

LITERARY SOCIETY

MARKING ONE'S OWN BOOKS

Whence can have arisen this modern idea that it is "a vulgar aid to memory to pencil one's books?"

"Gashmu saith it"—in The Atlantic—and somebody else says that it is the proof of a weak mind to use a bookmark. There must be nothing personal in our intercourse with our books. We must approach them with washed hands, must remember all our quotations and be sure where we left off, or we lay ourselves open to the implication either of having lost our minds or of having failed in respect towards our authors.

Now, in the opinion of a humble person, the real book-lover believes none of this nonsense. He will keep his book "underneath the bough" in the wilderness like Omar Khayyam; or carry it into the garden, like Browning; or stand it at his "beddes hed" as did Chaucer's clerk; or place it in his pocket, after the manner of Dr. Van Dyke when he walks beside a little river; and it will have many a black line or note or comment.

If the Gentle Reader is feminine she will have her book in her workbasket, in the baby's carriage, or on her dressing table. It will have a bit of ribbon for a mark, or may be a curl of the baby's hair. Possibly it may show a yellow drop from the egg beater, in memory of the day she made the pudding and learned the Ode to Imortality, and there will surely be many a delicate line under the words that have stirred her heart; but it should make the judicious grieve to think that she might be counted vulgar by Gashmu or the critics.

Now every right-minded individual will condemn the ill-bred person who marks a borrowed or a "library" book; but I am dismayed at the thought that my own cherished volumes filled with notes and pencilings, may be considered vulgar. To lose my private and particular Shakespeare would be a calamity too great for words, to say nothing of Bacon and Goethe and Browning. The other day I took up Boswell for ten minutes and read only the marked paragraphs. Here was the cream of the whole, ready for instant use, and I was exceedingly refreshed and edified. I had forgotten the doctor's pedagogical observation that it is no matter what you teach children first, any more than it matters which leg you put first into your breeches, and it struck me with new force that Gray was great because he was "dull in a new way," and also that we are "a race of convicts who deserve to be hanged." These and other excellent remarks put me into a pleasant humor before the next ringing of the doorbell, but with an unmarked copy and only ten minutes, where would I have been? Probably in the "advertisement to the third and subsequent editions."

Does the whole of Boswell or Montaigne stick in anybody's mind, willy-nilly? If so, he must have a memory equal to the ideal of our old Mexican visitor, Dona Librada. On being ushered into our library, she looked around in amazement, then solemnly tapped her head and exclaimed, "And Don Juan knows all these books by heart! Ah, what a head!"

It is true that this Don Juan of the remarkable "head," who shares the library with me, has not marked his portion of the collection. There are no black lines in his Zockler's "Handbuch der Theologischen Wissenschaften," and Delitzsch and Lange are fair and clean. The soul of his respectable Shakespeare is not disturbed by "vulgar aids to memory," and his Plato is not underscored, while my plebeian "Dick" is marked from beginning to end, and Sophocles is extra-illustrated with photographs of Father Oedipus and Sister Ismene and Antigone clasping the most chaste of Grecian urns.

There are a few marks in his Tennyson, I am glad to remember. He has forgotten where, and it was more than twenty years ago, but there is a warm feeling in my heart as I open the old green book. I may not now resemble the Miller's Daughter, nor the "lily-maid of Astolat," nor even Enid, except in the matter of the faded silk, but the

Idylls will never lose their charm for true lovers, and the ideal of the Princess has helped to lead us into these restful days of "ultimate companionship." I am glad that Don Juan once marked his Tennyson, and now he does not need to do it, because I find his quotations for him.

Yes, we undoubtedly do "mark for others," but why is not that as commendable as any altruistic deed? I wish to have my friends admire these choice passages that have commended themselves to me. I am positive that my young daughters will skip Matthew Arnold's preface to Wordsworth, if I do not mark it plainly; and they would never read the Ode to Duty. They show an indifference to "prefaces" and "odes" that does not promise well for their intellectual future. They laugh immoderately at Carlyle's conception of the House of Lords appearing as "forked radishes," and they quote the "everlasting nay" in a manner that is unadvised. When I am gone, they may read these marked passages and reflect upon the advantages of superior literary taste in a departed parent.

To return to the old Shakespeare, beloved of my heart. It is a Dick's edition, published at 313 Strand, and sold in England for one shilling. The family edition, in three large illustrated volumes, was considered too choice for me to carry to school, and there were no Hudson's or expurgated editions at hand. This small, fine-print book, familiarly known as "Billy Shakes," was carried under my arm day after day, and went with me when I spent the night with a cherished friend; and it was often wet with vinegar from moist packages of pickles which we consumed while huddled under the bed-quilts in our frosty chamber.

The book open easily at As You Like It, possibly because a scrap of green ribbon marks the place—not as an aid to memory, but because I like to keep a bit of pretty green gown that I made so carefully in order to feel like Rosalind. One must not think that I need any help to find that

"From the east to western Ind
No jewel is like Rosalind."

but no other book could carry with it the delicious atmosphere of the days when Shakespeare was new. Think of the joy of the first entrance into the Forest of Arden! Age does approve of youth, and I would not now erase a mark, though I have added many from year to year.

"Little Rivers" is a book that often finds its way to the library table, and has most delightful marked passages to

read between times. These choice bits have been culled from many a reading, or have been especially enjoyed by the listener of the day; for it has been a pleasant fancy to try the "heather chapters" as the touchstone for a new friend. And one of these friends gave me a piece of "bell heather from Loch Lomond, another sent the common heather" from Inverness, and a third sent from her old journal half of her spray of real "white heather" from the Highlands; and these illustrate the margin of my book, so that when it is opened I remember that "there is only one way to get ready for immortality, and that is to love this life and live it as bravely and cheerfully as we can."

There are many pencil marks in Charles Dudley Warner's noble essay, "What is Your Culture to Me?" but best of all is the page where he wrote some kindly personal words; and no

color sketch, however exquisite, could give the pleasure that I take in another page decorated with brilliant autumn leaves, marked, "From Mr. Warner's home in Hartford."

There is another book, beloved of Shakespeare and Ruskin and the Gentle Reader, that is marked more than the rest. It is not because I cannot find without aid, the "green pastures" or the "many mansions." But, long ago, on many a morning when "the glory of the Lord came by way of the East," by the "great waters when the waves thereof were still," I read the Book and traced the lines; and now, as I walk in a dry and thirsty land or look from my window over a dusty plain, I can see the words again, and there returns unto me the peace as of a great river, "the River of God which is full of water."—Sara B. Howland, Mexico.

INGLE NOOK

SELECTED RECIPES

Oatmeal Bread.—Stir into two cups of cooked oatmeal after being cooled, one-half cup of molasses, one small cake of compressed yeast dissolved in one-half cup of lukewarm water, one heaping teaspoonful salt, two heaping teaspoonfuls of sugar, add flour enough to knead into a nice, soft dough. Set aside in warm place to rise for four hours. Put in two pans and let rise for four hours, then bake for one hour.

Tomato Stew.—Cut the meat up into cubes and remove the gristle and fat; put into a saucepan half a can of tomatoes, season with minced onion, parsley, salt and pepper, and cook till smooth; add a teaspoonful of flour rubbed with one of butter; press through a fine sieve, or, if you prefer, use as it is, merely having it thick; put the meat into this sauce and heat, but do not let it boil. This may be served as it is, or on toast. Another way of preparing this dish is to put the bits of meat into a baking dish with the tomato as it is in the can, add seasoning to the alternate layers and dust the top with sifted crumbs and dot with butter; bake till brown.

CAME FOR CHEER

Dear Dame Durden,—I am a stranger within the gates of the "Ingle Nook," but I enjoy the page so much I should dearly love to become a member. But I must tell you first that I come, not because I have any helpful points to give, or anything of value to say, but rather for the cheer and warmth of the "Ingle Nook" and the comradeship of the others who write and of yourself, too, Dame Durden.

I have two little girls, one a year and eight months old and one four

months old. Do you think the others would let me be "little sister" and have a seat where I can listen to all the helpful things they tell one another? I have recently lost my mother, who was everything to me—"The power behind the throne," and this makes me feel like a frail craft out at sea. I celebrated my twenty-first birthday yesterday, so you see, Dame Durden, I am selfish, I did not write until I needed the "Ingle Nook."

I must, for one, thank Peacherina for the valuable recipe for carrot pickles. I have been searching for that for some time, and I was delighted to find it. How very thoughtful of her to contribute it!

I suppose a great majority of women feel it an injustice that they do not have a vote. I wonder how many of them know that they do have a vote, or that they could. Not in one way, of course, but have we not as wives and mothers and sisters influence over the male or females in our homes in this matter as in matters of more personal interest? If we spent enough time in thought and study to become acquainted with the political questions, could we not feel our own way was winning through those who do vote, brought about by our influence. I believe this, for as "Helmet of Resolution" says, "A woman's ways of influence are many." She can do much with a cup of tea, lots of love, and earnest prayer. But, speaking individually though, I can say I would much rather stay at home cuddling the bairns, teaching them their prayers, warming hubby's slippers, and listen

THE FARMER'S ADVOCATE FASHIONS



5234 Boy's Knickerbockers and Knee Trousers, 4 to 12 years.



6226 Circular Skirt, 22 to 32 waist.



6221 Boy's Suit, 6 to 12 years.



6227 Tucked Waist with Fancy Yoke, 32 to 42 bust.



6237 Girl's Sailor Costume, 6 to 12 years.

The above patterns will be sent to be. When Wait Measure, 22, 24, skirt, enclose ten cents for each number, or whatever it may be. When Misses' or Child's pattern, write ten cents will be sufficient. Allow from ten days to two weeks in which to fill order, and where two numbers appear, as for waist and

March 10, 1909

to it all when he comes are sitting together. I am afraid I have much length. W every success. EM

(It makes little difference the first time or to be helped, or see you, anyway, and you are willing to you can. We are sought our company cheer when you are reaved. Tell us some time.—D. D.)

Several ladies in terms have asked for it is impossible for illustrations of the will appear in future.

Where a dress dedicated by only one that the whole pattern cents. Mrs. cents to pay for N blouse and skirt were. A friend of the that a book she proved trustworthy estimates that one or one-quarter of pressed yeast, should pint of liquid. *

Walnut Cake.—Wh cups granulated sugar, 1 cup milk, 2 cups large cup of finely mixed through, and ing powder. Cream sugar, add other cake 1/2 of an hour.

For Frosting.—Cup possible, or roll on with a thin frost sugar and milk, sugar, and in about 1 with frosting made sugar and milk; nuts for cake and i (Sent by " "

HOME-MADE

Dear Dame Durden Nookers,—I have write to the Ingle though there were en but if you can make why not for me?

I noticed a short of the Nookers spoke in getting suitable for making parkin. syrup and molasses lated sugar. It is the syrup you buy.

Use about 1 cup water. First, scoop spoonfuls of sugar I add the rest of the and let boil to requ

To make the scorch about a cup add water and more syrup. Be careful scorching—turn to b if the fire is too ho

We enjoy the cha are all so helpful. Hoping this will proval, I am,

(Of course, there we'll all shift our and there will be p fore the fire. practical. Come a

INDUCING HENS TO

Dear Dame Durden many of your co their hens laying t

We keep Brown comb), and they h much this winter. house—a dug-out or and straw to s started to lay i molting, and have o

On the first few (February) they w hour or two durin of the day, and th boxes on the kitch democrat under th

I have only three birds, some two-year pullets, yet I get