

Senior Beaver's Letter Box.

Dear Puck and Beavers,—I have been a long and silent reader of your Circle. I wrote to your Circle once before when I was going to school, but did not see my letter in print. I live on a farm of 400 acres, about half of which is under cultivation.

We have a large garden, although not as good as the one we had last year. Our seeds did not come up very well this year. Dear Beavers, will you allow me to tell you about our garden? Mother and I both work in it.

Do you Beavers ever find false blossoms on your melons and cucumbers? I guess you all know what they are like, but I will tell you anyway. There will be a lot of blossoms on the vines, and if you go and look you will find no little melon, citron or cucumber, whatever it may be. The little cucumbers are about an inch long, so are not hard to see and distinguish. The best way to do is to pull all the false blossoms off. The melons are usually about the size of marbles. It is not hard to tell them apart.

Last year we had 200 cabbage. Our cabbage seed were not good this year, and just about half of the seeds came up. But the rest of the garden did fine. We have a lot of tomatoes which we are very fond of. I guess you Beavers will know all this about your gardens. I hope Dorothy Newton gets along well. How many of the Beavers like music? I do, and have taken a quarter's lessons. Daddy has taken "The Farmer's Advocate" since ever I can remember, and would not be without it for anything. He also gets "The Nor-West Farmer," which is a good paper too. We get seven papers in all. I guess I will close now. Hope the w.-p. b. is not hungry when this arrives, and the Circle has room for me. Puck told Myrtle Campbell the Circle was elastic. Wishing the Circle every success, I remain your Beaver.

BESSIE CURRIE.

Lammermoor, Ont.

("Out of school," Age 15.)

Do not pull the blossoms off, Bessie. You see they are not false blossoms at all, but are "staminate" blossoms. True, no fruit appears when a staminate blossom falls, but if the pollen were not carried from the staminate flowers to the other kind, which are called "pistillate" flowers, there would not be fruit anywhere. You will understand all this when you study botany, as I hope you will some day, Bessie.

Dear Puck and Beavers,—As I saw my last letter in print, I fully decided that I would write again. I received three nice letters since joining the Circle.

Our school is open now, and I go every day. The school teacher in charge is Miss Francey, from Huntsville. I like her very much; we have a lot of fun with her. We have two horses; their names are Dick and Dolly. Last night after supper they came up to the shed door, and I fed them some cake, then my sister Florence and I got on their backs, and went for a ride out the road for about two miles. We have a pet rabbit; it plays around in the yard with the chickens.

As my letter is getting rather long, I will close with best wishes to the Circle, and also hoping this will escape the w.-p. b.

GLADYS CHARLTON.

Millar Hill, P. O., Ont.

(Book Sr. Third, Age 10.)

P. S.—Would some more of the Beavers kindly write to me?

Dear Puck and Beavers,—I have written once before, and having taken courage to write again I hope to see this in print, too. This year I tried the Entrance and passed. I am now in the continuation class. For pets we have a dog, three cats, eight calves, and two colts. I expect to show my colts at the Laurel School Fair this fall. This morning while shingling the driving shed I stepped on a nail which went through the thin sole of my running shoe into my foot, so I had to keep to the house all day. My father has taken "The Farmer's Advocate" as long as I can remember. I hope that some Beaver or Beavers will take time to

write to me. Wishing every success to "The Farmer's Advocate," I remain,
Yours sincerely,
ARTHUR RICHARDSON.

Dear Puck and Beavers,—This is my first letter to your charming Circle. My father has taken "The Farmer's Advocate" for about eight years, and I couldn't do without it. I have one sister and two brothers and am the oldest. I am in the senior third class, and my teacher's name is Mr. R. L. Fenton. I enjoy going to school. As my letter is getting long I will close with a riddle and a recipe for the girls. I hope my letter won't drop into that nasty w.-p. b.

What is the sweetest thing in the world? Ans.—A little girl.

Marble Cake.—Light part: One cup white sugar, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup butter, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup sweet milk, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon soda, 1 teaspoon cream of tartar, 3 eggs (whites beaten stiff), flour to make it stiff. Dark part: One cup brown sugar, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup butter, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup molasses, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup sour milk, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon soda dissolved in milk, 1 teaspoon cloves, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon nutmeg, 3 eggs (yolks beaten stiff), $2\frac{1}{2}$ cups flour. Mix all together and beat dark part stiffer than white part. When each part is ready, drop a spoonful of dark, then a spoonful of light batter over the bottom of baking dish; and proceed so until you fill the pan. Be quick or cake will be heavy. Bake in hot oven.

This is a very good cake.

Your friend,

RUTHIE SHANTZ.

R. No. 3, Berlin, Ont.

Dear Puck and Beavers,—I saw my last letter in print, and I thought I would like to see another there. I have one mile to walk to school. I love my teacher; her name is Miss Harrison. I had nice holidays; I was at Port Stanley twice last summer. We always go down in the morning and come home at night. It is about seven miles from our place, and it is a nice drive over a lot of hills. When we get there we stay down by the water most of the time, and I go in bathing with my two brothers.

I will close hoping this will miss the w.-p. b., and wishing the Circle great success.

JEAN CAMPBELL.

(Age 10, senior third.)

R. No. 5, St. Thomas, Ont.

Dear Puck and Beavers,—This is my first letter to the Beaver Circle. One of the boss's sons takes "The Farmer's Advocate." I also like to read your letters in my spare time. I have left school nearly a year, and I was fifteen a few weeks ago. I came from a children's home to Mr. Elwoods Howell's, where I have to look after the sheep, also the calves, and the colts. He has a very big farm; he has two ganders, two old geese and a flock of goslings, and horses and a lot of cows. Now I will close, wishing the Beaver Circle every success.

I remain your Beaver.

Jerseyville, Ont. JIM WILKINSON.

Junior Beavers' Letter Box.

Dear Puck and Beavers,—I have been going to write to you a long time. I have a brother and a sister. My brother is a banker out in Manitoba. His name is Bart. My sister's name is Jean. I think some of the letters are very interesting; at least all of them are. Gladys Dunn must be pretty busy I think. Papa has taken "The Farmer's Advocate" over thirty years. It is a fine paper. I might write a story if I write again, if the Beavers would care to read it, and it wasn't too much bother to print. I am sending some riddles:

Higher than a house, higher than a tree, oh! whatever can it be? Ans.—A star.

As round as an apple, as deep as a cup, but all the king's horses can't pull it up. Ans.—A well.

The girl that sent the riddle awhile ago that goes like this, below water and above water, but never touches water, is: A woman going over a bridge with

a jug of water on her head. Is that right?

Will some of the Beaver girls please write to me.

BERTHA CHARLTON,

(Age 11, Jr. III.)

R. R. No. 1, Ilderton, Ont.

Dear Puck and Beavers,—This is my first letter to your Circle. My father has taken "The Farmer's Advocate" for two years, and we like it fine. For pets I have a cat named George, and a dog named Charlie. I have a pig that I call Jim. I fear my letter is getting rather long.

Yours very truly,

BERNICE BARNARD.

Dear Puck and Beavers,—This is the first letter I have written to you. My father is a farmer. We like to read "The Farmer's Advocate" very much. I have a pet dog, and his name is Shep. I have two brothers and one sister at home. My brothers' names are Walter and Grant, and my sister's name is Beatrice. I go to school every day, and we live a mile and a half from it. My teacher's name is Miss Bawtinheimer. I am in the junior second class. I have a garden at school of vegetables. Being as this is my first letter I will close now, hoping it will escape the w.-p. b., and wishing the Beavers many successes. Good-bye.

ALICE BOLLIS.

Mt. Elgin, R. R. No. 2. (Age 10.)

Dear Puck and Beavers,—This is my first letter to your Circle. I enjoy reading your letters. We have two kittens and two cats. We have 43 head of cattle. We have four horses and four colts. We have 20 little pigs and two old ones. I have two brothers and one sister. There is a creek running through our place, and we go fishing. We have about 135 acres of land. I will close now hoping the w.-p. b. does not get my letter. Good-bye.

LOTTIE PELTON.

R. R. No. 3, Paris.

(Age 9, Jr. II.)

News of the Week

Canadian Patriot Fund donations received by the Minister of Finance up to October 26th amount to \$517,725.50.

The Six Nations Indians of Canada are to send a regiment with the Second Contingent.

On October 30th, the Emden entered the harbor of Penang, Straits Settlements, and sunk a Russian cruiser and a French destroyer.

At time of going to press, the situation in Europe continues to be satisfactory, on the whole, for the Allies, the German attempt to reach Dunkirk, Calais and Boulogne having been held in check, while reports from Galicia, where fighting has been incessant, tell of constant gains on the part of the Russians. In the West, almost continual conflict has taken place along the banks of the Aisne, but it is in West Flanders that the thick of the fray has centered, revolving about Nieuport, Dixmude and Ypres. Already the battle in that district has waged for over seventeen days, and the carnage on both sides has been tremendous. "The slaughter on the Marne and the Aisne," run the despatches, "pales before that on the undulating countryside of Flanders."

The most disconcerting element in the despatches of the past week is the fact that Turkey has entered the war, her demonstration against Russia on October 29 having been followed up by a bombardment of Sebastopol, which is reported as going on at this time of going to press. She is also said to be preparing an armed force against Egypt, where a company of 2,000 Bedouins is already giving trouble, and her interference with the Suez Canal is feared. It is reported that the non-arrival of the New Zealand and Australian contingents in England is due to the fact that they have been held for a time in the Levant

to await further developments in Egypt. . . . In South Africa, on the other hand, the rising led by Generals De Wet and Beyers has followed in the fate of that agitated by Martiz, and, for the present, seems effectually quelled. . . . No sea engagement has been reported, but on October 31st, the British cruiser Hermes was sunk in the Straits of Dover by a torpedo fired from a German submarine. Nearly all of the officers and crew were saved. The Hermes makes the seventh British vessel sunk by submarines since the beginning of the war.

The Ingle Nook.

[Rules for correspondence in this and other Departments: (1) Kindly write on one side of paper only. (2) Always send name and address with communications. If pen name is also given, the real name will not be published. (3) When enclosing a letter to be forwarded to anyone, place it in stamped envelope ready to be sent on. (4) Allow one month in this department for answers to questions to appear.]

Jane Addams.

(Continued.)

After leaving Rockford Seminary Jane Addams spent a winter in the Woman's Medical College, but was obliged to leave on account of spinal trouble. Six months in bed, then two years' travelling and study in Europe broadened her knowledge of life, and possibly the care and luxury with which she was able to tide over this harrowing time served to set forth against a clearer background the glimpses of poverty that she had obtained in the East end in London and in some of the other cities of Europe. By the majority of people such sights would have been brushed aside as something deplorable but defying remedy. Not so Jane Addams. As upon Tolstoi the consciousness pressed upon her that something must be done to relieve or prevent such conditions. "For two years," she says, "in the midst of my distress over the poverty which, thus suddenly driven into my consciousness, had become to me the 'weltschmerz' (world-pain) there was mingled a sense of futility, of misdirected energy, the belief that the pursuit of cultivation would not in the end bring either solace or relief."

A trip to the Western States, and the realization of the straitened circumstances of some farmers there with whom she had had business dealings, induced her to withdraw all of her money that had been invested in mortgages. With it, in partnership with a student, she took over a sheep-farm, a venture that she still looks upon as economically sound notwithstanding the fact that it resulted disastrously, "two hundred sheep with four rotting hoofs each," being sufficient enough reason for anyone to sell out.

In the meantime a hazy plan for settlement work among the poor was beginning to formulate itself in her mind, and plans for a second trip to Europe did not leave out of account a decision to see something of the work of this kind being done among the great centres of the older continent. At this time, too, she seems to have preconceived the idea of church union which has of late years come so strongly to the fore, for in her diary of the time she expressed a hope for a "cathedral of humanity" which should be "capacious enough to house a fellowship of common purpose." In her planning for the settlement, then as well as later, she wished to unite all connected in the fellowship of work, however divergent their religious beliefs might be.

It was not until 1888, however,—and, strangely enough, in Madrid, on the evening after seeing a bull-fight—that Miss Addams mentioned her scheme to anyone. Then she took Miss Starr, an old school-friend, into her confidence, and the outcome of the conversation was that after visiting Toynbee Hall and the People's Palace in Old London, an actual beginning was made.

The next January, in spite of the discouragement of friends, found the two energetic young women scouring the poorer parts of Chicago for a suitable place to start the experiment. They made no appeal for funds, meaning to risk all they had, and so the possibilities were somewhat hampered, but final-

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