Earl May Seed Co.

The Shenandoah Flower Show was a huge success. We were fortunate that it didn't rain, for people came for miles to see the beautiful fields of flowers and the displays at the Armory and Seed Houses.

My daughter Dorothy's husband, Frank Johnson, has been learning to fly an airplane. He has made several solo flights but Dorothy and I still have our first airplane ride to take with him.

My daughter, Lucile Verness, has sold an article to the American Home Magazine. I don't know in what month it will be printed. I'll announce that later.

Mrs. Earl May and Edward are going to spend the summer in Mexico City, Mexico, where Edward will study Spanish at the University. They are making the trip in their car.

I would like to *break* a record for mail in July. All those of you who want to help me do this, write me a card or a letter. You owe me a letter, anyway, don't you? A letter is your way of saying thank you to me for the hours I spend preparing this (magazine) letter to you.

The Kitchen-Klatter listeners from one town in northern Iowa are chartering a bus to attend the Kitchen-Klatter picnic at Gilbert's Park, Spirit Lake, Iowa, June 26! Let's hope it doesn't rain! Some of you women who drive cars, invite your friends to ride with you. The more the merrier. I'll be hoping to meet many of my friends from Minn., So. Dak., and northern Iowa.

When you hear my voice over the radio during the week starting June 22, don't think I am not on a vacation. Before I leave home I will prepare records of Kitchen Klatter which will be used on the air while I am gone. In this way you will not have to miss one Kitchen Klatter program.

My sister, Sue Conrad, who makes the Polymeme pottery, will have a booth at the Iowa State Fair again this year where she will demonstrate making vases with a potter's wheel. Be sure to stop and speak to her if you visit the Fair this year.

Send 25c for copies of April, May and June Kitchen Klatter Magazines.

Leansa Driftmier, Shenandoah, Iowa

PRACTICAL POULTRY POINTERSBy **Olinda Wiles**

Now that the hot weather is with us, we have to give a little more thought to the handling and care of our eggs.

An egg soon takes on an inferior quality if not properly cared for after being gathered. They should be gathered as often in hot weather as in severe cold weather, as an egg that is broken in the nest and spread over other eggs in the nest is

not only a loss in itself, but has caused damage to the other eggs. An egg should never be washed unless it is to be used immediately, as washing an egg closes the pores of the egg shell and causes spoilage.

Eggs often acquire off-flavor from the hens eating spoiled food or something having a strong odor, such as onions. I remember when I was a small child of hearing my grandmother, who lived in a small town, complain to my mother about the eggs she was getting from her grocery man, who was also a butcher. She thought he fed his hens spoiled meat. Upon investigation, it proved to be onions instead. He had a truck patch, and had raised lots of onions, for which he had no sale. These found their way to his chicken yards and naturally, the eggs found their way to his grocery store. After a number of complaints, he discovered where the trouble came from.

Keep plenty of fresh water out for your chickens, and also provide some sort of shade during the heat of the summer.

News from Washington tells us that eggs are to be an important part in the diet of the boys in all training camps. Because eggs are rich in vitamins, their value in defense diet is stressed.

The same report says five percent of all eggs laid are lost by careless handling. With egg prices pegged at twenty-two cents per dozen, you can see that a small fortune is being lost every year in Iowa alone by careless handling of eggs. Let each one of us strive to stop this loss, not only for financial gain, but that this valuable article of diet may be more abundant in this time of great need.

ONCE UPON A TIME

Once upon a time there was a man and some kiddies who never tracked dirt into the house.

Once upon a time there was a man who always liked all the hats his wife bought.

Once upon a time there was a man who said he liked the can of beans on ham sandwich his wife prepared for his supper, when she had been to club and wasn't hungry, and he was expecting a big juicy steak!

—Mrs. Eli Espe, Radcliffe, Iowa.

SAFEGUARDING OUR CHILDRENBy **Maxine Sickels**

"He who has a child
Gives hostages to Fate."

There were never words written to the parents of children that rang more true. We may lose our homes and our wealth. For ourselves, we can find courage to face all of that. When we have children every loss that we suffer is a trial for them. Every ache and pain and grief of theirs is a cross for us to bear. There was never a mother who would not rather be sick or injured than have one of her's, suffer. That is Motherhood.

A column in our weekly paper lists the child fatalities in Iowa for the past week. They were caused by (1) a bonfire, (2) a switch engine, (3) an unloaded gun, (4) angry brood sows, (5) falling under the wheels of a loaded tractor. Reading over these reports, one might think, "That could never happen to my child," but it happened to some mother's baby!

Unceasing watchfulness is one of the prices of Motherhood. Small children are much better off in a playpen when their mothers cannot be on guard. Little fellows will play happily there. If the neighbors look down their noses and speak of "some people who treat their babies like puppies", laugh and go on your way. Your baby is much better there than loose on the street. Sometimes a porch can be fenced with a gate across the entrance. A sandpile, a sprinkling hose on the grass, a rope swing, a playhouse of any description, these are inducements for a runabout to stay at home.

Remember that a child of school age is young enough to trust alone in the yard, but what shall we do about the older ones? Every family should have a few safety rules for every member.

No guns to be left loaded, ever.

No swimming unless there is someone along who can really swim. All livestock to be treated with respect, and all machinery with suspicion.

Make your own list and observe them all diligently. Children learn by example, not by words.

(As I write, my boys have climbed to the top of the old elm in the yard and are all safely down again.) Just where are we to leave off teaching caution and teach bravery? That is a problem. The solution is entirely personal. No parent has any right to shadow a child's life with old fears. Neither is it child nature to live cautiously. They require an element of danger in some of their play to make it satisfying. Parents can remove the unnecessary dangers, and help face the necessary ones. An arm broken in a fall will not leave so serious a scar as the fear to climb at all.

There is an old saying that appeals to me whenever I think of raising children.

"Trust in God, and keep your powder dry."

I learned it from my Grandmother. She raised her nine under wilder conditions than I do and she met every emergency with "I trust in God—but I do all I can to protect them."

So should we all.

BEAUTY HINTSBy **Eva Hopkins**

July—Vacation time for many! Out door work for others! But in either



Eva Hopkins

case the hot burning rays of the sun can undo in a very short time, the best of complexions. We need the sun shine and perhaps a nice tan coating, but sun burn—never.

Maybe your complexion is the pride of your life, and again maybe it isn't. A little sun-tanning is good for you, a lot can be fatal. Anyway there is no excuse for a scorching.

There are ways of covering up what can't be corrected, and summer time most of all, is the time when one feels the need of security in makeup. Women like something that is easy and quick to use. A time saver if you please. Most of us like too, for our money to go as far as possible. Without doubt, a cream powder is the answer to your summer time problem for makeup.

Can you recognize the poison ivy plant? If not, look in the nearest encyclopedia, where you will doubtless find a picture and description. From then on avoid the plant if possible. If it is already too late, you may find relief from your own medicine chest. Make a paste of soda and witch hazel. Apply two or three times daily and be more careful next time. For the bee sting, try a solution of epsom salts. In extreme cases consult your physician.

I hope you have a very pleasant summer, and if I can help you in any way please feel free to write me.

THE OPTIMIST CREED

To be so strong that nothing can disturb your peace of mind.

To talk health, happiness, and prosperity to every person you meet.

To make all your friends feel that there is something in them.

To look at the sunny side of everything and make your optimism come true.

To think only of the best, to work only for the best, and to expect only the best.

To be just as enthusiastic about the success of others as you are about your own.

To forget the mistakes of the past and press on to the greater achievements of the future.

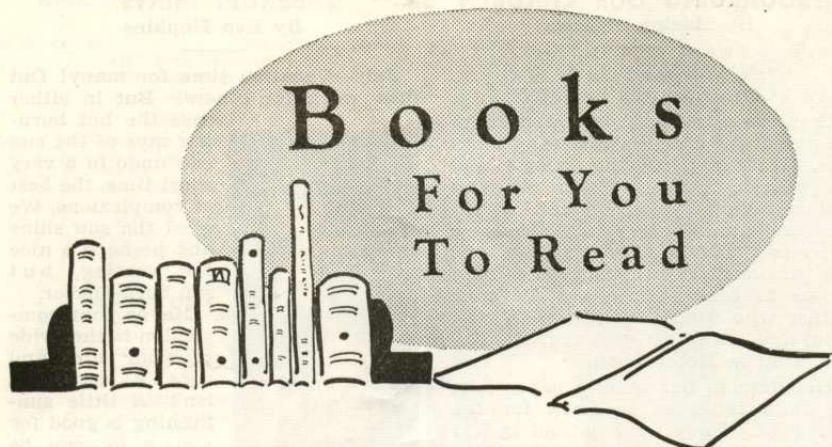
To wear a cheerful countenance at all times and give every living creature you meet a smile.

To give so much time to the improvement of yourself that you have no time to criticize others.

To be too large for worry, too noble for anger, too strong for fear, and too happy to permit the presence of trouble.

—Selected

KITCHEN-KLATTER POETS



By

MISS ANNA DRIFTMIER, Librarian

Clarinda, Iowa, Public Library

BOOKS TO READ

Biography written in the form of the novel is a delight to read. The conversational and dramatic touches lighten it, and when put into its proper historical setting, it surpasses fiction. The life of Galileo in *THE STAR GAZER* by De Haranyi; Robert Schumann and Clara Wieck in *SPRING SYMPHONY*, by Painter; Aaron Burr in *MY THEODOSIA*, by Seton; and *THE MAGIC BOW*, by Michael Komroff, the story of Paganini, the great violinist; and *CAPTAIN PAUL*, by Ellsberg, the story of John Paul Jones, are examples if it.

Erich Remarque's new novel, *FLOTSAN*, tells the tragic story of the vast numbers of people made homeless by the war, going about from one country to another in Europe, searching for a country to call their own. They are not wanted anywhere. The author's ability to describe the refugees in their plight makes *FLOTSAN* a book of importance. Mr. Remarque, you remember, wrote *ALL QUIET ON THE WESTERN FRONT*.

Sara Ware Bassett's readers will be delighted with her new book, *CROSS CURRENTS*, a Cape Cod story in which Robin Hale receives an inheritance that causes family trouble. Of course, a good romance completes the story.

For an hour of pleasure read *OH MILLERSVILLE*, a book of verse by an Iowa girl of the early 1900's. At the age of nine to eleven Fern Gravel (her pen name) had the ability to put in readable verse the story of her community with a seriousness that makes it humorous. She was glad to stay with Mrs. Smouse during the absence of her husband so that she could wash her hands with Pear's fragrant soap. But that was nothing compared with the joy of pushing the electric button in her hotel room just to see the bellboy come to the door.

DUST OF MEXICO, by Ruth Comfort Mitchell. Priscilla Carpenter, a New Englander, went to Mexico on a pleasure trip and found it the place where both joy and sorrow abounded. A fine love story.

EMBEZZLED HEAVEN by Franz Werfel. Teta Linek lived in Austria as a servant in kitchens of the rich. Because she had little money and less time, she never observed the behavior of her nephew whom she educated for the priesthood with her scanty earnings. How the reader is held with the march of events, and how he marvels at the faith of the woman who tries so hard to earn her salvation! *EMBEZZLED HEAVEN* is a splendid story.

THE RIVER RISES, by Helen Abbott Beals. Here is a story with an unusual New England setting. David Meade has given up his ministry in a church with a "promising future" to return to his home town church, where he hopes to regain complete health, only to find later that a huge reservoir is to be built on the village site.

THEY WENT ON TOGETHER, by Robert Nathan, is another of his well told stories. Paul and Sylvia meet on the road as refugees. The joy at first meeting soon changes to sorrow and heartaches as they meet more and more hazards enroute to an unknown future.

Watch for A. J. Cronin's new book *THE KEYS OF THE KINGDOM*, coming out later in the summer. It is the story of a priest who for 36 years fought alone, greatly handicapped, the diseased and famine-stricken people of China, and at the same time sought the permanent spiritual values in life.

Another book still in the offing is Evelyn Easton's *RESTLESS ARE THE SAILS*, a novel with the same French-Canadian background as her last book, *QUIETLY MY CAPTAIN WAITS*. Good adventure and romance.

HIS CROSS AND OURS, by Joseph Newton, and *DARE WE FACE FACTS*, by Muriel Lester, are timely books bringing a challenge to meet the difficulties squarely and hold to our faith in spite of them.

MY BOYS

Oh Neighbor, your home is so lovely,
With everything in it so neat,
While mine is in reckless disorder,
With traces of many small feet.
My living room floor is all littered
With playthings, torn paper and toys,
While you sit in your own so contented
Unmolested by presence of boys.

My woodwork and walls are dis-
figured
With traces of small boyish hands,
While everything that I see in your
home
In immaculate cleanliness stands,
Yes, I know that my boys are quite
noisy
And they're very mischievous, too,
And while I try to bring them up
rightly
I find there's a great deal to do.

Now, really, I'd like to have every-
thing neat,
All spotless and orderly, too,
But one lone pair of hands can't do
everything
Yet I'd not trade places with you.
And so I will smile as I toil all the day
And all longings and envy shall cease
While my boys are all here there is
plenty of cheer
And my home is filled with peace.

So keep your nice home in its order
All free from dirt and from noise.
But for unalloyed bliss and much
happiness
Give me my four dear boys.
Yes, I dread the time when my boys
are all gone
And I shall be lonely, like you,
For when my boys are all gone from
my home
Pray tell me, what shall I do?
—Eva C. Riney, Greensburg, Mo.

SWEET MYSTERY

I wonder what my babe will be
This child who soon will come to me.
I picture him a saucy lad with sunny
hair,
Just like his Dad.

But should it be a girl
With eyes of brown like mine and
hair in curl
It will not matter much
I will love and welcome her as such.

Dear Lord, all day I pray and long
To find my baby well and strong.
—Lulu Hubbard, Hurdland, Mo.

I DARE NOT COMPLAIN

A little more mud
And a little more water,
Perhaps I don't dread them
As much as I oughter.

All the while that I scrub
And clean as I must,
I keep remembering
Last summer's dust.

Mrs. Cecil L. Sickels,
Mount Ayr, Iowa

Our Hobby Club

For Subscribers to the "Kitchen-Klatter Magazine"

NOW IS THE TIME

If you are one of those people who wish they had a hobby, now is the time to decide to *have* one. Those of you whose families have grown up and do not need your time any more should have a hobby. There are many to choose from, all of them interesting. Your choice depends on your physical condition, your pocket book and your interest. If you are bedfast, you would not want to choose butterflies as a hobby; or if you are short on cash, do not aspire to collect antique glass ware.

The other day I read of a woman who made a hobby of dressing dolls to give to children at Christmas time—children who might not receive one, otherwise. This work may be started in the fall. If one does not have the money to buy dolls, all little girls love rag dolls.

HOBBIES

The other day a caller suggested that some time I group the names of the hobby people, putting all who collect dogs, poems, cactus, etc., together. This month I am giving you the names of some of the cactus fans. Other groups will be listed later.

Mrs. Walter Krienke, Sleepy Eye, Minn.

Mrs. Earl McIntosh, Fremont, Nebr.

Mrs. Harold Nissley, Dallas Center, Ia.

Mrs. Olinda Wiles, Clarinda, Iowa.

Mrs. Albert Peterson, Meadow Grove, Nebr.

Mrs. Maude Rich, Janesville, Iowa.

Mrs. Ernest Rich, Nevada, Mo.

Marie Ackerman, Filley, Nebr.

Inez Baker, Carbon, Iowa.

Mrs. Wm. Gingles, Clay Center, Kans.

Mrs. Elma Larimore, Dawson, Nebr.

Mrs. Fred Bornholdt, Uehling, Nebr.

Julia Lamb, Culver, Minn.

Eva Orman, R2, Ottumwa, Iowa.

Mrs. Nellie Baker, Hornick, Iowa collects salt and pepper shakers. She has 90 sets, and would like to exchange with other Kitchen-Klatter sisters.

Julia Marker, Inavale, Nebr. has a hobby not many of us are skilled enough to ride. She does oil painting on canvas. She also mounts birds, and develops pictures.

Mrs. Melissa Hermann, 3919 Garfield St., Lincoln, Nebr. is a button collector. She should find many kindred spirits among our Hobby Club members.

Mrs. Esther Venator, RR, Chillicothe, Iowa wants to exchange Indian head pennies for certain dates of Lincoln pennies. Write first, if interested.

"I have fifty very good books of almost every kind. I will exchange for other books. Please send list. Also will swap quilt pieces for books, and books for some what-not shelves."—Mrs. Leonard E. Olson, R1, B25, Bridgewater, So. Dak.

Mrs. B. Meadows, Ralston, Nebr. collects small vases and china animals.

THE BUTTON BUG

Buttons, buttons plain or rare
They're in the sky, they're in the air,
Some have heads, some have wings,
To me they are most precious things.

Figures, jets and calicoes,
In classified and mounted rows,
Jewels, pearls, bugs and bees,
Flowers dainty, slender trees.

This one is from Grandpa's pants,
This one from a shoe of Aunt's
Round and square, large and small,
Happy I'll be to have them all.

—Anon

Fancy buttons and china trinkets are the hobbies of Mrs. Carl Hetzler of 129 West 11th Street, Junction, City, Kans. She will be glad to exchange with other hobbyists.

China salt and pepper shakers are collected by Mrs. E. G. Vermeer of Sioux Center, Iowa. She has 24 states represented in her collection.

Pot-holders are collected by Mrs. Lilean Benoit, 506 Hill Street, Harlan, Iowa. She also collects cacti. Her daughter, Gladys Benoit, collects china dogs.

Mrs. B. A. Parsons, Hardtner, Kansas collects all kinds of vases. That is a useful hobby in flower time.

BUTTONS USED IN LAMPS

Pioneer women can tell us how they used buttons for lamps. A piece of cloth was tied around a button and cut about an inch above. This cloth was immersed in fat and set in a saucer of oil. It would burn brightly as long as there was any oil in the saucer.

A HELPFUL HOBBY

Mrs. Maude Smith of Red Oak, Iowa has been bedfast for five years. She has a hobby which keeps her busy and brings pleasure to shutin boys and girls. She makes scrapbooks of birthday and Christmas cards. She also makes scrapbooks from colored pictures of children and animals. She plans to make books for older people, too. To make a book, it requires 35¢ for the book and paste. Wouldn't some Kitchen-Klatter friends like to donate the cost of this material? Send her cards or pictures she might be able to use, too.

"I am returning the card and \$1.00 for the magazine for one year. I like it so well I do not wish to miss any copies. When I was home my brothers would read it so now I take it over to them to read. My husband is very much interested in it. We all think it a very nice little paper with so many interesting and valuable items."—Mrs. E. H., Clarion, Iowa.

CLASSIFIED ADS

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

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.

HATS, DRESSES, HOSE, LINGERIE, GIFTS at the "Farmer's Wife", 1½ miles North East of Pierson, Iowa. Mail orders filled. Mrs. B. R. DeLambert, Pierson, Iowa.

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

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.

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.

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

SAMPLE AND EASY DIRECTIONS for making a pretty inexpensive rug. 10c. Mrs. E. R. Hinks, Munden, Kans.

Eva Hopkins Creme Powder

All shades, 8 oz. net.....\$1.00

Facial sponge included.

Cleansing Creme......60

Facial Soap, 3 cakes......35

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Jim the Diamond Man
ROYAL DIAMOND CO., Dept. K, Omaha, Nebr.

"Here I come with dimes for my Kitchen Klatter. I just can't seem to scare up enough cash to subscribe for a year. I really believe it's the best magazine printed full of good things from the first page to the last."—Ithaca, Nebr.

HEALTH HINTS

by Mrs. Walt Pitzer

Our boys in the Training Camp are given salt tablets during the hot weather to ward off heat exhaustion. Would also be helpful to the "folk at home". Salt tablets or common table salt may be used when perspiring freely.



Mrs. Walt Pitzer

There is talk of a law to bar the diabetic who is taking insulin from obtaining a drivers license because of danger from a car accident if he should develop insulin shock while driving. Many persons taking insulin are cautious and stop the car with the first symptom of "shock" and follow the instructions having been given them by their doctor, such as taking sugar, orange juice or medicine prescribed by the physician.

There are various remedies suggested for insect bites. A few of them are soda, salt, tincture of iodine, alcohol, household ammonia, medicated adhesive. I prefer tube shaving soap (stolen from friend husband), then cover the soap when dry with clear finger nail polish, medicated adhesive is especially helpful for children. When the air is excluded there is very little itching, and the adhesive protects the bite so it cannot be scratched.

We are now told the digestive juices are stimulated by the use of horseradish, and pepper. That news is salve to our conscience.

Cucumber is a neglected vegetable chucked full of minerals and vitamins. Tender peelings may be ground and used in salad.

Watermelon is called the system cleanser. If eaten between meals with salt, the usual bloat may be avoided.

A pound of lima beans contains 558 calories. A pound of lettuce contains 88 calories. The nutritive value of lima beans is very high, while lettuce stands at the opposite end, however lettuce contains all the vitamins except D. and fair amounts of minerals.

The apple is valuable in the treatment of constipation because of the large amount of fiber, bulk and roughage. It also contains a large amount of iron and most apples contain vitamins B, C and G.

Here are a few suggestions I neglected to explain in the Health Leaflet: After following the six day diet to reduce the abdomen, if you are overweight choose foods listed in the 5% and 10% column only and repeat the six day suggestions once a month. If under weight, choose also the foods listed in the 15% and 20% column and follow the suggested diet only when abdomen is bloated.

During this hot weather instead of hurrying so fast, to get nowhere, lets take two rest periods a day.

You will find a report on the Health Hints Leaflet in the classified ad column.

SAFETY PINS NOT SAFE

Safety pins should really be called Unsafe Pins, especially as far as the children of the family are concerned. Many times we read of children swallowing them. If they are closed it is not such a serious matter but often they are open. I wonder if you mothers who hold your babies on your laps see to it that the safety pins you have stuck on the front of your dress are securely fastened and out of reach of the babies hands. It is a handy place to put them, but often we are careless about leaving them open. Remember, too, not to stick needles on the front of your dress, or common pins. They are trouble makers too.

THE GIFT BOX

By Gertrude Hayzlett

Coat hangers that have been "prettied up" make acceptable gifts and they are so inexpensive and easy to decorate that anyone can make them. There are many different kinds of hangers, but the plain wooden ones that you buy for a nickel or less are the most adaptable.



Gertrude Hayzlett

The simplest way to fix them is to give them a coat of paint to match the color scheme of any room, with perhaps a little trim of contrasting color or a bow of ribbon around the wire hook. Half a dozen of these, along with a hat box and perhaps another box or two that will fit on the closet shelf—all decorated to match—makes a gift that will warm any woman's heart. Round oatmeal boxes make nice hat racks. Cover with wall paper, or with mosaic work made from envelope linings.

For a more elaborate hanger, cover the wooden part with some pretty material. Ribbon may be wound round and round, and finished in center with a bow. Tack it at intervals to make sure it stays securely. Wide ribbon may be doubled and shirred along both edges, then slipped over the hanger. The hanger that I like best of all is one that has been covered snugly with corduroy. Lay a hanger on paper and trace around it for a pattern. Cut crosswise of the material, so the ridges run around the narrow way of the wood. Allow for seams, of course. Turn edges in and whip across bottom and ends, slip over the hanger and whip across top, being sure to fasten securely around the wire. Any material can be used but the ridges and velvety texture of corduroy are excellent to keep soft garments from sliding off.

A good way to "anchor" garments onto an uncovered hanger is to put a rubber headed thumb tack near each end, on top of the hanger. Or tack a bow of ribbon there.

A nice hanger, especially for children, has a bag attached to hold scarf and gloves. Make a flat bag with top the shape and size of the hanger. Slip the hanger handle through a small opening in top of bag, and tack the material together so hanger can't come out easily. Have an opening in front of bag. For heavy wraps, you will want to use a bag of heavy material, but for finer things you can use satin or sateen and pad and quilt it in a fancy design.

An oilcloth case for pocket and rubbers is handy. Cut one piece of oilcloth 30 by 10 inches, another 20 by 10 and a third 10 by 10. Bind top of the two shorter pieces. Lay all with bottoms and sides even and bind all around the edge. Bind a hole at top for the hanger hook.

For a really nifty companion to the gift hanger, make a dress protector.

THINK OF IT!

80 different cookie recipes; 78 ways to make candy; how to can such things as squash, vegetable salads; tomato soup; what to do with your left-overs; how to preserve a husband; more than 50 different cakes; new and different icings, fillings, tempting pies and pie-crust recipes.

Yes, these, and dozens of other things are in these grand Kitchen-Klatter Cook Books. Every page is full of ideas you can use every day in the year. Don't miss getting at least one of these cook books for your recipe collection. The price is 25¢ per book, any 5 for \$1.00.

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LEANNA DRIFTMIER, SHENANDOAH, IOWA



FOR THE CHILDREN

THE LIGHT OF FREEDOM

By Mary Ellen Lowery

Have you noticed how my stars and stripes shine when I dance in the breeze?

Patty did one day last July as she sat beside her grandmother on the front porch and watched me flutter from the eave.

Her grandmother glanced sharply over the veranda railing to where Patty's brother, Jim, was curled on a hammock under a tree.

"That boy reads too much," she said and turned to Patty. "What were you talking about, child?"

"The flag!" Patty cried. "I have never seen it glow like that before today."

Her grandmother stopped knitting and peered up at me. "No wonder it shines. It is hanging in the sun."

"But look, Grandmother. A corner of it hangs in the shade, and even there the stripes gleam as if they were bars of light themselves."

The old lady frowned at Patty and said, "Perhaps you have eaten too much ice cream today." She removed her glasses and looked at me again. "Land's sake!" she cried. "It is true! Never in all my life have I seen the flag so bright!"

Many people say that, but they are wrong. Though I seem brighter these days, I have always glowed for those who are not blind to see my colors.

"I wish I could make them hear," I said to the breeze which rippled my hem. "If I could only tell them of the light of freedom!"

"You can tell me," said the breeze. "Perhaps I can spread the news."

"Ever since I was young and wore a wreath of thirteen stars where my field of forty-eight now is, my stars have beamed as brightly as any that twinkle in the heavens, and my stripes have been as lustrous as those long tubes of phosphorescent lights which decorate our stores today."

"Yours is a beautiful radiance," said the breeze.

"In the days a hundred years before electric lights, men spoke of the light of freedom they saw in me. It was a strange substance then just as it is today. It gleamed in the eye of the rich and poor man alike."

"Oh, light of freedom," sang the breeze.

"Centuries of struggle had made it what it was," I continued, "struggle between lord and serf, between parliament and king, between town council and squire. When on July 4, 1776 it was declared 'that all men are created equal,' the long struggle reached its climax, and our country, the land that was to know liberty greater than the world had ever seen, was born."

Patty had been rocking contentedly in her chair. "It is said that the first



flag was made by Betsy Ross," she said.

Her grandmother nodded. "And the field of many white stars on a blue field symbolizes the union of many states into one great country."

The breeze begged me to tell her more of the light of liberty. "What does it mean?" she asked.

"It means that those who live under it are blessed with precious rights."

"What are these rights?" the breeze asked me.

"One is the right to own property and to do with that such as one wishes."

"And then," prompted the breeze.

"The right to worship as one pleases without restraint from others."

"Thirdly?"

"That a man may write and speak as he desires."

"How important that is!" the breeze cried.

"Not so great as the right of representation," I said. "That is the most precious right of all, the privilege of choosing those who are to govern, the vote!"

There was a sudden scuffling of feet on the sidewalk as Jim approached the porch.

"See how lovely the flag is today!"

"Of course it is," Jim answered. "It's been that way for over one hundred and fifty years."

"But why does it seem so bright today?"

"Because there is so much darkness in the rest of the world."

"Oh," said Patty as if she did not quite understand.

"It is like a candle," Jim explained. "When it is lighted in the broad daylight, no one sees its radiance, but when it shines at night, the rays from its flame spread throughout the room and make a splendid glow."

"But Jim, what has that to do with the flag?" asked his grandmother.

"Not long ago there were many flags spreading the light of freedom throughout the world. Now there are



Robert and Roberta Campain, twins, five years old, who live at Bedford, Iowa.

fewer and many of those are shrouded with the veil of sorrow and grief."

"But not the stars and stripes," cried Patty.

"No, indeed," said her grandmother. "As long as we cherish the light of freedom."

"How did they hear of the light of freedom," I asked.

"I carried your story to their ears," the breeze answered, "and so I will to every ear that cares to listen."

OUTDOOR GAMES

STILL POND. The child who is "it" is blindfolded. The others stand near him. He counts to ten and while he is counting, the children run as far as they can, from him, then stand very still. The players are given five extra steps to take if the one who is "it" comes dangerously near touching him. The first one caught is "it" for the next game.

TOUCH WOOD. The name explains the game which is played as tag. You can only be caught when you are not touching wood. This is a good game to play where there are trees.

FOLLOW THE LEADER. This is a good game, if the leader has a lot of original ideas.

GROWING

By Ora Claytor Moore

My mother is so careful
About the things I eat;
Always "wholesome"—that's the word
And hardly ever sweet.

She says it's quite important
To do just so and so;
Or else you see—she's made it plain—
I can't expect to grow.

But when she stands and looks across
At Grandpa's garden rows,
She seems so pleased and says
Contentedly

"My, how that garden grows!"

Are boys so very hard to grow,
While gardens grow with ease?
Will someone tell me why this is,—
Now who will answer, please?



AID HELPS

HISTORY QUILT

"The church where I grew up is making a 'History Quilt'. They send a letter to all who have ever belonged and ask for the names of the members of the family with 10c for each name embroidered on the quilt, and anyone who can give any history of the church are asked to contribute that, too. They are going to have a big dinner or supper, whichever they decide, when it is all completed. It has added to the spirit of oneness so necessary for church growth. We have gotten in touch with people we had forgotten had ever existed.—Mrs. Chas. Schafer, Central City, Nebr.

ICE CREAM SALES

During the months of June, July and August, money can be made by making ice cream and selling it on Saturday nights. The ice cream may be sold in cones, or tables and chairs provided and both ice cream and cake sold. The ice cream, or the ingredients, may be donated. The younger girls will enjoy waiting on the tables or filling the cones and the boys can carry placards through Main Street advertising the sale.

FOOD SALE

"In our club we needed to raise money. One, at each meeting, brought an article of food or something she had made. We would have sealed bids for it, and of course the highest bidder received it. The articles offered for sale ranged from pies and doughnuts to aprons and luncheon sets."—Mrs. Glen Norrie, Sabetha, Kans.

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A SUMMER PICNIC

Fill in With Sewing Terms

A merry party planned a picnic. On the morning appointed the sky was _____ with clouds but it did not _____ as if it would rain, so they _____ at the station. There was such a crowd that they were _____ in and it was with difficulty that they could _____ their way to the car. Seeing it coming they found they must _____ for it. One girl in trying a short _____ down and tore her dress, but the chaperon said she could _____ it when she got home. As they rode along they saw the farmers _____ in the field, and turning the sheep from the _____. At another place an old _____ grinder got on. When they came to a _____ of wood they got off and _____ their lunches under an overhanging rock, near a quiet lake whose waters were scarcely _____ enough to keep a tiny canoe _____ about. While strolling about they saw a cow with mild _____ and one girl _____ her _____ and cried, "Will she _____?"

A little lad with the cow said, "Sure and she is a quiet _____, and will harm no one; I know cause a _____ up the road told me so." But one girl ran until she got a _____ in her side and lost her _____ and at last sat down under a _____ wood tree to rest. They had no further trouble and returned in the evening with their hats _____ with wild flowers and all declared they enjoyed it more than if they had gone to a park to hear the _____ play.

Answers. 1. Overcast. 2. Seam. 3. Gathered. 4. Hemmed. 5. Thread. 6. Run. 7. Cut. 8. Fell. 9. Darn. 10. Sewing. 11. Fold. 12. Scissors. 13. Belt. 14. Tucked. 15. Ruffled. 16. Bobbin (g). 17. Eyes. 18. Puckered. 19. Face. 20. Hook. 21. Baste. 22. "Feller." 23. Stitch. 24. Braid. 25. Button. 26. Trimmed. 27. Band.

SHOWER IDEA

A corner of the room was fixed as for a "shower bath", a curtain across the corner and the gifts hidden behind the curtain.

The centerpiece was a miniature, same idea. Two sheets of cellophane paper, doubled, and a pair of embroidery hoops made a shower curtain for a celluloid doll. Favors were small umbrellas made from cellophane paper and glassips. These were in the glass of punch. Refreshments were cup or tea cakes and punch. Rainbows follow a shower, so rainbow colors were used.—Mrs. R. L. Earnhart, Wymore, Nebr.

Fret not about tomorrow,
Live each day as if it were your last.
Let come what may your worry will
not change it.

Though you weep a sea of tears,
Joy is not yours to keep,
In spite of you night comes,
Pain and sorrow!
So live and laugh today,
God holds tomorrow.

LET'S HAVE A PICNIC

This is the time of year when most of us would like to eat three meals a day outside if we could. Our dining rooms or our kitchens where we've sat down to the same table seven days a week for all of the weeks since last summer seem pretty stale to us by the time July rolls around.

Most families love to picnic, although it generally seems as if one person in the family has reservations about eating with the bugs and mosquitoes, as they say scornfully when the very word picnic is mentioned. If you have someone in your family who doesn't think much of this idea of eating outdoors, there's a pretty good chance that you can win him over to your viewpoint this summer.

To begin with, a picnic is no fun that has meant hours of work. When I think of the loaded baskets that we packed fifteen or twenty years ago I wonder why we bothered to make the effort, for who of us can't remember standing over a stove frying chicken, baking and icing cakes, making salads, and in between these jobs trying to get the children dressed and dishes packed. Well, those kind of picnics aren't much fun for anyone. Even if mother did do most of the work she's too tired to be a good companion when it's finally time to get started.

Make your picnics the easy kind that can be managed on a few minute's notice. Take plenty of bread and butter, some of your nice pickles, a generous amount of cold meat or a dozen hard-boiled eggs, a pan full of lettuce, green onions, celery, etc., and a quart of your home-canned fruit for dessert. You can pack this into a hamper in four or five minutes and be on your road. The panful of vegetables can be tossed into a salad when you arrive and mixed with the small jar of dressing that you've brought along; people can eat their meat straight or make their own sandwiches. Open the fruit and dish it out, make the coffee or pour it from a thermos jar, and there's plenty of everything for everyone to eat.

This isn't fancy food, of course, but it's 100% insurance that your picnic is going to be the kind that you can go on feeling ready for fun and without the gnawing worry that you've spent too much money for extras.

At our house we keep a pantry shelf free for picnic supplies. There I plan to keep paper plates, paper forks and spoons, and paper napkins, an old enameled coffee pot that fire can't hurt, small glass jars full of sugar, salt and pepper, and some old sauce dishes that are too badly chipped for the dining room table. The thermos jug stands on this shelf too, and a heavy old iron skillet for frying hamburgers, bacon and eggs.

Down in the basement we have a box just big enough to fit in the car that we carry kindling in and paper to start the fire. This box can be filled for a picnic in about the length of time it takes Don or Wayne to get downstairs and back, and this way we never arrive at our destination only to discover that we've forgotten the makings for a fire.