NATURE'S WAY

BY MAJOR F. DAVY, O.B.E.,
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In our town there is a park which is unique. Instead of having the usual formal carpet-like beds of geraniums, begonias, foliage plants and others of that kind, it has Canadian shrubs and trees arranged as they would grow in nature. Though the location of each plant, shrub or tree is carefully thought out they all seem to grow according to their natural fancy.

While accompanying Dr. Capusulus upon his after-office walk one June day we strolled about the pretty trails. At one shady spot the doctor said:

"Look here, what lovely Gaultheria."

"Gaultheria, what's that?"

"Just wintergreen. It's a shy plant but quite pretty in the autumn when it has red berries."

We strolled along and came to a pretty pool surrounded with rocks.

"Aha! Saracenia—pitcher plant," the doctor said, as he bent down to look at some fine specimens with leaves almost a true pitcher shape, and I began to realize that he was an enthusiastic botanist.

The doctor lifted up one of the widest tubes which was nearly filled with water upon which floated some dead insects.

"Here is a plant which is carnivorous," he said. "These insects are part of the food of the plant. Notice the stiff hairs which point backwards and prevent the insects from escaping once they enter. It is wonderful how many ways nature adopts to sustain life. And each method is the one best adapted to the kind of life it sustains."

We continued our stroll, seeing much, enjoying it all and saying little until we arrived at the gate of the park. As we went out to the street a wedding procession passed. The newly-married couple travelled in an old-fashioned horse carriage. There was a white rosette on the coachman's whip; there were white ribbons on the carriage and the coachman wore a white necktie. The bride was dressed in white and the groom wore white gloves. There was also a merry party of attendants. As the doctor gazed quietly at the equipages a satirical smile began to play about his lips. He turned to me and said, grimly:

"If color signifies anything I'd decorate some of these weddings with crepe."

I am familiar enough with human life to know that joy may soon turn to mourning and also that all marriages do not turn out happily. But I was not sure whether that was the doctor's thought, so I asked him:

"Which ones, doctor?"

"You've probably been," he said, "in some of those homes in which the mother does all the work, neither trains her daughters in life and living nor gives them the opportunity to learn, believes in letting them 'have a good time'; acts as a sort of servant to them in fact."

"Yes, and I think I know the result," I replied.

"Well?"

"The girl reaches maturity without any knowledge of how to care for a home, without a knowledge of values. She does not know what food to buy nor how to cook it when she buys it and she begins then to learn the things she should have been taught in girlhood, and instead of being a 'helpmeet' for her husband she sometimes becomes a handicap."

"Yes," said my friend, stroking his beard, "that's bad enough but it's not the most serious lack in their bringing up. It only concerns the life and happiness of the two. What I am thinking of is the fate of the new lives that may result when girls who have learned nothing of the facts of life become mothers. How often have I written 'diarrhoea and enteritis' on the death certificate when I would have liked to write 'cause of death—paternal ignorance'.

"Look at that little mother over there," said the doctor as he gazed towards a nearby perambulator. "When young she learned nothing of the life knowledge that is most worth while. She's thin and emaciated because she does not know how to nourish herself. I know the family—had one call from her—and told her what I am telling you. Let's walk by and you'll see the child feeding from its bottle. That's a very poor makeshift to replace the natural way of feeding a child. Think of the thousands of years of Nature's wisdom that are wrapped up in the human form and its functions and then think how silly it is of human kind to turn too readily to a trumped-up method of feeding infants—and cling to it as many do—when so often its results are either death or ill-health to the child."

"Do you know," the doctor continued, "that of every five babies who die in the first year of life only one is fed in the natural way? The remaining four are bottle-fed infants. Even if a baby survives the handicap of poor feeding during the first year of its life, the handicap often shows up as weakness in later childhood."

The doctor looked down the street and with the ease with which he could change from seriousness to gaiety he all of a sudden burst into a loud laugh.

"Here's my little neighbor," he said.

A short distance along the street I saw a little boy of about five years of age. In his arms he was carrying a large retriever pup, nearly fully grown, nearly as large as himself in fact. He was trying to run, but his load was so disproportionate to his carrying capacity that the result was neither a run nor a walk but a spasmodic compromise between the two. As he arrived nearly breathless, still clinging to his burden, he tried to hold out his little hand to the doctor and said:

"Wanted you to see my new dog; isn't he a beauty?"

"Yes," said the doctor. "He's wonderful, but why carry him?"

"'Cos he's such a baby, but I guess I can put him down now."

So saying the lad released his charge, and the doctor, holding him by the hand, led the way to a seat in the park where the child, with the completest confidence, poured out his little observations, thoughts and musings.

The doctor, with rare understanding of childhood, listened and conversed in such a sympathetic and unaffected way that it seemed as though two children were talking together. That is a great art—to talk with a child on its own level—without being commanding or didactic. But it comes natural to those who can say as the doctor did before we parted:

"Wonderful people, these little ones! I love them."

Keeping Carburetor in Adjustment.

The carburetor of the gas-engine has a delicate job to do, and it requires careful handling if it is to work most satisfactorily. Do not look upon the carburetor with awe, however; get acquainted with it and it will be much easier to get along with.

Adjustments of the needle-valve and air-valve must be made when the engine is operating under a load. It is a waste of time to work upon them with the engine idling.

When beginning to make adjustments, open the needle-valve one and one-half to two turns; this will be too much, but the engine will start, after which the changes can be made as desired.

Start the engine; there will in all probability be a cloud of black or gray smoke forced out of the exhaust. This and the sluggish way in which the engine runs are indications of too rich a mixture.

Close the needle-valve down until the engine picks up speed and is running evenly without black smoke coming from the exhaust. Do not confuse the colors of the smoke; the light blue is caused by too much lubricating oil and is rather a good evil, unless the level is high.

Continue to close the needle-valve until the engine begins to spit and misfire occasionally, showing too lean a mixture, then carefully and slowly open the valve until the motor runs smoothly. This is the position in which the needle should be left. It is quite necessary to make this last adjustment slowly.

Do not change the needle-valve again when starting, but use the choke as it is intended to be used for starting. Opening the needle-valve does not give nearly so good a mixture for starting as can be obtained by making use of the choke, thus getting the same quality of mixture into the cylinders for starting as when the engine is operating under a heavy load.

The Japanese Beetle.

Will this one invade Ontario? Watch for him, he is a bad one.

Description—A stout beetle, a little longer than the common Colorado potato beetle. For the most part the Japanese beetle is colored a bright metallic green tinged with bronze, the head, abdomen, thorax and legs being of this shade. The wing covers, however, are bright reddish copper bronze. There are two white spots on each side of the abdomen. The brilliant coloration and the border of white spots make this insect easily distinguishable. Should you find such a beetle in your locality, send a specimen and statement as to its location to the O. A. C.

The Japanese beetle gained entrance to the United States eight years ago. It has spread over 2,500-square miles of territory in that time. It is in Michigan now. Do your part to keep it out of Ontario.

Conserving Moisture for Corn.

The use of the hallock or breed weeder or light harrow on the corn areas just before the young corn sprouts show through the soil is a profitable practice in the conservation of soil moisture and the destruction of small weeds. With the land clean and in good tilth frequent shallow cultivations, not over two inches deep, up to the time that the corn is twelve inches high saves for the corn plant the greater part of the stored soil moisture. Tillage after the corn is twelve inches high is necessary for the destruction of competing weeds, and should be continued as long as the presence of weeds warrant the labor expenditure.

Pinch off about six inches of the tips when black raspberry shoots are about two feet high. This causes branching and fruit bud formation for the next year's crop.

Abolish Wild Mustard.

Wild mustard is not hard to get rid of. After the grain crop is removed, cultivate to make the mustard seed sprout, then plow the young plants under before they produce seed. Mustard in grain can be killed by spraying with copper sulphate, twelve to fifteen pounds in fifty gallons of water, put on at the rate of 50 gallons per acre. Use a sprayer to do the work, and spray when the mustard is in the second leaf, before the grain heads. Cut all plants in fence corners; do not let any go to seed.

Burning by Paris Green Spray.

Each year considerable injury results to tender plants through leaf scorching following the application of Paris Green. This injury can be avoided by using a double quantity of freshly slaked or hydrated lime in a mixture with the Paris green and then adding sufficient water to make a paste. Allow this to stand for an hour and then dilute to the strength desired for spraying. The lime combines with the free arsenious oxide and removes its leaf scorching property.

Best to Weed on Hot Days.

Weeding should be done on a hot, sunny day, so that the weeds are quickly withered by the heat and have no chance to take new root on the surface of the stirred soil. Even so, some are likely to survive if there is a great deal of moisture.

Avoid Filthy Poultry Houses.

It is a sad commentary on a man's humane ideas to compel a flock of poultry to roost for weeks in a stifling atmosphere that arises from an accumulation of droppings. One may strew coal ashes, road dust, land plaster or some other absorbent, but that sickly odor will still remain. No wonder contagious diseases visit some farms. It should be the rule to clean up at least once a week, and disinfect once a month, the year round.

Why Cows Chew Wood.

The reason cattle chew boards and bones is the lack of lime. If all farmers will give their calves and other cattle all the ground limestone they will eat, this will cure the depraved appetite and most of the stomach troubles. It will not cost over 25 cents a head. Leave the lime in small piles in the field as you would salt, and put some in a box in the stable for the calves.

Cut Worm Poison.

Bran ..... 25 pds.
Paris green or white arsenic, 1 pd.
Molasses ..... ½ gal.
Water ..... 2 gals.

Mix the bran and poison together dry in a large vessel. Add the molasses to water. Stir well and then pour the liquid over the poison bran and mix until every part is moist and will fall through the fingers. Apply ½ teaspoonful near each plant at dusk and see that chickens keep away.

THE JOYS OF CAMPING OUT

Vacation had just begun, and none of us knew where or how to spend the summer. We were sitting on Herman Potts' front step, one evening, when he suddenly exclaimed:

"Boys, I have it. Let's camp out!"

"That's very easy to say," remarked Hiram Atkinson, "but where can we camp out in Toronto?"

"Oh, I don't mean to camp out in the city!" said Herman, with a merry laugh. "My father has just returned from Hastings county, where he owns some land, and he has been telling us at the supper-table about the trout-fishing down there. He said that Bowman's Creek would be a splendid place to camp out. Now, let's ask our parents' consent to the plan, and then organize a little party to live in the woods for a couple of weeks. It will be glorious!"

"Agreed!" "That's the talk!" "What a jolly idea!' were some of the expressions that rose spontaneously to our lips, and then we all went home to think the matter over.

There were five of us living in the same neighborhood, all intimate friends, and ranging in age from fourteen to eighteen years.

Hiram Atkinson, his brother Wilbur, Herman Potts and myself attended school, while Tom Lamb, who was older than any of us, was employed in a hardware store on Market Street.

As we were all pretty good boys, without being milksops, our parents gave their consent to the trip, after impressing upon us the necessity of being careful.

Tom Lamb was elected captain, and "yours truly" was made secretary and treasurer. We purchased a large wall-tent from a dealer in army stores, and two rubber blankets. We also purchased six pounds of sugar, five pounds of Java coffee, three pounds of rice, four quarts of beans, five pounds of soda biscuit, six cans condensed milk, flour, lemons, potatoes, one ham, and a piece of dried beef.

Mrs. Potts loaned us a large coffee-pot, an iron kettle and a frying-pan. Besides this, each boy procured for himself a trout-line and pole, camp-axe, hunting-knife, tin cup and plate, and knife, fork, spoon and a thick blanket.

Three of us had shot-guns, and we all wore blue shirts and leathern belts, old clothes and big boots.

Hi Atkinson's father was a builder, and he got some of the men to make us a nice, large chest, in which we stored everything except our clothes and sporting tackle.

On the morning of the 6th of July we assembled at the station, all ready for our trip. Our chest was checked through to Bancroft. We enjoyed the 150-mile journey and spent the night at Bancroft. Then we hired a man with a wagon to take us out on Bowman's Creek, where we intended to camp.

We drove about five miles along the creek, sometimes on the side of Bowman's Mountains, which towered above us, and at times in the bed of the creek, where there was no road.

At last, in the midst of a dense woods, the driver came to a stop, and declared he could go no further, so we made a bargain with him to call for us in ten days, and after unloading our chest, he left us.

Selecting a pleasant spot on the bank of the creek, we pitched our tent. The chest had been so consructed as to be easily taken apart, and formed the floor of the tent.

Upon the boards we piled hemlock twigs, which we gathered in abundance, and over all spread the gum-blankets, so that we had a dry, warm and soft floor, which likewise served us as a bed.

As soon as we had finished our camp, Herman expressed his determination to catch some trout for supper, so he adjusted his patent flies on his line, and strolled off.

He returned in about two hours, wet and hungry, with a fine mess of delicious brook-trout. These we fried in butter, which we had procured at a farm-house a couple of miles down the creek, and with coffee, biscuit and boiled potatoes, made an excellent meal.

In the morning we arranged so that each boy should take his turn one day as cook, while the rest hunted or fished.

As we were all city boys, very few of us had ever any experience in either cooking or trout-fishing, and some ludicrous mistakes were made.

The second day of our camping-out Tom Lamb was cook, and a funny one he made.

When we returned to dinner, we found everything full of boiled rice. The iron kettle was running over with rice, and every tin cup and plate in the camp was filled with it.

"Why, what on earth did you cook so much rice for, Tom?" shouted Wilbur Atkinson, as he surveyed the scene. "You've got enough there for a dozen people."

"I only put about half the rice in the kettle," replied Tom ruefully; "and when it began to boil it ran over, and I dipped it out with the cups. I don't know where it all came from, but there's more here than we brought with us."

The truth was that Tom, in his ignorance, had put nearly two pounds of rice to boil in the small kettle, and of course, as it swelled greatly, it ran over. We had a hearty laugh at his expense that night.

On another occasion, when Herman was cook, the day was very warm, and we had some lemonade. I observed that when we finished he carefully put by all the lemon-skins. When we returned to camp for supper, Herman said:

"Boys, I've made you a lemon-pie, but somehow or other it—it doesn't look right."

Then he produced an object that none of us had courage to taste, and he finally acknowledged that he had made it of flour, water and chopped-up lemon-skins, and cooked it in the frying-pan.

It is needless to say that the "pie" was not eaten.

But although Herman was a poor cook, he was a very good trout-fisherman, and taught us all how to throw a fly. There is no branch of angling which requires such skill and intelligence as trout fishing.

The fish seem endowed with brains, and sometimes are a great deal smarter than the fishermen. We used flies, and occasionally worms, and all of us became very expert, so that we had plenty of delicious fish to eat every day.

About half a mile below the camp there was a rather deep pool in the creek, and down in its crystal depths I caught sight, one day, of a large trout among the stones.

From that time, I determined to have it, and for several days I haunted the pool and cast my most tempting flies skilfully above it, but to no purpose.

The boys joked me about the big trout, but their remarks had no effect upon me, except that they served to strengthen my determination.

At last, one morning, after a heavy rain, which muddied the water, I repaired to the pool and threw in my hook, baited with a worm.

I was standing carelessly holding my pole, when it was suddenly jerked with such a force that it nearly fell from my hands.

I unreeled my line as rapidly as possible, for I knew that I had a good-sized fish on the hook, and I did not want my line broken.

At last, after playing with it a long time, I landed it, and it was a splendid trout, measuring about thirteen inches in length and probably weighing two pounds.

After that, the boys stopped joking me about my big trout, for it was the largest one caught by any of the party.

IT'S TIME TO START CANNING

BY MARY HAMILTON TALBOTT.

Before you start your canning and preserving this year, go to the storage closet and see how much you have left over, then sit down with pencil and paper and make a canning budget for the season.

It is really very simple. There are usually about twenty-six weeks that you are dependent upon canned vegetables and fruits before the early spring things appear. This means 182 days and 546 meals.

You know how many jars or cans it takes each meal for your family; if one quart a day is sufficient, then you need 182 quarts, and these can be apportioned among the various vegetables. You can put up the largest quantity of the ones the family especially enjoy. For instance, forty quarts of tomatoes, twenty quarts of string beans, fifteen quarts of asparagus, and so on.

The same plan should be followed with fruits, jams and jellies. It is desirable to allow canned fruit for at least once a day for six days a week; it need not necessarily be served just as it comes from the jar, but in puddings, pies, salads and sauces.

Successful home canning depends on accuracy and thorough sterilization. Even if you are canning a very small quantity or only one vegetable or fruit, a pair of scales, thermometer and measuring cup are needed. These will make the proportions of fruit, sugar and water correct.

PERFECT SEALING.

Whatever kind of containers you use, glass or tin, be sure they can be sealed perfectly. Good rubbers are of course essential to success, so never try to slip in one from last year, even if unused. Be sure your containers are as sterile as you can make them; after washing, boil at least fifteen minutes, and if possible allow them to stand in the hot water until used.

If you want to put your nonacid vegetables on the shelf with a feeling of assurance that they will undoubtedly keep, you need a pressure cooker.

It is not possible for everybody to have one—they cost around fifteen dollars—but if you cannot manage one alone, maybe you and one or more of the neighbors can get one together.

To prepare asparagus, tie it in uniform bundles and place in a saucepan with boiling water well up over the tough portion. Cover the pan and boil five minutes, then cook forty minutes at ten pounds pressure, or 240 degrees Fahrenheit.

String beans need to be given the same time and heat in the cooker. They should be brought to a boil before placing them in the jars.

Peas, too, need the boiling before they go into the jars for processing in order to decrease the time required for the vegetables in the centre of the jars to reach the temperature of the canner. Peas should be processed fifty minutes at ten pounds pressure, or 240 degrees Fahrenheit.

When corn-canning time comes, cut the corn from the cob without pre-cooking, add boiling water to cover, heat thoroughly, put into the jars and process eighty minutes at fifteen pounds pressure, or 250 degrees Fahrenheit. Always use the water in which the vegetables are precooked to fill up the jars instead of hot water; by doing this you lose none of the food value.

STEAM PRESSURE.

In using the pressure cooker always wait until the steam flows from the pet cock before closing; otherwise the pressure is no indication of the temperature. Commence to count time when the pressure reaches the desired point, not before. It is advisable for the pressure canner to be equipped with both thermometer and pressure gauge. Before placing containers in the canner, partially seal glass jars by putting screw tops on loosely; if you have spring tops adjust them halfway, and completely seal tin cans.

If, however, the pressure cooker is absolutely out of the question, try the water bath. I have used it successfully in canning in glass peas, string beans and small whole beets. I used the wash boiler fitted with a false bottom. The vegetables were brought to a boil before filling the jars and were processed continuously three hours. One teaspoonful of salt was added to each quart of vegetables, and this should be done no matter what style canner is used. A tablespoonful of sugar added to peas makes them a bit sweeter.

Rhubarb should hold a prominent place in the canning calendar, for it is a valuable addition to the winter meals. Cut into half-inch lengths, add a quarter as much sugar as rhubarb by measure, cook until tender in a covered acid-proof saucepan, pack in hot jars, close and boil five minutes at 212 degrees to insure keeping.

A delicious conserve may be made with rhubarb. Cut into small pieces four pounds of red rhubarb, add two lemons cut very fine or put through the food chopper, four and a half pounds of sugar and one pound of nuts chopped coarsely; pecans or walnuts are very good. Cook until thick, pour into hot glasses and cover with paraffin.

Four Good Sponge-Cakes.

If properly made, sponge-cake will not be dry and unpalatable, but will be velvety in texture, tender and delicate. It is the best kind of cake to serve with fruit and ice cream and can (unless cake is forbidden) be safely served to invalids and children.

Plain Sponge-cake: One cupful of sugar and yolks of three eggs, creamed until light in color; then add four tablespoonfuls of water, one cupful of flour, a pinch of salt, two teaspoonfuls of baking powder and one teaspoonful of vanilla extract. Last of all fold in the stiffly beaten whites of the eggs. Pour mixture into a well-greased Turk's head or tube pan and bake in a moderate oven for from 45 to 50 minutes.

Orange Sponge-cake requires three eggs, one cupful of sifted flour, one level teaspoonful of baking powder, one cupful of granulated sugar, one-fourth cupful of hot water, grated rind of one orange. Beat the whites and yolks of eggs separately. To yolks add sugar, beat again, then add the whites, the flour, baking powder and orange rind. Last of all add the hot water.

Two-egg Sponge-cake requires one cupful of flour, one cupful of sugar, a small pinch of salt, one teaspoonful of baking powder, two eggs, one-half cupful of sweet milk and any flavoring desired. Sift together (four times) the flour, sugar, baking powder and salt; beat the eggs briskly for five minutes, then add to above, mixing thoroughly. Heat the milk to boiling point and add slowly, add flavoring and beat briskly for ten minutes. Bake in a moderate oven about one-half hour. This makes either loaf or layer cake.

Favorite Sponge-cake requires six eggs, one pound granulated sugar, one lemon (grated rind and juice), one pint of flour, one teaspoonful of baking powder, one-half cupful of boiling water. Beat the egg yolks and sugar together until light, add juice and rind of lemon, then the boiling water. Stir in lightly the flour and baking powder, which have been sifted together. Then add the egg whites, which have been beaten stiff, folding them in very lightly. Pour mixture into a well-greased Turk's head or tube pan or two medium-sized pans and bake in a moderate oven. Do not beat the mixture after the flour and egg whites are added. The success of the cake depends upon the mixing and proper temperature of the oven. If the oven is too hot, the cake will brown too quickly and have no chance to expand before baking.

DISTINCTIVE TWO-PIECE BATHING-FROCK.

Attractive combinations of prints and jersey-cloth, colorful cretonnes, ginghams, novelty printed silks and taffetas, are conspicuously employed in the development of the smartest bathing frocks that will be seen on the beaches. All follow the simple, straight-line, two-piece type pictured here, which is carried out in black taffeta and trimmed with striped crepe-de-chine. The knickers are cut in one with the waist and gathered into a band at the knee. A pretty effect may be obtained by trimming the bottom of the tunic with figured material and cutting it into scallops. No. 1125 is cut in sizes 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust. Size 38 requires 4½ yards of 36-inch material for the complete costume. Price 20 cents.

HOW TO ORDER PATTERNS.

Write your name and address plainly, giving number and size of such patterns as you want. Enclose 20c in stamps or coin (coin preferred; wrap it carefully) for each number, and address your order to Pattern Dept., Wilson Publishing Co., 73 West Adelaide St., Toronto. Orders filled by return mail.

Put an extra tire on the rack when you start for the community picnic.

Some old hay still remains in the barn, but that is no reason why we should not save every bit of the new crop. It will all be needed before another summer comes. No fringes of grass should be left uncut this year, and all the second crop on lowland meadows should be harvested. "Many a mickle mak's a muckle."