

# About the House

## THE DANGER IN INK.

A wise woman once removed the label "Poison" from an empty bottle and pasted it on the family ink bottle.

"Why, mother, ink isn't poisonous, and besides, no one ever thinks of drinking it."

"I know; but, if the label leads us to give a second thought to what we write, it will serve its purpose. Ink, my dear, has often proved to be a deadly poison to the affection of relatives, to friendship, to love. It will kill every affectionate impulse if used indiscriminately."

If it were possible to gather statistics on such an intimate subject, it would be found that seventy-five per cent. of the letters in the postman's bag are uninteresting, stupid, unnecessary, and are read only once by those who receive them. The letters of sweethearts and those of children to their mother do not come into that class; but even they are not above criticism, for the sweethearts write too many, and the children too few.

When you are away from home what kind of letter pleases you most?

Here is one received by a woman many miles from her kinsfolk and set aside as the one letter received in six months that did the most to make her leart glad:

Dearest Big Sister, We miss you very much. This morning I wore my blue and white gingham to school, and the teacher admired it. We had waffles for breakfast. Mrs. Sparks' tiger lilies are in bloom. Oh, what do you think? You could never guess. Minnie's gray cat has six kittens, and Minnie's mother says I can have every one of them. Won't that be just grand? Last night when we had lemon pie Father said you ought to be here because it is your favorite kind. He has a new hat. Mother is in the dining room mending a hole Uncle Jim burned in the table cloth with his cigar. Mother didn't say anything. I guess she wasn't glad about it. Auntie Green comes to wash to-morrow. Mother says I can put my doll clothes in. The new family across the street has a girl my age, and a baby. Mother says maybe they will let me take turns in wheeling the baby. The baby buggy is light blue. I think I shall be busy with my kittens. I haven't told mother about them yet. She seems too upset about the table cloth. It was her best. The one with the poppy pattern. I have on my blue hair ribbon. Father says I look like a butterfly. The kittens' eyes are shut. With love and a big kiss.—Alice.

There were letters from other members of the family. An older sister told of a party to which she had not been invited and the letter was in the nature of a wail; mother's letter, though dear, was devoted to suggestions to the recipient for safeguarding her health. Father's letter was a homily on the need of saving her money; brother wrote three lines, two of them about a new baseball mitt. Only one letter contained the news that her homesick heart longed for, and that was written by a child of ten! Guileless, sincere, loving, newsy, it was an ideal letter.

"I laughed over it, and I cried over it. I read it when I was depressed, and I read it when I was happy, because of the steady influence it had on me. I really felt that I could not do anything that was not generous and kind, because of the influence of that letter. It visualized home."

In writing a letter put yourself in the position of the person who will read it. If you are writing to one who is resentful or quick-tempered, avoid jokes; never make comparisons; leave out all criticism of the recipient or of others who are common acquaintances. Never write, "Burn this." It is a long way to the furnace downstairs. Never write, "Don't show this to So-and-So." If you must give a confidence, don't label it as "secret," "private" or "personal." Slip it in casually, as you would slip in a comment on the weather.

Never write your troubles; the reader may have greater ones. Do not mention your ill health; it may cause needless anxiety, and you may be better when the letter is received. Never write a criticism. You might say the same thing with a disappearing smile, but the smile doesn't appear in the ink. If you have won a great success, only mention it when you write to your mother. If you have failed, say nothing about it. Never seek praise or sympathy through the mails—or in any other way.

Don't write too many letters. If the recipient—unless it be your mother—is able-bodied and has had a good education and fails to answer your first letter and your second letter, take a lesson in pride and do not write a third. If your letters are welcome, they will bring replies.

When you fail to receive a letter don't blame the postman. The government is not interested in keeping you

mail from you. When you read a letter that hurts put it away until you are in a more philosophical frame of mind. Never go near the ink bottle when you are angry.

Don't make excuses for not having written before. There are few reasons for procrastination that ring true. Devote no space in your letter to disappointment because the recipient waits so long to reply. Perhaps there is a reason you do not guess.

Answer promptly the letters from your father or mother and those of a business nature. Do not glory in the number of your correspondents; limit the list to those you sincerely like, and who you know sincerely like you. To reckon your popularity by numbers is a childish thing. Remember that old friends are more interested in the little intimate affairs of your life than new friends are. If a married brother does not write, do not blame his wife. When a man marries he sometimes shifts the duty of writing to his relatives to his wife's shoulders. She may not want to take his place in a matter like this, but she learns that unless she writes to his family they will never hear. Respect her for her attempt to make up for his omission.

There is the paper; a clean sheet of paper. There is the pen. There is the ink. And there also should be the label on the bottle in red and white—"Poison." For ink is poison unless you write in a spirit of helpfulness and understanding.

## OUTDOOR STUDY.

The best kind of outdoor study is contemplation. Get a notebook, a book on botany, a book on birds, if you will, and pack your mind with fixed and irrevocable facts. But do not teach your child on that principle. A curious ignorance, gilded with a happy enthusiasm, is better than the labeling, pressing, analyzing knowledge that plays a large part in modern "nature study."

Let the children "run wild" without at first teaching them even rudimentary truths about the trees, grass, flowers, birds, animals or fishes. Teach them one or two things at a time and encourage them by letting them see that you appreciate their memories when they repeat the next day what they have learned about outdoors. Do not let them memorize names only, but teach them to memorize sensations. Teach them the sureness and beauty of nature, not merely the individual marks of her heraldry.

A bright small boy had been taught at school that the crawfish was an invertebrate. He showed little enthusiasm about the fact, but when he was taken to a stream and the queer clay-celled home of a crawfish was pointed out to him, when he saw the way the crawfish has of moving backward, the strength of its pincerlike claws, its waving prehensile beard filament and its strange surroundings, he became greatly interested and on his return to the class astounded his fellow pupils with his newly found and to him marvelous knowledge.

Enthusiasm is the very marrow of nature study. And the more you delve in nature's storehouse the more your enthusiasm grows. As you point out the things outdoors that are strange or beautiful the child will take them into its mind and repeat them without much appreciation. But by and by appreciation will come, and presently the child will conceive new and surprising ideas and startle you with an original train of thought.

"Were all these shells made in a shell mint?" asked a little girl.

"What put that into your head?" was the reply.

"Well, you told me that dollars were made in a mint."

A mighty mint indeed wherein the world was cast; a mighty Sovereign whose seal is stamped thereon!



A Few Spills.

"So you have gone in for horse-back riding."

"Yes! I've fallen for it several times."

Anyone who can catch up can keep up; anyone who can keep up can forge ahead.

## Remarkable Document.

Charles Lounsbury, poor and insane, leaves a beautiful will.

Justice Walter Lloyd Smith, who presides over the third Department of Appellate Division of the U.S. Supreme Court, brought with him to dinner of the New York University Law School Alumni Association recently what he said was the most remarkable document that ever came into his possession. Others who read the document, the last will and testament of Charles Lounsbury, who died in the Cook County Asylum, at Dunning, Illinois, were disposed to agree with him. Here it is:

"I, Charles Lounsbury, being of sound mind and disposing memory, do hereby make and publish this, my last will and testament, in order, as justly as may be, to distribute my interest in the world among succeeding men. That part of my interest which is known in law and recognized in the sheep-bound volumes as my property, being inconsiderate and of no account, I make no disposal of, in this, my will. My right to live being but a life estate is not at my disposal, but these things excepted, all else in the world I now proceed to devise and bequeath:

"Item: I give to good fathers and mothers, in trust for their children, all good little words of praise and encouragement, and all quaint pet names and endearments, as the needs of their children may require.

"Item: I leave to children inclusively, but only for the term of their childhood, all and ever, the flowers of the field, and the blossoms of the woods, with the right to play among them freely, according to the customs of children, warning them at the same time against thistles and thorns. And I devise to children the banks of the brooks and the golden sands beneath the waters thereof, and the odors of the willows that dip therein, and the white clouds, that float high over the giant trees. And I leave to children the long, long days to be merry in, in a thousand ways, and the night and the moon and the train of the Milky Way to wonder at, but subject, nevertheless, to the rights hereinafter given to lovers.

"Item: I devise to boys jointly all the useful fields and commons where ball may be played; all the pleasant waters where one may swim, all the snow-clad hills where one may coast, and all streams and ponds where one may skate, to have and to hold the same for the period of their boyhood, and all meadows with the clover blossoms and the butterflies thereof, the woods and their appurtenances, the squirrels and birds, and echoes of the strange noises, and all distant places which may be visited, together with the adventures there found. And I give to said boys each his own place at the fireside at night, with all pictures that may be seen in the burning wood, to enjoy without let or hindrance and without encumbrance or care.

"Item: To lovers I devise their imaginary world, with whatever they may need, as the stars of the sky, the red roses by the wall, the blossom of the hawthorn, the sweet strains of music and aught else by which they may desire to figure each other the fastidiousness and beauty of their love.

"To young men jointly I devise and bequeath all bolsters and inspiring sports of rivalry, and I give to them the disdain of weakness and undaunted confidence in their own strength, though they are rude; and I give them the power to make lasting friendships, and of possessing companions and to them exclusively I give all merry songs and brave choruses to sing with lusty voices.

"Item: And to those who are no longer children, or youths, or lovers, I leave memory, and I bequeath to them the volumes of the poems of Burns and Shakespeare and other poets, if there be others, to the end that they may live over again the old days, freely and fully without tithe and diminution.

"Item: To our loved ones with snowy crowns I bequeath the happiness of old age, the love and gratitude of their children until they fall asleep."—The West Coast Magazine.

## Ants Who Work for Men.

Most people regard ants as a nuisance, especially in a garden or at a picnic, but the natives of Burma have found a use for them.

This country grows and exports sandal-wood, one of the most valuable and beautiful timbers in the world. The greater part of every tree felled is useless, however, for only the fragrant scented heart has any commercial value, and to transport the whole log would make even that not worth the cost of removal.

So the trees, after being stripped of their branches, are allowed to lie where they have fallen. The soft, sappy wood, which is useless in commerce, attracts the billions of ants who infest the forest, and to whom it is a tit-bit. In helping themselves the ants help the sandal-wood merchant, for they leave the hard heart of the trunk stripped of all its worthless integument, and thus do for nothing the work of many human laborers.

## —AND THE WORST IS YET TO COME



## APICULTURE IN BRITISH COLUMBIA

A tangible indication of that increasing interest in beekeeping in Western Canada to which attention has recently been drawn was given recently when a record shipment of forty million bees, valued at \$10,000, was received at Winnipeg from South Carolina, destined for distribution throughout the entire Western territory. The remarkable development of interest in apiculture in the Prairie Provinces has already been noted with the cult coming more generally into favor every year in that territory from the Great Lakes to the Rocky Mountains. It will be found that in British Columbia also a progress is being achieved which is keeping the Pacific coast province in line with the prairies.

British Columbia is in every respect an ideal territory for the apiarist. In its temperate climate nectar-producing blossoms bloom practically throughout the year. The fruit-growing valleys are planting thousands of additional fruit trees each year and apiculture is a pursuit naturally allied to fruit production. The Okanagan and Kootenay valleys, which have made their fruit product favorably known in so many remote parts of the world, have taken enthusiastically to the production of honey and are yearly increasing the volume of output, whilst within the confines of the city of Vancouver itself many tons of the first quality are produced each year.

In five years British Columbia practically doubled its honey crop. In 1917 the total production of the province was 370,000 pounds with a value of \$74,000. The following year 450,000 pounds were raised with a value of \$126,000. In 1922 all the beekeepers of the province reporting to the Government accounted for an output of 711,356 pounds of honey worth \$177,839, which was a very gratifying increase for the period. Owing to conditions being distinctly unfavorable in 1923 the season was an unfortunate one for British Columbia beekeepers, and a decline in production was recorded, with 432,518 pounds worth \$95,154.

Conditions for the pursuit of apiculture in British Columbia are naturally excellent, and it is gratifying to view the increasing interest being manifested in the industry. Honey production on the Pacific coast is annually increasing as more devotees are enlisted to follow it as either a side line or exclusively. The profit to be derived from the industry is being more strongly realized in the fruit districts, where beekeepers' associations exist for the promotion of apiculture and the aid of the beekeeper. The Beekeepers' Association of British Columbia now has thousands of members who are augmenting the production of the province and contributing to making Western Canada independent of honey importation.

## Parts Wanted.

Irate Customer—"I bought a car of you several weeks ago, and you said if anything went wrong you'd supply the broken parts."

Dealer—"Yes."

Irate Customer—"I'd like to get a nose, a shoulderblade, an da big toe."

## Failing Sight Arrested.

Failing sight, the result of rheumatic or other infection, or even the penetration of the eyeball, can be arrested within three days by injections of pure cow's milk into the lumbar region of the patient, according to Dr. Edward R. Gookin, of Boston, who arrived at New York recently after five months' study in Vienna of this new discovery by physicians of the hospital attached to the University of Vienna.

Dr. Gookin denied early reports that the milk injections are a cure for blindness. Those who are already blind, he said, may not hope for the restoration of their sight by this method, but those who are but partially blind from infection or penetration, or those in whose eyes the infection has just been discovered, have good reasons to hope that their sight will get no worse, and also that sympathetic ophthalmia (affectation of the other eye) will be prevented.

For the milk injection treatment, said Dr. Gookin, no one Viennese doctor claims credit. It was discovered, he declared, by a group of doctors chief among whom, perhaps, are Docens Doctors Lindner and Gulst. (Docens indicates something more than a doctor, or a combination of doctor and professor).

"Successful treatments have been given in so many cases in Vienna," Dr. Gookin continued, "that the discovery may be said to have passed the experimental stage. It is established as an absolute preventive in far more than fifty per cent. of cases. If the patient does not respond in three days then he is considered beyond hope and no other remedy is attempted.

"The discovery is particularly valuable in the case of infants whose eyes are affected at birth. Any eye trouble, resultant from infection, may be arrested in them at once by the milk injections. It seems simple enough for home treatment, but there are details which only a physician experienced in this work can handle."

"Pure, unadulterated cow's milk is the only ingredient. This is boiled for not less than four, nor more than five minutes. Then it is permitted to cool to body temperature, 98.6 degrees, before the injection is made. The amount injected in an adult is ten cubic centimetres, or 150 grains. This much is injected in the lumbar region once a day for three successive days. That is all. After that the infection, or falling sight, is arrested for good and all, or else the case is hopeless. The dose for infants under one year is one cubic centimetre once a day for three days."

## Scissors or File.

"You told me to file these letters, sir," said the new yeoman.

"Yes," returned the officer.

"Well, I was just thinkin' that it'd be easier to trim em with a pair of scissors."

Man is Immortal till his work is done.—James Williams.

## Is Your Wife Still Your Sweetheart?

If so, treat her to a meal at Mumby's Dining Room, west end of Grand Stand, Toronto Exhibition.