

# "The Glory of the House is Hospitality"

By EDA LORD MURPHY, Instructor of Home Economics

*The beauty of the house is order;  
The blessing of the house is contentment;  
The glory of the house is hospitality;  
The crown of the house is godliness.*

THERE are four themes in the lines of this quatrain, and each has an inspiration all its own, but the third detaches itself most easily as a special phase of homemaking.

The claims of one's indebtedness socially are quite different from the claims of hospitality. One may entertain elaborately and constantly, and still not be known as a hospitable person. There is a wealth of abstract meaning in the phrase, tho its expression involves very concrete things. It may be shown at its finest in a home where there isn't much money, for the willingness to share and the actual sharing are the glories of that home. If there is great wealth, hospitality may include all the extra pleasures which money can add to comfort. But these things must be glorified by an indefinable something before they add one bit to the sense of hospitality.

The gentle art of making people feel at ease is a beautiful gift not granted to everyone, tho one which may, to a certain extent, be cultivated. Its best teacher is the habit of putting one self in the place of the guest, and treating him as one would like to be treated.

There are varying ideas prevalent about what constitutes genuine hospitality. At one extreme is the woman who expects her own family to wire the exact date and hour of their arrival, so that she can "be ready" for them. At the other extreme is the person who "keeps open house" all the time. In between are the multitudes who arise to emergencies which we are forced to meet every day.

Of course, it is the height of successful housekeeping to have the wheels running

so smoothly that they are noiseless. The arrival of guests, even unexpected one, in this household, may accelerate the machinery, but does not put it out of order.

She is a person to envy and admire whose manner never betrays the fact that she must make six chops do the work of eight! In any event, the matter of food must not be considered paramount. It is acute torture to realize that the dinner planned for your pleasure has become a burden to the hostess.

It has always been a mystery how some housekeepers are never caught off their guard. An avalanche of friends or relatives may come unannounced, but there will be in many an Iowa home a full cookie jar, a three-story cake or two and a warm welcome. (Anyone will admit that the knowledge of plenty of food in the pantry will broaden the smile.)

There is nothing so depressing for the guest as to overhear family discussions, or to know that she, in her innocence, has become the proverbial monkey-wrench. If any member of the family is given to mild brainstorming over the trivial matter of a guest, there should be a padded and insulated closet where sounds are muffled!

Suppose the guest has the misfortune to be unpopular with all except one member of the family. Then family pride and "esprit de corps" must come to the rescue.

Perhaps the greatest honor that a guest can experience is the feeling of being taken into the family circle just as it is. To feel that the family customs are not changed and that the individuals are not overdoing their attempt at good behavior, is a genuine compliment.

In one family of six sons and six daughters, it was the custom not to try to settle disputes at the table, so the mother was never mortified by the sight of fam-

ily skeletons unexpectedly dragged out during meals. It was the sort of a home where each one felt free to bring a friend, knowing that a genuine welcome would be given. As a result, there are countless young people who have felt the benign influence of that family life, and who remember with deepest gratitude and affection the weekends spent there.

Do you who have happy homes think about sharing them with others? Some have found that through open hospitality they have entertained angels unawares.

There was a home once set in a rough pioneer town. It was humble and plain and "poverty poor." It was presided over by a clergyman and his wife. Summer tourists, men on fishing trips, and all sorts of strangers have accepted the hospitality so freely offered there. With what surprise and delight they have discovered this home of culture and utmost simplicity! There they found plain thinking, but high living; simple food, but stimulating conversation; wit and humor with unaffected piety.

No greater compliment can be paid a father and mother than that the young friends of the family love to visit them. It is a sign that the machinery runs smoothly, oiled by a lubricant called love; that the enthusiasms and extravagances of youth are viewed with tolerance and patience; that the high hopes and ambitions, as well as the trivial pleasures of the hour, can be discussed with frankness and candor. It means, in fact, that there is no end to the influence which a truly hospitable family can have in a community. Seeds are planted which bear beautiful fruits many years later.

Yes, the beauty of the house is order, the blessing of the house is contentment, but the thing which makes the home radiant and shining and full of glory is its hospitality!

## Indian Summer—The Season for Picnics

By ESTHER RAYBURN

INDIAN SUMMER is here, with its soft warm weather, its haze and its picnic atmosphere! For Indian Summer is the time of all times for picnics. There are picnics and picnics, ordinary and extraordinary, and they are all fun, but those which linger longest in the memories of most people are the good old wiener roasts held just in the height of Indian Summer.

If you are a picnic devotee, this is just a confirmation of your own ideas, but if you have never in all your life attended a wiener roast in Indian Summer, then don't hesitate longer, but gather together a group of fun-loving people and go to the nearest woods, glorious with frost-nipped leaves.

The fun of this kind of picnic is that absolutely no previous planning is necessary. Just before starting time, go to the meat market and insist on the largest, fattest wieners in the shop, as well

as the juiciest of dill pickles. These are most essential. If you like mustard, have a small jar wrapped with the pickles and wieners. Condensation is very necessary to eliminate the usual "thousands" of bundles for the ordinary picnic.

No one ever thought of a wiener without a bun. Take plenty, because every one, with no exceptions, will eat twice as many as you expect. Don't forget marshmallows for toasting, for without them the whole affair would be a failure.

This is the very informal wiener roast, the one which is just "thought of in a wink." There are many things that can be added to the menu, if you really want them—fruit, cookies and cocoa, and the like, but these "fillers" are really a matter of personal taste.

Any spot where there is plenty of firewood is the right spot. To get best results the fire should be built in cone shape, not because it cooks the wieners

one bit better than any other kind of fire, but just because a cone-shaped fire gives such a cozy, campy atmosphere.

Each member of the party must be provided with a long green stick for roasting wieners and toasting marshmallows. The stick is very essential, as neither a dish nor a fork is allowed on this picnic, for who wants a wiener other than brown, juicy and dripping on the end of a stick?

At first the smoke curls back and forth from side to side and in and out among the party. This is because it is necessary for everyone to be thoroughly saturated with the woodsy, smoky smell of the campfire. At last, when the fire dies down and only the coals are left, toast the fluffy marshmallows until they are a real golden brown, and then don't by any means leave until you have spent a few minutes gazing dreamily into the fire. Those last few moments give the final atmosphere to an Indian Summer picnic.