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Kitchen-Klatter

MAGAZINE

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

Volume VI

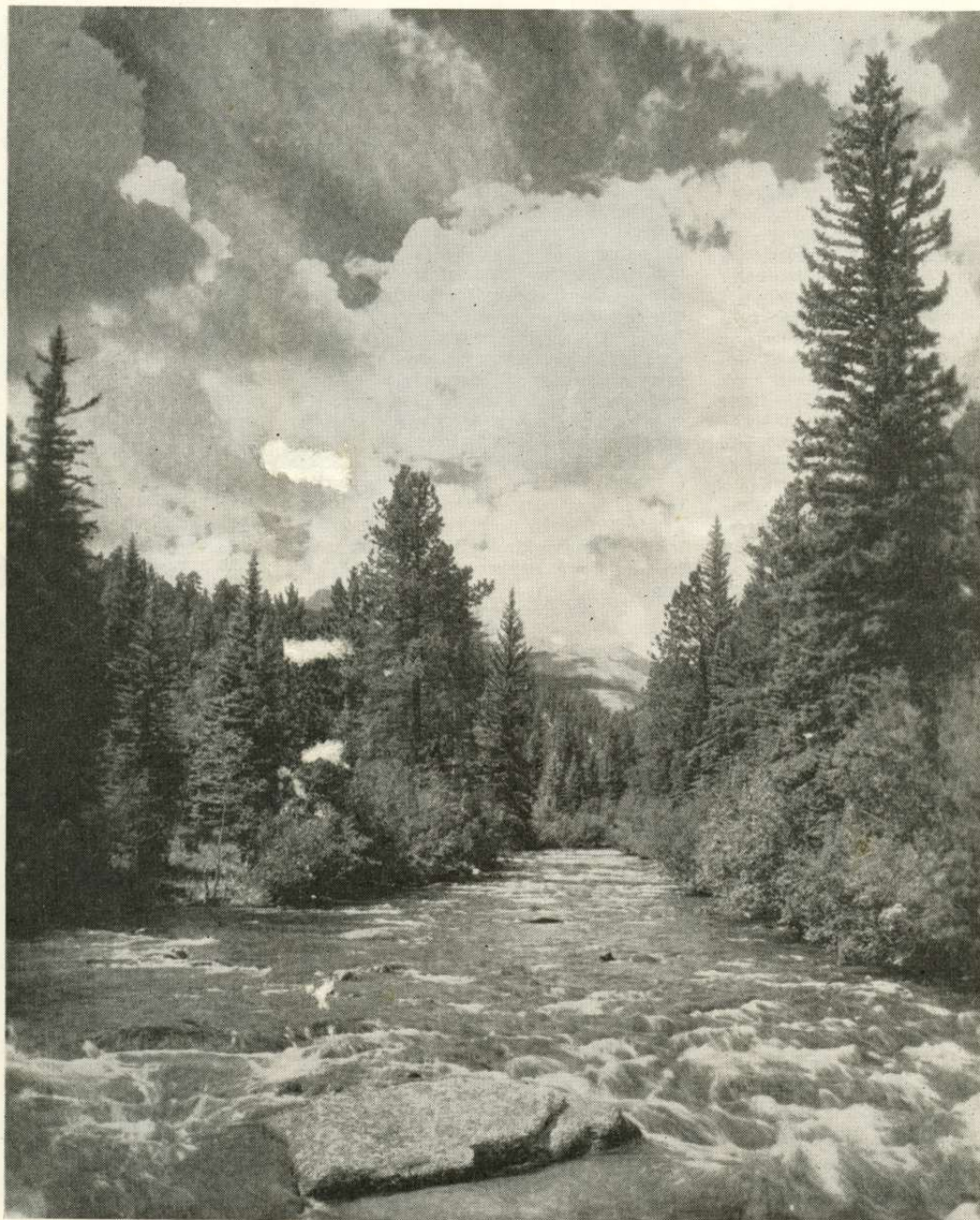
AUGUST
1941

Number 8

SHENANDOAH, IOWA



Price 10 cents



'Mid Rocks And Rills

PLANNED MENUS



A LETTER FROM LEANNA

Kitchen - Klatter Magazine

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LEANNA FIELD DRIFTMIER
Shenandoah, Iowa

Dear Friends,

I am writing this letter very early in the morning while the "dew is still on the clover", for during the hot summer months, I try to write my letters and prepare my radio programs while it is still cool in the house. I can accomplish more in one hour early in the morning than I can in three hours later in the day. This plan is also a good one if you have cooking and house work to do. I don't know why I even mention this, for I know many of you do get up very early. When I was able to do my house work I had as my rule "A clean house by nine o'clock." With this goal to work toward, I found that the children took more interest in accomplishing their tasks.

There are just three of us at home now. Margery is going to summer school at Maryville (Missouri) Teacher's College. Don is working on the campus at Parkville, Mo. Howard is doing some special mechanical work for a firm in Omaha and will be gone for some time. Wayne is the only one of our children at home and he will go to college this fall. Then, for the first time since we were married, Mr. Driftmier and I will be alone. We are both so busy, I know we will not have time to be lonesome.

We are looking forward to a short visit from Lucile (our married daughter who lives in Hollywood) and her husband in October. He has two weeks vacation and they think they can be in Iowa a few days of that time.

We are counting the months, now, that Frederick will be in Egypt. Only ten more, if it is possible for him to come home when his three years teaching contract expires. He writes that if the war makes it seem unsafe, he may have to stay a year longer. We are all praying conditions will be better a year from now.

We had a wonderful vacation at Spirit Lake, Iowa, this year and such a fine Kitchen-Klatter picnic. Before I could get the names of all who were there, a storm came up and every one had to make a mad dash for their cars. Nineteen towns in Minnesota and twenty-five in Iowa were represented. The biggest group were from Paullina. They came in a big chartered bus. Worthington, Minnesota, came next. These friends have asked for a picnic at Worthington next year. The ladies coming the farthest were Mrs. V. C. Accola (209 miles) and Mrs. C. L. Accola (185 miles). We had a wonder-

ful visit and a grand picnic dinner. The rain stayed away until we had finished eating and cleared the tables. I hope next year we can have a picnic without a rain coming to join us.

Come and see us this summer, if you are in Shenandoah. The Driftmier lathstring is always out and I am never too busy to visit with you. There will be fields of gladiolus in bloom in August and many other fall flowers in abundance.

I am having lots of fun making cakes this summer. For Mother's Day, my husband gave me a new Electric Mixer. I use it for salad dressings cream candies, egg-nogs and for mashing potatoes, too. It surely is a time and labor saver. I am so glad many of you farmers' wives have electricity in your homes. It will lighten your work in so many ways.

I hope you can find time to write to me. Send any interesting pictures, original poems, new recipes or articles on homemaking subjects. You may be sure I will appreciate hearing from you.

As ever your friend,

—Leanna.

A GRAND-MOTHER'S CLUB

We often hear of Mothers Clubs, but, to me, a Grand-Mothers' Club is something new. A neighborhood in Jackson, Minn., has a club for Mothers, a sewing club for older girls, but the Grand-Mothers' club say they have the best time of all. They spend their afternoons making rag dolls, cloth animals and other gifts for the grand-children. Once a year they give a picnic for their grand-children and their mothers. The daughters and daughters-in-law entertain, too. I imagine those grandmothers have lots of fun telling the cute saying of those darling grand-children and know they have appreciative listeners.

Dear Radio Friends:

Leanna tells me that she has received a number of letters from her listeners asking about the piano theme number than I use to introduce her program each weekday afternoon. It is a portion of the composition by Godard titled "Berceuse" (from "Jocelyn").

The entire number makes a beautiful instrumental solo and it is not difficult to play. It can be obtained at any music store. I trust I have given you the information you desire.

Sincerely

—Faylon Geist

I am afraid not very many of us plan meals very far in advance. We live from day to day worrying three times daily, about what to prepare for our families to eat. By following this method we lose money, nervous energy and often our peace of mind.

Those of you who have an opportunity to shop only once a week have learned to plan your menus ahead.

A friend at York, Nebr., says she plans all her menus so her family will not tire of their meals. She also studies her vitamin chart and tries to plan well-balanced meals. She says, "We are not extravagant, neither are we skimpy with our meals. We have been criticized by some for spending too much on food, but we feel we would rather sacrifice our amusements and little things and put better food in our little tot's tummies. It is a satisfaction knowing they are having the things they need."

Careful planning of balanced menus really pays big dividends in your children's health. Can plenty of fruits and vegetables. Fill up your cellar shelves and next winter's food problems will be partly solved.

VACATIONING

It is hard for busy farm people to take extended vacations, for just when they would like to go on a trip there are numerous duties to keep them at home. Mrs. Phil Murphy, of Pomeroy, Iowa, has a plan that I believe is a good one. She says to let every member of the family choose what they would like to do for one day. Some may want to go fishing, others go to some near-by city or perhaps to spend the day at a State Park. I feel sure almost any family could add enjoyment to their summer by following this plan.

WRITE ME A LETTER

I am always glad to hear from my friends, and hope you will find time to write me a letter soon.

—Leanna



Enjoying the cool breezes at Spirit Lake, Iowa.

Come into the Garden with Helen



Day Dreams, by Mrs. Fischer's Pool.

POOLS AND WATER GARDENS

By Helen Fischer

Where water lily pools are to be made in a naturalistic effect, they are usually combined with rock gardens. Very often the soil that is thrown out in excavating for the pool makes the foundation for the rockery behind it which extends out on either side like sheltering arms. More formal pools are edged with cement rims or careful masonry of brick or stone and these should be placed with great care to balance exactly with whatever other formal plantings your yard has.

Any container of quiet waters a foot and a half to two feet deep will raise water lilies successfully, if in a warm, sunny place. The only other requirement is extremely rich soil. As the earth holds warmth it is better not to have the pool extend above the surface. Water looks prettier at ground level or below anyhow.

Pools are easily made by digging a hole the size and shape you wish and plastering about four inches thick with well reinforced concrete. You can make a simple one in half a day. Round ones with sloping sides like a dish are easiest to make and crack less easily than ones with square corners. From six to twenty feet across, according to the size of your lawn, is the usual size. Place close enough to your water supply so that you may fill with a hose and plan some way to drain it if you desire. It does not need to be emptied all summer as the lilies eat up the impurities of the water and you merely add enough from time to time to take the place of what evaporates. The water will not clear for some weeks after you add the lilies. If green scum should continue to form after that, put one-eighth of an ounce of Copper Sulphate in a little cloth bag and drag it once around your pool. Such a small quantity is not supposed to hurt the fish.

You should have at least six gold fish to eat the mosquito eggs. They will do this more thoroughly if you do not feed them after summer insects become numerous. About July first you can expect baby fish, but if you have too many large fish they will eat the eggs and there will be no small ones.

MISCELLANEOUS PLANTS FOR THE POOL

Partly submerged pots containing fancy leaved Caladiums or Umbrella Palms can be added to your pool by building up pedestals of rocks under the water, and if your pool is large enough, a clump of Cat Tails confined in a pail or box will add to its charm.

The floating Water Hyacinths are much liked by the fish, which lay their eggs among the feathery roots. The Hyacinths will be more apt to bloom if they are where their roots will be in contact with a little soil.

AUGUST IN THE GARDEN

Mrs. R. J. Duncombe

What we do in August not only sets the pace for our next year's garden but also for our winter window boxes. While we are still enjoying this season's beauty of bloom, we must also take thought for that of the next season. What can we do this August which will give us added pleasure during the winter months and all next spring and summer?

All who had lovely big pansies early this spring, grown from seed sown last fall, found themselves a few jumps ahead of those who had to purchase plants when and where they could get them. If sown in a well prepared seed bed, given adequate protection over the winter and a watchful eye in spring (when ice or harsh winds may ruin all efforts), if all this care is taken, the seed bed will be found to contain quantities of strong healthy plants with a mass of fibrous roots, which may be transplanted into desired locations as early as the ground may be worked. Barnyard fertilizer, good garden soil and plenty of spring moisture are the chief factors in producing enormous pansies. Mixed seed is generally used but for variety some of the self colored might be planted. Pure white pansies make dazzling effects planted with other low-growing plants of a likable contrasting color, as for instance—blue creeping veronica. Any number of combinations suggest themselves.

Many other biennials can also be grown this month. There are English Daisies, Wallflower and Sweet William. Sweet William are especially easy, but give a little shade during very hot dry days. Wallflowers have their greatest trials in the Spring, for they cannot stand being suffocated by a heavy coat of ice. A light mulch will be needed as a protection against unseasonable weather. Remove the ice if possible, or better still, plant the seed where drainage is good. They may be planted in rows in a seed bed and very easily transplanted in Spring to give bright spots of color in the border, the orange ones resembling our own brilliant native Puccuuns.

Seeds of all hardy perennials may be sown the latter part of the month outdoors in seed beds. Satisfactory ones are those of the Columbine, Delphiniums, Jerusalem Cross and Pyrethrum.

August is a good month to save a few choice seeds; to note the bare spots where bulbs may go next month; to prune back sweet alyssum, petunias, ageratum, to mulch, and to keep the garden trim for the Autumn burst of bloom. It is the month when annuals will be at their best. It is the month to enjoy fully the garden in all its summer maturity. It is the time to check up on mistakes which must be avoided next year, and to note those plants most worthy of repetition.

A good way to mark places where plants are to be set in or where seed is already planted is by the use of painted clothespins. Different colors may be used for certain plants. A number of these may be painted now for use next season.

HOW WE LEARNED TO DO HOUSEWORK

Dorothy Driftmier Johnson

Now that Mother's life story no longer appears on this page, the space seems to belong to all of us, so fully three months ago I put in my bid for August because there are some things I want to tell you about the way we learned to do housework. Margery wishes now that she had spoken up earlier for the page in August since there are some things that she says she wants to write about also, but I told her that I'd try to say enough for both of us.

I am not what they call a born housekeeper (Lucile and Margery are) and no one has ever accused me of being a fine cook, yet I know today that I might possibly be the world's worst housekeeper and cook if Mother had driven me by force alone to work at the things that I wasn't excited about doing. Mother must have known that this wasn't the way to handle a daughter who would rather be doing anything in the world except housework, for today I honestly like to cook and clean and it gives me a great deal of satisfaction to see our apartment spic and span.

Dishes were the big duty in our house, with nine of us at the table. There were stacks of plates and silverware and pans three times each day. Of course I went through the stage of wishing that we could use paper dishes for every meal, but this didn't last long because Mother didn't stand over us to see that everything was done in her own special way.

All of my friends thought that it was wonderful to help with the dishes at our house since we could get them done pretty much to suit ourselves. At one time we had a fine scheme worked out that went like this: Frederick and Wayne were the official dining room experts. They carried out all of the dishes, and while Wayne stacked and scraped them, Frederick took off the tablecloth, put the flowers back on the bare table, and arranged the chairs. Margery was the Mistress of the Pots and Pans. Lucile washed the china and silverware, I wiped and put away, and Donald had the peculiar sounding title called Master of the Garbage.

We raced with the clock every meal and we got all of that work done in amazingly little time. It seems to me that six minutes was the record—we could never beat that. And the noise! I can remember that Dad went into the living room and barricaded himself behind the newspaper, and Mother went into her office and prepared her radio program; all of the doors were closed between us. Furthermore, when dishes crashed, as they often did, Mother didn't come glowering to the door and say, "Now what have you broken?" She didn't believe in discouraging children when they were doing their best.

One funny thing about the dishes comes back to my mind. For some reason Margery wasn't able to take care of her pots and pans for a while, and so Lucile inveigled Wayne into doing them. Now Wayne was always a very cheerful sort of person who

never complained much about anything, and consequently he tackled the pots and pans with a right goodwill. But one day Mother stepped out on the backporch just as she heard Wayne say to a little neighbor boy, "Well, I can't go down to see the parade this noon unless there are only a few kettles and skillets."

She repeated this to Lucile just before we ate dinner, and Lucile felt so guilty about the whole deal that she told Wayne to go on to the parade and not to worry anymore about the kettles and skillets! That's been a long time ago, but we still laugh about Wayne's kitchen duties versus the parade.

Cooking under Mother's direction was a happy occupation. On Saturday morning she didn't say, "All right, girls, we need cookies and a cake for Sunday. Get busy." Instead of that she suggested that perhaps it would be nice to have a cake in the house for anyone who dropped in on Sunday evening, and what would we like to make? Well, that left us with a wide field of action and we had a good time going through the cook books to see what sounded good.

We could try out any recipe that appealed to us, and no one was permitted to laugh at the results unless they were really awful. I remember my first chocolate cake. It came to the table looking very nice with a thick fudge frosting, but when I cut into it I discovered that the inside was just like rubber. It was the strangest cake I've ever seen. You could actually stretch it! At first everyone kept a very straight face, but when Donald held up a piece and pulled it back and forth like an accordion, not a soul could keep from howling. It had to be really bad though before the family could make fun of it.

I'm sure that Lucile and Margery and I have turned out the weirdest dishes ever seen on land or sea. I was more conservative than Lucile, however. She wanted to try everything that sounded wildly different, and I can recall how she used to come through the kitchen and say, "How are you going to fix the potatoes tonight, Dorothy?" in a tone of voice that said I shouldn't think for one moment of simply boiling them or frying them. And if I started a salad she would go to the icebox and cupboard and take out everything but the shelves and icecubes and put it down in front of me without a word. Mother never put a damper on any of this except to say mildly now and then, "Do you think they'll eat it?"

She said more about the cleaning than about anything else, and for a very good reason. From experience she had learned that we could take a dozen eternities to do the smallest jobs. The upstairs work, for instance, was one of the biggest problems. We had bookcases in every bedroom, and somehow it was so easy to make a bed, reach out for a book, and then flop down to read. I can still see the three of us stretched out reading with Mother calling from the bottom of the steps, "It's awfully still up there, girls. Are you all through?" The chances were that we hadn't even gotten started and she knew this, but her pleasant call spurred us into action

much faster than any scolding could have done.

One thing that made cleaning less of a chore was the fact that we could rearrange and move furniture to our heart's content. I don't know that I would have done so much of this if left to my own devices, but Lucile said that the upstairs was "dull" if things weren't shifted about constantly, and more than once she got furniture jammed in such a way that Dad had to come upstairs and straighten it out for her. Once she moved a bed on the sleeping porch and somehow got it suspended in mid-air so that the whole thing tilted at a forty-five degree angle, and when I said that we couldn't sleep on it that way she informed me that variety was good for the soul.

Mother's and Dad's room was supposed to be left "unshifted", however, and I can remember how Margery and I used to grab Lucile by the arm and try to pull her out into the hall after she had stood looking at the room calculatingly for too long a time. We knew what that look meant.

Mother was always willing to help us do anything in the domestic line. If we wanted to sew she found time to help us figure out the pattern, and she never said cutting things when we put a sleeve in wrong side out two or three times running. She encouraged us to do careful, painstaking work, and when Margery was old enough to want to sew too and there were the three of us planning clothes, she bought a beautiful new machine to replace the one that had stitched countless garments for twenty years or more.

We learned very early that the thing we could do to make her the happiest was to take an interest in the house. Nothing went unnoticed. She admired a good job of dusting, a pretty arrangement of flowers, a beautifully ironed tablecloth. And after her accident when stairs were a problem, I've known her to get up them more than once to admire our extra efforts in the bedrooms. This was the reason we all learned to like housework and take pride in doing our best. She always appreciated everything and never found fault with small details. With a mother like this you couldn't help but take an interest and make a genuine effort to do things well.

PLANNED BREAKFASTS

Your families will enjoy better breakfasts and it will be easier for you to prepare them if you plan the breakfast the night before. It will save you time, too, if you are one of the ones who likes to have that extra snooze in the morning. It is nice to know just what you need to do when you get up.

You may even set the table the night before, and have the water measured for the coffee. It is nice to have baking powder biscuits for breakfast and you can have them baked in a few minutes if you make them before you do the supper dishes and put them in the ice box.

—L. D.

A LETTER FROM EGYPT

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

(Letter of January 15, 1941, continued.)

Dear Folks,

Aswan is the nicest place I have seen in Egypt. It is a small town, stretching along the Nile river and my, but the river is beautiful here. The first cataract of the Nile is at Aswan, so of course the river was full of little islands, some fertile and others quite barren. Jud Allen and I spent hours sailing among the islands. I think there are few things more restful than sailing. One can rent a neat little craft quite reasonably. After going through a lot of red tape, we got permission to visit the Aswan dam. The whole time I was in Aswan it was as if I were in a dream. Every hilltop was crowned with some old ruins, dating back to the great fight that Kitchener had with the Dervishes fifty years ago. The island on which Kitchener lived while in Aswan is now called Kitchener's Island. On it is a gorgeous botanical garden kept up by the government. I have never in my life seen a place more beautiful than that garden, a perfect tropical paradise. I hope I may return to Aswan some day.

We left Aswan at noon for Luxor. After an uneventful, dirty trip we arrived in Luxor at four o'clock. The next day we visited the famous ruins of Karnak. One of the things that interested me greatly at all the ruins was the names of tourists that had been carved on the rocks. Tourists dating clear back to hundreds of years before Christ. To think that people, yes, kings and princes, from all over the world have been visiting the same tombs and temples for thousands of years.

That afternoon we went to visit the Luxor temple. It was while there that we watched a snake charmer put on a good show. He came up to us in the court of the temple and asked us if we wanted to see his act. We said we did, so with much muttering of weird and secret phrases, he produced a scorpion from under the base of a pillar and proceeded to let it sting him again and again. He put the scorpion on the ground and made it move around, at command. Then he said that he smelled a snake and after a little searching, reached his hand under a pile of rubbish and pulled one out. It was a cobra. He brought it out with his hand, using motions as quick as flashes of lightning. He threw it at our feet. That fellow could make the cobra do many simple snake movements. It would start at us with a rush, only to stop at the command of the charmer, but more than once I beat a hasty retreat.

On the following day we took donkeys on the other side of the river and paid a visit to the tombs of kings and the temple of Hatshepsut. We left Luxor just as the king was arriving. The train was so crowded it had to make six or seven attempts before it could get started. There is one thing about travel by train in Egypt. No matter how long and dirty the journey, the people are always cheerful. The most common word heard is "malick"



It is the custom for Egyptians to stop whatever work they are doing and rest from noon until four or five o'clock.

—never mind. The moment they are seated, they start making friends with the persons around them. I doubt if there are any people in the world, more friendly to one another than the Egyptians. I caught cold on the trip and had to spend one day in bed when I got back to Assuit but I am well, now.

Lovingly,
—Ted.

EMBARRASSING MOMENTS

Something that amused me happened one day as I was looking at hats. Several were on a table, so I picked up one and tried it on. A man standing near said, "That's my wife's hat, that you had on." I told him I'd read of such things happening, but didn't suppose I'd ever be guilty of trying to buy some one else's hat.—Mrs. K. T. Wolfe, Beaver, Iowa.

One of our Kitchen-Klatter friends sends the following list of things she baked from one sack of flour. This should prove to you the value of doing your own baking.

March 3,	3	raisin pies	60¢
"	4,	1 small cake	25¢
"	7,	2 doz. rolls	30¢
"	9,	2 apple pies	40¢
"	9,	3 loaves bread	30¢
"	10,	3 mince pies	60¢
"	12,	3 loaves bread	30¢
"	13,	1 large cake	50¢
"	15,	2 doz. buns	20¢
"	15,	5½ doz. mincemeat cookies	50¢
"	16,	3 mince pies	60¢
"	16,	1 cake	50¢
"	17,	2½ doz. rolls	35¢
"	18,	1 cake	50¢
"	19,	3 loaves bread	30¢
"	19,	1 large cake	50¢
"	22,	1 large cake	50¢
"	22,	3 loaves bread	30¢
"	24,	4 apple pies	80¢
"	25,	56 cookies	50¢
"	26,	8 doz. mincemeat cookies	80¢
"	28,	4 doz. buns	40¢
		noodles and gravy extra	

Total ----- \$10.00

"I sure look forward to Kitchen-Klatter, the best magazine I take, every month and read it from cover to cover and I don't miss a thing. We get so much good out of the recipes and I like the mixed recipes very much (that is, some of all kinds)."—Mrs. George W. Clark, McPherson, Kans.

MENDING

Mending, to some, may be a task
Of tiresome drudgery,
But there are times when it has given
A healthy peace to me,
For when I am perplexed in mind,
And care has taken toll
Too heavily, I mend, and find
That as I mend the rents, I too,
Have somehow been made whole.

—Margaret E. Bruner.

SEWING HINTS

If I intend to make several different garments, I cut them all out at one time, including every little binding or facing. As each garment is cut out, I roll and tie it. When I am ready to sew, each garment is there complete on my sewing machine, and no time is wasted jumping up to cut another binding or to hunt the scissors. Also, you don't have so much disorder while you are sewing.

Another bugaboo to the home dress-maker is buttonholes. If you have an ugly shaped buttonhole when it is finished, try taking your stitches not quite so deep and close together, and don't try to hurry. It really takes time to make a nice buttonhole.

When gathering sleeves or any piece that has to be gathered, turn the tension on your sewing machine completely around twice, to loosen; then turn the screw that regulates the stitch completely around two times to lengthen. Now sew across the part to be gathered. Tie the thread at one end. At the other end of seam pull on one thread until material is gathered into length desired.

For growing girls dresses, make one hem length longer than needed. Put one hem in, then turn this hem up again. When the dress shrinks or the child grows, it is a simple matter to rip the second hem out to lengthen it.—Edith Moran, Woodburn, Iowa.

I want to tell the farm sisters about my uniforms for outdoor chores. I do not like to wear overalls, so I got 2½ yards of medium weight blue denim, like the men's overalls, and made a skirt of it. I cut it in two wide gores, with two darts in the back to make it fit nicely about the hips. On the left side, about 3 inches from the center front, I made a placket and put snap fasteners on it—a zipper would be nice, too. Then I sewed a belt on, and hemmed it, and really it makes a neat appearing garment. When I go out, I quickly slip it over my head, and presto! my housedress is protected from being soiled when milking etc. Put on a jacket and it is complete, and warm also. When I come in, I take it off in a jiffy, and am all ready to do my housework.—Mrs. S. T., Kramer, Nebr.

Instead of basting seams or bindings, use pins and pin across (not with) the seam. You can sew over the pins with the sewing machine easily and there is no thread to be removed or wasted.—Mrs. Bus Fielder, Fairbury, Nebr.

PRACTICAL POULTRY POINTERS

By Mrs. Olinda Wiles

Today is very hot and the air seems so heavy. "A good day for corn," a farmer would say. "A good day for cyclones," a pessimist would say. "A good day for a dip in the old swimming hole," a boy would say and "A good day to keep the water fountains full of cold water," I would say, and I think every one and every thing would agree. Horses, cattle, sheep, hogs,



Olinda Wiles

chickens, yes, and even the dogs and cats, need plenty of water on a day like this, and many days gone before and probably many more to follow.

I have just been looking over some winter issues of this magazine and it seems as if the snow scenes were unusually attractive!

My husband has just mowed our lawn and looking from the front door I wondered what was the most attractive to a passerby—a fresh mowed lawn, shade trees, nicely kept buildings or the living, moving things that could be seen, and in my mind I went back over a little trip I took last spring, and it seems to me that I was attracted most by the different flocks of chickens, and the kinds of brooder and hen houses to be seen and my husband, scarcely noticing the chickens, could always see good fields of wheat or a good stand of corn or alfalfa. So I guess we are attracted most by the things we are most interested in, but I do think a man and woman should share interests.

If a man drives the spreader to the brooder or hen houses and cleans the floors it can be done in a very short time, but it becomes a very disagreeable task if the woman has to carry all the refuse out in baskets and then carry in clean litter.

I have known where the man of the house considered poultry just something for the missus to fool away time with, and about the only interest he ever showed was when she was able to market a few cockerels and he would reach for his pocketbook with one hand and for the chicken check with the other, while he asked her how much they brought.

Begin marking your spring chickens, for reports of chicken thefts are becoming more numerous. A little dab of paint on the back of the head will prove to be a good mark of identification.

"I certainly don't want to miss out on any of the little magazines. They are the dandiest little things I've ever had. They've helped me out on program planning at club, showers and parties, besides much useful information and recipes."—Jeannette G. Welmer, Anita, Iowa.

KITCHEN-KLATTER KINKS

"Washing anything with a zipper on it, always zip it up before putting it in the wash water and it will always work."—Mrs. Fred V. Carlson, Laporte City, Iowa.

When washing windows, add a little kerosene to the water and the flies will stay off.

To keep lid from slipping when tightening hot fruit jars use a piece of sandpaper to grasp the lid—Mrs. James Ross, Hurdland, Mo.

Marks on paint made by striking matches can easily be removed by rubbing with a piece of lemon.

When hanging silk hose on an outdoor line, drop one or two marbles into the toe of the stocking and it will not blow and wrap around the line.—Mrs. Billy K. Snyder, Hiawatha, Kans.

If marshmallows get dry and hard, put them into a fruit jar with half an apple, put on the lid, screw tight and they will soon soften up.

Remove the cork from the bottle of furniture polish insert an aluminum perforated clothes sprinkler, which may be purchased for 5 or 10 cents. Sprinkle polish on your mop or dust cloth. The polish will be evenly distributed.

To remove lead pencil, crayon or other marks from wall paper, use an art eraser. It will crumble, but will not smear.

When painting trellises or window screens, hang them securely on the clothesline with heavy wire. The articles can be painted on both sides without bother of turning them.

To improve white cake, add a half teaspoon cream tartar to egg whites before whipping.—Mrs. Eli Espe, Radcliffe, Ia.

When pouring hot liquids or jelly into glasses, put a silver spoon in to keep it from breaking.

When using hard water to rinse clothes, add a cup of milk to the bluing.

To decorate a birthday cake for little children, press animal cookies around the cake, while frosting is soft.

If you rub a little butter around the top of the kettle in which you are boiling milk, there is no danger of the milk boiling over.

To bleach discolored piano keys, cover with a paste of prepared chalk and alcohol, and when dry, remove. Rub the keys with alcohol and dry with a soft cloth.

A teaspoon of baking soda added to boiled frosting will prevent it from becoming too hard.—Mrs. L. E. Crippen, Garwin, Iowa.

HEALTH HINTS

By Mrs. Walt Pitzer

My vacation was fine but O! dear that bloat and excess baggage popped up around my waist line. I am now taking a dose of my own medicine by following the six-day reducing schedule I suggest in the Health Leaflet. This is the 4th day and I am doing fine thank you, but can't forget that good home-made bread.



Mrs. Walt Pitzer

Extra salt is a necessity where so much is lost thru perspiration. Serious loss of salt may result in muscle cramps, intestinal upsets, fatigue, and heat exhaustion. The farmer and housewife may be surprised to discover the comfort brought about and the comparative freshness at the end of the day after having taken a 15 grain tablet of salt every five hours when perspiring. Common table salt may be used but tablets are more convenient. If an excess should be taken it will be carried off by the skin or kidneys. Miners have been known to lose nearly a gallon of perspiration in nine hours, which would mean over a quarter pound of salt.

If there is poison ivy on your farm try to persuade friend husband to get rid of it by soaking the roots in a solution of four ounces of coarse salt to a gallon of strong soapy water. Repeat soon as new leaves spring out. This treatment should be given when the plant is in full growth.

A temporary protection in the form of an ointment has been announced by the U. S. Public Health Service. It may be prepared by your druggist. Stearic acid (triple pressed) . . . 200 grams. Potassium hydroxide (sticks) . . . 14 grams. Water . . . 800 c.c. Alcohol (90%) . . . 40 c.c.

To 50 grams of the above cream, add 5 to 10 grams of sodium perborate. This ointment may be used on the hands and face as it is easily removed with soap and water.

An "insole" suggestion: Buy the child's school shoes 1/2 size large, have insoles cut and fit in the shoes but not glued. They are a protection to the feet in wet weather and may be removed when the feet are puffed and tender. This is a comfortable scheme for the adult too when the feet are feeling much abused.

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

A
NEW
PHOTO

I have had a new photograph made for my family. I had some extra pictures finished (5x7) and will send one to you autographed if you will send me the names and addresses of 3 friends and 30 cents. I will send each a copy of the July or August issue of the Kitchen-Klatter and will send you my photograph FREE.

LEANNA DRIFTMIR
Shenandoah, Iowa

A LETTER FROM LUCILE

Dear Friends:

An hour ago I sat down to write to you, but no sooner had I taken my typewriter out of its case than an earthquake came along. It didn't frighten Miss Muffet away, but it did delay me for a little while because I had to call Russell to see if he was all right. He said that all of his bottles of chemicals on the darkroom shelves came crashing down, but otherwise all was well. It wasn't what they call a heavy earthquake by any means, yet I never feel the ground tremble without remembering how terrified we were in Mexico City when the first one that we had ever felt turned out to be the heaviest that Mexico City had experienced in many years. I expected to be killed that night as the house swayed, windows broke, and everything loose came crashing down, so those sensations come back to me whenever we have an earthquake out here.

We have moved since I last wrote to you. After eight months in a large apartment house it is wonderful to have our own private house and garden. Both the house and garden are small, but they could be even half of their size and I would still feel fortunate. The little garden is all fenced in, and there are big pepper trees and thick shrubs to screen us off from the neighbors. We have our breakfast out there in the sun, and sometimes I just wander out to walk around in it and rejoice that we no longer step out into a long apartment house hall when we leave our front door.

The yard is fine for our little dog too. I have had him about six weeks now, and he really is a very cunning pet. We named him Roman since he is snow-white, he looks cute when he runs along beside our jet black cat. I had had him only two weeks when he fell through a loose slat in the lawn chair and broke his leg. It had to be put in a heavy cast for ten days, and only this afternoon did I notice that for the first time he doesn't limp badly. He is quite a bit of company for me during the long evenings when I am alone.

Two weeks ago we drove to San Diego for the weekend and from there on down into Mexico. It was the first time that I had come into first-hand contact with the results of our big armament program. San Diego has grown by leaps and bounds, you know, and I guess that we're not the first people who have been unable to find a bed of any kind. For five hours we searched for a hotel room or a tourist cabin, and at three in the morning we gave up in despair and sat in the car on a sidestreet until daybreak. The next day I met a woman who told me that they arrived in San Diego about eight in the evening, and finally ended up driving back to Los Angeles, a distance of some seventy-five miles, before they found a place to sleep.

San Diego has one of the most beautiful parks in the world, Balboa Park, and we spent Sunday morning there driving through the magnificent grounds and visiting the zoo. This zoo really deserves a week's visit for it is filled with just about every animal

and bird on the face of the earth. We were particularly impressed by the two gorillas, the largest in captivity. I had never seen any before, and they were quite a shock to me. Those of you who have visited Balboa Park and kept a respectful distance away from the heavy cages, will understand what I mean.

One morning just before we moved from the apartment house we were awakened by great confusion outside. When we looked out we discovered that the RKO studios were filming a movie scene on our corner. This is unusual today for almost without exception *everything* is made on the lot, and it's only once in a great while that you see them working on a public street. There were three big sound trucks drawn up, the street had been blocked off, and the stars and extras were milling around waiting for their cues to go into action. As we watched they began grinding the cameras, and first we saw a woman and a little boy step off from the curbing and start across the street. In the middle they met a popcorn man, exchanged a few words, and then passed on. I suppose that one of these days we will go to the movies and see this scene on the screen with our apartment house as a familiar background.

I hear Roman barking now so I must go and see what is up. He tries to act like a vicious watchdog, but he's so small and furry that even a mosquito wouldn't be deceived by his frantic barking.

Sincerely yours,
—Lucile.



Sisters—Helen Fischer and Leanna Driftmier.

SIMPLE THINGS

I like to write of simple things,
A flower, a tree,
A bird that sings aneath the twilit sky
When night is nigh.

I like to live with simple things,
A book, a pen,
A fire that burns by my old rocking
chair

And loved ones there.

—Maxine Sickels

**"I get more out of the Kitchen-Klatter Magazine
than from any other magazine I read."**

That remark is typical of the opinions expressed every day when magazines are discussed. They like the Kitchen-Klatter Magazine because it is planned for the busy women—the every day homemaker—whose job is to make the family comfortable and happy. It is edited by a busy mother whose problems are the same as yours.

Join the vast group of women who have subscribed and are happy members of the Kitchen-Klatter circle. Pick out one of the following premiums which you may have free with a one year subscription at \$1.00.

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6 SQUARE JELLY MOLDS
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KITCHEN-KLATTER MAGAZINE, Shenandoah, Iowa

Watto Says:

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Popular." Do the mixing
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IOWA-NEBRASKA LIGHT & POWER CO.



"Recipes Tested in the Kitchen Klatter Kitchen"

By LEANNA DRIFTMIER

COFFEE CAKE

- 1½ cups flour
- 3 teaspoons baking powder
- ½ teaspoon salt
- ¾ cup sugar
- ¼ cup shortening
- 1 egg
- ½ cup milk
- 1 teaspoon vanilla.

STREUSEL FILLING

- ½ cup brown sugar
- 2 tablespoons flour
- 2 teaspoons cinnamon
- 2 tablespoons melted butter
- ½ cup nut meats

Spread half the cake batter in the pan. Sprinkle with half of Streusel filling, then remainder of batter and filling on top. Bake 25 to 30 minutes.—Lillie Wilson, Axtell, Nebr.

PORK CHOPS

Brown chops, season with salt and pepper. Arrange chops in a roaster. On top of each chop place 1 large thick slice of onion, 1 large spoonful of rice which has been cooked nearly done. On top of rice place 1 slice of tomato or ½ whole canned tomato. Again season with salt and pepper. Bake about ½ hour, basting frequently with meat juice. Bake until onion becomes cooked and chops are well done. Looks very nice on a chop plate, and tastes even better than they look.—Hazel Zerbe, Omaha, Nebr.

CHEESE

Place 1½ gallons of thick clabber on the stove where it should become hot to the touch. Stir frequently and when it holds together by pressing some between the thumb and forefinger, it should be removed from the stove and drained. All of the whey that can possibly be pressed out, should be. It is a good plan to drain in a muslin bag. The curd should now be very dry. Next, mix the curd with 4 tablespoons butter, ¾ teaspoon soda and 1¼ teaspoon salt. Press mixture down in a bowl and let set in a warm place 2½ hours. Then put the curd in a double boiler with 2/3 cup of sour cream and 1¼ teaspoon of butter coloring (if desired). Heat until it looks like melted cheese. Pour into a well buttered pan and set to cool. When cold it may be covered with paraffin to age. This makes about one pound.—Mrs. E. E. S., Exeter, Nebr.

BISCUIT MIX

8 cups flour
4 teaspoons salt
¼ cup baking powder
1½ cups lard or other shortening
Sift the flour and measure. Sift again with baking powder and salt. Cut in shortening until the mixture has a moderately fine even crumb. Put in a covered bowl and place in refrigerator or cool place, using as desired. This mixture will keep for at least a month in the refrigerator. It may be used for biscuits, dumplings, short cake, waffles, muffins, quick coffee cake, cobbles, etc. Use slightly less than ½ as much moisture as flour mixture, to make biscuits.—Mrs. A. C., Buckner, Mo.

PINEAPPLE COOKIES

- ½ cup shortening
- ½ cup brown sugar
- ½ cup white sugar
- ½ cup drained crushed pineapple
- ½ cup broken nut meats
- 1 egg, well beaten
- ¼ teaspoon salt
- ¼ teaspoon baking soda
- 1 teaspoon baking powder
- 1 teaspoon vanilla
- 2 cups flour

Cream shortening with sugars. Add egg and pineapple. Mix thoroughly. Add flavoring. Sift flour, measure and sift with salt, soda and baking powder. Add to first mixture. Add nut meats and mix thoroughly. Drop by teaspoonfuls on an oiled cookie sheet. Bake in moderate oven 425° about 10 minutes. — Mrs. Joe Brown Jr., Ida Grove, Iowa.

BAKER'S BUNS

About noon on bake day take 2 cups of bread dough (not sponge) but stiff bread dough, 1 c. warm water, ½ c. shortening or butter, 2 eggs, 1 cup sugar. Mix ingredients together very thoroughly, add enough flour to make stiff dough, knead until light. Let rise until bedtime, kneading down when necessary. Mould out into buns, placing them about 2 inches apart in a well greased pan. Leave in warm place over night and bake in morning about 20 minutes in moderate oven. Makes about 3 dozen buns. This also makes nice cinnamon rolls.—Mrs. John Bierwirth, Denison, Iowa.

HEART WITH DRESSING

"When cooking heart, boil in seasoned water a little while, remove, use the water in preparing a sage-bread dressing, and cover the heart with the dressing and bake. The heart is not so dry cooked this way and more tender."

MEXICAN MEAT BALLS

- 1½ pounds ground beef
 - 1 cup oatmeal
 - Salt and pepper
 - 1 large onion
 - 2 tablespoons bacon grease
 - ½ teaspoon chili powder
 - 2 cups or 1 can of tomatoes
 - 1 or 2 tablespoons corn meal
- Mix beef, oatmeal, salt and pepper and form into balls the size of a walnut and brown in the bacon grease, then add the rest of the ingredients and cook slowly. More water may have to be added. Stir often. Spaghetti may be substituted for cornmeal.—Mrs. C. G. Lingo, Langdon, Mo.

PEPPERMINT CANDY CAKE

2 1/3 cups all purpose flour
3 teaspoons baking powder
½ teaspoon salt
½ cup shortening
1¼ cups sugar
1 cup milk
3 egg whites
1/3 cup crushed peppermint candy.
Cream shortening. Add sugar gradually and cream thoroughly. Sift flour before measuring. Then sift flour, salt and baking powder together three times. Add alternately with milk. Fold in stiffly beaten egg whites. Pour into two well greased and floured layer cake tins. Add peppermint candy by method given below, or candy will sink through cake and melt. Bake in moderate oven, 350 degrees, until cake shrinks from sides of pan, about 30 minutes. When cool put bottom layers together with fluffy white boiled icing. Cover top and sides of cake with icing and sprinkle another 1/3 cup crushed peppermint candy over the cake while icing is soft.

The old fashioned red and white stick peppermint candy that crumbles easily should be used. Seven to ten sticks are enough for cake and icing. Sprinkle the crushed candy over the cake when it has been in the oven exactly seven minutes. By this method it will be in creamy lumps throughout the cake and will not sink to bottom.—Mrs. Philip Lesac, Numa, Iowa.



Some Princeton, Missouri, Homemakers visited me. They came in a big bus.

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Shenandoah, Iowa

POCKETBOOK ROLLS

1½ cups flour
 ½ teaspoon salt
 2 teaspoons baking powder
 ½ teaspoon soda
 2 tablespoons sugar
 ½ cup corn meal
 1 beaten egg
 ¾ cup sour cream
 Sift flour, salt, baking powder, soda and sugar; add corn meal and mix well. Add egg and sour cream. Roll ½ inch on lightly floured surface. Cut with round cutter. Brush with salad oil or butter, crease and fold over. Bake on greased baking sheet in hot oven (425 degrees) 15 minutes. Makes 12.—H. S., Schleswig, Iowa.

ICEBOX OATMEAL CRISPIES

1 cup shortening
 2 cups sugar (1 cup granulated, 1 cup brown, Packed)
 2 eggs
 1 teaspoon vanilla
 ½ teaspoon salt
 1½ cups all-purpose flour
 1 teaspoon soda
 3 cups quick rolled oats
 ½ to 1 cup walnut meats
 Cream shortening and sugar. Add unbeaten eggs. Beat well. Add flour, salt and soda, sifted together. Lastly add rolled oats and nut meats. Mold into a roll with a little more flour if needed, and set in a cold place over night. In the morning slice thin and bake in 350 degree oven.—Mrs. F. W. H., Sibley, Ia.

"Enclosed find \$1.10 for which please send me your Kitchen-Klatter Magazine for 1 year and the aluminum cooky cutters as a premium. I received my first 3 Kitchen-Klatter Magazines last week and I surely enjoyed reading them. I heard you say today that the March number was being mailed out and I do not want to miss it. I had never seen your Magazine until last week and if I had to do without a magazine I would rather give up a popular one I get than your Kitchen-Klatter. There are so many good letters, helps, recipes and contests. I never imagined it was such a good all around Magazine Miss B. H., Walnut, Iowa.

PERFECT PICKLES

Heat enough cider vinegar (no other kind) to cover cucumbers, to boiling point. Add a bag of mixed spice and simmer 1 minute. Add cucumbers and leave in until cucumbers are hot and turned color. Do not cook. Remove and pack in sterilized jars. Add about ½ level teaspoon saccharine to a quart and cover with hot vinegar—the same that was used in heating the cucumbers. Seal and store. They are ready for use in one month and if are not sweet enough a little more saccharine may be added. Shake up well and let stand 12 to 14 hours and they will be ready. The flavor may be varied by adding a little sprig of dill, a clove of garlic or a slice of onion. Do not use any but cider vinegar and do not substitute the saccharine.—Mrs. S. J. Joseph, Mendon, Mo.

OATMEAL GEMS

2 cups oatmeal
 1 cup sour milk or buttermilk
 Let oats soak in the milk a few hours or overnight.
 1/3 cup sugar
 1 teaspoon salt
 1 egg
 ½ cup flour
 1 teaspoon soda
 1 teaspoon baking powder
 4 tablespoons lard
 Sift flour, soda and baking powder together and add to rest of ingredients. Bake about 30 minutes.—Lucy Simmerman, Manilla, Iowa.

PEANUT BUTTER COOKIES

½ cup butter
 1 cup sugar
 2 eggs, beaten
 ¼ lb. peanut brittle, ground
 1 teaspoon vanilla
 2½ cups flour
 2 teaspoons baking powder
 ½ teaspoon soda
 ½ teaspoon salt
 Cream the butter and sugar, add eggs and vanilla, add the dry ingredients and peanut brittle. Bake as drop cookies.—Mrs. E. O. Boyd, R2, Fairbury, Nebr.

PINEAPPLE OATMEAL COOKIES

½ cup shortening
 1 cup sugar
 2 eggs, slightly beaten
 3/8 cup sour milk
 1 1/2 cups flour
 1 teaspoon baking powder
 1/4 teaspoon soda
 1/4 teaspoon salt
 1/2 teaspoon cinnamon
 1/2 cup chopped raisins
 1/2 cup grated pineapple
 1/2 cup chopped nuts
 1 cup rolled oats
 Cream shortening with sugar. Add eggs and milk. Sift flour, measure and sift with salt, baking powder, soda and cinnamon. Add to first mixture. Beat thoroughly. Add remaining ingredients. Mix well. Drop by teaspoonfuls onto well greased baking sheet. Bake in moderate oven (350 degrees) 20 minutes.—Mrs. E. G. W., Sterling, Nebr.

PARADISE PUDDING

1 pkg. lemon jello
 1 pint boiling water
 ½ cup walnuts, finely chopped
 12 marshmallows, finely cut
 12 maraschino cherries, coarsely cut
 6 macaroons, crushed
 4 tablespoons sugar
 ¼ teaspoon salt
 1 cup cream, whipped
 Dissolve jello in water, chill till slightly thickened, whip. Combine other ingredients and add. Chill. Serves 8.—Mrs. C. C. J., Irvington, Nebr.

HAM SHORTCAKES.

"Make and cut large biscuits. Bake and when done split and scoop out the center. Fill with creamed ham. Place top of biscuit on and put a few spoonfuls of ham around the biscuit and serve.

A nice way to serve sweet potatoes is boil, then peel, slice and put apple sauce or pineapple on each side. Put in a buttered shallow casserole and bake."—Mrs. T. E. Dandurant, 811 So. 35 St., St. Joseph, Mo.



... That's where City Kids go for summer fun and Grandma's home-made bread. And when she bakes it with Mother's Best Flour—oh, my! It's so white, so light, so DIFFERENT from any other bread! Grandma says MOTHER'S BEST FLOUR gives her more loaves to the sack. Why don't you try it, too!

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KMA'S DAILY PROGRAM

960 Kilocycles Shenandoah, Iowa
NBC Blue Network
Iowa Broadcasting System

MORNING

5:00 a. m.—The Sun Raisers
5:15 a. m.—Blue Ridge Kids & Dorothy Gay
6:00 a. m.—News
6:15 a. m.—Fred & Bunney
6:30 a. m.—Hour of Morning Worship
7:00 a. m.—Donald McGibeny Speaks
7:30 a. m.—Stamp's Quartet
7:30 a. m.—Hour of Morning Worship (Sun.)
7:45 a. m.—Haden Children
8:15 a. m.—Frank Field
8:30 a. m.—Lem Hawkins
8:45 a. m.—Mid-Morning Devotions
9:00 a. m.—Homemaker's Visit
9:30 a. m.—Stamp's Quartet (Sun.)
9:45 a. m.—Al, Chick, Johnny & Don
10:00 a. m.—Earl May, News
10:00 a. m.—Church Services (Sun.)
10:30 a. m.—Lone Journey
10:45 a. m.—Ma Perkins
11:00 a. m.—Chick Holstein
11:15 a. m.—KMA Country School
11:50 a. m.—Earl May
12:00 Noon—Earl May, News
12:15 p. m.—Market Reports
12:35 p. m.—Midday Melodies
12:45 p. m.—Dorothy Gay

AFTERNOON

1:00 p. m.—Stamp's Quartet
1:00 p. m.—Back to the Bible (Sun.)
1:15 p. m.—Don Austin
1:30 p. m.—Kitchen Klatter
1:30 p. m.—Major League Baseball Games (Sun.)
2:00 p. m.—Al and Faylon
2:15 p. m.—Major League Baseball Games
4:15 p. m.—The Bartons
4:30 p. m.—News
4:45 p. m.—Wings on Watch
5:00 p. m.—S. O. S. Program
5:15 p. m.—Faylon Geist, Organ
5:30 p. m.—Drama Behind the News (Mon.-Wed.-Fri.)

EVENING

6:00 p. m.—Sports Review
6:00 p. m.—Star Spangled Theatre (Sun.)
6:00 p. m.—Auction Quiz (Friday)
6:15 p. m.—Favorite Songs
6:30 p. m.—Earl May, News
7:00 p. m.—Old Fashioned Revival Hour (Sun.)
7:00 p. m.—Basin St. Chamber Music Society
7:00 p. m.—High School Forum (Tues.)
7:00 p. m.—Hemisphere Revue (Wed.)
7:00 p. m.—Tommy Dorsey's Orchestra (Thurs.)
7:00 p. m.—Ben Bernie's New Army Game (Fri.)
7:00 p. m.—Spin and Win With Jimmy Flynn (Sat.)
7:30 p. m.—News Here and Abroad (Mon.-Tues.-Wed.-Thurs.)
7:30 p. m.—NBC Summer Symphony (Sat.)
7:30 p. m.—Your Happy Birthday (Fri.)
7:45 p. m.—Ted Steele's Orchestra (Mon.-Tues.-Wed.-Thurs.)
7:55 p. m.—The Nickel Man
8:00 p. m.—Weather and News (Sun.)
8:00 p. m.—Gordon Jenkins Orchestra (Mon.)
8:00 p. m.—New American Music (Tues.)
8:00 p. m.—Author's Playhouse (Wed.)
8:00 p. m.—Montreal Symphony Concerts (Thurs.)
8:00 p. m.—Romance and Rhythm (Fri.)
8:30 p. m.—The Voice of Creston (Sun.)
8:30 p. m.—National Radio Forum (Mon.)
8:30 p. m.—Ray Kinney's Orchestra (Wed.)
8:30 p. m.—Ahead of the Headlines (Thurs.)
8:30 p. m.—First Piano Quartet (Fri.)
8:30 p. m.—Blue Barron's Orchestra (Sat.)
8:45 p. m.—Dramas by Olmsted (Tues.-Thurs.-Fri.)
9:00 p. m.—Associated Press News (Sun.)
10:00 p. m.—War News
10:15 p. m.—Newstime
10:30 p. m.—Newstime (Sun.)
10:45 p. m.—Voice of Hawaii (Sun.)
10:55 p. m.—Associated Press News
11:50 p. m.—Midnight News
9:00 p. m. to 12:00 Midnight—Dance Bands—Bob Saunders, Chuck Foster, Val Olmen, Bobby Byrnes, Skinny Ennis, Jimmy Dorsey, Don Kaye, Bob Strong, Ray Heatherton, Emile Pettit, Johnny Long, Dolly Dawn, and others.

The Kitchen Klatter Radio Program is planned especially for the busy housewife. Tune in to KMA at one-thirty every week day for this interesting and helpful program.



Jack Kelly and his wife. Jack usually announces my radio program.

REST

(Prize Winning Letter)
by Mrs. Ione C. Lee, Sac City, Iowa

Rest is a vital need in this strenuous life we are living. Most of us have learned that our day's work starts with more pleasure and enthusiasm after, at least, eight hours of sleep. Also a great many of us have learned that frequent rest periods during the day are a great boost to the morale of the house wife. What house wife does not need such an uplift?

My Mother taught me that one can rest through change of work. If we are careful to separate one's work into two classes—what tires one, and what is of the restful type—one can save a vast amount of energy.

Obviously what type of work tires and rests one person would not be the same for another. That is a matter for each house-wife to decide. My plan of rest and work consists in doing such work as clearing tables, straightening rooms, making beds, brushing floors and washing dishes while I'm fresh and rested in the morning, looking forward with anticipation for the period when an instructive home making or educational program can be heard over the radio while I'm sitting, preparing the vegetables for the day.

Thus I am rested and have interesting topics of conversation ready when the family comes home. This same idea of rest can be carried out by doing the family mending when one is too tired to attempt a more strenuous undertaking.

After the noon meal is over and dishes washed, I've found the half hour Leanna broadcasts to be ideal for perfect rest, lying relaxed, listening and absorbing ideas from one who is always ready to be helpful. We are all in our places for that very purpose of being helpful to someone. One can not be helpful to a large extent when too tired in mind and body.

So, with a well planned schedule, including a change of work and thought, for the greatest efficiency let's rest wisely.



OVER THE FENCE

Another wedding at KMA. Nancy Lee Gross, known over the air as "Nancy Lee from Tennessee" and Sammy DeVincent, accordion player, were married Saturday July 5th at Rockport, Mo. From Rockport they went to Chicago for their honeymoon. Lem Hawkins took them in his car. I am sure all my Kitchen-Klatter friends wish Nancy Lee and Sammy many years of happiness.

Susan Field Conrad, my sister, will be located in the same building, at the Iowa State Fair this year. She has demonstrated the art of making pottery at the fair for several years.

Carl Hayden and his interesting and talented family, whom you enjoy over KMA, are spending their summer at the Hayden farm, near Springfield, Mo. Carl nearly lost that pleasant disposition when, after traveling a hundred miles south, into Missouri, he found they had forgotten part of their suitcases. They had to turn around and come back for them.

Speaking of vacations, Jack Kelly and his wife have been visiting their old home in LaCrosse, Wisconsin where they say the fishing is fine.

Mrs. Harold Hayes, of Nodaway, Ia., has an unusual pet, a ground hog. He plays very much like a cat and will stand up on his hind legs and beg for food. His name is Wimpy.

Betty Koesters, and her sister who live at Earling, Iowa, had a wonderful vacation trip this summer. They spent some time in Detroit, Mich. Betty says she believes the nicest part of the trip was the lovely boat ride into Canada, especially the return to Detroit by moonlight.

One of our Kitchen-Klatter Circle, Mrs. Bertha Buri of Newell, Iowa, surely needs our sympathy. On the night of May 29th, their house burned to the ground. She had to carry her aged father, 84, bedfast and helpless, to safety. She lost all her cookbooks and recipes, so if any of you have any you can spare, I know she would be very grateful for them.

Kitchen-Klatterers, Dustcaps off to Mr. John Sattler of Fort Atkinson, Iowa. Although a helpless cripple from a broken back, he works every day making articles for sale with a jigsaw and turning lathe. Some of the articles he makes are buttons, shakers, bells, pigs, apples and rolling pins.

THE MOTHER'S ROUND TABLE

Written for Mothers by Mothers

OUR CHILDREN

Maxine Sickels

Sometime ago I ran across the sentence, "Women would be happier- and so would the rest of us, if they would learn to live with a lighter touch."

I remembered it because it agrees entirely with my own ideas and also with the findings of all good psychologists.

A mother's day is bound to be a succession of circumstances that could create unpleasant situations. Baby won't eat his cereal. The runabout refuses to be dressed like a baby. Somebody spills something.

Mother can make an emotional issue of each occurrence, marking it with harsh words and forceful demands, or she can meet each one with a sense of humor—a twinkle in her eye and the knowledge that these are only minor issues.

It is admittedly easier for fathers to achieve a sense of perspective in such matters. They are away from their families much of the time and miss the numerous petty annoyances, but father's big, big problem is making a living for the family. All other problems are secondary and are not worthy of being made a point of argument.

No amount of declaring equality of the sexes will ever change the fact that women make mountains of molehills unless they have mountains to conquer or unless they have deliberately set themselves the task of being calm and good humored.

Many a tense situation has been relieved by a hearty laugh. Think back over your family incidents and see if you do not remember with pleasure the times you "laughed off" an incident that might have been serious.

And don't you feel just a little sheepish about the times you got off on the wrong foot and ended with an air of, "I am your mother and you will do as I say because I say so." Like the father in an old-fashioned melodrama.

Well, I do.

For instance, we still laugh together over the time our oldest son broke the new pitcher and spilled the cream.

He was only joking. I was always breaking the cream pitcher and when he saw the pretty new one on the table he picked it up with a twinkle in his eye and said, "I might as well break this one."

Harmless except there was cream, sweet, slick, messy cream in the pitcher and when he raised it over his head, the cream spilled all over the boy and the table and the floor. He was so shocked that he dropped the pitcher.

It was at the end of a long busy summer day. I was tired. The small boys were tired and hungry. They were complaining in the usual way of one, three and five year olds.

For a moment I was dumfounded. So was my oldest son. Then I began to laugh at the look of utter amazement on his face—the joke that back fired.

Then the oldest son began to laugh. Then the three small sons stopped their howling and began to laugh.

With warm water and plenty of clean rags we tackled the mess, stopping now and then to sit back on our heels and laugh again.

Many times since then I have met a trying situation with that memory.

So long as we can laugh together, we are a happy family. Not flood nor drouth, not fire nor storm, not things nor lack of things can hurt us so long as we can laugh.

With the whole world in such tragic upheaval, it is more than ever up to mothers to make HOME a cheerful happy, laughing place.

The things that worry us today, tomorrow they will be gone.

The things that our children do that bother us, we will forget tomorrow if we but keep smiling.

GOOD ADVICE

By Helen Loudon

Once upon a time, when my oldest was very small, I asked a dear old lady some questions about proper child care. She laughed and told me, "My goodness, you can't raise all children by the same rule. What will work with one, won't work with another, because no two are alike. You just have to try what seems sensible, and if it doesn't work try something else until you find the right method."

"Suppose your youngster won't eat, or won't take the kinds of food she needs. You can't reason much with a real small child. You can make her think you like it yourself, but I wouldn't force her to eat it. If you make her think her cereal or vegetables are a special treat, she'll eat them better."

"I always avoided things that brought on tantrums, whenever I could. But if my child had a tantrum, I just ignored him. It takes a lot of courage to walk out of the room and leave a child kicking his heels on the best rug, but it usually worked."

"There's one thing about a big family; the children help discipline each other. If one tries to get out of doing his share of work, the others pounce on him and make him do his part. One family of children had parents who didn't believe in correcting or punishing children; but the older ones used to make the younger ones toe the mark. I don't believe children want too much freedom, any more than they want to be bossed too much."

"But don't ever forget," she warned me, "the surest way to lose the respect of your children is to be unfair, or to show favoritism toward one child. The child may forgive it when he is grown, but he never can forget."

Yes, indeed, children are different.

Our first little girl didn't suck her thumb, but her little brother had his thumb in his mouth the first time I saw him! And most of the time for the next six years. We tried mittens, thumb stalls, aloes, pepper—everything. Finally he quit when I told him he would have "buck teeth" and have to wear a long drooping moustache when he was a man, to hide his mouth. He never sucked his thumb again!

The next girl didn't suck her thumb, but the next boy did. The threat of a moustache left him unmoved, but his older brother kept taking the thumb out of his mouth and finally broke him of the habit.

The third little daughter, no, you haven't counted them wrong; there are six children) enjoyed her thumb, but one night with her thumb in a wire thumb-stall cured her. She detested it, and promised to keep her thumb out of her mouth if I'd not make her wear it. So far she has kept her promise.

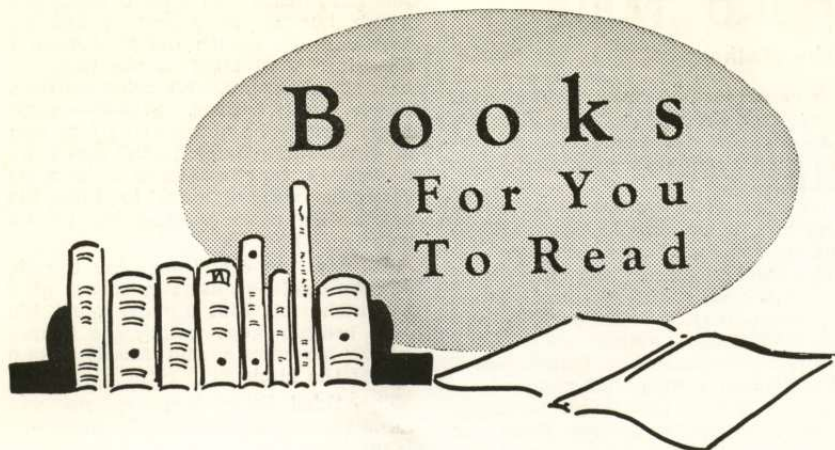
The baby quit because his thumb ceased to interest him!

I believe my elderly friend was right. Surely no two children are alike. We must treat them as individuals. After all, that is one of the fascinating things about bringing up a family.

"I received my renewal notice the other day and am sending right back with a dollar for another year's subscription to Kitchen-Klatter, the best little magazine ever. I enjoy it from cover to cover. I read every line of it. I enjoy Frederick's letters very much and hope he can continue to write more. I enjoy Lucile's letters, too, and I can't tell you how I enjoy the story of your life. All I regret is I wish the Kitchen-Klatter came every day. I'm saving all my books and making them all into one large book. I'm also sending an extra 10c with my \$1.00 for which please send me your 6 cooky cutters."—Mrs. L. M. B., Leon, Iowa.



Mrs. J. C. Hill of Freeport, Ill., and her little grandson.



By

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

BOOKS FOR YOU TO READ

In the Shenandoah and Clarinda Libraries, June and July are the months set aside for the preparation of new rural school books for the coming year. It is a real pleasure to select and catalogue these fine new books, because one cannot help but think of each book and wonder how it will appeal to the children. One examines them for particular points, since it is best to have variety enough to fill the needs of the schoolroom and the home reading hours.

Those of us who grew up with poorly decorated books, and with poorly printed ones, have a longing to give the children that which we missed.

In a previous number of *The Kitchen-Klatter* I mentioned Wheeler and Deucher's biographies of old music masters, including music scores. Now several of those excellent books are supplemented by new books about the same composers, with the materials dramatized. The titles are: CURTAIN CALLS FOR FRANZ SCHUBERT; CURTAIN CALLS FOR WOLFGANG MOZART. They are musical plays for children, most delightful books. If you have access to libraries, ask for them. Not only are they fine for schools, but also for the home where mothers oversee their children's play.

Other books along the same line are STEPHEN FOSTER, AND OLD DOG TRAY; EDWARD McDOWELL AND HIS CABIN IN THE PINES; and THE HAPPY REBEL.

DELECTA ANN: THE CIRCUIT RIDER'S DAUGHTER, by Myna Lockwood, has its setting in Detroit of 1844. How Delecta Ann contributed her share to a sturdy pioneer life in a minister's home, is a fine story for intermediate and junior high school aged children.

You will want to have your boys and girls read about the South American countries now that we are interested in a common welfare. Two new ones on our desk for young people are: SOUTH AMERICAN ROUNDABOUT by Agnes Rothery, and NEIGHBORS TO THE SOUTH by Delia Goetz. These make good supplementary reading for geography.

There is a clever little Picture story book, probably 8" by 12" and rather thin, that opens up accordion fashion so it can be stretched about six feet long, every page having a picture of an animal. But when stretched out it forms a continuous landscape with the animals all over in natural settings. It is called ANIMALS EVERYWHERE, by Ingri and Edgar Parin D'Aulaire, author-artists who won the Caldecott medal in 1939 for their ABRAHAM LINCOLN. Publishers, Doubleday, Doran & Co. \$1.25.

Emma Brock has a new book for ages 9 and up called AT MID-SUMMER TIME, a story of Sweden. The summers are so short in Sweden that the sunshine is doubly precious to the people, and they make the most of it. Mid-summer day is anticipated with great pleasure, and festivals abound everywhere with dancing and maypoles and music. People dress in old Swedish costumes. Delightful story for children.

THEY WERE GOOD AND STRONG, by Robert Lawson, both author and artist and winner of the Caldecott medal as the most distinguished book of its kind for 1940. Mr. Lawson tells in boyish fashion the story of his ancestors as he remembers his father telling it to him. The covers are decorated with imitations of Daguerreotypes.

CALL IT COURAGE is the 1940 Newbery award winner as "the most distinguished contribution to American literature for children" in 1940, by Armstrong Sperry. This is a story of a boy who lost his parents in a storm at sea and developed a great fear of the sea after that. How he overcame that terrible fear and became strong and brave, makes this a good story for boys.

THE BELLS OF AMSTERDAM, by Ruth Holberg and illustrated by Richard Holberg, has special charm for children. Karl Ludwig was taken from an orphan asylum by Frans Hemony to be taught bell ringing. Amsterdam was a town of bells, and it was quite a fete to be able to make music from the great towers of the cathedrals. Boys and girls will enjoy the story of the orphan who became a bell ringer.

KITCHEN KLATTER POETS

WHAT LOVE CAN DO

I used to like to write a poem,
In fact I wrote one daily,
Of blue skies shining overhead,
Of young love riding gaily.

One day my love walked up the road,
Oh yes, my true love found me.
He built a ceiling o'er my head,
Four walls he built around me.

And now I cook, and scrub the floors,
And make the beds up daily,
And funniest of all, my dears,
I wash the dishes—gayly.

—Maxine Sickels

CLUB DAY

The women went to club today
Their tongues went clatter-clatter!
I stuck my head into the door
And wondered—"What's the matter!"

They shrieked, they squeaked, their
voices rose
In such a blatteration;
But I couldn't make out one word they
said,
To my great consternation.

Their lonely husbands sit at home
Before a meager fare;
The eggs are burned, the coffee weak,
But what do the women care?

Thy dine and drink and drink and
dine
On salads, tea and pies;
Such quantities of food as they
consume,
You can hardly believe your eyes.

All afternoon they sew or quilt,
Discuss the latest styles,
Or pass on ways of making soap
Or recipes for their files.

Then when the sun begins to sink
In its journey to the west,
They gather up their dishes,
They've had a pleasant rest.

They pack into their automobiles
The remainder of their grub;
Bland smiles adorn their faces
For today, they've been to Club.
—Clarice Kembery, Bridgewater, Ia.

TO DRIVE AWAY THE BLUES

Look for the sunshine of tomorrow,
And think not of the clouds today,
For each day you will find a jewel
As you go along the way.

Each day you will find something
pleasant
If you will but search for it then,
And think only the very best thoughts
You will find joy and gladness
within.

I know each day has its trials,
And some things go all wrong,
But to make it worth while just show
a smile
And let your voice ring in a song.
—Eva Orman, Ottumwa, Iowa



FOR THE CHILDREN

THE LITTLE RED TOP

Margaret Ellen Lowery

The little red top sat in its box in the shop window and dreamed of the day when it would fall from its string with a furious spin and knock every other top out of the ring. Once in a while it was taken from the window and put into a strange hand, but when the hand tested its very light weight, it was given back to the storekeeper and placed again in its box in the shop window.

"Just because I am smaller than the others is no reason I could not spin as hard as they if I had the chance," it said.

Unfortunately, as neither the shopkeeper nor his customer understood top language the red top stayed in its box until the other tops around it were sold.

"The season will be over," it fussed, "and all the tops put away for the winter before I have one chance to get into the ring!"

Weeks later, one day in September, the little red top heard a voice say to the shopkeeper, "I would like to buy that little red top in the window!" and its heart jumped for joy.

"I will sell it for half price," the shopkeeper answered quickly.

"I won't be sold," the red top told itself. "When the customer feels how light I am, I will be left behind no matter how low my price is."

To its surprise it was not handled at all, but merely popped into a white sack and carried out through the door. After a long journey it was taken from its sack and laid on a table in a frilly bedroom.

"At last!" it said. "Now I wonder how soon I'll be taken to the ring."

Something was wrong. A hand was picking it up, a hand as soft and gentle as a kitten's paw.

The red top sighed in exasperation. "I should have known," it raged. "Only a little girl with hands like velvet would be foolish enough to buy a top as small as me."

All night it lay on the table beside the bed and grieved.

"If I am taken into the ring," it decided. "I shall spin very slowly and try to be hit by someone worthy of spinning me as I should be spun. Once I am knocked from the ring, I shall no longer belong to the little girl with gentle hands."

However, as the days passed, the red top began to think that it would never reach the ring. The little girl took it to a secret place between the garage and the back fence and there spent days spinning it by herself. At first all was wrong. She wound the string too loosely and threw it to the ground so that the top could scarcely

make one turn before it wobbled to its side.

This did not discourage the owner of the little red top. In time she learned to wrap the string tightly and to send the top down with such a crash that the dust scattered as it whirled in the dirt. Still not satisfied, she learned to aim it so that when it reached the ground, it hit a small rock and threw it several feet away.

At last the day came when the little girl carried it to the vacant lot where the big boys of the neighborhood gathered for top contest. Such tops the little red top had never seen, great yellow and green ones twice the size of any that had been in the shop window.

When they saw the girl with the little red top, the boys scoffed. "So you want to play with us," they laughed. "You won't keep your red top long. If it is not thrown from the ring as soon as it stops spinning, it will be crushed into a thousand pieces."

"Now is my chance to get a new owner," the little red top told itself. "But do I want to belong to another?"

Before it could decide, the little girl had raised her arm and sent it into the circle with such a roaring whirl that not a top was left in the ring when it came to a stop.

The boys gave the little girl their tops reluctantly and drew from their pockets even larger ones and sent them all rolling out.

Once the little red top was so busy sending the others out of the circle that it stopped inside the ring.

"Now is the time for me to get a new owner," it said to itself. Suddenly it realized that it did not wish a new owner, that the little girl was the very best it could ever wish to have. Desperately it clung to the ground inside the ring as a top spun toward it. It missed by a hair's breadth. Again and again the other tops rushed toward it, and again and again they missed the little red top, or hit it so lightly that it did not even roll.

At last when the game was over, it was hailed as the very best of all the tops that had even spun in the vacant lot. This fall you will hear the boys still praising the little red top and the girl who spun it.

GUESS WHAT?

Why is a pig in a parlor like a house on fire?—Because the sooner it is put out, the better.

Why is a wise man like a pin?—He has a head and comes to the point.

What is that which is put on the table and cut but never eaten?—A pack of cards.

What thing is lower with a head than without one?—A pillow.

What belongs to you but is used more by your friends than by yourself?—Your name.



Little grandson of Mrs. J. W. Zile, Lyons, Kansas.

WHERE

Where can a man buy a cap for his knee?

Or a key to the lock of his hair?
Can his eyes be called an academy
Because there are pupils there?

In the crown of his head what gems are found?

Who travels the bridge of his nose?
Can he use, when shingling the roof of his house,
The nails on the end of his toes?

Can the crook of his elbow be sent to jail?

If so, what did he do?
How can he sharpen his shoulder blades?
I'll be hanged if I know, do you?

Can he sit in the shade of the palm of his hand?

Or beat on the drum of his ear?
Does the calf of his leg eat the corn on his toes?

If so, why not grow corn on the ear?
Sent by Mrs. Orr K. Day, Mt. Ayr, Iowa.

BIRD TEACHER

Early in the morning Mrs. Robin greets the day,

Hustles about getting breakfast in a most cheerful way;
She's trusting in God and nature for her need,

And there's always bugs and worms for her feed.

Trees are adorned with blossoms and leaf for her home,

Just another proof that God always cares for his own.

Thank you Mrs. Robin your teaching
I shall never spurn,

Trust and work, and never worry, is the lesson I have learned.

For a kind and loving Father who notes each sparrow's fall,

Will supply our needs and well we know he cares for all;

Never doubt his kindly watch-care what ever may betide,

Let your hand touch his, he's walking by your side.

Sent by Lillie M. Whiteaker

THE GIFT BOX

By Gertrude Hayzlett

Fall Bazaar time is coming closer every day, and what to make for it is



Gertrude Hayzlett

a burning question. It must be something that won't cost too much yet will sell well. Why not some coasters or a tray, or even a picture? Probably no one else will think to make any of them so they are sure to be popular.

Buy a small ten cent picture in a pretty frame. Remove the picture. If it happens to

be on cardboard, you can use it for your foundation. From magazine ads, or envelope linings, cut small diamonds, squares or triangles of bright colored, figured paper. Glue these on the cardboard foundation to give the effect of old-fashioned crazy patchwork. When the glue is dry, replace the glass (being sure that is sparkling clean) and the cardboard in the frame and fasten securely. If the frame does not suit you, give it a coat of enamel. Or perhaps you can do gesso work or sealing wax craft. If so, you can decorate the frame to suit your fancy.

Instead of the bright paper background, you may use any one of a dozen other things. A piece of pretty print material is attractive. A bit of patchwork. A piece of embroidery—an initial or monogram is lovely if you are using the tray or coaster for a gift. An applique picture is nice. Select some simple picture, cut the different objects in it from pieces of cloth and glue them in place on your background. A vase of flowers is easy to arrange. Cut the vase from plain color material and the flowers from different prints. You can probably find other applique patterns suitable for this—or some of the felt silhouette patterns would be lovely. When using cloth, cut the patches carefully, having edges smooth, and be careful that the glue does not soak through the material. Choose a heavy glue and use only a tiny bit of it. Latex paste is good.

You flower fans may want to use a piece of satin paper or birchbark for the background and on this arrange a delicate fern spray or feathery grasses, some milkweed down, or pressed flowers, leaves and seeds. You will find endless material in your garden.

Be sure the design you choose fits the size of the frame you are using. You can make them all sizes, from small enough to hold one water glass to large trays. The larger they are, the stronger the frames will have to be.

"We all like the Kitchen-Klatter Magazine here at our house. Even the grown-up boys read it through. In fact, one of them gave me the money to send for it.—Mrs. C. C., Danbury, Iowa."

ISN'T IT SO!

The state of your buffet, the accumulation of things on or in the center-piece, recalls to me the poem, "THE LITTLE LIVED-IN HOUSE".

For those who are distressed because they cannot keep their rooms in perfect order, or who envy those who can and do achieve a system that works, I suggest that you ask them to notice the effect that the different homes have upon those who enter their doors.

When I go into a home that has every chair in place, the sofa cushions too nice to use, all rugs spotless, everything looking like new, I feel chilled; afraid to step, uncomfortable. We wonder if that woman ever thinks of anything but cleaning and scrubbing, and if there's a corner in that house to live in. Everything is for show—to impress others. Can she or her family be happy there? What are her ideals?

When I go into a room having a little dust on the chairrounds, wraps on the chairs, newspapers or books in confusion, the sofa cover wrinkled, cushions showing the impress of a head, the rugs a little awry, showing footprints—I think, "These folks are living in their home, using what they have. The atmosphere is HOMEY. I feel warmed, comforted, cheered, thinking, "There are yet in America women who care more about making a home than about what folks say."

I know that the house-mother's duties are manifold in our present "civilization." She cannot keep, at all times, that complicated machinery well-oiled and shining. That woman who has learned to put first things first is a wise woman.

There's a tendency toward better architecture—a house built for better living. We think of an old style house as a woman-killer. We women must learn to forget disorder, part of our hours, or we compel our children, husbands, friends to seek that "atmosphere of home" elsewhere. We do not have the health and strength to do everything, therefore we must learn not to be unhappy because our home is not a showplace.

SANITARY conditions are another matter. My mother used to say, "There's a difference between clean dirt and dirty dirt." She lived in an old, old house, where a "woman's work" could never, possibly, be done.

My sister's home was immaculate. She wore herself out, keeping it so. Once she said, "How did our Mother ever stand it?" But she smiled, REMEMBERING that we could do anything we wanted to, in the sitting room on that old farm home. Our friends came in to sing around the melodeon, popcorn, crack nuts, "sugar-off", play Blind Man's Buff—our Mother one of the groups, joining in the fun, jolliest of all; not a frown for the snow tracked in, the upset furniture. Those chairs were dusted once a week, but none of Mother's children, nor our friends, recall the disorder—we remember only the happy times—which we could never forget.

I've learned there's a limit to the

different tasks one can do, whoever you are, or whatever your station in life. There are so many interests more important than being the best housekeeper in our community.

There's a happy medium, of course, but happy mediums are rather elusive—and we're not intending to become scolding, nagging women (slaves to a system) just because we see some tobacco spilled on the fresh scrubbed floor—because a child forgets to remove the overshoes before coming to us with a report card, because some cat hairs are on the best chair, or the pet dog tracks the front porch.

Sympathetically, Bessie Donaldson, Trenton, Mo.

BLACK BIRDE PYE

"Sing a song of Sixpence a pocket fu'rye

Four and twenty Black Birdes baked in a pye

When ye Pye was opened ye Birdes began to synge

Wasn't this a Dainte Dishe to sette before ye Kynge."

Ye Original Recipe for Ye Famous Blackbirde Pye. A. D. 1568.

Make the coffin of a great Pye or Pasty in the bottome where of make a hole as big as your fist or bigger—if you will—let the sides of the coffin be somewhat bigger than ordinary Pyes—which done put it full of flour and bake it—and being baked open the hole in the bottome and take out the flour. Then having a small Pye of the bigness of the hole in the bottome of the coffin afore said you shall put into the coffin withall.

Then you shall put into the coffin round about the afore said Pye as many small live Birdes as the empty coffin will hold. Besides the lesser Pye. And this is to be done at such time as you send the Pye to the table and set before the guests. Where uncovering or cutting up the lid of the great Pye all the Birdes will flie out, which is to delight and pleasure show to the company. And because they shall not be mocked altogether you shall cutte open others. The like you may doe with a Tarte and they will allways bring mirthe, and great prayse for the Sergeantte Cooke inne his Masters eyne even if soe bee he were a Kynge.

Copied from an old Magazine—Mrs. R. H. Marks, Alexandria, Nebr.



Sue Conrad, my sister, taken at the flower show, Shenandoah, Ia.

For Subscribers to the "Kitchen-Klatter Magazine"

For those who have wished for back numbers of this magazine: January, March, April, May, June and July are available. 3 for 25¢.



AID SOCIETY HELPS

For the Flower Fund

If your "Flower Fund" is in need of money, pass out envelopes and ask each member to put in her envelope as many pennies as there are letters in her name.

A Ten Cent Sale

Our Ladies Aid made over \$25 by having a 10-cent sale. Ladies were asked to bring articles for the sale that were worth ten cents or more and they could bring just anything—vegetables, eggs, jelly, cans of fruit (small), pot holders, aprons, plants, pumpkins, candy, cookies—well, just anything that was worth 10c. Numbers were placed on each article and a like number sold for 10 cents after the program. The articles were heaped in bushel baskets and the numbers called out. Small boys delivered the gifts. The gifts were not wrapped, so much laughter accompanied the delivery of the purchase. We served eats, too. Plates for 5 or 10 cents. Fried chicken, pie, sandwiches and a drink—not all one plate, but what we considered right on each plate.

A PIGGY BANK

"Our Aid has made pig banks and given them out to nearly every family in the church. We are to have a market day, and three prizes will be given away."—Mrs. Jessie Emholtz, West Concord, Minn.

NOTE. If your Aid has a plan that they have used and found successful, please write and tell me about it.

—Leanna Driftmier

HOLY BIBLE

Beautifully Bound in Rich
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OFFERED FREE—

Webster's Illustrated Dictionary

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

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CONTESTS FOR AUGUST PARTIES

FOODS OF THE BIBLE

1. What article of food is mentioned most often in the Bible?
2. What did Joseph store up in Egypt?
3. What did the children of Israel use for bread in the wilderness?
4. What kind of meat did they have sent from heaven?
5. What did Ruth gather in the fields of Boaz?
6. What kind of meat was served when the Prodigal Son came home?
7. What preservatives did the women carry to the tomb of Jesus?
8. What did Jael bring to Sisera in a "lordly dish"?
9. What meat did Isaac ask Esau for when he was old and blind?
10. What did Jacob serve to him instead?
11. What did the spies say about the prospects of food in the Promised Land?
12. Isaiah compared Jerusalem to "a lodge in a garden of ———"
13. What did the widow of Zarephath make for Elijah out of meal?
14. Jesus said to his disciples, "Ye are the ——— of the earth."
15. What two articles of food did Jesus multiply to feed the 5000?

ANSWERS

1. Bread. 2. Corn. 3. Manna. 4. Quail. 5. Wheat. 6. Fatted Calf. 7. Spices. 8. Butter. 9. Venison. 10. Kid. 11. Flowing with Milk and Honey. 12. Cucumbers. 13. Cakes. 14. Salt. 15. Bread and Fish.

(MISQUOTATIONS)

Our printer has mixed these sayings. Can you correct them?

1. The love of money is the beginning of wisdom.
2. A soft answer—stirreth up strife.
3. A merry heart—are an abomination unto the Lord.
4. A horse—loveth at all times.
5. Righteousness—is a vain thing for safety.
6. Wine—does good like a medicine.
7. Jealousy—is the root of all evil.
8. Lying lips—is a very present help in trouble.
9. A friend—is rather to be chosen than great riches.
10. Pride—is a mocker.
11. A good name—maketh a glad father.
12. The fear of the Lord—turneth away wrath.
13. God—exalteth a nation.
14. An angry man—goeth before destruction.
15. A virtuous woman—is a crown to her husband.
16. A wise son—is cruel as the grave.

ANSWERS

- 1—7. 2—12. 3—6. 4—5. 5—13. 6—10. 7—16. 8—3. 9—4. 10—14. 11—9. 12—1. 13—8. 14—2. 15—15. 16—11.

STORK SHOWER CONTEST

(Fill in blanks with names of flowers)
——— will be born on Tuesday at ——— and draw his first ——— then.

As soon as possible he will be baptized by ———. He will blow his ——— day and night for attention. He will be given a pretty ——— that he can call his mother with. Both mother and daddy will lovingly partake of his ———. He will always warn his folks when leaving to ———. When old enough to go to school, his mother will waken him by saying, "———!"

His playmates will call him a ———. Complaints will come to the fond parents that their precious little one has been throwing ———. He will be a guest at a coasting party and be entertained by ———. His first puppy love will be a real ——— because she "wont tell".

When he ventures out in the dark to see his ———, he will always carry a ———.

He will be distressed by having attended a school picnic and getting too close to a new lady friend, ———. His parents will discourage his love affairs, hoping he will ———.

Flower Names to Fit the Blanks.

Sweet William. Four O'Clock. Baby's Breath. Jack in the Pulpit. Trumpet. Blue Bell. Tulips. Forget me not. Johnny Jump Up. Touch Me Not. Snow Balls. Snow on the Mountain. Daisy. Violet. Chinese Lantern. Poison Ivy. Marigold.

WHAT'S THE WORD?

As poor as a—(church mouse)
As thin as a—(rail)
As fat as a—(pig)
As rough as a—(gale)

As brave as a—(lion)
As sly as a—(cat)
As bright as a—(dollar)
As weak as a—(rat)

As pure as an—(angel)
As neat as a—(pin)
As smart as a—(trap)
As ugly as—(sin)

As dead as a—(door nail)
As white as a—(sheet)
As flat as a—(pancake)
As red as a—(beet)

"I should have written you sooner enclosing a dollar for my Kitchen-Klatter Magazine. So easy to put of these things. Please send me the March number, because I don't want to miss a number. I enjoy your Kitchen-Klatter so much and always look for a new recipe the first thing. Of course, I read it from cover to cover, and just wonder how you can do so much.—Mrs. C. G., Mt. Pleasant, Iowa.