Six tuna short cuts to EASY SUMMER MEALS

But be sure it's Del Monte Tuna you use— if you're extra proud of your cooking!

Yes, that's the real flavor secret—the tuna you start with!

For there is a genuine difference in tuna. A difference you see. A difference you can taste. Compare Del Monte with other tunas—then judge for yourself.

As you open the can, notice how evenly cut, how smooth-grained Del Monte Tuna is. Large pieces—firm but how flaky. And take note of that clear, inviting color.

No need to explain Del Monte packs only the smaller, more tender tuna—caught in deep Pacific Ocean waters—canned in Del Monte's own seaside kitchens.

And now taste this Del Monte Tuna. Taste that exquisite flavor. Delicate. Distinctive. Doesn't it instantly suggest a whole world of quick-to-fix, grand-to-eat dishes?

Salads, of course. Cool but nourishing main-course dishes. Easy vegetable plates. Tempting sandwiches, too—for the children or parties.

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Party or picnic or noon-day lunch—call on Del Monte Tuna. It's a grand sandwich bet! Add lemon juice and mayonnaise for extra zest. Shredded carrots for tempting color.

Not only beautiful—great-eating, too! And next to no trouble. You scramble the eggs—add Del Monte Tuna when almost done—then listen to joyful cries for more.

Cool comfort here! A salad so gorgeous ought to be hard to make, but it's magically easy* like most any dish made with Del Monte Tuna! (*Just celery, mayonnaise, tuna—in tomato.)

Be a carefree hostess! When friends drop in, serve Del Monte Tuna! Say, with Pineapple Chunklets. (The petaled pastries are pie crust—but crackers turn the trick, too!)

Easy does it! Raid the refrigerator for leftover vegetables. Break up Del Monte Tuna. Season all with French dressing...and there's your dish! Just make up your own variations!

When time is short, and appetites sharp—depend on Del Monte Tuna to rescue you! Creamed, for instance, over biscuit or toast. (That gay flash of red is pimiento.)

JUST BE SURE YOU GET Del Monte Tuna FOR FINER FLAVOR IN EVERY TUNA TREAT YOU SERVE
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the dental discovery of the century!

Amazing Luster-Foam dentifrice, safe and gentle, releases detergent energy at first touch of saliva. Cleans, brightens, and polishes teeth as never before because it reaches decay-ridden "blind spots" that ordinary pastes, powders, and even water seldom enter.

Your tooth paste is undoubtedly a good one, but after you use the NEW Listerine Tooth Paste, supercharged with Luster-Foam, you will understand why it is superseding older types in the favor of thousands, every day.

Luster-Foam detergent (C₁₄H₂₇O₅SNa), works a miracle in your mouth and on your teeth...you can actually feel it work. Wetted with water and saliva, it springs into an aromatic and stimulating foam, simply charged with detergent energy! Not a soap, yet it has penetrating power far beyond that of soap.

Saliva Releases Energy

The moment saliva touches it, Luster-Foam generates tiny bubbles of detergent energy, 20,000 to the square inch, which instantly surround and whisk away surface deposits on the teeth.

Then, Luster-Foam's energy breaks up decay-fostering deposits in the saliva before they have a chance to glue themselves to the teeth.

Areas Seldom Reached Before

Next, Luster-Foam detergent surges into remote spots which ordinary pastes and powders, even water, may never reach...The 60 "blind spots" between the teeth and at the gum line where germs breed and decay acids form...The countless tiny cracks and fissures on teeth surfaces which catch and hold food, tobacco, and discolorations.

Now Luster-Foam reaches them...and because it does, dental trouble may be reduced amazingly.

No matter what tooth paste you are now using, lay it aside and try this extra-safe, master-cleansing, luster-giving dentifrice that brings new dental health and beauty.

LAMBERT PHARMACEUTICAL COMPANY, St. Louis, Mo.

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MIS' DRAPER’S PARLOR

DELLA T. LUTES

Judging by the artistic standards of today, I suppose the parlors in the fairly well-to-do homes of Millbrook were pretty bad. Millbrook was (and still is) a pleasant little village in one of the lower tiers of counties in Southern Michigan. The houses are practically the same as stood along both sides of Main Street in the early Eighties, but the parlors have changed. And in my opinion, considerably for the worse.

There was Mis’ Dr. Babcock’s house, for instance. Mis’ Babcock was a woman who kept up with the times, and, while she didn’t go in for cattails in a churn standing in a corner behind the sofa, or sunflowers in the hall, she did trade in the old organ for a piano, and the doctor had a furnace put in the house so they no longer had to use the chunk stove in winter.

We all thought Mis’ Babcock’s house was “real elegant” (and I still hover over that opinion). She had a Brussels carpet on the floor with a great deal of red in it, and there was gilt paper on the walls. That is, the paper was a sort of tan, as I remember it, with narrow gold stripes and some kind of small urns of gold between.

The window shades were of green paper with a wide band of scenery across the bottom. Almost everybody had that kind of shades. Mis’ Draper’s had peacocks marching across, but everything in Mis’ Draper’s house was just a little more elegant than Mis’ Babcock’s, just as Mis’ Dr. Babcock’s was a little more elegant than most other folk’s. Mr. Draper was the Universalist minister. He had come to Millbrook in recent years on account of his health. He had had a church in Detroit, but had to give it up, and because he and Dr. Babcock had been at Ann Arbor together and were friends, he came to Millbrook. He didn’t have much money on account of long illness, and he certainly didn’t get much as the Universalist minister, but they bought the old place furnished, and they also had many nice things themselves, especially books.

Nobody in Millbrook had money—the way you think of money today, but almost everybody had enough to live on comfortably, and because everybody was on pretty much the same level, they were all reasonably content.

Women took a lot of pride in their homes in those days. They didn’t have a thousand other things to think about and so they thought about their homes. While they didn’t try to outdo each other, they sort of kept each other “up” by comparing notes about what they had seen and heard and read in the magazines (Grosby’s Lady’s Book, Peterson’s, etc.), and by lending patterns for tidies, lambrequins, quilts, wall pockets, footstools, and such things.

Not everybody, of course, had parlors as nice as Mis’ Dr. Babcock’s and Mis’ Draper’s. Mis’ Draper’s parlor carpet, for instance, was even nicer than Mis’ Babcock’s. It was almost cream color—the ground work of it—Jersey cream, with big urns in it and vines and flowers trailing over it. The room was long and large, and the urns and vines and things didn’t look out of proportion, or if they did we didn’t know it. We thought it was beautiful! (And I still think so.)

Their wallpaper had gold in it too (gold wallpaper was very stylish then), fleur de lis, or something like that. Gold cornices held up the long lace curtains and vel-
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vet draperies. The curtains were tied back to glass knobs, and a big mirror at the end of the room had a gold frame with an eagle on top.

The Drapers were older than the Babcocks and their children were married and lived in Detroit. There were just the two of them, but before they had been in Millbrook six months they had all the young folks for ten miles around coming to Young People's Meeting on Sunday nights because they were always invited to the parsonage for supper afterward.

They would have a big spread of sandwiches and cake and coffee in the dining room table, and then they would go into the parlor and sing, and Mis' Draper would recite to them. She had had lessons in elocution and she could recite "grand." Not things like "Garfield Shall Not Ring Tonight" and pieces that were in Randall's "Reading and Elocution," but like "Anabel Lee" and "Rabbit Ben Ezra." I remember a poem Mr. Draper loved, too—"Into the Woods My Master Went"—and another named "Religion," both by Sidney Lafluer—and that was the kind of religion he preached, too. Tolerant, Workable.

And they didn't always sing terribly religious songs either, not, that is, lugubriously religious like church. They sang "Tenting Tonight"—Mr. Draper had a fine baritone and she a lovely soprano—and "In the Glooming" and "Drink to Me Only With Thine Eyes." The Babcocks always came over to the Drapers' on Sunday nights and Dr. Babcock had a deep bass voice that could be very tender and gentle with old folks and children, or terrible when he thundered at boys and girls who fooled with their health—and their morals. He didn't really let his voice out, on these Su. day nights, the way he did at church when they sang "O, Come All Ye Faithful!"

Jennie Myers, the blacksmith's daughter, and sometimes her father Les, a widower, would come along, and Mr. and Mis' Si Dixon (the miller) with Sadie, and my Cousin Adelaide's boys, William and Gabey.

Of course, there were those who wouldn't have opened up a parlor as nice as Mis' Draper's for a crowd of boys and girls to have a good time in, but that was the way with the Drapers—or the Babcocks either for that matter—who didn't always sing terribly religious songs either, not, that is, lugubriously religious like church. They sang "Tenting Tonight"—Mr. Draper had a fine baritone and she a lovely soprano—and "In the Glooming" and "Drink to Me Only With Thine Eyes." The Babcocks always came over to the Drapers' on Sunday nights and Dr. Babcock had a deep bass voice that could be very tender and gentle with old folks and children, or terrible when he thundered at boys and girls who fooled with their health—and their morals. He didn't really let his voice out, on these Su. day nights, the way he did at church when they sang "O, Come All Ye Faithful!"

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Of course, there were those who wouldn't have opened up a parlor as nice as Mis' Draper's for a crowd of boys and girls to have a good time in, but that was the way with the Drapers—or the Babcocks either for that matter—and a lot of other people as well. Etty Myers, Les Myers' sister (who kept house for him), kept their parlor shut up except when the Missionary Society met with her or the Congregational Sewing Circle, but the minute they were gone she dusted the furniture and pulled the shades to shut the door. So folks didn't much seem to care what kind of furn-

ishings she had, although my mother said she didn't see why she should be so choice of them. Her Brussels carpet wasn't any better than Mis' Babcock's, and her whatnot hadn't half so many interesting things as Mis' Draper's. There was a box social there once but she made them eat in the kitchen so they wouldn't get crumbs on the floor, and didn't open up the parlor till after they were through. And my father said so far as he was concerned she might as well have kept it shut for he'd rather sit in the kitchen any day than in a room that was as stiff and slippery as that was. But Jennie felt terribly about it. She couldn't ever have the young folks in there to make candy or sing the way Sadie Dixon could, and even when William (Adelaide's oldest boy) came to see her Thursday and Sunday nights they had to sit right in the room with Les and Etty till they went to bed. Les would sometimes get up and go, or else get in bed, but Etty would sit right there sometimes till William went home. Adelaide told my mother she thought that was one reason why William went off and married that stranger girl, Clara, after going so long with Jennie. She said she thought either Jennie or Les "ought to" have told Etty what a parlor was for.

The front room in my own home was nothing to brag about. We didn't even have an organ. And we had only a rag carpet on the floor, but it was a handsome one. My mother sewed all the rags and dyed them the way she wanted them, and Mis' Porter, "over to Concord," wove it.

She was no hand to do fancy work, my mother wasn't, she liked nooks well to get out in the garden to work, but the chairs were all comfortable, and there was a lounge in both the front room and sitting room with plenty of pillows. They'd be called "day-beds" now, I think, for they had spool spindles at head and foot, but we called them "lounges." My mother raised geese to make the pillows and they were big and plump. There was a table in the middle of the sitting room with a lamp on it.

There was certainly something about the rooms in the homes at Millbrook that I do see in most of those I enter today, and also something that I do not find when I go back to Millbrook. When the first so-called "interior decorators" began to work, they often pernicious influence around the country they certainly raised the dinkens. Before that time women had bought, according to their means, what they liked and added to what their fathers and grandmothers had left them, or what their fathers and grand-

THE AMERICAN HOME, AUGUST, 1938
sessions. The idea was, in a day when women neither smoked, drank, nor 'flagranti' dragged other women's looks as if they could be induced to sin. The den or the Turkish stercoplicon in the parlor. And where Father would least want to bring them back. Not even the nut even the "fumed oak" and table in the stuffy room and a whatnot, secretaries, music box, photograph album, the box of shells, the stereopticon—everything that had aroused interest, stimulated thought and conversation, ordinary and common though they may seem to us now in our highly sophisticated day—and for them we substituted—line! Plain surfaces! Restfulness! Forsooth!

And what have we to show for it? Line; yes; and restfulness—of its kind, plenty. But no youth in the home—for there is nothing to interest or hold youth. Youth cannot be held by line or even prospect. Even the children prefer the streets. No "company"—for no one has company any more. Company, for instance, to Sunday dinner or Sunday night supper. Makes too much work. Instead, we have cocktail parties. Nothing short of liquor today will stimulate conversation—if you can call it that. There used to be something like it around the livery stable, maybe, (stifled if ladies were going by) or the corner saloon, a little more pure Anglo Saxon, perhaps, but less nasty. But liquor only accentuates boredom. Therefore more liquor—and "do over the rooms." Always, when everything else fails, you can "do over the rooms." Chauffont or Piermont or Edge- mont or something or somebody says this or that is out! Therefore out goes the tester bed, followed by the brass bed, the painted bed, only to be succeeded by the inch-high bed (in contrast to which Grandmother's four-poster with scarlet draperies and lighted with gaudy place known as a den. Home is not to be despised. Certainly ridding the walls of Washington Crossing the Delaware, Thomas Jefferson Signing the Declaration of Independence, a chromo of Jersey cattle standing knee-deep in a reed-rimmed river (quite lovely in its day), as well as an enlargement of Uncle Abner on a corner easel was a step in a good direction. The trouble is we strode. We took everything off the walls—even the old steeple clock and sampler.

We insisted upon plain walls, plain floors, plain chairs—so low that a man with long legs might as well sit on a brick. We took out whatnots, secretaries, music box, photograph album, the box of shells, the stereopticon—everything that had aroused interest, stimulated thought and conversation, ordinary and common though they may seem to us now in our highly sophisticated day—and for them we substituted—line! Plain surfaces! Restfulness! Forsooth!

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By this time women had completely forgotten what the spirit of a home was like and went off at all tangents, frantically following the lead of any bellwether.

The cultivation of taste in housefurnishing is not to be despised. Certainly ridding the walls of Washington Crossing the Delaware, Thomas Jefferson Signing the Declaration of Independence, a chromo of Jersey cattle standing knee-deep in a reed-rimmed river (quite lovely in its day), as well as an enlargement of Uncle Abner on a corner easel was a step in a good direction. The trouble is we strode. We took everything off the walls—even the old steeple clock and sampler.

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WISCASSET, MAINE
Above: The Nash house built in 1792

ELLSWORTH, MAINE
Below: The notable Greeley house
Although Maine was a province subordinate to Massachusetts until 1820, the houses of wealthy “Down Easters” were not of lesser caliber. Since post-revolutionary times dwellings of individual and refined character had been built that for “Late Colonial” architecture were definitely stylish achievements. New England was fashionable with the graces of Samuel McIntire architecture, a type of building much lighter in vein than Georgian Colonial with its pedimented doorways. Even so, the “rock-bound coast” developed its own mode. True it certainly was that Maine would have the best, but not at the sacrifice of what it had already found suitable. Achieving great wealth in the latter part of the eighteenth century did not bear the implication for natives of this state that they should give up the fundamental building virtues of earlier, more stringent times, such as economy, honest construction, refined workmanship, good proportions, and perfect dignity thus obtained.

Yet just to prove its knowledge of the latest mode and its lack of isolation unusual and fine examples of current residential architecture appeared. Maine applied an American rendition of the Adam mode knowingly to the plain, though finely built, houses native to it already. But so urgent was the need for handsome new homes that almost at once the features of the Greek Revival also found their way to Maine from Washington, D. C. However, even here the use was original, modified as it was by local taste. Constant progress toward a native American architecture was the aim of Maine master builders. Today these men are practically nameless, to be honored only through their extant works. Naturally some of them came from the near-by states. To produce a masterpiece of architecture like the capitol at Augusta, Charles Bullfinch was brought from Boston, Massachusetts.

An important native master builder, born in Brunswick of one of that city’s chief families, was Samuel Melcher, 3rd. In Wiscasset he created a superlative example of church architecture representative of the indigenous type, and undoubtedly many of the fine homes throughout the mid-coastal portion of the state are products of his designing.

Vacationing “Down East” this summer, you will want to see some of the fine old Maine homes. Here is a significant guide for that purpose, pointing out many charming houses. In this state, residences and godess have not changed since Early Republican days when Maine was a top-ranking power in foreign commerce, fishing, fur, and lumber. Houses stand in complete spaciousness under handsome trees, proof that Maine settlers early knew an art of natural landscaping for their homes.
Samuel E. Smith, governor of Maine 1831-34, lived in this Wiscasset house of classic detail and beauty, built by Silas Lee 1792

How alert these builders were to all that was new is expressed in the fact that Melcher frequently walked to Boston in order to scan minutely the recently erected buildings along the highways.

Wiscasset, south of Augusta, has known a wealthy past derived from the extensive commerce of its harbor. Retiring sea captains built handsome residences and spent their wealth at home. The merchant class in turn attracted those eminent in the professions.

A man of sound legal and political caliber was Silas Lee, born in Concord, Massachusetts, and graduated from Harvard in 1784. Thereafter he established himself in Wiscasset, obtaining considerable property in this comparatively new town which had been incorporated only twenty-four years before as the town of Pownalborough, named in honor of the Royal Governor, Thomas Pownal, and so called until 1802.

Famous for his entertaining of Federal dignitaries and other men of note who visited Maine from 1831 to 1834, who purchased it in his first year of office from the estate of General David Payton.

After the Revolutionary War the harbor and business advantages of this new shire town over the Kennebec section were so great that the courts were moved to Wiscasset. The Lincoln County courthouse, a handsome brick structure, was built in 1824 and has had continuous use since the Supreme Judicial court was instituted in May 1825. This is the longest record for any Maine court building. Jeremiah Mason of Boston and Daniel Webster "in the full flush of his success and at the
zenith of his power" appeared here at the bar. Imposing in scale is the Nickels-Sortwell house of three stories. Blind arches above the central windows on the ground floor are a base for slim, elegantly carved Corinthian pilasters that carry to the top of the house. Windows set within arches, the second-floor Palladian window, and the semi-circular window at the top generally convey the elegance of the early nineteenth century. One of the largest mansions of the period, it was built between 1807 and 1808 by Captain William Nickels whose large interests in trade and navigation had already provided him with the first two-story house built at Wiscasset Point. Removing his old abode to another lot, he erected this grander structure in keeping with the hospitality that he tendered society. Very like in appearance to the Nickels-Sortwell house was that (now destroyed) of General Abiel Wood who about 1768 entered business in Wiscasset. His son, the Honorable Abiel Wood, and brothers, Joseph Tinkham Wood and Hartley Wood, also built magnificent residences. The house of the last named was the summer home of the late Claire Eames, actress. Because of this group of residences Wiscasset is considered a center of choice historical architecture.

That popular type of dwelling, the cottage, is represented in Wiscasset by the Nash House, built in Waldoboro home which was bought by the Reed family in 1815. Kate Douglas Wiggins's "Quillcote" (1805) at Buxton, near Hollis.
Why not build your garden walls of EARTH?
RALPH I PATTY

There are walls of stone and brick, of tiles, and of wooden panels, but here is a new kind—a garden wall of earth! It is so new, in fact, that it is doubtful whether there is another just like it in America today. Yet there is no reason why there should not be many walls of this type, for it was one of the first to be recorded in history. Pliny, the historian, tells about it in writing of Hannibal, the great leader of the Carthaginians, and of how he built walls of earth on the southern borders of the Mediterranean Sea—massive walls and watch towers to protect his army from the attacking Romans who found it almost impossible to batter them down.

Now, those walls were not built of the sun-dried brick which we know as adobe, and which are quite common today in the southwestern states, but as monolithic or solid walls with no mortar joints to give way. They were not mixed and cast as mud; rather they were made by ramming earth that was merely moist into a heavy wooden form called a shuttle. And they were hard, smooth, and durable. In Europe, this kind of earth wall is called by the French name, pisé de terre (which means rammed earth, the name we use in America), because the Romans took the idea back to Rome with them and later the French learned how to build the walls from the Romans.

Rammed earth makes a unique and attractive garden wall and an extremely durable one if a favorable soil is used. Clean and hard, it may be built of any thickness or to any height desired. Perhaps a thickness of twelve inches is best for walls five or six feet high. It may surprise many to learn that the best soil for rammed earth walls is a very sandy one containing only about twenty per cent of clay as a binder. Not only does the sand make the wall smooth and prevent it from checking, but the sand particles on the surface resist driving rains. Stones and gravel up to one fourth the thickness of the wall can be used, but in practice it is well to screen out pebbles more than two inches in size.

Walls of this kind can be successfully painted with ordinary outside (oil) house paint when desired. Walls made of very favorable soils will stand without any protective covering, and this is highly desirable when possible as it preserves the identity of the material. Experiments are now being carried on to find a transparent paint that can be used on earth walls and buildings so as not to hide their surface texture. Unprotected walls will roughen slightly under the action of driving rains and in many cases this will give a pleasing effect. Light colored soils produce an especially attractive wall surface and if, after many years, they should become

Below, building a rammed earth wall. Man power, hand rammers, a movable heavy plank form, and soil of the right consistency are all the equipment and materials required

Above, the result of too much clay; wall a week old. Right, an 80 per cent sand wall a year old
WHILE we have been enjoying the spring and early summer display of our irises, the root systems of some of them have probably been rebelling at their cramped quarters—the result of having been left too long undisturbed. The flowers having faded, now is the time to stop and concentrate on the problem of when and how to transplant them. For each type or group of irises has its own growth habits developed through long years of adaptation to particular soil, climatic, and moisture conditions. Accordingly, just as there are certain seasons for opening, so there are others when we can divide and transplant the roots and get the best results. If we are to succeed, we must go beneath the surface and study the habits of the root system, for its construction is the key to the secret of when and how—as well as where—to plant.

Horizontal rhizomes (actually thickened stems) are found in the familiar, bearded iris group. This comprises mostly the so-called (but erroneously) German clan, including the early dwarf pumilas, the next-size intermediates, the tall reliable, and all their fall-blooming varieties with soft, silken tufts on their lower petals. The fleshy rhizomes—veritable camels in their ability to hoard water—are merely food reserves. The real feeding roots go deep into the soil searching for moisture and nutrients and serving as anchors for the tall growth. Right after the flowering period the feeding roots are shed, an entirely new lot starting to grow in their place. Transplanting should be done just at this in-between period if possible, for if, later on, new roots are disturbed or injured by the operation, the plant will have to make repairs or even grow still another set. This delay might keep the plant from forming flower buds or from getting well anchored before winter. However, since the flower bud is formed in the fall, early spring transplanting, if carefully done, should not prevent flowering that same season. Furthermore, it is possible to move these irises while in bloom since the feeding root system is then at the end of its career. But, by far the best transplanting time for this group of iris is just after the blooming season, say from late June to mid-August.

The average clump needs dividing every three years. Any good soil, well drained, deeply prepared, and located in the sunshine, will do; and the bearded iris likes lime. An old rule for planting them said, "Let the rhizome ride the top of the soil like a duck in the water," but a more recent recommendation is barely to cover it with earth. And cut the fan of leaves back at least one half.

Fibrous rooted irises differ from those of the foregoing group in that their lower petals are smooth with no ridge of fluffy hairs, their foliage is more slender and graceful, and their root system is radically different. Instead of a large, horizontal rhizome, we usually find an inconspicuous, upright one hidden in a mass of lime, fibrous roots not unlike those of some perennials. And we treat these irises like perennials, moving them either in early spring or in early fall. In the latter case, they should be well established by flowering time the following spring.

But, unlike the bearded irises, this type likes to be left alone, at least until the plants obviously become too crowded. Then (or whenever you want to start some in a new spot) divide the clump carefully into sections of about three crowns each, again cutting back the tops. Prepare the soil deeply and make sure that there is plenty of humus and even more plant food than is called for by bearded irises. Place the crown about two inches below the surface of the soil and, the first winter, provide a mulch after the ground freezes.

There are three outstanding types of beardless iris: the Siberian, with small, graceful blossoms appearing about the same time as the last of the Germans; the Spuria, next in order, with blooms looking much like the cut flowers of the Spanish iris; and the Japanese, which carries the iris display into July with the largest and most spectacular blooms of the whole colorful iris family.

These three types are frequently seen planted near pools, but, contrary to a rather common impression, they do not like to be actually in the water. True, they want plenty of moisture before and during their blossoming.

[Please turn to page 50]
ANOTHER Outdoor Stove!

Yes, because—

Good draft without unsightly chimney

Hot-plate large enough to cook a WHOLE meal!

Easy on the woodpile

A. W. MacMILLAN

After all these years, while new outdoor stoves are popping up all over the land, some one (myself!) has the temerity to suggest another one! Well, I did not suggest the stove, I merely built it. Friends demand not only that they see the stove and test its cooking ability, but to have blueprints. To a man they swear that they intended to build a stove anyway. It is merely that there are "some things" about our stove which they like. I pinned "Doc" down as to what the "some things" were. Here's his answer. "First, with your past experience as a combustion engineer, you ought to be able to make a good stove, and I guess you have. It appears to have a good draft without an unsightly chimney. The hotplate is large enough to cook trips were made to a near-by National Forest and several meals were cooked on one of the United States Forest Service stoves. Beside each stove was found a large pile of cut wood. Being a member of the "Outdoor Eating League," I naturally picked flaws in the stove, as all members in good standing are supposed to do. Even if it did burn a lot of wood and took a long time to "heat up" with much smoke, the stove was foolproof, nothing could be stolen from it, and there was fair draft with a short chimney.

The United States Forest Service knows its business, but I have the universal weakness of the human race. I delight in improving on the other fellow's work. With all the data available on the subject, including my own modest past efforts, I used little of it. What I did do was to pile up fire brick in the back yard without benefit of fire clay or any bond. I used cooking plates and grates gleaned from forays into a junk yard. I built fires I changed dimensions and built fires again until I was satisfied with results. I was having the fun of a small boy. If I had been on one of those proverbial postmen's vacations, I might have used a flue gas analyser, a draft gauge and thermometer, and scales to weigh the wood and ashes. If all of those things had been used, a better stove might have resulted but there would have been less fun.

When the final results were satisfactory, I went to work, setting it up so that the prevailing winds would blow the flue gases away from the cooking plate. The plan shown tells most of the story. Like the United States Forest Service stoves, this one requires winter protection for the fire brick, which, for very good reasons, is exposed in a few places. Freezing water, which is apt to form in crevices furnishes an excellent splitting medium.

This outdoor stove can cook a complete meal and keep the meal warm—a real accomplishment. The plan tells the story.

At least three and probably five stoves will be built from these plans in our resort community. Three castings have already been made from my grate pattern. This pattern, by the way, can be made by any handy amateur. Local foundry men should be able to cast it as cheap or cheaper than the cost of a ready-made grate. The outside dimensions are shown on the plan. The pattern may be made

[Please turn to page 60]
Master's Cabin on the good ship "Blue Peter"

(It's built over the back porch!)

When our young son had outgrown his nursery quarters, the question arose: "Where shall Peter have a room?" There was no available space on the second floor of our house, and the only solution was to construct a room over the back porch. Being only nine by fourteen feet, it seemed small for a bedroom, but with the assistance of an architect a plan was drawn for a compact and unique room. The decorative idea was to be a ship's cabin and this theme was carried out in every detail of the construction.

The walls of the room were sheathed with knotty white pine and stained a medium brown to resemble a maple finish. Southern pine sheathing was used for the ceiling and over it were placed carlings or beams, carved from one piece of wood. This gave the curved appearance of the ceiling of a real ship's cabin. From one of the carlings hangs a typical brass ship's lantern which is electrified. The floors, ceilings, and walls were well insulated with rock wool.

All necessary pieces of furniture were built into the cabin. The two bunks, upper and lower, take up the width of the room at the left. The springs and mattresses are ordinary twin-bed size. When the upper bunk is in use, a small ladder is conveniently within reach. Light and ventilation are furnished by the two portholes above each bunk. Again the compactness of the room is illustrated by the two drawers built below the bunks—a grand place to put extra bedding.

Hazel M. Johnson

Along the length of the room runs a window seat, which is covered with a bright blue rubberized material. This seat opens for storage space. Casement windows are another interesting feature of this side of the room.

On the wall opposite the bunks are placed the lockers. The smaller closet with shelves holds neckties, hosiery, and underwear, while the full-length locker with a clothespole takes care of the garments. A very finely turned spool railing encases the lockers for a decorative effect, because the closets do not run to the ceiling. Also in this space is a Dutch type door to the small quarter-deck. In summer a deck chair adds to the comfort of the piazza, and a flagpole and flag lend the nautical touch.

The fourth wall has a built-in radiator with a bookcase above it. At present, most of the space is occupied by toys as well as books. Another built-in feature, adjacent to the bookcase, is the desk with a dropleaf that can be entirely out of the way when not in use. A maple mirror in a ship's wheel design hangs over the desk.

For the floor we used a sturdy linoleum which resembles an old broad-plank floor with antique nailheads. Over this linoleum there is a Scotch plaid rug in the warm red and blue tones of the Royal Stuart tartan.

The furnishings of the room are nautical, too. The bedspreads are tan cotton with anchors, ship's wheels, and stars outlined in blue and red candlewick. The curtains are bright blue oiled silk with red and white nautical designs, held in place by tie-backs of white cotton rope with sailors' knots. All the hardware is brass. Needless to say, all the children in the neighborhood like to come over to our house to play, and even their fathers linger to admire this small room that has been made to look like a real ship's cabin!

John Howard Stevens, Architect

There's a place for everything in this "cabin," so realistically done that many say they actually feel the "ship" rock.
Hand-Made Brick—a Vista from Every Window in the St. Louis home

Less sedate than most Eastern Colonial houses, this ingratiating St. Louis home rambles a bit over a sloping lot. Its low mass, its irregular plan, and its wings and bays were designed to make the most of a pleasant setting of pear trees and willows, and each room of the house offers a delightful view. Rich, dark red bricks, white clapboard siding, and silvery weathered shingles—the familiar materials of Colonial homes—are used for walls and roof, and the well-proportioned rooms are lighted and ventilated by large windows and have been carefully planned for easy circulation and a minimum of waste space. Twelve closets and a big storage room provide adequate room in which "to put things." On the first floor a cleverly secluded room and bath can be used as an extra bedroom suite or as a study and general lavatory. The living room has cinnamon paneling.
Hot Weather Treatment for Lawns

HAYDN S. PEARSON

that I have found effective on my own place:

First, about the middle or latter part of
July, give the lawn a generous sprinkling of
some one of the dried manures—cow, sheep,
or poultry—such as garden supply houses
and hardware stores carry. They are practi-
cally odorless, not unpleasant to use, and
serve as "triple threat" men on the gardener’s
team. for they provide food, they furnish
humus, and they are moisture retainers. The
commercial complete foods or chemical fer-
tilizers have an important place in lawn
beauty treatment, but the time to use them
is in early spring and in fall, the seasons of
more abundant natural moisture when the
grass makes its most vigorous growth.

After scattering the dried manure over the
surface, give the whole area a thorough soaking. Operation of a hose by hand is of little
value here: a person just has not patience to
stand still long enough really to soak the
ground. Use one of the revolving type
sprinklers which scatters the water in fine
drops, and let it stand in one place for at
least two hours.

Second, after this real watering job. take a
bale of peat moss and crumble it up very
fine. A good way is to put a three-eights-inch
wire screen across the top of a box, work the
moss through it, then broadcast this over the
lawns. You will be surprised how far one
bale will go. Its purpose is to protect the
soil and grass roots. But in addition it seems
to have an effect seldom stressed by gar-
pers.

A Flower Show

AD-LEA JORDAN

Two gems seen at the Pikes Peak flower
show: above, Indian paintbrush, radiant
in its various colors, and, right, blue colombine, Colorado’s beloved state flower.
To provide a tennis spectators' gallery as well as a sheltered spot for players to rest and cool off, Harold Grieve designed this three-sided room for Arlene Judge in Beverly Hills, California. With a built-in closet for tennis rackets and balls, a small refrigerator and a cupboard for glasses at the right, and storage space for card tables and the like at the left, it serves its purpose admirably. The red and white color scheme makes a gay background.

Another California home owner built a three-sided living room at the back of his house, overlooking the garden. In a third case, where it meant sacrificing architectural perfection to place the outdoor living room at a point where ventilation was best, it was built against the garage with a barbecue fireplace for steak suppers near at hand.

Such a room is the perfect answer for all of us who like to do our outdoor sitting in the shade, even if front porches and their rocking chairs have gone out of style. As a matter of fact, it has an advantage over the front porch because it can be placed to catch every cool breeze. The construction costs, especially when your garage or house forms one wall, are very little. When you come right down to it, you can hardly afford not to have an outdoor living room if you've done away with the comfortable old front porch. It is not only cool and sheltered from the sun on hot afternoons, but offers protection from dew and too strong winds at night.

Red and white is the keynote of this outdoor living room of Arlene Judge in Beverly Hills, California. The floor is red cement and the curtains are of white wire mesh with a red painted border.
SIX-YEAR-OLD Jamie and four-year-old Joyce demanded a log-cabin—one just like those on the Fort Worth Fiesta's Sunset Trail, for "injun fights" and "play-like-we're-pioneers" games. Since real logs are unavailable, we cast about in true pioneer spirit for a substitute and discovered a new building material in the city junk heaps! It seems that the miles and miles of clean white newsstock run through the metropolitan daily presses are arrowhead club floats aloft, as overgrown toy building material in the city junk heaps! It seems that the miles and miles of clean white newsstock run through the metropolitan daily presses are delivered to the newsplant on hollow cylinders of compressed wood pulp, 6 feet in length, 4 inches in diameter, 1/2-inch thick. These big tubes, enlarged editions of the cardboard mailing used for duck-blinds, or small woodpulp, 6 feet in length, 4 inches in diameter, 1/2-inch thick. These "logs" are available for the asking at the back door of any newspaper plant and, we since discovered, are a splendid, costless fencing material, or may be used for duck-blinds, or small hunting shelters.

Although not exactly a permanent construction, our playhouse after a year of wind and rain shows small signs of weathering, and will undoubtedly stand as long as the arrowhead club requires its shelter. Of course, a coat of varnish or paint would extend its life indefinitely. But the keeper of the family exchequer vetoed this additional expense, saying, "next year comes the New York World's Fair, and our youngsters will probably begin clamoring for an all glass modern playhouse.

TERRE HAUTE, INDIANA

An outdoor living room built by Mr. and Mrs. N. S. Boyd of West Terre Haute, Ind. This was inspired by one which was shown in The American Home.
AMUSING VANE

Comic weather vanes are easy to make and provoke much amusing comment, once in place on the garage or summer house. The figure above suggests a design which involves a Scotty and toad. You'll have to sharpen up the cold chisel and use plenty of elbow grease on this cutout because you chisel it out of rather heavy gauge sheet iron after the design has been traced on its surface with chalk. A bit of filing later to smooth the edges will be worth while. The lower edge of the strip can be strengthened by riveting a light strap iron each side from end to end.

The vane is mounted off center on an iron rod; the end is split with a hack saw and the joint brazed or soldered. The lower end of this rod is pointed and it runs down through a hole in a pipe cap which is screwed onto a pipe. The lower end of this pipe is also split and drilled so that lag screws can be put through them and turned into the roof. To make an easy-turning pivot for the vane, soak a hardwood block in oil, whittle it to shape, and drive to a tight fit into the lower end of the pipe. Then paint with two coats: black for the vane itself and gray for the pipe and rod is appropriate.

Mystery Lilies

Botanically, Lycoris squamigera, a Far-Eastern member of the Amaryllis Family . . . Ed.

CINCINNATI, OHIO

MYSTERY-LILIES

The bulbs of my mystery-lilies were first planted in a country garden, in sandy soil. In the spring they sent up thick, dark green leaves; then, after a period of apparent prospering, they died down, the leaves disappearing completely after a few days. More than a month later, the disappointed woman who had planted the bulbs was surprised to find them in full bloom, forming a circle of orchid colored flowers edged with blue, growing on smooth, leafless stalks. Mystery-lilies indeed!

In time the garden became grown over with tall grass, but the bulbs survived and were moved to a city location and a clay soil. The change was a shock for the old bulbs, but after a year or two they began to bloom and increase and before long one bulb became six. In this climate (the southern part of the Great Lakes region) the flower stalks appear about August first, and grow so fast that it is possible to measure their daily growth. They require no care except a stake or two to guard the stalks. No insects or worms have bothered the plants which have proved hardy through a succession of hard winters.

—ELLEN ANNA FENNER

Our 57 Varieties Dept. with

SEATTLE, WASHINGTON

SEVEN-MILE VIEW

Across Puget Sound

The ever-fascinating view from my front yard, across Puget Sound, showing the mountains of Seattle in the distance

MURIEL GLADIS SMITH

I think everyone dreams of building a house some day. Well, mine was to be a place that would be perfect for weekend and holiday guests at first. Then when I got to be an old lady, I wanted to sit by my own fireplace or stretch out on my long window seat by the fire and watch the ships of the Seven Seas pass. So, with the aid of my father and a real estate agent, I found this property directly across Puget Sound from Seattle.

It all began as one small room, with kerosene lamps, outside plumbing, water a quarter of a mile away—truly a real camp. Since I planned it myself and had the fun of bossing the job and hiring local labor, it was an exciting personal adventure.

As the years rolled along I kept saving my money, gradually adding two more rooms and a large pergola porch across the front. After a careful study of woods, my decision favored cedar because age seems to soften and enrich its tones. When our little community could boast electric lights and running water, I com-
REIDSVILLE, NORTH CAROLINA

Making It Seem Like Home

MRS. W. O. SHEETS

Many people in every state must wonder what to do with the fifteen-dollar-a-month rented house on a 50 by 100 foot lot to make it a real home. It is a problem that has few solutions if you can spend practically no money—but it can be done. I want to show you what we did with our cheap five-room bungalow and the bare lot on which it stood when we rented it six years ago. It is one of those nondescript frame houses that cover the South like mushrooms.

What used to be poor clay soil covered with sedge is now a lawn with many shrubs and flowers. A star jasmine vine transforms an ugly front porch column. Flagstones in the back make an outdoor floor for a dining table and chairs on hot summer nights. A white picket fence now borders our little house and lot.

HEMPSTEAD, NEW YORK

This Little Flower Went HAYWIRE

EVERYBODY probably knows the brown-eyed-susan of fields and gardens which, to botanists, is Rudbeckia hirta and which Maryland has chosen as its State Flower. Few might be inclined to recognize as that simple little, daisylike blossom, the uncannily grotesque specimen pictured here, were it not that the reflexed “petals” (actually ray florets) are of the very same form and the same bright yellow, while the strange, horseshoe-shaped ridge is of the familiar purplish-brown that we associate with the usually domed center of the blossom. Nevertheless this is a brown-eyed-susan, picked last summer from a bed of normal individuals by Florist Krumbach of Hempstead, New York. Plantsmen recognize such a grotesque freak as an example of what is called “fasciation”—a physiological distortion in which a single blossom may take on a weird shape or several flowers produced on a single stem may fuse and produce a gigantic, strange-looking cluster.

FUN with the GARDEN HOSE

If your garden slopes away from the house toward the street or gutter you can install the series of small pools as this sketch suggests, and add a novel touch to your yard. For permanence the pools should be lined with concrete and bordered with medium-size fieldstones. For a temporary affair, if the depressions are faced with clay, and gravel and sand sprinkled on, the water will not get particularly muddy and seepage won’t be excessive. You just put the hose nozzle in the position indicated and turn the water on a bare trickle. Gravity does the rest.—DALE R. VAN HORN.
LAWN MOWER into Cart

A worn-out lawnmower which has outlived its efficiency can be changed into a two-wheeled barrow or garden cart. Then you can use it to wheel heavy loads across the lawn without fear of cutting it up, since the weight is carried on two wide wheels instead of one. Take the mower apart, clean and oil thoroughly, and put the machine together again, leaving out the knives and their mounting. When it is reassembled, make a little box to fit between the wheels and rest on the handle to which it is nailed. The rear of the box can be fastened in place with wires twisted tight about the metal projections and holes of the mower, or by means of nuts and bolts run through these holes.

—E. BADÉ

HENCOOP into SWIMMING POOL

The lure of keeping hens, turkeys and ducks had gone—so something had to be done about our lonely old hencoop. One of our friends had a swimming pool that looked to me like a glorious combination of Heaven and Hollywood, and others had recreation rooms fixed up to resemble everything from ships to night clubs. But we were not to be outdone! We put our imaginations to work and finally decided to try making a swimming pool and using the coop as a sort of recreation room. A capable landscape architect who liked informal gardens and approved of glorified hencoops was called in to help us carry out our plans. It was finally figured that the coop could be rejuvenated and the pool made for about seven hundred dollars. Soon the work began, which was not easy because, where the pool was to be, the rocks were endless and grew in size with each shovelful of dirt. Later, we planted trees and bushes to lend privacy.

Now our whole yard is transformed by the new additions. With the swimming pool, recreation-hencoop, comfortable deck chairs and shrubbery we are more than satisfied. I suppose the moral might be that even "making something out of nothing" isn't as much fun as making something out of a hencoop.

—CONSTANCE E. SHEPARD

Blame Your Pots and Pans

W ith our insulated ovens, oven controls, and meat thermometers, we roast tender juicy cuts of meat in a shallow pan so the air will circulate around the meat and brown it nicely. Cooking this meat in a shallow pan at a lower temperature turns out a perfect roast with less shrinkage, a cleaner oven lining, also less odor and smoke.

Some roasting pans come equipped with a broiling grid (as well as a roasting rack) so they can be used for broiling.
Dad is sorry because, according to the hard-and-fast rules laid down in this suburban town, only children under fourteen may fish in its well-stocked waters.
What happened was this: The Park Commission decided to let the small fry have a chance at fishing in the lake, about an acre in size, in a local park. They arranged in the fall to have the lake, where generations of gold fish had held unquestioned sway, stocked with rainbow, brown, and brook trout by the State Fish and Game Commission. Two open seasons were scheduled, spring and fall, coinciding with the state seasons for adults. Fishing was allowed on Saturdays only. The day opened at seven in the morning, with lines of impatient fishermen waiting, having already caught the early worm.
Official fishing permits, which the child kept, were issued free of charge and on each fishing day these were exchanged for a metal badge which had to be worn. A genial policeman was in charge to see that these badges were in evidence and that fathers were not so carried away in their demonstrations of the technique of the fishing pole as to do a little too frequent casting on their own. Thirteen hundred of the permits were given out.
Every kind of fishing tackle imaginable was used; worms or liver were the usual bait. Many boys who began the spring with stick, bent pin, and string came out with sportsmanlike tackle which had been offered by various local organizations and merchants as rewards for especially large catches, or for the capture of certain fish with clips in their tails.
Thoreau writes in “Walden” that boys should be encouraged to hunt, and more especially to fish, as these sports take them out-of-doors where they can develop a love of nature and an understanding of it. Whether any of the young Izaak Waltons of this town were given a deeper appreciation of nature by this experiment cannot be known, but certainly the thrill of a bite and the excitement of turning that nibble into a real catch is a never-to-be-forgotten experience.

FISH for the SMALL FRY
CHARLOTTE MONTGOMERY
Creating a Homey Atmosphere —with small things

Back in 1930 when my newly acquired husband told me the condition of his finances after stocks had taken such a dive, he was surprised to find that I was not discouraged over the prospect of furnishing an apartment on the proverbial shoestring. After the first purchases of a maple bed, two chairs, and a card table arrived, I sat down and explained to him that it was not just a job to be done in a hurry, but a fascinating task. My small home is charming and comfortable and has that “lived in” look that I do so want it to have, I always say that anyone can accomplish the same effect by spending a very small amount of time and money wisely.

The general atmosphere is Early American in its simplicity, though it just simply is not any one period. The few antiques and bits of old glassware and bric-a-brac that I have mixed in seem to make the new furniture take on a warmer, truer value.

Through the windows on either side of the wide front door, my antique glass collection gleams on built-in shelves. The front hall itself is interesting partly because of an old mahogany card table that leans against the wall under a square mirror in a frame to hold a flower ring as often used for a table centerpiece, is usually made with small, short-stemmed flowers. I have found that the rather large, handsome blossoms of cultivated forms of the familiar jimson-weed (Datura) make a most attractive table decoration when used in this way. Opening in the early evening here in the Hoosier State, they come in white, cream, or violet, with a pleasant odor. The plants are profuse bloomers and grow without special attention in any kind of soil. In fact, mine are all along the curb around my home, as shown in the accompanying picture (on page 37). Last summer, three of these clumps had eighty-five blossoms open at one time. At about six o’clock in the afternoon the whole plant begins to quiver and, by staying to watch, one can see the flowers unfold. [Please turn to page 37]
match the wood and age of the table. Balancing it, on the other side of the dining room arch, is a grandfather clock that originally belonged to my husband’s family. A bit of wandering jew trails from a green bottle on a shelf near by under a sampler. There is a grouping of five small pictures to lend an attractive bright color accent.

Our living room, with its wide brick fireplace, is my idea of a real home. Where the ceiling begins there is a wide molding, and it is here that I have found a resting place for the endless bric-a-brac which I can’t seem to resist collecting from here, there, and everywhere. In one corner a set of dogs stands guard; not far away a tiny pottery elephant makes a shadow in the lamplight; on the opposite side a Mexican and his wife pose in bright colors; near by a giraffe reaches up toward the ceiling; then a colorful Dutch couple casts its miniature silhouette upon the wall. So my collections grow—and I don’t believe I ever want the time to come when there isn’t room for “just one more.” There are lots of books for quiet evenings, sev-

ANYONE who cares enough for flowers to grow, gather, and have them about, should also want to arrange them with at least reasonable regard for accepted good taste. Here are ten simple, non-technical but fundamental rules that can make the difference between haphazard, unattractive arrangements and those that are both pleasing and artistically acceptable:

1. Put tall-growing, long-stemmed flowers in tall containers.
2. As a corollary, use low containers for short-stemmed flowers.
3. Keep height of flowers (bouquet) in right proportion to that of container; roughly, this should be one and one half to one.

Note illustration (Fig. 1.).
4. Balance the sides of an arrangement, but don't make it perfectly symmetrical; that is, avoid both lopsidedness and exact balance. Three small flower heads can offset two large ones, small blooms on long stems can balance large, short-stemmed ones, etc.

5. Arrange stems at approximately the angles they take when growing. (Fig. 3). Don't let erect growing flowers sprawl horizontally. (Fig. 4).

6. Avoid crowding. Use too few rather than too many flowers. (Fig. 5). Jammed together, they lose individuality of form and much charm. (Fig. 6).

7. Vary the length of the stems. (Figs. 8 and 9).

8. Vary the flower forms, unless the bouquet includes but one species, in which case gain variety by using blooms at different stages, that is, in bud, half-blown, and fully open. (Figs. 8 and 9).

9. Keep the weight or mass of the bouquet near the center of its vertical axis and that of its container. "Weight" may mean large blooms, the greatest number, or the brightest colored. (Figs. 2, 4, 6, and 9 are good).

10. Blend bouquet with container, so they give the impression of a single unit. Rule 9 helps here, but the effect is enhanced if some blossoms or foliage partially conceal the rim of the container. Fig. 7 shows an extreme violation of Rule 10 which was observed in Figs. 2, 5, and 9. If flowers are set well within the container rim (Fig. 3) so it is impossible to unite the two in pleasing fashion, the flower-holder should be concealed by flowers or foliage.

"The bottom crusts of my pies aren't always what they should be"

A. Hazel Price

Every woman knows this to be a man's world and the habit in men that appeals to me is their demanding (and getting away with it) the proper tool for whatever task they are to perform. Just ask a man to hang a picture, put up a curtain rod, or do other various household odd jobs, and so often he will answer, "Now, my dear, I'd just love to do that for you if only I had the tools to work with—our hammer is too large or too small, the screw driver is not the right size, etc., etc." And he simply doesn't do it. After he has left the house we struggle with the can opener, a hairpin, the scissors, and other handy implements until we finally get the job done, plus a broken fingernail, a black and blue spot, and a few other minor casualties. Or we cook more than a thousand meals a year in battered and dingy ten cent utensils.

For the custard, squash, and pumpkin pies, if you live in New England, you can buy the English-made porcelain pie plates, which are ideal. In other sections of the country, enamel pie plates are available and very good for these custard base pies. Lemon meringue pie is really our prettiest pie and our glass pie plate with the pretty chrome or silver holder seems to have been made especially for it. Aluminum for two crust pies—not darkened and grimy old tin ones!

EARLY AMERICAN DETAIL IS COMBINED WITH MODERN LIVING REQUIREMENTS IN THIS CHARMING HOME OF MR. AND MRS. RENÉ W. ARMSTRONG. LOCATED JUST FIVE MILES FROM NASHVILLE, TENNESSEE, THIS HOUSE, SET IN A GROVE OF CEDAR TREES, MRS. ARMSTRONG SPENT MANY YEARS IN PLANNING THIS HOME.

Early American in the "Volunteer State"

E. H. Woolwine, Architect

It is sturdily constructed of cedar logs with all logs matched at corners and hand split. There are twelve spacious air-conditioned rooms, popular flowered, pegged down hand-made hardware and good plumbing. Approximate cost, $30,000.

Quoting Mrs. Armstrong: "This is not a mansion but a livable, interesting, and truly American home in every way!"
**Small Cabin Grows into Nine Rooms**

From a small cabin to a spacious nine-room house is the history of my present home. It stands on a peculiar-shaped neck of land with a view of the lake from every room. The tall pine trees make a beautiful setting for this rambling house of cypress and stone tile.—MRS. J. W. FITZGERALD

**This handle is cut from wood ½ thick and nailed into the slot in top of the wood shaft**

Broken rake or hoe handle

Boards from a packing box ¾ thick

Sharpen this end

The Tool and Seed Box

**57 Ideas from 25 States**

**ORLANDO, FLORIDA**

**YPSILANTI, MICHIGAN**

**BACK PORCH ROOM for a twelve-year-old**

DON H. PORTER

**Knowing** I liked to plan and build things, two friends asked me if I thought their back porch (the dimensions of which were 72' x 105') could be made into a room for their twelve-year-old son. Upon looking the porch over and seeing the problems, I decided it would be an impossible task. But the more I thought about it the more it challenged me, so, with misgivings, I informed them that I would try it if they would let me go ahead and build it as I saw fit and take a chance on having it meet with their approval.

On thinking back to the time when I was twelve years old and cardboard to scale and moving them around I at last got everything in with hardly an inch to spare. To make the room as compact as possible it was necessary to build in all the furniture and to make it appear as much like the cabin of a ship as possible.

Now to get to the actual work. The outside siding of the porch as well as the windows had been installed some time previously. The inside was partially covered with wallboard. As the porch was not completely enclosed below, it was necessary to insulate the floor with paper then cover it with heavy linoleum. The biggest problem lay in the fact that there were three large switch boxes and a meter on one side of the room which, to make a neat job, had to be concealed and yet at the same time be accessible at a moment’s notice. Another problem to overcome was the electrical conduits running over the ceiling and down the wall to the boxes.

To hide the electrical conduits and to make a form for the siding, placing myself in that position, I decided that the room should fit my present requirements and be arranged so that it would contain everything for my needs in years to come. In making the list of necessary furniture, I decided that it should have as large a bed as possible, a desk with ample drawer space, a wardrobe with space above for hats and accumulated “treasures,” a dresser, mirror, chair, bookshelves, radio, tie rack, and plenty of hooks for clothes. So far all was well, but just how to get it into a 72' x 105' room was something else again.

Finally by cutting out pieces of
which had to be built out. I made curved forms, cutting out the places around the pipes. Over these forms I placed wallboard which hides everything and makes a neater ceiling.

To make the room as warm as possible I decided that paneling would be about the best wall material. After scouting around I found a lumber yard with a small quantity of matched white cedar thick which was ideal for my needs. To cover the switch boxes, I made two panels which extend from the edge of the bed to the doorway. These panels are on hinges and swing freely when released. A slot is cut in one to allow the reading of the meter without moving the panels.

All the furniture in the room is made of redwood. It is especially recommended to amateur carpenters as it is easy to work and takes a beautiful finish. As you can see from the picture the desk and wardrobe are built in one unit. The dresser is fastened to the swinging panel as is the mirror and tie rack. The bed is placed across the end of the room. The chair is built to fit under the desk and is upholstered in leather. The bookshelf is above the desk and the radio beside the desk within easy reach of the bed.

The room is lighted by a reflector placed on top of the wardrobe and lights the room to perfection. There is also an adjustable lamp on the desk fastened to the under side of the bookshelf. The woodwork was first shellacked and then varnished. The door and windows are painted white, the ceiling and walls above the panels being cream. The curtains are navy blue fastened with white rings.

Needless to say the occupant is happy as a king and is the envy of every boy in the neighborhood—even Dad steals it for a snooze.

ELIZABETH EMLEY MORSE

You who live in New England, or have New England forebears, know how everything not in use was and is carried to the barn chamber or put "up attic." Today I positively revel in an attic. Last spring I looked over the many things that constituted my junk, with a very critical eye. I needed so many things around the house, funds were pretty low, and tax day was just around the corner. Please look at what I brought down from the attic and the barn chamber.

From the attic, the early 18th century washstand. You who live in New England, or have New England forebears, know how everything not in use was and is carried to the barn chamber or put "up attic." Then comes the dreadful day of reckoning, when that attic has to be "redded up." How and where did we acquire so much junk? Maybe you resent my calling it junk; as a child it was worse than disease caused by the combined action of two viruses. Oddly enough, an attack of Virus I alone removes color from petals, mot­tles foliage, and soon kills a plant. Virus II alone adds color to the flower without injuring the plant. An infection of one part Virus I plus ten parts Virus II produces typical breaking but permits the plant to continue growing and reproducing normally except for the changed appearance of the flower.

From washstand to telephone stand at right, and above, from plant stand to dressing table. The wash bench became a fine play table for the children.
finished, with the addition of the thin white wood slide which covers the bowl hole, now does duty as my telephone stand. Over it hangs an old candle box for incoming and outgoing mail, big enough for magazines. Two in cookie sheets, laced together, make the cover for the telephone book. The wooden churn serves as an umbrella stand.

The discarded plant stand had its top removed and replaced by a half circle top, cut from the nine-year-old or more eighteen-inch pine board. A flounce of glazed chintz was added and presto—a new dressing table. The stool from the attic's darkest corner, just the right height for the table, a bit more of the chintz, (never mind the piecing) and the cover is theret. The oval frame, with a mirror and the plaster flow­ver is there. The oval frame, with a mirror and the plaster flow­ver is there. The oval frame, with a mirror and the plaster flow­ver is there. The oval frame, with a mirror and the plaster flow­ver is there. The oval frame, with a mirror and the plaster flow­ver is there. The oval frame, with a mirror and the plaster flow­ver is there. The oval frame, with a mirror and the plaster flow­ver is there. The oval frame, with a mirror and the plaster flow­ver is there. The oval frame, with a mirror and the plaster flow­ver is there. The oval frame, with a mirror and the plaster flow­ver is there. The oval frame, with a mirror and the plaster flow­ver is there. The oval frame, with a mirror and the plaster flow­ver is there. The oval frame, with a mirror and the plaster flow­ver is there. The oval frame, with a mirror and the plaster flow­ver is there. The oval frame, with a mirror and the plaster flow­ver is there. The oval frame, with a mirror and the plaster flow­ver is there. The oval frame, with a mirror and the plaster flow­ver is there. The oval frame, with a mirror and the plaster flow­ver is there. The oval frame, with a mirror and the plaster flow­ver is there. The oval frame, with a mirror and the plaster flow­ver is there. The oval frame, with a mirror and the plaster flow­ver is there. The oval frame, with a mirror and the plaster flow­ver is there. The oval frame, with a mirror and the plaster flow­ver is there. The oval frame, with a mirror and the plaster flow­ver is there. The oval frame, with a mirror and the plaster flow­ver is there. The oval frame, with a mirror and the plaster flow­ver is there. The oval frame, with a mirror and the plaster flow­ver is there. From the attic's darkest corner, just the right height for the table, a bit more of the chintz, (never mind the piecing) and the cover is theret. The oval frame, with a mirror and the plaster flow­ver is there.

Grandmother's pickle holder, leather, holds my bit of green the pharmacist bottle, hung by a loop of leather, holds my bit of green the year round. The wash bench, cleaned, scrubbed, and waxed, makes a play table for the children. When they have a tea-party, what better than the knife and fork box for refreshments? It will hold their glasses and heaps of sandwiches and cookies. The ox-yokes, goodness knows how many years they have been in that old barn, turned like croquet wickets, with broad slats resting on the flat bar pieces and so connecting the two yokes, give me a container for my wood. By adding a thin piece of wood 3" by 6" to each ox-bow ring, I have a holder for my latest fiction. The wooden sugar box with cover and bale, scoured, shellacked, waxed, and rubbed, we call our picnic lunch box. Last of all comes that precious scrap of old copper plate. Mounted on a square or oblong of paper muslin, quilted, piped, and boxed, I have a cushion well worth my trip to the attic. My house is all dressed up. I've spent less than a dollar, added to my comfort—and yes, I've reduced the accumulated junk in my attic.

**LEONARDTOWN, MARYLAND**

**One Man and His Garden**

**ATLANTA, GEORGIA**

**A PLACE TO FISH**

**LETTITIA ROCKMORE LANGE**

**HEN Perryman Little wanted a place to fish, he dammed up a small pond on some family property eighteen miles out from Five Points, the famed heart of Atlanta, Georgia. The geography of the land proved to be a "natural." Two sloping hills faced each other over a narrow bowl or valley, where bubbled the several springs from which grew the first small pond. Later alterations enlarged the water surface to a good-size lake, with a substantial dam at the western end holding in its contents. As Mr. Little explains it, when he had the lake he had to have at least a shed for a protection in rainy weather. The shed soon gave way to a rough shack adjoining it, and the shack, during the summer of 1936, was transformed into the present attractive and comfortable cabin of week-end or vacation-time proportions.**

**The back wall is built into a hill on the far side of the lake five and a half feet high, the roof of the kitchen, which adjoins the hill, rising to a height of eight feet. The floor on the south side is eight feet above the water level and the south or front wall is continuous wit a concrete wall extending below the water line three or four feet down into the lake. Of the original shack replaced in 1936, Mr. Little tore away all but the large stone fireplace and built-in, double-deck bunks. The fireplace, an invitation to many gay, informal parties, centers the north end of the main room and is flanked on the left-hand wall by the bunks. The floor of the main room is of solid cement, painted gray, and the walls are paneled with smooth, knotty pine boards, finished with clear shellac in the early American manner. Random mouldings finish off the crevices between the boards and massive beams, treated to a semblance of age, support the arched roof and add to the cabin's charm.**

**Hand-hewn cabinets and what-nots recessed into the walls on each side of the fireplace and at intervals about the room were done by Mr. Little and form attractive niches for his display of old guns and sabers, china, pewter, mugs, kerosene lamps, and other items of interest. Built-in cabinets above and below the**
bunks provide ample storage space.
An outstanding feature of the main room is the buffet, or bar. The high front of the buffet is made of natural finish Philippine mahogany treated with a coat of spar varnish. The bar contains a radio with the addition of a sound system, providing opportunity for one's own broadcasting. Built-in refrigerator, sink, and shelves are concealed by the front, and niches in the walls "above the counter" hold glasses and other accessories.
The room is comfortably furnished with wicker chairs, a red settee, and a white glider upholstered in blue and white. A large water reaches the tank to bring it into the cabin for drinking purposes; the water that goes into the tank, pressure water, being used for hose and household needs.
Fishing, horse-shoe pitching, badminton played on the court behind the cabin, tramps through the surrounding woods, boating, swimming, and target-practice on the automatic range across the lake make the cabin an inviting vacation retreat.

GERMANTOWN, TENNESSEE

There has to be an Attic

There has to be an attic for a man to store his old guitar, a trunk full of hunting clothes and battered hats, and that assortment of cameras—even in a cottage. Since our cottage budget would not include the price of a pull-down stair from porch to attic, I had the builder cut an opening to the attic. Then for $1.08 I bought enough white pine to make a ladder. It takes up little space at the end of the porch, provides a safe and easy access to the attic, and is very decorative with my wife's pots of flowers, cactus, and ivy.

—ALFRED H. HOLDEN

In addition to the main body of the cabin, Mr. Little has added a screened-in porch 26 feet wide by 25 feet long; also two small rooms, one of which has been completed as the powder room, and the other is to become a tiny bedroom.
Mr. Little has utilized the springs on the property for his water supply and boasts a unique system. From a spring on the side of a hill several hundred yards away water is brought by means of a pipe beneath the lake, up the hill where the cabin is built to a tank forty feet above the house. The line is tapped before the

PRIVATE CORNERS AT CAMP

MARY E. HOPKINS

Many camps combine kitchen, dining room, living room, and often a bedroom, all in one large room, with the result that privacy is often at a premium. A few screens will help to make private corners.

Good screens, undecorated, can be bought from some of the well-known mail-order houses for as little as one dollar. These have three panels, two-way folding, and make good foundations for several useful pieces of camp furniture.

A kitchen corner may be shut off from the rest of the room by the arrangement shown in Fig. 1. This gives a useful amount of shelf space and a small service table. By reversing the angles of the screen, two cupboards and tables can be built in adjoining angles on the kitchen side, while a small china cupboard can be built into the angle on the opposite side facing the dining room.
A quiet corner set aside for reading and writing will be popular in any camp. Fig. 2 shows a way to
robes the rack for holding clothes runs parallel with the front doors.

If garments are kept in these closets for any length of time, they can be placed in cedarized paper storage bags. Protected in this way from dust and moths, clothes will be fresh and free from wrinkles when the wearers are ready to start back to town.

Plywood is a good material to use for shelves, tops, and all other fittings, since boards of any desirable width may be had that are both strong and light as well as free from any danger of warping. These fittings can be attached to the screen panels by means of small angle irons as shown in Figures 4 and 5. In the case of ready-made screens it is often necessary to put in extra rails to support shelves, etc. Such a rail is fastened to the upright by means of a half-lap joint secured with glue and finishing nails or screws. For top and bottom boards, the angle irons may be screwed to the top and bottom rails of the screens. Of course, if the screens are being made by the handy man in his own workshop, all rails will be put in place with mortise and tenon joints.

The screen panels offer many possibilities for decorating. Even the ready-made ones come unfinished so they can be stained or painted to match the other woodwork at the camp. All rails will be put in place and I'll see what can be done.

A still larger wardrobe may be necessary. This can be made by combining two three-panel screens in the manner shown in Fig. 2. The two front panels serve as doors with a hook or latch to keep them closed. In this type of wardrobe make such a nook by using two three-fold screens. Figure 3 illustrates a small wardrobe made of a four-panel screen. Top and bottom boards make a closet entirely enclosed. A short towel rack screwed to the top board will hold many garments suspended from clothes hangers. Instead of a closet door, this piece of furniture can be fitted with several shelves for storing supplies. This will need a strongly made screen such as the handy man can turn out in his home workshop.

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OUTDOOR GYM

You readers who like to hammer and saw and wield a paint brush rally 'round! You don't have to set up a basement shop to make this apparatus, but if you have a few tools, so much the better.

An outdoor gym is well worth while. Youngsters enjoy and deserve outdoor activity at home. The compactness of the outdoor gym shown will permit its construction in even cramped quarters. It is made from 4 by 4 inch timbers set 4 feet in the ground. The uprights are 14 feet long and the top, the horizontal member, is 10 feet long. If the ground is porous you can set the lower ends in concrete, but if this is done the portions to go into the concrete should be thoroughly creosoted first. This prevents cracking of the concrete in damp weather.

—DALE R. VAN HORN

Picture a small city with a brand new garden club all steamed up over a flower show; include garden-enthused wives with show jitters running all over them, and you'll have the backdrop for this article.

Weeks before the show was to open, gentle reminders such as this were frequent: "Why don't you help us out by making an exhibit?" Or, "It seems to me that after we put all this work into the show, you might at least make an entry."

Pair that off with a husband's usual pestiferous enthusiasm: "Oh, I might" or "Well, we'll see" or again "Maybe there won't be any flowers fit to show" and, believe it or not, that last crack came very near being right at that.

I wonder why it is that we husbands can't put some genuine encores into some things our wives try to do. It wouldn't cost any more to say, "You bet your life I'll exhibit in your show. It's a swell idea I'll start in right now to get set for it." Maybe about the moment we ordinarily would break forth into such enthusiasm we recalled the time we first broke a hundred at golf and when we bubbled over at home heard, "Humph, is that all you've got to do?" and thus gave vent to the half-interested statement.

But to return to the subject of this article. Show time came along. Surreptitiously we had frequently cast an anxious eye at our own flower garden. Weather, our business, and what not were interfering, but an ally came forth in the person of teen-age daughter. She said, "Say Dad, let's you and me get together on this and show them something." "O.K., Daughter," I replied. "You think it up and I'll see what can be done."

Show time was about ten days after. I took a tour of inspection. Our enthusiasm oozed down toward our boot heels. The best thing that the garden had was weeds. The flowers were a sorry lot. Too much neglect and too much wet weather had given those weeds a marvelous head start. We left the garden with spirits quite below par. Determined to exhibit something somehow, some way, we again toured the garden about four days before the show. We stood there about as much licked as any father and daughter could be, but within us raged an urge not to let Mother down.

Gradually an idea began to evolve. I said, "Daughter, the best thing we've got is weeds." Right you are, Daddy," replied Daughter. "Well," said I, "isn't there an entry for the most original display?" "Yes, there is," replied Daughter. "Wait here a minute, I've an idea," said I.

I trotted over to the work
Our 57 Varieties Dept. with $6 POOL

I am enclosing two photographs of the pool I built in our garden in the summer of 1940. As the garden is not very large, I tried to build the pool in proportion. Since it is really a part of our rock garden, I built it of rocks obtained in this immediate vicinity. It measures no more than seven feet by five, so its two waterfountains, one poppy, and several water-hyacinths provide ample plant life.

In building it a good concrete floor was poured, then rocks were laid from four to eight inches in from the sides of the excavation, and into the soil so formed quite a wet mixture of concrete was poured. This procedure was carried on to a depth of from eight to twelve inches at a time and repeated until the sides were completed. Fish and plants remain in the pool all winter.

One picture is taken from the top of the rock garden which is on a natural slope extending about twelve feet up to the rear of the house. The other view is from the garden toward the rock garden and shows how I built the rocks up to form a tiny waterfall. Since the water rate here prohibits connecting such a waterfall to the city supply, I use rain water which is stored in a tank under the rear porch and carried by copper tubing to the point where it comes out between the rocks. The overflow from the pool is directed to one side where irises grow—Mr. and Mrs. C. A. Keller.
Evidence that a drab little shack can become an attractive house is shown here. For complete inside and outside changes only $1,500 was spent, including the architect's fee. No project ever proved more conclusively that the experience and skill of an architect are most essential.

The original house had an ugly front porch that not only cut off light and view but was a useless expense. There was a kitchen type front door, and a chicken coop window in the gable. With nothing to balance it, the second-floor window looked like an afterthought.

The house as it now stands is a place that nearly any family would like to think of as "home." First, notice the Colonial entrance with sidelights and a six-panel door. Then you see the extra window which not only gives balance, but undoubtedly makes for a sunnier front bedroom. A half-circle window is much more appropriate than the former one. Three coats of paint with contrasting shutters add the final touch.

Where at first there were only cold water and an old-fashioned iron sink, now there are a modern bathroom, a new kitchen sink with a drainboard, a hot water tank and heater, and a septic tank. The house was completely wired and new fixtures were hung. Two new doors were installed, and new hardware applied to all doors and windows. Interior walls were papered and the trims were painted. By reversing the position of a kitchen window and the kitchen door, it was possible to eliminate cross traffic and make a real work center in the kitchen.

A pink and blue nursery—how trite it sounds, but how refreshing it looks! This color scheme was inspired by the fragile coloring of its future occupant with her cheeks the dainty pink of the Sweetheart Rose and her eyes the opalescent blue of the Bella-donna Delphinium. For a decorative motif we could think of nothing more appropriate than a bunny. It was appropriate not only because the baby was as soft and cuddly as a baby rabbit, but also because her name had been shortened from Benita to "Benny" and then to "Bunny."

Laying a panel was the first step in the metamorphosis of this room. Sheets of three-ply wood, placed lengthwise, were used for this. Strips of curved trim were used to finish the panels, while strips of flat trim were placed nine inches below to act as a frame for the rabbit border that was going to be placed directly on the paneling. Bookshelves, varied in size, were placed on the wall opposite the door.

The radiator under the window was then covered with a piece of grillwork set in a border of wood with two urn-shaped pieces placed in each lower corner to give the effect of a stand-up radiator cover. On top of this were placed two thick boards (to prevent heat shrinkage) and after it was duly cushioned, a delightful window-seat was the happy result.

The paneling, shelves, and all other woodwork were painted the palest of pale blues in a smooth eggshell finish; the walls above the panel were painted a most delicate pink while the ceiling was done in a still lighter pink. Two bunny patterns (one upright and one sitting) had been drawn to a proper scale, traced on three-ply wood, cut out with an electric jigsaw, and painted a little darker than the pink of the walls. These rabbits were glued on the top of the panel (pink on blue) in alternate positions and evenly spaced until a whole border of them paraded around the four walls of the nursery. To tie the room together the floor was covered with a solid royal blue linoleum (treated so as not to show footprints) and in the center of the floor was cut-in a most sophisticated bunny holding an umbrella.

Then came the nursery furniture in maple to tone the room down a bit. And, last of all, the fun of arranging the baby's toys and books and even her lamp with an "Alice-in-Wonderland-looking girl" playing with three bunnies. The room, we felt, was a success, for no one feature predominated.
A Modern Old-Fashioned Kitchen

MAY FRINK CONVERSE

Half modern, half as old-fashioned as grandmother’s is this kitchen that stretches clear across the back of Mrs. Elwood Buck’s house in San Mateo, California. At one end is a shiny, modern kitchen with a counter that serves as a dividing line. It is a great help in serving meals and provides extra cupboard space. But on the other side of the counter—ah, that is an entirely different story.

Here on the dining side of the room is lovely old walnut furniture, rubbed and waxed to perfection. Each piece, from the fine old corner cupboard to the Boston rocker, is right at home in this friendly-looking room with its red and blue glazed chintz curtains, blue and white rugs, and family heirlooms. Most interesting of all is the wide fireplace with a barbecue pit. There is a copper hood over the top, and copper cooking vessels are suspended above the counter. The kitchen door opens from the dining side onto a flagged terrace for outdoor dining and barbecue parties.

Back Yard Beauty Suggestion

Many a back yard has a pump, cistern, or garbage can which should be concealed. One practical solution for such camouflage is shown here. It consists of eight lattice panels which were made on the ground, then raised, nailed together, and topped with a sloping roof. Such a structure may be fastened to stakes driven in the ground, or bolted down to a concrete floor, previously laid.

—DALE R. VAN HORN

Winnipeg, Manitoba

A Sturdy Little Guest House

MYRTLE J. BROLEY

If I were asked what I considered the best thing about our camp, I believe I should answer, “The Guest House.” For some years we managed as best we could without one, then decided that the time had come when a place of some sort was necessary. At the lake end of the point of land beside our camp was a lot of red sandstone. “Fine,” we said, “we’ll make it of that.” There was no difficulty finding a site. We chose a flat rock surface from which there is an unusually beautiful view.

All winter we worked on our plans. We wanted a big room with windows on both sides, a fireplace at one end, and a bedroom at the other. When we had decided on the size and general layout, we sent our plans to the local builder in the little village nearby, who had meanwhile dynamited some of the sandstone, and he went to work. We had some little time persuading him that we really did want it as rough as possible outside; that is, we wanted the stone put in solidly, but not smoothly. We had an idea how it would look and indeed the effect is unusual and striking.

For door steps we had two large pieces of stone hauled up and were lucky enough to have the back yard has a pump, cistern, or garbage can which should be concealed. One practical solution for such camouflage is shown here. It consists of eight lattice panels which were made on the ground, then raised, nailed together, and topped with a sloping roof. Such a structure may be fastened to stakes driven in the ground, or bolted down to a concrete floor, previously laid.

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Living Room under the Sky

I HAVE ever wanted an outdoor living room for everything from family steak suppers to informal parties, by all means build one! It will probably rival the informal parties, by all means against the red of the stone.

There is practically no upkeep to such a place. Doors and window trim will have to be re-touched from time to time, and now and then the shingles will have to be renewed but the rest should wear almost indefinitely. It is a sturdy, weather-proof little cottage which looks as if it might have grown right out of the rock.

Don't let your phlox go to seed

ONE of the minor tragedies in many gardens is what their owners mistakenly call the "reversion" of their choice phlox varieties to the well-known and generally disliked magenta shades. As a matter of fact, the plants don't revert at all. They seem to because, if allowed to go to seed and to self-sow, the resulting seedlings are of that basic magenta color. Coming up right in the heart of the clumps of select parent plants, and being especially vigorous and husky, the young plants soon crowd out and destroy the original stock which thereupon is supposed to have "gone back" to the color of the ancestors. There is just one way to make sure that your phlox varieties remain true to name and color. As fast as the flower clusters fade, before they have time to mature seed, snip them off. Besides keeping the planting "pure," this prolongs the flowering season by helping more side shoots to develop. Propagate by root division.

—GRETCHEN HARSHBARGER

TAMPA, FLORIDA

I T was a dilapidated old structure. Ramshackle, unkempt, and down-at-heel. Worst of all, it bore the remains of a coat of ghastly yellow paint—peeling, cracked, dirty. Neighbors had reached the point where they hitched their porch chairs around to exclude this place from their view—and then spent most of their time wishing the house weren't there at all. Passers-by, once they had stared in amazement and pity at this picture of complete dejection and neglect, mental and pity at this picture of complete dejection and neglect, found themselves, when next they reached the point where they walked that way, looking straight ahead, or lakeward, or toward distant gardens. Had the house been off alone in a field somewhere, no one would have rebelled with such vehemence. But here it was, right up against nice homes, homes that had flower gardens. The contrast was great, and the let-down terrific.

—CATHERINE TOCHER BITTERMANN

Don't let your phlox go to seed

IOWA CITY IOWA

NAVY NOOK

Everyone, at some time or other, had wondered why the house wasn't torn down, demolished, crushingly obliterated. Everyone, that is, until a certain young man with vision found himself doing extraordinary mental tricks when, of necessity, he walked by the house each morning. Because he had always played with the idea of "doing over" a house as a business enterprise, he was sufficiently "house-conscious" to notice, first, that the simple lines of this place were good. It was then that the fun began.

Of course, he told himself, he wasn't going to be serious about this place. Oh, no. Decidedly not! But since "going to work" took him along that way he might as well amuse himself while passing. The first day he ripped off the porch. Mentally, you understand. The first day he ripped off the porch. Mentally, you understand. And with one clean sweep, there house stood, already several degrees more respectable. The

(CaM Please turn to page 50)
A Gardener Plans a Sit-Down Strike

That is something I have looked forward to for years—ever since I took up gardening; but only this year have I known what to do about it. I’ve dreamed of sitting down in my garden among the flowers and enjoying each season as it comes along, bringing the color schemes I have worked over laboriously, watching the hummingbirds and bees at work and gloating over them—because I am only this year have I known what to do about it. I’ve dreamed of it since I took up gardening: but then, of course, there was nothing to do about it; one simply worked on and on. This year I have caught the new idea. But mine is the kind of sit-down that makes no trouble and costs nobody anything. I can’t imagine a lovelier place to carry on one than in my garden, hedged in by tall yews, where roses and delphinium mingle with the herbs, where grapes hang in purple clusters in the arbor. So this summer, for an hour at least every day, I am to be a sit-down striker, with tea brought to me every day, I am to be a sit-down striker, with tea brought to me under the old apple tree.

—Hester S. Smiley

Watch the Window Sills

When painting the house or garage, give special attention to the crack under window sills. While all sills slope downward, an occasional driving rain will beat into this space anyway. Caulking cement or compound should be used prior to paint if crack is wide.

Easily Made Bird House

This house has five compartments but the height and capacity can be varied to suit. Four 1 x 8 inch boards were used. Each 2½-inch hole has a small ledge and the roof slopes.—Dale R. Van Horn.

Something to Remember Them By

PLOUTS and songwriters sing the praises of Baby’s dimpled hands and toes. Yet most of us who have children of our own know that they grow up so quickly their dimples disappear all too soon. We should like to preserve them, but the best of flat photographs simply cannot do justice to those dimples. Within a few minutes after our baby’s birth, the hospital authorities took a print of her foot for future identification. It gave us the idea of making a plaster-of-Paris cast of that same foot on our baby’s fourth birthday. Having accomplished that successfully, we later attempted a cast of her hand. These casts reproduce not only the dimples but the perfect outlines of her nails and the fine lines of her hand and foot.

Before experimenting on Baby’s foot, we consulted an artist friend who assured us there was no danger of hurting her if we greased her foot thoroughly before casting. We proceeded in this way: First we made a cardboard box two inches deep into which Baby’s foot fitted comfortably with half an inch space to spare all around. We mixed only enough water with about a cupful of dry plaster to make it smooth, then poured it into the box to a depth of one inch. Baby was seated in a low chair and her foot carefully greased with Vaseline. We placed the box of wet plaster on the floor and lowered her foot gently into it so that only half the thickness of the forepart of the foot was immersed in the plaster. It was quite important that the plaster should not come up over the rounded sides of the foot.

When the plaster was set hard (it took only a minute or so) we lifted the foot out very carefully. Then we greased the flat top of the plaster mould around the depression her foot had left. This was done to make the top half of the mould lift off easily after it was poured in.

In casting the upper half of the mould we had to provide for getting it off the ankle. The foot was greased again and a length of heavy linen thread was passed under it just in front of the ball of the heel. Then the foot was carefully put back into the lower mould already cast. When the plaster was poured in over the top of the foot, each end of the thread was held close against the ankle bone. Just before the plaster became hard, we pulled both threads outward and downward until they lay flat across the lower half of the mould. This sliced the upper mould into two parts on opposite sides of the ankles. After the plaster was set firmly, we lifted off the back section, then the front.

We now greased the inner surface of each of the three sections and fastened them together securely with adhesive tape. Into the opening left by the ankle we placed the foot and flattened it, then poured in a mixture of water and plaster of Paris cast of that same foot. When the plaster was set hard, we pulled both threads and then the foot was cut away. The result was a cast of Baby’s foot with the dimples and lines of her foot well preserved.

We hope to have them done in bronze to make it smooth, then poured into the box to a depth of one inch. Baby was seated in a low chair and her foot carefully greased with Vaseline. We placed the box of wet plaster on the floor and lowered her foot gently into it so that only half the thickness of the forepart of the foot was immersed in the plaster. It was quite important that the plaster should not come up over the rounded sides of the foot.

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We hope to have them done in bronze...
My Victorian Collection

When we started collecting Victorian furniture in 1931 people were almost willing to pay us for taking it away. Often it was a matter of "swapping" or exchanging for labor. Now that Victorian things are popular and it is no longer easy to find them at any price, my hobby is more expensive—but worth it, I think.

In my dining room, pale blue-green figured paper, cream woodwork, and a domestic Oriental rug make a pleasing setting for some of my most treasured pieces. Four of the chairs are rosewood covered in rose-beige novelty mohair, and two are with antique brown needlepoint in a fruit and flower design. Both tables are black walnut. Since the girandoles are a recent addition, they were quite expensive and had to be repolished, platted, and lacquered. The curtains are handkerchief linen in white, with a rose-rust print which picks up some color.

It is never too late to
Give bookcases a built-in look

"I know what is wrong with the room!" the head of the house exclaimed, as the family piled in, bag and baggage, after a Vermont holiday, graced with that fresh view of home which a long summer away from it will give. "It's the bookcases," he surveyed them critically. "Just look at them! Two sets of flimsy shelves holding up the fireplace—built up and out when they should be back and in!—no design, no permanence, no harmony with the rest of the decoration!"

He made a sweeping gesture which took in the whole living room with its red and blue chintz, light gray walls, oaken chest, Old English furniture, etc. I knew from experience that this outburst presaged another major change of a carpentering nature in our scheme of interior decoration. Also, I felt it to be the onset of a splendid idea, so we soon got busy with pencil, paper, and yardstick. The new shelves would, we hoped, have that cherished built-in look by virtue of their relation to the mantel-shelf which was to be one long board extending the entire width of the room. The bookshelves would be set in below the extensions of the mantel and be integral parts of it because of the incorporation of the panels, the use of proper moldings, generous and proportionate spacing, and solid construction. The wood would be pecky cypress to match the doors and the other trim.

As soon as possible we had the mantel-shelf run out at the mill, after selecting the design for the moldings, and it was rather an exciting moment when the long board came home, 123/4 feet long, 123/4 inches wide, and 3 inches deep (including molding) with a set-back at each corner of the mantel to fit over the bookshelves. Two weeks of concentrated work ensued, for the most part in the evenings, and the bookcases were done. After the whole thing had been stained and waxed a soft gray-brown, we thought of painting the wall back of the shelves Dutch blue (there is blue elsewhere in the room). This worked out so well we couldn't bear to hide the blue of the upper shelf with books, so instead arranged a few nice pieces of antique China there.

Jimson-weed

[Continued from page 24]

Some of the advantages of using jimson-weed flowers are their negligible cost, and the fact that they open in the evening and are at their best and freshest when they should. As the flowers are large, it does not call for so many to complete a ring, and the luxuriant gray-green foliage adds to the beauty of the simple yet effective centerpiece.—Etta M. Hoffstaedt

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All about us we can see the skeletons of hygone awnings. We had just such a skeleton, holding its arms bleakly out over a window in a room in which it was impossible to stay on hot days without drawn shades. Then we got the inspiration of making a stationary awning. We purchased a bundle of redwood shakes, two pieces of pine one inch wide and the length of our window, a box of screws, and a feather-stipple.

Once the pine was fastened securely to the top of the window with screws. Holes were bored every eighteen inches along the other strip and this was wired tightly to the lower part of the iron frame. The shakes were then nailed on to these two strips. Some of the shakes were divided into four pieces and scallops were cut along the lower edge with a coping saw. These were nailed on to these two strips. If you find cutting the scallops is too tedious, you could have them sawed out at the lumber yard.

One strip of the pine was fastened securely to the top of the window with screws. Holes were bored every eighteen inches along the other strip and this was wired tightly to the lower part of the iron frame. The shakes were then nailed on to these two strips. Some of the shakes were divided into four pieces and scallops were cut along the lower edge with a coping saw. These were nailed on to the side of the bottom strip. If you find cutting the scallops is too tedious, you could have them sawed out at the lumber yard where you obtain the shakes, at very little cost. We have found this awning very practical.

It withstands any heat or storm that we have in California and friends who have used this idea on their mountain cabin say that it takes very little time to remove the six screws that hold it to the house, cut the few wires that secure it to the iron frame, and store it away from heavy winter snows. It could be painted like the window or trim, or one may use his own ingenuity and paint each shake a different colored stripe. One bundle of these shakes will make an awning about ten feet long.

GENEVIEVE RUDOLPH GRUELL

If you have a chair tucked out of sight that is minus a seat, it is quite easy to put it into good condition again by weaving a seat of cord or bright colored Mexican hemp, using the same method that is used in weaving seats in rush-bottom chairs.

First tie the string tightly at corner No. 1. Pull it up in the corner from 1 and over and under 2; from under 2 bring it to the front of the chair and over and under 3; from under 3 up in the corner over itself and 4 and from under 4 take it across the front of the chair to the top of 5; from under 5 up over itself and 6; and from under 6 to the back of the chair and 7; from under 7 over itself and 8, when it would go under 8 and across to No. 1 again. Repeat this operation until you come together in the center; thread the end on a large needle and darn it back and forth a few times on the under side.

WALTER W. WATSON

If there is anything that can make a twelve-foot-square apartment living room look smaller than ever, it is two average size windows with the average three feet of wall space between them. We found ourselves in just such a living room, and were not long in deciding that our old heavy damask draperies would only make matters worse and that nothing less than a real inspiration would make the room seem larger. My wife came to the rescue with an idea, shown in the photograph, that has given the illusion of three windows and a consequent feeling of space.

Three bamboo blinds, one for each window and one over the clumsy wall space between them, are painted white like the woodwork and make the wall into one long unit. The three-window camouflage is most successful in creating an effect of air and space. Both the valance, stiffened with buckram and hung on a curtain rod with drapery hooks, and the draperies were made of very inexpensive chintz. Two metal Iyo holders from the local Five and Ten serve their purpose well and add interest to the woodwork between the windows.

Strange enough, our small red-headed son was indirectly responsible for this little adventure in camouflage. It all began when he needed a room of his own and the only way we could provide it and stay within our budget was by taking our present apartment with the remarkably small living room. Then, like most of the other tales where necessity is the mother of invention, the idea just came to us suddenly!

GENEVIEVE RUDOLPH GRUELL

Photograph by the author

NEW YORK CITY, NEW YORK

Three-Window Camouflage

WALTER W. WATSON

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SIDETHILL SLIDE

This is a slide which a side hill made possible. Made from old lumber and sheets of galvanized iron from an old barn roof, the cost was slight. In applying the sheet metal, we laid the laps like shingles so that no edge can catch clothes. Hand grips on the sides are 1- by 4-inch boards with the top edges planed round then sand-papered until smooth.

—DALE R. VAN HORN
OCTOBER ELVES

Several years ago I about made up my mind to consider the garden picture finished, so far as small plants for the rockery and pathside go, when September had ended her fling with the few annuals that persisted after the heat of summer had taken its toll. Now I know better, because I have discovered that there is a whole tribe of elves—two tribes, in fact—that can be planted in such places to spring up and bloom after almost everything else has gone. These October elves are at their best all through that month. Some of them appear practically without warning. Where there was nothing last night, today there is a beautiful carpet of color. I shall plant more of them this season.

Although both are generally referred to as "autumn crocuses" and display quite similar flowering appearances and habits, the two groups of useful little plants are not even near relatives. One consists of fall-blooming species and varieties of the true crocus, a member of the Iris Family; the other is the genus Colchicum, which belongs to the Lily Family.

Growing wild in Europe and Asia, from the mountains of eastern France down through the Alps into Italy and eastward, are dozens of species of crocus for all the world like those that are so welcome in our gardens in the spring, except that they dart up and flower suddenly after mid-September and continue in bloom until cut down by Jack Frost. Where they can be given some shelter, it is not uncommon to find them blooming right up until the Christmas holidays. They have the virtue of ironclad hardiness, growing without coddling and taking no space from other plants. In their natural home they seek precarious hillsides, where the soil, though not particularly abundant, is sure to be well drained. In gardens, given a soil not too retentive of moisture, the ordinary border where hardy plants make themselves at home will suit these fall-flowering elves perfectly.

At some time in their life cycle, of course, the fall crocuses have foliage, but it is scant and inconspicuous. Where the bulbs are naturalized in grass, their leaves would never be noticed; in the rock garden some of the species show some little foliage, one in particular. They are so easy to handle that I would not think of getting along without them. A sloping bank or wall is a particularly good place for them as it assures the needed drainage. Bulbs are procured in August or early September and set about three inches deep and from three to four inches apart. The first flowers appear late in September and a collection of varieties will furnish practically three months of bloom. Once planted, they continue year after year, increasing so rapidly that they should be divided every third year when used in the rockery or on banks among other flowers. In a grassy place which meets the drainage requirements, no resetting is necessary, as the plants will make themselves at home just as they do in the green valleys of Switzerland or in watered spots of Kurdistan.

The saffron crocus (Crocus sativus) is about the only one of the kinds I have with real ornamental value in the foliage. It is also one of the hardiest, thriving under almost any garden conditions. With me, its dark green leaves persist until the rich violet colored flowers with...
Summer GIFT HORSES—don't give them!

CONSTANCE R. MILTON

The old saying goes “Never look a gift horse in the mouth,” but sometimes the mouth is so large we simply can’t help ourselves! Now with summer coming on and bringing with it many invitations for week-ends in the country, we are faced with the perplexing problem of what gift to take our hostess ordinary circumstances, you are nearly ready to select the gift. However, there are three deep pitfalls; and a few careful steps now will save much grief when you finally present your offering. I never shall forget a certain young couple whom I had invited for luncheon, and who on arrival presented me with a lovely florist’s bouquet of garden flowers. There were phlox, coreopsis, gallardia, bachelors buttons, and many others. In the winter nothing could have pleased me any more, but not two hours ago I had cut great bunches of the same flowers fully as lovely from my own garden. Of course, I did my best to seem appreciative, but I had nightmarish visions of dashing the flowers to close up for the night early. I decided we’d just have to suffer. Believe me, we did! How easily this mutual embarrassment might have been avoided if this couple had given the matter a little thought. It would have been so much better if they had bought me a box of pretzels. At least they would know I couldn’t grow them.

This brings us to the second point, which is, never give extravagant presents. They will only serve to make your hostess uncomfortable, for she will feel you have spent far too much and often won’t ask you again for fear you will think you always have to buy her something extra special. Then, too, oftentimes the more expensive a gift is the more useless it is, and, therefore, it is apt to be put away and not used at all.

The last pitfall is never, never try to help out with a collection or a hobby unless you know exactly what the recipient wants. A set of Army and Navy stamps may be very interesting to you if you have never seen them before, but the chances are that if our friend is a real collector he will have them among his duplicates. Also he probably is a specialist, and unless you know a great deal about the subject yourself you will completely stumped when the stamp dealer begins to talk about precancels, flat or rotary plate, Farley’s, line blocks, and so forth. The same is true for outdoor hobbies. Don’t attempt to pick out flies for the angler, or plants for the garden enthusiast. A well-meaning friend brought me a canna once, and stood over me while I planted it right in the midst of my old-fashioned garden. Up to that time, I had disliked canna very much, but from then on I loved them. That one plant spoiled not only my garden, but also my disposition. The worst part of it was, the Dear Lady took it upon herself to be a sort of Fairy Godmother to the hated object (she even christened it Aggie), and every time she visited me that summer she was

I live in the Country

LIVING in the country is for me, a city-bred woman, a question of hovering between deepest content and the most exasperating inquietude. No sooner does the first soft wind blow and do the first leaves of the trees unfurl, than I begin to prod my husband, Jess, with the suggestion that before company comes we’d better repair that old door and put a ceiling upon our closed porch to protect their tender city feelings from too close contact with nature’s army of flies, spiders, mosquitoes, oat-bugs, Canadian soldiers, beetles, Junebugs, and caterpillars. Jess amiably agrees that it would be a good thing if this were done, but some years of married life have taught me that this amiable acquiescing is nothing but “hollow tinkling sounds” unless reinforced by immediate action. Therefore I follow up my suggestion with unexpected admonitions until by June I have developed into a full-fledged nagger, worrying constantly about the unfinished shutters and the makeshift screen door and cracked cellar window which, I am sure, is sufficient evidence of city people of our utter disinterest and degeneration. Jess, of a more deliberate and calm nature, only himself, but the company. He has an absolute disregard of whether the furniture has been dusted or the floor cleaned. He admit, after a few years’ experience with visitors, that his attitude is one shared by the majority of people. However, this still does not relieve me of feeling slightly annoyed that I should, so to speak, do all the work and he reap all the pleasure.

I have come to the conclusion that all visitors fit into two classes: those who honestly like the country and those who don’t but say they do. The first is easily recognized; they jump from the car eagerly and inhale deeply, subsequently meandering about the farm, bringing eventually all manner of flowers and strangling weeds into the house to show and explain them to me in a condescending way. (It’s not the explaining I mind so much as the fact that they forget all about the weeds after exhibiting them, and I have to make the rounds of my house next day, removing stray wisps of dried-up hay.)

The second is the professing garden enthusiast for the beautiful scenery, scuttle down to the house, on a continual lookout for bumblebees and snakes (which, they are

These sentiments have rumbled within me for a long time, and it is with real relief that I finally put them down in black and white. My cheeks burn with the guilty knowledge that visitors-of-the-past will be wary of future visits, but I am compensated by the hope that enough people will read this and realize the implications that at some future date host and hostess will be able to escort guests to their departing cars without polely saying

“You’re not going, are you?” while underneath their breaths they mutter, “Thank God!”
There's no need to be the Grab-a-Box-of-Candy-at-the-Station sort of person when there's a blessed variety of Week-End Gifts"

Whether she gardens furiously or casually, with green fingers or gloves, there is a book to help and delight her.

Even if your week-end hostess is too polite to tell you so, she doesn't want flowers when she has a garden full of them, and she certainly doesn't want another box of chocolates when it's ninety in the shade! Why not give her a watering can like the small one from Chase, or if she has plants in practically every window, Revere's larger one? Any hostess would enjoy writing a thank-you note for Eaton's stationery. Note that the "saddle stitched" cover of stationery at right turns into book ends.

The bright colors and pinwheels of Suzanne Willa's "Scar-rows" politely scare birds away, and their jolly personalities help to "grow grass in the garden." They come in three sizes 12, 18, and 26 inches, for children's, penthouse, and real dirt gardens respectively.

This graceful white wire basket for cut flowers won't fit into your suitcase, but your hostess will appreciate your thoughtful gesture. This or the "Iris" water spout from Hammacher Schlemmer.

Guests are notorious for overflowing every ash tray in the house. Bring your host this nice big "flip-top" one from the Chase Brass & Copper Co.

Even if you didn't break her best condiment set on the last visit, your hostess will like this one in blue glass with chromium tray, from Revere. A gleaming copper bell from Hammacher Schlemmer will show you thought about your gift, as will note pads in Kensington covers or a crystal jam jar with Kensington top.

Why not a smart beach towel? No home ever has too many, you know! This one comes in a transparent "knitting bag" case from Cannon.
Planning Ahead for Summer Hospitality

**MENU I**

1. Cream of mushroom soup
2. Cold salmon and artichoke hearts with mayonnaise
3. Canned peach halves with raspberry sauce

_The mushroom soup will be on the cupboard shelf. Serve with crisp crackers. The salmon, artichoke hearts, mayonnaise, and canned peaches all come out of the refrigerator, kept cold in cans or jars. Supplement this menu with sliced tomatoes or broiled half tomatoes. Also serve hot rolls made from the dough which has been previously prepared and stored in the refrigerator. The sauce for the peaches is made by mixing the whipped contents of one small can of evaporated milk (also stored in the refrigerator) with ½ cup red raspberry jam._

**MENU II**

4. Chilled fruit cup with loganberry juice
5. Beef stew en casserole with biscuit topping
6. Tomato aspic with salad dressing

_The fruit cup, and the loganberry juice that is poured over it, come from the refrigerator emergency shelf, as do the tomato aspic and the salad dressing. The casserole dish is contrived from a can of beef stew plus ½ cup chopped, stuffed olives. For some stews it may be necessary to thin with a little water or some left-over gravy. The biscuit topping is made from a prepared biscuit mix. For dessert have a butterscotch pie made from pastry kept in the refrigerator and a filling from prepared butterscotch pudding._

**MENU III**

7. Chilled pineapple juice or jellied consomme
8. Platter of ham slices, dried beef and cream cheese rolls, and shoestring potatoes
9. Hot gingerbread with chocolate sauce

_The pineapple juice, or jellied consomme, tinned ham, dried beef, and cream cheese all come from the refrigerator. Serve with a crisp lettuce, green pepper, and radish salad, the makings for which are also in the refrigerator. The shoestring potatoes, from a pantry or cupboard shelf tin, need only be reheated. The gingerbread is made from a prepared gingerbread mix and its sauce is to be had by merely opening a can or a jar of chocolate syrup._

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**Keep in the refrigerator**
- canned salmon
- canned artichokes
- jar of mayonnaise or other salad dressing
- French dressing
- fresh tomatoes
- dough for refrigerator rolls
- canned peach halves
- can of evaporated milk (for ease in whipping—be sure to keep can covered with cracked ice and salt or keep in the freezing tray of the refrigerator)
- canned fruit cup
- canned loganberry juice
- canned tomato aspic
- uncooked pie pastry
- canned pineapple juice
- canned jellied consomme
- canned ready-to-serve ham
- jar of dried beef
- package of cream cheese
- lettuce
- green pepper
- radishes

**Keep in the cupboard or on pantry shelves**
- canned mushroom soup
- jar of raspberry jam
- prepared biscuit mix
- package of butterscotch pudding
- canned shoestring potatoes
- gingerbread mix
- jar or can of chocolate syrup
- jar of stuffed olives
- package of crisp crackers

Even the guest who comes without a word of warning has a right to expect something in the way of food and drink. In our present age of everything from consomme to chicken in cans, there's no excuse for not being an ideal hostess on a moment's notice. Just keep your summer emergency shelves stocked with foods like those listed above, and hope that it won't be any hotter than last summer!
There's a salad for every menu

Knowing how to make a really good salad is so important these hot summer days. And knowing just the right salad to serve with just the right food is important, too. A crisp salad with a heavy meal, a filling salad for a main course, a sweet salad for dessert, a piquant salad for an appetizer—yes, there's a salad for every menu...... Edith N. Marguerat

Recipe printed on back of each photograph

• gourmet's vegetable salad
• tomato-cream cheese sandwich salad
• fresh fruit-onion salad
• tuna fish salad
• frozen banana salad
• combination fruit salad

Color Photographs by F. M. Demarest
• combination fruit salad

Have all the fruits thoroughly chilled, then cut cantaloupe in slices, remove rind, and place one ring on each crisp lettuce leaf. Combine the other fruits (bananas last, just before serving) and fill the ring. Combine mayonnaise with whipped cream, pour over the fruit. Garnish with the sliced strawberries, if desired. Serves six. In the picture on reverse side a decorative plate was substituted for the lettuce leaf.

Tested by The American Home

• fresh fruit-onion salad

Core apples and cut into slices as shown in picture on reverse side. Remove all skin and membrane from grapefruit and oranges and arrange sections alternately with apple slices on a bed of shredded lettuce or romaine. Sprinkle with salt, dot with three or four onion rings and serve with French dressing to which onion juice and ketchup (or strained chili sauce) have been added. Serves six.

Tested by The American Home

• frozen banana salad

Add lemon juice and salt to mayonnaise and stir into cheese. Mix with pineapple, cherries, nuts, and fold in cream whipped until firm. Add bananas. Turn into tray of automatic refrigerator and freeze three hours or longer. Unmold, cut in slices and serve on bed of lettuce or watercress. Serves six to eight. Garnish with additional cherries, if desired.

Tested by The American Home

• tomato-cream cheese sandwich salad

Plunge tomatoes in boiling water, remove skins, and cut each tomato into three thick slices. Sprinkle with a little lemon juice, salt, and pepper, and let stand in refrigerator until thoroughly chilled. Mix cream cheese, grated cucumber, onion juice, minced parsley, salt, and pepper, and paprika, with three tablespoons of boiled salad dressing or mayonnaise, beating into a thick creamy paste. Spread thickly on a slice of tomato, then place on this another slice of tomato and arrange on a bed of crisp lettuce or watercress. Mix 1/4 cup of dressing with the whipped cream and pour over the tomato sandwich. Serves six. If three slices of tomatoes per serving are used it will serve only four persons.

Tested by The American Home

• tuna fish salad

Remove oil by pouring boiling water over tuna fish, then flake, and add other ingredients, moistening to suit taste with mayonnaise. Serve on lettuce or romaine leaves. Top with additional mayonnaise, if desired. Serves six.

Tested by The American Home

• gourmet’s vegetable salad

Drain peas after thoroughly chilling, and combine with celery, onion, salt, and pepper. Marinate with French dressing in which Roquefort cheese has been well blended. Mix lightly with broken lettuce leaves and radishes and pimiento. Serves six to eight.

Tested by The American Home

There’s a salad for every menu
Recipes! Recipes! Recipes!
What to do with all the rec­ipes that are really worth saving!
To help every housewife everywhere with this prob­lem, the editor of THE AMERICAN HOME has devised a simple, practical plan that preserves these recipes for­ever, sorts them automatically by subject, keeps them ab­solutely clean, and makes them readily available at all times.

Your
Choice of
FIVE COLORS

THE AMERICAN HOME Menu Maker consists of three parts. First there's a steel filing cabinet with a sliding drawer. It is made of the best sheet steel, light as a feather, strong, endurable. This steel filing cabinet is covered with enamel lacquer of which there are now five colors: black—green—yellow—blue—and red. Your Menu Maker can therefore fit the color scheme of your kitchen.

SORTS YOUR RECIPES AUTOMATICALLY
Then there's a series of stiff index cards which automatically sort your recipes by sub­ject—appetizers, beverages, breads, cakes, desserts, eggs, fish, meats, preserves, salads, soups, vegetables, just to mention a few. And then there are file cards for each day of the week so that you may easily plan your daily menus ahead of time.

INSTANTLY VISIBLE—ALWAYS CLEAN
Finally, each Menu Maker is equipped with a package of heavy cellophane envelopes. These envelopes are colorless and transparent. They are exactly the right size to be filed in the cabinet behind the index cards. You cut out the recipe you wish to preserve, place it in the envelope, and there you are. It's perfectly legible, always clean, (in fact it can be washed), preserved forever, yet instantly usable.

Additional cellophane envelopes may be secured from us at any time for only $1.00 a hundred.
The Menu Maker is an exclusive feature of THE AMERICAN HOME. It is not sold through dealers. It can be had only from us.

\[100\] Complete

As a service to our readers and to get the widest possible distribution, THE AMERICAN HOME Menu Maker has been priced barely to cover manufactur­ing and carriage charges of the box, the cellophane envelopes, and the indices.

No matter how many cookbooks you may have, you need this clever Menu Maker for the good new recipes like those that appear each month in THE AMERICAN HOME.

THE AMERICAN HOME, 251 Fourth Avenue, New York City.

I am enclosing $1.00 for the complete Menu Maker to include a full set of indices and 25 cellophane envelopes. Send the color that is checked.

\[\square\] Blue \[\square\] Black
\[\square\] Green \[\square\] Yellow
\[\square\] Red

Add 25c if west of Mississippi, in Canada, or U. S. Possessions.

THE AMERICAN HOME, AUGUST, 1938
Three mistakes ... in the bride's house!

The bed spread was a beauty when she bought it—snow-white muslin with bands of embroidery and yards of perky flounce! But the poor little bride made a sad mistake! She washed her spread with lazy soap—and left it full of tattle-tale gray.

Spic-and-span new, the vanity skirt was something to make friends chirp with delight. But not after the little bride tubbed it. Her lazy soap just couldn't wash clean. And nobody had the courage to tell her—"Change to Fels-Naptha Soap. It gets all the dirt!"

Tattle-tale gray spoiled this slip-cover, too—and all the bride's wash—until Aunt Ruth got her Fels-Naptha. Thanks to its richer gordon color, that stick-fast dirt soap and lots of naphtha, that stick-fast dirt soap and lots of naphtha, that stick-fast dirt soap and lots of naphtha, that stick-fast dirt soap and lots of naphtha, that stick-fast dirt soap and lots of naphtha. And everybody raves about her home! And everybody raves about her home!

Banish "Tattle-Tale Gray" with FELS-NAPTHA SOAP

NEW! Great for washing machines!

COPIR. 1938, FELS & CO.

Try Fels-Naptha Soap Chips, too!

Summer gift horses—don't give them!

(Continued from page 40)

either poking at the poor plant with a hand cultivator, or almost drowning it with water, for "she simply adored seeing things grow." One morning I found poor Aggie in a sad state! One of the neighbor's cows had wandered loose and evidently felt the same way about cannas that I did, for she had planted her hoof on Aggie's backbone and thoroughly broken her spirit. Though I was glad she was gone, I never felt my friend believed the cow story, for she has never been the same to me since.

With these stumbling blocks out of the way you should have no trouble at all. Here are some ideas to help make your thinking cap go on more easily. Food is a welcome gift no matter where you go, so take a box of selected cheeses, or an Edam or a baby Gouda, half a dozen cans of soup and a package of bread sticks, or a good assortment of cookies or crackers. If none of these quite fill the bill, how about a Garnish Box made up of canned pimientos, canned mushrooms, green or ripe olives, a bunch of parsley or watercress, and some pungent chives growing in a box. A tin of olive oil to enhance the head lettuce, or a bottle of real maple syrup for the morning flapjacks would be more than appreciated. A pound of good coffee or fine tea is always acceptable, for small country stores do not stock these items, and the prices at large ones generally tend to make the family budgeter turn gray. Take a basket of fruit (no pears, apples, or bananas, please!) is a nice gift for there are so many varieties to choose from. Nectarines, ripe figs, apricots, pineapples, green limes, honeyball melons, and avocados, to mention only a few. If the people you are going to visit are at all off the beaten track, and you really want to make a big hit, take a half dozen lamb chops, or a good thick steak, accompany this with a can or two of French fried potatoes and your future success will be assured. Good meat is often very difficult to obtain, and even the largest and spunkiest brock trout palls if he appears on the menu too often.

If you wish to make your appeal to the lady of the house try a fad gift. A chief plant label, a garden frog to hold cut flowers, or possibly an unusual vase. For more personal presents give her bath powder or bath salts, a box of buttermilk or hardwater soap (it comes in all colors and odors, assorted or not as you wish), or a smock so bright and cheery she'll actually make

excuses to do her chores just in order to put it on. If she entertains a lot she'll never have enough paper napkins or washable place mats, and they come not only in nautical and floral designs, but also in maps of the different continents and localities. The map variety are nicely done with illustrations, and they always help to start the ball rolling conversationally. Wooden bowls in all sizes, a pepper mill, individual beanpots or covered soups will pick up a meal and give it a new twist. An all-purpose knife with a saw-tooth edge, a good handy can opener, or any one of the many new utility gadgets will reduce the work of preparing meals to a minimum.

The male of the species will shout your praises loud and long if you bring him a selection of city newspapers, a tin of his own special pipe tobacco, or a carton of cigarettes. Some magazines or a few good detective thrillers would be right up his alley, also.

Take him some of the new individual implements for cooking at outdoor picnics. There are extension forks for corn or marshmallows, wire broilers which will do two frankfurters at a time, and even hamburg roasters. They all come equipped with colorful wooden handles, and are cleverly devised so as to prevent elusive food from ending up in the coals.

I f there are children in the family and you visit often, it is sometimes nice to remember them specially. Of course most children love to eat, but do choose things they are permitted to eat and not outlandish concoctions. No mother wants her children's digestions upset, nor does she want to go through the inevitable storm of protest that will arise if she has to put her foot down. So stick to simple mints, plain chocolate, or fruit drops, and remember that in a child's eye many small pieces are better than a few large ones. Maple sugar is good, and there are few children who will not succumb to the appeal of pure barley sugar animals or birds. The great advantage of giving something with a definite shape tends to cut down on the amount and rapidity of consumption. There are few of us who cannot remember saving our Easter bunny heads, or nibbling a chocolate Santa Claus limb by limb until only the face remained. Any boy will like a good flashlight, or a jacknife, or a book on woodcraft, and a girl would love a can of wild-flower or bird guide, or a pair or two of bright colored socks. Either one would like a sponge rubber ball and even the grown-ups will join in a game of catch before dinner.

It would be a fine thing if the sun shone all the time, but since...
There's Economy in the Permanence of the Western Pines*

Years pass lightly and kindly over the friendly Western Pines. For Nature has so endowed these woods that they long resist the ravages of weather—the scorch of sun, the beat of rain, the hardships of the shifting seasons. Yet few use the Western Pines only for their singular endurance. Inside or outside your home, the soft texture and uniform grain of these woods make possible a chiseled perfection of detail... a shining, lasting beauty of painted or enameled finish.

FREE! Write for the new, 1938 edition of Western Pine Camera Views for Home Builders... photographs and text to aid and inspire you in building or remodeling. Western Pine Association, Dept. 52-F, Yeon Bldg., Portland, Oregon.

*Idaho White Pine
*Ponderosa Pine
*Sugar Pine

These Are the Western Pines

(Continued from page 40)

I live in the country

sure, hide underneath bushes in readiness to jump out at them). They hover within the house, eyes on your own thinking cap adjusted, and I'll wager your future hosts and hostesses will declare it to be the most becoming style that you have ever worn!

FREE! Write for the new, 1938 edition of Western Pine Camera Views for Home Builders... photographs and text to aid and inspire you in building or remodeling. Western Pine Association, Dept. 52-F, Yeon Bldg., Portland, Oregon.

*Idaho White Pine
*Ponderosa Pine
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These Are the Western Pines

(Continued from page 40)

I live in the country

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I live in the country

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I live in the country

(Continued from page 40)

I live in the country
Our Baking Soda was a faithful first aid in grandma’s day. She knew that it may be used confidently for needs which call for Bicarbonate of Soda.

The baby’s nursing bottles need very special care. To keep them clean and sweet wash them thoroughly with a solution of our Baking Soda and water.

**Baking Soda IS BICARBONATE OF SODA**

Buy two packages of our Baking Soda at a time. Being pure Bicarbonate of Soda, it’s economy to keep it in the medicine cabinet and in the kitchen.

**ARM & HAMMER and COW BRAND BAKING SODA Are Identical**

CHURCH & DWIGHT CO., Inc. 10 Cedar Street, New York

Send and me Free Booklet describing uses of Baking Soda, also a set of Colored Bird Cards.

W-13

(Insert name and address)

the open country that is exhilarating. It is productive of sudden changes of personality. I am fully aware that most city people look upon any country house as a temporary abode and do not know they act accordingly. They are visiting for the week end. How should they know that flies have a nasty habit of living on beyond Sunday night, and that it takes all Monday morning and parts of Monday night, Tuesday, and Wednesday to eradicate them? And, living only from Friday to Monday, how should they know of the mud and dust they trail throughout the house, and the appalling number of cigarette butts to be found strewn, not only on all ash trays, but on the floors as well as in occasional vases; or of the countless ashesusted liberally on all carpets and chairs.

No, taken all in all, I am convinced that the person doing these things is, in his normal life at home, the most meticulous of persons, keeping his feet carefully before entering the dustless apartment-house hall. He makes doubly sure his cigarette is out before he leaves it smoldering in the inflammable ash tray. I know he sprays his kitchen instantly if he chances to see a stray fly. Ah yes! I am sure he does all these things at home.

I am probably to blame for a great deal of their carelessness. Anxious for them to enjoy themselves, I enjoin them to feel perfectly at home. Without further encouragement, they respond by absolute independence of action, coming and going as they please, raising the icebox for food and water, and disposing themselves upon my one and only set of furniture with complete indifference as to the colors of the upholstery and the frailty of structure. They peruse my books (treasure to me) with like indifference, leaving them open and face down in any nook or corner. They absent-mindedly set down glasses upon bare table tops, leaving only wet rings, ignored at the time, which later turn into white rings that no amount of polish will remove.

On rare occasion it has been my privilege to find that unique visitor, a lover of the country and a respecter of the home at one and the same time. There have been a few individuals at my home who had a sincere love of nature and who accepted equably the make-shift waterworks and the tidbits of country plumbing without complaint. They not only accepted these handicaps philosophically, but did their best to assist me by staying in bed in the morning until I did up my work, by molesting me by consecutive breakfasts, and by making their own beds and offering to shell peas, or cut flowers and arrange them. One of them even went so far as to weed my entire garden! Needless to say, this kind of person was not only appreciated but welcomed!

Most people, looking critically over the garden in which you have labored so hard, find it rather amateurish and too full of weeds. They fail to realize that one has little time for gardening and weeding when Wednesday and Thursday have to be devoted to preparing for week-ends; Friday, Saturday, and Sunday to entertaining them, and Monday and Tuesday to cleaning up after them.

I am not sure that the best part of having company is not in having them leave. On Sunday nights, warm and starlit, when the last car’s tail-light has twinkled over the bridge and the last good-night still lingers in the air, I stroll back down to the house, hand in hand with Jess, feeling doubly happy and relaxed that once again the house and country are ours—and ours alone!

Taking a deep breath of contentment, I say happily to Jess: “Well, that was a good party!”

**SUNKIST LEMONS bring out the FLAVOR**

THEY HELP YOUR DRESSINGS HELP YOUR SALADS!

Fresh lemon juice is the simplest of all salad dressings. Its welcome tartness brings out and blends the flavors of meat, fish, vegetables or fruit.

On lettuce salads, or lettuce-and-tomato, many prefer just a sprinkling of sugar, a little salt, and a liberal squeeze of lemon.

For French dressing, shake together ½ cup of Sunkist Lemon juice, ½ cup of salad oil, 2 table-spoons of honey or sugar and 1 teaspoon each of salt and paprika.

Fresh lemon juice can be used in any salad dressing recipe, to replace other tart ingredients.

FREE NEW BOOKLET OF LEMON RECIPES **Salads and Their Dressings** have a full section of Sunkist’s new lemon recipe booklet. Send coupon today for free copy.

Be your own food decorator

(Continued from page 32)

is made of aluminum and can be purchased in housewares departments. Each of the accessory parts lined up in front will make a different design when used on the tube. But there is also on the market a set of steel decorating tubes which you can use with your own homemade paper cornets. Some of the decorations which these tubes will make are stars, thin lines for writing letters, roses, ribbons, and nail heads.

To make the cornets use plain brown wrapping paper or, better still, fine parchment paper. Two sizes of these cornets are used: the smaller being cut from a rectangular piece of paper, 6 by 9 inches; the larger 9 by 12.

To proceed with the making of the cornets: (1) Cut diagonally through the center from one corner to the opposite one. (2) Now roll to simulate a cornucopia, keeping a sharp point. (3) Bend the end opposite the point down and outside over the top, slipping it under the inside flap and crease. If the other point shows, fold it over flat, too. (5) Cut tip off the point of cornet and drop it into the desired tube. (6) Use a small spatula or case knife and fill two thirds full with the icing or cream cheese.

Don’t you know that the cornets are made you are ready to use them for decorating. For writing letters or names use the smaller cornet.
While pressing with the thumb and forefinger of the right hand, use the forefinger of the left hand for steadiness. Hold the top of the tube about an eighth of an inch above the surface you are decorating. For borders and flowers that are piped directly on the surface, use the larger cornet, holding it in a tight grasp, the pressure being mostly in the palm of the hand, the thumb, and the last three fingers. Always use the left hand to steady the right.

Here are two recipes, both of which may be used for decorating cakes, one a little richer than the other. In damp weather it may be necessary to add a little confectioners’ sugar to either of these icings to make them stiff enough to spread well. It will be necessary to change these recipes slightly to make them suitable for icing the cakes instead of decorating them. Add a little ice water to the Buttercream Icing to make it slightly softer. Omit the cream of tartar and add water and flavoring in the Royal Icing.

**Buttercream Icing**

- 1 pound (2½ cups) confectioners’ sugar
- ¼ cup butter
- 2 tablespoons ice water
- 1 teaspoon vanilla

Cream all ingredients together.

**Royal Icing**

- 1 pound (2½ cups) confectioners’ sugar
- ¼ cup egg whites (3 to 4 eggs)
- 1 teaspoon cream of tartar
- ¼ teaspoon flavoring

Whip all ingredients together until stiff enough to stand in a point on the knife. It will take about three minutes to obtain the proper consistency.

It will be well to remember that a small amount of grease in a batch of Royal Icing will ruin it completely. For that reason be sure that everything, including your mixing bowl, spatula, etc., coming in contact with the icing, is free of grease. However, the Royal Icing can be piped directly on a cake iced in Buttercream without any trouble. Always keep a damp cloth or close fitting cover over a batch of Royal Icing as it dries and forms a hard crust on top when left uncovered.

A batch of Buttercream is the best thing to practice with, for it can be used over several times by keeping it in the refrigerator. Use the bottom of a clean cake pan, or a piece of wax paper to practice piping designs on (see illustration). The icing can be scraped off and used over after being mixed together a bit to make it smooth again.

I do hope that you will get the decorating tube habit. And summer, the season of weddings and anniversaries, seems to me an ideal time to begin.

**Shredded Ralston**

That’s the new cereal I’ve been asking my wife to buy...

**Truly Hawaiian**

Swing into the happy tempo of Hawaii with a tall, cool glass of Dole Pineapple Juice... pure, natural, un-sweetened... delicious!

**America’s Finest Low Priced Rugs**

The kind of rugs you’ve always wanted: colorful, deep-textured, twined Chile Rugs from Factory-to-you. Save ½ to ½—Find out about these BETTER RUGS that have won praise of editors, women everywhere. Two million customers. We have NO agents. It’s all so easy—we call for your order.

**BETTER RUGS in ANY STYLE**

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**Mail this Coupon or Postal for Free Book, M. O. Las Amada, 111 Kansas Ave., Chicago, Ill., or A. O. Las Amada, 494 W. Washington Blvd., Chicago, Ill.**

**Whole wheat cereal with delicious NEW FLAVOR**
Creating a homey atmosphere

(Continued from page 31)

ter good etchings and prints, and two daguerreotypes of my great grandparents. These are little things, but they are what make it personal and homelike.

Some of the furniture is old, some new. At the edge of the hearth, on the left, is a spinning wheel and an ancient straight-back black chair with some new paint to touch up the original decorations. On the other side of the hearth is a pottery jar that I keep filled with pine cones from my native Georgia. The large maple butterfly table makes a comfortable spot for magazines, a few frequently used books, and a bean pot lamp. A Governor Washington desk and mirror copied in maple give a great deal of dignity to the room. There is a sofa, slip-covered in rust, and a comfortable couch that boasts a cover of India print, piled high with cushions of various warm shades that tone in with the rich colors of the print.

A glimpse into the dining room shows yellow-curtained windows framing shelves of mulberry colored glassware and dishes. The furniture here is my favorite maple and cherry. There is a drop-leaf table of Pennsylvania origin, Windsor chairs, and an oval rug. Above a low chest, with a pewter service, is a pair of hunting prints.

My two bedrooms are furnished in maple, with accessories in vivid colors. The guest room dressing table and skirted rocker are covered in red printed calico. There are ruffled tie-back curtains, and a yellow lamp shade accent the colors in the flower prints. For that last look, there hangs a long dressing mirror between shaded wall lights.

“Navy Nook”

(Continued from page 35)

next day he added a garage wing and clothing. Adding blinds, and doing the wainscoting. He did. And if the transformation in the “after” picture completely astonishes you, then know that the job was done for $75. You get an inkling of the thought the place should be torn down, done away with. But Bill Bispham, full of courage and hope, thought he could make a home of it—a home fit for a bride!

He did. And if the transformation in the “after” picture completely astonishes you, then know that the job was done for $75. You get an inkling of the thought the place should be torn down, done away with. But Bill Bispham, full of courage and hope, thought he could make a home of it—a home fit for a bride!

So mused Mr. William Bispham about a funny little house in Suffern, N. Y. It all began as simple idling, but later, through the days which followed, the thought of a tiny white cottage with green blinds overlooking Lake Antrim kept recurring with annoying and tantalizing frequency. When the dream floated before him in the evenings, too, he found himself making excuses to drive up that way, secretly to take another look, and another. Eventually, there was no use telling the family otherwise. Admittedly he was completely “gone” on the idea—and knew the inward torment would never stop until he had acquired the place and given vent to his ambitions. By this time, too, the idea of a business enterprise had faded, and a certain very young and lovely lady figured prominently in the picture. There would be window boxes with geraniums and she could water them. There would be a tiny flagstone walk, and a terrace. And she would wave good-by over the fence, mornings, and she would wait for him there at the close of day.

Yes, he would do it! This wretched old place must be made to yield—must give itself over to all that is youthful and fresh and serene—must take on a new self, full of soft expression and charm. Everyone else had thought the place should be torn down, done away with. But Bill Bispham, full of courage and hope, thought he could make a home of it—a home fit for a bride!

He did. And if the transformation in the “after” picture completely astonishes you, then know that the job was done for something less than a thousand dollars. You get an inkling of the careful planning and doing that went on when you learn that

Unusual Opportunity

To fill in your inactive and obsolete patterns. We have thousands of patterns, including several hundred of these patterns, such as: Girl’s Hostess, Girl’s Church, Girl’s Underskirt, Girl’s Beach, Girl’s Beach Wear, Girl’s Overalls, Girl’s Lingerie, and many others. This silver has been used and refined and is offered in the purest extraction and most extraneous. It is suitable for industrial, household, and general use. This silver is made to order and is offered at a price that cannot be excelled. A wide range of grades is available. Call or write for samples and further literature.

Unusual Silver

We have one of the largest stocks of unusual silver in America. Leading silversmiths of the country are in the habit of sending us samples of their wares for examination by us. We are always glad to receive these samples for our own use, and we are always ready to oblige you in any way we can. We are always glad to receive these samples for our own use, and we are always ready to oblige you in any way we can.
The exterior painting was done for $15. A matter of white lead and oil which they mixed themselves, and two paint brushes.

In time the bride-elect was told about the scheme and her enthusiasm finally clinched the deal. She was to have the ancestral silver and that would help to bring about the desired atmosphere of old-time gracious living.

And in the meantime, she, herself, would sweep or paint, or even hammer and saw. . . .

The papers finally in his hands, the new owner would not have been human if momentary qualms had not assailed him. The place was that misgiving!

Work began at once, however, and Mr. Bispham, who is "handy" with tools, did much of it himself, including the lighting. The "before" and "after" pictures tell the story as far as the exterior is concerned—the sagging porch restored, the garage added, the painting, the blinds, the window boxes, the gardening, all in accordance with those early dreams.

At the very outset the foundation had been substantially reinforced, and a retaining wall built at the embankment. Within, the wainscoting was torn from the living room walls and when the last mouse nest had been cleared away, trim wallboard put up and papered. Anxious hands lifted the linoleum which covered every floor in the house, and there, sure enough, were random-width old floors put together quaint. These are now exposed, with hooked scatter rugs used for comfort and old-fashioned charm. Every inch of available close space was utilized, even at the pain of sealing up an arched doorway.

The old house did boast a bathroom but it was downstairs and the kitchen of much-needed space. So this convenience was shifted upstairs where new fixtures were installed. The stairs themselves rose sharply in steep and awkward flight, giving promise (or threat) of a broken neck to anyone who tred thereon. To overcome this treacherous hazard, a new staircase was built ingeniously over the old one, and now, with grace and ease, leads the way to the second floor.

When it came to the matter of a stair-rail, the carpenter who did the job must have thought Mr. Bispham slightly mad. For he was hied over to Palisades, there to study and copy a beautifully turned newel post in an eighteenth century house. So you call this progress? What with the mail-order houses offering interior trim in designs that are "new," "different," and altogether "tricky."

Upstairs, the partition between two small bedrooms was knocked down to give place to one large bedroom. Here, as in every room of the house, Mr. and Mrs. Bispham have exercised great care in their furnishings. It's their idea that a few fine pieces are worth many times a clutter of indiscriminate things chosen and bought merely because they are "old" or "period." This young couple very wisely believes that to warrant purchase and house-room (yes, and even ancestor-worship), a piece first of all must be utilitarian, then beautiful, and in keeping with the traditions of the setting. Accordingly, their miniature home is unhampereed by the array of museum, arty things which easily could have found their way into the home of an average couple with less understanding. Perhaps each has this idea because both come from canny, "collecting" families.

An old cherry bed is one of their treasures. At its foot, for blanket storage, is an antique sea chest, complete with hand-wrought handles. This they found in the attic of their new home—an "old thing not worth moving" in the eyes of those last to live there.

FRESH SHAD, planked, is "something". Lay boned shad, open, skin side down on well-oiled oak plank. Cook 10 min. in moderate oven. Sprinkle with melted butter, salt and freshly ground pepper; cook slowly 10 min. Butter again. Cook through. Surround with mashed potatoes, brown. Another treat is an Old Gold—always a fresh cigarette!
Visitors take special pleasure, too, in a nice worm-eaten corner cupboard whose antiquity belies the fact that a radio lodges in its lower cabinet. Near-by hangs an original Jonathan Speed map dated 1612.

The back room, overlooking the flagstone terrace and lake, is a sort of intimate living room or den where hobbies-in-the-making need not be "put away" or tidied up. A half-finished head in modeling clay was on the table when I was there, and books and magazines in pleasant confusion added to the lived-in appearance. This room later will be extended some six feet, and the porch underneath the extension will be converted into a game room on the lake level.

Because of the proximity of the house to the road, Venetian blinds have been installed to insure, at the same time, both privacy and adequate light.

If you catch the spirit of the terrace-landing, you find yourself swagging and blustering a bit in true pirate fashion, for it went nautical the moment a coveted old sign from the Maine coast was hauled down to the little-house-on-the-lake. With a background of faded blue, topped by a "weather shelf" of rosy lint, it anunciates "Navy Nook" the significance of which nobody understands and hence everybody delights in. Picked up at an auction sale, it probably was the signpost of an inn at some Down East harbor.

When it isn't bravely riding the waves, a "sailboat" bobs at the landing. Sailboat is quoted advisable because the boat itself is a flat-bottom rowboat and the "sail" looks suspiciously like a bedsheet. But whatever the source of its materials, or the homely crafts which assembled them, the sailboat really "works" and is as definite a part of "Navy Nook" as the stout-hearted couple who live there.

Ship's lanterns decorate the entrances and when lighted at night you can pretend (because it's fun) that their brilliance is going out to those far at sea (Lake Antrim). That is, you can, if you have an imagination like Bill Bishpam's.

**Mis' Draper's parlor**

(Continued from page 71)

stumbling blocks misnamed "chairs" and all the other Liliputian-gauged pieces that have lately been littering up Modern rooms to the endangering of life. And in comes—what!

The will-o'-the-wisp goes zigzagging over the boundless waste blindly, aimlessly, futilely seeking something lost—lost in what now seems like some former existence where treasure, uncherished, unrecognized, was sacrificed to footless discontent, while the homespun soul, as blindly, as witlessly, as futilely, goes floundering about among the vain oblations of those who would fatten upon its loss.

Cultivation of taste, education in values we have certainly needed. But we should not have been stripped of what we had without reasonable substitution for the things we loved. The things on which we had been nourished, the things that had meant something priceless in our minds.

Coming into some of the overcrowded, over-decorated, over-curtained, over-furnished parlors of that time, if you could go into one of them today, would probably be a great deal like entering a museum. But not all parlors were overcrowded and stuffy. That is not my memory of them, and if you will look back to your visits to your grandmother's home you will not find yourself growing asthmatic in memory of stifled atmosphere. You will find yourself remembering how you thrilled to your grandmother's home, that kind of entertain spirit still hovers over the rapidly fading life.

But neither does the present satisfy us, heaven knows. There is but houses nor our modern inartisti cars lend themselves to horsehair and walnut furniture, to Rogers Groups, melodies, lambrequins, or other furniture or furnishing of that day, even though they were sufficiently dear to us to stay imprinted upon our memories. They are gone—except for those who can indulge in antiques and know how to combine them with modern furnishings. But their spirit is not gone—as yet.

The old-fashioned kitchen, where mince pies were baked in dozens to be frozen against winter's need, is gone. But there is enough of that kitchen's memory left to arouse a homesick longing in the heart of man.

Almost, the home itself is gone. The kind of home where youth was content to gather on a Sunday night for no more exciting occasion than to eat simple wholesome food, to drink nothing more stimulating than sweet cider or milk, and to blend one voice with another in song. That kind of home, that kind of entertainment, are all but gone. But the spirit still hovers over the rapidly fading life.

We cannot, nor would we if we could, recall the active past as it was. It would not satisfy us now. But neither does the present satisfy us, heaven knows. There is but...
NEW EASY WAY TO WASH WINDOWS

Amazing new Du Pont Sponge speeds many household tasks

You'll be delighted at the way this new Du Pont Sponge takes the drudgery out of cleaning. It's so soft it polishes as it cleans. It floats—won't pick up sediment. So absorbent it can be cleaned and sterilized by boiling. You'll want at least three—one for the bath, one for the car. Four sizes (25¢ to $1.10) at drug, hardware, department and auto supply stores.

APPROVED BY GOOD HOUSEKEEPING INSTITUTE

WASH WINDOWS

NEWEASY WAY TO WASH WINDOWS

PUT AN IRON FIREMAN

DE LUXE Heatmaker
IN YOUR FURNACE

Here is the greatest Iron Fireman ever built—has all the proved features developed in 15 years of successful experience by world's leading maker of automatic coal firing equipment.

- it's your best bet for Modern Automatic Heat

Have the nearest Iron Fireman dealer install a Heatmaker in your present furnace—that's all you need to do to have clean, uniform, self-regulating heat at the lowest fuel cost and lowest total year in and year out cost ever known.

Did you know that the types of coal Iron Fireman uses gives you far more heat units per fuel dollar than other kinds of fuel? You may be amazed to learn what this difference is. Certainly you will be amased to learn how thoroughly clean, inside the house and out, modern automatic coal heating can be. You want its convenience—no fires to build—plenty of heat but not too much—all the time—just right day and night. There is a comfort treat and peace-of-mind treat in store for you when you learn what Iron Fireman heating can mean in luxurious comfort and genuine economy in your home—and how easy to install and pay for on the new monthly plan. Iron Fireman Manufacturing Company, Portland, Ore.; Cleveland, Ohio; Toronto, Canada.

Modern Automatic Heatmaker that's all you need to do to have clean, uniform, self-regulating heat at lowest fuel cost and lowest total year in and year out cost ever known.

A flower show

(Continued from page 17)

ravines and stream beds, from lake regions and canyon trails. Always they are collected very carefully from places where no harm can be done by removing them, and under the strict supervision of a vigilant Conservation Committee and with the approval and cooperation of officials of the State and of the Pike National Forest. This reservation, together with 218,000 acres that have been set aside as a game refuge, occupies a large part of the Rocky Mountain area represented in the Club's membership and activities.

The organization, as sole sponsor of the exhibition, bears whatever expense is involved, except

THINK ABOUT THESE 6 POINTS

1. Makes your heating plant self-regulating.
2. Holds room temperature where you want it—night and day.
3. Costs fuel bills—ask your Iron Fireman dealer how much it will save you.
6. Best known and most widely used automatic coal burner in the world.

NO COAL HANDLING

Coal Pine models feed from bin to fire. Anthracite models have automatic ash removal.

ARCHITECTS-ENGINEERS—Complete data on more than 100 plans and models for boilers developing up to 500 h.p. is yours for asking.

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Write for Free Picture Folder Describing the Heatmaker. Send name and address to 3553 West 106th St., Cleveland, Ohio, for your copy.
"MY, HOW THEY SLEEP..."

IT'S THAT BALSAM-WOOL INSULATION!"

- Your home will be refreshingly cool, no matter how hot the night, if insulated with Balsam-Wool. You will sleep comfortably—will awake refreshed. For Balsam-Wool's greater insulating efficiency assures shade temperature night and day, all summer long.

IN YOUR NEW HOME you will want to assure yourself of this comfort in summer and fuel savings in winter by using this superior insulation. For with Balsam-Wool, you are SURE of lasting insulation efficiency—it is fastened in place—is protected with the important moisture barrier—defies wind penetration—is fire resistant. And Balsam-Wool is made in thicknesses to fit every weather condition—to fit every pocketbook.

IN YOUR PRESENT HOME for a surprisingly few dollars and just a few hours' time, this desirable insulation can be installed with no trouble, no mess and no dirt...to stop summer's heat...to reduce winter's fuel bills. A money-back guarantee is your assurance of satisfaction.

REDUCED COST—a new method of application reduces application costs 50%—increases efficiency. Mail the coupon for details.

Balsam-Wool Sealed Insulation

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Gentlemen: I want to be sure of comfort and fuel savings—tell me how.

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that the Colorado Springs Chamber of Commerce lends tables, containers for flowers, and other supplies. Individual members do the collecting in accordance with the wishes of the committee in charge. As many as three or four hundred specimens have been shown, and each year the exhibition grows in size and arouses more interest among the tourists who at that time are always in the vicinity in great numbers. Members of the Club are on hand throughout the show to inform visitors regarding the plants shown, their names, habitats, peculiarities, etc. Thus the displays effectively fulfill their purpose (and the basic objective of the Mountain Club) which is to educate the public and give them a new realization of the beauty of wild flowers and the need of preserving them in their natural localities for the enjoyment of others, now and in the years to come.

Considering the high altitude, the severe winter climate, and the brief summer of the Pikes Peak region, the native flora is remarkable in its extent and variety. Among the exhibits shown last year, one that attracted particular attention was a clump of forget-me-nots growing in the soil in which they were found blooming only a few feet distant from deep-packed snow in a near-by ravine. Fringed gentians were seen, and the goldenrod and milkweed among which they open their heavenly blue flowers; and, of course, the blue columbine, official flower of Colorado and, as such, subject to special protection. The Forest Service arranged an interesting collection of fragrant herbs and shrubs, and also an effective educational message urging care by campers and other tourists in preventing forest fires. Thus the whole show adds greatly to the enjoyment and value of the nature trips arranged by the local Chamber of Commerce as well as to the pleasure of travel anywhere throughout the colorful Rocky Mountain country.

Something to remember them by

Carefully poured a mixture of quite liquid plaster (about the consistency of heavy cream). We let it run slowly in a tiny stream into the tilted mould so that no air bubbles would form in the footings. As the mould filled, we gradually lowered the mould to its horizontal position and filled it full to the top of the opening. We left the cast in the mould overnight. Then we removed the adhesive tape and easily dried

loose the upper sections of the mould. By tapping the cast upside down over one hand, it dropped out of the lower section of the mould. We thereupon submerged the cast in water for an hour, then let it dry into a hard, marblelike replica of the original foot.

We found plaster-casting entertaining fun; and everyone who sees them agrees enviously with us that we have two unique and satisfying reminders of Bab's baby days.

American Home pilgrimages

American Home, August, 1938
of the Friendly Islands, where
Captain Cook was given a fete
upon landing in June, 1777. Scenic,
hand-blocked paper was all the
gage in New England by 1812.
The house of Mrs. Joseph Wil-
jamson in Augusta shows the
fineness of which the Maine build-
ers were capable in unifying both
a Ionic portion and a roof
balustrade of classic design with
the typical five-window, white
clapboard Maine residence. The
extra elements are of correct pro-
portion in relation to the mass
of the house, creating an appearance
of more than mere decorative
charm, for volume and space were
of the utmost significance in the
Classic Revival mode, hitherto
necessary in the Adam- McIntire
tradition of delicate carving.
Traveling east to Waldoboro,
one comes upon another fine
example of the period, the Cutting-
Reed house, wherein Early Re-
publican elements do not include
the prophetic touch of the Greek
Revival mode, but remain well
within the graceful confines of
Adam influence. The Waldoboro house was
begun in 1812 by the Rev. Mr. Curt-
ting, who sold the incomplete structure,
dubbed Curtting's Folly, to Isaac
G. Reed, and was finished in 1815
and has been occupied by mem-
nbers of the Reed family ever since.
Germans settled the town as early
as 1748 at the behest of General
Samuel Waldo, proprietor of the
Waldo Patent, entitling him to
many hundred thousand acres in-
cluding this township. They found
a wilderness; but a shipbuilding
center was eventually the out-
come, the first five-masted steamer,
the "Governor Ames" being
built here. The German Meeting
House, built between 1770-1773,
is of interest, as is also the home
of John H. Lovell, authority on
bees and pollination.

In Ellsworth, located east of
the Penobscot river, remains
a big building which swept
the country in the first
years of the Republic. The
only city in Hancock County,
and was settled in 1753. Today it
is the recognized entrance to Mt.
Acadia National Park is located.
The Ellsworth Public Library is
owned by the former historic
residence, built before 1820. It
has a uniquely well-proportioned
portico and many columns;
the top finished with cupping
suggestive of the classic pediment.
The Greely house in Ellsworth
has a noteworthy one-story porch
arrangement reminiscent of the
style temple form which requires
columns on all sides uprighting the
steeply pitched roof. The en-
trance at the narrow end of the
house, for the facade of the Greek
or Roman temple was never at
the side.
The Purdy house, also in Ells-
worth, goes still further in com-
paring a knowledge of classic ele-
ments with the sturdy type
of Maine house. Altogether this is
a house of honest intentions, meant
for honest living, and in its
simple declaration more apt than
the later, too imitative Classic Re-
vival dwelling. The Purdy house,
in its leafy setting, presents a
shining aspect and the American
Empire.

The procedure of turning
the gable end of the house to the
street, utilizing this part for a
facade, was indicative of the nine-
teenth century trend toward clas-
sicism, "Quillane," the home of
Kate Douglas Wiggin (1859-1923),
located in southern Maine at
Hollis, inland from Kennebunk on
the Saco river, illustrates a transi-
tional phase of this feature.
Clearly a traditionally northern
type of dwelling, because of the
additional eaves and the barn
linked to the house by means of a con-
crete unit for the sake of passage-
way during the cold winters,
nevertheless the main block of
the house, two-and-a-half stories high,
has much indicative of the archi-
tectural mode of 1825 when it was
built. Because the clapboards are
narrow and carefully overlaid,
this house is the epitome of Amer-
ican carpentry, yet the handsome
classic porch with its carved
gable columns and pilasters be-
signs good proportions in a
spacious temper. The pointed
arch window in the gable end
is a suggestion of that other
period style, the Gothic Revival.
"Quillane" has a room deco-
rated colorfully with scenes of
outdoor vistas done in fresco
about 1920. The painted chamber
was the bedroom of Mrs. Wig-
in's sister, Miss Nora Smith,
until she died in 1934. The house
belonged to the family of the
step-father of Kate Douglas Wige-
n. The writer was born a Phila-
delphian but was taken to Maine
when a child.

A story is told that Charles
Dickens accompanied Katie Smith
on a journey to North Berwick
not far from Hollis where at the
famous "restoration" (early name
the station lunch counter) he
purchased generously of the fa-
mous Berwick sponge cake for
his authors-to-be. After she
sojourned at Palm Springs, Cali-
ifornia as a pioneer of the kindergarte,
becoming in 1881 Mrs. Samuel B. Wigin, a
made famous through the
writing of "Rebecca of Sunny-
brook Farm" and other fiction.
Berwick sponge cake originated
in 1842, but Maine had an earlier
close example of notable pastry in

When Winter Comes

Re-roof Now with
Cedar Shingles
Pays For Itself in Fuel Savings

You can put new Cedar Shingle roof of average size right
over the old roof at a cost of less than five dollars per
year, figured by the years it will last, and save this cost many
times over each year by the saving of fuel bills alone.

You can over-wall your home with a double layer of Cedar
Shingles at no greater cost than a single layer because of
wider weather exposure and effect substantial savings on fuel
—in summer time your home will be cool and comfortable,
particularly your bedrooms.

Don’t Be Misled—An analysis of
found in 149 cities, covering 2,500,000
buildings, as reported by the National
Board of Fire Underwriters, states
there were 71 per cent more fires per
100 buildings of all other types than
per 100 frame buildings.

Free—We will gladly send you
a pamphlet on over-walling and double-
walling, giving full particulars.
Write the Red Cedar Shingle Bu-
reau, Dept. A, Seattle, Wash., U.S.A.,
or Vancouver, B. C., Canada.

For Guaranteed Grades and Quality Specify—

CERTIGRADE
Red Cedar Shingles
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Photo by Gerald Bergstrom.
"Wedding Cake House" at Kennebunk. Said to be the residence of a sea captain who added the pinnacles and traceried of Gothic character, it is an amazing scroll-saw version of this historic style. The late decorated English Gothic is the particular type imitated, a place where plain stone surfaces were ornamented with perpendicular tracery. Thus "Wedding Cake House" is practically legitimate, for previous to the supplementary decoration it existed as a simple year brick structure, although remainder function)cial except for the Palladian window centered above a doorway with fan- and sidelights. This was an excellent foundation for the applied buttresses with crotched at tracery arches, and spectacular canopy. Its long barn also having pinnacles and arches, presents a composite appearance, delightfully beautiful in its exquisite mannerly connection with the tasteless jig-scroll innuendoes of the second half of the nineteenth century. Certainly this "Wedding Cake" rendition of the Gothic mode is more genuinely imitative than most of the later gabled versions of Victorian Gothic.

A book to guide you


By all means get this book if you are planning a trip to Maine. It will save you endless reconstituting for that desired information necessary for smooth traveling and complete absence of worry.

With more than 2,200 lakes and ponds, and 1,5000 rivers and streams, to say nothing of the "rockbound coast," the fisherman has such diversified opportunities that he had better plan which of the eight regions listed in the guide offers the particular fishery he desires. Going hunting in the vast wilderness of the northern woods is positively impossible for visitors unless they can definitely count on accommodations, guides, and the varying seasons in different sections beforehand.

Riding, hiking, mountain climbing, and canoeing in Maine will give the "outdoor enthusiast" thrilling thrills that are known elsewhere in the United States. Yet there can be no better time for visiting than the period of the season when the pools are at their finest, those of the other two groups and hardy rhizomatous type.

Bulbous irises are familiar to us mainly as the source of the cut flowers seen in the florists’ shops in the spring. Their root systems, however, are not at all like those of the other two groups and hardly suggest irises at all. Since the plant is definitely bulbous, we must give it the sort of culture required by the better known, hardy bulbs, such as tulips and narcissi.

It may surprise you to learn that these choice sorts are not for florists alone. While less hardy than the others, they are legitimate garden subjects. Get the bulbs as soon as available in the fall; plant them about four inches deep in a very well-drained soil, and give each one that extra handful of sand that you place about any choice bulb.

Since their eager shoots sometimes appear in the fall to remain green over winter (like the foliage of madonna lilies), or are intended to start very early in the spring, arrange to mulch them with some loose protective material like salt hay or evergreen boughs. Planting in cold frames is especially safe but does not contribute to the garden picture. Like tulips, iris bulbs can be dug after the flowers fade and the foliage withers and stored dry over summer, or they may be left for the ground year after year to take care of themselves and multiply until, finally, it becomes necessary to lift and separate them.

October elves

(Continued from page 391)

orange tinges at the center appear. As a rule the flowers start blooming early in October and continue for a month. Crocus speciosus is the first to blossom, followed by the others, which come in succession until the end of the month. The flowers are white, yellow, and orange. They are usually found growing on rocky hillsides and in fields, and are often planted in gardens for their beauty. The bulbs are easy to grow and require little care. They prefer a soil that is well-drained and sun-drenched. The seeds are sown in the fall and the plants are transplanted in the spring. The flowers bloom in the fall and are a beautiful sight to behold.

Iris on the move

(Continued from page 13)
A FLEA POWDER
WORTH BARKING FOR!

- This new quicker-killing Pulvex
  not only kills all the fleas (as did the old Pulvex, but . . .)
  100% FASTER . . .
  - No Fleas Revive to Reinfest . . .
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PULVEX FLEA POWDER
CAN BE APPLIED ON A SINGLE SPOT TO KILL FLEAS!

GET RID OF FLEIES
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Also moths, mosquitoes, etc. Just plug in —
no messy equipment. For garages, porch, back yard.
POWERFUL "BLOW-OUT" ACTION
PULSES ELECTRICITY THROUGH FLIES EYES
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money
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SMART WOMEN
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The American Home, August, 1938

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Panelled Walls

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Winter Warm

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Fir-Tex Paneling looks expensive, but actually is one of the most economical wall surfaces you can buy.

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all year around, with Fir-Tex. Its

millions of air cells per cubic inch

form a marvelous barrier against

heat and cold. Fir-Tex is made of

solid wood fibers, sterilized and folded,

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Serves as insulation, soundproofing,

and softens sounds between rooms.

Parents say it's a blessing worth its weight in gold.
Her weather helps to breed germs in toilets. Don't cause sanitation. Sani-Flush was originated to clean toilets, and you don't have to scrub, either. Just sprinkle a little of this odorless powder in the bowl, and flush the toilet. Sani-Flush removes stains. It purifies the hidden trap that no other method can reach. It banishes the cause of toilet odors. Sani-Flush cannot injure plumbing connections. It is also effective for cleaning automobile radiators (directions on can). Sold by grocers, drug, hardware, and five-and-ten-cent stores. 25c and 50c sizes. The Hygienic Products Co., Canton, Ohio.

A CLEAN TOILET IS NO HEALTH HAZARD

Treatment for lawns

(Continued from page 17)

deners, yet very important in the hot weather treatment of a lawn. First of the year, the peat moss apparently absorbs moisture from the air and this is a great help in keeping the soil moist and cool.

Finally, this is the time for a good rolling job. Too many deniers put the lawn rolls away for the spring rolling has been finished. The spring rolling is essential, but so is another at the beginning of the hot weather period. It should be done after the topsoil is carried the nutrients from the surface into the soil and when the peat moss has been scattered. This rolling "steps down" the entire area, and I feel that it starts new shoots from the grass crowns.

Of course, the watering technique is important. A major fault in lawn treatment is the tendency to give frequent light sprinklings which keep the roots near the surface. Some people water their lawns for a few minutes each day and every day. The top surface dries out just about as quickly as a real soaking once (or, if possible, twice) a week is what keeps grasses healthy. After all, a lawn is nothing but more or less than a tame hayfield from which we harvest a crop not once a year, but every time we water it.

And now—tilling the turf

It is reported that a patent has been granted to Mr. John Monteith, turf specialist in the United States Bureau of Plant Industry, and by him assigned to the public, for a green dye which, the patent claims, applied to golf courses, bowling greens, and lawns, will enable them to retain a bright and healthy color and healthy condition the year round. The formula calls for 5 ounces malachite green, 2 ounces crystal violet, and one gallon of water. The mixture is then thoroughly stirred, and the result shall be applied to the turf by means of a hand sprayer, or better, by a mechanical sprayer. After the treatment has been applied, the turf should be thoroughly watered in order to wash away the excess dye. It is also recommended that the lawn be watered again the following day. The treatment should be repeated at least twice a month, and preferably more often, if necessary.

Garden walls of earth

(Continued from page 12)

too rough, they will be in just the right condition to take a finish of stucco or any sort of durable plaster. If the soil is only average, the wall should be finished with some such protective cover material. Or an average soil can be made into a very favorable one by adding sand to it so as to build it up.

Monolithic walls are made, as already mentioned, by ramming moist soil in a heavy plate. During this time, they should be kept in good condition. A concrete foundation extending six to twelve inches above ground level is not required but is desirable. The length of the wall, as in building concrete structures, should be standard. When one section is rammed, the other immediately takes on and moves ahead on the foundation (or the finished wall) and another section is rammed. A two-and-a-half-inch joint where two sections of wall join results in a perfectly tight and weather-proof wall. In building each section, a layer of loose earth four to five inches deep is shoveled into the form and rammed down to form a hard layer about two and a half inches thick. While mechanical ramming can be used, hand ramming is entirely satisfactory. The earth should be provided with a coping or roof of some kind which will not only add a finishing touch but also protects the top of the wall. It is

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R. C. RURPGE'S

BULB CATALOG

R. C. RURPGE'S

1112 W. BROAD ST., COLUMBUS 6, OHIO

Burpee's DPSTEM Daffodils

100 bulbs $3.50

150 bulbs $5.00

150 bulbs $7.50

NATURAL MOWER CO.

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Sickle mowers, power driven, rust-free, tall, pull self, cut high grass, hay, weeds, and similar vegetation 6 to 8 times per year. Write for Catalog.

The American Home, August, 1938
bound to the wall by driving twelve-inch lengths of three-eighths-inch metal reinforcing rod into the top of the wall, leaving two inches above the surface. These are spaced fifteen inches apart and staggered about six inches out of line. The cement cap is then poured into a shallow wooden form around the protruded ends of the rods. The coping need not project more than three or four inches beyond the side of the wall, but it should be so designed as to force rain to drip from the outer edge.

There are no geographical limitations to the use of rammed earth walls. Although those illustrated here are in South Dakota, the method has long been used very successfully for walls of buildings in humid regions. In fact, most of the few old buildings of pile are found along the Atlantic Coast from Washington, D.C., southward.

The reason that the use of rammed earth did not spread over the country after the success of the early buildings in the East was that the identification of favorable soils was so uncertain. Now the South Dakota State College has developed a laboratory test that not only definitely identifies a favorable soil, but tells just how favorable the tested sample is. The test will be made for anyone interested for $2, which is what it costs to perform it. However, it has been shown that what is needed is a soil of high sand and silt content and a low percentage of clay,

A rough test has been devised and will often be found sufficient for all practical purposes. This calls for a quart or more of the soil in question, which may be top-soil, sub-soil, or a mixture of both. The test is conducted as follows:

Place the soil in a shallow pan in the kitchen oven for three hours to dry out thoroughly. Then measure out exactly one quart of the sample, place this back in the flat pan, cover it with plenty of soil of high sand and silt content and a low percentage of clay, and a low percentage of clay, and a low percentage of clay, and a low percentage of clay, and a low percentage of clay, and a low percentage of clay, and a low percentage of clay, and a low percentage of clay, and a low percentage of clay, and a low percentage of clay, and a low percentage of clay, and a low percentage of clay, and a low percentage of clay, and a low percentage of clay, and a low percentage of clay, and a low percentage of clay, and a low percentage of clay, and a low percentage of clay, and a low percentage of clay, and a low percentage of clay, and a low percentage of clay, and a low percentage of clay, and a low percentage of clay, and a low percentage of clay, and a low percentage of clay, and a low percentage of clay, and a low percentage of clay, and a low percentage of clay, and a low 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The Yellow with Caneral times, but take care not to measured into a half-pint cup will be left but sand. This should water and add clean water several times, but take care not to lose any of the very fine sand. In half an hour or less the water in the pan will be clear and nothing will be left but sand. This should again be dried in the oven, and measured into a half-pint cup measure. If, from the original quart of soil, there is less than a cup of sand, the soil is not safe to use without having it tested by the more accurate laboratory method. If there is between one and two cups of sand, the soil is just medium for the purpose and if used to build a wall, must be stuccoed. If there are more than three cups of sand, the soil is quite apt to be very favorable and may stand satisfactorily as a bare wall.

The condition of the soil when building the wall is important. It has been found that the following test for moisture, as given in old writings on the subject, is still remarkably reliable: the earth on the mixing board should be moist enough so that when a handful is pressed in the hand it will stick together, but when it is dropped from the height of the waistline onto a hard floor, it will break apart. It must not be wet enough to form a mud ball.

When a wall is left unfinished for a few weeks, the surface should be sprinkled with water before ramming a fresh layer of earth on top. It is best to make a wall one section high for its entire length by moving the form along, and then raise the form and build a second row of sections in the same way. As soon as the ramming of a section is completed and the form is moved, the part of the wall that is finished and no surface protection is needed, unless, owing to the less than perfect quality of the soil, it is planned to cover it with a coat of paint or stucco. The top of a finished wall must, however, be given the protection of a coping as already explained.

Rammed earth walls can be made at any time of the year, but in freezing weather the earth must be heated so as to be frost-free before ramming begins. If a wall is incompletely built in the fall, the first freezing weather need not prevent finishing it, so long as the loose dirt freezes only on the surface. At the South Dakota College, outside work on rammed earth walls is usually carried on without difficulty until Thanksgiving.

Persons desiring more information about walls of this type may obtain it by writing for Experiment Station Bulletin 277 of the South Dakota State College, Brookings, South Dakota.

Another outdoor stove!

[Continued from page 14]

from smooth three-quarter-inch yellow pine stock twelve inches wide. One-inch diameter holes may be bored for air spaces, perhaps sawing out spaces between each two holes so that in every case three quarters of an inch of metal is next to a one-inch space. There should be slightly more air space than metal area. It should be realized that, when the pattern is resting in the soft foundry sand, packed flush with the top, the wood can be gently lifted without disturbing the sand. This requires a slight pitch in all vertical surfaces and can be accomplished on inside surfaces with a broom handle or large dowel rod and sandpaper. A carpenter's plane will do the trick on outside edges. Only cast iron should be used for a grate. Wrought iron, used as a grate, will sag in the furnace. The stove has however a heavy wrought-iron cooking plate. If a broiling grill is used, it must be put on only after a good bed of live coals has been produced with the old fashioned long-handled blowpipe.

It should not be difficult to set up the split stone on the outside if one requirement is met. Each stone must rest on the stone below. A three-quarter-inch ledge chipped from both stones is enough to keep them from wedging out when backed up with stiff Portland cement. In this way the entire stonework can be finished in one session.

About fifteen pounds of fire clay were used to set up the sixty-five fire brick. The fire clay will not make a good bond until a temperature of at least one thousand degrees F. has been reached. If it had been easily available, I might have used an air set refractory cement which is supposed to make a good bond at any temperature. It comes in thirty-five pound drums for small lots. Only very thin layers of cement or fire clay should be used. Hitting a flat-edged hatchet with a hammer over a fire brick is a good way to break the brick where wanted.

If a husky can be found to split the stone and mix the cement, it is play to build the stove, but there is more fun in using it. Just why are so many people interested in outdoor cooking? I think I know. Last evening, out in the orchard, we cooked and ate some lamb chops. Before broiling, we put on both sides of each chop, a teaspoonful of a concoction made of equal parts of catsup, Worcestershire sauce, and apple jelly. Does that sound foolish? Not after you have cooked the meal and have eaten it under the trees.

The American Home, August, 1938
IN MY HOME...SALADS MUST BE MADE WITH REAL MAYONNAISE REALLY FRESH!

says MARGERY WILSON

author of “Charm” and “The New Etiquette.” Miss Wilson is perhaps the greatest expert in America on modern social behavior. Friend and companion of famous people, she is consulted by smart hostesses, noted actresses, social leaders everywhere.

I AGREE WITH MARGERY WILSON. I WOULDN'T WANT TO SERVE SALADS MADE WITH ANYTHING BUT REAL MAYONNAISE. THIS IS DELICIOUS! BUT ISN'T IT A TERRIBLE JOB TO MAKE MAYONNAISE?

OH, MY DEAR...YOU'RE BEHIND THE TIMES! YOU BUY THIS REAL MAYONNAISE — AND IT'S FRESHER EVEN THAN HOME-MADE! REALLY! HOW DO THEY DO IT?

WE MAKE IT WITH "FRESH-PRESS" SALAD OIL!

Mayonnaise, you know, can be made with salad oil used to make it. You can be sure that "FRESH-PRESS" Salad Oil is fresh because we prepare it ourselves—fresh each day—just as it is needed! It goes into our double-whipper right away. There it is mixed with freshly broken, whole eggs, our own special blend of vinegars, and choicest spices. Sealed in crystal jars, it is then rushed to your grocer—absolutely fresh from our kitchens. Only our two brands of Real Mayonnaise (Best Foods in the West; Hellmann's in the East) are made with "FRESH-PRESS" Salad Oil.

AND YOU SEE, IT'S ALL MAYONNAISE. CONTAINS NO STARCHY FILLERS. THAT'S WHY IT TASTES SO RICH AND CREAMY—QUITE DIFFERENT FROM ORDINARY DRESSINGS. IT'S WONDERFUL! I'LL STOP AT MY GROCERS ON THE WAY HOME AND GET A JAR OF REAL MAYONNAISE MADE WITH "FRESH-PRESS" SALAD OIL!

SALAD ROYAL

9 peaches, peeled and halved
30 galax leaves
Hellmann's or Best Foods Real
1/4 cup raspberries
1/4 cup blueberries
Mayonnaise

Arrange three peach halves on galax leaves, or other salad greens. Place berries alternately around the cut edge of the peach. A cup for the Real Mayonnaise may be fashioned from a galax leaf by fastening it in shape with the stem. (See illustration.) Serves 6. It is a delicious "dessert salad"!

BEST FOODS® — HELLMANN'S®

Real Mayonnaise

IN THE WEST
IN THE EAST
One of the most attractive post-debutantes in St. Louis is Jane Alva Johnson. She is whole-hearted in her enthusiasm—"loves" horse shows, entertaining, and smoking Camels. "Most of my friends smoke Camels, too," she says, "and they know I smoke nothing else. Even though I smoke quite steadily, I'm always ready for another Camel. Which is one of the nicest things I could ever say about a cigarette!"

She is a distinguished herbewoman

Riding, hunting, and horse shows are "an old story" to Jane Alva Johnson. While at Fernata School, she was a whip in the Aiken drag hunts. Her horses have won many trophies and ribbons. And she has even run off a show of her own—it was distinctly a success—at "Trail's End," the family stables in Saint Louis County.

Above, Jane chats with Olive Cawley (left) in the tack room. "I don't have to look to see what cigarette you're smoking, Jane. Camels again? Why is it that you smoke nothing but Camels?" asks Miss Cawley. Jane's reply is quite emphatic: "Camels are delightfully different. They never tire my taste. I depend upon having healthy nerves—and Camels never jangle my nerves. They are always gentle to my throat too. In fact, in so many ways, Camels agree with me!"

Among the many distinguished women who find Camels delightfully different:

- MRS. NICHOLAS BIDDE, Philadelphia
- MRS. POWELL CABOT, Boston
- MRS. THOMAS M. CARNEGIE, JR., New York
- MRS. J. GARDNER COOLIDGE, 2nd, Boston
- MRS. ANTHONY J. DREXEL, 3rd, Philadelphia
- MRS. CHISWELL DABNEY LANGHORNE, Virginia
- MISS ALICIA RITCHIE, Charleston
- MRS. J. GARDNER COOLIDGE, New York
- MRS. JOHN W. ROCKEFELLER, JR., New York
- MRS. RUFUS PAINE SPALDING, III, Philadelphia
- MRS. BARCLAY WADE, Chicago
- MRS. LOUIS SWIFT, JR., Chicago

Camels are a matchless blend of finer, more expensive tobaccos... Turkish and domestic

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