PLANNING THIS SUMMER'S CANNING

BY MARGARET E. LEE.

Sometimes I have looked into the tired faces of farm women gathered for a canning demonstration and wondered if it would not be better to urge them to can less and rest more.

When I knew that many a cellar held a surplus of canned fruit and when I realized that improved methods of storage and shipping are daily bringing fresh fruit and vegetables nearer our market and purse, I felt that wise planning should be used by all of us in the quantity and kinds of fruit, vegetables and meat canned.

So last year I read very carefully the bulletin sent out by our extension service. It told the quantity of fruit and vegetables necessary to feed a family of given size throughout the winter months.

I surely wanted to feed my family to keep them in the best possible health. And with three small boys and a baby girl the time I had to pickle and can would have to be used very carefully.

First, I considered the location of our farm. We are near two large markets, although it is not always profitable to run to town with one surplus crate of cherries or tomatoes. However, I decided to can only a reasonable quantity of each fruit or vegetable and try to market fresh all the surplus. The money obtained from selling these fresh products should be used to buy oranges, grapefruit, grapes, lemons and bananas to supplement my canned fruit and my lettuce, early radishes, sweet potatoes, early tomatoes and cucumbers.

Secondly, I thought of the vegetables and fruit that will keep without the extra labor of drying or canning. We have apples. These I would keep upstairs. Pears we had until Christmas and grapes picked and kept cold lasted long after the vines were frosted. Tomatoes ripened in the south windows when the air was full of frost. Onions, cabbage, turnips, beets, carrots and squash we had to store.

DOESN'T PAY TO CAN MEAT.

Lastly, I slipped paper and pencil just inside my cupboard door. Every time I made some jelly or canned or pickled something I set down. Now, I thought, I shall use my canned goods freely this winter and supplement with fresh. Then next year I will know better how much of each variety we can be expected to use. The extension service can help by telling me how much of each is required by the average individual.

Much has been said of canned meat for the farm women. No doubt in some cases it may be desirable and economical. Personally I prefer to have a fresh killed chicken than to can them with the extra labor and chance of loss. Beef I have seen purchased by the quarter and canned at one of my neighbors. When the cost of canning was figured carefully the few cents saved would hardly pay. And nothing was allowed for labor involved.

We brine and smoke pork in the old-fashioned way to help out our fresh-meat supply. Eggs we use freely. We hope to have a small hotbed that will extend our season of fresh vegetables. I believe labor can be used in growing earlier and later vegetables rather than canning a heavy midseason supply.

This year, when I begin to can, I shall inventory my supply. All last year's surplus will be used first. I shall try to can more of some things next year and fewer of others.

There are, no doubt, localities where families are poorly fed in winter because of neglect in canning the summer surplus. But there are many, many farm women with an already overfull day. I shall can both to save our pocketbook and our health, but I shall try to plan my canning carefully. And I think that my family will be better fed by using more fresh fruit and vegetables.

I shall feel free to use all I want of my stored supplies, secure in the knowledge that what was used freely last year cannot fail me badly this year.

Joint Ill Will Take its Toll.

Try and stop the losses. Colts are valuable. Joint ill is a robber that can be frustrated by careful methods.

Pyogenic striptococci are believed to be responsible for 50 per cent. of all joint ill cases.

Bacillus nephritidis equi are responsible for 20 per cent. of all joint ill cases.

These two types of bacteria gain entrance to the animal body soon after birth by way of the recently ruptured navel cord.

Bacillus coli communis is also responsible for 20 per cent. of all joint ill cases. This one gains entrance to the animal's body either through injestion at the time of nursing or by way of the navel cord.

Bacillus abortus equi is responsible for about 10 per cent. of all cases. It gains entrance to the foal's body before birth.

Treatment—Hygienic surroundings for the prospective mother. Have administered the anti-joint-ill serum as soon as the foal is born. Have the navel attended to by applications of astringent dressing powder or tincture of iodine until it is completely dry. Dirty hands usually carry millions of the above named bacteria. Don't touch the raw navel cord with hands. The navel cord should not be ligated unless there is serious hæmorrhage or previous urachus. Some forms are heavily infested with the bacteria causing the trouble and the greatest care is required to prevent infection. Extensive use is being made of Polyvalent vaccines and bacterins to prevent the trouble in Great Britain. Pregnant mares are injected for three or four months before the foal is born and the foal treated with polyvalent serum at birth.

Preventative treatment is surely worth while, when it will save a colt that has normally cost you $50 to produce.

Sweet Clover Meal and Alfalfa Meal for Hogs.

To determine the value of alfalfa and sweet clover meat in the meal ration of growing hogs during the finishing period and to compare sweet clover meal, alfalfa meal and a standard meal ration as to economy of gains, a test was made at the Central Experimental Farm in the winter of 1924. According to the report of the Dominion Animal Husbandman, the supplementing of a well-balanced meal ration with alfalfa meal or sweet clover meal in this test gave greater gains at an increased cost. Sweet clover meal was slightly superior to alfalfa meal, and both improved the health, thrift, and general appearance of the hogs. Fed at the rate of one pound to 8.8 pounds of the standard meal ration, neither proved economical for the feeding of hogs finished at 170 to 200 pounds.

Oats, Peas and Vetch Silage Compared With Corn Silage.

Experiments to find the comparative value of corn silage, and a silage composed of oats, peas and vetch were continued at the Central Experimental Farm in the winter of 1924. From these experiments it may be concluded that oats, peas and vetch silage is almost the equal of corn silage as a feed. On account of its comparativly low tonnage per acre, however, it is not so economical a crop to grow. The details of the experiments are given in the report of the Dominion Animal Husbandman, distributed by the Publications Branch of the Dominion Department of Agriculture.

A Hard Job.

The Skipper—"This boat makes fifteen knots an hour."

The Girl—"Who unties them?"

THE LESSON OF THE FLOWERS

BY JENNY WREN.

"What a pretty little girl!"

This remark had so often reached little Nettie Guard's ears that she began to realize that it must be a truth, and to feel rather disappointed when she failed to hear it. Then, instead of playing with other children, she would strut up and down before them like a little peacock, as though expecting them to admire her.

She never passed a looking glass without taking a sly peep, and often, when alone, would stand a long time before her mirror, admiring her own reflection. Nettie forgot that it is the expression which gives to a face its greatest beauty, and at last grew more proud and disdainful.

One day, in the middle of summer, she wandered off alone into the woods, and throwing herself down by the side of a clear, running brook, on the cool, green grass, she leaned over to find her own face reflected in the water. Then she took off her hat, and the long, golden curls fell about it.

Her head felt very hot to-day, and her cheeks burned. She would have liked to bathe them both, but she was fearful of disarranging her hair, so she lay still, looking in the brook and idly dreaming. Presently she saw tripping up beside her the tiniest little creature her eyes had ever beheld.

She was dressed all in green, and was scarcely taller than one of the blades of grass.

Nettie opened her eyes very wide. All her life-long she had had the greatest desire to see a fairy. This tiny creature could be nothing less.

"Good morning, Nettie!" she said, in clear, distinct tones, though very low and musical.

"Good afternoon!" answered Nettie, not the least frightened, only very much amazed.

"True, it is afternoon!" replied the fairy, laughing; "but with us it is always morning. Will you not come and take a little walk with me?"

Nettie sprang to her feet, delighted. How much taller she was than the fairy! She tossed her head, too, that she might see the golden gleam on her long, floating curls, but the tossing hurt her, for her head ached sadly, and the fairy took no notice.

Soon Nettie, for the moment, forgot herself, as she found herself in a most beautiful garden, filled with exquisite flowers.

Over one large, superb blossom Nettie bent, delightedly, but raised her head in disappointment. The odor it gave forth was positively disagreeable.

"Oh! Why do you have this in your garden?" she cried.

"Is it not handsome?" questioned the fairy, in answer.

"Yes; but that is all!" said Nettie.

This time the fairy only smiled. Next time the little girl stopped before a cluster of roses. How very beautiful they were, and full of fragrance, too! No wonder that they reared up their heads so proudly, as though asserting themselves queens of the garden. Their petals were wet with dew, which shone like diamonds on their soft, velvety surface of crimson and gold.

"May I pluck one?" asked Nettie, and, on receiving permission, eagerly extended her little hand, but as quickly drew it back, torn and bleeding.

The thorns had hurt it cruelly—so cruelly that tears sprang to her blue eyes, and she turned away with quivering lip.

Next, she saw a lovely mass of blossom. Delighted, she ran toward it, but the tiny figure at her side drew her back.

"Do not go near it," she said; "it is poison."

Nettie shuddered.

"Why do you let it grow?" she asked again.

"It is beautiful to the eye, is it not?" the fairy said. "It's deadly qualities are hidden."

Nettie walked on in silence. Suddenly the whole air became laden with sweetest fragrance. Where could it come from. She looked about her, but the beauty of the garden lay behind her. She could find no majestic plant, no queen-rose with its thorn-armor. When had she smelt anything so delicious? The atmosphere was almost intoxicating in its sweetness.

She looked at the fairy entreatingly, and in answer she pointed to the ground.

Nettie stopped, and there, under her very feet, with their sweetness crushed out by her tread, all hidden under their green leaves, were myriads of violets.

Overjoyed by her discovery, the little girl filled her hands, but no thorns pricked her, and all the delicate, exquisite fragrance remained.

"They are the loveliest things in all the garden!" she exclaimed. "And you keep them hidden here?"

"Nay! nay!" replied the fairy. "They hide themselves. The rarest thing in flowers, as in humanity, does not find it necessary to grow on tall stems, or flourish their virtues, but to remember that they are but parts of a great creation, and, abashed by their own insignificance, leave it for others to discover their charm.

"The violet, in its nest of green, should be the type of childhood in its modest purity. It needs no thorn to protect it, no poisonous exhalation to make it shunned, no disagreeable odor to teach us that its beauty goes no further than the face. From the moment that it springs into birth, until its little life is ended, it lives a lesson. Keep these you have gathered, my child, and remember that if God has given you beauty, the beauty of the face is like the poison plant, to be shunned and avoided, without there is added the beauty of the soul."

With these words the fairy vanished, and Nettie found herself again on the banks of the stream and rubbing her eyes as though she had been asleep.

Where were her violets? Her fingers were empty, but the subtle fragrance still lingered. Her head was hot and burning, too, and it was with effort that she rose and walked home.

When she reached there, her mother looked very anxiously at her burning cheeks, and Nettie was glad to get into the cool little bed prepared for her.

Poor little girl! It was the beginning of a long illness, and when she recovered, all her beautiful hair had been shaved close to her head; but Nettie did not regret it as she would once have done, and when she grew strong and well again, every one noticed the great change in her. Every one loved her, and soon her little playmates began to think how pretty Nettie had grown; but it was her unselfishness and thoughtfulness for others which lent to her beauty its chiefest charm.

She knew now that she had been only dreaming that day by the brook, but she never forgot the lesson of the flowers.

A DOMINION DAY JAMBOREE

BY BEATRICE PLUMB.

Why not celebrate the First of July with a neighborhood jamboree? It's a lot of fun if all the families in your community pack a picnic supper and eat together under the trees while you rest up between an afternoon of games and an evening of dancing. The young folks will be sure to want to dance, and Dad and Mother will enjoy it if there are plenty of old-time square dances mixed in.

Your invitations may be written on white note paper with a small Union Jack or picture of Jack Canuck stuck to the outside page. On the left-hand inside page of your invitation write a patriotic verse. On the opposite page write the necessary directions, such as place, time and special events of picnic.

Select some shady spot for your picnic, with a level stretch of grass for races and dancing and a spring or a well not too far away. Coax some dependable man to dress up like Jack Canuck and be master of ceremonies. Now you are ready to plan the program. Let the men help you plan. Some real athletic contests are always fun—a three-legged race, egg-and-spoon race, or a sack race, but sprinkle in enough fakes to make it interesting for the entire party.

The big feature of the afternoon will be an informal ball game, men against women, the men to bat left-handed.

Guessing contests keep things lively. Here is one to try: Line up ten women of various heights and sizes and let the men guess what size shoes each woman takes. Then line up the men and have the women guess what size hat and collar each wears. Hang around the neck of each exhibit a different number instead of name. For some inexplainable reason this "fusses" them. Give each guesser a slip of paper and a pencil decorated with red, white and blue ribbon. After they have written against each number the sizes guessed, ask them to sign their name and turn the paper in for judging.

Let the boys have a "bawl" game of their own. The prize—a baby pacifier or an all-day sucker—goes to the boy who can bawl in the most realistic fashion and for the longest time.

The girls can compete in the "running high squeal." They toe the line and run to the tape as in regular races. But here they all stop and squeal. The girl who can squeal highest wins a prize.

"Standing high jump" is for the youngsters. Prepare plenty of doughnuts and tie to each a long length of string. The doughnuts are then tied to the low branches of a tree or tightly stretched wire. Each child chooses a doughnut and the umpire strings it up just out of its owner's reach, so he must jump to take a bite. A picnic plate is given to each child in which to catch not only the crumbs but usually the falling doughnut as well. The prize goes to the one who eats his doughnut first. Every crumb must be licked off the plate and not once must the doughnut be touched with the hands. A skipping rope makes an excellent prize for a girl, a bouncing ball for a boy.

While this is going on, line up the men for the "standing broad grin." On the word "grin" every man does his best while the women judges go around measuring the different widths with tape measures. Present the winner with a flag-decorated little card on which you have pasted the chorus of "There are smiles that make you happy."

To provide music for dancing, there is always the phonograph which can be carried in the car to your open-air dance floor.

Striking illustration of the triumph of will over physical handicap is this street worker in London. With one hand he weaves designs which have won universal acclaim from critics.

ECLIPSE FASHIONS

Exclusive Patterns by Heil Bayne

OUR LITTLE TOT'S ENSEMBLE.

While mother and big sister are enjoying their ensembles the little girl will be happy to have this clever ensemble just to her liking. The bloomer dress is developed in washable crepe which also lines the coat. The little frock, No. 1005, is of simple kimono style with tucks on the shoulders. The round collar and bateau neck lend themselves to the present vogue, that daughter's dress must in some measure resemble mother's. The raglan sleeve in No. 1097 makes the construction of the coat very easy and the fitting assured. The notched collar and turned-back cuffs give our little miss a tailored finish that pleases the mother in these days of "Prince of Wales" marks. Cut in sizes 1, 2, 4 and 6 years. Size 2 years requires 2⅞ yards of 36-inch material for the bloomer dress and 2 yards for the coat. Price 20c each.

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. Patterns sent by return mail.

Competition.

"And didn't you even look through the keyhole?" said Teddy's big sister, who had offered him a dime if he would stay away from the parlor while her beau was there.

"Naw," replied Teddy. "I didn't have a chance. Man an' pa was in the way."

Easy Beadwork.

Stringing beads for the popular crocheted bead necklaces and purses is a tedious task on account of the many beads with centres too small to go over a needle or knot.

I have seen various ways suggested for doing this part of the task, but here is a method that is easier and quicker than any way I have yet noticed, and I will pass it on for the benefit of those who are interested in such work.

Fray the end of the thread you wish to transfer the beads to so as to make it tapering, then pull one of the short strings of beads out of the bunch in which they came and lap one end of this string about an inch over on the tapering end of the other thread.

Now roll these lapped threads together over a little piece of beeswax until they are united and smooth.

The beads may be easily slipped over this joining—even the small ones. When they are all off the short thread it can be quickly twitched off the other thread and another little string of beads waxed on.

By following this simple method I have found that two or three thousand beads can be strung in a short time.—A. V. B.

Old Order is Upset by New Picnic Plan.

Did you ever go to a picnic where everybody brought hard-boiled eggs, and some vitamin fiend in the crowd was so disturbed that someone had to drive to town to get food to balance the ration?

If picnickers this summer will follow this plan they will find it suited to picnics and meetings of all sizes, whether in or out of doors.

The main idea of this plan is to supply each family with a simple menu or list of the food to be taken to the gathering. Each menu is the same and can be sent with the invitation or announcement of the affair. Each family brings its own silverware and at lunch time the food is assembled and each person helps himself in cafeteria style.

This method will eliminate several evils of the old system. For instance, under the old system if Mrs. James, who was to bring all the potato salad, and Mrs. Hodge, who was to furnish the cold tongue, fail to come at the last moment, the party has to get along as best it can with Mrs. Dean's hard-boiled eggs and Miss Sweet's lemonade. Under the new system each family brings enough of all four dishes for its own members, and it doesn't matter if everyone don't come.

Preserving Eggs.

Poultry specialists tell us that the spring and summer eggs are the best for packing. They will keep better than eggs produced later in the year.

To preserve them in water glass, mix thoroughly one and a half quarts of commercial water glass solution, which may be obtained at any drug store, with eighteen quarts of boiled water. Pack clean eggs in an earthenware jar. Two six-gallon, or three four-gallon jars are sufficient to preserve thirty dozen eggs. Cover the eggs with the water glass solution until the solution is at least two inches above the tops of the eggs. Cover the jars to prevent evaporation, and keep in a cool place.

War on House Flies Urged.

"Now or never" should be the motto of every housewife in these balmy days in regard to killing house flies, one of the most annoying, disagreeable, and unsanitary household insects, and a carrier of typhoid fever and other diseases.

On the farm, most of the flies breed around the barns. This fact can be capitalized in poisoning them. An effective poison can be made and painted or swabbed on the side of the barn. Flies will then be killed in enormous quantities. A good poison can be made for this purpose by mixing one tablespoonful of lead arsenate, white arsenic, or Paris green with one pint of syrup.

Fly traps are also effective if the proper bait is used. The most attractive bait for a fly trap is bread and milk slightly sweetened with sugar.

Of all the poisons for killing flies, formaldehyde is probably the best of all. By diluting a cup of milk with a cup of water, sweetening with a little brown sugar, and adding two tablespoons of ordinary commercial formaldehyde, a very attractive and highly poisonous dope is made for flies, but it should be kept away from children.

An effective self-feeding poisoner can be made by filling a glass tumbler full of this same poison, then placing a piece of blotting paper on a saucer and inverting the saucer over the tumbler, and finally, holding the saucer down tightly, quickly turning the tumbler over. The solution will gradually feed out into the saucer.

To remove paint from plows, cultivator shovels, and all new implements before using, nothing is better than scrubbing with strong hot lye water. An old broom can be used. Don't get the lye water on the hands, or on the paint of the implement—just on the shovels.

Patchwork Designs.

The patchwork designs that are just now so much used for decorating cushions, curtains and table runners, as well as aprons and tub dresses, offer wonderful opportunities for the developing of ingenuity and skill in the children.

Pieces from the scrap bag furnish material. At first it is best to use a paper pattern and carefully follow directions, using a very plain and simple design such as a cat, goose or large flower.

When the child has learned to cut out the design, baste back the edges neatly and sew it smoothly to the garment, it is good practice to begin making designs of her own. These should first be drawn on paper. Then patterns must be cut. Older persons than children find this interesting.

Green and White Salad.

This toothsome salad is available to nearly every family that lives on the farm and will prove to be an appetite coaxer.

Two cups cottage cheese, 2 tbsp. minced sweet onions, ½ cup minced watercress.

The young onions of the garden may also be used. Blend these ingredients well and form patties and serve on a lettuce leaf. A dash of paprika improves it.

The element of feed that you pay for in buying dairy feeds is protein—used for building muscle and for making the curd of milk. Protein is the most expensive part of the dairy cow's ration. Alfalfa hay contains lots of protein, and if you feed alfalfa, you can cut down your feed dealer's bills.

He who relies upon "luck" in the care of hens has missed his calling. Success does not depend upon luck.

The foundation of success lies in the breeding stock.