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A 'CENTURY' OF PANSIES

BY DAVID CHURCHILL.

I turned the corner of the house about four this June morning and came on Mary's pansy bed all jeweled with dew. Like the bloom on grapes, yet softer and brighter, the crystals blended the purples and the oranges and reds, the orchid shades and the deep wines.

I wanted her to see it before the sun struck it. I started to call her and there she was, all dressed, coming out through the shadowy porch.

Mary and I hung over that bed of pansies, each pointing out some new beauty, till the sun climbed over the sumac hedge and lighted the wet petals to a depth and brilliance that made her cry out with pleasure, for their velvet was not really velvet at all!

"Think of all the years we might have had them before we tried," she said.

"Think of all the people around here that are having them this year because we finally did try. Because we started them last August."

"They might have had the fun of starting them themselves," she said.

"But they didn't and we did. And because we have Neighbor with his truck and his business sense about trimming his vegetable with baskets of pansies, lots of folks are going to have pansy beds as fine as ours."

DOUBLING LAST YEAR'S BED.

Mary started the pansies herself, though it is I who pets up the ground for a couple of weeks before the seed is planted. It was Mary who first thought of growing some to sell—getting Neighbor to try them out on his truck of vegetables.

It was she who saved up her four-pound baskets and lined them with paper. And the arrangement of colors, the number of plants and all that makes those baskets the prettiest that come into the market of our burg is Mary's. I don't take a bit of credit for it.

Because of the demand that two years of thrifty pansies have made, I am making the bed where we grow them for sale just double what it was last year. It now measures 100 feet square—a "century" of pansies. I began yesterday to work in a couple of loads of old cow manure. On the top I shall broadcast a hundred pounds of fine bonemeal. Then let it stand for two weeks.

At breakfast, there beside the coffee lay the packets of pansy seed, just come from the seed houses—one and a half ounces all told.

"You are forehanded, Mary—this is only June, and you said it would be soon enough to get the seed in the ground by July fifteenth."

"David," she said, "it will be less than a month before we begin putting in this seed if we are to have it all in by the fifteenth of July."

Late that evening Neighbor's truck of vegetables stood outside. "Can I have another dozen baskets?" he demanded. "Some summer folks just gettin' up here, must have blooms—can't live without 'em. They pester me to death if I don't carry pansies! I try to put them off with my marigold plants or my asters or snaps, but they don't put off worth a cent."

NEIGHBOR'S GOOD-NATURED COMPLAINT.

"I declare, I started out to be a trucker—a vegetable trucker. But what with flower plants and pansies and bunches of sweet peas and what not, I look about as much like a trucker as one of these stores that is all sodae fountain and magazines looks like a drug store."

"In other words, you look right up-to-date," I encouraged him. "Which means that you find out what the public wants before they really know it themselves—and give it to them. There are no pansy plants sold in this neighborhood before you began carrying them."

"No, nor any other flower plants," he rumbled. "I didn't know what I was letting myself in for. Plenty of others growing flowers under glass here now."

He turned. "But I wouldn't be seen trying to sell those they keep down at Farms'. One bloom, dead flowers—spindlin' little plants. What ails them anyhow?"

"You ought to know the effect of too much nitrate of soda when you see it," Mary said. "Mean little plants out of two and a half inch pots, forced in a cold frame and with nitrate. See this."

She scooped out a plant with twenty-two ivory-white blooms. The root was as big as my head, solid with rootlets that hung onto four or more pounds of my good earth.

"Shake it off!" cried Neighbor. "Don't sell them all that good loam and manure you bought!"

"And lose our reputation for thrifty pansies that bloom through the heat and up to Christmas? Not much! That dirt goes with the plant," said Mary.

"No wonder they tell me your pansies stand up half a week in the baskets and go on blooming when they are set out!" Neighbor said.

"How many pansies can you raise on the 100 by 100?" he asked.

"Well, to make a conservative estimate, somewhere near 5,000. We can really count on more than that."

"I just want to ask you why you plant them so close together," asked Neighbor. "Those in your own bed here just about meet; not room for me to set my foot between. I always supposed you had to keep them from going to seed if you wanted them to keep on blooming."

"I can set my foot between," said Mary, "but really I don't very often. They are mulched when they are small with half rotted leaves and can stand the occasional cleaning up I give them. The reason I plant them so close is to keep the ground cool—the same reason I mulch with leaves in the first place. They are really cool-weather plants, though with lots of water every evening during the hot spells of July and August, they get through and are as gorgeous again from September till snow as in the spring."

I used to keep the old flowers picked, but once I got so busy I could not do it, and they kept right on blooming, the old flowers falling under the leaves.

"Once a week or so I do have a sort of housecleaning in all my flower beds. Carry along a pail full of mulch and sort of pet up those that need it.

"That is my only secret formula for flowers, and especially for cool-weather flowers during the heat. And pansies are especially grateful for it. I have had them last two and three years because of it."

Work of the Illustration Stations.

John Fixter's report for 1924 of the operation of that invaluable auxiliary to the Dominion Experimental Farms, the Illustration Stations in the three Prairie Provinces and British Columbia, might profitably be in the hands of every farmer in the western half of the country. Mr. Fixter is the Chief Supervisor of the system and he not only tells, through the different district supervisors, of the work that is being done but of how it is being performed. These Stations, which three years ago numbered 89, last year totalled 145. They, by actual demonstration on the spot, carry the work of the experimental system immediately and directly to farmers both individually and collectively, the location of the Stations being chosen with a view to attract the greatest attention. As nearly as possible the whole country is being gradually covered, there being at present eight of these Stations in Prince Edward Island, thirteen in Nova Scotia, seventeen in New Brunswick, thirty-eight in Quebec, eight in Ontario, eight in Manitoba, twenty-three in Saskatchewan, sixteen in Alberta and fourteen in British Columbia.

One of the principal functions being carried on is encouragement of the use of good seed. In pursuit of this class of work last year there were sold 20,943 bushels of seed grain, 3,636 bushels of seed potatoes and 9,399 bushels of grass and clover seed.

Another branch of the work to which especial attention is being paid is the improvement of stock by weeding out the poorest and the use of the best types.

An illustration in the report shows an exceptionally convenient rack-stand, loader and unloader, instructions for the making of which are supplied.

One other among the many useful lines of work followed is improvement in the housing, feeding and breeding of poultry. For this purpose in 1924, 255 cockerels, 198 pullets and 899 settings of hatching eggs from good laying strains of Barred Rocks were sold by the Stations.

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THE VOGUE FOR FLARE.

Skirts complete circles and waists are nipped in, and both are considered smart in wardrobes designed for wearing at the country club, and for innumerable outings afterward. This attractive overblouse has a jabot held in place by a flat band buttoning to the neck and topped by a youthful collar. The sleeves are long and gathered to a turn-back cuff that is fastened with links. A deep band buttons on the hips and holds the fullness firmly in place. Sizes 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust. Size 38 inches bust requires 2⅝ yards of 36-inch or 40-inch material. Soft front and back flares make an appeal of smartness in this two-piece skirt, with side-front closing, fitting smoothly onto an inner band. Sizes 26, 28, 30, 32 and 34 inches waist. Size 28 waist requires 3¼ yards of 36-inch, or 2¼ yards of 54-inch material. Each pattern 20 cents.

Our Fashion Book, illustrating the newest and most practical styles, will be of interest to every home dressmaker. Each copy includes one coupon good for five cents in the purchase of any pattern.

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.

Names of Cheese Invited.

The Dominion Dairy and Cold-Storage Branch, Ottawa, invites suggestions of names for the following types of cheese:

1. Small-sized Canadian Cheddar.
2. "Processed" pasteurized cheese (commonly known as Kraft from the name of a maker) put up in 5-pound and 1-pound loaves or in tins.
3. Cheese which is made from ordinary cheese passed through a grinder and packed in jars or cartons.
4. Any other type of cheese that is not properly named.

S.S. LESSON

July 12. The Gospel in Antioch of Pisidia, Acts 13: 13-52. Golden Text—Behold, I have given him for a witness to the people, a leader and commander to the people.—Isa. 55:4.

ANALYSIS.

ALTERNATING SUCCESS AND FAILURE; JOY WITH PERSECUTIONS.

INTRODUCTION—After leaving Cyprus, Paul and Barnabas crossed to the southern shore of Asia Minor, landing doubtless at Attalia. Then, after a short visit to Perga, where John Mark turned back for some reason not explained, they came on to Pisidian Antioch. Here, Paul, availing himself of the usual avenue of approach to the Jews which the synagogue offered, delivered a remarkable address, of which notes are preserved in Acts 13:14-41. After showing how God's hand had been at work in Hebrew history from the beginning, he passed on to speak of Jesus as the promised agent of divine salvation. He argued that through blindness to God and disbelief in prophecy the Jewish people of Jerusalem had condemned Jesus to death as a blasphemer. But as Paul went on to show, God had raised the sinless one, and sent the apostles forth as witnesses to his resurrection, and to proclaim forgiveness and divine righteousness in his name. He concluded by showing that the law had not the power to save men's souls, and by warning his hearers not to shut their eyes to the work of God in Christ. To-day we are concerned with the results of this sermon.

Vs. 42, 43. Paul's sermon produced a deep impression on many, and the desire was expressed that the missionaries might repeat the message on the following Sabbath. After the meeting broke up, a large following of Jews and Gentiles attached themselves to Paul and Barnabas. A Christian Church thereby comes into being, and the missionaries exhort the converts to "continue" in the grace of God. They knew full well the pressure which would be exterted upon these converts to recant or relapse, and they made a strong appeal.

V. 44. So powerful was the first sermon of Paul, that, on the second Sabbath, practically the whole population of the city gathered to hear the preachers. It was a "capacity" audience.

V. 45. But such demonstrations of popular success were too much for the Jews, by whom we are here to understand the religious leaders of the community. Judaism was out to gain the world to itself, and the moment that Christianity seemed to be drawing the multitudes with a superior force, Judaism set itself in implacable opposition. The Jewish authorities in Antioch now issue an official denial of the gospel preached by Paul. They spread the report that Jesus is not the Messiah, that his death is not a means of salvation, that his resurrection is a lie. They point to the Crucifixion as the proof that Jesus was rejected by God. This is the "blasphemy" referred to.

Vs. 46, 47. Paul accordingly takes up a strong position. He protests to the Jews that while the divine favor in the past gives the Jews a prior claim to have the Gospel of Christ preached to them, it is not an exclusive claim. The gospel offers to men the "eternal life" of the kingdom of God. If the Jews thrust it from them, and judge themselves unworthy of eternal life, then, instead of wasting time in arguing with an unheeding nation, the apostles will go to the Gentiles, following what they believe to be God's express command. Here, Paul, with consummate skill and insight turns to the Old Testament, and quotes Isaiah 49: 6: "I have set thee for a light of the Gentiles, that thou shouldst be for salvation unto the uttermost part of the earth." These words are from one of what are known as the "servant passages" in Isaiah (Isa. 42:1-7; 49:1-9; 52:13-15; 53: 1-12). They proclaim that Israel's true function is to be the missionary servant of Jehovah, and to suffer for the world's salvation. This aspect of their calling, however, the Jews have ignored, wishing to keep the benefits of salvation to themselves. But Christ has fulfilled it in sending his missionaries to the heathen world.

Vs. 48, 49. This proof from Jewish Scripture that the salvation of God is intended, not as the Jews think for themselves alone but for the whole world, delights the Gentile hearers of Paul. It makes God's word seem glorious in their eyes (for this is the meaning of "They glorified the word of God") and in their case, unlike the case of the Jews, no prejudices exist to thwart the work of God, or to come between their souls and the gift of eternal life. Thus we read that, "All who were ordained to eternal life believed." This suggests that God's ordination is, as a general rule, larger than man's response. For did not God ordain the Jews to eternal life? But how have they treated the divine offer? Selfishness and exclusiveness have made them blind to God's evangelical purpose. But among the Gentiles these obstacles do not exist. "The word of the Lord spread abroad throughout all that region."

Vs. 50, 51. Unfortunately, Jewish opposition stirred up social feeling among the women of Antioch, and dragged the matter before the civil magistrates. The opponents applied for a writ in the courts restraining Paul and Barnabas. So our apostles, defamed and threatened, had to leave Antioch. But before going, they do what Jesus bade his disciples do when thrust out of a city by an unworthy people, Mark 6:11; Matt. 10:14, 15; Luke 9:5, 10:10-12. They "shake off the dust beneath their feet" against the Jews. This gesture indicates that the Jews have sunk to the degraded level of the heathen. The very soil on which they stand is defiled.

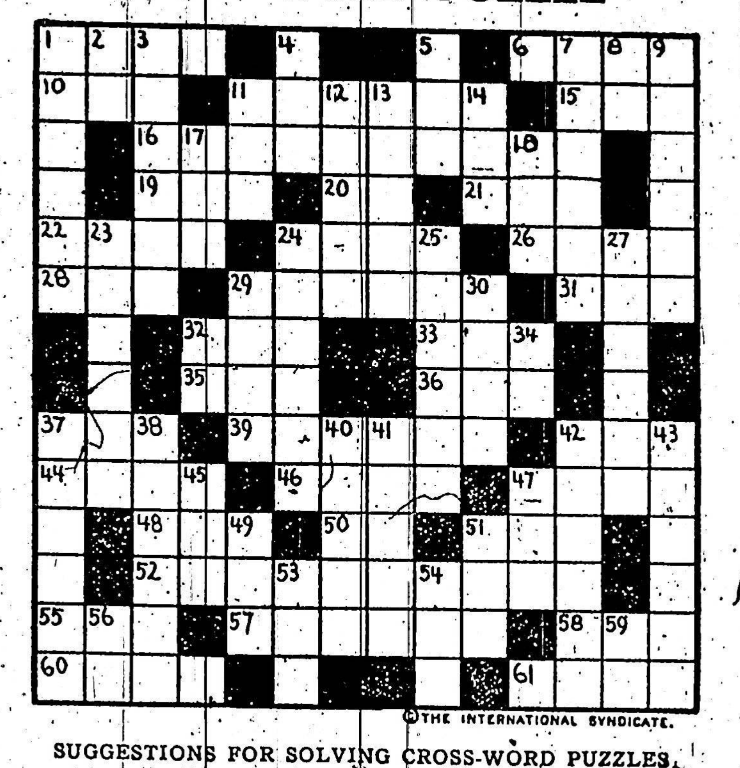
V. 52. Paul and Barnabas flee to Iconium, but leave behind, in spite of persecutions, a joyous and inspired community of believers, whose lives are full of the evidence of the Holy Spirit.

Playing Cafeteria.

If a threatening sky predicts a rainy day indoors with small children, make it a happy day by opening up a cafeteria. The magazines are full of attractive colored advertisements of foodstuffs—pastries, salads, fruits, cereals, and so forth. Cut these out and arrange them as in a cafeteria with one child in charge. Beans will serve for pennies. Calendar numbers cut out make excellent price marks and trays may be made of cardboard.

We keep a large envelope full of pictures, and every advertisement that looks good we put in the big envelope to play cafeteria.—T. M. C.

CROSS-WORD PUZZLE



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SUGGESTIONS FOR SOLVING CROSS-WORD PUZZLES.

Start out by filling in the words of which you feel reasonably sure. These will give you a clue to other words crossing them, and they in turn to still others. A letter belongs in each white space, words starting at the numbered squares and running either horizontally or vertically or both.

HORIZONTAL

1—Convulsed breath
6—That is here present
10—Hobgoblin
11—Unwell
15—Affirmative
16—Lack of caution
19—Domestic animal
20—Pronoun
21—Container
22—Perpetual
24—Spawn of oyster
26—Tubers
28—Bolshevist
29—To place wrongly
31—Immovable
32—To forbid
33—Insect
35—Unit of work
36—To drop back
37—Existed
39—Bank employee
42—Permissive
44—Lofty mountain range of Europe
46—Highway
47—Narrative
48—To regret
50—Above
51—Speck
52—Envoy
55—A fetish or charm
57—A race or strain (pl.)
58—Ejaculation
60—A rod
61—Once more

VERTICAL

1—Pungent root
2—Part of verb "to be"
3—Flavored
4—A tree
5—Individual
7—African animal (pl.)
8—That is (abbr.)
9—Most secure
11—Likely
12—Swellings
13—Perfect
14—Wild animal
17—Deface
18—To call out
23—Excusable
24—One who utters melodious sounds
25—Placed for future consideration
27—Servant
29—Market
30—Period of time
32—To exist
34—Latin phrase meaning "for example" (abbr.)
37—To roll in mire
38—Excessive strain
40—Parasitic insect
41—Slight fault
42—Married woman
43—A color
45—Total
47—Likewise
49—Decline
51—College degree (abbr.)
53—Part of circle
54—Edged tool
56—Barium (chem. sym.)
59—Pronoun

Clean Eggs.

Clean yards, clean litter and clean nests are the greatest aids in producing clean eggs.

If one keeps the yards free from material that will soil the hen's feet the hen will enter the henhouse without carrying a lot of excess filth. By keeping the birds penned up during wet weather, this cleanliness may be controlled to a great extent. If a green crop can be maintained in the vicinity of the henhouse, the problem is greatly simplified.

The litter within the house should be replaced as rapidly as it becomes filth-laden or damp. Dry, clean litter acts as a doormat for the hen before entering the nests. If wire is fastened on the lower side of the roosts, the hens will be prevented from walking on the droppings boards.

The nests should be cleaned often and filled with fresh clean nesting material. Wood wool or clean excelsior is excellent for this purpose. The nests should be of sufficient size to enable a hen to be comfortable. A nest about twelve inches wide by fourteen inches deep is usually large enough except for exceptionally large birds.

The nests should be placed so that they are darkened. This discourages the hen remaining on the nest longer than necessary, which often results in soiling the eggs.

Provide one nest for each four or five birds. This will prevent crowding, with the consequent soiling and breaking that usually occurs.

Gather the eggs often. To insure the highest class product, the eggs should remain in the nests no longer than is necessary. The eggs should be gathered at least twice daily during warm weather and once a day during cold weather. Do not allow the eggs to become overheated or frozen.

An ordinary cutter, such as will be found on almost every farm, comes in useful to cut long grass, vegetable tops, or other green food, in suitable lengths for fowls. The old corn stalks can be cut in half-inch lengths and used for scratching material.

A wise man will select his books, for he would not wish to class them all under the sacred name of friends. Some can be accepted only as acquaintances. The best books of all kinds are taken to the heart, and cherished as his most precious possessions. Others to be chatted with for a time, to spend a few pleasant hours with, and laid aside, but not forgotten.—Langford.

PICK UP A MILLION ANIMALS

One of the most tiresome struggles of the average mind is to get an idea as to what is really meant by a million. One method is to count coins, and the idea is a good one.

Only the most expert bank clerks can count five thousand coins an hour in a day of eight hours, making 40,000 coins each day, and at that rate it would keep him busy twenty working days. As an actual fact a clerk requires one full month to count one million coins by hand.

If some wealthy man were to offer you a million gold coins if you could count them correctly in ten days you would never get the million coins. You would have to count 100,000 coins each day, more than 4,000 an hour if you were to take no rest and eight thousand if you were to work half the time.

Either way you would give up your chance for the million by the end of the second day, if not before. Your mind would wobble, your fingers would shake, your eyes ache and you couldn't count correctly to save your life.

To get a good idea as to how it is impossible to accomplish such a feat have somebody hold a watch while you count a few thousand aloud. Count as quickly as you can. If you can beat three hundred the first minute you will be doing well. If, by the fifth minute you are able to count one hundred plainly you are a wonder. At the end of the first hour you would probably be in a hospital or an insane asylum.

To hold a watch and have a number of persons compete in counting aloud is a very nice form of experimental amusement.

There is one very clever method of getting in close touch with a "million." Pick up some fine sand at the seashore, scatter it on a piece of paper and brush away all except a square inch. Get a magnifying glass and count one of the rows of sand straight across. Sands vary from twenty-five to 500 to the inch, but in the average fine sand you will find that a direct line across the inch contains at least fifty grains, so called. To get the number in an inch square multiply 50 by 50 and you have 2,500 in the one layer.

Squeeze together a sand cube one inch square and you have 125,000 grains in that inch. Make seven more similar cubes and you have a million right there in your hand.

Pick up a handful of fine sand and you have a million grains. Shovel a cart full of sand and you have a billion in the cart, one billion of living and dead animals.

Sands are rarely broken stone, as most persons believe—they are tiny shells. Some have living shellfish in them, some dead shellfish, and others are empty.

These shells are so small it seems impossible that creatures could live in them, yet not only do they exist, but they raise families.

Sand is nothing compared to chalk. When the bobbed-hair girl powders her red nose she sticks on that nose thousands and thousands of dead fishes.

Chalk is nothing other than wee shells which have been powdered by metal mortars and between steel rollers.

The white roads, the white houses and the farming lands of Bermuda are great heaps of shells.

The white cliffs of England's coast were built up millions of years ago by the minute creatures who lived, ate, multiplied and died to be finally turned into solid rocks.

And the most wonderful thing about all this is that if the whole earth were a mass of the tiniest of shells, and if each shell represented a million ages, and each age a million years, the whole sum would be no nearer the beginning of time or the ending of time than we are to-day.

PICNICS WITHOUT COLD HAND-OUTS

BY FLORENCE TAFT EATON.

"I don't like cold hand-outs," announced a masculine guest emphatically, when a holiday function in the grove was suggested instead of on the dining-room table.

I think that men, as a rule, do not like cold hand-outs; and as men—and women too—are more and more coming to avail themselves of the chance for an extra outdoor hour and the picnic lunch is becoming more and more popular, it behooves us menu planners to see that our men have the sort of food that they really like.

Picnic equipment is vastly improved since my young days. Families addicted to picnicking now possess delightful hampers, dedicated to picnic lunches, containing a convenient assortment of [illegible] silver [illegible] enamelware, salt, pepper and sugar shakers.

Our hamper holds [illegible] of tableware; larger families need more. This sort of a hamper divides [illegible] with the modern [illegible] basket, deep, stiff and strong—the shape of a suit case. This is, I admit, lighter, but it must be stocked with the aforementioned utensils, and [illegible] be quite as convenient.

One energetically picnicking branch of our family purchased a basket of the same general shape but much larger, to be attached to the running board of the automobile. This is big enough to include a frying pan, chowder requisites, dishes, [illegible] bottle and all of the food.

MAKING THE PICNIC CHOWDER.

As picnic impedimenta must, however be reduced to a minimum, only absolutely necessary utensils must be included. These, besides dishes, are a couple of long toasting forks, a long-handled frying pan, a tin coffee pot and a folding steel [illegible] rack of good size, with [illegible] sides, to be set up over the fire. On this the coffee pot and frying pan may be set, and on it chops or steaks may be broiled. A narrow strip of [illegible] wire, long enough to be laid over the coals, also makes a splendid broiler.

So much for equipment.

Our very favorite picnic dish for a picnic is a chowder, made in a large kettle swung gypsy fashion between two poles over the fire. I must hasten to say, however, before proceeding with my chowder, that the style of picnic meal served depends entirely on whether a fire is possible. Some property owners refuse to allow fires to be built in their woods.

A fire should always be carefully and surely put out before one leaves it, and a bare space cleared around it. Not even the tiniest ember should be allowed to escape.

To make a picnic chowder, the fish should be cooked, boned and flaked beforehand, chilled and carried in a wide-mouthed vacuum bottle or in a jar in the ice pail. A [illegible] of potatoes, onions and a cube of pork, with seasoning and a jar [illegible] containing a liberal cube of butter complete the chowder equipment.

I pare and slice my potatoes into a pail of water. The fire is made and kettle heated, then I try out two or three slices of fine, diced fat salt pork until reduced to bits, stirring. Then we add about a quart or more of sliced potatoes, a [illegible] of diced onions, a liberal dash of pepper and salt, and just cover with water. Simmer, covered, until all is tender; add the flaked fish—the pound haddock—and a [illegible] quart or more of whole milk. Let it just come to a boil, add more seasoning if needed, and if you can thicken it a little it is better. Serve with [illegible] of crackers. Clams, cooked and [illegible], brought to the picnic [illegible] may be substituted for the fish. [illegible] of cut-off corn or [illegible] of diced tomato, or [illegible] make a delicious chowder.

We greatly enjoy fresh sweet corn as picnic food, and try to always include it in season. [illegible] to a fire is useful, but [illegible] for last summer, when [illegible] a lovely spot where [illegible] owner was obdurate, we prepared at home [illegible] can of cut-off corn, cooked it six minutes in boiling, highly seasoned [illegible], added a lot of butter and [illegible] it in a newspaper-wrapped [illegible] sure you that it didn't [illegible].

To prepare the corn, [illegible] down the middle of the rows, slice off tips of kernels, scrape out the pulp and cook in highly seasoned stewed tomato which has been sweetened. Don't economize with the butter.

Potatoes Plus is another excellent hot dish for a picnic. This consists of diced cold boiled potatoes, browned in bacon fat, seasoned highly with salt, pepper, minced parsley and a bit of onion, with which two or three eggs are scrambled and mixed. This also makes a nice home dish; one egg will do for the quantity needed at breakfast.

Cheese Dreams make a tempting food for picnics. Prepare at home, making the sandwiches of buttered bread and sliced cheese, sprinkled with a bit of mustard. Brown over the picnic fire in some of the bacon fat. Naturally one mustn't plan too many fried things for the same picnic, but it is well to have a variety in mind.

PREPARING THE SALAD AT HOME.

Slumgallion is a splendid picnic food. To make this delicious dish, mix a can of peas with a big bowl of cooked rice and add any congenial left-overs, such as hard-boiled eggs, cooked vegetables, and so forth. Moisten all liberally with a can of vegetable soup. Add necessary seasonings, a good lump of butter, and heat. Serve piping hot, with stuffed eggs, cold meat or bacon.

Chops and steaks are both delicious at picnics, but they are expensive, and I hesitate to advocate them for ordinary fare. Ham has an especial lure at outdoor meals; buy it shaved instead of sliced, and brown it quickly. Stir some stewed tomato into the pan with a little of the ham fat, and when boiling scramble eggs in it.

With one or two hot dishes, [illegible] cold, salad is attractive. [illegible] chill tomatoes, slice cucumbers, wash and drain lettuce, [illegible] peppers, roll all in cheesecloth and [illegible] in the ice pail, with a jar of mayonnaise.

Or we mix a delicate vegetable salad and pack, ice-cold, in a jar or wide-mouthed vacuum. Coffee is carried ground, mixed with a raw egg and cold water in the big tin pail; coffee pot. At the picnic ground water is added, brought to a boil, cooked five minutes, settled, and served.

Here's a menu for a second fireless picnic:

A big dish of spaghetti, tomato sauce and cheese, taken directly from the oven, wrapped in a towel and then in thick newspaper and set in a deep basket. Boiling hot coffee in a vacuum bottle. Stuffed eggs, beef loaf, tender long homemade rolls filled liberally with creamed chicken, tomato salad, sandwiches, and a hot mince pie, wrapped as was the spaghetti.

A picnic on the slopes of beautiful Monadnock, preceded by a long automobile ride, offers the following menu: Cold roast chicken, accompanied with currant jelly sandwiches, ice-cold vegetable salad in a vacuum, brown bread sandwiches with cheese. A really good apple pie, with cheese, can hardly be improved; or, fresh doughnuts and cheese. [illegible] coffee, of course.

Don't make too dainty sandwiches for picnics. Don't trim off the crusts, and cut them a bit thicker than for tea or reception, for at a picnic they constitute real food. [illegible] sandwiches—chopped hard-boiled eggs flavored with minced parsley, [illegible] pepper or stuffed olives and very [illegible] moistened with mayonnaise, are great favorites with us; [illegible] with boiled Hamburg [illegible] through the meat chopper and moistened with highly [illegible] sauce.

Cold roast of [illegible] or left-over meat, may be used instead of the Hamburg. Toasted tomato sandwiches are hard to beat; a sort of club sandwich is effective and makes a substantial dish; a Cold Welsh rabbit makes an unsurpassed sandwich filling, and [illegible] make it especially for the purpose. Potato chips, vegetable salad, [illegible] eggs and, if possible, a [illegible] jar of the hot corn and tomato or a dish of hot escalloped fish and potato with cheese sauce, are fine accompaniments for these hearty sandwiches.

It Wouldn't Wash Out.

An amusing story is told of Mr. A. J. Munnings, A.R.A., whose picture, "The Coming Storm," has attracted so much attention at the Royal Academy concerning an artist friend.

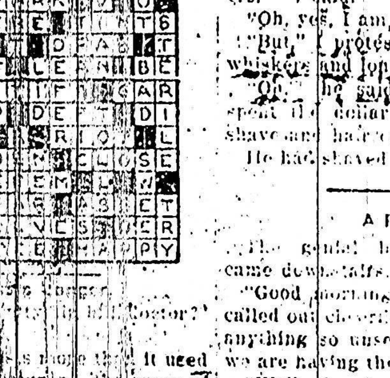
While on a walking tour in a rural part of Sussex, the friend came upon a piece of scenery which so enchanted him that he felt he must paint it there and then.

He had all his materials with him except an empty canvas. Determined not to be baffled, he took from his pack a new linen [illegible], stretched it across his case, and painted on that.

Some weeks later he was showing a lady visitor over his studio and produced for her inspection the charming little landscape, at the same time telling her the story of its origin.

The lady looked at the handkerchief and then turned a sheepish face to the artist: "You'll never be able to wash that paint out."

Solution of last week's Puzzle.



And Less Longer.

"Isn't that a pretty long bill, doctor?" asked the patient.

"Well, living costs more than it used to, you know," returned the man of medicine.

The Missing Wild Man.

Circus men are always looking for novelties to recruit their show [illegible] amusing collection of [illegible] and manufactures which are called the "side show." One morning, says Mr. Gil Robinson in his book, Old Wagon Show Days, the most ferocious-looking specimen of man I have ever seen came to the front door and asked for a job. His hair was at least a foot and a half long, and his whiskers looked like a haystack after a cyclone. He was immediately hired as a "freak" and given a dollar to bind the bargain. "We'll call you the 'Wild Man of Yonkers,'" I told him.

The fellow walked away, pleased at the idea of breaking into the circus game. About one o'clock, while I was in the side show, the ticket taker called to me, "Say, boss," he yelled, "here's a man who claims he is the 'Wild Man of Yonkers' and he wants to get in for nothing."

"Pass him in," I called.

A gentlemanly appearing young fellow, with short hair and a clean-shaved face, came in.

"You're not the 'Wild Man of Yonkers,'" I said.

"Oh, yes, I am," he grinned.

"But," I protested, "where are your whiskers and long hair?"

"Oh," he said, still grinning, "I spent the dollar you gave me for a shave and haircut."

He had shaved away his value to us.

A Pointer.

The genial but overdue boarder came downstairs.

"Good morning, Mrs. Monday," he called out cheerily. "Did you ever see anything so unsettled as the weather we are having these days?"

"Well, there's your board bill," the landlady informed him politely.