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Kitchen-Klatter

MAGAZINE

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

Volume 7 JANUARY Number 1
1942

SHENANDOAH, IOWA



Price 10 cents



WINTER WONDERLAND

Kitchen - Klatter Magazine

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

Foreign Countries, \$1.50 per year.

Advertising rates made known on application.

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

Published Monthly by

LEANNA FIELD DRIFTMIER
Shenandoah, Iowa



A LETTER FROM LEANNA

Dear Friend:

Perhaps you will find this magazine in your mail box before December 25th, so let me send you my warmest Christmas greetings. With the whole world at war we must try, more than ever before, to keep Christmas in our hearts and homes. For most of us mothers there are memories of Christmas in 1917 when we tried so hard to give our children happiness unmarred by the shadows of war.

Dorothy is expecting to spend two weeks in California with her husband, Frank Johnson, who is employed in the production office of the Vega Aircraft Corporation. She will be back in Iowa by the 5th or 6th of January to carry her work through the busy season in the May Seed Company.

Lucile leaves before Christmas for her home in Hollywood, Calif. Her visit seemed so short, but she was really home over a month. She says that she doesn't know where the time went, and neither do I . . . it simply flew by. She asked me to thank those of you who sent such loving messages—all of them were most sincerely appreciated.

I hope that none of you had the bad luck with Christmas shopping that Margery had. She left her packages locked in the car while she went to finish up some final errands, and when she returned to the car she found that it had been broken into and everything in it stolen. She was just sick about it, for she had been putting aside her savings for weeks to buy those Christmas gifts.

At the time I am writing this, Donald expects to spend his vacation before Christmas working in the Kansas City post office. He will arrive home very early on Christmas morning, so for the first time in years we will have our tree in the morning and not on Christmas Eve. A number of the Park college boys have signed up for this work.

Wayne expected to be called for military service in March, but since events have taken such a turn he will probably be needed much sooner. Howard, our eldest son, is working in Omaha, Nebr. but gets home almost every weekend.

I had a nice letter from Egypt this week written by Mrs. Frank McClanahan, the wife of the doctor who performed Frederick's appendectomy. Since we had had no letter yet from Frederick we much appreciated her note saying that he was making a

fine recovery. Probably the next Clipper plane will bring a letter from him, although I won't be surprised if mail from Egypt is delayed because of the war.

The coming months will hold much of anxiety for all of us because this war may last for a long time. I have thought of all you friends who have written to me about your sons and husbands and brothers who are stationed at points far from home, and I find myself starting to worry right along with you. Yet somehow we must try to go on and live our lives as usual, hard as it seems to do this. We can listen to our favorite radio programs, do church and Red Cross work, and with these things plus our usual round of household duties we can keep ourselves in a normal frame of mind.

I am sure that you will find this magazine a source of comfort and help. We all have the same problems, and because you have done so much to lighten mine with your letters of encouragement and good cheer, I shall try hard to help lighten yours with our Kitchen-Klatter magazine. More than ever before we need to keep in touch with each other, so do send in your renewal when your subscription expires. If you can't subscribe by the year, then send for single issues—but let us keep in close touch with each other.

Sincerely your friend,
—Leanna.

MEASURING AGE

Age is a state of mind,
If you have left your dreams behind,
If hope is lost, if you no longer look ahead,
If your ambition's fires are dead—
Then you are old.

But if from life you hope the best,
And if in life you keep the jest,
If love you hold—
No matter how the years go by,
No matter how the birthdays fly,
You are not old.

—Anonymous.

"I am enclosing check for renewal of Kitchen-Klatter Magazine which I believe expired with August issue. I think it is such a fine magazine, just full of helps of all kinds. Am sorry I did not subscribe for it years ago."
—Mrs. P.W., Adel, Ia.

USEFUL KITCHEN TOOLS

During this past month I have been finding out what kitchen tools are the most indispensable in our Kitchen-Klatter kitchens. Among the ones most often mentioned were a small fork with a long handle, a spatula, a chore boy, a can opener (the kind fastened on the wall) a mop wringer on the side of the mop pail, a rubber plate scraper, and a good knife sharpener.

One friend said that a gadget she used often was a small shovel with the sides flattened—this was handy to remove dishes from the oven. Another friend found a pair of pliers very useful as a kitchen tool.

We must find a convenient place to keep these things that are in daily use. Probably the easiest way to get at them is to keep them hanging on the wall by the stove or sink, depending upon the place where they are used. But if you belong to the Everything-Out-Of-Sight School you'll probably keep them in a kitchen drawer.

Kitchen drawers have a way of collecting jar lids, string, paper sacks, old envelopes with recipes scribbled on them, and other items that just naturally seem to accumulate in space that is badly needed for the tools that speed our work. Most of us have room enough in our kitchens if we make the best use of every inch, so I, for one, am going to start 1942 by giving every drawer and shelf in my kitchen a thorough housecleaning.

MY WORRY SHELF

Out in my kitchen is a shelf Set in a corner by itself.
The family all keep throwing there The trash for which they do not care;
So, by-and-by, with vim and ire, I'll toss the whole lot in the fire.

But first I plan to add to it
A host of thoughts which will just fit;
The worries which too often go To bed with me and fret me so
I cannot sleep. With them laid there,
Destroyed, I shall be free as air.

—Velma V. Beebe.

RESOLUTIONS

In the daily bustle that goes on in our homes it's hard for us to remember some of the practical resolutions that we make on New Year's Day, but in 1942 I'm going to do my very best to remember these things:

1. Meals planned in advance and the necessary buying done, will save a lot of last minute hustling and hasty dashes to the store.

2. Labels used on cans have a purpose. They should be read so that we will know we're getting what we're paying for.

3. Kitchen drawers are going to stay uncluttered with odds and ends of everything in 1942.

4. Now, more than ever before, we need to feed our families every scrap of food that comes into our homes. Let's keep waste out of our kitchens for 365 days this year.

Come into the Garden with Helen



By Helen Fischer

PESTS ON HOUSE PLANTS

The lovelier a thing is the more thoughtful care it requires, but there is no pleasanter task for a woman than giving this care intelligently and faithfully.

When I hear someone say, "I don't want houseplants because they have to be washed and fed and aired and watched for bugs," I always wonder if she loves her children, for surely *they* demand the same care.

But just as clean, healthy children are the ones least apt to pick up germs, so plants in vigorous growth give little worry. Whether you get new plants from friends or from commercial sources, go over them carefully for possible pests and quarantine them if they look suspicious.

It is no disgrace to find green aphids on your plants, but since they move slowly and have very tender skins they are easily killed, and so it is a disgrace to let them multiply.

Mix up some strong soapsuds and add Blackleaf 40 according to directions on the bottle—but *no stronger*. If your plant is small enough, just hold it upside down and swish it through the suds, rinsing in clean water half an hour later. If too large to handle in this way use the same solution in a spray gun or with a whisk broom.

Woolly aphids are harder to destroy because they protect themselves with coats of white cotton. No spray penetrates to the skin of adults. Either they must be scraped from plants, touched with alcohol on the tip of a feather, or killed by gas fumes. The latter method is best handled by enclosing the entire plant overnight in a paper bag with a tablespoon of Naphthalene flakes or crushed mothballs in the bottom. After plants are free from the old bugs, be sure to give frequent water sprays to destroy the young before they grow their coats.

Brown scale is also best destroyed in early stages when it looks like bits of corn meal on leaves and washes off easily. It floats in the air easily too, and will travel to every plant in your window where it will proceed to settle down and grow a brown scale. Under this scale it is safe from all sprays except ones so strong that they would scald the leaves of most plants.

The English Ivy, however, may be cleaned of brown scale with a spray of soapsuds that contain a teaspoonful of kerosene to the quart. Do not let this touch the soil, but be sure that it coats both the under and upper side of every leaf and stem. Let it stand for a half-hour, and then wash off with clean water.

JANUARY GARDENING

By Mrs. R. J. Duncomb

What does the true gardener do when work in the garden is impossible? Why, read about it, of course! And since this is the time of year when outside garden work is at a standstill, it is a very good time to learn more about gardens by doing a little reading.

There are many, many phases in the realm of horticulture. Not only should we be able to grow plants successfully, but we should also know their correct names, their habits, and their modes of living. This means that we should know the soil they like best, whether they are shade or sun-loving, how much or how little moisture they will require, and the difference between annuals, biennials, and perennials.

There is the planting of the seed, the transplanting of small plants and their care until maturity. The question of bulbs is a whole world in itself. We may go on into the study of shrubs and trees, or we may even yearn to create new flowers. Some of us may even care to go farther. We may take up botany in a simple way so that we will be able to identify for our own satisfaction a new or puzzling flower.

How are we going to do all of these seemingly stupendous tasks? Well, by reading the books, and magazines or leaflets dealing with flowers and plants during these dull months. We may make scrapbooks, or keep our clippings in files made from large envelopes.

A herbarium is very interesting to make. It consists chiefly of carefully pressed specimens of flowers mounted on cardboard or preserved in a scrapbook. All of the information that one has about the flower is written beside it. If you want to keep such a record, begin right now. Of course you can't get the flowers at the present moment, but you'll be too busy to read about them when they are blooming, so now is the time to accumulate information.

Most of us like to study *The Flower Family Album* by Helen Field Fischer during the winter months. Although we don't have the actual flowers to look at, we do have the actual drawings from life which her daughter Gretchen so painstakingly made. Many interesting garden books are obtainable from our state libraries for a small fee plus return postage. By keeping notes as we read them we can learn much these winter days. For outdoor gardening there is a good book titled "Outdoor Flowers" by Richardson Wright, while Daisy Abbot answers nearly every question we have on houseplants in *Indoor Gardening*.

There are several good magazines devoted entirely to the practical growing of flowers, and many household magazines carry good articles that are well worth reading. Lacking all of these good helps, we may still find a wealth of information in the new catalogs that will soon be arriving. From these we may learn how to group our plants in regard to size and color, and it is always interesting to see if old strains have been improved.



Members of the Driftmiller family who were at home on Thanksgiving day, 1941. Margery, Frederick and Howard could not be with us. In this picture are Lucile, Dorothy, Donald, Wayne, and Mr. and Mrs. Driftmiller.

YOU CAN'T BUY THIS PRESENT!

By Margery Driftmier

Illustrations by Ruth Shambaugh

For days now you've been wracking your brains to find just the right Christmas present for Mother. Somehow you haven't much heart for running into a store and selecting a pair of hose, or perfume—these things are nice, or course, but this year you want something "different". What in the world can it be?

Well, this is what it can be: why not give Mother a Christmas vacation? It's a gift that she never dreamed of receiving, and it will mean far more to her than anything you could possibly buy.

For one thing, there will be an air of exciting mystery about it. And the mystery begins when she opens a small envelope that you've hung on the tree, and finds a gayly decorated sheet of note paper inside.

"Dearest Mother," this note begins, *"My gift to you is tucked away in many different places. I couldn't possibly wrap it and put it under the tree, but tomorrow morning at seven o'clock you will see one corner of it. A happy, happy Christmas vacation to you."*

Hm..hm..she thinks, something that can't be wrapped and I'll see one corner of it tomorrow morning at seven o'clock. And a happy Christmas vacation



... now, what in the world can this be? She'll ask you countless questions and do her best to solve the mystery, for your chuck-full-of-love and original Christmas present has already begun.

If breakfast is served at seven o'clock at your home, set the clock for 6:15 and put it where you can snap off the alarm the instant it starts to rattle. You don't want to spoil the surprise by awakening everyone, and furthermore, you'll have to be as swift as a hare to get things done. No doubt your Mother can get breakfast on the table in fifteen minutes, but she's been doing it for years and knows all of the tricks. You'll get along all right if you remember to put on the water for the coffee and cereal, and start the bacon over a slow fire, before you set the table.

Probably your Mother will be utterly speechless when she walks into the kitchen and sees a steaming breakfast ready to eat, and an efficient looking daughter fully clothed (no pajamas and bathrobes, please!) waiting to pour the coffee and take up the eggs. After all, she's gotten out of bed and started the wheels of the day turning for years on end. Imagine the shock of finding someone in the kitchen before her!

"This is the promised first corner," you can say when she starts exclaiming. "And it's just a very little corner."

When breakfast is over, be firm about steering her towards the kitchen door. Who wants to wash dishes



on a vacation? After this point is settled, explain to her that from this moment on, the day is her own to do with as she will. No ordering, no meals, no cleaning, no ironing, and no household errands. If she says that she feels "lost" you produce the book that she's wanted to read but hasn't gotten around to, or the piece of handwork that she's been hoping to finish when an extra hour turns up.

Mothers are funny, anyway mine is. She just can't be kept out of the kitchen. She says she loves to cook and loves to do dishes and clean cupboards, but I have always wondered if she really does or if she is just so anxious for me to do the things that I want to do that she takes over the kitchen work. Down in my heart I feel that mothers are just older girls, and could very easily change places with their care free daughters.

Now that her Christmas vacation has gotten into full swing, you'll find yourself busier than you were last spring when you were chairman of the decoration committee for the Junior-Senior banquet. There will be the meals to plan (and you wouldn't think of calling in to say, "Shall we have pork chops for dinner?"), and the beds to make, and the kitchen to put in order, and the thousand-and-one other tasks that your Mother does during the day. It will seem a little confusing at first, for you haven't had much time to help at home since school began in September, and the easiest way of getting things done is quickly forgotten.

But don't get excited, and above all, don't permit your Mother to see that you feel considerably flustered at moments. She'll insist on rushing out to rescue you if she gets the idea that it's all too much for you. What this would do to her vacation you can figure out quite easily.

Relief from the three sometimes monotonous milestones in each and every day—breakfast, lunch, and dinner—will mean a great deal to your Mother, but almost as important as the things you plan to do without her are the things that you plan to do with her. This is where your ingenuity and thoughtfulness come in.

How long has it been since you gave your mother a specific invitation to go someplace with you? Several months, no doubt. Consequently, now is the time to catch up on a number of things that you are sure she enjoys.

Why not plan a little excursion that will take you to the library where she wants to see the new non-fiction books that you mentioned to her a few weeks ago? From there you can take a stroll down "Main Street" and window-shop to your heart's content.

Don't forget to stop in at your favorite drug store and treat her to an extra-special sundae that she'd never think of buying if she stopped in there alone on some errand.

Does all of this sound very simple to you, and not too exciting? Well, one thing is certain: your Mother will find it exciting, and you will too. Mothers find a world of gratification in "going places" with their daughters, particularly the places where they generally go with their own crowd.



When did your Mother last say that she hoped you would soon find time to go with her on a round of calls to elderly people who are confined to their homes throughout most of the winter? The chances are that you've never reopened the subject of your own free will, so this is the time to suggest that you wrap some of your fresh cookies in Yuletide paper, and make the calls. It will mean more to Mother than words can describe.

Before the Christmas vacation is over, why not plan to surprise your Mother with a small party? She has entertained for you more times than you can remember, so this is your opportunity to entertain for her. Invite five or six of her dearest friends to come for an afternoon kensington, and put your best foot forward to be a charming and thoughtful hostess. The refreshments should be simple, things that you know how to do well and can depend upon, but they should be served beautifully. Use your very best china and linen, and spend some of your own money for flowers. Make it an honest-to-goodness party.

Most of these things you will engineer alone, but be sure to take the rest of the family into your confidence, and ask for their cooperation.



Make your brothers and sisters feel that they are helping to make Mother's Christmas vacation a success by turning to you for assistance with knotted shoe laces, cut fingers, and wild searches for missing mittens and overshoes. They'll fall into the spirit of the thing, and together you can give her a gift that will produce treasured memories long after the Christmas tree has been put out in the yard for the birds, and the bells and lights have been packed away for another twelve months.

JOIN THE HOBBY CLUB

If you have a hobby write and tell me about it. Send a picture if possible. —Leanna Driftmier, Shenandoah, Ia.

LETTER FROM FREDERICK

August 16, 1941

Dear Folks:

I have had a grand summer and am now on my way back to Egypt. My mornings I spent reading, writing, and playing on an old cornet (a 1900 model). Then in the afternoons I taught English for an hour to a class made up of teachers from the Nasser school, and an equal number of native teachers. These native teachers from the "bush" schools came to class carrying their spears and clubs, just as naked as the day they were born. The teachers in the Nasser school were a little more civilized, for they *did* wear a cloth that extended from their shoulders to their knees, and some of them even wore shorts.

After classes I usually went for a spin up the river and out into the swamp. We shot at crocodiles, huge water lizards, snakes, ducks and geese, and when we walked through the swamp land we always sent natives ahead to carry our guns, water, etc., and to scare away the snakes.

At night the hyenas prowled around the house, and their howls turned my blood to ice. However, the most dangerous thing of all was just about the smallest thing of all—the mosquito. It wasn't safe to let one bite you, and I have been taking quinine every evening as a safety first measure. Although I have tried very hard to keep away from them I've been bitten many times, of course, but either the quinine seems to take care of malaria or else the right mosquito didn't find me.

This has been a wonderful summer. I feel now that I have a good understanding of real mission work. The people who are giving their lives down here in the South Sudan are marvelous examples of true Christians. They work under trying circumstances, and the heat is not the least of these. They sometimes go for weeks without seeing any other white people and their only human contact is with the natives. You people in the United States cannot imagine how ignorant these natives are, and yet when they are taught they learn quickly.

September 7, 1941

When I reached Egypt on August 31st I found a letter from you that was mailed in June, and had been following me about for a month. I had a rather interesting experience on the way from Khartum to Egypt. I was looking after two Sudanese girls who were going to the American Hospital at Assiut to take nurses training. They were riding in third class at the end of the train, and I was riding in first class at the front of the train. The first night out at a stop in the desert, I jumped off and stumbled through the dark along the very long train clear to the end to see if these girls were all right.

I found them comfortable and happy, so I started to wade through the sand back to first class. I had almost reached my car when the train started to move off without any warning, so I jumped on to the steps that were nearest only to find the door locked. I jumped down and then jumped up again and tried the next door, but it too was locked. The train was gather-



Frederick holds a python that he killed this past summer during his stay at Nasser in the Egyptian Sudan.

ing speed and I was frantic, for I didn't want to be left out in the desert for two or three days waiting for another train.

When the third class coach came by me I managed to get on even though the pull of the train almost jerked my arm out of place. I then discovered that the passageway from third class up to the rest of the train was locked, but I beat on the door with both fists for about ten minutes until someone finally called a train official who unlocked the door. I enjoyed it! Little things like that help to make a journey interesting.

On the train I kept my compartment shut up tightly with the big electric fan turned on. If you can imagine a compartment of an un-airconditioned steel train in a blazing desert being cooler than the air outside, then you can have some idea of how hot the desert gets. On the boat from Wadi Halfa to Shellal it was so hot that before a meal all of the dishes and silverware had to be dipped into a bucket of icewater. I would be given a piece of fresh bread, and before I would get around to eating it, it would be changed to toast. In heat like that I am actually amazed at what the human body can stand.

I experienced a terrible sand storm or "haboob" on my way back to Egypt. We could see the storm coming across the desert, and then almost before we had time to comprehend what was going to happen we were hit by the storm in all its fury. The train came to a stop, for sometimes the sand is blown right out from under the tracks. After the storm had passed on, many Arabs jumped off the train, put down their prayer rugs towards Mecca, and offered up their prayers to Allah.

The train started before they could finish, and so they all jumped on and then got off at the next stop and continued their ritual of bowing, kneeling, and pouring sand on their heads. No one knows better than an Arab the fury and cruelty of the desert.

Lovingly
—Ted.

A RESOLUTION

I've never yet run into anyone who doesn't love negro spirituals, and although I don't know all of my friend's favorite selection among these many spirituals, I suspect that possibly it is the one titled "Nobody Knows The Trouble I've Seen." There's something about this song that appeals to a secret feeling all of us have from time to time when we think back over the various troubles that we've been called upon to face.

But all of us are well acquainted with trouble by the time we've lived in this world over a span of years, and we've learned that there are really only two varieties of it: the trouble that must be borne alone, and the trouble that can be lightened by help from someone else. It's real wisdom to be able to look at your difficulties clearly and decide in which division they belong.

If you doubt this, look around at your friends. Probably at this very moment you can think of several things that you could do, if only the opportunity were given, to help lighten the burdens that they are struggling with alone. A person cannot force his help upon a friend, and we all know what it is to long in vain for a chance to extend our aid. Yet given this chance, what a difference it would make!

There is a certain comfort that comes from understanding that one must bear a burden entirely alone, or that he may have help with it. I know, for instance, that no one in this world can do anything about the fact that I must be in a wheel chair. All medical aid has been exhausted; everything that we've ever heard about has been tried; nothing has been left undone. Yet I cannot walk.


This, then, is something that only I can bear. Much as my family and friends might want to see me physically free, there is nothing that they can do about it. I remember this when the temptation comes to brood and complain. Such action on my part can only darken their happiness, and certainly it doesn't do one thing towards getting me out of my wheel chair. No, this is a trouble that must be borne alone.

Yet I have other troubles that can be lightened by turning to others, and one of my New Year's resolutions is to keep in mind the very true fact that it is the better part of wisdom to turn to others when I know that they are eager to help.

Let us all take an inventory of our troubles when this old year comes to a close. Those that must be borne alone, let us bear with true Christian grace. Those that can be alleviated by our family and friends, let us discuss with them. There isn't a one of us who doesn't carry in his heart the regret that he didn't know about a loved friend's trouble when he would have been so willing to help. These regrets burden the heart. It is true love to know when to turn outside of oneself for help, or when to leave other lives untouched by the shadows of sorrows that they can do nothing about.

A LETTER FROM LUCILE

Dear Friends:



It has been a long time since I've written to you from Shenandoah, but this morning when I took my typewriter out of its case mother said, "I wish that you would write something about traveling on the bus, Lucile. So many, many people are going here and there across the country these days that perhaps they'd like a few pointers on traveling by bus if they're getting ready to make their first trip."

This sounded like a good idea to me for I know how much travel there is these days. On my return trip from California I am sure that fully half of the passengers were going across the country for some reason connected with national defense. Women with little children were going to join their husbands who had found defense jobs far from their homes. Mothers and fathers were going various places to visit their sons in camp. I know that one woman with whom I chatted over a cup of coffee out in western Wyoming had traveled almost two-thousand miles just to spend thirty-six hours with her son before he was transferred to the Orient. At the end of a long trip you get the feeling that half of the country is on the move, so I'm sure that mother is right when she says that among our radio friends there are undoubtedly a good many who will soon be taking a cross-country bus trip.

I feel like an old veteran so far as bus trips are concerned. I don't want to stop and figure exactly how many miles I've traveled by bus, but without exaggerating I believe I can safely say that I've covered approximately 15,000 miles. I prefer the bus to the train, although this means a big new air-conditioned bus and not one of these broken-down affairs that have been in service for many years. I like to get out in the night to walk up and down the street for a few minutes and to snatch a cup of coffee. I like to talk with people and exchange impressions of the country through which we are passing. You get a much better idea of this country and the people who live in it after you've driven down the main streets of countless towns, and tried the kind of pie that is baked in various states. On a train you seem so removed from the country through which you are traveling, but this certainly isn't true on board a bus.

I learned quite early in my wanderings to get out at each and every bus stop. There are more of these stops than you realize. At least once in every hour and thirty-five or forty minutes, the bus stops for five or ten minutes; this gives you an opportunity to visit the rest rooms of the restaurant where the stop is made, or to drink a cup of coffee. Stops of approximately an hour are made for breakfast, lunch, and dinner. And if

you pass through a junction where busses are waiting to pick up passengers, it's quite likely that you'll get a fifteen or twenty minute rest stop.

As a rule, you can tell seasoned bus travelers by their actions at these bus stops. They've learned that five minutes of exercise is worth an hour of exercise at the end of the trip, so you'll see them avoiding stiffness and fatigue by climbing out and pacing up and down the street both day and night. At night it's a temptation not to get out, but you'll avoid headaches and cramped muscles if you pile out of your seat at every stop and get some fresh air and exercise.

Seats at the front of the bus are more comfortable to ride in than seats at the far end. There isn't so much confusion, and you won't have cold winds blowing on your feet every time the driver opens the door. However, seats are kept for the duration of the journey, so if you want a front seat you should plan to stay in it day and night. I always take a front seat and trust to luck that perhaps a rear seat will be empty during the night so that I can slip into it for a few hours. This wasn't possible on the return trip from California, and I doubt if it will be possible in the near future for every bus seat is taken.

If you are boarding the bus in a large city where it is "made up" you can reserve a seat in advance. This reservation lasts only until the next division point, however. Pillows are available at night, and most people feel that they make sleeping more comfortable.

You can expect to pay pretty steep prices for food along the road, but one way around this is to find a cafe several doors down the street from the bus stop. As a rule you will find better rest rooms in the cafe where the bus makes its regular stop, so if I want to freshen up I generally take ten or fifteen minutes for this and then go ahead and pay a little more for my food. You won't want a great deal to eat under any circumstances. In fact, you'll feel much better if you eat lightly.

Don't hesitate to speak to people who are traveling with you. If they don't feel talkative you can detect their mood instantly; rebuffs are few and far between on most bus trips. Don't talk to the driver. He is responsible for many lives and shouldn't be distracted in any way. And above all don't criticize his driving. He knows his business and won't drive faster than safety permits.

I've never ridden on a bus when there weren't small children aboard, (on this last trip a young mother was taking two youngsters under three from Los Angeles to New York!) but I'd hesitate to undertake such a job unless it was absolutely imperative. If there is any other way to get your youngsters across the country, take it.

Here are my best wishes for a happy, happy trip. Relax and enjoy yourself once you've stepped aboard. To my way of thinking there's nothing more pleasant than a cross-country bus trip!



Poor kitty! Eugene Hakeness of Rushmore, Minn. is afraid that his pet will get cold.

A hot water bag that leaks may still be useful if filled with hot salt.

For a cut, put on plenty of black pepper and it will stop bleeding and will not burn.

Place a piece of gum camphor in cabinet or in dresser drawers to keep mice away. It also helps keep the silver bright.

A small quantity of green sage placed in the pantry and cupboards will keep out red ants.

An old rubber sponge is excellent for cleaning the bathtub and wash-bowl as it holds the washing powder and is easily rinsed out when the job is finished.

Now You May Have Clear, Normal Sight —Without Glasses!

Now, with Dr. Harold M. Peppard's simple eye-muscle exercises, taken but a few minutes daily, you can build up your tired eyes—and throw away your glasses!

The eye-muscles control the shape of the lens of your eye. When these muscles are not properly exercised your eye lens may become distorted and cause faulty vision. Proper exercise restores the muscles, makes them strong, improves your vision.

Dr. Peppard's system is fully described in his unusual book, "SIGHT WITHOUT GLASSES." It's so simple even a child can use it. Has proved effective in hundreds of cases of middle age sight, near and far sightedness, simple eye strain and weak, watery eyes.

SEND NO MONEY Unless You Wish To

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HEALTH HINTS

By Mrs. Walt Pitzer

Boys and girls, the next time you pick up your indelible pencil to do



Mrs. Walt Pitzer

some school work, remember that it should be used with care because it contains a poisonous dye which can cause trouble. There are many cases where blood poisoning has been caused when the pencil came in contact with cold sores, pimples, or broken skin. If the dye gets in the

mouth it may cause a sore throat, and the infection can attack some gland. Or the dye can be carried with the saliva to the stomach, setting up an intestinal disturbance which doctors find difficult to diagnose and cure. The next time you find yourself starting to chew the point of your indelible pencil think twice.

Impetigo is an infectious skin disease that appears as crusted sores on the hands and face. It spreads like wildfire from one part of the skin to another, and from one person to another. Some ointments irritate the infection rather than heal it, so your doctor should be consulted.

Head lice is another bug-a-boo that often gets a good start in school rooms. It's no disgrace to get them, but it is a disgrace to keep them. The bites of these insects on the scalp will cause itching, and a frequent result is sores and swollen neck glands. Lice may be spread from one person to another in various ways, but perhaps combs, hats, and pillows are the most frequent carriers. In one school the lice were spread among the pupils by wearing each others "dunce caps"—a fad in that school. Some remedies injure the hair or scalp, so if you should get head lice be sure to go and see the doctor.

Those of us whose pet peeve is "excess baggage" will certainly want to dispose of the after-effects of Christmas goodies before they become a firm part of our figures. Follow the Thanksgiving suggestions for counteracting the effects of extra food, or if you have the Health Hints Leaflet, follow the six-day reducing schedule. You may lose too rapidly if you follow it for more than six days in succession. After the first five or six pounds which the schedule will remove, you should not reduce more than two pounds a month or you may have wrinkles and a bad disposition.

Now that colds are prevalent, be sure that your child has plenty of protective foods such as fruits, milk, eggs, and whole wheat breakfast foods. Be sure that even the small children get out into the fresh air every day, and do not let them sleep in a poorly ventilated room. Keep water boiling on the stove to humidify the air if your house is overly dry.

From My Letter Basket

By Leanna Driftmier

Ques.—"I understand that if we're to be up to date in the appearance of our homes we should remove all pictures from the wall. I wonder what you think about this?"—Mrs. J.F., Hastings, Nebr.

Ans.—It's true that walls are no longer crowded with pictures as they used to be in many homes, but to my way of thinking there is no reason for taking down really beautiful pictures that our families enjoy. I think that two or three pictures, well-framed, add to the appearance of any living room. Family photographs should be kept in the bedroom, den, or mounted tastefully in the hall; they should *not* be lined up in a solid row across the piano or library table.

Ques.—"When my ten year old daughter invites any of her little friends to supper, I excuse her from helping with any of the work and encourage her to entertain her guest in the living room after we've finished eating. I've been criticized for doing this—it seems that I'm encouraging my little girl to have "airs"—so I'd appreciate your opinion."—Mrs. R. D., Horton, Kans.

Ans.—It seems to me that a great deal depends upon the frequency with which your daughter brings home guests for supper. If she invited company every few days I'd say that she really shouldn't be excused from helping in the kitchen. I've never liked to see young girls sitting like ladies of leisure while their mothers stayed in the kitchen and tackled the extra work. However, if your home is one where people are asked rather infrequently and by special invitation, I think it's all right to do as you've done. It's fine training in social graces for girls of this age to begin learning adult ways when guests are in the home. What do you other mothers think of this problem?

Ques.—"My husband has an old chair he calls his own that has gotten to looking just plain awful. It must be all of thirty years old, and it's a disgrace to have in the living room. I want to discard it when spring house-cleaning comes around, but he's taken a firm stand against doing away with it and buying a new one. I think he's unreasonable. Why should I spoil my living room with that worn-out chair?"—Mrs. K. L., Winterset, Ia.

Ans.—*Leave that chair alone!* If you do away with it someday when he has gone to town he'll never forgive you. Men have an attachment for their old chairs, clothes, guns, etc., that baffle their wives, but personally I don't think it's worth quarreling over and the tone of your letter told me that there have been some sharp words. If he'll allow you to refinish the wood or paint it, and possibly make a slip-cover for it or at least fix a new cushion for the seat, you could

get to work and turn out a fairly attractive chair. But if I were you I'd think a long time before I destroyed it in his absence as you have threatened to do.

Ques.—"My sister-in-law told me after she'd spent Thanksgiving in our home that it was bad taste to have pillows on the floor—I mean these fancy pillows, not just plain sofa cushions. Is she right?"—Mrs. H.F., Hannibal, Mo.

Ans.—Yes, she is right. Home furnishings must serve a purpose if they are to be in genuinely good taste. Cushions or pillows are made to be used for comfort. They serve no earthly purpose when used otherwise, and to my way of thinking, look ridiculous on the floor. I think I'd put them out of sight if you haven't room for them on your davenport or chairs.

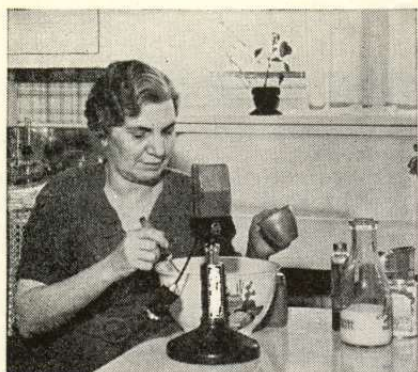
QUES. My son, eleven, loves to read and takes out books from the public library, but somehow he never seems to remember to return them before a fine has collected. I've talked and talked, and the librarian has talked, but there hasn't been any improvement. What would you suggest?—Mrs. A. T.—Iowa.

ANS. Stop talking and leave the entire problem up to him. Don't remind him that his books are overdue. Just keep quiet and let him discover for himself that a fine has collected. He will have to pay it out of his own few pennies, and when he realizes that you won't hand over a dime or fifteen cents, and that you can't keep his library books on your mind, then you'll see an improvement. Two or three fines paid out of his own pocket will effect a permanent cure.

QUES. This year I plan to entertain at a large family Christmas dinner, and I'm not certain as to the best hour for serving the meal. My husband thinks that six o'clock at night is the right time, but I'm in favor of sitting down to the table at noon. In your opinion, which is the better hour?—Mrs. J.L.W. Newton, Ia.

ANS. If the dinner were to be at my house, I think I'd hold out for one o'clock. Most people have a late breakfast and lots of excitement on Christmas morning, and they're not ready to dress and leave the house until almost noon. On the other hand, I'd be afraid that everyone would have eaten so much candy with the quantity there is around in most houses, that they'd have no appetite for a big dinner at six. And most people are pretty tired by evening after all the excitement of Christmas day. See if you can't convince your husband that an earlier hour is preferable.

Send me your questions. I am glad to answer them to the best of my ability.—Leanna Driftmier.



"Recipes Tested in the Kitchen Klatter Kitchen"

By LEANNA DRIFTMIR

ORANGE BREAD

1½ cups sifted flour
½ tsp. salt
½ cup grated orange rind
4 Tbls. orange juice
2½ tsp. baking powder
4 Tbls. sugar
1 egg
½ cup milk
2 tbs. melted butter.
Use nuts if desired
Let stand 20 minutes before baking
in moderate oven.

FRUIT CAKE

1 cup butter
1 cup brown sugar
4 cups flour
2 tsp. soda
1 cup dates
1 cup currants
2 tsp. cinnamon
2 tsp. allspice
1 cup white sugar
2 cups unsweetened applesauce
4 whole eggs
1 cup seeded raisins
1 cup citron
1 cup brazil nuts or walnuts
2 tsp. nutmeg
1 cup small gum drops
Cream sugar and butter thoroughly.
Beat in applesauce, add flour and
soda. Then add floured raisins, cur-
rants and citron. Chop nuts and flour
them. Then add dates, spices, and
gum drops. Add vanilla last and
bake in moderate oven for one hour.
—Mrs. R. Dafford, Home, Kansas.

DATE BREAD

1½ cups chopped dates
1 cup hot water
½ tsp. salt
1 egg well beaten
1½ cup all-purpose flour
½ cup nutmeats
½ cup butter
¾ cup brown sugar
1 tsp. soda
½ cup graham flour
Combine dates, nuts, hot water and
let stand. Combine butter, sugar, salt
and brown sugar. Cream well. Add
beaten eggs. Add soda in the date
mixture and combine with creamed
mixture. Add flour. Bake 60 to 70
minutes in a loaf pan.—Mrs. A. J.
Brown, Thompson, Ia.

BREAKFAST SAUSAGE

Use 1 hog's head from which the
fat has been cut. Cook until done.
To this add 3 lbs. of cooked beef.
When done, grind well and add about
5 cups of oatmeal that has been cook-
ed in some of the broth. Season with
salt, pepper, and allspice to taste.
Put in cold place. If reheated it has
a better flavor. Very good with pan-
cakes, or fried for breakfast.—Mrs.
Carl Abbas, Holland, Ia.

GINGERBREAD-BANANA SHORTCAKE

½ cup shortening
½ cup sugar
1 egg, well beaten
1 cup molasses
2½ cups sifted Victor flour
1 tsp. baking soda
½ tsp. baking powder
½ tsp. cloves
¼ tsp. nutmeg
1 tsp. ginger
1 tsp. cinnamon
1 cup boiling water
1 cup whipping cream
4 bananas
Cream shortening until soft. Blend
in sugar. Beat in egg. Add molasses.
Mix and sift dry ingredients and add
to first mixture alternately with hot
water. Turn into 2 greased 9 inch
layer pans and bake in a moderate
oven for 35 to 40 minutes. Cool lay-
ers. Whip cream until it begins to
thicken. Spread half of it over 1
layer, cover with sliced bananas and
top with second layer. Spread with
remaining cream and top with ban-
anas.—Mrs. Steve Rhoades, Nebras-
ka City, Nebr.

SMOTHERED STEAK

About 1½ pounds round steak
½ cup raisins
1 medium onion, chopped
1 egg
1 tablespoon butter
2 cups dry coarsely crumbled bread,
soaked in ¼ cup water
1 teaspoon salt
1/8 teaspoon pepper
Arrange the round steak on the bot-
tom of a medium sized casserole
which has been well greased. Mix
the remaining ingredients and spread
over the steak. Bake in a moderate
oven for 1 hour. Place on hot platter
and serve at once.—Hildreth, Nebr.

PARTY FOOD

PINEAPPLE WHIP

¼ cup milk
½ cup nuts
½ cup whipped cream
½ lb. marshmallows
1 small can crushed pineapple
1 bottle of maraschino cherries
Heat milk and marshmallows in
double boiler until marshmallows are
soft. Cool and then add the remain-
ing ingredients.

DATE BUTTERSCOTCH PIE

1 cup brown sugar
2 eggs
¼ tsp. salt
1 cup of milk
¼ cup chopped nuts
4 Tbls. milk
1 Tbls. butter
1 heaping Tbls. flour
½ cup dates
1 tsp. vanilla
Cook brown sugar, milk and butter
together, stirring continuously. Mix
together yolks of 2 eggs, flour, salt,
and milk. Add to sugar mixture and
cook until it begins to thicken. Add
dates and cook until thick, stirring to
prevent sticking. Remove from fire,
add vanilla and nuts. When cool pour
in baked pie shell, cover with mer-
ingue, and just before serving spread
a thin layer of whipped cream over
the top. Note: this is very rich and
should be served after a light meal or
with coffee as a party refreshment.—
Mrs. R. G. Mediher, Skidmore, Mo.

BANANA PEANUT BREAD

3 cups flour
2 tsp. baking powder
1 cup mashed bananas
1 tsp. vanilla
¼ cup sour cream
2 Tbls. melted fat
1 tsp. soda
2 tsp. salt
1 tsp. grated lemon rind
1 egg, beaten
1 cup sugar
½ cup broken peanuts
Mix ingredients and pour into loaf
pan lined with waxed paper. Let
stand for 15 minutes and then bake
1½ hours in moderate oven. Note:
This makes lovely sandwiches for
party refreshments.—Mrs. E. K. Meri-
wether, Whiteside, Mo.

ANGEL FOOD ORANGE WHIP

1 cup orange juice, add ½ lb. marsh-
mallows cut up. Let melt in double
boiler. Then add 1 envelope of gelatin
(which has been softened in a little
cold water.) Let cool. Fold in ½ pint
cream whipped. Pour half of the
mixture in a pan 9x12. Place slices
of angel food cake over this, then
pour the remaining mixture over the
cake and set to cool. Serve cut in
squares.

P. S.—Any stale cake crumbs may
be used, not angel food cake only.—
Marjorie Sorensen, Irwin, Ia.

COOKING HELPS

Whipped Cream Substitute. Add a sliced banana to the beaten white of an egg and whip until stiff. The banana will be entirely absorbed. This substitute is delicious.—Mrs. V. T., Ames, Ia.

Perfect Poached Eggs. A few drops of lemon juice in the water in which eggs are poached will keep them from separating.—Mrs. L. S., Nevada, Mo.

If you add the sugar to the milk you are heating for cream pies, puddings or formulas, these mixtures will not burn so easily.—Mrs. Ralph Stockwell, Laurens, Ia.

Meringue. I wonder how many use jelly instead of sugar in meringue? To 2 egg whites use 3 tablespoons plum or any jelly that is not too dark in color or too stiff. Add after the eggs are beaten stiff enough to hold a peak, then continue beating until blended. This results in a perfect meringue every time and is delicious in flavor.—Mrs. A. W. Tatum, Litchfield, Nebr.

Fill a clean ten-cent size salt sack with dressing when you are having roast fowl. Lay it in the pan beside the fowl to cook. When all is done, rip the sack and cut the dressing in slices and lay around the platter.—Mrs. Jesse Robinson, Grundy Center, Iowa.

To keep the juice in fruit pies, roll the bottom crust about an inch larger than the pie pan. Make top crust the size of the pan. Dampen edges as usual and bring the bottom crust up over the top crust and crimp in usual way.—Mrs. Fred Kinney, Trenton, Mo.

When making jelly, rub a little butter around the top of the kettle, and jelly will not boil over.—Mrs. Fred Kinney, Trenton, Mo.

When making doughnuts put a tablespoon of vinegar in the grease they are fried in. They won't absorb the grease. Put the vinegar in the kettle before the lard gets hot and it will not splutter all over.—Mrs. W. O. Smith, Genoa, Nebr.

Helps for Making Good White Cake. Cream butter and sugar until creamy and fluffy. Add dry and liquid ingredients alternately, leaving a small amount of flour and the baking powder to add last. Beat the whites of the eggs light and add part of the sugar, then add to the cake just before the baking powder. You will get better results if you use cake flour, for it is a much finer and lighter flour. Do all of your beating and creaming before you add the baking powder. Add it last and beat in quickly and lightly, and put in oven immediately. Many a good cake has been spoiled by too much beating after baking powder has been added.—Mrs. J. E. Tuffree, Green Mountain, Iowa.

Frying Fish. Instead of cutting off the fins and tail when cleaning fish, leave them on and roll the fish in cornmeal rather than flour. After they have fried or baked for a little while you can lift the fins and tail

off, and there won't be any little sharp bones as there are when you cut them off.—K. K. Sister, Marshall-

MACARONI DE LUXE

$\frac{3}{4}$ cup cooked macaroni
1 cup milk, scalded
1 cup soft bread crumbs
 $\frac{1}{4}$ cup grated cheese
 $\frac{3}{4}$ cup butter
1 tablespoon onion juice
1 tablespoon parsley
1 tablespoon chopped pimento
3 eggs, beaten separately
1 teaspoon salt
Bake in a slow oven, 300 degrees, one hour.

INDIVIDUAL PLUM PUDDINGS

4 $\frac{1}{2}$ cups sifted flour
1 teaspoon nutmeg
 $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon cinnamon
1 teaspoon soda
1 teaspoon salt
1 cup sugar
2 cups finely chopped beef suet
 $\frac{1}{2}$ cup boiling water
1 package mincemeat
 $\frac{1}{4}$ cup buttermilk
1 egg, well beaten
3 tablespoons corn syrup
 $\frac{1}{2}$ pound seedless raisins
2 ounces candied orange peel, chopped
2 ounces candied lemon peel, chopped

Mix and sift the dry ingredients, and add suet. Crumble the mincemeat into the boiling water and blend well. Add to dry ingredients. Add remaining ingredients and mix well. Dip a piece of muslin about $\frac{3}{4}$ yard square into boiling water, spread out on table, sprinkle with flour; pour all the pudding batter into center. Gather edges together and tie closely and securely. Drop into large kettle of boiling water, cover and boil gently for 4 hours. Drain and cool a little. Pack into buttered custard cups, or mold into individual servings and tie into small 6-inch squares of buttered muslin. These puddings will keep in a cool place for several weeks. Reheat over boiling water. Serve with hard sauce. 12 to 16 servings.

PRIZE MARBLE CAKE

$\frac{1}{3}$ cup shortening
1 cup sugar
1 teaspoon vanilla
2 cups cake flour
 $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon salt
2 teaspoons baking powder
 $\frac{2}{3}$ cup milk
3 egg whites
1 ounce chocolate
2 tablespoons hot water
 $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon soda

Cream the shortening and sugar, add vanilla. Add sifted dry ingredients alternately with milk. Fold in egg whites, stiffly beaten. Combine chocolate, water and soda. Add to half the batter. Alternate light and dark by spoonfuls into greased 4x8 inch loaf pan. Bake in moderate oven (350°) for 75 minutes.—Mrs. Harold Nissly, Dallas Center, Iowa.

LIST OF COOK BOOKS

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NEIGHBOR BOB'S Dinner Table ALMANACK

This is one place where a man gets to do all the talking. And the women folks, bless 'em, can't do anything but listen.

From now on this space, on this page is mine.

Well, let's say, yours and mine.

Yours, because in it you'll find things that will interest you. That is, I hope they'll interest you.

Mine, because it gives me a place to spout off my opinions.

And I have a lot of opinions on a lot of things.

Depend on that.

If you like what I write, tell me. If you don't like what I write, tell me.

I want to know what you do like and what you don't like.

One thing I'm positive you will like.

That's Mother's Best Flour. Nearly everyone who tries it once uses it from then on for all their baking. It's dandy for bread, cakes, pies—anything you want to bake. Fact is, no matter what you bake with Mother's Best, if you aren't satisfied 100 per cent, you get your money back.

Friend of mine just told me he would never have but three children. Says he just read that every fourth person born into the world is a Chinaman.

Be seel'n' you next month.

Sincerely,
NEIGHBOR BOB.

THE GIFT BOX

By Gertrude Hayzlett

Every year about this time comes the burning question of what to do with the Christmas cards we received. We have looked them over and over and shown them to our friends and then re-read them ourselves, yet still we hate to destroy them and they can't do any one any good if we put them in a box on the top shelf of the closet! So what shall we do?



Gertrude Hayzlett

There are a number of ways to put them to work if we use a little ingenuity. First, of course, we will want to make a list of the ones who sent them, for reference next year. Possibly we may want to keep some of them as they are, for sentimental reasons.

Usually among the collection there will be one or two extra pretty ones—etchings of famous buildings, perhaps, which we will want to frame and hang on the wall. Small frames are inexpensive to buy or can be made by taking two suitably sized pieces of cardboard and cutting the center from one of them, leaving an opening large enough to show the picture. Cover this top piece with envelope linings cut in fancy shapes, and glue to the back with the picture between.

A scrapbook is the next thing that comes to mind. Select one with fairly stiff pages, as the cards will tear off of thin paper. Children adore books like this and they are welcomed by most State and County hospitals.

The stiff, folder-type cards can be converted into little booklets. Carefully remove the inner pages and use them for a pattern to cut pages from plain white paper. Punch holes in the center, or if we have no punch we can simply fold the paper in the exact center and with the scissors cut a couple of little notches in the fold. Put holes in the cover piece to match, and lace them together with ribbon or tape to make a book. Several inner sheets may be put in. Paste or write in some poems, etc., and there you have a nice gift to send in a letter. Or write a letter in the book. That will be appreciated.

Gift cards can be made by cutting pretty parts from the cards. Cut a handy size small card from the larger one, including some plain white on which to write a greeting. The edges are prettier if the outline of the design is followed, rather than leaving them straight.

Clever place cards may be made by cutting a large card down to suitable size. They may have an extra tab pasted on the back to use easel-fashion, or holders may be made with doll-sized clothespins. Use a small tin jar cover, or a large wooden buttonmold for the base. Enamel them.



OVER THE FENCE

Listen to this: "There are four good programs on the air at 1:30. By exercising the dial I am able to get the high points of all four. This sounds impossible, but it can be done." And here I can't even visit when a radio is on! It is true that the air is so full of interesting programs that one must use all kinds of ingenuity to be able to get the most from our radios.

When we unwrap our Christmas packages this year, let's be very careful to save all of the pretty papers and strings. They can be carefully pressed and used again. Ordinarily some of us would not take the time to do this, but it may be well to look ahead to next Christmas for already there is a scarcity of paper in our country.

I am sure that the friends of Mrs. Francis Bryant of Powersville, Missouri were very grieved to learn of her death which resulted from an automobile accident. I felt that I had lost a real friend, and wish to extend my sympathy to her sorrowing family.

Mrs. William Juhl, of Harlan, Iowa would like to hear from other mothers who have sons in the service in Manila, P. I. Mrs. Juhl has another son at Ft. Ord. On her birthday this son sent her a lovely necklace made from flat shells of all colors. She also has many lovely souvenirs from the son in Manila.

Reading of Manila reminds me of one of my girlhood romances when I corresponded with a soldier boy in Manila and had some lovely souvenirs too. He even sent me buttons from his uniform for a military cape that my mother made me!

I don't wonder that mothers who send small children to country school worry during the hunting season when they hear the bang! bang! of the hunters' guns. It is a wonder more children are not injured in this way. Now is certainly the time to have them wear their bright red stocking caps.

Mrs. John C. Quinn of Ft. Dodge, Iowa has a daughter who is an army nurse at Ft. Leonard Wood, Mo.

Please send a Christmas card to Mrs. Andrew Jurgens of Cedar Bluffs, Nebraska who is a shut-in. She is in a cast for the fourth time in three years.

Mrs. O. B. Hughes of Battle Creek, Iowa had a younger brother and sister in Sierra Leone, West Africa, as missionaries. Her sister was a nurse and her brother served as a teacher in the Clarke Memorial Bible School. Her oldest brother is a Sunday School missionary in the Ozark mountains of Missouri, and her son Raymond, the age of our son, Ted, who is in Egypt, is going to study in preparation for doing mission work in the Ozarks. Mrs. Hughes has promised us an African recipe for a one-dish meal.

Mrs. Sam Reynolds of Iowa City, Iowa calls this the Kosy Komfort magazine as it calls for an easy chair and gives her hours of good reading.

For the lady who wanted to know my family's middle names and their birthdays, here they are:

Martin Henry Driftmier, Oct. 7.
Leanna Ruby Driftmier, April 3.
Herbert Howard, March 20.
Adelyn Lucile, May 3.
Dorothy Louise, May 13.
Frederick Field, May 8.
Stephen Wayne, March 9.
Margery Ann, February 2.
Donald Paul, August 16.

I particularly enjoyed the part of the letter Mrs. Anton Hilden of York, Nebraska wrote to me where she described her father because he reminds me so much of my own father who, when his age prevented him from leading an active, busy life outside the home, found such joy in knitting sweaters, caps, scarfs and mittens for his many grandchildren. Mrs. Hilden's father has knit 112 rugs in the past six years. Our Kitchen-Klatter Dust Caps off to this happy and helpful old gentleman. I am sure that many other old men would be happier if they could pass the time in this way.

Mrs. Kenneth Pierce of Anita, Iowa, wants to give a help to the new housekeeper. She writes, "Do you know, I was married nine years before I had sense enough to move my kitchen table close to the cupboards when I cleaned the shelves. I wonder if anyone else carries a few dishes at a time, back and forth to a table across the room when cleaning cupboards?"

I love my kitchen, but there is one big thing the matter with it that I am going to have changed some day. I have a sink and drainboard with two nice windows above it, and on each side of the windows there are cupboards. However, the dish cupboard is **not** on the side with the drain board; it is on the right, and on the left next to the sink is a spice cupboard, a flour bin, and a closet for cleaning equipment. I blame myself for this mistake, for at the time the kitchen was remodeled Dorothy was sick up on the sleeping porch and I was more concerned about her than I was interested in cupboards.

THE MOTHER'S ROUND TABLE

Written for Mothers by Mothers

BE YOUR CHILDREN'S FRIEND

This job of being a parent is so time-consuming and exacting in its tangible requirements that the intangible points are likely to be neglected.

Modern parents can measure and strive to secure adequate diet, comfortable clothing, desirable education and good social habits for the children.

That is a twenty-four hour-a-day job and requires about all the energy that any two people can muster.

These things are tangible. Mama can stand her Mary or Johnny beside the other children their ages and say: They are (or are not) well-fed. They are (or are not) well-clothed. They are (or are not) as far along in school. They can (or cannot) mix socially with their friends.

But at no time and in no place can Mama ever measure Mary's or Johnny's capacity for friendship, for co-operation, for self-entertainment, for enjoyment of all the contacts that their future lives will bring. There is no course of study for this. There is no yardstick of achievement for it. These things are intangible.

They are developed as we meet and treat our children as FRIENDS. I cannot emphasize that word too strongly. It expresses my meaning exactly. We must meet them as we meet our adult friends—meet them where our interests are mutual and absorbing.

You ask me, "How?" I cannot tell you. The things that interest my children and me might seem dull to you and yours. Perhaps I can make myself more clearly understood with an example.

We enjoy books and stories, and magazines, and daily papers. Since they were babies, I have read to my boys. Now the older ones read to the younger ones and to me as I do my kitchen work in the evening. I do not claim that the stories are absorbingly interesting to me. Many of them I know so well that I can pronounce a hard word for a small boy without bothering to look at the book. I am more interested in the child's ability to read. The children enjoy the story. We discuss endlessly the fate of Goldilocks, The Three Little Pigs and Little Black Sambo. We discuss the stories they read at school. As the five year-old says, "We ramitize them." The point is, we talk and laugh and play together. WE PRACTICE BEING FRIENDS.

To deserve friendship, we must work at it. We treat our adult friends with courtesy and consideration. We refrain from offensive criticism. We respect their likes and dislikes. We would never attempt to reform them with harsh "Don'ts and Do's".

Such conduct pays dividends with adults. It pays infinitely larger dividends with our children.

—Maxine L. Sickels

THE CHILD WITH AVERAGE ABILITY

By Helen Louden

Don't you love the New Year's feeling? It is like opening a new diary and beginning to write on the white page. No blots, erasures, or mistakes. Wouldn't it be nice to keep our lives like a diary—a fresh page each morning and a new book each year? Yet perhaps we need a few blots to help us avoid further errors.

Rubinfoff, the noted violinist, played a concert in Shenandoah recently. His marked genius started the children to discussing the various talents which they do or do not possess. Each of them longs to become famous, or very beautiful, or greatly gifted, even as you and I doubtless longed when we were very young. Talent, to a child, never means commonplace ability. If a boy shows mechanical ability he feels that he will be a rank failure unless he can rival Edison or Marconi. The little girl who can sing pleasingly decides that she will become a radio artist, while there are countless millions of small girls who plan to become movie stars of the first magnitude.

As children grow older they gradually learn that the greatly gifted person, the genius, is the exception rather than the rule. This realization is the first step towards the development of lesser, but very real talents.

Jean frets because music is hard for her. But she gathers the small children of the neighborhood, and her small brothers and sisters, into a play school where she teaches them actual lessons. They love it, and it is astonishing how much they learn. Jean has a very real talent for teaching children and making them like it!

Donald is a born mechanic. He takes everything apart, and usually gets it back together again. Our house sounds like a clock store. People give him old clocks "to tear up" and he soon has them running. He tinkers with old radios, and every so often he



Helen Thompson and Johnie Bateman on the banks of the Ohio River in Kentucky.

and his father dissect one on the dining room table. Even the electric lights are not immune; he blows a fuse occasionally in spite of stern orders to leave the lights alone. I never know where to find the switch to turn on his bedroom light. Oh, well, it is all part of his education.

Phyllis laughs at me when I tell her that her talent for cooking is a priceless gift, but it is! Most women have to cook, at least upon occasion, and that cooking is an art is generally conceded. She can take my recipes and make things taste and look much better than I can. She sews nicely too, thanks to her 4-H work.

No, cooking or sewing cannot compare with the art of a Rubinfoff, but I'll wager that even Mr. Rubinfoff likes good food!

Do you remember the fable of the mountain and the squirrel who had a quarrel? The squirrel settled it by saying, "Talents differ. All are well and wisely put. If I cannot carry forests on my back, neither can you crack a nut!"



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WOOL QUILT!

WHAT
SHALLWE
READ

BOOKS THAT I LOVED IN MY CHILDHOOD

By Lucile Driftmier Verness

On my frequent trips to the great Los Angeles public library I often take the elevator to the floor where the children's department is located just to look around for a few minutes and recapture, in a way of speaking, some of the most vivid memories of my childhood. Books have always been one of the most important things in the world to me, and I wouldn't be a bit surprised if one of the explanations for this is the fact that books were always important in our home. Dad's hobby is books; as long as I can remember he has been buying them. And mother was always a firm believer in leading children towards the enjoyment that can be found in books. Indeed, Howard and I were only five or four when she first started taking us to the Shenandoah library to select the books that we wanted her to read to us.

The first book that she ever read to us was "The Little Dutch Twins", by Lucy Fitch Perkins. To this day, twenty-seven years later, I can recall countless incidents from that book. I can see it in my mind's eye, a medium-sized blue book full of black and white drawings of the twins, and I can see us as we sat on the arms of the chair listening breathlessly as she followed those small Dutch children to market, to church, to the canal where they skated in the winter, and to their grandparents' home.

This book is only one of a long series by Lucy Fitch Perkins. She wrote about almost every country in the world, and these various twins (her two main characters were always twins) became as real to us as though they lived next door. People in foreign countries have never seemed the least bit different to me, and I think that possibly the reason I feel this way is because I felt so well acquainted with the twins and their parents. I often used to wish that I could go and visit the Eskimo Twins, and for a long time I prayed at night that God would look after the French Twins.

When we had finished all of the Lucy Fitch Perkins books, mother read "The Little Lame Prince" to us. How we loved this story! We used to watch the clock like hawks, for as a rule mother read to us between 5:30 and 6:00. She had supper cooking in the kitchen and we had flown to help her set the table so that there would be no interruption from 5:30 until Dad came home to eat. When the reading stopped in a tense spot I felt that I just couldn't live through the time between that moment and the next afternoon. I think I must have begun to read so early because I couldn't wait to see how the story turned out.

Some of the other books that we enjoyed tremendously were "Black Beauty", "The Five Little Peppers and How They Grew", "The Swiss Family Robinson", "Huckleberry Finn", "The Silver Skates", "The Secret Garden", and "The Peterkin Papers". The "Peterkin Papers" made such an impression upon my sense of humor that to this day I'll find myself saying, "Well, ask the lady from Philadelphia," if some problem arises to which there should be an embarrassingly simple solution. I remember that I used to lie in bed at night and laugh until I cried about the horse that wouldn't move from the hitching post. They pleaded and begged and switched his legs and held a bowl of whipped cream just beyond his nose, but still he wouldn't move to take the Peterkins on their long-planned picnic. Finally the lady from Philadelphia was consulted. She looked out of the window and then turned and said, "Well, why don't you untie him from the hitching post?" I thought that this was the funniest thing I had ever heard in my life.

After Howard and I were getting along to the third and fourth grades in school and quite capable of reading to ourselves, we still liked to hear mother going over the same old books for Dorothy and Frederick. By this time the famous Burgess books about "Mother West Wind" and all of her little people had been published, and although I was pretty big to get excited about "Reynard the Fox" and "Paddy the Beaver", I liked to hear about their adventures because mother did the reading. She always read very well with great dramatic emphasis upon the exciting parts.

Somehow the books that we read in childhood stay with us so much more clearly than books we read as adults. I've read hundreds and hundreds of books since the days of "Huckleberry Finn" and the "Five Little Peppers", yet none of them are half so sharp and clear in my mind. I wouldn't take anything for the pleasure that reading gave me in my childhood, particularly the reading that mother did for us, and if I could have my wishes granted in this world I would breathe a very strong wish for the hope that every child can become acquainted with the characters of fiction who never seem like fiction when we are very young. Books are within the reach of everyone, thanks to the public libraries and traveling libraries. And they can give to every child a storehouse of memories that will stay with him brightly throughout his entire life.

KITCHEN KLATTER POETS

MAGIC PASSING

The lady rain walks through the world,

Dressed in pale silver showers,
Her trailing draperies sweep around
And freshen up the flowers;

She drifts away across the hills,
And everywhere she passes
Her life stirs in the growing world,
From trees to tiny grasses.

—Mrs. L. N. Hopkins,
Storm Lake, Ia.

MY MA

There's nobody like my Ma, that's
very plain to see,
No matter what the trouble is, she
fixes it for me.

I guess my Ma has no M. D., but I
think she's just swell

When I fall down and hurt myself,
her kiss can make me well.

When I come in all tired from play,
and hungry as a bear,

My Ma says, "You just help your-
self, the cooky jar's right there."

Even when I do things wrong, she
loves me all the while,

And then I want to please her, just
to see my mother smile.

Oh! there's nobody like my Ma, I
quite agree with Pa,

We could search the whole world
over and find no one like my Ma.

—Mabel Nair Brown,
Scranton, Ia.

SNOW DREAM

Who wants to wash the dishes,
Who wants to wax the floors,
Who wants to wield the dustmop
When its snowing out-of-doors?

Give me the deepening silence,
Give me a well read book,
Give me a much loved window,
Where I can sit and look.

I don't think of cooking,
Nor other household chores,
I just sit and daydream,
When its snowing out-of-doors.

—May Stuart Beavers,
Osceola, Iowa.



Mr. and Mrs. Harry Eaton in front of their place of business, the Capitol Drug Store in Des Moines, Ia. Mrs. Eaton is my sister Martha.



FOR THE CHILDREN

THE THUMBLETY BUMBLETY ELF

By Maxine Sickels

CHAPTER FIVE

The Thumblety Bumblety Elf went straight home, as straight as a cricket can hop. He crawled out of his stiff, shiny, cricket suit and he hung it on a nail with his stiff, shiny, cricket cap.

Then he lay down on his fluff pillow and slept until the grey fog blowing in his windows brushed his cheeks with its cold fingers.

He awoke with a kick that sent the covers flying and bounced out of bed with a crow like a tiny bantam rooster. He ate his breakfast of minced mushrooms and drank two drops of clear sparkling dew.

Then he sat down in the door of his hollow log home to greet his friends as they came by.

Crickety Cricket came hoppity hippity down the path through the big woods.

"Good morning, Thumblety Bumblety, how did the little girl like your cricket suit? Did you play for her on the music box?" he asked.

"I certainly did," said The Thumblety Bumblety Elf with a merry laugh as he answered the last question first. "And she liked it very much. She asked about all of my friends over here in the Big Woods. We had the nicest visit until the nurse came in. You know I don't believe that nurse likes any of my suits. She always puts me out as soon as she finds me."

"People are queer," agreed Crickety Cricket with a sober nod. "Do you mean to go back?"

"Oh yes. I like Darling very much. She is interested in all the things I tell her and she is never afraid of me when she finds out it is me."

"Which suit are you going to wear this time?" asked the cricket, knowing how well The Thumblety Bumblety Elf liked to dress in all of his different suits.

"I just can't decide," said The Thumblety Bumblety Elf twisting his brown forelock around his finger.

"Why don't you come and help me decide?"

"I would be glad to," answered the cricket eagerly and he meant it. He sometimes envied the little elf all his pretty suits and got quite tired of wearing his plain black one.

Together they went into the hollow log house and began to look at the rows and rows of suits hanging there.

There were red velvet ones made from red rose petals, and pink velvet ones made from pink roses, and yellow velvet ones made from yellow roses.

There were white satin ones made from white peonies.

There was a royal purple one made



from the silk and satin petals of an iris.

There was a tiny white fluffy one made from the fur shed from a white kitten.

There was a grand orange one made from the feathers an oriole had shed. Every one of them had a tiny cap to match.

Looking and looking it seemed to the cricket that every friend in the deep forest had sent his prettiest gift to The Thumblety Bumblety Elf.

That was true for The Thumblety Bumblety Elf was the kind of a friend who never waits for someone else to help his friends when they need help.

When he and the cricket had walked the full length of the hollow log home, they had not agreed upon a suit.

That is, they had not until they saw the grand black and yellow velvet that the Bumble Bee Queen had sent.

It hadn't been there yesterday when The Thumblety Bumblety Elf was

dressing to go and see Darling, but there it hung this morning—soft black velvet with bands of shining gold around it. There hung the fuzzy little cap to match it. Tied to the tip-top of the cap was a little tag that said, "To the friend who helped me when I needed a friend."

The Thumblety Bumblety Elf was so excited that he jumped up and down and up and down. He was so excited that he could not get his arms into the sleeves nor his feet into the legs of the pretty new suit. He was so excited that he forgot the fuzzy little cap and came running back after it.

Crickety Cricket held the sleeves and straightened out the legs of the suit and came hopping after him with the cap.

He was standing in the door laughing when The Thumblety Bumblety Elf stopped at the turn in the path and waved goodbye to him.

(To be continued)

RIDDLES

1. What is the difference between a glass of water and a glass of soda water? Answer: .05
2. What is the oldest piece of furniture in the world? Answer: The multiplication table.
3. What is the strongest day in the week? Answer: Sunday, because all of the others are weak days.
4. What is lengthened by being cut at both ends? Answer: A ditch.
5. When is a horse like a house? Answer: When he has blinds on.

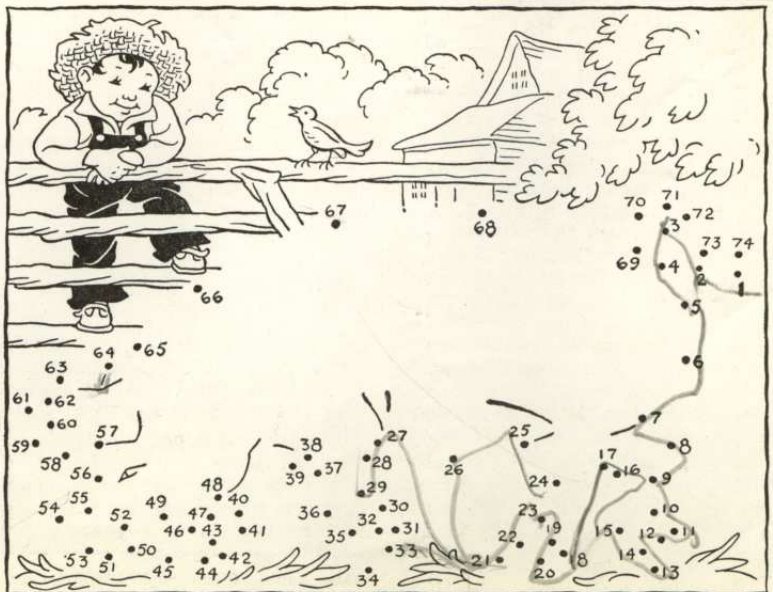
LITTLE PRAYERS

All the day Thy hand hath led me,
Kept me safely everywhere.
Thou hast clothed me, warmed me,
fed me

And I thank Thee for Thy care.

—Mrs. Val Coston, Skidmore, Mo.

For morning;
Help me Father, to be good
And to do the things I should;
Loving those who love me so
And kind to everyone I know.
—Mrs. Lena Faller, Adel, Iowa.



Draw between the numbers from 1 to 2 etc. See what the Boy is watching.

PRACTICAL POULTRY POINTERS

By Olinda Wiles

Happy New Year!

At this season of the year we have the usual urge to try again. One often hears farmers (and their wives) say at the close of the fall season, "Well, it's no use trying to make money on a farm. I never worked harder in my life than I have the past year, and about all I got was a lot of exercise." Yet the first nice sunshiny day that comes along you'll find them looking across the fields and wondering if it will be a good year to get the oats in early. As a rule they are all a very optimistic bunch of people.

So it is with the farmer's wife. As soon as January rolls around she begins to think about her poultry program for the year. Already the papers and magazines are beginning to say, "Buy Early." "Get First Class Stock." "Produce More Poultry." "Raise two broods of chicks in place of one."

But first let us pause and go back over the past year to see if mistakes that we might have made can be corrected in this new year.

I wonder if we didn't make a mistake when everyone tried to increase production during this past year with the result that we took from 12 to 14 cents per pound for our poultry, and during early November it even went as low as 9 and 11 cents per pound. All of us should get busy and write to our congressman to ask him what has become of those good prices that he promised to us last June. If it weren't for egg prices we would be losing money every day we keep a hen on our place, and certainly we're not making much the way it is.

At the present price of feed it costs almost one dollar to bring a hen to maturity. When she begins laying she begins paying that back, but if she happens to be one that you have to cull from your flock because of discolored feathers or other defects that may disqualify her so that you cannot sell your eggs to hatchery, then you take the market price which is at present 12 cents. This means that you get the grand sum of 60 cents for a 5 pound chicken that cost you almost a dollar to raise. You have to do a lot of figuring to make things come out even at this rate.

Thus we must use the utmost care in buying and brooding our flock in this coming year. Secretary Wickard has asked for a ten percent increase in poultry and eggs for the coming year; I wish he would guarantee us a ten percent increase in selling price too.

If increasing the size of your flock means overcrowding, you'd better forget the demand for you will have fewer chickens in the long run, and of poorer quality. The most logical way to increase egg production is to buy a better egg-laying strain of pullets rather than to increase the number of them. And be sure you get them early.



These two happy girls are Betty and Ann Heifner, popular entertainers at KMA.

HOUSEHOLD HELPS

To patch wall paper, never cut it, but tear it. Always tear up with the left hand and down with the right, which makes the better edge. Tear unevenly, as it looks better than a square or round patch.—Mrs. Rhae Volentine, R4, Kearney, Nebr.

This spring a lady asked about her tarnished light fixtures. I enamel mine a dark brown or green—or any color to harmonize with the color scheme of your room. It lasts for years and is very pretty.—Mrs. Troy Barb, Box 8, Doon, Iowa.

Last spring I heard you say someone asked how to clean painted walls which were sand finished, and you advised a brush. I have had sand finished painted walls for 18 years. I wash mine with a sponge and wipe with another sponge wrung out of clear water, or else with a rag. I sometimes put a little soap powder in a pail of water and then dip in the sponge, squeeze it enough so the water will not drip or run down my arm, rub a bar of soap over the sponge. Then rub it lightly over a space of wall 2 or 3 feet square. Then rinse as I said. The sponge seems to have a suction which a rag does not and thus it "takes hold" of the rough wall. A rag can be used but it is twice the work.—Mrs. Charles Lagoni, 2713 W. St.



This Santa Claus and his reindeer were placed on the roof of the home of Mrs. Jesse Irwin at Boone, Ia.

BOOSTS

Dear Leanna: You will find enclosed a dollar for which please send me Kitchen-Klatter for 1 year. I took it once before and thought so much of it. I intended keeping all of the issues but so many of my neighbors liked it, too, and would borrow and forget to bring back, till I don't think I have any copies left at all. Don't think I'll even tell them I'm taking it this time.—A Subscriber.

Dear Leanna: I listen to you most every day and do enjoy your "straight from the heart" visits, helps and recipes. I have had one of your magazines and read every word in it. Your son, Frederick's letter and also Lucile's was most interesting. Then I had a chance to glance at one of my neighbor's magazines from you and—well—I just must have them for myself for a year, so am sending \$1.00 for a year's subscription.—Mrs. Hjalmer Quist, Blair, Nebr.

Dear Aunt Leanna: Enclosed find my dollar bill for the Kitchen-Klatter Magazine for a year starting with the September issue. I enjoy your little magazine very much and we read it from cover to cover. I use much of the game material, poems and recipes in my 4-H Club work. This year our project is sewing so hope you fill it as full of helps along that line as you can. The 10c extra is for the 5 sheets of Embroidery patterns. My 12 year old girl requests this premium.—Mrs. Roy Beecher, Springfield, South Dakota.



ROMANCE TEA TOWELS

"Boy" and "Girl" meet over a pan of milk, and swift romance results—for the purpose of this new tea towel set. While Miss Kitty plucks flower petals to decide whether it is really love, Mr. Tom serenades on his guitar. He proposes; she accepts; they are wed—such is the story told so delightfully in embroidery. Transfer C9351, 10c, brings 7 clever motifs for a week's tea towel supply and an extra motif for a matching panholder.

Order from

LEANNA DRIFTMIER

Shenandoah, Iowa

Our Hobby Club

For Subscribers to the "Kitchen-Klatter Magazine"

HOBBY COLLECTORS

A friend in Sioux City writes, "I met a nun in Minneapolis last summer who is a button collector. She is an old lady and gets much enjoyment out of this hobby, so I'm sure that she would be very happy to have some additions to her collection. Her address is Sister Odellia O. S. B., 78th St., and 3rd Ave. South, Minneapolis, Minn."

Mrs. Ethel M. Norton, Athol, Kansas, RFD., enjoys pen pals for her hobby.

Salt and pepper shakers.—Mrs. Lee Hays, Hamlin, Ia., RFD 1.

Mrs. S. F. Novah, Brainard, Nebr., would like to acquire small vases for her collection, and will exchange for other hobbies out of the state.

Mrs. Bessie Richardson, 1122 Ave. F., Hawarden, Ia., would like to get a china dog from each state. She also collects pictures of dogs and pillow tops of dogs.

Old dishes, paper napkins, and keeping up a high school scrapbook are the hobbies of Lola Hansen, Manning, Ia.

Good candy recipes and pot holders.—Miss Violette Hedman, Lamberton, Minn.

Mrs. Nels Thorson, Floyd, Iowa, would like to exchange her apron pattern for a crochet tablecloth pattern.

Toy dogs of all kinds, and stories and pictures of dogs are the hobbies of Mrs. Dorothy Helferich, Hebron, North Dakota. She also likes to exchange snapshots.

Salt and pepper shakers.—Mrs. Jennie Scott, B44 Havelock, St., Lincoln, Nebr.

Mrs. Andrew Thompson, RFD 2, Wiota, Ia., collects salt and pepper shakers. Lena Thompson at the same address collects small dogs.

Salt and pepper shakers are the hobby of Laura Jean Rich, Janesville, Ia. She writes: "I received my first set three years ago next April while in the hospital. At that time a friend gave me a list of hobby names from the Kitchen-Klatter magazine, and in September of that year I started getting my first sets. What a thrill!"

Mrs. R. G. Marshall, Humeston, Ia., RFD 2, would like to hear from anyone interested in gloxinias. She has twelve different kinds and raises bulbs.

Pen pals are the hobby of Miss Eileen Goebel, Remsen, Ia., RFD 3.

Mrs. Ben C. Wilson, Blue Earth, Minn., RFD 3, would like to exchange with other salt and pepper shaker collectors.

Postal card views.—Mrs. Austa Sare, 305 E. High St., Toledo, Ia.

Cactus and house flowers are collected by Mrs. Geo. Brosam, RFD 1, Cumberland, Ia.

SALT AND PEPPER SHAKERS

Eleanor Hanson of Pomeroy, Iowa, who has collected the 500 salt and pepper shakers pictured on this page, writes an interesting account of her hobby:

"Three years ago I started collecting salt and pepper shakers," she says, "and since then I have collected 668 different sets. The greatest portion of my collection I have gotten through exchanges or gifts. I belong to two exchange clubs and a round robin.

"Among my collection I have a set of the Last Supper, the capitol building in Washington, and Will Rogers Shrine in Oklahoma. I have all kinds of animals, fruits, vegetables, and famous people such as George and Martha Washington, Canadian Mounted Police, Uncle Sam, six of the seven Dwarfs and Snow White.

"Included in my collection are several sets that were sent out from advertising firms, among them a set of dogs from R. C. A. Victor, and a set of General Electric refrigerators.

"In size they range from seven inches to the very smallest set ever made, a miniature silver set three-fourths of an inch high. The materials used vary from marble to paper. Each one is numbered and cataloged so I always know from whom I got them, and the date.

"One of my aims has been to get a set from someone in each of the forty-eight states and at the present time I have from all but two of the states—Montana and Georgia. I also have sets from Canada, Mexico, Germany, Switzerland, Japan, Cuba, and the British Isles."

Do any of you have a root of the old-fashioned burgamont houseplant you would send Anna Mohler of Pleasantville, Iowa? It has reddish green leaves that are very fragrant.

CLASSIFIED ADS

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

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

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.

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 Hayzett, Shenandoah, Iowa.

PILLOWSLIPS—Crocheted edge \$1.25 pair. Dish towels, some \$1.25 set. Needlework reasonable. Mabel Booth, Richmond, Mo.

NEW CROP LARGE HICKORY NUT and Black Walnut meats. 60c per quart. May Carpenter, Plano, Iowa.

CROCHETED BOUCLE FLOWERS; Patriotic Yarn Necklaces, 30c. Knitted Baby Caps, 50c. Bess Meduna, Box 84, Weston, Neb.

PLAQUES: Flower, motto or picture 35c; sets 50c. Book ends 60c; animals 25c. Unpainted less. Mrs. Manton Bakker, Grundy Center, Ia.

FOR SALE—Streamlined diamond iron used 1 year. Good condition. P.P. \$2.75. Mrs. Olaf Tarkelson, RFD 1, Zumbrota, Minn.

FOR SALE—The Handy Rag Silver Polisher, no liquid, powder, or paste required. Guaranteed. 25 cents pp. Wayne C. Scheidecker, Lake View, Ia.

FOR SALE—All kinds of crochet and embroidery work. Reasonable prices. Write to Laura Jean Rich, Janesville, Ia.

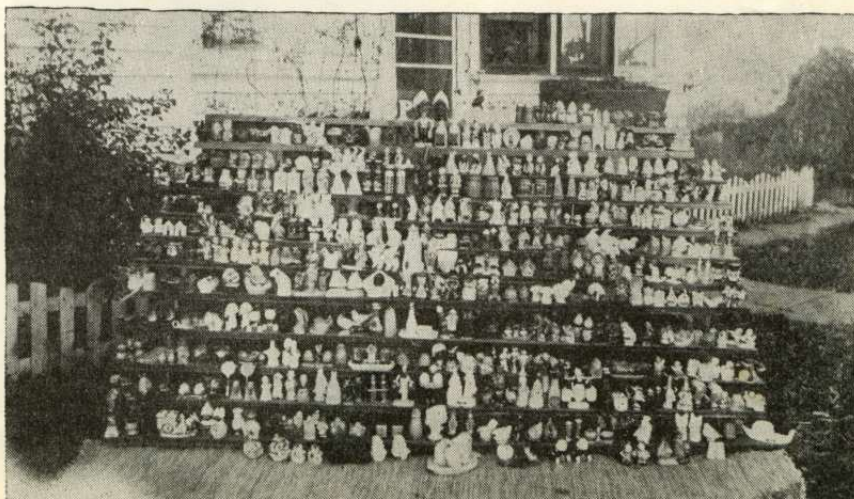
MEDALIONS TO SET IN PILLOWCASES. Pink, blue or yellow rose. 15c each or 2 for 25c. Mrs. E. R. Hinks, Munden, Kans.

"YOUR HANDWRITING TELLS"

Send stamped, self-addressed envelope, birthdate. 25c KENNEY, 904 Norfolk Ave., Norfolk, Nebr.

GIVE BEAUTY FOR XMAS

Eva Hopkins Creme Powder with Sponge\$1.10
Two Jars (Rouge compact Free) \$2.20
Six Jars\$5.50
3 Cakes Salmarine Soap\$1.00
Postpaid at these prices and tax paid.
EVA HOPKINS, SHENANDOAH, IA.



The hobby collection of Miss Eleanor Hanson of Pomeroy, Iowa. These are 500 of her 668 sets of salt and pepper shakers.



AID SOCIETY HELPS

A PANCAKE BREAKFAST

During these winter months your Aid Society can make money and give people an unusually jolly get-together by serving a pancake breakfast. The Saturday morning before Christmas might be a very good time, for people like to get down town early to start their shopping, and if they knew that they could eat a fine breakfast at your church between seven and nine the chances are that they'd plan to stop in.

Do your level best to get the co-operation of a company that makes pancake flour and see if they won't make a donation of their product. Posters around the walls can advertise the brand of flour that you are using, and perhaps the company will supply you with small printed slips that can be placed beside each plate.

Serve the hot cakes with bacon, butter and syrup, or use sausage rather than the bacon. A glass of fruit juice can begin the meal, and big pots of steaming coffee can take care of the strongest coffee appetite.

Be sure that you have a booth where cookies and doughnuts are offered for sale; women on their way to do Christmas shopping aren't likely to get any Saturday baking done.

This pancake breakfast means that all of the workers will have to turn out mighty early on a cold winter morning, but once the fires are crackling and things get underway you'll find that it can be lots of fun—and really profitable.

PATCH THE TEA TOWEL

Mrs. F. B. Brinkman of Pawnee City, Nebraska sends this very good Aid Society help that was used by the Methodist church.

A box was prepared that contained a thimble, needle, spool of thread, a number of patches an inch and a half square, and a tea towel. This box started making the rounds of the Aid members, and as it came to each one the member sewed a patch on the tea towel after placing a coin underneath. In the box was a list of names, and each woman crossed out her name after she had patched the towel and then sent the box on to the next name on the list.

It's always exciting to see how much money is covered by patches on the tea towel, so start a box going the rounds in your Aid Society if you're looking for something original in the money raising line.

A PERCENTAGE OF SALES

In a Missouri town one of the grocery stores gave the ladies of an Aid Society a certain percentage of his profits on a given Saturday. Of course this brought him lots of business on that day, and the church shared in his success. Perhaps some merchant in your town would like to help your church in this way, but if you try this plan be sure that it is well advertised in your newspaper.

GATHER PAPER

With a probable paper shortage impending in our country, start collecting old newspapers and magazines right now. The price you will receive for them will surely reward you for your trouble.

STRENGTH

Do not pray for easy lives. Pray to be stronger men. Do not pray for tasks equal to your powers. Pray for power equal to your tasks. Then the doing of your work shall be no miracle. Every day you shall wonder at yourself, at the richness of life which has come to you by the Grace of God.

—Phillips Brooks.

IT PAYS

It is not always easy to apologize, to begin over, to save money, to be unselfish, to take advice, to admit error, to face a sneer, to be charitable, to be considerate, to keep on trying, to avoid mistakes, to forgive and forget, to think and then act, to keep out of the rut, to make the best of little, to subdue an unruly temper, to recognize the silver lining—but it always pays.

—Sent by Mrs. Elmer Lind,
RFD 2, Newton, Ia.



Ruby Weirich and Pauline Sassee, juniors in the Griwold High School, gather waste paper during a recent drive.

CONTESTS

FOUND IN A WATCH

1. What season of the year do you find in a watch? Spring
2. What parts of the human body? Face and hands
3. What is the sign of bondage? The chain
4. What will most interest the physician? Case
5. What indicates the way an average person spends six days a week? Works
6. What part of the flower does it contain? Stem
7. What sign of honesty do you find in many watches? Open face
8. What expression of courage? Metal
9. What is found that can never be first? Seconds
10. What does it have that waits for no man? Time
11. What that belongs to us? Hours (ours)
12. What is found that we see in a wax collection? Figures

—Sent by Rhea Nagel,
Guthrie Center, Ia.

FILL IN THE MISSING WORDS

1. As fat as a -----? Pig
2. As pretty as a -----? Picture
3. As old as -----? Methuselah
4. As proud as a -----? Peacock
5. As cross as -----? Two sticks
6. As fine as a -----? Fiddle
7. As sly as a -----? Fox
8. As blind as a -----? Bat
9. As sweet as -----? Honey
10. As white as a -----? Sheet
11. As dead as a -----? Doornail
12. As stiff as a -----? Poker
13. As light as a -----? Feather
14. As swift as an -----? Arrow
15. As dry as a -----? Bone
16. As bitter as -----? Gall
17. As good as -----? Gold
18. As brave as a -----? Lion
19. As neat as a -----? Pin
20. As deaf as a -----? Post

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Guthrie Center, Ia.

What kind of clothing should each of the following wear to a party, or to buy if they wish to be properly dressed?

1. An Artist? Canvas
2. The gardener? Lawn
3. A Dairyman? Cheese-cloth
4. An editor? Print
5. A banker? Checks
6. A hunter? Duck
7. A hairdresser? Haircloth
8. A Scotchman? Plaids
9. A prisoner? Stripes
10. A government official? Red tape
11. An architect? Blue prints
12. A minister? Broadcloth
13. An undertaker? Crepe
14. A barber? Mo-hair
15. A girl who loves money? Cashmere
16. A girl whose eyesight is poor? Dimity.
17. A girl on a vacation? Outing flannel
18. A woodchopper's wife? Corduroy
19. A musical girl? Organdy