

About the House

LIVELY PICNIC GAMES.

The games and contests at a picnic should include not only the old regulars, but a lot of mind and body relaxing bits of fun. Arrange the program so that everyone is interested, not only the young people, but also the settled middle-aged fathers and mothers and the grandmothers too.

Start with some sort of scramble that will liven things up—a peanut rush is as clean and good as anything. Buy these by the bushel and they will not be so terribly expensive. If the picnic is large—for church or school—have several people in different places throw the peanuts while the children run. This makes the scramble a little more difficult and therefore more interesting.

Then try these games and contests: **Cookie Chase**—String lines between the trees and hang round, hard cookies from them by short pieces of string.

Then, with hands behind them and blindfolded, watch the contestants "chase" their cookies. The string being pliable certainly makes the cookie jump, and once lost from the teeth it is mighty hard to find again. The one who first succeeds in eating his cookie wins the prize.

Picnic Hopscotch—This should be played in pairs—a man and woman, or girl and boy, taking the hops into the different squares together, arm in arm, one hopping on the right foot, the other on the left. If it is a beach picnic, mark out the squares on the sand; if in the woods, outline them with small stones on a smooth piece of grass.

Play it like the old-fashioned game, throwing the flat pebble first into number one and hopping after it and out of the square again. The first couple to go through all nine without falling or pulling each other down wins, of course.

Bubble Race—Don't forget the kiddies. Give them all the laughter they want in a soap-bubble race, encouraging them to blow as large ones as possible and giving a prize for the one which blows highest in the air before bursting.

Blind and Halt Race—This race must be in pairs also. One is blindfolded, the other must lean upon the blind, walking only on one foot, dragging the other or hopping.

Line the couples up, give the word and see which couple reaches the goal first. The poor blind one naturally goes slowly in caution and they do not make any great headway—unless recklessly—with such dragging weight. However, it is their privilege to take any chances they wish and they usually do, making the race extremely funny.

Water Battle—Most picnics are held near some place where bathing is possible, so there should be some sort of water contests. Choose sides and line up in the water, knee deep, facing each other. Then give the word and watch the battle. With the hands only, each side splashes the other, trying to make it so terrific that the contestants must turn away from its force. If a player falls or turns about, the judge blows a whistle and he is out of the contest. It will dwindle down to two, and as these take their last stand it is bound to be hilarious.

After some tub races for the children, a game of prisoner's base and a lollipop hunt—the candy being wrapped securely in waxed paper and hidden in trees for the children to find—gather your picnic crowd around a fire in the evening and while marshmallows toast, hold a whopper contest, a prize going to the one who can tell the biggest story of wild life on something which has happened on the farm.

USING THE WILD FRUITS.

Wild Plum Conserve—5 lbs. pitted plums, 2 lbs. seeded raisins, 5 lbs. sugar, 3 oranges, juice of 2 lemons.

Slice the oranges in thin slices, crosswise, removing seeds. Grind raisins in meat chopper. Put fruit, sugar and lemon juice in kettle with just enough water to keep fruit from sticking, bring to boiling point and simmer gently until the fruit is clear and thick and of the consistency of marmalade. Put in hot, sterilized glasses or jars, cool and seal.

Wild Plum Catsup—5 qts. wild plums, 4 lbs. sugar, 1 pt. vinegar, 1 qt. boiled water, 1½ tsp. cinnamon, 1 tsp. allspice, 1 tsp. cloves.

Prepare the plums as for sauce, first boiling up with soda and then pitting. Boil vinegar, sugar, water and spices, then add pitted plums, bring to boiling point and simmer gently for about thirty minutes. Put in hot, sterilized jars or bottles and seal.

High Bush Cranberries—In September the high-bush cranberries begin to ripen. These should be picked

under-ripe as they then make better jelly. Carefully wash and pick over the berries and put in a kettle with just enough water to cover. Cook gently until the fruit is tender. Strain through jelly bag. Add an equal amount of sugar to the strained juice, bring to the boiling point and simmer gently until it jellies. Pour in hot, sterilized glasses and cool and seal.

PREVENT SUMMER COMPLAINT.

Young mothers must remember that milk must continue to be the staple article of diet for a child in his second year; in fact, it remains so for long afterward. No child over a year old should be given the bottle. He should be taught to drink from a cup. But it is just as important to have the milk clean and sweet as when he took it by the nipple route. The possibilities for damage by impure milk are not all put away when the bottle is abolished.

It is neither necessary nor advisable to maintain an exclusive milk diet in the second year. The baby may have well-cooked cereals; oatmeal, cornmeal, rice, prepared wheat. He may have some bread after it is twenty hours stale, and graham crackers are allowed in reasonable amount. Gravies that are not too rich are allowed on bread; and chicken, mutton, or beef broth with well cooked rice may be served.

As he reaches the later months of the year, he may be allowed an egg, poached or soft boiled, and a small portion of baked potato. To add to the joy of living, you may give him puddings of cornstarch, custard, rice, tapioca, and he may also eat stewed prunes, apple sauce and sweet oranges. No, I said nothing about candy.

In spite of all these precautions your baby may develop symptoms of the dreaded summer complaint. Give him enough castor oil to clear the bowels thoroughly. Depending somewhat upon conditions this may be from one to two tablespoonfuls; don't overdo it. Stop all food, and give barley water for twenty-four hours. Now and then, I find a very sick baby who frets himself into a worse state because not allowed to eat. In such cases, I compromise on unflavored gelatin, which is usually relished. If the baby is better at the end of one day, you may begin giving a mixture of barley water and milk. If he is not markedly better you have waited long enough. Get the best doctor within reach.

HANDKERCHIEFS I MADE.

I had in my possession several white voile and linen blouses whose style had become obsolete many seasons ago. Some were worn around the armholes, some had frayed edges, others had mended collars.

However, the fronts, backs, and parts of the sleeves were good.

Beginning by pulling a thread to get a straight edge, I cut a ten-inch square from each of the fronts. In some cases these had bits of drawn work and in others small fragments of embroidery.

I bought a spool of No. 80 white

thread and six yards each of two patterns of the tiniest lace edging I could buy. I rolled the edges of the squares I had cut from the old-fashioned blouses and whipped in the narrow edges, and found myself the possessor of several dainty handkerchiefs of which I am quite proud.

—J. A. H.

SAVE YOUR HANDS.

Cheap white crepe paper napkins cut into squares a quarter the size of a napkin and hung on a hook near the stove will save your hands if used to grease pans. They can be burned after using.

MY ENAMELED VASE.

I had in my possession an old brown-and-white vase with very good lines, but it had an absolutely impossible red rose painted on one side.

I knew nothing of china painting, nor was the vase valuable enough to justify spending even a small amount of money. However, I had some blue enamel, bought at the ten-cent store for my oil stove.

I mixed a little black paint with it to soften it into a pretty gray and "flowed it onto the surface of the vase. It dried quickly, covered all the inartistic properties of the vase and left an object not unlike the new high-lustre vases sold in art shops.

Mirror Magic.

The cult of the mirror is easily one of the oldest in the world. We can hardly believe that there was ever a time when a charming face went wholly unmirrored, however primitive the medium of reflection had to be.

Eye gazed entranced at her own image reflected in a glassy pool; and we know how, long before the invention of glass, the women of old Egypt, Greece, and Rome had their hand-mirrors of polished metal—burnished discs of bronze or silver set in a more or less decorated frame.

Some of those ancient mirrors, employed as they were in the service of beauty, were things of beauty in themselves. They had a kind of sacred character, too, as symbols of the goddess of beauty, Venus Aphrodite, to whom their fair owners often dedicated them in the native hope that the goddess would impart to the faces they reflected something of her own matchless loveliness and fadeless youth.

We need be in no doubt that the women of those days valued their personal charm, and spent as much care on preserving it as ever women do now!

Every old mirror is a thing of memories. What a throng of shadowy ghosts we might see in the metal mirrors taken from Egyptian tombs, or in the palace mirrors at Holyrood and Versailles, or in that curious old looking-glass shown in the museum at Brighton and said to have belonged to Nell Gwynne!

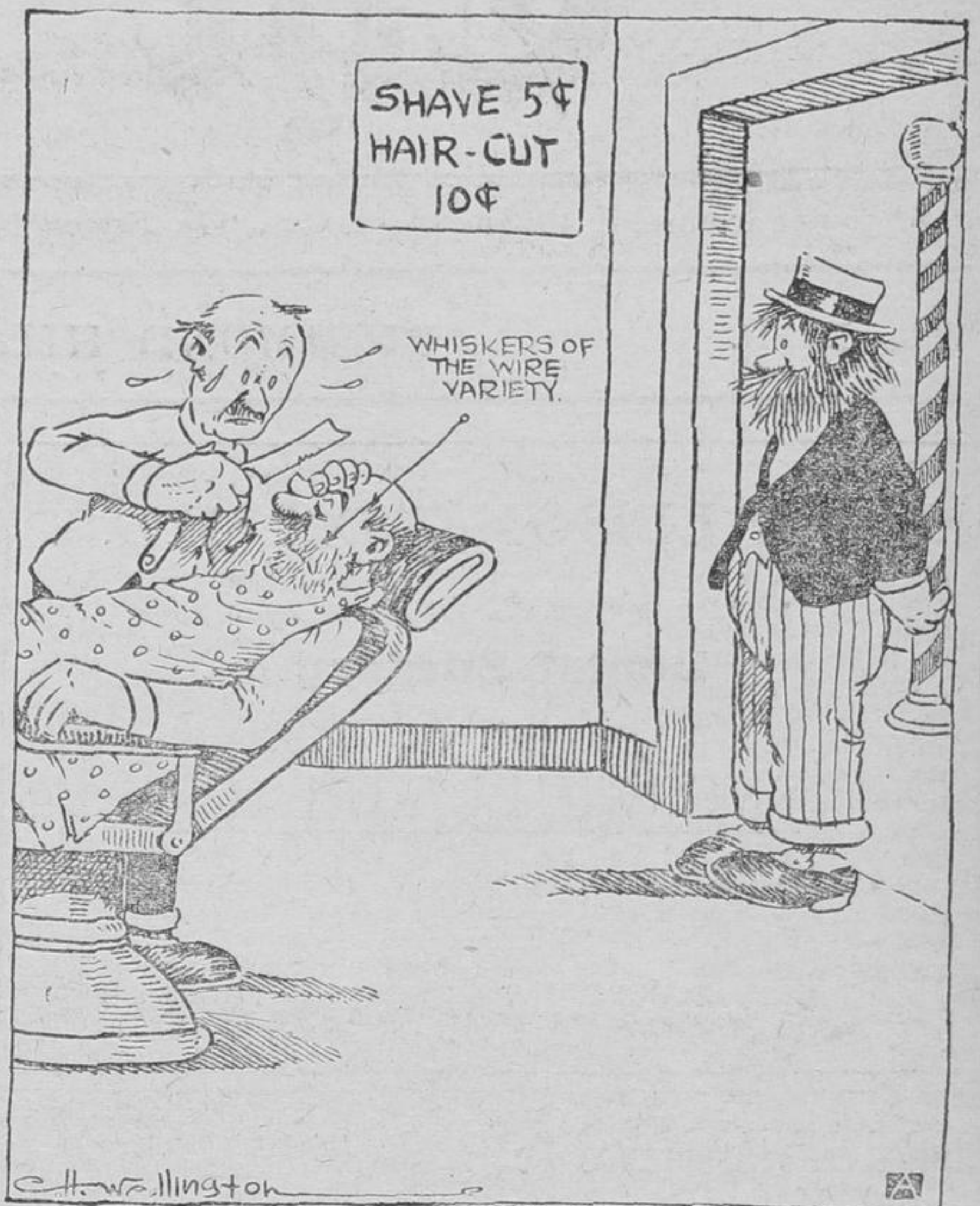
Perhaps the old superstition that it is unlucky to break a mirror is not so very ridiculous after all. So much of ourselves seems to pass into a mirror.

Self-complacency means that a man is either too proud of his merits or unaware of his defects.

The men who have rendered the greatest service to the world asked nothing and gave everything.

A well-balanced mind is the best remedy against affliction.

—AND THE WORST IS YET TO COME



FAMOUS BACHELORS OF THE PAST

There are famous bachelors in the modern world; and a list, beginning with Lord Balfour, Lord Haldane, and the Hon. Maurice Baring, would be interesting, says an English writer. But in the long list of the men who lived and died in a state of "single blessedness" there are more than any single article can mention, and a few of the great bachelors of the past must suffice.

There is Oliver Goldsmith, for instance. His "Jessamy Bride" is one of the fragrant flowers of literature, but, although there is no doubt of his love for her, and her strong affection for him, yet she married another, and the author of "The Vicar of Wakefield" and "The Deserted Village" died a bachelor.

Oliver's greatest friend and comrade, Sir Joshua Reynolds, also lived and died unmarried. He, too, is credited with his love affair, and, although he painted all the loveliest women of his time, including Kitty Fisher, there seems to have been only one woman for him, and that was the famous woman painter and R.A., Angelica Kauffman, whom he was wont to call "Little Angel." She made an unhappy marriage, and it might have been well had she married her somewhat elderly and very deaf adorer.

Perhaps painters are "wedded to their work," for it was a painter who said that no artist should ever marry, and it is a fact that there are perhaps more distinguished bachelors among artists than among any other single

class. Sir Thomas Lawrence, P.R.A. for instance, was a bachelor.

But, although he never married, he was a "squire of dames," a very fascinating man, and there is no doubt he caused the famous Mrs. Siddons to think that he had matrimonial intentions in respect of one of her daughters, although even she did not know "which."

One of his lady apologists—and he had many who made excuses for such a "dear man"—says:

His manner was likely to mislead without his intending it. He could not write a common answer to a dinner invitation without its assuming the tone of a billet-doux; the very commonest conversation was held in the soft, low whisper, and with that tone of deference and interest which are so calculated to please.

He is said to have been actually "engaged" more than once.

William Cowper, the famous author of "The Task," and deemed almost the best of English letter-writers, died unmarried. Yet the poet had many women friends who were devoted to him, and many of his most sprightly and charming epistles are addressed to them. Of course, he was subject to intermittent dementia, and perhaps that fact kept him from matrimony, else he might possibly have married in later life Lady Austen, the "Sister Anne" of some of his most charming letters.

Cowper's Love Affair.

It was she who, when the poet was distraught and melancholy, suggested that he should find distraction for his thoughts in writing a poem. "But what shall I write about?" said the poet. "Oh, anything—the sofa we're sitting on, for instance," said the pretty, lively widow, and thus "The Task" begins with the words "I sing the Sofa," and the poem which began so frivolously ran to six Books and close upon six thousand lines!

But Cowper's real love affair had been much earlier (says a writer in "John o' London's Weekly." This was in respect of his cousin, Theodore Jane Cowper. Cowper was articled to an attorney, and his fellow clerk was Thurlow, who became a famous Lord Chancellor. The two youths spent most of their evenings at the house of Cowper's uncle, in Southampton Row, and there he met his lively and handsome cousin. But the father objected. No persuasion or tears would move him, and the cousins parted never to meet again.



The Narrowest Streets.

Some of the streets in Chinese cities are only three feet wide

Celebrate Arrival of Royal Canadian Mounted Police



Left—"Whoopin' 'em up" at the rodeo. Top—Veterans of the Scarlet and Gold meet after half a century. Below—Participants in the war dance.