

and the worst is yet to come



About the House

Care of the Growing Child in Summer.

The age from two to six has been designated as the neglected age of childhood. The "better babies" crusades of the past few years have resulted in the proper care of babies being rather thoroughly scattered broadcast, while recent health surveys in our schools have resulted in parents watching more carefully the health of the school child.

The child is laying the foundation for good health in the pre-school years and must be watched carefully if the foundation is to be well laid. Of course, no child can grow properly unless it has the proper food. However, food alone will not keep the child growing properly unless other fundamentals are properly adhered to. There must be plenty of sleep in a quiet, well ventilated room.

Quite often during the hot weather my little lad of three has a bath before dinner. Then after dinner I take off all clothing but underwear, or put on a thin nightgown and put him on the floor in the coolest room in the house for his nap. The windows are all open, permitting a circulation of air. During extreme hot weather the little fellow has another bath before going to bed early in the evening. The warm bath is restful and induces sleep.

The child should drink plenty of water during hot weather. By all means avoid eating between meals. Ice cream and the popular between-meal dainties may be given occasionally at meal time, but are harmful between meals.

Children of this age are quite apt to play too hard and become over-tired. They should be watched, and not allowed to run around too long in the hot sun. Devise sitting games in the shade for a part of the time, especially during the hottest parts of the day. A sand pile in a shady place is a boom for health. Our children spend many hours playing in the creek not far from the house. They put on bathing suits and dig and splash in the shady creek bottom and enjoy that immensely.

One wise mother of my acquaintance, who was quite famous for her good-tempered children, used to insist that occasionally each of the children should have a day in bed. She had special amusements laid away for this day, and they considered it great fun, due to her planning, to spend a day in bed and have their meals served them on a tray. In that family the children were not allowed to become over-tired. Being over-tired reacts very quickly on the nerves of the child.

The Preservation of Food.

The Women's Institute Branch of the Department of Agriculture has just issued a revised edition of Bulletin 252, "The Preservation of Food—Home Canning." This Bulletin is ready for free distribution to the homemakers of the province and may be had by writing the Department of Agriculture, Parliament Buildings, Toronto. It will be found a most useful

addition to the kitchen bookshelf as it deals not only with the canning of fruits and vegetables but also includes sections on jam and jelly making; pickles and sauerkraut; the canning of chicken; the preservation of eggs; the drying of fruit, the curing of pork and beef on the farm; and storing vegetables for winter use. Every Ontario housewife should secure a copy of this up-to-date pamphlet.

For Cream Soups.

Method—Melt the butter, stir in flour until perfectly smooth and gradually add scalded milk, stirring carefully all the time. Such vegetables as celery, corn and peas are cooked in the amount of water given and this liquid is used in the soup. All vegetables are pressed through a sieve and the pulp added to the milk sauce. Seasonings like onion are added with the milk while scalding and removed. The amount of flour used as thickening varies with the amount of starch in the vegetable.

Croutons—Cut bread in slices half an inch thick; remove crusts and spread slices with butter. Cut in half-inch cubes. Place in oven and toast to a golden brown. Serve with cream soups, dropping a few of them into each bowl.

The Giver.

An automobile horn sounded, footsteps rang on the walk, and then the big form of the doctor appeared in the doorway.

"Good morning, ladies," he said. "Is Mrs. Robinson at home?"

"Go along with your Mrs. Robinson, Willy Field," Aunt Delia Davis replied. "You know it's buckwheat cakes you're after. I believe he can smell 'em a mile away! I changed the day on purpose, but he smelled 'em out."

"I didn't suppose that you were capable of such ignoble trapping of your fellow creatures, Aunt Dele. But since you insist—I observe there is an extra plate laid! Only three lumps, please; I've sworn off."

"Listen to him!" Aunt Delia exclaimed. "When I've lectured him and lectured him about eating so much sweet! Don't you touch those cakes, Willy Field. I'm going to fry some hot ones."

Aunt Delia hurried into the kitchen and left the doctor and her niece smiling at each other.

"Habit's a terrible thing, Miss Eleanor," the doctor observed. "I can't make that aunt of yours realize that I'm a man. She thinks I'm still a small barefoot youngster coming for the milk. She can't get over the habit of filling my pocket with cookies." He helped himself from the plate in front of him. "But all the same," he added as Aunt Delia came in with a pile of golden-brown cakes, "the joke is on you, Mrs. Robinson."

"Who's sick?" Aunt Delia asked. "No, the other jug has the maple syrup. Who's sick, Willy?"

"Little Mamie Randall. Fell off the chicken-house roof and broke her leg."

"Sakes alive, you don't mean it! The poor little mite! You stop in to-night, and I'll have a basket for you."

"You bet you will," the doctor agreed. "Say, Aunt Dele, if you keep on you'll be a real cook some day."

"But why," Eleanor interrupted, "why 'Mrs. Robinson'?"

The doctor, syrup jug in hand, looked across at her pityingly. "Sure enough, you are too young. Aunt Dele, how does the present generation exist without knowing its Swiss Family?"

"Oh, I know now. I'm better educated than you give me credit for being, Dr. Field. You mean that Aunt Delia has a magic bag!"

"Fine!" the doctor cried. "I've hopes for your generation after all. You follow your aunt to-day, Miss Eleanor, and see what happens."

Eleanor took his advice. She saw the basket packed with cookies, two tiny glasses of jelly, a paper-doll supplement from a magazine, a pin-cushion in the shape of a slipper and a little package of silk scraps. Aunt Delia looked at the collection and nodded briefly. "That will keep her busy for two-three days," she said, "and then we'll find something else."

"But how do you always manage to have something?" Eleanor asked slowly. "I shouldn't—not if I gave all the time as you do."

Aunt Delia's smile was bright. "Why, bless you, child, you can always find something to give if you want to give hard enough. I've lived sixty-nine years, and I haven't known it to fail yet."

My Garden.

A garden
is a lovable thing, God wot!
Rose plot,
Fringed pool,
Fern'd grot—
The veriest school

Of peace: and yet the fool
Contented that God is not—
Not God!

In gardens! when the eve is cool?
Nay, but I have a sign;
'Tis very sure God walks in mine.

—Thomas Edward Browne.

The Music of Chopin.

One sometimes reads that Chopin's compositions are weak in respect of their form. In regard to this, a writer in an English paper calls attention to the fact that although Chopin wrote no mass, no opera, no symphony, and not even a good sonata (according to the critics), he is yet ranked among the ten or twelve who have done most to increase the range and flexibility of musical expression. Rising from a perusal of Chopin's piano music, composers on the grander scale have been enabled to make their own scores more finely eloquent.

Two of the greatest gifts offered by the nineteenth century toward the progress of music were the protraction of discords before resolution, and the emancipation of counterpoint and—directly in the one case, indirectly in the other—these gifts were the more swiftly and richly granted through the work of Chopin. As regards musical form, Chopin was small-minded and shortsighted, his disability mainly arising from the Polish conception of tonality which debarred him from a large and free handling of the key system upon which the bigger musical classics are founded.

It is true that the polonaise and

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mazurka which make up the bulk of Chopin's work are only dances, and the nocturnes are songs without words, but the dances are dances of death and of life, and the songs are the utterance of a human soul.

Dodging Devils in China.

Superstitions die hard. Even to-day the Chinese are reluctant to give up their old beliefs, which have been handed from generation to generation since long before the dawn of history. In Canton, says Lord Frederic Hamilton in Here, There and Everywhere, there is a never ceasing strife between the people and the devils from another world.

Fortunately, Chinese devils have their limitations; for example, they cannot go round corners and can easily be frightened away with fire-crackers. As a safeguard against the devils the Chinese have adopted the peculiar "cocked-hat" corner to their roofs. It is obvious that in the case of any ordinary roof any band of ill-disposed devils could put their shoulders under the corner of the eaves and pry the roof off in no time. In the case of a Chinese roof the devils are unable to play that trick, for they can get no leverage against the upward-curving corner.

Fortunately also devils detest the smell of incense sticks and cannot abide red. Accordingly, by an abundant display of red silk streamers and a plentiful burning of joss sticks, any prudent man can keep his house virtually free from the pests. A rich Chinaman who has built himself a new

house will at once erect a high wall immediately in front of it. It obstructs the light and keeps out the air of course, but, since Chinese devils cannot go round corners, it helps to make the house proof against them!

Basin That Fires Bullets.

Can you imagine a gun which makes neither noise nor smoke, uses no explosives, is worked entirely by a petrol engine, and can shoot 1,200 rounds a minute at ranges up to 2,000 yards?

Such a weapon is being tested by the British military authorities. It works on the principle of centrifugal force—the same force that flings mud on to your back when you are cycling on a wet day, or causes giant flywheels in factories to burst suddenly into hundreds of fragments. Anything that is placed upon a revolving wheel is carried to its edge and then hurled off.

The new gun consists of a metal basin in which are placed a quantity of round steel bullets. As the basin is whirled at enormous speed by a petrol motor the bullets are allowed to escape from an opening in the disc. Shutters are provided which prevent the bullets from being thrown out except at one point.

One feature of the gun is that it can be regulated to meet the requirements of the occasion. Spin the magazine rapidly and its missiles will crash through an oaken plank a mile away. But let it revolve at a low speed and it will pour out a stream of bullets which stun but do not kill, at even such a short range as twenty yards.

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needs a friend—

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