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FEBRUARY 21, 1907

THE FARMER'S ADVOCATE.

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never seen any from any person around here. I am a little boy, ten years old, and go to school pretty often, and have a good time. My brother has a gun, and we go out shooting sometimes on Saturdays. We got a rabbit the other day, and had a rabbit pie, and it was all right. My papa has taken "The Farmer's Advocate" for twenty years. I have a sheep of my own; she had two lambs last year, but one died. My brother has a sheep too. My sister has a turkey. I think I will be a farmer when I grow up. I will close now. Good-bye. TALMAGE NIXON.

Arva, Ont.

RIDDLES.

1. When is grass like men? Ans.—When shooting.

2. Why is a horse like ice cream? Ans.—The more you lick it the faster it goes.
3. Why is wheat like a rosebush? Ans.—Because both are prized for their flour (flower).
4. What has ears, but cannot hear? Ans.—Corn.
5. What has hands, but cannot feel? Ans.—Clock.
6. In yonder field there is a little red heifer, give her hay and she will live, give her water and she will die. Ans.—Fire.
7. What has legs, but cannot move? Ans.—Couch.
8. Black without, red within, lift up your foot and stick it in? Ans.—Over-shoe. M. B. B.
Wallacetown P. O.

Dear Cousin Dorothy,—I have been reading the letters in "The Farmer's Advocate," and thought I would like to write one too. I am nine years old. I am in the Senior Second Class. I have one mile and a half to go to school. This week I had to write a composition on "what I saw on the way to school." I saw so much that it took two pages of my scribbler to write it. My father has taken "The Farmer's Advocate" for a long time. I like to read the letters and the stories. I am reading "Bob, Son of Battle," and like it very much. I have read a lot of books: Glengarry School Days, Black Beauty, and Uncle Tom's Cabin are about the best. We live in Pickering, and call our farm Lakeview, because we can see so much of the lake. We have five horses

and one little pony, which we call Fawn. I ride her, in the summer, to the post office. We have twenty-three head of cattle. We have a black dog named Jack. We have a great big black cat named Tom; he knows his name when we call him, but he is shy of strangers. He is eleven years old. I have three sisters and two brothers, all grown up, and four little nieces.

RALPH E. M. MOWBRAY (age 9).

Kinsale P. O., Ont.

You see, the little boys can write good letters, too. O. D.

[All letters for Children's Corner must be addressed "Cousin Dorothy," 52 Victor Ave., Toronto. Otherwise they will not be published.]

The Ingle Nook.

Some Fads and Fancies.

The summer is fast coming back to us again, and I suppose many of you are looking forward to having new houses built on your farms as soon as the weather is fit. If so, may I just whisper in your ear—don't let husband, or son or architect have the whole word in the disposition of that house. You are the one who will have to work in it; you are the one who will suffer by any little unnecessary distance here or there—the few extra steps which may mean so many hundreds in the course of a busy day; you are the one who, if a closet is omitted where it should be put, will have to spend hours in the course of a year, brushing, shaking and cleaning clothes which might otherwise be hanging in sweet and dustless peace. And remember, putting up a new house is like taking a husband—you have it for better or for worse, and if it turns out a disappointment, why you simply have to put up with it.

So see to it that you get that plan into your hands before the first shovelful is dug for the cellar; study it; live with it, if need be; pin it up on the wall where you can see it every day, and imagine yourself working in just such a house, making beds, getting meals, setting tables, running about to cellar, or pump, or yard. Then, after all this, if you have an awkward or inconvenient house—well, you'll rather deserve to have it, will you not?

I suppose every woman has some idea of the house which would be her ideal, or at least some hobby in regard to it. I know one woman who adores mirrors. As a consequence, she has them—big, full-length ones—everywhere. You can't turn around in her drawing-room without seeing yourself and becoming painfully conscious if there is a wrinkle in your waist, or an imagined dip in your skirt. My personal hobby would be for built-in cupboards. Some of the "women-folk" at our house, who occasionally build veritable castles in the air just for diversion, laugh at my mania; but, after all, I think there is just a little bit of sense, if not of method, in my madness, so I give it to you for what it is worth.

You all know, as well as I, how hard it is to move heavy pieces of furniture about in order to clean under them, and behind them, and in all the crevices where the dust is sure to lodge. Build your cupboard into the wall instead of having a separate one or a sideboard, and presto! What have you? All the convenience of the ordinary cupboard or sideboard, with no "under" or "behind" to clean. Of course, if one can afford a handsome buffet, all right; otherwise, a dinner-wagon will do very nicely for laying things on temporarily, and it and the built-in cupboard together will not begin to cost as much as the buffet. . . . In the kitchen I should have these cupboards—big ones—for stowing away cooking materials and utensils. With these, and a baking-table or cabinet placed conveniently near, a pantry might be dispensed with, and the space usually devoted to it in the farmhouse utilized for a china-closet, which should be placed directly between the kitchen and dining-room, and supplied with a sink and draining board, at which the dishes might be washed and placed in the shelves without a single unnecessary step. If you can afford a tank in the attic and hot-water

attachments, by which hot water can be supplied directly to the sink (bathroom, etc., of course), all the better. . . .

In the library or living-room, I should have similar built-in cupboards, but with handsome glass doors, for book-cases: in the bedrooms, or closets off the bedrooms, others for holding hats, ironed clothes, etc., thus dispensing with the ubiquitous "dresser," whose place might be very well taken by a full-length mirror, with tiny shelves near it for comb, brush, etc. . . . Think of the saving in room—cupboards, sideboards, book-cases, etc., all flush with the wall, no awkward corners jutting out, no clumsy furniture breaking what might otherwise be an even and pleasing surface.

Just here is where some of you may, at first, disagree with me; you may think that such furnishing may make a room look "bare," and yet I cannot see why this should be so. Unless used for a living-room, a dining-room really needs very little furnishing; while a living-room,

the myriad number of these rugs and their disposition at all sorts of angles, gave a feeling of some—what shall I say?—distraction. The effect was scarcely restful. Otherwise the house seemed to me perfect, and I was assured that the doing away with the carpets had made the greatest difference in "the work." At frequent intervals, the rugs were taken up, thrown over a line, and beaten. As a consequence, there was no lodging of dust as in tacked-down carpets; the house was invariably clean, and the big annual house-cleaning bout had become a thing of the past.

The second house was a cottage, dainty throughout, yet quite inexpensively furnished. It, too, was guiltless of carpet. The floors were well laid, and were stained; but, instead of small rugs, each room contained a single large one, occupying the central part of the floor to within a yard of the wall, an older fashion than the small-rug fad, but, I think, a more restful and more permanent



Fireplace of dull-red brick, with homemade book-cases on each side. You might pay \$60 or more for a fancy grate, which would not be nearly as artistic as this.

supplied with easy-chairs of various shapes, a table, books, a few choice pictures, plants, and, possibly, a grate and piano, should surely be cosy enough for anyone. If the grate and piano be lacking, then let books—above all, books—take their place.

But, now I must stop this ramble. I don't want to try to force my opinions on you, and I should like to hear what some of the rest of you have to say. In closing, then, may I just tell you about two houses I saw lately, which appealed to me very strongly as desirable. The first was quite a large house. It had the piano, easy-chairs, long book-cases, grate (brick, by the way), and all other things one might like for luxury as well as comfort. Here, however, is the point. It hadn't a carpet in it from roof to basement. All the floors were hardwood, waxed, and, instead of carpets, there were small rugs thrown everywhere. Some of these were expensive, yet in looking at them I thought of the rag rugs in soft greens and blues and brown, described some time ago in "The Farmer's Advocate." It did seem to me, though, that,

one. In this cottage, an arch, with pillars and interstices for palms and ferns, separated living-room and hall, the latter being furnished simply with a hall-seat, a grandfather's clock, and a row of carved wooden pegs, instead of the cumbersome and expensive hall-rack. There were also built-in book-cases in the living-room; and, down in the basement was the handiest little laundry ever you saw.

There, I suppose, I have got somewhat from the sublime to the ridiculous, but it was necessary to stop somewhere—and really that laundry, with its stationary tubs with pipes leading therefrom, its clothes "horses," its fine lighting, its long ironing-table and ironing-boards, and its door leading easily out into the clothes-yard, made an impression.

I should like to go on talking about other things—the paper, etc.—in these houses, but time is up. Can't we have a cozy chat about some of these things before house-building and house-cleaning time comes? Will not some of the rest of you bring forth your ideas?

DAME DURDEN.

Our Girls.

Dear Dame Durden and Chatterers.—May I accept the low stool of honor at Dame Durden's feet, so graciously conferred upon me by Rosebud, and tell you my opinion of the young women of the present day?

Each and every one of the inferences drawn might exactly describe some of the young women we know, but I do not for a moment think that all have so far deteriorated from the characteristics of the ideal woman. It seems natural, and perhaps on that account rather pardonable, that young girls have a proverbial weakness for display and pretty things, and also prefer a young man for an escort of the "sporty type," because of his attractiveness. Yet I shall venture to say that even those young women who have been veritable queens of society prefer to marry "thoughtful, earnest" men, knowing they will make better husbands.

The belief that young women are prone to regard pecuniary motives of more importance than natural preference upon entering matrimony is surely contrary to the dignity of noble womanhood. There are undoubtedly instances of it, but I cannot think that it is true in the majority of cases. In fact, I know of more than one young woman who has refused an offer of wealth with accompanying social position, and accepted a man in poor circumstances, simply because she loved him. Again, I know many young girls who had a positive mania for dress and gayety, and were considered abnormally extravagant, yet abandoned their professions or respective occupations in life, and developed into sensible, economical women.

In my opinion, the keynote of the whole matter is the all-powerful element of love. The most practical man or woman may propound theories innumerable concerning the imperfections of the opposite sex, but when their "Romeo" or "Juliet" appears on the scene, the whole world assumes a rosy hue. When those young gentlemen-critics have discovered their "alter ego," they will quote with Scott:

"Love rules the court, the camp, the grove,
And men below, and saints above,
For love is Heaven, and Heaven is love!"

Wrinkles, I have enjoyed your various articles regarding poultry very much, and found your information most valuable. I have been sorely tempted, by way of contrast, to send a description of our poultry last year, dwelling particularly upon our progress with an incubator. It was our first experience, and even now to my mental vision come rushing memories of innumerable instances of fluctuating temperature, infertile eggs, chickens dying in the shell, etc. However, let me refrain from a more detailed account lest I might discourage anyone contemplating the purchase of an incubator. An old adage is: "Experience is the best teacher," and we have fond aspirations of success during the present year. Your little whisper regarding your pullets laying made me just a little—supply the word, please—as ours just began in January. They are pure-bred Plymouth Rocks, too.

However, it is not yet two years since I was positively afraid of a broody hen, but now conditions are quite reversed; my approach strikes terror into the most persistent sitter. I am extremely interested in poultry-raising, and am resolved to make a success of it.

Dame Durden, have you vacated your rocker?

FORGET-ME-NOT.

Perth Co., Ont.