

About the House

MAKE A COMFORTABLE LAWN SWING.

A sliding bed with a mattress in two parts, was discarded as a sleeping arrangement because something went wrong with one of the legs, so that the bed when stretched out, would not stand satisfactorily.

Several of the family were for calling the junk man, but a more ingenious member of the group saw possibilities in the old sliding bed.

It was taken apart so that there were two good stout springs with iron frames. Stout chains were purchased and attached, and the hammock swing suspended from the porch ceiling. The mattress was covered with cretonne, with a ruffle on either side, and pillows to match made.

The seat was so comfortable that it was always in demand. The other part was taken and turned upside down so that the erstwhile legs formed four posts, three sides of which were covered with stout khaki cloth of tent weight. This made a back, a head, and a foot. This part of the mattress was covered with khaki to match, with a straight valance in front. Stout chains hung the swing at the farther end of the porch, and bright cretonne cushions finished the article satisfactorily, so that it was even better than the first one.

The expense entailed for the two verandah swings was a mere trifle, as cretonne was used which was in the house, and only the khaki cloth and heavy chain had to be bought.

True thrift consists in making good use of what we have, so as to increase our comfort, well-being and pleasure, at the same time conserving our resources.

THE ANSWER.

What makes a home? the timber and the bricks?

Foundations strong? the style of roof and room?

The furnishings within? the builder's tricks

Of making wood so many forms assume?

Homes are not made of wood or stone Nor all the things that men can make thereof;

What makes a home where joy and faith are known,

Where happiness and peace abide; is—love!

—Arthur W. Peach.

KEEPING HOUSE FOR SLEEPING BABIES.

A young woman writes that she has been able to earn a considerable amount of pin money by staying with her neighbors' babies on evenings when the parents wished to be absent from the house.

The girl had many demands upon her time. Besides keeping house for her invalid father and her three younger brothers she was attending a nearby university. The family income was limited; but so long as the evenings were occupied with study and her days filled with work she could not earn in any of the usual ways the extra money that she needed.

In planning her scheme she realized that she could study at a neighbor's house as well as at her own—better in fact, for there she would not have three high-spirited brothers shouting over their games or banging the piano. Moreover, she could be earning something while she studied.

She wrote notes to all the young married couples in the neighborhood who had small children,—to those she did not know as well as to her friends,—saying that all her evenings were free, and that she should be glad to stay in the house with the baby while the parents went out. She added that for that service her charge would be fifty cents from seven o'clock until eleven, and seventy-five cents for a longer evening.

The plan succeeded from the first. Most of the young married people in the community were of modest means and did not keep a maid. They were glad to find an intelligent and responsible person to stay in the house when they wished to go out.

"Of course the baby never wakes up, but if he should Susan would know what to do," was the way they expressed their approval of the scheme.

The business soon grew to satisfying proportions. The girl's friends quickly told others of the plan, and in a short time the project of keeping house for sleeping babies was bringing an income of three, four, and sometimes even five, dollars a week.

THEY'LL TASTE GOOD WHEN THE SNOW FLIES.

Plum Conserve.—6 lbs. plums, 2 sliced oranges, 1½ lbs. large seeded raisins, ¾ lb. nut meats, 8 lbs. sugar. Quarter the oranges and slice the quarters and let stand in water overnight. Cook the plums until soft and

press the pulp through a sieve. Cook oranges until tender and add raisins and sugar and cook until the consistency of marmalade. Add nuts five minutes before placing in sterilized jars.

Fruit Salad Dressing.—1 tsp. salt, 2 tsp. flour, 1 tsp. melted butter, 1 egg yolk, ½ cup cream, ½ cup hot syrup from sweet pickled peaches or pears.

Mix dry ingredients and add the beaten egg yolk, syrup and butter slowly. Stir over boiling water until the mixture thickens. When cool add cream, whipped or plain.

Gingered Pears.—1 lb. pears, ½ lb. sugar, 1 tbs. preserved ginger (or ground ginger tied in cloth), 1 lemon, 1 cup water.

Cut pears in quarters, then slice in thin slices, put in granite kettle and cover with sugar. Let stand all night. In the morning cut lemons in small pieces, take all seeds out. Bring to the boiling point and let simmer for two hours, putting in the ginger, which has been sliced thinly, just before removing from the fire. If cooked to the consistency of jam, gingered pears may be kept in open jars.

HANDY PIECE SHELF.

I think that mothers with many garments to mend will appreciate this: In my bathroom, over the door is a foot-wide shelf. On this are three or four-pound cracker boxes. I like these best, but any large strong boxes will do. There are marked on the front with the kind of pieces they contain, as "White," "Blue," "Plaids," "Gray," "Underwear," "Linings," "Wool," etc. Each kind is rolled and tied securely before putting away. Sometimes a box will hold two kinds, one in each side of the box and the box has two names on the front, one under the other.

When I want to patch my blue apron, or little daughters plaid dress, the lining of the good man's coat, or big boy's trousers, I can find the necessary materials much quicker than when I kept them in a "piece-bag," and what I wanted invariably seemed to be at the bottom.—Mrs. M. N.

SOME USES FOR DISCARDED FARM PAPERS.

We subscribe to a large number of farm and dairy papers and magazines. After reading, my husband files some of these, and out of others cuts material he wishes to save. Then they are left for me to dispose of.

I save and file various household articles and recipes for my own use, and then cut out any large pictures of animals. I find these in the advertisements and in the illustrated articles. I save pictures of cows and bulls of the different breeds, poultry, dogs, horses and other live stock. Some are in colors, but most of them are not. They are all put into a box and saved until needed. Around Christmas time I purchase a quantity of red and black cambric and make scrap-books for gifts.

Cutting through triple thickness, I cut a number of pieces of cambric, twenty-four by twelve inches. About five of these are stitched by machine down the centre three times to insure strength. This makes a square book of ten pages, but, of course, the books may be made any size or thickness that is desired. The edges may be pinked to prevent raveling, or left straight. The pictures are pasted in with common flour and water paste.

Some books are all cows, some have a different page for each type of animal, while others include barns with sometimes an attractive farm scene. At any rate, I try to group the pictures well.

Little children are always delighted with these books and their making affords many a rainy day occupation for older children. It is a good plan to keep an extra one on hand to take to a sick child.

I also keep only magazines hanging behind the stove. It is most helpful for wiping the stove and greasy skillets and saves many a dishcloth.—Mrs. E. M. C.

German Factories Workers Paid in Shoes.

When pay day came around in Permasens, Germany, recently, the factory owners were up against it for cash. The scarcity of liquid capital is quite as acute in the shoe industry as it is in any branch of German trade.

A novel way was sought out of the dilemma. Instead of paying the men off in marks, they gave them each a pair of shoes as part payment of their wages.

An hour later virtually the whole shoe working population had been transformed into a sales aggregation. From store to store wandered heads of families, trying to dispose of their pair of shoes in return for things to eat.

—AND THE WORST IS YET TO COME



A Boy With a Big Conscience.

A curious thing happened to me when I was a lad," remarked old Mr. Markham. "When I was ten years old my father died, leaving my mother in straitened circumstances with a large family to support. My older sisters at once began to teach, and as soon as I was old enough I found a job in a clothing store. The work was not hard, but one thing troubled me. My father was a teetotaler and had taught me to think it wrong to drink. Well, there was an old gentleman who stopped daily at the store on his way home and took a drink of whiskey. We did not sell whiskey, but he kept his bottle and glass there because it was convenient. As I was the youngest clerk, it was my duty to bring the bottle and glass when he came in.

"Well, I worried about it a good deal and finally went to the head of the firm and told him my conscience would not allow me to encourage any man to drink. He looked at me in amazement; then his face turned red, and he cried, 'See here, boy, are you trying to be impudent?'"

"No, sir," I replied, "but I just don't think it's right."

"Well," he said, "no one stays in my store who can't take orders from me! You may get your pay and leave at the end of the week."

"That was a blow! When I went home I told my mother the news. She sighed and said: 'You were quite right, my son. I would not have you disobey your conscience for all the money in the world!'"

"When the week ended and I was paid in full I was told to my great astonishment that the firm would present me with any suit of clothes in the store that I wished to have. I was much pleased and walked out with my new suit under my arm, feeling almost cheerful.

"I had not gone two steps before one of the owners of the drug store

next door accosted me. 'Want a job?' he asked.

"I was too much astonished to answer."

"I hear you're leaving Brown's on account of an abnormally developed conscience!" he went on. "Well, that's the kind of a young fellow we are needing in our business. Can't have too much conscience in a drug store. Somebody's life might depend on it."

"I had recovered my wits by that time. 'I'll be glad to get the work, sir, and I'll do my best,' I said.

"When I went home and told my mother and showed her my suit she exclaimed: 'I knew you were right, but we no not always have such quick returns for a little investment in doing right!'"



Piscatorial Arithmetic.

"When the boys got home from their trip last week I suppose they divided the fish?"

"They did—and multiplied 'em, too."

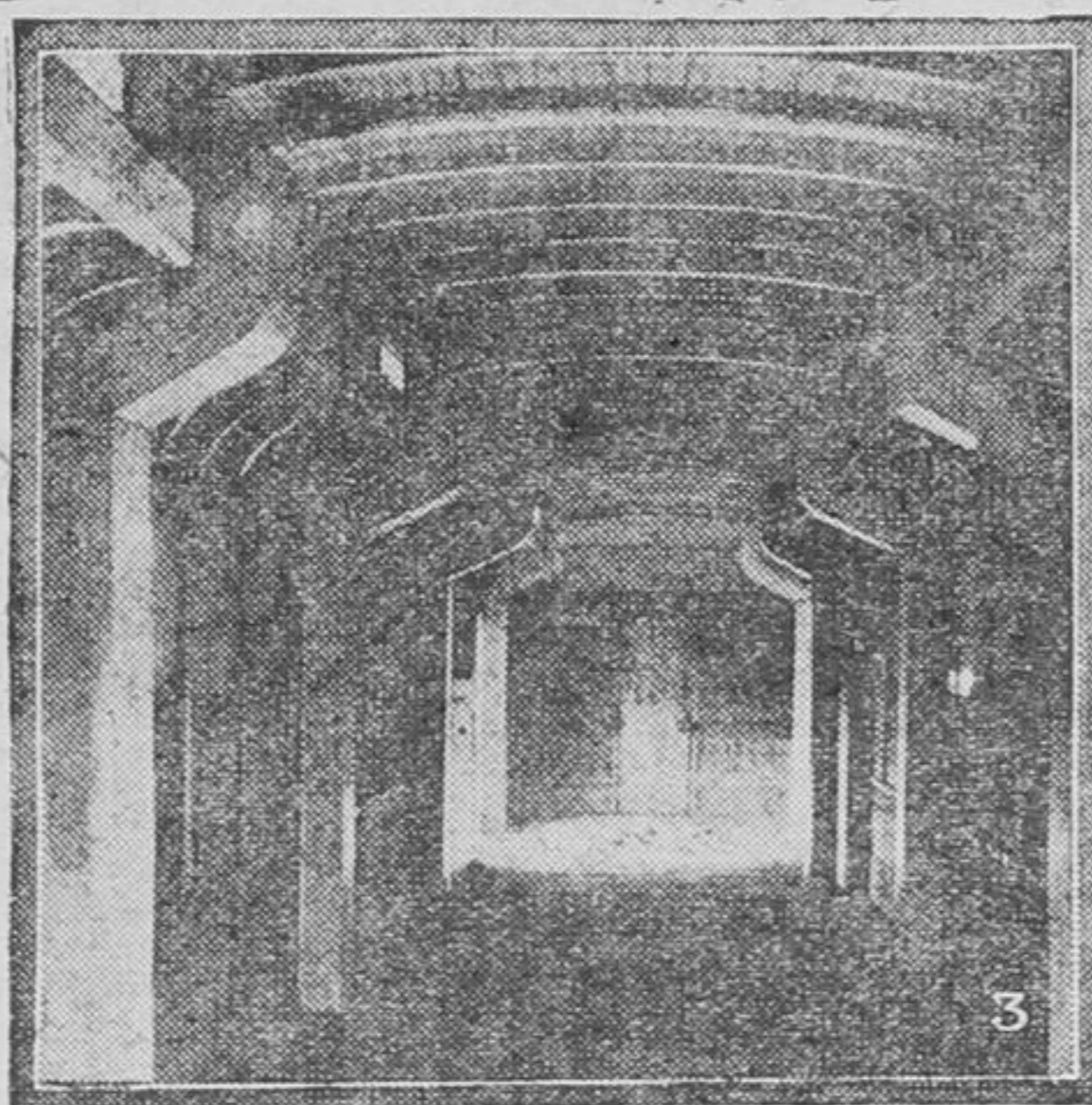
Gone Forever.

Passenger (after the first night on board ship)—"I say, where have my clothes gone?"

Steward—"Where did you put them?"

Passenger—"In that little cupboard there, with the glass door on it."

Steward—"Bless me, sir, that ain't no cupboard. That's a porthole."



FRUIT NOW SHIPPED IN NEW TYPE OF CAR

The development of the Niagara Peninsula as a source of fruit for the markets of the Dominion is becoming more pronounced, through the co-operation of the fruit growers, the dealers and the Express Department of the Canadian National Railways.

For this traffic, the Canadian National Express has designed an entirely new style of fruit car which has already given satisfaction. No ice is used in these cars, a natural air-cooling method being used. While this does not develop as low a temperature as ice refrigeration, the process is more natural, and as a result, the fruit does not deteriorate as quickly when removed to the warmer outside atmosphere.

There are thirty of these cars in operation between the Niagara Peninsula and points in Ontario, Quebec, the Maritime Provinces and the North West, and they received several tests under the most unfavorable conditions possible, before they were finally adopted for service.

EFFICIENCY IMPAIRED

Why Many Men and Women Are Badly Handicapped.

When you are so run down in health that it impairs the efficiency of your work as well as your power to enjoy your leisure hours, or obtain rest, it is time you looked to the cause. If you do not, a serious breakdown is almost sure to result sooner or later. In nearly all cases this condition, which doctors usually describe as general debility, is due to poor blood—blood that is deficient in red corpuscles. When the blood is thin and weak your whole system suffers. You lose appetite, have no energy, your nerves trouble you and you feel restless.

What you need is help to build up your blood and you should begin at once to make your blood rich and red by taking Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. You will soon notice the difference in your health by a better appetite and increased vigor. The reason is that the new blood created by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills stimulates all the organs of the body to healthy activity, and so the system gains nourishment and strength. If you are weak or out of sorts begin gaining new strength today by taking Dr. Williams' Pink Pills.

You can get these pills from your druggist or by mail at 50 cents a box from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

Eskimos Fight With Words.

When Eskimos in a certain remote tribe "fight" a duel their tongues are their weapons, and the winner is the one who makes the spectators laugh the most by saying the worst and wittiest things about his opponent.

Such a duel was described by Christian Leden, the Norwegian explorer, during a stay in Paris on his way back to Christiania after his third expedition to the Eskimo tribes in the northernmost part of Canada.

Mr. Leden told a remarkable story, which was supported by gramophone records. He is the first white man to have heard two Eskimos of the remote tribe engage in a duel, and as he heard them "fight" he surreptitiously made a gramophone record of it to take back to his patrons, the King and Queen of Norway.

From what the explorer said it appears that these people, to settle serious quarrels, stand opposite each other and, surrounded by their families and friends, improvise ballads in which both try to say the worst and wittiest things about each other.

The one who makes the crowd laugh the loudest is judged the winner in a solemn ceremony, in which the entire tribe takes part.

Instead of brooding over revenge the vanquished "fighter" goes back to his igloo to meditate on what he might have said to his enemy.

Mr. Leden has also brought back much valuable sociological data regarding Eskimo manners, customs, music and religion. He is convinced that these people, long believed to be of Mongolian origin, migrating across the Bering Strait from Asia, are in reality purely American in origin.

He asserts that the Eskimo tribes are descendants of Indian tribes in Canada, who were forced by innumerable wars toward the Arctic regions, to exist as best they could.

In the silent regions of everlasting ice they manage to preserve a civilization which is ethically far superior to that of the African savage.

The Eskimo believes in immortality for animals as well as human beings, and also has a hell, which, for obvious reasons, exists side by side with the heaven of the Western world, in the sky which is chilly and cold.

He places his heavenly home, where all the good and pure souls go, down in the mid-regions of the earth, where there is eternal warmth and eternal comfort.

The Doric Was Greek to Him.

One of the best of many good stories told by Mr. Will Fyfe (the Scottish comedian, concerns a countryman of his who was on his first visit to London. Leaning over Blackfriars Bridge as dusk was falling, he was astounded to see all the lights on the embankment flare up with one accord as if by magic. He walked up to the nearest policeman and said in surprised tones: "Tell me, mannie, wha' lichter a' the lichties?"

The policeman scratched his head "I was juist aspin' y' wha' lichter a' the lichties," repeated the visitor.

The policeman was dumbfounded, and at last courtesy fled from his soul. "Garn, yer Portuguese blighter," he ordered sharply. "Oppit!"



Industrious Boy.

1st Mother—"Is your son industrious?"

2nd Ditto—"Is he! You never saw a boy work so hard to keep from working in all your life!"