

AUNT DAISY'S MAIL-BAG

THIS week Aunt Daisy comes to the rescue of anxious mothers who are worried by the presence of earwigs in tents where their children are sleeping this summer.

Dear Aunt Daisy,—I wonder if you could tell me of some way to keep earwigs out of the tent where my children sleep. I have stood the legs of the beds in tins of water, so that they cannot crawl up that way, but yet they manage to get up the sides of the tent, and fall from the roof on to the beds. I shall be so thankful if you can help me.—“Worried Mother,” North Island.

What a worry and an irritation for you that is—a really nerve-racking state of affairs. I am sure you can't rest quietly yourself, when you are all the time anxious as to whether those disgusting creatures are creeping around your children's bodies, and perhaps even crawling into their ears as they sleep!

I think one very good thing is to roll up pieces of paper, and put them round the edges of the tent, and on the ground round the beds and so on. The earwigs crawl into these, and the papers can be burnt next morning. A gardener friend of mine puts these pieces of paper in among his chrysanthemums and other flowers, and has simply saved his garden by this simple means.

Here are two or three letters which came in after I read your letter to the Daisy Chain, over the air. As many readers of the “Record” cannot listen in, I know they will be glad to learn of these little “tricks.”

Dear Aunt Daisy,—I have just heard you mention about earwigs crawling up the beds. Well, when I was in Dunedin, my mother used to roll up pieces of newspapers all round the floor at night, just before dark, and they nearly always crawl into the paper. Then in the morning just burn the papers, which will be full of the pests. Our house used to be full of them. I hope this will be of some use to the lady inquiring.—“Brooklyn Listener.”

My dear Aunt Daisy,—I heard you speaking about earwigs today—I saw this in a paper, and wondered if it would help. I know someone who puts a creosote and ammonia mixture in a fly spray, and finds it beneficial. This person sprays it round at night. It can also be used for ants.

Here is what the paper said: Earwigs usually feed at night, and during the day hide away in dark places. Wooden fences, posts, and such like places should be searched over, and all the cracks have a mixture of creosote and household ammonia squirted in by means of an oil can. Earwigs will come out in hundreds and die. The paris green and bran poison bait laid in little heaps around their haunts will dispose of many. Perseverance with the oil can, however, will account for most.

And the second cutting from the newspaper said: During summer and autumn, earwigs do considerable damage to plants, by nibbling away at the soft parts, often ruining them. Many devices are used for trapping them, such as inverted flower pots and semi-open match-boxes, but few people employ the excellent paper tube trap.

This consists of a rolled up sheet of paper having an internal

diameter of about one third of an inch. The tube is kept together with rubber bands slipped over it, or with paste. The tubes can be a foot or more in length. They are cheap and easily made. If placed vertically or horizontally in earwig infested areas, they will be found on examination, to contain a number of the destructive pests.

I hope, Aunt Daisy, that these will help those having this unpleasant trouble.—“Jeanne” of Auckland.

This letter gives a different idea—let us see what she says.

Dear Aunt Daisy,—During your session this morning, you mentioned an instance of a person sleeping children in a tent, having trouble with earwigs. As the little pests—the earwigs, of course, not the children—present a certain amount of danger, such a trouble would be worrying; so I wondered if the following recipe for a poison bait, given over the air by one “John Henry,” who delivers a gardening talk from 12B each Saturday, would be effective in the case of earwigs being elsewhere than in the garden. For any use it may be to you, or the person concerned, here it is:

With three pounds of bran mix three pints of water. Add one and a quarter ounces of glycerine and one and a half ounces of sodium fluoride. To this add one pound of



treacle. Thoroughly mix these together; and spread it nightly in places frequented by earwigs.—“Olive” of Manurewa.

I have another poison for earwigs, but I hesitate to give it, as it is rather dangerous to leave about—cats and dogs may lick it up, or even a small baby seeing it about may like to sample it—you know how they try everything! However, you may care to have it, so here it is. It is really excellent for slaters or woodlice, too. Mix half an ounce of paris green (a poison obtainable at the seed-man's) with one quart of bran, and a tablespoon of sugar. Put this under boxes of plants, or light boards, where slaters and earwigs come. It is POISON TO ANIMALS OR FOWLS.

Marks On Rimu Table

Dear Aunt Daisy,—I recently heard someone ask how to remove a white mark from a polished rimu table. I am sorry I have not written before to say that I constantly use spirits of camphor. Just rub this into the mark, and when dry, use raw linseed oil or olive oil, and polish later if necessary, in the following manner: Make a thin french polish by putting a little shellac in a small tin, and covering it with methylated spirits; or buy a little french polish all ready mixed if you like. Then make a

soft pad by covering some cotton wool with butter muslin; and dipping this into the polish, rub long and patiently over the mark, rubbing with the grain of the wood as far as possible.

If the marks are made by cold water from glasses, they sometimes may be removed by putting a little hartshorn oil (from the chemist) or even machine oil, on the place overnight, and in the morning lay a piece of brown paper over the mark, and very gently rub a warm iron over it.

Do not let the paper stick—keep lifting it up to make sure, and don't let the full weight of the iron rest on the paper. The idea is to warm the surface slightly, so as to take out the chill, caused by the water, and bring up the polish again.—Well Wisher.

And here is what “Little Jane” of Devonport, wrote me on the same subject.

Dear Aunt Daisy,—I heard you talking the other morning about stains on a polished table. Well, a few months ago, while in Edinburgh, we had occasion to visit a renowned antique furniture shop. My brother had bought a very handsome mahogany dining table, and the question of stains arose.

This man told us to put on the following mixture—equal parts of raw linseed oil, kerosene and vinegar. Apply at night, and leave all night, and rub well the next morning. Do this every four weeks, and you will find that the stains will be gone; and the wood, in the course of a few months will be tempered, and will stand heat should anything hot be placed upon it. I always stand cork mats under my hot dishes, as I would not like any mark to appear, as I have not been through the process long enough for my table to withstand the heat.

Hoping this will be of interest to you. I do so enjoy your sessions—I am with you on all your travel talks. I was away over a year, and loved it all.—“Little Jane.”

Home-made Soap

Dear Aunt Daisy,—I welcome you home again, as I am one of your constant listeners; not only that, but I believe you hail from New Plymouth, and were you not teaching near Inglewood at one time? My home town is also New Plymouth, so I have that extra feeling of interest for you, although I have never had the pleasure of meeting you.

However, I must not waste your valuable time, but I wonder if you could please give me a nice recipe for home-made soap—one that is not strong with caustic; but I suppose it all has to have a certain amount. Anyway, I will leave it to you.—“DOROTHY OF SEATOUN.”

Thank you very much for your nice little letter. The nearest I ever lived to Inglewood was when I taught at the Central School in New Plymouth. Later on I was teaching at Warea School, down the coast near Opunake. However, I used to sing at lots of concerts at Inglewood. They were great days!



WHILE FEW MOVIE STARS, apart from Shirley Temple and the Dionne Quintuplets, believe in Father Christmas, they do celebrate Christmas in Hollywood. Here is Olivia de Havilland, lovely Warner Brothers star, with some seasonal decorations.

I have two very good recipes for soap—one with and one without caustic. So see what you can do with these.

WITHOUT CAUSTIC.—To four gallons of water add six pounds washing soda, and three pounds lime. Boil for two hours. Stand aside till cool, strain, heat the water again, and stir in three tablespoons borax, 1½ lb. resin and 5½ lbs clarified fat. Boil slowly for half-hour, and turn into tight box lined with coarse fabric. When cold cut into bars. To clarify fat, boil it in water in a kerosene tin, allow to cool, scrape off scum and break up.

WITH CAUSTIC.—Sixteen pounds fat, 2½ lbs. resin, four gallons water, three pounds caustic soda, quarter-pound borax, two small packets of soap extract, and 1/4 oil of citronella. Put all in the copper, except the borax and the citronella. When it boils, add the borax, stirring well; and when it begins to rise, put in another extra quart of cold water, and put out the fire.

Add citronella just before turning soap out into tubs. The more you stir the soap, the better it will be. This soap dries nice and hard, and it is not necessary to line the boxes with muslin for this recipe.

Here is another recipe for soap, using smaller quantities: Four pounds of fat, ½ lb. of caustic soda, ½ lb. of good resin, 10 pints of water. Boil all together for one hour, take off and add quarter pound borax. This is a beautiful white soap. My informant says she boils hers in a kerosene tin then pours it out into a kerosene tin cut down. It turns



out into a square block when set. She generally leaves hers a few days before turning out.

Dear Aunt Daisy,—I heard the tail end of your recipe for apple lemon curd, and as it sounded so delicious, I wondered if you could possibly send it on to me. I would be very grateful if you would.—MRS. M. T. (Pukerua Bay).

I have sent this recipe to you, Mrs. M.T., but as many people who read the “Record” may not be able to listen in to me in the mornings, I think I will give it again, as it certainly is a good one.

Half pound apples (cut up), rind and juice of one and a half lemons, two eggs, two ounces butter, half pound castor sugar.

Cook apples till soft. Beat to a pulp. Grate the rind and squeeze the juice of the lemons. Mix with the apple. Beat the eggs, and add the sugar to the apple mixture. Beat well together. Melt the butter in a basin, add the mixture to it. Put basin over small saucepan of boiling water and stir mixture until thick, about 20 minutes. Put in jars, and when cool, tie down.

A Farmer's Wife

Dear Aunt Daisy.—I cannot tell you how much I enjoy listening to your morning session—even if I am in the middle of the washing up, and have to keep drying my hands to write down one of your recipes! I should like to be a link in your “Daisy Chain,” so I am sending a hint or two that might make me qualify.

First, a listener asked for a precaution for sunburn. Here is one I have used on my boys since they were small. Get a bottle of olive oil, pour out one third, and fill nearly full with vinegar. Leave enough room to shake it up in the bottle. Smear it on the exposed parts before going in the sun; the skin will never burn, and becomes a deep brown.

Secondly, I have found the following recipe a wonderful antidote for snails, slugs and caterpillars:—One part of pepper, three parts of sulphur. Mix these together in a one-pound cocoa tin with holes in the bottom, and sprinkle on the vegetables, preferably when covered with dew.

And thirdly, a listener asked why her cream puffs stuck to the tray. If she covers the slide with a sheet of buttered greaseproof paper, the cream puffs unstick themselves!

I am a very busy farmer's wife, and I find your half-hour is such a relaxation, and so full of pleasure; we get many a laugh from you—you must be a very humorous, kindly woman. Now I won't put my name, I'll just sign myself — “Norsewood,” H.B.

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