

THINGS TO KNOW WHEN YOU PUT IN PLUMBING

BY NEIL B. NICHOLS

If I could make wishes come true by waving a wand, every farm home in Canada would have running water. This has contributed so much comfort to my household, and has made my housework so much easier, that I long for the day when every woman will know the joy of having a kitchen sink, an up-to-date bathroom, and a laundry.

The kitchen sink is one of the first things a farm woman thinks about when plumbing is mentioned. I like the one-piece sinks with drain boards on each side. The dishes may be stacked on one drain board as the refuse is scraped into the sink strainer; then they are washed in the pan in the sink and placed to dry in the wire basket on the other drain.

I had a warm session with the plumber in persuading him to place my kitchen sink high enough so I would not have to stoop when working over it. I will wager that you will have the same experience, but if you keep in mind that you are the person who will wash the dishes and vegetables in it I am certain you will win the argument. Since the bottom of the sink is the working surface, consider its height and forget about the rim.

CARE OF THE SINK

Our drain pipe never gives us any worry. I consider the lack of clogging due to the splendid plumbing, to my care in pouring waste water through the sink strainer, and to my habit of letting the hot water run a few minutes after greasy water has been poured into the drain. This washes the fat out of the pipe before it becomes firm. Then, too, I use a pipe cleaner, a powder, in the drain occasionally, just to be on the safe side.

Since I am proud of my sink, I am especially careful not to get it scratched by pots and pans. I have a perfor-

ated rubber mat that I place in the sink when washing dishes or cleaning vegetables.

Modern bathrooms are not only convenient but they also are beautiful with their gleaming appointments and cleanliness. I prefer plain decorations, so the room may easily be kept immaculate.

DECORATE BATHS

Last summer, when I looked at the Queen's Doll House, which is a miniature reproduction of Buckingham Palace, at the Wembley Exposition in London, I was surprised to see many pictures on the walls of King George's bathroom. Likewise, in visiting the old Roman baths and those in the ruins of ancient Pompeii, I was amazed at the elaborate decorations. Even Napoleon's exquisite bath in Fontainebleau, near Paris, is too decorative to please a home builder to-day.

The selection of a lavatory should be governed by its position in the room. For instance, there is a special one for use in the corner. I have admired the new type in which the hot and cold water enters from one opening so the stream of water can be tempered as one wishes. Under the bowl the pipes are marked hot and cold respectively, and the water may be turned off there without affecting the supply in other parts of the bathroom. I know this is a convenience in mending the leaky faucets.

The toilet should only be purchased after one has made certain that it is up-to-date. I find the kind which works on a siphon principle satisfactory.

The laundry is indeed a friend if space can be spared for it. Stationary tubs for rinsing and a hose to carry the water from the faucet to the washing machine—I hope it is operated by power—help in emptying wash water.

A Check on Feeding

Egg production is a good barometer to the feeding, but it does not show soon enough that the birds need more of one feed or less of another.

Observations and experiments show that a hen's weight changes with production, especially when improperly fed. A pullet laying twenty-four eggs a month for two months, if not properly fed, will lose several ounces. After losing so much weight her egg production will let up considerably. She will probably produce only twelve eggs a month for two months until she gets her weight back, when she will go on and lay twenty-four a month again until she once more loses considerable flesh.

If birds are losing weight because of production they need more corn or scratch grain. On the other hand, if birds are getting too fat the scratch grain should be reduced. If every flock owner will pick, select and band from 5 to 10 per cent. of the flock and weigh them each month he can improve the feeding and increase egg production. The writer has been weighing 300

birds for three years and finds great variations in the way different birds gain and lose. One bird could not be used as a barometer, but if from 5 to 10 per cent. of the pen is weighed a pretty accurate conclusion can be drawn. No up-to-date poultryman can afford not to check on the birds by weighing. A short trial will convince you of its value.

O.A.C. Advice

Do not sell good laying hens—sell carefully.
Do not sell good young pullets—learn to tell the sex.
Do not sell thin chickens—fatten or kill and cremate.
4,000 O.A.C. chicks, on range are doing well. Their dry mash is as of a hill. The eggs were placed in follows: 700 pounds yellow corn meal, 500 pounds wheat middlings, 300 pounds oat chow, 45 pounds bone meal, 45 pounds fine oyster shell, 80 pounds alfalfa meal; 1 pint of cod liver oil to each 100 pounds of mash.

A VEGETABLE PARTY

One day the Corn family decided to give a garden party to the other vegetables. They sent out invitations written on lovely green lettuce leaf paper in butterbean envelopes. The postman was Harry Hoe, because he knew where each vegetable family lived.

When the invitations were received, there was a great flurry and bustle in the garden getting ready for the frolic. The Cabbages wore pale green scalloped dresses over white petticoats, the Carrots wore orange waists and skirts with a green fringe, the Peas and Beans came in small Indian canoes, called pods, because they had so many small children. The Potatoes wore tan jackets and the Tomatoes, who were very fat, wore scarlet pantaloons. The Okras wore green soldier suits, the Turnips wore white and lavender dresses, while the Onions who were famous athletes, came in white athletic suits.

When they had all assembled the tallest stalk of corn said, "Where are the Beets, Lettuces, Radishes and Squashes?"

"They have gone to the Fair," replied Mr. Potato who was a first-class policeman with eyes in the back of his head.

"I'm sorry," said Mr. Corn Stalk, "because this is Little Girl's birthday and we are going to make something good for her to eat."

"What shall it be?" asked Captain Okra. "We can bake good gumbo, if Tomato and Onion will help us."

"Tut, tut," said Policeman Potato. "We can make excellent salad with Parsley and Onion to help."

"We can make succotash," cried Benny Bean and Clara Corn together.

"I can make sauerkraut all by myself," boasted Old Lady Cabbage.

And in a few minutes they were all arguing hotly about what dish they would prepare for Little Girl. Oscar Onion made Percy Potato cry and get his eyes red and Peter Parsley pulled Clara Corn's lovely silky hair.

About this time Alice Anemone came in. "Oh, boys and girls," she cried, "I know the nicest thing! Let's

all join together and make Little Girl a present.

"Nobody ever heard of all these vegetables in one dish," said Miss Carrot, who was a school teacher.

"Let's do it anyway, and make something new," said Alice. "Here comes Cook with a basket. I'll jump in first."

"Here I go!" shouted Tom Tomato, whose red pantaloons were simply elegant.

"Hurrah!" exclaimed Benny Bean and Oscar Onion, hopping in, too. Then Policeman Potato gave his arm to Miss Carrot. Old Lady Cabbage and Tillie Turnip took some of the little ones—Peter Parsley, Clara Corn, Priscilla Pea and Bessie Butterbean. The others followed, and last of all Captain Okra marched all the Okra soldiers right into Cook's basket.

Cook went into the house with a smile on her face, and said to Little Girl's mother: "I shall put a big pot of water on the stove with a piece of meat and all these nice vegetables, and Little Girl will have the finest dinner in town."

"Oh, boy!" called Tom Tomato to Oscar Onion, "we are going swimming, and we can dive from the big bone in the pot!"

Cook put the pot, with a big bone and all the vegetables, on the fire, and soon the water began to boil. Such fun as they did have! Bessie Butterbean slid off the big bone, Philip Pea dived, while Percy Parsley floated on his back, and Carrie Carrot trod water. After a long time when they were quite tired of playing, Cook took the lid off the pot and said, "How delicious it smells!"

She took a long-handled ladle and dipped up quite a quantity into a lovely blue bowl for Little Girl. When Little Girl came to the table she exclaimed, "Supper! I'm so glad we have soup on my birthday!"

"So that is what we made," laughed Tom Tomato.

"Attention!" cried Captain Okra. "Everybody get ready to get in the water to get Little Girl the best tasting soup in town. Swallowed March!"

IDEAL FASHIONS



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How I Water Cucumbers

Last summer I hit upon a plan to irrigate cucumbers with the minimum of attention and I want to pass it along. I had the land listed five feet apart each way, and at each cross where the hill would be, a hole was dug, with a spade, deep enough to bury a gallon jug. I had 24 of these jugs. I filled each one with water, corked it with a loose paper cork, and put one in each hole. On top I made a large hill with well rotted stable manure and earth thoroughly mixed. In these hills I planted eight cucumber seeds. I cultivated them as usual and got the finest crop of fine crisp picklers I have ever seen grow.

It is simple; the water from the jugs furnished abundant moisture. If you haven't the jugs, old cans or quart bottles will do. Place three quart bottles together in a hill, or two half-gallon cans.

Plant your late cucumbers this way and you will be surprised at the splendid yield and fine quality.—Mrs. J. W. R.

Swarm Protection

A method of doing away with the need of going through a colony and examining every comb for queen-cells is described by Mr. W. S. Blair, Superintendent of the Kentville, N.S., Dominion experimental station, in his last report. In the two out-apiaries consisting of sixteen colonies he says a shallow super is left on each colony the entire year. In the winter and spring these serve the purpose of a food-chamber and in the active season as a brood-chamber. At Bridgetown additional supers given these colonies during the season were placed over a queen-excluder. Mr. Blair states that of the fourteen over-wintered colonies only two in the two out-apiaries developed queen-cells, all of which were along the bottom bars of the frames in the shallow supers.

By the method here described any queen-cells that may be present can be detected by tipping one end of the shallow super and looking along the bottom bars of the shallow frames.

To clean rooves, hinge several boards in the rear of the house so they can be raised up. Then the cleaning can be done with a broom.

S.S. LESSON

August. The Giving of the Manna, Exodus: 16: 1-36. Golden Text: Jesus said unto them, I am the bread of life.—John 6: 35.

ANALYSIS

- I. HARDSHIPS OF THE WILDERNESS JOURNEY, 1-3.
- II. THE PROMISE OF BREAD FROM HEAVEN, 4-10.
- III. THE QUAILS AND THE MANNA, 11-21.
- IV. PROVIDING FOR THE SABBATH DAY, 22-31.
- V. THE POT OF MANNA, 32-36.

INTRODUCTION.—The wilderness into which the Israelite people passed after crossing the sea is commonly supposed to have been that of the peninsula of Sinai, described by Driver as "A huge wedge-shaped block of mountains, intersected by numerous gorges and valleys, lying between the gulfs of Suez and Akabah."

I. HARDSHIPS OF THE WILDERNESS JOURNEY, 1-3.
From *Exodus*. They had already murmured at the bitter, undrinkable waters of Marah, and had been rested and refreshed at the oasis of Elim (15:22-27). The latter place has, with some probability, been identified with some part of a valley about sixty miles south of Suez, where there is water in abundance and where there are "thickets of palms and tamarisks, beds of reeds and bulrushes, with a gurgling brook and pools." Here they enter the rugged and mountainous wilderness of Sin. Once more the people break out in murmuring against Moses because of lack of food, and look back with longing to the flesh and fowl of Egypt, unwilling to endure the rigorous discipline of the road to freedom. It was well for them that they had a strong and capable leader who knew the wilderness ways and could put his trust in God.

II. THE PROMISE OF BREAD FROM HEAVEN, 4-10.
I will rain bread. Compare Psalm 78:22-25: "And he rained down manna upon them to eat, And he gave them of the corn of heaven."

That I may prove them. It is recognized that God's blessings are in themselves part of the discipline of life, to be rightly used in harmony with God's laws. The Sabbath law in particular (v. 5), is here mentioned and is to be observed. *The glory of the Lord.* The provision of the coming of the quails in the evening will prove to them that the Lord is himself leading them out of Egypt and caring for them, and the manna which they shall find in the morning will be a revelation of his glory. May we not so think of every gracious provision of God in nature for the wants of men?

In the cloud, v. 10. Some extraordinary and brilliant effects of light, gleaming upon or through the cloud, reveal also the glory of the Lord. For that divine glory is manifest in what is beautiful and splendid in nature, as well as in that which supplies our bodily needs.

III. THE QUAILS AND THE MANNA, 11-21.

At even the quails came up. The quail is similar to our partridge. In March and April, birds of this species migrate northward across the Mediterranean Sea in vast numbers, returning southward about the end of September. It is said that they always fly with the wind (see Num. 11:31), and that they usually alight at nightfall and rest during the night. It is then that, exhausted by their long flight, they can be easily taken by hand. See Psalms 78:26-29 and 106:40.

A small round thing, v. 14. Moffatt translates, "When the dew evaporated, there, on the surface of the ground, lay thin flakes, as tiny as hoar frost." The people looked at this strange thing in puzzled wonderment, saying, "What is it?" That is, in Hebrew, *man hu*, or *man hu*, and thus the writer explains the Hebrew name *man* which was given to it, from which our word *manna* is derived.

What is commonly regarded as the manna of the peninsula of Sinai is "the sweet juice of the Tarfa, a species of tamarisk. It exudes in summer by night from the trunks and branches, and forms small round white grains." The Arabs gather it, melt and strain it, and use it like honey. It has an agreeable, somewhat aromatic taste, and is, "as sweet as honey." See v. 31, and compare Num. 11:7-9. Whether this was the manna found and used by the Israelites or not we do not know. It answers, to the description given here and in Numbers, chapter 11, only in part. Whatever the manna may have been it certainly came to the murmuring people as the gift of God, and was ever afterward remembered as an evidence of his bountiful providence and of his fatherly care. It was taken by our Lord as an image of his own life given for men, the "true bread out of heaven." (John 6: 31-35.)

They did mete it out with an omer. The omer was the tenth part of an ephah (v. 36), that is about six and one-half pints.

IV and V. PROVIDING FOR THE SABBATH DAY, AND THE PRESERVATION OF THE POT OF MANNA, 22-36.

The reverent regard of Moses for the Sabbath rest is noteworthy. The story of the manna would seem to show that there is no economic loss, but rather gain, in the keeping of this holy day. *So the people rested on the seventh day.*

Shade for young chickens is mighty essential in the month of August.

Nest-eggs are not necessary for good egg production, as we have believed for ages. Those who use trapnets do not use nest-eggs.

I stopped egg-eating by putting china eggs in each nest. That discouraged the habit.—H. L. P.

THRESHERS AND NO HELP

BY JESSIE L. CARPENTER

Just as I expected, the threshers were descending upon us and no help in sight. The thing I had dreaded for months was here. Whenever the subject had been discussed my menfolk had been confident that it would not be difficult to get a woman to come in for a few days to assist with the cooking, serving, dishwashing and general work.

But when I had looked for help I found everyone busy, and I dreaded having a stranger almost more than trying to do everything myself. As it was, I had twenty-four hours in which to make preparations, and the wholesome advice of my family shook down the flutter of dismay and indecision into which the impending ordeal had plunged me.

"Cut out the nicknacks. Give 'em something that'll stick to their ribs. The way some folks pile on cookies and cake and pickles and pudding makes me sick. When men are working on a threshing machine they want plenty of good beef and potatoes, with gravy enough to float a warship. And about the only sweet stuff they have any use for is pie. Fresh vegetables go begging, and you might as well rest your face and hands as to waste time trying to get them to eat garden peas. Make it not 'n' heavy and plenty of it, and they'll be suited whether you are or not."

Come to think of it, I'd heard a regular old threshing hand express "them sentiments" too, and almost in those identical terms. So I set sponge for a big batch of bread to be baked in the morning before the heat of the day, and made my plans somewhat according to instructions and specifications. I would have only one kind of dessert—pie—and plenty of it. I must have some fresh vegetables for the sake of the family; but, aside from that, the staples—meat, potatoes, gravy—and enough of them.

These must be the foundation, with as much variety as I could manage with the time and energy at my disposal. I tried to vary the meat course with salmon and boiled ham; but I discovered that the preference was for what the boys had termed "good old beef," and so settled down to pot roast for dinner, as that seemed to meet with unqualified approval. If they liked it, why not give it to them? It was the easiest thing to cook, and how they did stow it away!

I put it cooking in the morning with the breakfast fire, boiled it briskly for about twenty minutes to seal the juices, then placed it on a hot dish in the fireless cooker. At eleven o'clock I took it out of the pot, sliced it, and put it back to keep hot, all ready to put on the table when wanted. Sometimes I made dumplings with the meat, and these proved popular—judging from the way the big supply of them disappeared.

Sliced Tomatoes Hit the Spot

The potatoes were served either mashed, creamed or plain boiled, neatly and dry. The buttered beans, snap beans and delicious sweet corn on the cob went begging, just as the men had said they would. I might as well have "rested my face and hands," according to advice as far as the threshers were concerned; but my family ate them, so I always had two fresh vegetables besides tomatoes.

I served a huge platterful of fresh tomatoes peeled and sliced and arranged in layers on the platter so that they would not become broken or jammed. These were always eaten almost to the last slice. Instead of using them as a salad the men ate them with sugar. As there were plenty of tomatoes available I was glad they proved so popular. Cottage cheese, warmed only enough to separate the curd from the whey, leaving a firm but tender cheese, which I dressed with thick sweet cream, was eaten with apparent appreciation. Biscuits and honey met with an enthusiastic reception. Of the really ample cuts of pie no scrap was left.

I stuck to my decision of only one dessert—that is, I did not do any baking outside of pie. Apple pie was served one day, chocolate cream pie another and blueberry pie the last two days. I bought a gallon can of blueberries at the grocery store, which saved the day as far as dessert was concerned. They were not expensive and were all ready to use. From the contents of the can I made four large, thick pies and one smaller one—enough for the family when the threshers were gone.

Apple butter or apple sauce was served every day to augment my dessert and provide something not quite so hearty as the general fare. These were eaten almost as consistently as the tomatoes and pie. Sliced peaches were substituted for the apple sauce one day. It is my opinion that with plenty of berries or other fresh fruit it is not necessary to provide pie for a threshing crew, but at least it is sure to be appreciated.

PLAN OF THE DAY

Immediately after breakfast I washed the dishes and set the table for dinner. My husband or one of my sons brought in what was needed from the garden and I cleaned and prepared the vegetables and put them cooking by 10.30, so there would be no hurry when the men came in at noon. At 11.45 one of my menfolk came in to help put dinner on the table. He carried in the tea for all who wanted it or milk for any who preferred it. Two wash basins, a small tub and

plenty of towels, with a small stream of water running by the door, enabled the men to wash up expeditiously and at 12.10 they were seated at the table.

By one o'clock dinner was over to the last man and the dining room empty. We then ate our dinner and whoever had come to assist me remained to help clear up the table and carry the dishes to the kitchen. Generally he washed the dishes for me while I lay down for an hour or two. At 8.30 I made my pie for the next day and baked them while getting supper. Most of the men on the machine were neighbors and went home at night. Only two stayed at the house for supper and breakfast. Some of the men made a practice of spreading newspapers over the tablecloth at their places to protect it from the dirt of machine-oiled sleeves. This was their own idea and I hope you know I appreciated it.

To get the cooking done with the minimum of heat and discomfort I had only a low fire in the range to keep things hot and did the actual cooking on a two-burner gasoline stove with the aid of the fireless cooker. To save time and labor the dishes were well rinsed with hot water after washing, and then drained in a wire dish drainer placed over a large pan, as I had no sink at that time. No dishes were dried with the towel except the silver and glass. I have made this a practice for years and the saving is very much worth while.

Book Covers for Looks

Book covers are designed not only to keep the books clean but to make them attractive to look at as well. Every girl will want to experiment with them, not only on the schoolbooks of the younger members of the family but on her own high-school books and the shabbier volumes in the family library.

Glazed chintz makes delightful book covers in the plain colors as well as the smaller quaint patterns. Its shiny surface makes it practical, too, for it withstands wear and tear and can be wiped off with a damp cloth if it is not too soiled.

Gingham can be used for durable, washable covers. It should be hemmed or bound with tape and supplied with snap fasteners to get it on and off in a jiffy. The tiny-checked ginghams can be treated to effective cross-stitch designs, initials or queer little sampler figures done in black colorfast cotton on the white checks.

Olefin, both the shiny table variety and the softer kind used for wall covering, comes in such delightful colors that it makes ideal covers for schoolbooks and recipe books. A damp cloth and it is as good as new! A few stitches or some gummed tape will hold the edges together inside the binding. It can be lettered with colored ink.

And of course there are the fancy paper covers. Covers of discarded pamphlets and catalogues can often be utilized by turning them wrong side out. Stiff brown wrapping paper can be dressed up with bright cut-outs from the magazines, with decoupage or silhouette. Another interesting way to treat a paper cover is to cut out a staid design and back it with paper of a contrasting color. They are lots of fun to do, all of them.

In covering a book be sure to fold just enough over the edges to make the cover secure. Too much bulk inside will wrench the back of the book. That is why it is better to cut away the corners, mitre them and secure the edges with gummed tape or fat snap fasteners.—A. K. C.

Potting Strawberries

By potting strawberries in midsummer I get almost a full crop the following season. For a good many years I have followed the plan here described:

I use two-inch and three-inch pots. These pots are filled with a mixture of two-thirds moderately stiff clay and one-third garden loam; in the bottom of each pot I put a half-bushful of old manure, which acts both as a drain and as a moisture-holder. This mixture of soil is run through a one-eighth-inch-mesh wire screen before being put in the pots. It is firmed down rather tightly.

The pots are then sunk in the ground and the sturdy runners are set in them, a small stone being used to hold each runner in place. If an additional runner grows from the young plant, cut it off. As soon as the plants have taken root, give a gentle but thorough watering. This will establish growth almost immediately. For a month, the only attention needed is an occasional watering.

Before setting out the plants, I always lift them from the bud in the pots, and assemble them in some semi-shaded place where the pots are to remain in soft soil. The plants, one by one, are trimmed of dead and dying leaves, and are given other little attentions to make them sturdy. For two weeks they are kept in this new place, and they are watered every evening.

When setting in the new bed, invert each pot, tap slightly, and catch the plant and soil in the hand. Set the plant with the surface of the pot-soil flush with the surface of the bed, or the least bit below it. I usually set the new bed late in August or early in September.—E.

SOME SYMPTOMS OF TUBERCULOSIS

Everybody Should Recognize Them

Anemia, or lack of vitality, is a steady disease advanced before it is much easier to cure. It is a disease of the blood, and if not treated, it leads to a loss of weight and ambition. Some symptoms of anemia are: loss of appetite, sleeplessness, shortness of breath, slight exertion, and nervousness. If you have these symptoms, consult with Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. They will make the blood rich and healthy. Everybody should recognize them.

There are in the world many who are suffering from anemia. It is a disease of the blood, and if not treated, it leads to a loss of weight and ambition. Some symptoms of anemia are: loss of appetite, sleeplessness, shortness of breath, slight exertion, and nervousness. If you have these symptoms, consult with Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. They will make the blood rich and healthy. Everybody should recognize them.

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