

**THE FARMER'S WIFE** pattern models may be secured at a price of 10 cents each. To order, send to our Pattern Dept., **THE FARMER'S WIFE**, St. Paul, Minn. Be sure to write number and size and your name plainly.

## SUMMER FASHIONS



### Up-to-the-Minute Styles

**WHATEVER** your plans may be for the summer, **THE FARMER'S WIFE** New Summer Pattern Book will point the way to correct styles. For work or play, from dawn to dark, there are special designs for all ages. Children's clothes, lingerie, home frocks, aprons and vacation clothes are all included.

There are illustrated pages, too, telling you how to make the most of your looks during the hot summer months. Fill in the coupon now.

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No. 300—Book of 80 different perforated transfer designs for use on pillow cases, towels, dresser covers and children's garments; also alphabet for monograms. With stamping compound and directions. Price, 15 cents.

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**THE FARMER'S WIFE** Book of Rug Making gives full instructions for making either with yarns or rags. It is printed in 4 colors and pictures many good designs, all new and original. It also provides a catalog of materials. Price, 15 cents.

### Home Making Helps

Two leaflets which will be of help in spring house cleaning are:

Answers to Home Decoration Problems . . . 5c  
What To Do with Floors and Woodwork . . . 5c

Address Editorial Service Dept., **THE FARMER'S WIFE**, St. Paul, Minn.

# The Spice Cupboard!

## My Heart Is On The Wing

My hands are in the dishpan,  
My heart is on the wing,  
My dress a gingham apron,  
But a song of joy I sing.  
For hollyhocks are blooming,  
The sweet peas climbing high;  
And the grosbeaks flash their yellow  
Across a turquoise sky.  
There's glory in the sunshine,  
And fragrance of the spring;  
Though my hands are in the dishpan  
My heart is on the wing.

—Emmabell Woodworth Larkin.

"TO GET to my house," directed Little Johnny Simmons who was visiting his uncle at the county seat, "you push open the front gate with your left elbow. Then walk up the porch steps and punch the doorbell with your right elbow."

"But here, here," broke in his uncle. "Why can't I open the gate with my hand and punch the doorbell with my finger?"

"Well, you couldn't if you were carrying presents," said Johnny.

**DON'T** be discouraged by the jig-saw puzzles. They aren't really difficult. An Iowa family has a 60-year-old English puzzle. One side is the map of England, the other is the map of Wales.

"THIS afternoon we will take Mr. Frog apart and see what makes him croak," said Prof. Louis Hemstel to his zoology class at the high school. "I have a frog in my pocket to be used as a specimen."

He reached into his pocket and drew out a paper sack. He emptied it on the table and out rolled a badly squashed ham sandwich.

"My goodness!" Professor Hemstel stammered. "I distinctly remember eating my lunch."

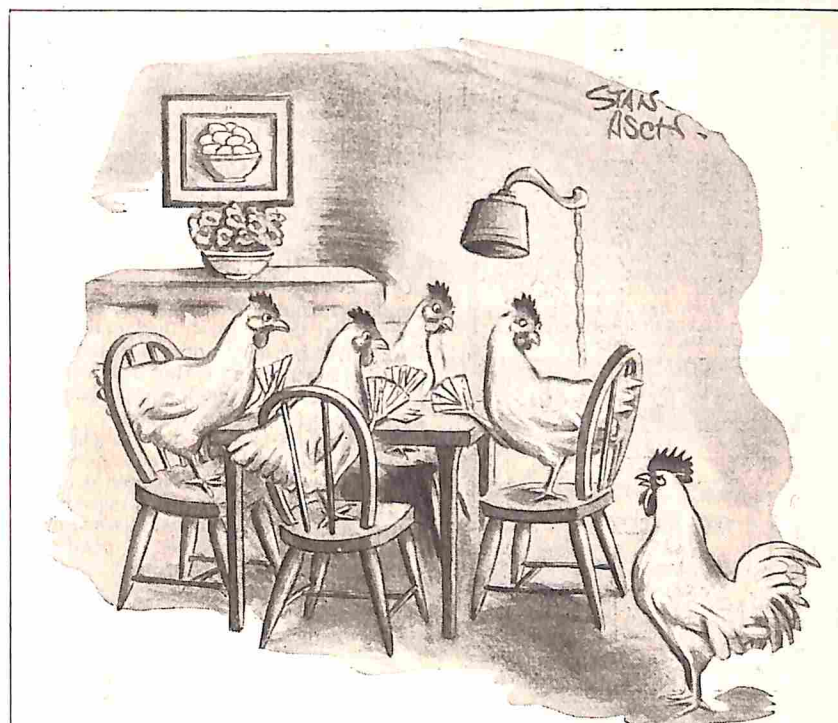
"WHEN I was a boy," said Jeb Pendash, the county's oldest lawyer and youngest wit, as he stood watching a game of marbles on Main Street, "warm days like this filled the heart of youth with ambition. Not ambition to work, but ambition to be the first of the season to try out the water in the old swimmin' hole."

**AN EARTHQUAKE** must be very bad, thinks Aunt Sade, if it can rock a house more than Uncle Hiram's shoes when he drops them on the floor just before he crawls into bed for the night.

**PROBABLY** the greatest hero in the entire kingdom of boys last month was the tax collector of a town in Missouri who ordered that dogs without licenses should not be killed until after the banking holiday was over.

"Almost every one of these dogs," he said, "belongs to some boy."

**SPINACH** is fast becoming a better cure-all than that good old spring tonic, sulphur and molasses. A grand opera singer recommends spinach as a cure for matrimonial ills. But she fails to say who should eat the spinach.



"Cut out this bridge nonsense and go home and lay some eggs, or I'll get a divorce!"

"MOST men are so unreasonable," says Mrs. Hans Sponson of Willow Creek, "that they believe a wife who's spent the afternoon in the kitchen is a lot more wonderful than one who's spent it out in the yard building a rock garden."

"I SHOULD think you'd object to paying full price for a hair cut," said Hank Smithers, driver of the Cooperative milk truck, as he swung two cans aboard at Jed Howard's front gate.

"No, not me," Jed answered, "it only takes the barber half as long to trim what's left on the fringe of my baldness, and it's worth something to have to listen to him only half as long."

**MRS. ZEKE HAWKINS** sent her new hired girl down to the creek for a pail of water just as the family was about to sit down to lunch on their first picnic of the year. The hired girl stood gazing at the stream, lost in some sort of a dream.

"What's she waiting for?" asked Mrs. Hawkins, watching her.

"Don't know," wearily answered Zeke, who doesn't like picnic lunches anyway. "Maybe she hasn't seen a pailful she likes yet."

**PETE** strode into the kitchen and with due formality presented Tillie with a bunch of dogtooth violets he had gathered, the first of the season. The result was startling. Tillie threw her arms around his neck and kissed him.

Pete drew away and made for the back door.

"Goodness, I've spoiled it all," thought Tillie. And to Pete she said, "Gosh, I'm sorry."

"No, that's all right," said Pete. "I'm not sore, I'm just going for more violets."

"MOTHER, what is faith?" asked Geneva Artsbury of Rock Gulch.

"Faith," replied her mother, "at this time of year is what enables you to eat blackberry jam on a picnic without looking to see whether the seeds move."

**MRS. HEZEKIAH HAWBUSH** told Mrs. Hans Sponson of Willow Creek the other day that Hezekiah made her think of nothing more than a jig-saw puzzle. Every time she forgets to put salt in the mashed potatoes when he is very hungry, he flies to pieces and it takes her hours to get him back together again.

**PATRICIA MCGILLICUDY**, who has quite decided ideas about what kind of a house she wants to live in when she grows up and gets married, thinks that she does not want to be the wife of the President since she discovered that the White House bedrooms have no closets—only wardrobes.

**THE Sandy McGoolty's** have the reputation of being the happiest married couple the other side of Tick Ridge. On their silver anniversary last week friends gave a party for them, and in the course of the evening someone asked Mrs. McGoolty how it happened that she and Sandy had never quarreled.

"It's because we understand each other so perfectly," Mrs. McGoolty beamed. "If we have a difference of opinion and I am right, Sandy gives in at once."

"And what happens if Sandy is in the right?" Mrs. McGoolty's eyes flashed for an instant before she replied:

"In our twenty-five years of married life that has never happened."

"MY LAND," exclaimed the doctor, "who stuffed that towel in your husband's mouth?"

"I did," answered the patient's wife, "you said the main thing was to keep him quiet."

**WHEN** Mrs. Alson went over to the county seat with a committee from her farm women's club to make a plea for keeping the home demonstration agent in her county, she lost her temper because the commissioners seemed unwilling to do what the women wanted done. She held in as long as she could and then burst out with, "I think half of you men are fools!" and walked out.

A good friend followed her out and pointed out the harm that had been done and suggested that Mrs. Alson apologize. "Maybe that will undo the damage," she explained.

Soon they appeared before the commissioners, and Mrs. Alson said, "Gentlemen, a while ago I said that half of the members of this board were fools. I'm sorry now I say that half of the members are not fools."

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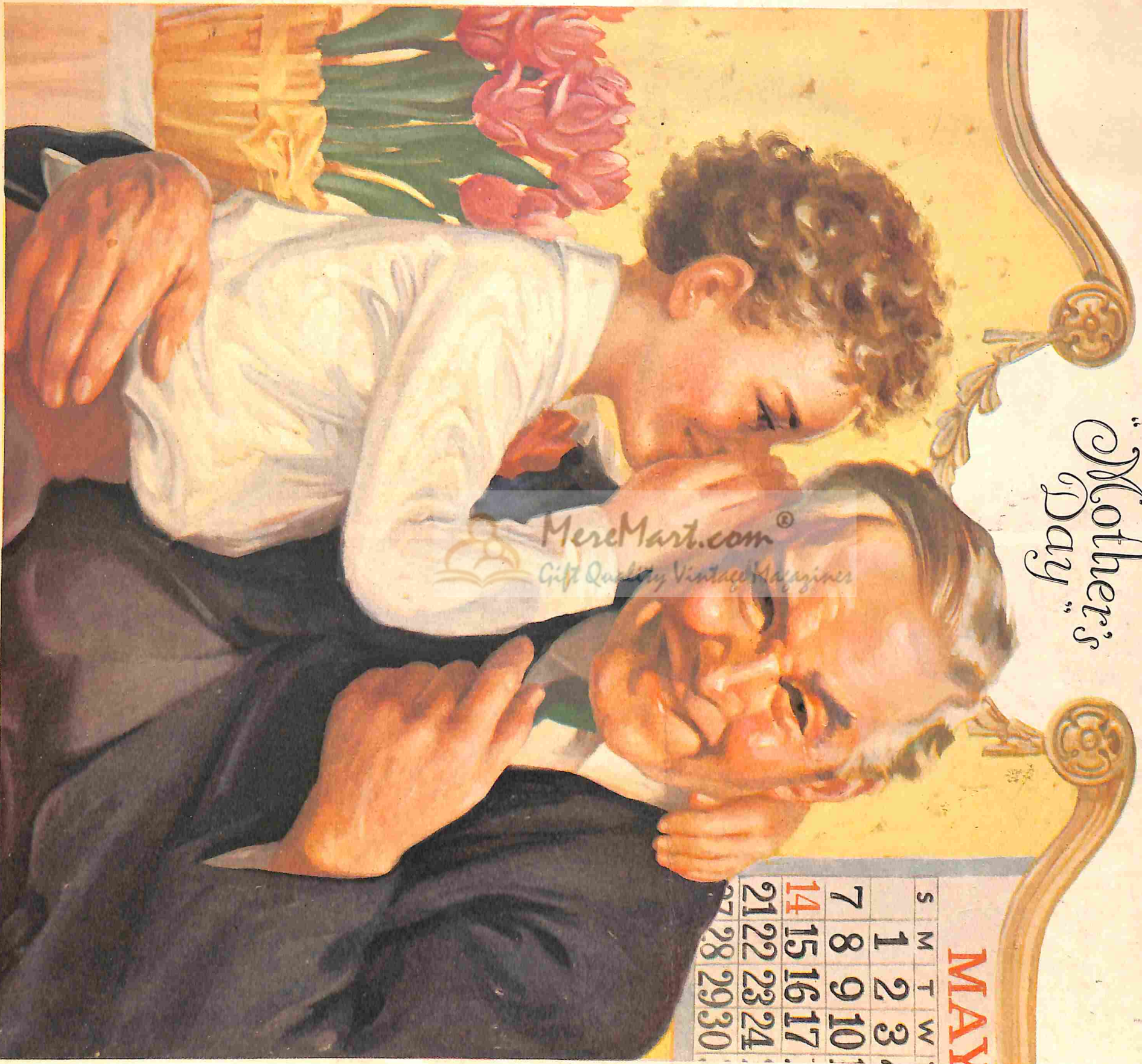
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# THE FARMER'S WIFE

The Magazine for Farm Women

"Mother's  
Day"



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