

INGLE NOOK

INGLE NOOK NEWS NOTES

One of our shut-in members is making a silk quilt to keep her hands well employed during a time of bodily inactivity. She has not quite enough pieces and would be glad to receive any that we can spare. If they are sent to me I will see that they are forwarded to their destination.

DAME DURDEN.

TELL US OF YOUR READING

Dear Dame Durden:—I was very much pleased to have you ask Chatterers to write more letters, as that gives me a chance to have another chat. When shut in through the cold weather, the time drags rather heavily unless we can visit, through Ingle Nook, with one another, but until you "said to" I was afraid of writing too often.

I have been reading more than usual this winter, which is a pleasant way to spend the long evenings. I am very fond of poetry and good books. Of the old works, Dickens is my favorite author.

I hope you were a little south of the frigid zone, during the past few weeks. We, in Saskatchewan, (There! you know where I live) felt it quite cold enough, but misery likes company, so we did not feel it quite as cold after reading of the 30° and 40° below zero in other places. We shall soon forget all about this, as spring is fast approaching when everything seems imbued with new life and energy.

I wonder if anyone has tried, when rendering lard, instead of putting in a large crock to dig out when in a hurry to bake, using quart tomato or syrup cans to turn it in. I find it so handy when wanting lard or dripping just to set a can where it is warm, while other work is being done, when, without any trouble, it is ready for use. They can be put away up-side-down in a cool place and are very convenient.

A nice way to use a shank of beef is to boil it until tender, take from the bone, put through the mincer, boil liquor down to a pint, mix with meat, season highly with salt and pepper, put in quart bowls, to stand away in a cool place until ready to use, when one may be turned out on a small platter for tea, and will be just as good as it looks.

Hoping all of the members fared as well at Christmas as Dame Durden, I will close for fear of crowding some one else who would like to make a call.

PUSS.

You surely haven't written too often. It seems a long time since we heard from you. I had the pleasure of meeting an acquaintance of yours at a luncheon recently—a young English-woman who has tried farming on her own account. She was very bright and interesting. I hope, for your sake, that the great cold is over for this year. Personally I do not find it unpleasant. Extremes of heat are much harder for me to bear than any amount of cold. D. D.)

SOMETHING TO THINK ABOUT

Dear Dame Durden:—Having been for some time an interested reader of your interesting circle I am making bold enough to enter.

I do not know whether you allow school teachers to enter your circle or not, but as I am not teaching just now and am a farmer's daughter, perhaps you will overlook that objection, if such it be.

This is the first winter I have spent at home in Manitoba, having come from the east some four years ago, always having taught since and I must say that I find the Western winters rather lonely.

In this connection, I have been reading the report of the annual meeting of the Woman's Institute of Ontario at Guelph, and the question occurred to me, Have we such an institution as that in this province? If there be such an one, I have never heard of it and I think it too bad that such a progressive province as ours should let Ontario or any

other province surpass us in anything. I think that the Woman's Institute would be a great thing for the women of Manitoba. It would give them a chance to mingle with other women, learn new ways and means of doing work and otherwise brighten and enliven them. The men have their Grain Growers' Association, which is becoming more popular, and why should not the women have a "Housekeepers' or Home-makers' Association?" Here they might discuss, and probably, in a measure, find some means of remedying the much-vexed problem of capable and efficient help. Why should a woman go on day after day drudging away almost as her grandmother and even great-grandmother did, when her husband has more machinery than his grandfather ever imagined in his most far-fetched dreams?

When will our province be far enough advanced to support an institute like the MacDonald Institute of Guelph? I think it, too, would be a good thing and is there not a chance through that to raise the level of the "hired girl?" During my work as a teacher, I find that the greatest trouble on our farms and one of the great reasons for farmers moving to town is the great lack of capable help. If a girl could attend some school, learn to do things right and carry a certificate showing her capabilities, would it not raise her social standing and also her efficiency?

Well, I fear you will have become very tired of all this, so I must go, but before I do, could you or some of your correspondents give me a pattern for knitted or crocheted bedroom slippers? Wishing you and your corner every success, I am,

Yours truly,

Manitoba. SCHOOL-MARM.

(You would be welcome to a seat by our fire even if you were teaching and weren't a farmer's daughter, and as it is, we are very glad to have you come. It would be an all-round advantage to our page to have the school teachers coming in to have a chat with the mothers. Both are engaged in the most important work in the world—the training of a child for citizenship, and an interchange of thoughts and viewpoints would be very beneficial. I hope other teachers will follow your example.

No, there is no Woman's Institute in Manitoba, nor in either of the other prairie provinces. British Columbia has a few organized of very recent years. Up to the present time the women on prairie farms were pretty badly scattered, but now that the country is being settled so rapidly in many sections, the organization of a Home-makers' Association—I like that name better than "Woman's Institute"—should be more than a mere possibility. Let us talk it up in the Ingle Nook and something will surely come of it: The Domestic Science institution is likely to be realized within a year or two in connection with the Manitoba Agricultural College. It is a splendid thing, I think, for it raises housekeeping from drudgery to a fine art.

Directions for making crocheted bedroom slippers will be found in the issue of January 13th, which no doubt you have seen since writing your letter. I haven't directions for the knitted variety. D. D.)

AN OLD MEMBER RETURNED

Dear Dame Durden:—It is so long since I have written to the Ingle Nook that I am sure you have forgotten me. I find lots of help in the Ingle Nook and can hardly wait till the next week's paper comes. Thank "Lonesome" ever so much for her kindness and trouble in sending the directions for crocheted slippers. I have made several for Christmas presents. I spend my spare time in doing fancy work, such as doilies and cushion tops. I am now making a Battenberg scarf for a bureau and have it nearly done. Could you or any of the readers tell me where I could get a good stamping outfit for all kinds of doilies? Would like one just to do my own stamping. I learned to do oil

painting on velvet when I was a girl. It is rather long since, but I do not think I have forgotten how yet, though I have forgotten the name of the oil. Does any one know the name and also where I could get it? The pantograph is just what I wanted and I am going to try my hand at making one. I have just received the last ADVOCATE and seeing directions sent by "Sarah" for bedroom slippers, I am going to try them soon. Thank her ever so much.

I have a way of frosting a cake and putting "greeting" on, but don't think it is what she wanted. I will send it anyway. It is rather hard to make, especially the first time. Take a little milk, about one-half cup, and put on the stove. Cut up enough chocolate into the milk to make a good chocolate color. Let stand on back of stove till well dissolved. (Cocoa is better, if you have it.) When cold, put in enough powdered sugar to make a paste thick enough to spread on the cake. Flavoring can be put in to suit the taste. Then make the "greeting" of white paste using a little milk and powdered sugar and flavor. This must be made thick enough so it can be rolled in the hands and so it will not run when it stands. Then shape into letters. The cake may be made of white, and fruit coloring used for letters or chocolate. Some cut out the words "Greeting," on the cake and put different colored frosting. Some take small candies and put on, making the words and then putting a few around the edge of cake.

To make sweet carrot pickles, boil the carrots till tender; if large, cut in halves or quarters. Then to two cups of vinegar take one cup of sugar and a little cinnamon and cloves. Pour over the carrots and let come to the boil, then put in jar and cover.

I must now draw my letter to a close as it is getting too long, and I know Dame Durden will feel like throwing it in the waste paper basket. If I may come again, I will write about the dowry law.

PEACHERINA.

(I enquired in an art store about the paints for art work on velvet, and they said that the ordinary oil paints were used as on canvas, though it might be necessary to add a little more turpentine to get the best results.

Many thanks for all the helpful ideas you have contributed. Do not leave such a wide gap between your visits again, please. D. D.)

AFTER A LONG SILENCE

Dear Dame Durden:—I expect by this time that I am outlawed from the Ingle Nook, though all "unbeknownst" I have run in upon you all every week. Dear me, I used to be so scornful of women's pages in the papers, they seemed to me so empty, but to come to you is like slipping into a chair with a cushion at one's back. The reason I have stayed out so long is because there has been so little time for sitting. But your list of New Year resolutions and Nameless' letter both moved me to action.

I haven't anything to say, you know; it's been mainly fruit, garden and my sweethearts of babies with me; but I do want to tell you all how I have enjoyed your letters. Where is Octavia Allen, and New York and the others of the "old set?"

How I laughed when Dame Durden complained in one of her notes, of some kind neighbor informing another kind neighbor that after all Dame Durden didn't look a bit clever. It made you seem so human and possible, it was the one touch needed to make you real, and not "fairy-booky."

I feel something like Nameless about voting, "it's the silliness of it that riles me." I must confess to not having been very much interested in politics before I was married, since then I have had to be in order to be allowed to talk at all, at certain times. I know positively that I am far better fitted to cast an intelligent vote than a great many men who do, but at the same time I greatly doubt my judgment in all political matters. A woman perhaps sees more clearly than a man, but I don't think—I am speaking of average men and women—she can see quite so far.

Did it ever occur to you that even in individual voting there is needed a balance so that no result should be shot too far? For Parliament we have in England, the House of Lords, and the House of Commons; in Canada the Senate and Commons; in the United States the two Houses. And in the home, to me it seems the woman's place is the position of the Second House.

A good woman is a mighty force, especially if she is endowed with tact, and knows how to use her prerogatives. A woman's greatest strength lies in the fact that man expects her to be really good and true. And, too, her opinions are more likely to be accepted under the cloak of her apparent weakness—her inability to cast a public vote; she is not an active fighter, consequently, not antagonistic. If men were utterly bad, utterly demoralized, it would be time for us to arise en masse and take our place in our own parliaments without more ado. But they're not, thank God.

For my part, I am quite content to be "the power of veto," and stay at home to tend things while the man of the house goes into the world's hard, rough, miry places. It's his place to fight, mine to clear his eyes, love him, and point out the bit of good road on ahead. And there are an infinite number of ways to do the latter, from a cup of good, clear coffee to love and prayer.

But if I do not think women suited for an active part in the franchise, I am absolutely sure the almost unlimited chance for power that men have is very wrong. There ought to be some distinction drawn between a MAN who knows why he votes, and a HUMAN creature of the same sex who cannot or will not use his own wit and reason in judging matters.

And how and where are men to draw this line? you ask. Dear me, I don't know; a woman wasn't made to puzzle out and weigh things pro and con. We aren't just enough, as a class; there would be surely some flaw made by our more emotional nature.

But I do know where my, and all women's, part comes in. (And this is for dear Minnehaha, and the others, because Nameless said she said so). It is with my boy and my girls. Teach your boy to despise a lie, stand like a rock, use his brains and common sense, and then let him do his own part of the work. It is what he was made for, I'm sure. As for the daughters, they are to be taught truth, honor, steadfastness just like the boys, and then they branch to comforting, mothering, loving, and all the infinite complex duties that fall to the lot of women.

Who dares say that a woman in the home—her rightful place—is not a power? If we would only use it wisely we would want for no other.

I didn't mean to say all this before I started, and, dear Dame Durden, if you don't like it please do what you like with it.

With all good wishes for a happy New Year.

B. C. HELMET-OF-RESOLUTION.

(Bless your dear heart! You haven't been outlawed. I thought you had discovered that you didn't like us as much as you thought, and had just dropped the Ingle Nook from your calling list. With a letter from you and one from Oregonian on the same day, I feel as if I were rewarded, instead of punished, for my "blue" letter in Jan. 6th. It almost encourages me to be blue again.

"I haven't anything to say, you know." Well, the next time you "haven't anything to say," say it to us, and you'll find us all resigned to hearing it, when the results are like these. You have found the true inwardness of Woman's Rights, and I can't say anything to weaken your position, and it needs nothing to make it stronger. I think one strong reason why intelligent women want the suffrage is to counterbalance the vote of the thousands of degraded, unintelligent, unthinking masculines who have no trouble in having a voice in the country's affairs. Then there is another side—There are hundreds of women, like "Helen Phillips" and myself, who are without homes, doing our part in the world's work in the