

Breton, Mason's 'Harvest Moon,' a 'Song of the Lark' by Breton (I do love his pictures!), and a Turner's 'Old Temeraire.' The whole seven didn't cost me five dollars. I had plain mats and plain brown frames put on them, and you know how lovely they look in my little home."

"I should say so!" exclaimed Mary, enthusiastically. "You have the most artistic little house I know."

Ethel smiled—"But how it would all have been ruined if I had put my own daubs up! . . . But I have not finished my story. Shortly after my visit to the artist's I was in another home, decorated from garret to cellar, almost, with pictures painted by the lady of the house, and displayed by her with the greatest satisfaction, just as mine should have been displayed by me had I not had my eyes opened to what really good work should be. All the pictures were copies, indifferently done at that—not a speck of genius anywhere. The painter evidently had not specialized. She had tackled everything—mountains, trees, rivers, animals, even a few figure studies. You may imagine how 'common' it all looked after that art exhibit, and how glad I was that I had not fallen likewise into temptation."

Little Doris, a twelve-year-old sister, had been sitting on the step, a little pitcher with big ears, as are most children.

Now she was heard;—she had evidently been thinking the matter out. "I guess that girl who starved in a garret just tried to sell her pictures," she ventured. "She should have given painting lessons. Miss T— gives painting lessons, and she makes lots of money."

"Miss T—!" and everybody laughed.

"Yes," said Helen, "Miss T—'s trap is the sort into which many people fall. Such teachers explain why we see so many daubs on the walls of houses. We need a few art exhibits of the best kind to open the eyes of the people in general as yours were opened, Ethel."

Mary had been, since her first outburst, listening in silence to the conversation. "Yes," she now said, "after all I believe you and Ethel have come to the right conclusion. It is all right for a genius to strain every nerve to attain excellence, other people are much wiser to leave such things pretty well alone. All the same, I do think that if one loves to do a thing one may be pardoned for dabbling at it a little, just for the enjoyment and interest of it. Now, you, Helen, are musical,—not a genius, but you spend a great deal of time on music and get a great deal of enjoyment out of it. I am not musical, but I love to dabble in water-colors. I just took two or three lessons to learn how to prepare the paper, and so on, the mechanical part of it, you know, and ever since I have been making little sketches on almost every holiday, and I have had a great deal of pleasure in doing so. It isn't an expensive fad, because I don't frame the pictures. I keep them away in a portfolio. Some day I may accomplish a little scene well enough to feel like framing it and putting it in my own bedroom—a little pet scene, you know, that will remind me of summer days, in midwinter."

"Why, I completely forgot," said Helen. "Your sister showed me your portfolio one day, and most of the sketches were quite charming. I can easily see that painting may be to you, with the real love you have for it, what music is to me."

"So we are all satisfied," laughed Ethel. "I wanted pictures—just pictures with which to adorn my walls, and the prints filled the bill without worrying over paintings, which would never have been satisfactory; you, Mary, paint for the work's sake and are satisfied; you, Helen, can admire art from afar and take consolation in music instead."

"Some day, all the same," declared Helen, "I hope to own one really good painting. I love good prints, too, you know, and I have a number of them, but I want at least one really truly painting."

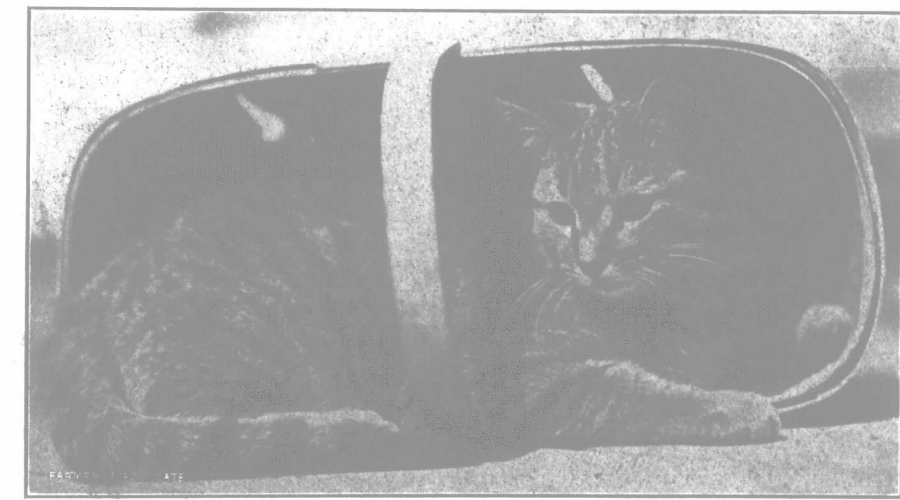
"At all events, we will none of us be Miss T—s," added Mary, and then everyone laughed again.

Now this, in substance, was a real conversation among very real people. There may be an idea in it for someone.

We have the misfortune, at our office, to be next door to an automobile garage. At any hour of the day you may see cars large and small buzzing about there, and often in the early morning, just as we paper folk come straggling in to spend our day among books and papers, with the constant whirr of machinery in our ears, we have the exasperation of seeing gay parties starting off from the garage, out into the sunshine and away off "far from the maddening crowd" towards the green fields and hills beyond the city's border.

Sometimes the papers and machinery seem a poor alternative, but there are always compensations. Possibly those gay travellers, when they do chance to work, have not such interesting work as ours; possibly, even, they have no work to do at all, which is a worse case still, for, given a man who has no work to do and you may wager your last dollar that he is a victim, often enough, of ennui. Besides, if one owned an automobile and had plenty of time to spare, would one not run the danger of going about in it too much, and growing fat and unhealthy from sheer lack of exercise? After all there is a great deal of real pleasure to be had from just trudging along looking at things, and getting, all the while, the very best tonic in the world without knowing it. After all there is a good deal to be said in favor of shanks-ponies.

And so one might go on; there are usually compensations—if one takes pains to hunt up the most congenial thing that can be found to do, for the present at least. If you find your own thoughts good company and love the country, there is something worth while in being out of doors, even though the work in field or garden be hard. If you can't bear to be alone and must have people about all the time, there may be



"Dear Little Cat with Yellow Eyes."

compensation in working in mill or store or factory, notwithstanding the treadmill of it. If you chance to be in a totally uncongenial environment, there is always the bright spot in being able to say, "This need not last forever. People were not made to be unhappy. I will keep my eyes open for a better chance."

If you have given up a career to marry, you may have your home and children to rejoice in instead; if you have not married you may have the career to look to, or the satisfaction that comes of being able to go from place to place at your own sweet will. If you are rich you can enjoy the opportunities that come with riches; if not you may learn, like Thoreau, to be rich through doing without the unnecessary. I know nothing like Thoreau's "Walden," with a Salt's "Life of Thoreau" accompanying, to show one how very possible this is. . . . And so the story goes, something unpleasant, usually, to bear, something pleasant to counterbalance:

"For taking the year together, my dear, There isn't more rain than sun."

So buzz away there, automobiles! Go your way, gay parties. If you can ride, we can walk; if you can idle, we can work; if you can go off on pleasure jaunts, we, like the good old bookkeeper in "Prue and L," can follow, yes go farther and faster than you. For may we not have our fairy paths still, leading to our Castles in Spain? We wish you a pleasant ride and a good morning.

JUNIA.

#### MUSTARD PICKLES—CHILI SAUCE. (Held over from last year.)

Dear Junia,—We have only taken "The Farmer's Advocate" since Christmas, and have enjoyed reading the helps in the Ingle Nook. I saw where the jolly wife wanted someone to print a recipe for mustard pickles. I will send one that I have used and found it keeps well:

Mustard Pickles:—1 head cauliflower, 2 qts. green onions, 2 qts. cucumbers, 2 qts. green tomatoes, 8 large green peppers, 4 cups brown sugar, 1 cup flour, 2 ozs. turmeric,  $\frac{1}{2}$  lb. mustard, 1 gallon vinegar. The cauliflower, onions, tomatoes and cucumbers to be cut separately and salted over night; then heat vinegar and spice, put all together and let come to a boil.

Chili Sauce.—13 ripe tomatoes, 13 large green apples, 1 lb. brown sugar, 3 onions,  $\frac{1}{2}$  lb. raisins,  $\frac{1}{2}$  teaspoon cloves and allspice, a little salt, and 2 pints vinegar. M. J. L.

#### ANOTHER.

Dear Junia,—I am very much interested in your page, as there are so many helpful hints given as to how other people do to make life easier. I thought perhaps it was only fair that I should also help when I could. Someone asked for a good recipe for mustard pickle. I have the Macdonald Institute recipe, which I will give, for without doubt it is the best.

Mustard Pickle.—1 qt. large cucumbers, 1 qt. large onions, 1 qt. silver skin onions, 1 qt. small cucumbers, 2 or 3 cauliflowers, 3 strong green peppers, 3 strong red peppers,  $\frac{1}{2}$  gallon cider vinegar, 4 cups brown sugar;  $\frac{1}{2}$  lb. mustard seed, 1 cup flour, 1 cup ground mustard, 2 tablespoons turmeric. Cut up large cucumbers, onions and cauliflower. Put each kind of vegetable in separate dishes

until the pieces are of the same size. Spread with the butter, then put the slices together alternately until there are 5 or 6 layers. Press these well together, then with a sharp knife cut down slices about half an inch thick.—Pictorial Review.

Salad in Tomato Cups:—Scoop out the pulp from firm, round tomatoes, sprinkle the inside with salt, put the shells on a platter and set on ice to chill. Mix 1 cup peeled and chopped apple with  $\frac{1}{2}$  tablespoon lemon juice, add  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup chopped nut meats and 1 cup celery chopped. Mix all together with salad dressing and fill the tomato cups.

Potato Salad:—Mix together 1 pint mashed potatoes, the yolks of 3 hard-boiled eggs, 1 cucumber pickle chopped fine, 1 small onion chopped fine (may be omitted). Mix with salad dressing thinned with cream. Pile in a dish lined with lettuce, and garnish with rings cut from the whites of the eggs.

Devil Cake:—Beat  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup butter to a cream; beat in 1 cup sugar, then the beaten yolks of 4 eggs, which have been whipped up with another cup of sugar. Add 1 cup hot mashed potato, 2 squares melted chocolate, and, alternately,  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup sweet milk and 2 cups sifted flour sifted again with 3 $\frac{1}{2}$  level teaspoons baking powder, a teaspoon each of cinnamon and nutmeg, and  $\frac{1}{2}$  teaspoon ground cloves. Lastly, add 1 cup walnut meats chopped fine, and the whites of 4 eggs beaten dry. Bake in a loaf and frost with chocolate or plain white icing.

#### With Blueberries.

Blueberry Tea Cake:—Mix well together 1 pint of flour,  $\frac{1}{2}$  teaspoonful of salt,  $\frac{1}{2}$  cupful of soft butter, 1 egg, 1 scant cupful of sweet milk,  $\frac{1}{2}$  cupful of sugar. Lastly add 1 pint of sound, ripe blueberries. Bake  $\frac{1}{2}$  hour in a square tin; cut in squares, and serve hot.

Blueberry Shortcake:—One egg, 2 cups sour milk, 2 tablespoons butter,  $\frac{1}{2}$  teaspoon salt, and 1 teaspoon baking soda. Mix the dough as soft as can be handled, roll into two sheets, one of them  $\frac{1}{2}$  inch and the other  $\frac{1}{4}$  inch thick. Put the latter in a well-buttered pan, cover with a thick layer of fine ripe blueberries, add sufficient sugar to sweeten, lay on the other crust, and bake. Cut in squares, and serve hot with plain or whipped cream.

Blueberry Cobbler:—Pick over 1 quart of sound, ripe blueberries, and put them in a two-quart earthen pudding dish with a very little water, cover, and cook gently on the back of the stove until tender. Then sprinkle a little sugar over them, and some little bits of butter. Rub 2 rounded tablespoons of butter into 2 rounded cupfuls of flour, 1 teaspoon sugar,  $\frac{1}{2}$  teaspoon salt, and 2 rounded teaspoons of baking powder. Mix well together, and add 1 cupful of cold water, stirring it in quickly and lightly. Do not beat it. Drop it by spoonfuls in a circle on top of the fruit, leaving a large opening in the center. Bake in a brick oven. Serve hot with a sweet sauce or with cream.

Canned Blueberries:—Allow  $\frac{1}{2}$  lb. of sugar and  $\frac{1}{2}$  pt. of water to every quart of sound, ripe berries. Allow the juice of 1 lemon to every 3 qts. of berries. Make a thin syrup with the water and half the sugar. When it boils, skim well, and add the berries, let simmer 5 minutes, and add the rest of the sugar and the lemon juice. Let it come to a boil again, and can at once.

Blueberry Pudding:—One pint of grated bread crumbs wet with 1 pint of boiling milk. Add 4 well-beaten eggs,  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup of sugar, a pinch of salt, and 1 quart of fine, ripe blueberries. Bake in a moderate oven until firm. Heap fresh, ripe berries on top, sprinkle with white sugar and cover with whipped cream, or serve the pudding plain with sweet cream.

Blueberry Toast:—Stew 1 qt. of blueberries in a very little water and sufficient sugar to sweeten. Have ready some nicely browned toast, lay it on a hot platter, and moisten well with hot milk. Spread a thick layer of the stewed blueberries on each slice, and serve at once. Pass sweet cream with it; makes a delicious breakfast dish.

Blueberry Sauce:—Cook blueberries with a very little water until quite soft, add sugar to sweeten, let cook a minute longer, and strain. To each pint of juice add 1 tablespoon cornstarch, and cook until thick and smooth. Serve hot. Very nice with rice, blanc mange, or any

#### Cookery for the August Picnic.

Orange Marmalade Sandwiches:—Cut the bread into thin slices. Put six together, after buttering thinly, with marmalade. Press under a weight, then when well pressed together trim off the crusts and cut down in thin slices with a sharp knife.

Nut Sandwiches:—Chop the nuts fine and mix with salad dressing. Spread on slices buttered bread and put together, with a lettuce leaf between each two pieces. You may add chicken, olives, celery or figs to the nuts and chop together, if you like.

Brown and White Sandwiches:—Work the butter with a little celery salt, and some finely chopped red peppers and olives or pickles. Work to a paste. Cut the brown and white bread into thin, even slices, and trim off the crusts,