

The Ingle Nook.

Some Interesting Questions.

A few weeks ago Rev. Dr. Van Horne, of the Church of Christ, Cecil St., Toronto, solicited from among the young men of his church opinions regarding the young women of to-day. From among the many letters received, the following criticisms were selected as representative:

"So few young women nowadays know anything about cooking or kitchen knowledge that baking and breadmaking in the home is almost a lost art."

"Young women have a great desire to be seen and admired, no matter at what or whose cost, but preferably at the expense of anyone but themselves."

"Many are dowdy and dishevelled in their home, unless expecting visitors."

"Most young women are looking for the man who has the most money and is willing to spend it on them, natural preference being set aside as of secondary moment."

"Very few young ladies of the present day are sincere or unselfish. With their own sex they are all smiles and endearments, providing they wish to use them as a means to gaining their own ends, but outside of that consideration are often spiteful, envious, jealous and frequently slanderous."

"Those who profess to be church members and many who are semi-religious are inclined to be narrow-minded—will turn down a young man if they hear he smokes or has been to the races, but invariably never investigate to ascertain the truth of the rumor, nor, if true, use their religious influence to persuade and lead him to the proper path."

"Very many young women of this generation are unkind to their parents, regard their younger brothers and sisters as so many nuisances, but with those of the younger men they desire to please are the acme of sisterly graces and affection."

"Nearly all prefer the man of the sporty type, who knows society from its risqué and swagger standpoint, but for the thoughtful, earnest and intelligent man they have no use; he is too slow, and his dullness pains them."

The first criticism may, perhaps, so far as these columns are concerned, be set aside; farmers' daughters invariably know at least something of cooking and baking, and the criticism was evidently made in regard to city girls in homes where maids are kept.

As regards the others, many of our young women may, possibly, arise in arms; and yet we venture to say that any young woman who knows the world at all must confess to knowing girls and girls whom these descriptions exactly fit. Young men do not go about with their eyes shut, and there is the ring of honesty in these words that they have spoken. If they have confused individuals with types, that has been, perhaps, because they have met too many of the "individuals." It is rather notorious that all the girls of a clique grow to be painfully alike, and a young man's judgments are naturally confined to the particular clique with which he comes in touch.

With the deduction made from the letters regarding the ideal woman, few of our readers will quarrel. We continue from the report of the pastor's address:

The ideal woman, from the letters read, pointed to one who need not be beautiful to be the most desired.

Who has womanly graces, which include a love of home, husband and children;

Who has a desire to make the most and do the best with the income at command;

Who has a high and exalted sense of the duty she bears to her own family, her own people and her own religion;

Who has a forbearance with others, and

Who has an absence of that inordinate and all-consuming love for dress and display that is the bane and ruin of so many of her sisters and so many homes.

Summing up, the pastor said that what the young man of to-day wished for most in the young woman he would marry was more reality and less of the artificial, a woman more like what his mother and

grandmother represented; one who valued a pure heart more than a big diamond.

The pastor appealed to the young women present to try to get rid of their faults and to endeavor to live more according to the ideal set out in the letters he had just read, to strive and realize in their own lives and actions that higher, grander and broader life described by the Psalmist, when to all womankind for all the centuries he enjoins, "Cleanse thou me of my secret faults."

Before closing, there is just one point upon which we should like to say a few words, i.e., regarding the assertion that a great many young women prefer the man of the "sporty type," etc., to the "thoughtful, earnest man." We should like to say that this is not true, but we know better. Yet, in defence of the girls, we must say that it is not because a man is "sporty" or of the "risqué" description that they like him, but because of something else that is attractive, often found in that type of man. Lacking that "something," a man who is simply "fast" is utterly obnoxious to the feminine mind. No woman can like or respect a man for the simple reason that he drinks, smokes, swears and swaggers. If she is honest, she must confess that she would like him better if he gave himself up to not a single one of these foolishnesses. But what is that other "something"? This is a question for the young women, and perhaps some of the older ones, too, who have been "through the mill," to answer. Might it not be possible for the men of that "thoughtful, earnest" type who do not happen to possess it (for there are many who do) to cultivate it, and so win for themselves the recognition which they deserve? Or, again, is it possible for people to cultivate in themselves any attribute or temperament to which they have not been "born"? We are getting perilously near the realms of the psychological, and perhaps we are in danger of being lost in a maze which we cannot follow—but these are questions well worth the considering. Will you not send us some of your thoughts about them? D. J.

Cure for Chilblains.

For Mother of Two.—A sure cure for chilblains, which has cured many: Put some ashes in an old pail or damper of an outhouse stove, and put in a lot of coals, then cut up thin strips of old dry leather and put on coals, and sit down and hold your feet over the smoke of the leather. This is a sure cure, for it hardens the feet that they do not feel the cold so easily. Repeat this after washing them. This cured mine, which were terrible all my life, and it is so simple. I hope it cures your little fellow's feet too. LANKSHIRE LASS.

Wellington Co., Ont.

A Request.

Dear Dame Durden,—May I come in for a little chat?—as my baby is sleeping, and I have nothing else to do but nurse a sore leg. By the way, I wonder if any of your readers have had any experience with inflammation in the veins of the leg and foot. That is my trouble, and I have been laid up with it for over seven months.

I offer my sympathy to Lankshire Lass, and I do hope she is better again. Do you know, Dame Durden, I do not think any of us have enough sympathy with the sick and afflicted; but everybody is so kind to me that I should not say that either. But, since I have been afflicted myself, I feel more sympathy for others in trouble.

I must tell you, dear Dame, that I enjoy the Ingle Nook every week, and the Quiet Hour, too, also R. J. D.'s letters from Sunny Alberta. I was slightly acquainted with him. If any of your readers have had any experience with that inflammation trouble, will they please be kind enough to tell us how they treated it? JUNE EVE.

Huron Co., Ont.

I was pleased to read your private letter, June Eve. I don't wonder that you are discouraged. We hope you will be better soon. Have you taken your trouble to a good doctor?

Another 25th Anniversary.

May, Welland Co., Ont., probably found her questions re wedding anniversary answered in a previous issue, which, however, was just in the process of making when her letter was received. The following is the recipe for salted almonds. The others were given in the issue referred to.

Salted Almonds.—Shell and blanch by pouring boiling water on them, then letting stand five minutes, and finally rubbing off the skins with a coarse towel. Dry very thoroughly, and to each pint of meats allow 2 tablespoons olive oil. Pour over the nuts, and toss with a fork until well coated. Set aside for an hour to let them absorb the oil, then dredge lightly with fine salt. Last of all, put in a bright baking-tin and set in the oven. Bake till a golden brown, shaking the tin frequently to insure even browning. They will be done in about ten minutes.

Westerners, Listen!

Dear Dame Durden,—May I draw my chair a little closer, and again have a little "say" in the Nook?

I do want to tell the members of this charming circle of a way to keep their fingers from getting so cold while hanging out the clothes on cold days. Try putting the clothes-pegs in the oven to warm, and you will see how much better it is. A piece of court plaster is excellent to put under a small tear in a dark dress or men's clothes. Just moisten it as you would if you were going to put it on your hands, then press firmly on the wrong side, and the rent will hardly show at all. It is also good to mend a man's felt hat.

Now, will some of our Western friends listen? I would like to go West next summer, also I would like to go somewhere where I could get employment in one of the farm homes of that great country. I know some girls who went there last summer, and received twenty dollars a month. Now, is this general, or did they strike something unusual?

What work is expected of a hired girl in the West? Do they have to do the milking, etc.?

When our brothers and friends go and have such a good time as they seem to, it rather makes us girls wish we could go too.

And when there is such a demand for men to work in the harvest fields, I should think that there would also be a demand for good girls, especially girls from the farm. There are two or three of us who would like to take the trip next summer, and we thought if we could we might just as well work a part of the time to help pay our expenses, and then we would have a chance to see the country too. I hope I have not stayed too long, but I have some good things for the Chatterers another time. If anyone would like my address, it is with Dame Durden, and she may give it to them. EDNA.

Kent Co.

A Child's Birthday Party.

Dear Dame Durden and Chatterers All,—I have enjoyed this Nook for a long time in silence, and never before realized how helpful it was until I wanted to ask for help myself. I want to give a birthday party for my little daughter of ten years, and would ask a few hints as to making it pleasant for them indoors. Will have about fifteen girls. I saw, some time ago, something about dressing sticks of candy in tissue paper as dolls for each plate. Would ask someone to tell me how; and any other hints would be very graciously received. Would like an answer as soon as convenient. I forgot to say I will serve lunch.

YOUNG MOTHER.

For a party such as this, very little preparation by way of amusement will be needed. The children may be trusted to suggest games for themselves, and will probably enjoy them better than if directed by older folk. For the luncheon, the chief consideration will be to have things pretty and digestible; you will not want to send any of the tots home with stomachache. Do not provide too many kinds of things, as children are usually tempted to try everything. A little cold sliced chicken and salad for the children

who do not like sweet things "best," bread and butter, some pretty jelly with whipped cream, fruit, candy, and a birthday cake prettily decorated, should be sufficient. For favors, sticks of candy with crinkle Japanese paper tied on for capes and skirts would be pretty. The eyes, nose and mouth might be painted on with thick cochineal, which is harmless; or you might gild walnut shells, put a very tiny doll (which may be bought small enough) in each, glue the halves together, and use instead.

The following recipe for Child's Birthday Cake is recommended by Boston Cooking School: Beat yolks of 5 eggs very light, then gradually beat in $1\frac{1}{2}$ cups sugar. Add grated rind and juice of half a lemon. Fold half of the stiffly-beaten whites into this, then add $1\frac{1}{2}$ cups sifted flour, and lastly the rest of the whites. Heat in oven for first twenty minutes should be very moderate. When cold, cover with boiled frosting, and decorate prettily according to taste. About the cake put ten lighted wax candles, one for each year of the child's age. These may be fastened to the cake with bent bits of bright wire.

Any further suggestions from our readers will be acceptable.

Ships that Never Came Back.

I freighted a ship with Hopes and Dreams,

And trimmed the sails with prayer,
And hoisted the anchor to the decks
On a morning bright and fair,
And she glided away in proud array,
On a gleaming jasper sea,
But in all the years of waiting and tears,
She never came back to me.

I freighted a ship with the Greed of Gold,

And set it afloat again,
And victualled it well, and barbed her decks,
With guns and valiant men;
As she left the shore, the breakers' roar
A requiem seemed to be,
For in weary days, to my yearning gaze,
She never came back to me.

I freighted a ship with Fame's Desire,
And gave her the wings of steel,
And sent her away on a stormy day
With an anguished heart's appeal.
Then struggles began with my fellow man
Whose cargo the ship's should be,
But she quelled the brawl, for never at all
Did the ship come back to me.

Then I sailed a ship all laden down
With Love for my fellow man,
And all of her cost from my ledger I crossed

Ere the voyage of the ship began.
But never a ship that left the slip
Made such a voyage as she,
For a thousand weight of her previous freight

Came sailing back to me.

—John C. Baird.

How He Saved Money.

A Kenwood man consented the other day to go to the millinery department for the purpose of helping his wife decide on a hat. After much trying on, the lady decided on two hats from which to make her selection. One of them was \$24, the other, \$16.

"Now, I want you to tell me honestly, George," she said, "which of these two you would advise me to get?"

Then she put one on after the other and permitted him to view her from in front, each side, and from behind.

"Well, I'll tell you," he said, at last, "the one you had on first looks to me as if it might be more stylish and all that, but the second one makes you look much younger than you do in the other."

He had wasted an hour, but he had saved \$8.

Recipes.

Gingerbread Cakes.—One cup New Orleans molasses, 1 cup sugar, 1 cup sour cream, 1 cup butter, 3 eggs, 3 cups Five Roses flour, 1 spoonful soda, spice to taste.

Molasses Cookies.—One cup molasses, 1 cup butter, 1 egg, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup sour milk, 1 teaspoon soda, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon ginger, Five Roses flour to make a soft dough.