

The Ingle Nook.

Among the Things to be Thankful For.

Although several of our Thanksgiving articles appeared last week, the day on which this paper is issued will be exactly Thanksgiving Day, so perhaps I can put in my little "say" about it here; a very little "say" it will be, too, I assure you, for so many phases of the subject have been covered in the other departments that it does not seem needful for Dame Durden to expatiate much. I know there are a great many things about the home-life—the subject about which we Chatterers most often chatter—for which every one, not wholly warped and soured, must be deeply and truly thankful, and yet I am just going to touch on one little point—a very insignificant point it may seem, too, to those who are thinking of the greater things. However, such as the little thought is, "here goes" as the small boys say.

I have sometimes wondered if the girls who are "just at home" doing housework realize what a privilege it is to have dishes to wash, floors to sweep, beds to make, and all the other little things to do which fill up the long day. . . . Yes, "privilege," I said, and I mean just that. If you don't agree with me, just drop your sweeping and bed-making, and all the rest of it, and sit down to some work to which you must sit for three, or four, or five years. Then, and not until then, will you realize what it means to be cut off from the possibility of moving about at will, and what a problem the getting of enough exercise to keep the body healthy, the blood red and the brain clear really is to the great sisterhood of girls—stenographers, bookkeepers, milliners, dressmakers and editors—who must sit each day, and all the days, from morning till night. One hears the cry everywhere in the city, in this city, at least, "Oh, I wish there were a gymnasium for girls!" "I wish it didn't get dark so early! One can't walk at all in the evenings now!" "If the skating were only in!"—and so it goes. We even heard a girl say not long ago, "I feel ready to go at a washtub every week—anything to get really tired out at with good physical exertion!"

So, my dear girls who have to wear an old dress once in a while, while washing, and scrubbing, and doing all the endless "mussy" things that must needs be done on a farm, don't think you have nothing at all left to be thankful for. As a noted and clever lecturer said in this city not long ago, "Those who are rich, so rich as to have servants do everything for them, have no idea of the compensations there are for those who must work at healthful manual labor." Leaving the rich out of the question, don't think the girl who can "dress up" in the morning and sit all day at a desk or typewriter is just the luckiest "ever." Know that the housework which, perhaps, you sometimes despise and often detest, is just the thing to make you strong of body and supple of limb, bringing, as it does, every muscle of your frame into play, while giving you, at the same time, the stimulus of having an object in every movement. After all, physical culture classes are very tame affairs, and the trouble is to muster up the persistence necessary to keeping up the exercises when one is through with the classes. Not one girl in a thousand is equal to it. Then, again, the ultimate object is too invisible to give real satisfaction. When you set to work to make a house look like a new

pin, you have something to see for your pains; when you enter upon a course of stretching your arms, and standing on your toes, and indulging in "rotary waist movements," your vision must be keen, indeed, if you can see any visible results in three months' time, and your elation may well be great if the tape measure shows the expansion of one inch chest measure. Of course, I am not finding fault with physical culture exercises. They are just the thing for girls who can have no better, but, as I said, the trouble is to keep on with them.

Just here, by the way, comes up an objection which I have heard advocated against housework as a developer. It has been said that it has a tendency to make women "lop-sided." Now, perhaps there is a grain of truth in this; almost any dressmaker will tell you that nine out of ten women whom she fits are developed more on one side than the other; and when one considers that nearly all women work chiefly with the right hand and arm, this is scarcely to be wondered at. It sometimes seems a mistake that children are taught so persistently to do everything with the right hand. The ideal way would seem to be to use both hands, both arms, as equally as possible, and so bring about a better balance, a more equal development. How we used to envy, in the old schooldays, a girl who used to write as readily with the left hand as with the right, and how almost exasperating it was on the long examination days, when the rest of us were stretching our benumbed fingers in an effort to drive off "writer's cramp," to see her coolly transpose the pen from one hand to the other and keep right on. At this late day, we grown-ups can scarcely cultivate the faculty of writing with both hands, but it does seem as if, to the most of us, the left hand need scarcely be as useless a member as it usually is. Another habit which might be very well practiced is that of standing evenly upon both feet. Physical culturists tell us that the majority of instances of unequal hip-development and spinal curvature are due to the habit of throwing all the weight upon one foot.

But I must stop this ramble. Not much about "Thanksgiving" in it, you say; and yet I hope it will impress upon some one who has never thought of it in just that way, the reason there may be for being thankful—yes, downright thankful—for the privilege of doing housework, the most healthful occupation of all, if not driven too far, of course, for women.

DAME DURDEN.

A Request from Jack's Wife.

Jack's Wife, by the way, is anxiously searching for a name for her home, and would like to receive suggestions from the Chatterers. She would like a name that means something, and is besides, of course, euphonious. Her house stands upon a hill; there is no lake, river or mountain within sight, but there is a broad vista of rolling, partially-wooded Canadian landscape. I am not sure, however, that she will insist upon this point being brought out. Any name with a "cozy," or otherwise suggestive signification, will probably recommend itself to her.

Cooking Potatoes.

"A Friend" asks for recipes for "cooking raw potatoes in fat." We give three methods, hoping that one of them may be the one she has in mind:

Saratoga Chips.—Pare the potatoes, shave very thin, and soak half an hour in cold salted water. Drain and spread on a dry towel. Fry a few at a time in very hot fat until cooked; drain on paper; sprinkle with salt, and serve. These potatoes may be kept for a week or more, and heated when needed.

Potato Fritters.—Boil five good-sized potatoes, and mash through a colander. Beat three eggs light, mix them with the potatoes, adding a dessertspoonful of

flour, butter size of a walnut, salt and pepper to taste, and a pint of rich milk. Beat well, and drop in large spoonfuls into boiling lard. They are done as soon as they rise to the top, and are a light brown.

French-fried Potatoes.—Select long potatoes, peel, and cut lengthwise in quarters; throw into cold water for half an hour, then dry with a cloth. Have a kettle of lard, very hot. Put the potatoes in and cook till tender. Drain; sprinkle salt over them, and serve.

Another Devil's Food Recipe.

Dame Durden,—I noticed in the last issue of "The Farmer's Advocate" a request for the recipe for devil's food. I am sending mine: Two eggs, 2 cups brown sugar, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup butter, 1 small cup sour milk, 1 teaspoon soda, 2 $\frac{1}{2}$ cups flour. Stir well, then add $\frac{1}{2}$ cup cocoa dissolved in a $\frac{1}{2}$ cup of hot water. Some use grated chocolate instead of cocoa. Ontario Co., Ont. SARA E. USHER.

Ripe Cucumber Pickle.

Dear Dame Durden,—The Ingle Nook has so many cozy corners, I would like to drop in for a "wee bit" of advice from some of the "nookers." Will anyone kindly tell me how to pickle ripe cucumbers? LOUISE.

Wentworth Co., Ont.

Ripe Cucumber Pickle.—Take 1 dozen ripe cucumbers, peel and take the seeds out; cut in large pieces, and cover with vinegar over night. If the vinegar is very strong, put one-third water. Drain in the morning, and add 1 pint vinegar, 2 pints white sugar, 1 bunch stick cinnamon. Cook till cucumbers look clear.

Note.—Will all correspondents of the Ingle Nook kindly give full name and address when writing. The name will never be published if a pen-name is also given.

Spare the Birds!

The Slaughter of the Innocents.

By Miss Elizabeth Freeland.

O God! that thou wouldst touch my tongue

With fervor so divine,

That every heart might feel my words

As they were words of Thine.

O Thou that know'st all human hearts,
Know'st all they have or need,
I pray Thee make them tender,
And give me power to plead!

Thou know'st the little birds, O Lord,
The birds that Thou hast made;
Thou seest them singing in the sun,
And brooding in the shade

The bonny, bonny little birds!

It is their hour of need;

They have no power to beg for life;

It is for them I plead.

The human cry to God is still

For mercy, mercy solely!

The birds sing only, "God be praised,"

And "Holy, holy, holy."

They have no power to cry to us

When pride or fashion slays them

For woman who pretends to love,

And, Judas-like, betrays them—

For woman, who will praise the song,

Then bid them slay the singer,

That the wee head or tortured breast

Some added charm may bring her.

Could ye but see the bright wings torn

From birds alive and bleeding,

And note their quivering agony,

I had no need for pleading.

The wingless form flung in the dirt;

Its deathly pain and terror

Would wake in every woman's heart

A bitter sense of error.

Ten thousand thousand little birds,

In cruel hands a-dying,

Have heard, with breaking mother hearts,

Their hungry nestlings crying.

* * * * *

The bonny, bonny little birds!

It is their hour of need;

They have no power to beg for life;

It is for them I plead.

—From "Our Pious Animals."

With the Flowers.

Hanging Baskets.

Why not get a hanging-basket or two ready during these mild autumn days, and so have them worth looking at for winter. A flowerpot, set in a wire or wicker basket, will do nicely, and can be easily got. Put one plant to stand upright—a pretty geranium will do as well as any—and two or three to hang down—some Wandering Jew, plain and variegated, for instance, Moneywort, Strawberry Geranium, or a Trailing Asparagus. Your basket will probably look rather thin at first, but by pinching back the Jew and Moneywort, you may induce a bushy growth, and your basket will look far better in the end than if crowded with plants in the first place.

SOWING FLOWERS IN FALL.

Try sowing a few of your seeds in the fall—Mignonette, Poppies, Candytuft, Alyssum, Coreopsis, any of the annuals which have been known to "self-sow." If the plants make precipitate growth, cover before the ground freezes with leaves and brush, which are to be taken off early in the spring. Some of the seedlings may be killed out, but the chances are that enough of them will survive to give you some very early flowers next summer. Sweet peas may also be very successfully grown by planting them in the fall in a trench, covering them four inches deep.

WINTER FLOWERING PLANTS.

Callas, geraniums, begonias, etc., intended for winter blooming, should now be pushed forward as rapidly as possible. Keep the calla fairly wet all the time, but see that the drainage is good. Water geraniums and begonias only when dry, and then thoroughly. Keep the dust off the leaves, protect from cold draughts and baking heat, and, if plant lice appear, use tobacco tea or sulpho-tobacco-soap solution, applying in a fine spray.

DIVIDE PERENNIALS THIS MONTH.

Divide your perennial phlox roots in October, also golden-glow, meadowsweet, etc. Peonies should also be divided this month, and planted again so that the crowns of the tubers will be two inches below the surface of the soil.

A New Sort of Hedge.

Pretty as are the trim, close-cut hedges of cedar and privet, it is a question if these are advisable for any farm: an ill-kept hedge is a blot rather than an ornament in any grounds. Nevertheless, there are places in which some sort of hedge seems to be absolutely necessary—where a fence is to be covered, an undesirable landscape screened, a bare stretch of ground broken, etc. In such cases nothing more admirable can be devised than a hedge of shrubs or tall-growing perennials, which may be left to grow practically at their own sweet will, a little irregularity only adding to the picturesqueness of the general effect.

For this purpose, a variety of shrubs may be used if preferred, high-bush cranberry, red elderberry, syringas, berberry, Siberian currant, etc., for the background, with the lower Forsythias, hydrangeas, flowering almond, Spiraeas, etc., for a lower screen (not all of these in one hedge, of course, but a selection of them). However, for an artistic effect, perhaps just one kind, or two at the outside, might be safer. Nothing, for instance, could be prettier than one of wild rose alone, or of wild rose and sweet briar, so pretty in the winter with its red berries. We heard, too, the other day, of a hedge of barberry a quarter of a mile long, which is said to be a sight worth seeing in the late fall and winter time. While waiting for the hedge of shrubs to grow, the space might be filled in with castor beans, hollyhocks, dahlias, or other such tall, fast-growing plants.

Shrubs for such a hedge may be planted any time now—the sooner, the better—so that the necessary root-growth may be made before cold weather sets in.