WHAT NAME FOR OUR FARM?

BY DOROTHY WIESLER.

"Can't very well call it Hickory Grove," said Mr. Thomas as he turned back to his paper, "there isn't a hickory tree, let alone a grove, for twenty miles."

A slow grin spread over the face of Bud as he watched his sister's expression. Vivian was 17, and had decided views about naming the farm.

"Well, Dad, you'll have to admit a farm nowadays must have a name." This from Vivian. "Why, every one around has named his farm—our farm is the only one without a name."

Slowly dad's paper came down. He pulled his glasses lower on his nose.

"See here, now—I've run this farm for 25 years without a name, and I guess we won't starve if we don't label the place."

Young Bill's entrance prevented further discussion. The steadily increasing downpour outside, as well as the fact that he had just washed the car, had kept Bill from driving to town as was his custom. This was Bill's first year out of college.

"At it again, Viv? It's a good work—keep it up. You know, Dad, a farm name is more than just a label for the place. It would mark our farm as a distinct place of business—it would be good advertising for our produce. I don't think there is much question about naming the farm—rather what shall we name our farm?"

And Bill is right. Just as a city home or business house has a street number, a farm should have a mark of identity. The bronze plate on a city building, or the name displayed on a show-window, definitely marks and locates that business institution. A farm name distinguishes the farm, sets its aside as an individual and distinct institution. It is no longer merely a farm—it becomes a dignified business institution. The name soon becomes as much a part of the farm as the buildings themselves.

The problem confronting the Thomas family is a common one to-day, for in every rural community the question of a farm name is becoming more common and more difficult to solve. How can you choose a name for your farm that will be dignified, suitable, permanent, and pleasing in sound, a name distinctive and individual and at the same time easy to remember?

A farm name can be used effectively in advertising. It becomes associated with produce from the farm. It becomes a tangible asset when the consumer associates the name with your produce as produce of quality. The containers of such produce as eggs, honey, vegetables, etc., are made more attractive if the farm name is used on them. Another means of using the farm name to advertise is to use it on letterheads and envelopes. Business associates soon learn to call your farm by name.

When Bill finished telling his dad all this, Mr. Thomas resignedly said: "Well, all right then; you kids call it something—only don't call it Hickory Grove!"

Bill and Vivian drew aside. "It's up to us now," said Viv.

"That ought to be easy. Let's see—something that's short and easy to pronounce and easy to read. Not more than three words if we can help it. We must remember it's our home as well as dad's place of business. It ought to be something that can be used effectively in advertising, say on a honey-jar label—or crate of apples . . . h-m-m . . . Sis, this isn't going to be so easy."

"Bennetts call their farm 'Thorn Hill' because of the thorn-apple trees back on the hill, and Carroll's is Hilltop because the house is on the very top of that big hill," said Vivian.

"Suppose we both carry slips of paper and pencils with us to-morrow and put down everything we see about the place—like elm tree, brook, rocks here and there—and then to-morrow night we'll see if we can't hook them together somehow," Bill suggested.

Bill's list and Vivian's included everything from birds and animals to prominent landscape features.

"Dad," said Bill, "here are our suggestions. We want you to select one. Each seems to us a suitable name for the farm and meets all the requirements of a good name."

Dad carefully shoved up the slipping glasses and read: "Summit Farm, Applewood, Hillandale—can't say I like that—Westwood, Elspring, Chain O Lakes, Green Acres—excepting just before harvest time, eh?" Dad would have his little joke. "Swift Creek, Thornwood, Shorewood, Maple Knoll, Fairview." Dad read on and on, through "The Knoll," until he came to "Stony Brook." Here he paused.

"Well, it sure is stony. You know I can remember when . . . ." Here followed a long reminiscence—all very familiar to the other members of the family due to frequent repetitions—of adventures in the stony little brook that babbled through the south pasture.

"Stony Brook Farm—Stony Brook—now, I can see some sense to that. We could have a sign put up right by the gate, too—have it lettered in town. Stony Brook Farm. Yessir, Stony Brook Farm!" and dad's fist came down with a bang. "Can't see why I never thought of that before. Every farm should have a name. I always thought this place should have a name—always said so—never had time to figure one out though. Stony Brook Farm."

Now Bill and Vivian had done a very obvious thing—it wasn't a very difficult task after all. Look about your farm. Is the land high, hilly, level, low, stony, broken, wooded? What kind of trees are most numerous? Is there a brook flowing through your land? A lake or pond? Perhaps there is a legend connected with your farm that would suggest a name. Is there an unusual view from the house? Or possibly an old landmark on the land would be helpful in naming the farm—a huge boulder, a lone tree, an Indian mound, etc.

Every county in every province is rich in suggestive sources of names. Some abound in Indian lore—strange, pleasant-sounding Indian names are associated with every nook of the entire county. These Indian names may have a suggestion for you that will help you in selecting just the right name. The natural beauty of the country affords an unlimited supply of suggestions. Its rivers, its abundant lakes, its hills, its valleys with sparkling brooks flowing through them, its trees and its mountains—all afford names that are fitting and pleasing to the ear and at the same time distinctive.

Perhaps a name with deeper significance would find favor. There may be a legend connected with your farm that would make an excellent name. It may be the ground upon which some epoch of history was enacted. Get the "oldest inhabitant" of your neighborhood to tell you about it—for surely he will know many interesting tales. From these legends you can select a name that will embody that pride which every true Canadian feels for his native land.

The Value of Egg Grading.

Canada's egg production in 1920 was 144 million dozens and in 1925 249 million dozens, an increase of over seventy per cent. in five years. This increase would have resulted in flooded markets or unprofitable prices, if it had not been for a great increase in consumption. In fact, the per capita consumption increased in the same period from 16.8 to 26.8, that is, the annual consumption of eggs per person in Canada is now ten dozens more than it was five years ago. This remarkable increase has been brought about very largely as a result of egg grading, according to a statement issued by the Honorable W. R. Motherwell, Minister of Agriculture. Egg grading in Canada has been in effect since 1918. It was first applied to export and interprovincial shipments, later to import shipments, and since the summer of 1923 to all eggs offered for sale in a domestic way. It is reasonable to believe that the increased consumption has resulted from the great improvement in the quality of eggs brought about by grading.

The egg-grading regulations are a friendly law, which is continually bringing additional profits to the poultry producers. The producer might well welcome the opportunity to put a grade on his product, not merely because it is required by law, but because it is good business to properly grade everything he sells. He would do well to build up in the minds of his customers an appreciation of the significance of the grade names in relation to quality. A satisfied customer is the greatest asset of a business.

Plant Lice.

Cabbage, turnips and other vegetable crops, as well as many plants in the flower gardens, are often seriously injured by plant lice or aphids. There are many different kinds of these plant lice in Canada. Some are green, others dark colored, and some red. They are all sucking insects and live solely on the juice which they extract from their host plants. Some kinds feed on the under side of the foliage, others cluster on the stems of plants, and others again are found attacking the roots. Plants should be examined at frequent intervals and when the insects are first noticed they should be sprayed with a contact insecticide such as kerosene emulsion, whale oil soap, or a tobacco preparation. Trade preparations of nicotine are sold by all seedsmen. Whale oil soap is used at the rate of one pound to four gallons of warm water for black aphids, and one pounds to six gallons for green ones. To make kerosene emulsion, use two gallons of kerosene to one gallon of water and half a pound of soap. Heat the water and dissolve the soap in it, then pour in the kerosene, churning violently until a thick, creamy emulsion is produced. This makes a stock solution which cools into a jelly-like mass. When required for use, dilute with nine times its measure of warm water. The insecticides must be applied so as to reach the places where the insects are clustered. Only the plant lice which are actually hit by the spray will be killed.

A little kerosene rubbed on the wire of the screen door keeps flies from swarming in when the door is opened.

A Big Plan Book

Handsomely illustrated with plans of moderate priced homes by Canadian Architects, MacLean Builders' Guide will help you to decide on the type of home, exterior finish, materials, interior arrangement and decoration. Send 25c for a copy.

MacLean Builders' Guide
344 Adelaide St. West, Toronto, Ont.

YOUR OUT-OF-DOOR LIVING ROOM

BY HOPE HARVEY.

For at least five months of each year a livable porch will add another room to your house. The nice part is you can have this out-of-door living-room without adding more than a minimum of housekeeping care.

A really refreshing porch to live in, and one easy to keep clean, must be resistant to sun, rain, wind and dust in its structural finishes as well as its furnishings. Waterproof materials are the most satisfactory to use.

The floor of a porch may be finished with waterproof varnish, deck paint or covered with a good linoleum. The battleship linoleum is a plain medium brown color without pattern and an exceedingly durable quality. This or a tile design can be cemented to a porch floor if it is smoothly planed so that there will be no warped edges to rub through the upper surface. The result will be a handsome floor, smooth as a looking-glass and easy to mop clean.

SMOOTH SURFACE FOR PAINT.

Paint especially prepared to meet severe outside exposure, scuffing of heavy shoes and constant washing is needed for porch and steps. The surface to be painted, with either porch or deck paint, must be innocent of grease and grime and allowed to dry thoroughly before the paint brush touches it. Paint will conceal a worn surface admirably, but if moisture or dirt is left down in the wood there is danger of a detriment working up from underneath. If the old paint is scaly the loose, crackling parts will have to be scraped free before new paint is applied. Good results with paint, enamel or varnish depend upon a clean, smooth surface for application.

Waterproof varnish is excellent for the pillars of a porch. I am reminded that the prettiest cottage I saw last summer had round porch columns stained a mellow oak and varnished to resist water stains. The floor of the porch was two shades darker than the columns, the ceiling was a soft blue-green, ledge boxes covered with natural bark held masses of luxuriant ferns.

The rustic furniture was homemade. It had been rubbed free of bark and was coated with a waterproof varnish for a triple reason: to keep the wood from drying and chipping off, to keep dust from penetrating the pores, and to make it easily cleanable with the garden hose.

New porch furniture is not necessary when there are odds and ends at hand that can be painted to match. You can sandpaper the original surface of the wood and give the furniture a brown mahogany, a walnut or an English oak stain, followed with a coat of waterproof varnish. Waterproof enamel in a choice of a dozen colors can be used to put a uniform coat on all the porch pieces if gay color is wanted.

Furniture with too much ornamentation is ugly and demands a lion's share of dusting. Superfluous ornaments should be sawed off and the scars sandpapered and stained or painted the color of the chair.

Upholstery and pillows may be covered with waterproof or readily washed materials. An oilcloth comes in seven pretty colors and it is of course rainproof and will shed showers, dew and fog moisture. Imitation leather sheds dampness and dust; awning textiles are almost impenetrable. Gingham checks and plaids, old-fashioned oil calico and sunfast, tubfast cretonnes are all materials adaptable to outdoor living.

Where there are windows and glass doors on a porch leading directly into a room, privacy of the interior may be obtained by stretching unbleached cheesecloth on rods from top to bottom of the doors and windows in full shirred widths. These curtains require no ironing.

USE A SCREEN.

A lattice screen readily regulated with a pull cord from within will shelter the porch from the sun. A trellis in the direct way of the hot western sun, over which a vine is trained, makes a good afternoon sun protector. A homemade awning is manufactured of duck, ticking or awning textile, scalloped on the outer edges to prevent fraying, bound with cotton braid of the same or contrasting color and reinforced with a double hem at the top where the awning is tacked along the under porch eaves. Triangle brackets of the desired size hold the awning out at the required distance from the porch and shelter the interior. Sometimes the brackets are set on hinges, which, turned, will allow the awning to drop against the porch wall.

No Lousy Hogs.

I find it is very easy to keep the lice off the hogs by pouring worn-out auto oil in the hog wallows.—G. L. B.

Fresh lard will remove tar stains from the skin.

TEN THOUSAND FIREFLIES

BY FLORENCE ROMAINE.

Many years ago in the mountains of China lived a boy by the name of Chang.

He was a happy little fellow, although his home was only a stone hut, with rough furniture, and a stove of mud-plaster in one corner, on which his mother, Sing Wee, cooked simple meals of rice and herb-broth.

When he was very small, Chang loved to patter around after Sing Wee, or listen in the evening to the quaint, chanting songs with which she sang him to sleep; songs of the great owl, whose luminous eyes shone only in the darkness; of the waterfall's tinkling murmur, like the sound of a bell; or perhaps, of the golden-winged fireflies darting and whirling among the shadowy trunks of the pine trees.

As he grew older, Chang came to know the wild creatures of the wood better and better, until even the birds would come at his call. And all the animals seemed to trust him, for he was careful never to step on any living thing, but rather, if a beetle or cricket lay sprawling on its back, to set it right again before going on his way.

NEWS FROM AFAR.

So ten years passed. And then one day when the sun was setting behind the purple hills, Chang's father came home from the stone quarry, where he worked, with news for the family.

"To-morrow there is to be a festival in the Emperor's Summer Palace at Kou-Sou," he said, drawing his bowl of rice toward him. "It is the tenth birthday of Yung Loh, the Prince Imperial, one of the cutters told me, and many are the gifts travelers are bringing him from distant climes in honor of the event."

Chang's almond eyes widened with interest.

"Would that we had something to give, Father," he broke in eagerly.

Ah Lung laughed. "We have nothing, my little Chang, unless you can make jewels drop from the skies," he said teasingly; then added, "Thou hast forgotten that we are poor. The Emperor knows naught of us; perchance if he did, things might not be quite so hard."

That night Chang lay awake for some time wondering what offering he, too, might make to the young Prince. And before going to sleep, lulled by the soft music of the wind, he had decided.

CHANG'S GIFT.

"I am going to Kou-Sou, Mother," he said next morning, "for I have found a gift for his Imperial Highness."

"But what canst thou take?" asked Sing Wee in surprise.

"Jewels dropped from the skies," returned Chang, touching the gourd which he had fastened to a long stick and covered with a piece of cloth. "Nature's jewels, fireflies, the largest and finest I could find. Thinkest thou they will shine in the Emperor's garden?"

"Ay, my son," replied Sing Wee. "Canst thou but reach his side, methinks he will not spurn thee, for it is the thought that counts, as even a Prince can understand."

And she watched him from the doorway of the hut, until he turned to wave for the last time.

Many hours after leaving the forest, Chang tramped along the highway, stopping sometimes to rest by a mountain torrent, splashing joyously from crag to crag, while he drank in the fragrant pine-scented air.

Finally, rounding a turn, Chang came upon a curved bridge with a porcelain pavilion in the centre. Its graceful outline was mirrored in the stream beneath, and as Chang stepped inside, he saw something flash past the willows on the opposite bank.

THE STRANGE BOY.

Now the flashing object was a boy, dressed in a suit of bright blue satin. He was chasing a butterfly, which floated lazily just out of reach.

"Nay, do not touch it," cried Chang, running toward him.

The boy whirled around, his face dark and angry. "How dare you!" he sputtered. "Knowest thou to whom—?"

"It matters little," replied Chang calmly. "Thou must not harm the wild things, but rather love them. Look, I will show thee something."

Standing under a tree Chang gave a low, sweet whistle, looking keenly up into the branches. There was silence a moment, followed by a rustling sound and a yellow-throated bird darted through the leaves to his feet.

"Could I only learn to do that," gasped the strange boy, "I would give all that I have!"

"I will teach thee," replied Chang, "and ask no reward except that thou shalt love these creatures too."

For a long time the boys sat together on a wayside stone, until shadows deepened on the road.

"I must go," exclaimed Chang's companion hurriedly. "And you—?"

"I too must continue my journey," replied Chang. "I am going to the Emperor's Summer Palace with an offering for the young Prince. Knowest thou if the way is long?"

"I will show thee," replied the other, smiling strangely.

They walked down the road beside a high stone wall, and soon, to Chang's surprise turned in a vaulted gateway.

Silently his companion led Chang along a path bordered by blossoming plum trees to a gleaming pagoda at the end; then up two steps and into a great hall.

Several attendants stood near a man seated on a golden throne in the centre of the room, and as Chang and the boy entered, one of them sprang forward.

"Where has thou been?" he cried. "We have searched the Palace grounds for an hour and——,"

"Cease, Fo Hop," said a voice from the throne. "Let Yung Loh himself explain."

"My Father," replied the boy bowing low. "I crave thy pardon should I have caused thee distress." He took Chang by the hand and led him forward. "But to-day I have learned from this stone-cutter's son more than from all my tutors. For he alone has taught me from the wonderful book of Nature, which was closed to me before!"

That night, with the Prince Yung Loh, Chang wandered in the Emperor's garden, gazing in wonder and delight at the strings of Chinese lanterns swinging to and fro.

And when at last they flickered out, and 10,000 fireflies dipped and circled in the darkness, Chang knew that among them all, none shone brighter or were more highly prized than his.

Save Time With a Letter Scale.

My best time saver on baking day is a letter scale which will weigh up to a pound and a half by half ounces. I purchased it to weigh letters and small parcels, but now it does daily duty in the kitchen measuring spices and shortening. An exact cupful of butter or other shortening weighs but eight ounces. Knowing this, it is much easier to lay a sheet of paper on the scale and weigh the bulk needed than to pack the shortening into a measuring cup, scoop it out again and then have the cup to wash. The paper can be kept to grease the baking pan, before dropping into the fire. When measuring spices I turn up the edges of the half-sheet of paper, forming a little tray to prevent scattering.

A young farmer we know took home with him from the hardware store the other day a keg of "sample" bolts of every size imaginable. Had he bought them one at a time, they would have cost him from $20 to $25. As it was he got the whole kegful for $5, and he is prepared for all emergencies.

Calves need plenty of salt, as well as water and feed.

THE CANADIAN HOMEMAKER

A series of weekly articles covering

PLANNING . BUILDING . FINANCING
DECORATING . FURNISHING . GARDENING

Copyright 1926.

BEAUTIFYING A CORNER LOT

By Henry J. Moore

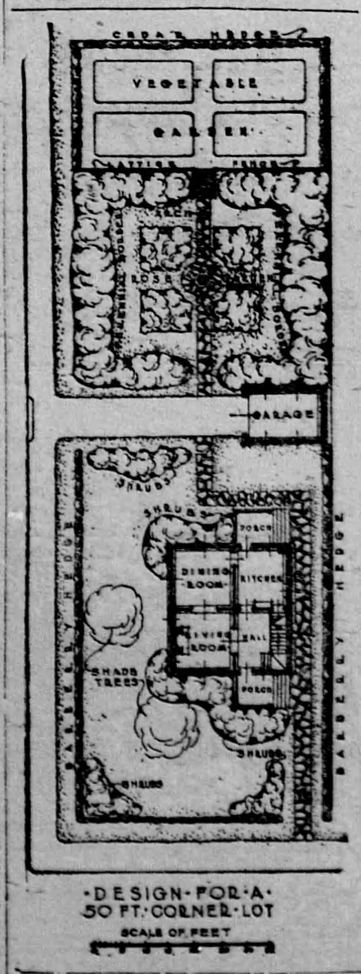
There are many wonderful home sites at the corners of residential streets in most of our towns and cities which if properly beautified could be used as examples in the treatment of such properties everywhere, and as so many different treatments are possible the educational value of beautifying these areas is at once apparent.

Were the builders of the house to give a thought to the beautification of the surroundings, the buildings would be so located on the lots as to retain as large an area as possible intact for the making of the lawn instead of so placing the structure as to divide the area into two or more parts. This is a thought however which obviously leads back to the fact that in building and beautifying anywhere it is a question of proper planning. It will certainly pay the owner to see that his plans for home and grounds are properly prepared, if he would have a dignified and harmonious layout.

It is assumed that the average corner house will be in alignment with the houses on the street and not set back any further from the street, also that its front will be parallel to the street. In this case it will be to advantage to build the house as close to the lot line as possible of the neighboring house but sufficiently far away to allow of the construction of the service walk. The house should not be built near the side street. In this way it will be possible as shown on the plan to construct quite a large sized lawn along the side of the house, which lawn may extend from the street at the front to the flower or vegetable garden, if one, or to the full extent of the property at the rear of the lot.

If a garage is desired on the corner lot it might be well to design this in conjunction with the residence but facing the side street, or to place it behind the residence, facing as mentioned and to construct the driveway across the lawn the shorter distance instead of the greater distance from the front street which would be necessary if the garage faced the front. So arranged neither drive or garage would be visible from the front street and the appearance of the lawn would be of one expansive and unbroken. A glance at the plan will convey better than words the writer's intention.

If a little seclusion were desired a low hedge of Berberis Thunbergii, the Japanese Barberry, the English, or the Amur River Privet or perhaps the Arborvitae (white cedar) could be planted on the line between street and lot along both streets. The Privets and the Cedar could by an annual clipping be kept to any satisfactory height as could also the Barberry, but the latter more properly by pruning or thinning out the growths.



·DESIGN·FOR·A·
50 FT.·CORNER·LOT
SCALE OF FEET

As shown on the plan shrubs may be massed near the corners of the lot and along the foundation of the house. This foundation or base planting is usually proper under any condition where the area is large enough to permit of same.

Around the rose garden and between it and the vegetable garden is located on the plan a perennial border and leading through this feature into the garden is a walk which is a continuation of that which leads from the front street past the house, serving same. Overhanging the walk is shown an archway intended to be covered with Climbing Roses at the point it enters the vegetable garden.

On a corner lot there is usually room for a shade tree or two, observe the location of these on the plan. Especially if such a tree can be made to serve the purpose of shading or screening the window of the living room from intense light will it be valuable. Apart from the consideration of utility however a shade tree if well chosen and located will add a touch of artistry to the surroundings.

The walk which is such a necessary adjunct to all homes should be constructed and be located at the point where it will serve the greatest convenience, and should preferably be at or near the side of the lot so that the lawn will remain intact. To lay the walk in the middle will break the lawn into two small undignified portions. A flagstone walk will be distinctive because somewhat unusual. A cement one however is the one more largely constructed.

In conclusion the writer would draw attention to the error of planting shrubs here and there without apparent purpose, throughout the lawn areas. It is never possible where such is done to obtain pleasing results. The logical reason for the use of these specimen shrubs is that they accent the groupings at the sides of the lawns. Sometimes they are used purely because in themselves they are beautiful. If beautiful things are planted as individuals they should be so located as to entice the beholder to look to something at least attractive beyond. To plant a beautiful specimen shrub in proximity to something of extreme unsightliness is folly. Better in such a case to effect a mass planting of something even if not so attractive to completely blot out the scene. Wherever used however, bear in mind that the purpose of the specimen shrub is to "accent" always then employ them to accent that which is harmonious and beautiful.