

I Made Living and Workrooms of My Open Porches

By Nell B. Nichols

My dream-house had a fireplace, many books, and, most important of all, a verandah for every occasion. I emerged from my dreams with three ordinary verandahs—which isn't so bad—a fireplace, and enough reading material so that I can refresh my mind with a story or two every day. And because I so thoroughly enjoy living on my verandahs in the summer, I'm going to tell you about these little rooms. In the beginning they were three small structures, none of them being glass-enclosed or the least bit unusual.

My back verandah is my summer workshop. The first improvement I made in it was to apply some paint. I tackled the floor first, giving it a couple of coats of paint in a battle-ship-gray color, the kind which does not show dirt and dust easily. Then, with a little assistance, it was screened.

With wire screening? Oh, no; not yet. I had to convince skeptical men-folks that this verandah, which had served as an appendage to the house on which the milk pans and cans, brooms and mops, overshoes and boots had been stored, could be converted into a useful room. I had to prove that the dust would not blow in by the bucketfuls every day of the week. The first year inexpensive mosquito netting was used to keep out the flies and mosquitoes, but wire screening was added the next year.

With this verandah, like any other room, one of the first problems was to find furniture for it. Drawing regiments of rockers out on the verandah to sway in a few hours, and then dragging them back in the house again, never did appeal to me. It is such a waste of energy. Moreover, if a verandah is worth having it is worth furnishing, even though cast-offs from the house are used.

The furniture for my verandah workshop consists of an old but strong dining-room table painted green, kitchen chairs, a small table to be used as a buffet or serving table, and a big, comfy rocking chair painted to match. If your handy-man happens to have a little spare time, perhaps you can coax him to build you a table and benches which you can paint. Or if you prefer to buy verandah furniture—and I envy you if you can do so—there are some charming sets in the shops these days.

If the verandah is to be enjoyed, it must be equipped with furnishings about which one need not worry when there is rain or a heavy dew. The blue and white checked gingham cushions in my rocking chair lauder beautifully, and for added protection from rain the feather ticking is covered with waterproof sheeting. There are two small linoleum rugs on the floor—small gray pickle jars for flowers. There are apple blossoms, lilacs, daisies, and all the other varieties until the season ends with asters, goldenrods, and autumn leaves.

Instead of using cotton and linen tablecloths on the verandah table at mealtime, I have a white oilcloth covering—one of the inexpensive decorated kind with a painted blue and orange border. This is cleaned by being wiped with a damp cloth. Paper napkins are used at meals, and on exceptionally hot evenings paper plates take the place of the china ones. My rule is to avoid all unnecessary laundry work and to decrease the

number of dishes to be washed, if possible, during the hot weather.

Bacon and eggs with piping hot biscuits and strawberry jam taste mighty fine out on the verandah summer mornings, especially if one watches the sun come up. The birds give a free concert at this hour. Of course I'll admit that the wind drives us in the house for some meals, but not every day. And this living on verandahs saves me considerable work in cleaning, because less dirt is tracked inside.

I try to serve meals that can be carried to the verandah easily, since I cook in the kitchen. Casserole dishes are fine for serving at verandah meals. Frequently they contain both meat and vegetables, the hearty portion of the dinner, and they can be carried out in one dish. My tea wagon is a great convenience in serving, for on it the dishes and food used are carried to the verandah and back to the kitchen in one or two trips.

On hot, still days, when canning the verandah, I have moved the keroseene stove on the verandah, so all the work could be done there; but, as a rule, there are too many breezes to make this satisfactory. Other duties that I have found can be attended to on the back verandah are these: Ironing, kneading the bread, churning, making fruit and vegetables ready for canning, shelling peas, stringing beans, paring potatoes and other vegetables and fruits, stemming berries and raisins, mending, sewing, and darning.

Then there is the front verandah—my summer-living room. It has not been screened yet because the flies and mosquitoes do not bother us there. On it is a comfortable porch swing, a mighty commendable outgrowth of the barrel-stave hammock that was neither comfortable to lie in nor attractive to the eye, a few comfortable chairs, and a small table. These and the floor are painted a dull gray.

The cushions are of gayly colored red and white and black figured cretonne, the table covering is of black oilcloth bound with scarlet bias tape, and the long cushion-like pad on the wall seat is of black oilcloth, which is not injured by rain. This bench seat is in reality a box. It has a lid that opens. In it I place the cretonne-covered cushions, the magazines, and other verandah furnishings which would not withstand the rain at night.

A bouquet of flowers in the common earthenware pickle jar of a small size sits on the table. I painted this green to match the porch box in which flowers and ferns grow.

Awnings may be used to protect the verandah from the sun, but I prefer to use vines for this purpose. I like climbing roses and honeysuckles, clematis, woodbine, the ornamental gourd, or any other of the vines festooned along wire netting about two feet wide. On the sleeping porch, of course, canvas curtains are essential to keep out the rain and dust.

If you decide to try out your verandah as rooms, give them a fair trial. That means, give them furniture of their own, and colorful, downy cushions that fit into the hollows that even the best regulated chairs have. If you aren't quite certain at the start how much you will enjoy the outdoor rooms, move slowly—that is, buy new equipment gradually or use old. In the end I think you will agree with me that a verandah can be part of the home—a vital part—if given a chance.

Control of Potato Blight.

Dealing with the early blight or leaf spot disease and the late blight or rot of the potato plant, Mr. W. T. Macoun, Dominion Horticulturist, points out in his bulletin "The Potato in Canada," that, while much of the premature killing of potato vines is due to the early blight, which is frequently mistaken for the late blight, the latter is by far the more serious disease, as it spreads with much greater rapidity and, in addition to the killing of the tops, causes the rotting of the tubers. The late blight usually appears between the middle of July and the first of August—sometimes earlier or later, depending on the season and the part of Canada. Although it is too late to get the best results after the disease—which makes itself known by a disagreeable odor—has begun to spread rapidly, it may sometimes be checked by thorough spraying.

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POULTRY

It seems to be the general opinion that mites and lice (probably the worst enemies of poultry) are one and the same thing. Such, however, is not the case. Mites are entirely different in habits and modes of living, and must be destroyed by different methods. Both lice and mites reduce the vitality of the fowl to such an extent that it easily succumbs to disease.

The house louse is a very small insect of a creamy color, has six legs and, contrary to opinion, can not suck blood. It lives on the body of the fowl, feeding on the filth, dried blood scales from the feathers and scurf of the skin. Lice breathe through pores in the sides of their bodies. Almost any insect powder or dust will kill them.

Hens will dust themselves, if a dust box is provided in one corner of the poultry house. When hens are dusted with insect powder, the dusting must be renewed in from ten to fourteen days, in order to destroy the young which may have hatched out during that time. Lice do not live in cracks and crevices of the house, and therefore spraying will do no good.

The mite is a spider and is red in color when gorged with blood, for it has the sucking mouth parts (the house has biting mouth parts) and feeds on the blood of the fowl. The mite has eight legs. Mites live in the cracks and crevices of the house, where they reproduce and go to the birds only at night. Therefore, spraying is the only way to destroy them, and treating the hen does no good. A thorough spraying with a good insecticide, such as Paris green, is effective. Every part of the house should be soaked, after it has been cleaned, and a second spraying should be given in about twelve days to destroy the young which may have hatched in the meantime.

Cultivation and Cover Crops in the Orchard.

The handling of clean, cultivated orchards calls for careful, frequent working and in practically all cases a system of cover-cropping or green manuring would be of benefit. The land should be worked up in the spring as soon as its condition permits and hereafter cultivation needs to be frequent enough to maintain a dust mulch or loose layer of soil on top of the ground and only deep enough to form this mulch.

The amount of rain which falls during the growing season in Ontario is at best rarely sufficient to supply the needs of the tree and crop so it must be carefully conserved. By early cultivation loss of water stored in the ground during the spring is reduced to a minimum and cultivation often, enough, would be destroyed by the crust forming on the surface of the soil, will further conserve this water and in addition will make the most of the rain which may fall during the summer. The growing season cultivations should be shallow because many small feeding roots grow near the surface and would be destroyed by deeper working. These roots will probably die during the winter or be broken in plowing, still they are very quickly formed again and give the tree a wider and better feeding area.

Further discussion of the many indirect benefits accruing from cultivation are unnecessary here. However, it is desirable to call attention to a condition arising from clean cultivation which has seriously injured some orchards in British Columbia and Oregon while there is good reason to believe that numbers of orchards in Ontario are likewise suffering. The condition referred to is the burning out of the humus or decaying plant material from the soil by constant cultivation, without in any way replacing it. The mechanical form of the soil suffers, it bakes easily, is unretentive of plant food or water and finally becomes dead, or burned out. Orchards under such conditions live yellow, and healthy foliage and make little or no growth, even with the best of cultivation. Formerly barnyard manure was easily and cheaply had so there was not much trouble rectifying the lack of humus. Now, however, due to

the expensiveness of barnyard manure, the grower, especially in the specialized fruit districts, must rely largely on cover crops. Cultivation should be stopped and one of these crops sown, from the 1st to the 15th of July, depending on the district. Rye and Hairy Vetch make an ideal combination; rape is good or buckwheat for poor land, but the main thing is to grow something that can be plowed under; a crop of weeds is better than nothing. An overwintering crop should not be allowed to grow for long in the spring as it will then compete with the trees for food and moisture at a time when they need both most acutely. Plow down the cover crop in the fall or early spring before it has made much growth.—D. Rimball, Dept. of Horticulture, Ontario Agricultural College.

Remedies for Potato Pests.

The leaves of the potato vine must be kept green and healthy if a maximum crop is to be obtained. Both insects and diseases should and can be fought and conquered if the well known and thoroughly tested preventives and remedies are used, says Mr. W. T. Macoun, Dominion Horticulturist, in his bulletin on "The Potato in Canada." Spraying for the Colorado beetle should not be delayed until the vines are badly injured, but preparations should be made to spray as soon as the larvae or young bugs hatch. Fortunately there are good remedies for this insect in Paris green, arsenate of lead, and other insecticides. The longer the spraying is delayed the greater the loss will be. If cheap help can be obtained, it is advisable to spray the vines when they are quite small, or to pick off the old beetles before they have deposited their eggs. To wait until the foliage is partially eaten is too late. By the time the poison takes effect the vines are badly injured and the future crop is much lessened. Paris green should be applied in the proportion of eight ounces or more to forty gallons of water, with four ounces of lime to neutralize the effect of free arsenic on the foliage. If applied dry, a good proportion is one pound of Paris green to fifty pounds of slaked lime, land plaster or any perfectly dry powder. The dry mixture should be applied when the vines are wet. Wet mixtures may be put on at any time when the weather is fine. Arsenate of lead paste used in the proportion of two to three pounds to forty gallons of water, or powdered arsenate of lead, at the rate of one to one and a half pounds, adheres better to the foliage than Paris green and is a good poison to use. It does not, however, appear to kill quite so quickly as Paris green, and a good mixture to use is eight ounces of Paris green and one and a half pounds of paste arsenate of lead to forty gallons of water.

I Keep the Weeds Down.

An apiary in a weed patch is bound to fail. Bees must have air when they are flying freely. If weeds grow high, they cannot properly ventilate their cells. Comb cells and the whole colony may be practically ruined. I know one case where a few hives were kept in the shade of orchard trees where weeds grew high. No honey was ever secured. The bees sent out two or three small swarms each season. Sometimes the whole colony would desert the hives. The owners thought a hole for the bees to get in and out was all that was needed. Nothing will induce swarming quicker than lack of air. Swarming will always reduce the honey crop. I have kept my bees in open space, shaded from midday sun, and then given extra ventilation in summer. I always give full opening for entrance, and when a colony has been very strong I have often placed blocks an inch thick under the corners of the hive, so air could enter all around the hive. Above all things I aim to keep weeds down all around, so there will be a free sweep of air about the hives.—A. H.

THE CHILDREN'S HOUR

OUR FEATHERED FRIENDS—THE CROW.
By LERKINE BALLANTYNE.
The crows have been flapping over the woods and fields these nice warm days, preparing to build their large nests of sticks. They build in the deep shadowy branches of tall trees in forest or grove, and their nest is anything but a work of art. Unlike many of our birds, they are only partially migrant, a large number of them staying here all winter, and it is very pleasant to hear their "Caw, caw, caw," resounding through the hills when the snow begins to disappear. Handsome as they look in their fine black coats, they are not a very popular bird with the farmer. You see, when one gets a reputation for stealing, no matter how much good one does, it is very hard to live down that reputation. So it is, with the crow. He was not satisfied to eat field mice, rodents, reptiles, etc., which he likes and does eat, but he foolishly helps himself to the young corn and sprouting grain peeping through the ground, and now no matter how many field mice or cutworms Mr. Crow eats during a season, he gets very little credit, and with all his faults he is not such a bad fellow.

There is one very interesting bit of history connected with the crow family. If one is fortunate enough to hide and remain very quiet in a field at autumn time when the crows gather in large crowds for their holiday season after the young are all out of the nest and off their hands, one may see them at their games. They play hide and seek, and other contests, just as intelligently as you or I would play them. The crow is so well known, description is unnecessary, for it is found all over this country and thrives in the midst of civilization. The raven, which belongs to the same family, has decreased with the advance of civilization, but this is not the case of the ordinary black crow. Despite all said against it, it does a lot of good, for the food it likes best is rodents, reptiles and insects.

Home Education

"The Child's First School is the Family"—Froebel.

Children Need a Lot of Loving.

By MRS. LYDIA LION ROBERTS.

"Why don't you go to bed with me?" objected the nine-year-old boy, "you go up with Kenneth every night."

"But he is younger and goes to bed earlier," the mother explained. "You are a big boy now."

"That doesn't make any difference," urged the older boy, "I like to be tucked in just the same."

After that, the mother saw to it that the biggest boy got a bedtime hug and a few minutes' quiet talk with her, and was more particular to show him affection.

From the little toddler to the overgrown, awkward school child, most children are hungry for affection. Our children know that we love them, but they like to hear us say so. They know we think more of them than anything else in the world, but they want us to show it. Few children want a sentimental, gushing sort of love; but they need and appreciate constant, unobtrusive evidences of our affection. Love can often cure an irritable temper, and soothe delicate nerves. One mother had this experience, and said, "When my little girl's face grew flushed and her voice rose high and sharp, I stopped my work, put my arm around her and talked in a low, tender tone about her games and dolls. I could feel the little form relax and see the tense, vivid face grow calm and happy as she felt my love flowing out to her."

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DROP THE HOE

When called upon to create for the commercial world, the artist takes a modern viewpoint. It is just possible that the great advertising business, with its wide demand for exacting work on the part of the artist, has brought the man with the brush, or chisel, or pen, close to the locomotive, the automobile, the skyscraper.

But when these same men go into the rural field to visualize the agricultural type they invariably bring forth the antiquated sickle, the ancient hoe and Father Time's old scythe. Because of this tendency on the part of these temperamental specialists, we are particularly interested in what Dr. Galpin, of Washington, said recently on the need of recognition by artists of the modern field of agriculture. Here are his words:

"Agricultural science has transformed farming from a traditional craft to a creative process. Artists have an opportunity to symbolize this new thing and express it in community houses, schools, churches, and structures everywhere that farmers are now building. The demand for better rural art is in the rural school. Educators are at their wits' end to convey to farm boys and girls the miracle of the life in which they are immersed. They need the magic of art. One stroke from the artist's hand is worth at this point a hundred lectures from the educator."

Samples Sell My Apples.

Instead of selling my apples we can and giving away the rest, we give away what we can and sell all the rest.

Twelve years ago, when our farm apple orchard began bearing fruit, we started to carry a sample case along with us on our market trips. We gave with each apple a printed card telling our name, address, farm name, where we lived, and that we sold good apples and wanted to hit the apple appetite of hungry humans.

It worked fine and still works. Last year we sold all our apples almost before we knew where they went.

We started our sample plan on a small scale, with a market basket under the seat of our motor car. From this basket we passed out to every hungry looker a fine eating apple, and gave him our card. Now when we go to market we take a bushel basket of good eaters along with us. They are fair samples of the ones we have in the crates for sale—a bit overripe for marketing, but in fine shape for eating.

Last autumn, when we had finished a day's marketing in our city of twenty thousand souls, we slid our motor car into a handy parking place along Main Street, and at every askant look passed out a red apple and our card. This demonstration only took about twenty-five minutes, but it brought results. While we were busy next morning about the farmyard a city truck came whirling into our driveway, carrying a business man who had been handed a handsome red Wealthy apple the day before. He operated a fruit store in connection with his game parlors, and had something like three hundred young men visitors daily to his establishment. He figured he could retail our nice red apples at five cents each all fall, if he could get them. He got them all right, for he offered almost twice the regular market price for them. He took a few crates of Wealthy along back with him, picked fresh from the trees.

When we happened in later in the week to see him, he was sold out. He bought other varieties too. We had Spies, Kings, Macintosh, Reds, big red Baldwins, Greenings, and Winter Pippins, thinned so they were very large and fine. We picked these carefully, stored them in the dry, wrapped each in a paper, and packed them in open crates in our cool back porch to ripen.

One day we passed a sample to a department store manager in the city. He bought a bushel of choice ones at \$3, boxed them up, and sent them to an old apple-hungry friend of his out West. Then he had us bring him ten bushels to store for winter in his city cellar. He told us they were finer flavored than the apples he sold from his counters.

Carrying our cards in their pockets, people came to get first-hand fruit from our orchard to thicken apple butter, to dry for winter and to make into choice cider. These customers took all the windfalls for canning. It was our "sampling" that did the whole trick, for they usually brought along our card.

One day we passed a country schoolhouse on our way to market. The thirty pupils, out playing, began yelling for apples. We beckoned them to come ahead. Each youngster was given two apples. We had no samples in town that day, but we got several orders from that schoolhouse district for winter apples, as we gave each youngster our card, which they must have taken home.

Giving away samples, and selling fruit as good as the samples, has solved our apple-marketing problem.—George W. Brown.

Scrubs can multiply just as fast as pure-breds, but they never get the right answer.

Occasions, like clouds, pass away.—Arabian Proverb.

TOTAL IMMIGRATION FOR	
MARCH 1922	5,548
MARCH 1923	6,748
(INCREASE OF 1200 OR 22%)	
OF THE MARCH ENTRANTS	
3,570	WERE BRITISH
1,661	FROM UNITED STATES
1,517	FROM OTHER COUNTRIES
INCREASES	
JANUARY 1923	6%
FEBRUARY 1923	51%
MARCH 1923	22%

CANADA ATTRACTING MORE NEW CITIZENS
An increase in the number of immigrants reaching Canada is shown in the chart, made up from official figures. The greater part of the new Canadians are from the British Isles, bringing to Canada welcome contributions of British traditions.

Keep it ready to serve at home



When it is ice-cold, nothing else is so sure to please—at home parties, when unexpected guests drop in and for just the family. And nothing is more convenient to serve—ordered by the case from your dealer like groceries, and a few bottles kept on ice in your refrigerator.

More and more a favorite every year for 22 years—since the first Canadian plant was established in Toronto in 1901.

Choice products from nature make it wholesome. Our sanitary plant, with sterilized bottles, makes it pure.

Drink Coca-Cola

Delicious and Refreshing

THE COCA-COLA COMPANY
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