

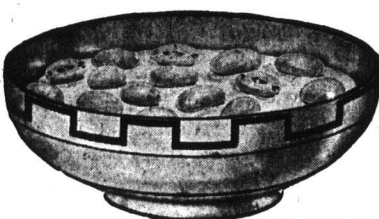
Creating a Musical Atmosphere

By Marion Dallas



The Discovery of Puffed Grains Brought Ideal Foods to Millions

Prof. A. P. Anderson, when he found a way to puff wheat, gave children a better wheat food than they ever had before. Every expert knew that whole wheat was desirable. It is rich in elements lacking in flour. And rarely a child got enough of them.



Puffed Grains in Milk or Cream

But whole wheat, for its purpose, must be wholly digestible. That is the problem Prof. Anderson solved when he discovered this way to explode it.

He Bubbled the Grains

He sealed up the kernels in guns, and applied a fearful heat. Then he shot the guns, and out came the kernels puffed to eight times normal size.



Puffed Grains Mixed with Fruit

What happened was this: Inside each food cell a trifle of moisture was changed to steam. When the guns were shot, a hundred million explosions occurred inside each kernel. Every food cell was blasted, so digestion could act. Thus every element was made available, and every atom fed.

And the grains were made into food confections, flaky, toasted, airy, crisp. So these hygienic foods became the most delightful foods you know.

Puffed Wheat

Each 15c.
Except in Far West

Puffed Rice

Don't let your children lose the benefits of this great food invention. Don't confine Puffed Grains to breakfast. Serve them for supper in bowls of milk. Douse them with melted butter when children get hungry between meals.

Puffed Wheat and Rice are whole-grain foods. They taste like nut meats, bubbled and toasted. But they are in fact the best foods wheat and rice can make.

Keep both kinds on hand.



As Confections

The Quaker Oats Company

SOLE MAKERS

Peterborough, Canada

(1520)

Saskatoon, Canada

Study of Music at Home

ALL through the country, in villages and towns, there are young girls and women improving their spare time by the study of music.

Many of these have a teacher come once or perhaps twice a week to guide and inspire them in their work, but sometimes owing to bad weather, poor roads, or other reasons, weeks elapse between the visits of the teacher. To aid in such times as these, and to help and enthrall the girls who are nobly struggling alone, without the counsel and advice of any teacher but purely for their love of music, this article is written.

The study of music should be undertaken with an intelligent comprehension of its beauty and wealth of melody. It should never be studied in the listless fashion adopted by so many young people. By that I mean the careless playing of airs with variations, the murdering of beautiful sonatas and the strumming of cake walks and popular songs. The object of all study of music is to give pleasure not only to ourselves but to others.

It must be from the heart. Every player must study thoughtfully and with an earnestness which convinces the listener. Even the simplest tunes can be rendered to give pleasure, but only as the player throws her soul into her music, will she influence her audience.

Harmony—A Help

To thoroughly enjoy the practise of music I would recommend the student to master first, Cumming's book on "Rudiments," and then to turn to Stainer's "Harmony." A study of harmony, although it may seem uninteresting at first, gives an insight into music which can be derived in no other way. It is not an easy study done, but many of the teachers and professors in our colleges of music will, for a nominal fee, correct exercises (by mail) and give a great deal of help in that way.

Study Musical History

The study of musical history gives a glimpse into the inner life of the great musicians, and enables one to interpret some of their thoughts and ideas. Following this, the history of music will teach the student to appreciate music as a great art and especially is this needed in home study. It opens up a new world, and might inspire the young to make some musical history for Canada themselves, for we know our musical and national history is only in its infancy.

Whenever great artists come to your town or near you, go and hear them. Don't be discouraged if they play some of the pieces you are learning better than you do. Remember, although we cannot all be artists, we can all do our best. Let the great player be an incentive to you to work harder and more faithfully.

Practise Not Long But Well

Set apart so many hours for practice every day, and allow nothing to interfere with your plan. Divide your practice hours. Practise technical exercises, but even in these watch the rhythm or accent. Make a study of time. Practise your pieces slowly. Slow practice is the foundation of all good piano or organ playing. Learn to practise not long, but thoroughly, and keep the mind and fingers under control.

Learn to memorize each piece thoroughly. When the first piece has been mastered you will find the second much easier. It is really distressing to spend an evening in company with perhaps twenty young ladies (many of whom you know are paying out hard-earned money to colleges and teachers), when a request is made for some music, to hear one girl after another refuse, saying, "Oh, I can't play without my music." After hard coaxing some girl is prevailed upon to play "something," and it is usually—just a "something."

Overcome Nervousness

Play every time you get an opportunity; play for father and mother—study some of father's old favorites and play them as carefully as if you had a large audience. Seize every chance to play before an audience. Much of our poor music is largely the result of nervousness and lack of memory training. The only cure for nervousness is constant appearances in public. An excellent way for a piano player to gain confidence is by duet playing and playing accompaniments. In his way you feel you are not alone, but unless

you do your part well the performance will be a failure.

Another thing in your practice, include the study of simple hymns. The other night I heard of a meeting of seventy-five people, when the chairman asked for a volunteer pianist, no one responded. He repeated his request three times and finally started the hymn. Of course the result was the devotional part of the meeting was spoiled. In speaking of the circumstance to one lady who was present, she said, "Well, I never could be bothered studying hymns." They do require study and in many of our tunes we find a wealth of harmony. Surely it pays. The satisfaction of giving a little pleasure amply repays for the time spent.

Music As An Art

Love your work and believe in yourself. What a satisfaction and pleasure can be derived from the pianoforte while you pursue your studies, lost to all else save the beautiful melodies and harmony. The sense of growing power gives us keenest pleasure as we study the compositions of the masters. New beauties gradually reveal themselves and light and happiness breaks over our lives. The mission of music is to lighten toil, comfort in sorrow, sweeten the lives of all mankind. Let your part be to cause sweet music to be felt in your own life, your home and your community, no matter how small, so that the lives of men and women may be strengthened, refined and lifted nearer to God.

"Let knowledge grow from more to more
But more of reverence in us dwell
That mind and soul according well
May make one music as before."
—Tennyson.

Waiting

By Strickland W. Gillilan

On summer Saturday's long afternoon
I used to climb barefoot one thronelike knoll,
Soliloquizing: "Father's coming soon."
The gray pike billowed eastward like a scroll
And vanished in the apex of a hill,
"One world-long mile away; around me played
The shifting sunbeams—magically still,
Tiptoeing from each ever-lengthening shade.

I knew that when he crept into my ken
Above the hillbrink I should know the span—
White-stocking bay, head-tossing gray;
and then
The strong, familiar figure of the man.
I'd know them—know them! Leaping
with their joy
My swift feet from my cairn would
take me down—
I care-free, zephyr-hearted, eager boy,
To welcome home my father from the town.

Once on a time he went away again;
Perhaps the sun shone, but we could
not see.
I have not climbed that little knoll since
then,
For Father is not coming home to me.
Somewhere he waits upon a sun-kissed hill
And softly says: "My boy is coming
soon."
He'll know me from afar—I know he will!
When, world-tired, I trudge home, some
afternoon.

A doctor came up to a patient in an insane asylum, slapped him on the back, and said: "Well, old man, you're all right. You can run along and write your folks that you'll be back home in two weeks as good as new."

The patient went off gaily to write his letter. He had it finished and sealed, but when he was licking the stamp it slipped through his fingers to the floor, lighted on the back of a cockroach that was passing, and stuck. The patient hadn't seen the cockroach—what he did see was his escaped postage stamp zigzagging aimlessly across the floor to the baseboard, wavering up over the baseboard, and following a crooked track up the wall and across the ceiling. In depressed silence he tore up the letter that he had just written and dropped the pieces on the floor.

"Two weeks! Hell!" he said. "I won't be out of here in three years."