

Household News

by Lynn Chambers



... JUST LIKE MOTHER USED TO MAKE!
(See Recipes Below)

IT WAS WONDERFUL FOOD!

Remember flying home, pigtail thumping, to smell supper, and guess? Remember being saucer-eyed as mother's marble cake took a blue ribbon at the fair? And remember licking the last bit of sweetness from the frosting platter?

I know you must remember. How could you forget? It was wonderful food!

And it's to the best cooks in the world — our mothers — that this week's column is dedicated. When you pay them homage on Mother's day, 1941, perhaps you'll enjoy using some of the following recipes, favorites of the long ago.

In those days, to be caught without plenty of food, and good food, too, for all comers was to show oneself a poor housekeeper, a bad hand in the kitchen.

But times have changed. A large "crook" of butter, a "basket" of eggs, and a "wedge" of cheese are no longer a part of the regular supplies on the shelf in the vegetable cellar. Nor are recipes penciled on the fly-leaf of the family ledger. But the basic goodness is still the same.

So, whether it be crusty brown doughnuts, chicken pie and jelly roll, huge, fluffy cakes, or rich chocolate pie, let's take mother back, down memory lane!

Lovely to look at and utterly delightful to eat is the Sour Cream Devil's Food Cake, which I'm sure was a favorite of grandmother's.

Sour Cream Devil's Food Cake.

- 2 cups sifted cake flour
- 1 teaspoon soda
- 1/2 teaspoon salt
- 1/2 cup butter or other shortening
- 1 1/4 cups sugar
- 1 egg, unbeaten
- 3 squares unsweetened chocolate, melted
- 1 teaspoon vanilla
- 1/2 cup thick sour cream
- 1/4 cup sweet milk

Sift flour once, measure, add soda and salt, and sift together three times. Cream butter thoroughly, add sugar gradually, and cream together well. Add egg and beat very thoroughly; then chocolate and vanilla, and blend. Add about one-fourth of the flour and beat well; then add sour cream and beat thoroughly. Add remaining flour, alternately with milk, a small amount at a time, beating after each addition until smooth. Turn into two greased 9-inch layer pans and bake in a moderate oven (350 degrees F.) 30 minutes, or until done.

Spread Felicity Frosting on top and sides of cake. Top with glossy

LYNN SAYS:

In an old book of household advice, written in 1879, are some words of wisdom "to help homemakers." I'm passing them on to you "for what they're worth" in the modern, up-to-date home.

"Use a clam shell to scrape skillets or saucapans; to scour your iron pots and griddles, use wood ashes.

"Sweeping a carpet with new fallen snow will make it look very bright and fresh. Also, it is a good plan to save tea leaves, and, with them not too moist, sweep a dark carpet. This is not advised for light colors.

"Woodwork may be dusted with a long-feathered wing, preferably that of a turkey.

"For washing fine clothes, use a pounder—not a large, old-fashioned affair, but one about twice as large as a potato masher, and pound your clothes as they soak in sal-soda water. The rubbing on a board will then be very easy. Use a clothes wringer if you can possibly get one.

"Never buy ground coffee. Take whole berries and heat; grind while hot.

"All housewives should be well advised in cooking, and should know how to make good dishes, such as 'Jenny Lind Cake,' 'Parsnip Pie,' 'Marrow Dumplings' and 'Flannel Pancakes.'"

Historical Highlights

by Elmo Scott Watson

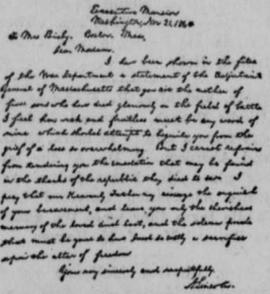
(Released by Western Newspaper Union.)

That Famous Bixby Letter

IT HAS been called "the world's most famous letter," also "the most sublime letter ever penned by the hand of man," and few persons who have read it will disagree with the aptness of either characterization. For both refer to the message which Abraham Lincoln sent to Mrs. Lydia Bixby of Boston in 1864 when he was told that she had lost five sons on the field of battle.

This letter has also been called "a beautiful blunder," because it was inspired by an erroneous report of the facts in the case. It is true that Mrs. Bixby had five sons in the Union army. However, only two of them were killed in battle. Of the other three, one was honorably discharged after two years' service and two were—deserters!

Now there is good reason to believe that another blunder has been made in regard to the Bixby letter—that Abraham Lincoln did not write it at all and that the often-reproduced facsimiles, including this one:



are forgeries of the handwriting of the man who actually penned it! Those are the conclusions of a historian whose research has turned up some startling facts about this famous epistle. He is Sherman Day Wakefield, secretary of the Lincoln Fellowship of New York and author of the book, "How Lincoln Became President."

Two years ago Mr. Wakefield wrote an article for the February issue of the magazine, *Hobbies*, in which his conclusions were that "we cannot be sure whether Lincoln wrote the letter to Mrs. Bixby or not, although it appears doubtful, but we can be sure that we have neither the original nor any true facsimile copy of the original and that none of the current reproductions was made from the original."

Since then, Mr. Wakefield's investigations have confirmed his suspicions of the authenticity of the letter and led him to the conclusion that Lincoln was neither the author, nor the actual writer, of it. The man who was both was John Hay, Lincoln's secretary!

Mr. Wakefield presents the evidence to support that conclusion in an article, "Who Wrote Lincoln's Letter to Mrs. Bixby?", which appeared in the February, 1941, issue of *Hobbies*. For John Hay himself confided to at least two men that he, instead of Lincoln, had written the Bixby letter. One of them was Walter Hines Page, American ambassador to England during Wilson's administration, and the other was Viscount Morley, the distinguished British statesman and author. "Here we have two different accounts . . . involving different men of unimpeachable veracity . . . which agree that John Hay said he was the author of the Bixby letter," writes Mr. Wakefield. "If it were possible to doubt one story, it is extremely unlikely that both stories can be dismissed."

Mr. Wakefield proves that Hay often imitated Lincoln's handwriting when he was the President's secretary and that many documents, believed to be in Lincoln's handwriting, are actually the work of Hay's pen. It is not likely that any question of the authorship of the Bixby letter came up while Lincoln was still living, for his assassination occurred less than five months after it was written. When it became so famous, Hay naturally was reluctant to claim that he, rather than the martyred President, was the author. But, as Mr. Wakefield points out, "he did feel that in justice to the truth and to himself, the fact of his authorship should not be lost to the world, and so he chose to tell at least two outstanding men of his time that he had written it."

The letter to Mrs. Bixby was sent to Adjutant-General Schouler of Massachusetts who delivered it in person to Mrs. Bixby on November 24, 1864. Its text was printed for the first time in the Boston Transcript on Friday, November 24, and the following morning both the Boston Advertiser and the Boston Journal carried it. The first facsimile appeared in 1891 when Michael F. Tobin of New York applied for a copyright for one but whether or not he had the original, or if it is still in existence, is still a mystery.

FORBIDDEN TERRITORY

By VIC YARDMAN
(Associated Newspapers.)
WNU Service.

JEREMY'S father, Damon Slade, who owned the big Bar S cattle ranch, the range of which bordered on the international line, had warned Jeremy repeatedly never to ride into Jurano unless accompanied by one or more Bar S riders. All of which served only to whet Jeremy's imagination and to promise himself that at the first opportunity he would pay Jurano a visit without the protection of Bar S riders, or any other riders.

Jeremy was only 19, and had been watched over pretty closely by a doting father. It hadn't occurred to Damon that his son, like other men's sons, must necessarily investigate the world a bit on his own hook.

Jurano was, Jeremy discovered, everything that his father and the Bar S riders had warned him against.

Jeremy hitched his sorrel mare to the rail in front of the most pretentious looking saloon and headed for the door. His spurs clinked musically as he came up the steps. He swaggered a bit as he crossed the narrow veranda. He cocked his pearl gray Stetson at a rakish angle as he pushed open the twin doors and stepped inside the barroom.

The barroom was practically deserted. A number of waiters were arranging tables preparatory to the evening's business. An orchestra was tuning up on a raised platform. A barkeep was swabbing the mahogany.

Jeremy hooked his heel in the brass rail, leaned an elbow on the bar and ordered whisky. By turning his back he prevented the barkeep from seeing the wry expression on his face as he took his first drink.



Jeremy hitched his sorrel mare to the rail.

Things were beginning to reel a little by the time the contents of the glass was consumed, and Jeremy strode swaggering over to a table. For want of something better to do he poured himself another drink and slowly sipped it.

It seemed like hours later that Jeremy found himself sitting at the same table with a half-dozen congenial companions, all of whom were uproariously drunk and in good spirits. A small, hellion-looking man was standing on a chair making a speech. Jeremy strained his ears to catch the words. "—Americans are all pigs; pigs and dogs."

Jeremy stood up, reeling. He wasn't so drunk, he told himself, but what he could resist such an insult. Grasping the table's edge for support, he struck out and knew dimly that his blow had caught the hellion's speechmaker in the stomach. Down he tumbled, folding up like an envelope.

Jeremy heard roars of applause and laughter. Then someone seized him from behind, thrust him backward, Jeremy couldn't remember exactly what happened after that, but when he came to his senses again the barroom was practically deserted. The orchestra was preparing to go home for the night. He looked around and found that he was seated at the same table, and that there was a man with a waxed mustache seated beside him.

Jeremy shook his head. "What's happened? I been here all night?"

"Ah, m'sieu ees feeling better. Perhaps m'sieu had better rest before eet ees time for the duel."

"Duel? What duel?"

"M'sieu does not remember. The duel you have promised to fight with Andre LaValle tomorrow at sunrise. M'sieu LaValle is the man you struck while he made zee speech. He ees also zee greatest pistol shot in all the cuntry about Jurano. I am m'sieu's second."

"Do you mean to say I promised to fight a duel tomorrow at sunrise?"

"Exactly, m'sieu."

"But, look here! I was drunk. I can't remember."

"Ah, but M'sieu LaValle was also drunk. He ees insulted."

"Well, let him be insulted. I'm getting out of here."

"But no. Eet ees a matter of honor that m'sieu remain."

of anxiety in the man's voice. Things weren't at all clear, but he decided to bluff along as far as he could. "Good shot? Well, maybe I'm a bit rusty now. At the last international shoot, I only came in second."

"Second!" The mustached man's eyes popped open. There was no doubt now about the anxiety of his tones. He stood up. "If m'sieu will but wait, I will make zee arrangements for tomorrow." Then he was gone.

Jeremy slumped forward, resting his head on his hands. He felt weak and sick and lonely. . . . When Jeremy again opened his eyes, the room was dimly illuminated with daylight. He sat up, thankful at last his head was clear. He got to his feet and started for the door. About to descend into the street he saw a group of men approaching. At sight of him they set up a whoop and came running toward the steps.

"Hello, young fellow. Well, we're betting on you. How you feeling?" They were Americans, and they had come to watch him fight his duel! Jeremy suddenly felt weak again, remembering his boast about the international shoot.

Without waiting for his reply, two of the Americans picked him up and with shouts of joy set him astride the sorrel. Within a minute's time he found himself the center of a group of riders, galloping toward the outskirts of the town. A mile or so beyond the outskirts they came upon a group of men beneath a cottonwood tree. Jeremy saw the mustached man of the night previous, and a small hellion individual, whom he judged to be LaValle.

At sight of the Americans the mustached man approached, singled out the leader of the Americans, and called him to one side. They were in conference for fully three minutes, at the end of which time the big American returned to where Jeremy was still sitting astride the sorrel.

"Well, young fellow, I guess you're out of luck. The great LaValle is willing to meet you half way. Says he'll apologize for what he said, if you'll apologize for hitting him. You must have said something to Mr. Mustache to scare them off."

A great wave of relief surged through the youth. He struggled to maintain an attitude of indifference rather than thanksgiving. . . . Once back in town Jeremy left the Americans and started for home. His one objective now was to put Jurano as far behind him as possible in the quickest possible time.

Back at the saloons the big American and his companions were laughing till the tears rolled down their cheeks. They felt quite sure that they had obeyed old Damon Slade's order and "thrown a scare into his son," and had a good time while doing it. They doubted if young Jeremy Slade would care to visit Jurano again right away on his own hook.

FARM TOPICS

GOOD PASTURE REQUIRES 'REST'

Planned Control Increases Profits on Livestock.

By F. V. BURCALOW
(Extension Agronomist, University of Wisconsin)

Good pastures that provide an abundance of nutritious and succulent forage throughout the grazing season also help the farmer who has them to produce livestock and dairy products at a profit. Present pasture grasses and legumes will not remain productive under continuous close grazing during the entire season. In most areas a planned series of pastures is needed to provide an abundance of succulent forage throughout the entire grazing period.

Available permanent pasture should be used as the basis of a planned pasture program. Permanent pastures need to be improved and most of them will respond to an improvement program.

Many have been taken too much for granted and are now weed infested and unproductive. Depleted soil fertility and continuous over grazing are two important factors causing this condition. Most of these pastures are hungry for nitrogen and need to be fed. Soil and climatic conditions determine whether the nitrogen should be fed in forms of commercial nitrogen fertilizers or through the use of legumes which can make atmospheric nitrogen available for use by the grasses. For pastures in which the grasses normally used are subject to periods of drought dormancy, nitrogen is most economically provided by use of drought resistant legumes.

The old adage "Take care of the legumes and the grasses will take care of themselves" could well be used as a rule for the improvement of permanent pastures, especially those which periodically suffer from drought. A good program would consist of replenishing the soil with adequate supplies of lime, phosphate, and potash for the growth of legumes, working these minerals into the soil and preparing a seed bed so that legumes could be established.

The improved area should then be fenced so that grazing can be regulated to aid in establishing and maintaining the stand of legumes.

Protein Supplement Helps Beef Cattle Gain Finish

Sam L. Williams, assistant extension animal husbandman of N. C. State college, has an answer to the question: "Can beef be produced without a protein supplement?" This is what he has been telling beef cattle breeders and feeders who have asked the question in recent weeks: "In my opinion it can be done, but it is neither practical nor profitable."

Then he goes on to explain that the important thing to the cattle producer is how much weight and finish he can put on his cattle and how long it will require. Efficient production is essential to greatest profit in any business, and this is especially true in the cattle business.

Some of the more common protein supplements are cottonseed meal, soybean meal, linseed meal, and corn gluten meal. All of these are about equal in feeding value.

Williams explained that the economy of feeding a protein supplement lies in the fact that such feeds are responsible for more efficient utilization of feed, larger gains, higher finish, and a greater selling price.

Insurance on Wheat Reaches New High

A record number of crop insurance contracts—420,077—has been written as protection on the 1941 wheat crop in 36 states, according to Leroy K. Smith, manager of the Federal Crop Insurance corporation.

This number exceeded by 41,917 the 378,160 contracts written on both winter and spring wheat last year. The 1941 contracts guarantee growers a total production of 110,591,202 bushels of wheat from 10,946,284 insured acres.

"This is the third successive year that the federal crop insurance program has shown consistent gains in the number of contracts guaranteeing wheat growers protection from all unavoidable hazards," the manager said.

Care for Parasites

A drug called phenothiazine will aid the farmer in ridding horses, cattle, swine and other domestic animals of internal parasites, according to Carrol E. Howell, manager of the University of California's W. K. Kellogg institute of animal husbandry.

It was found that the treatment completely eliminated stomach worms in 37 of the animals and was from 78 to 95 per cent effective in the other eight.



Pattern No. Z9278

FARMER BROWN'S little boy, patched overalls, straw hat and polka-dot neckerchief, poses for a most practical cutout. He gladly holds a hose and sprinkles lawn or garden the whole day through.

In 16-inch size, the outlines for this overall boy are on Z9278, 15 cents. Trace him on plywood or thin lumber, cut out with jig, coping or keyhole saw and paint as suggested on the pattern, or as you wish. General cutout directions accompany the order. Send your order to:

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By JERRY LINK



Cousin Carrie has things figured out. "Fuller," says she, "passin' me my second helpin' of KELLOGG'S PEP, 'the reason you're a go-getter is because you're a come-backer.'"

And I got to admit, KELLOGG'S PEP has got me goin' and comin'—goin' and gettin' things done and comin' back for more PEP each mornin'. That's what comes of gettin' all your vitamins. KELLOGG'S PEP hasn't got 'em all, of course, but it's extra-long in the two that are extra-short in lots of people's meals—vitamins B₁ and D.

Kellogg's PEP
A cereal rich in vitamins B₁ and D

Sin of Omission

A wrong-doer is often a man that has left something undone, not always he that has done something.—Marcus Aurelius.

KILLSAPHIS

Spray with "Black Leaf 40." One ounce makes six gallons of effective aphid spray. Use "Black Leaf 40" on aphids, leafhoppers, leaf miners, young sucking bugs, lace bugs, mealy bugs and most thrips, wherever found on flowers, trees or shrubs, or garden crops.

Black Leaf 40
LOOK FOR THE LAR ON THE PACKAGE

Working of Rumor

Rumor does not always err; it sometimes even elects a man.—Tacitus.

THE TRUTH SIMPLY TOLD

Today's popularity of Doan's Pills, after many years of world-wide use, surely must be accepted as evidence of satisfactory use. And favorable public opinion supports that of the able physicians who test the value of Doan's under exacting laboratory conditions.

These physicians, too, approve every word of advertising you read, the objective of which is only to recommend Doan's Pills as a good diuretic treatment for disorder of the kidney function and for relief of the pain and worry it causes.

If more people were aware of how the kidneys must constantly remove waste that cannot stay in the blood without injury to health, there would be better understanding of why the whole body suffers when kidneys lag, and diuretic medication would be more often employed.

DOAN'S PILLS

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