

than the average boy, and much better brought up than many."

This young man is, to-day, the chairman of a newly-organized committee of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, whose special work will be the humane education of the young people of its community, an education which covers, among its many fields, the necessity for bird protection.—L. H. G., in Our Dumb Animals.

WOMEN FARMERS.

This year, when the great bulk of the agricultural work of Great Britain must fall upon the women, the following letter from "The Common Cause" is of especial interest, showing as it does that many of the women of the country are already qualified for the work which they must do. "In the northern counties of England, and the south of Scotland," says the writer, "a large proportion of farm work has always been done by women, and their services have been most valuable, as in certain branches they are more expert than men. In former days, the bondager system prevailed; each farm laborer undertook to supply a woman's labor on the farm in addition to his own; if he had no daughter of the right age, he had to lodge a woman worker in his cottage, who would give her services at the stated wage, although the term bondager had no relation to slavery, and only referred to the fact that a woman's services for field work were 'in the bond.'" The name is now disliked, and the system has died out. The women prefer to be called women workers, and they make their own terms with the farmer.

"Now they work in barn or field, not more than nine hours daily; in winter, from daylight to 4 p.m.; in summer, from 6 or 7, or 8 a.m., with three or four intervals for food or rest, according to the hour of commencing. At present they are paid 1s. 6d. to 2s. per day, except in harvest, when they are guaranteed 30 days at 2s. 6d. to 3s., according to the district.

"Some clever workers contract to do work such as hoeing turnips, or cutting thistles, by the acre; and somewhat increase their earnings. Some farmers are able to provide a rent-free cottage, to women who will undertake milking. Their coats are carted for them, and they can often grow potatoes and vegetables for themselves.

"The fine physique and comely faces of the women workers on the North Country farms; their clean, tidy dress, and excellent clothing, are all testimonies to the wholesomeness of their occupation. Unfortunately, the supply of women farm workers has been diminishing for some years—and farmers would engage many more if they could get them. It is strange that more do not take up farm work."

The Ingle Nook.

[Rules for correspondence in this and other Departments: (1) Kindly write on one side of paper only. (2) Always send name and address with communications. If pen name is also given, the real name will not be published. (3) When enclosing a letter to be forwarded to anyone, place it in stamped envelope ready to be sent on. (4) Allow one month in this Department for answers to questions to appear.]

A Red Cross Queen.

Tucked away in the midst of the war news in recent papers was a little item which stated that Queen Dowager Margherita and Queen Elena of Italy have given two of their palaces to be used as hospitals for wounded soldiers; also that Queen Elena has joined the Red Cross, and, like the Queen of the Belgians, will devote her time to nursing those who come from the war.

Upon reading the item, I turned at once to the very cosmopolitan lockers of my den in which are kept all sorts of clippings that tell about notable people, and my quest was successful in bringing to light an article written, from a very intimate standpoint, by the Princess Lazarovich-Hrebellanovich, about this beautiful Queen Elena, who, like all other good women of to-day, is coming forward to contribute what she can to the mitigation of a suffering which seems to be unavoidable. It may be the duty

of men to kill and to wound; to woman comes the more blessed part of binding up the wounds and smoothing the bed of the dying.

Perhaps a Queen, if anyone, might hold back from sights of horror and days and nights of work. Queens have been protected through all their days, no cold blast has been permitted to blow upon them, their hands have never been injured to work, nor their minds developed along the paths that make for capability in manual labor—and there is such labor enough in connection with the duties of every nurse, not only labor of mind that means quickness in knowing what to do and how to do it, but also labor of body that brings weariness to the dropping point. But it is not surprising to find that Queen Elena is not afraid of facing the situation, for she is a daughter of a country that has ever been noted for the daring of its women as well as its men.



Her Majesty Elena of Italy.

She was born in Montenegro,—little, mountainous craggy, poor, darling, independent, plucky Montenegro. So barren are the sides of its endless hills that upon one occasion a pitying traveller exclaimed, "But what do you raise here?" Proudly came the answer, "Men, sir."

Yes, "men," and "women," too, famed for their beauty and spirit.

Yela Petrovich Nyegoush, was the name by which Elena of Montenegro was known in this shaggy native land of hers, and in her girlhood, to quote from Princess Lazarovich-Hrebellanovich, "she could be seen on many a day as a slender, stately young thing, with gun in hand, out with her brothers for game among the rugged heights and along the abysmal chasms of the mountains of Tzernagora, a dark-eyed, dark-haired beauty, perfect in form and feature. She was happy-hearted, pure-hearted, and clear of mental vision, as well as strong in the physical strength of a mountain-bred girl who had been trained to be able, if need should arise, to defend the rocky defiles of her country against the Turks, as the women of her race, standing by their men, had done before her in historic days long gone."

Natural, unselfconscious, radiant, the girl appeared a perfect woman when, in 1895, she went up to Venice with her parents to see the great exhibition. She was in a box at the Opera when the young Prince of Naples, then twenty-six years of age and still heart-free, first saw her, "a figure in white, with massed coronal of dark hair and glorious dark eyes, grace and harmony in every movement, modest and almost shy, yet possessing that native air of nobility which travelers have so often described as a characteristic of the Serbs."

It was love at first sight, on his part and on hers, and when, during the same year, the two met at the coronation of the Czar Nicholas II., it was all but a certainty that the Montenegrin Princess would one day be Queen of Italy.

Of course there were objections, for when did the course of true love ever run smooth? Elena Petrovich Nyegoush was not born Royal Highness, in spite of the fact that her father was now King of Montenegro; moreover, she was not rich; she could bring neither money nor

political influence, and, on the latter ground especially, those high in power in Italy strove to dissuade the Prince from his infatuation. But he was not to be moved, and at last, with some trepidation, dared to express his desire to his father. To King Humbert's everlasting credit came the answer, that his son had "chosen the daughter of a brave and noble race." Indeed, it afterwards appeared that the meeting of the Prince and Elena at Venice had been especially arranged, all unknown to the two, by the King himself.

Hence it was that on a glorious October day King Humbert and Queen Margherita, with the whole Italian Court, went in magnificent state to the railway station to meet their son's bride, "through the Roman streets that had been packed since dawn with a surging crowd eager to see their future Queen."

At first, we are told, "the higher aristocratic world showed itself somewhat cold for a time, and held rather aloof from the Princess of Naples, whom they pronounced too frank and outright and simple. The Prince, too, they had always thought over-austere, indifferent to social entertainment and to the range of pleasures which are supposed to be the prerogative of the fine world in and about courts." But Prince Victor Emanuel and Princess Elena recked little, though they were glad enough to find refuge and freedom on their own little island of Monte Cristo. There they lived the simple life, rode about on bicycles or in their motor-car, and dressed as simply as they pleased, although it was noted that on state occasions the Queen-to-be made a point of appearing attired in the magnificence expected of her.

Gradually, however, it appeared that this Princess of the simple life was not so unsophisticated as had been feared; it was learned that she was an accomplished linguist, that she painted and wrote with some talent, and played with exquisite expression on the violin. In short, after her accession, it came suddenly to the Italian people that theirs was the most brilliantly accomplished Queen in Europe. Nor, in the meantime, had the Princess failed to hold her own. "Existence at our Court," said a haughty royal lady to her one day, "must seem marvelously imposing after the simple mountain life in Montenegro." "Oh, no," answered the Princess, "we did things much more magnificently at the Russian Imperial Court, where I was educated."

Indeed, the Queen has shown herself at all times possessed of a quickness of thought and readiness for action that will stand her in good stead now that she has entered the ranks of Red Cross helpers. As an example of her courage, it is told that "during a hunting expedition, as the party, including distinguished members of the Court were indulging in games around the mountain camp-fires, a youthful gentleman jumping back and forth over the flames, caught on fire. In the general gasp of horror the young Queen sprang forward like a flash, enveloped him in her mantle, and with her strong arms rolled him over and over on the ground, extinguishing the flames."

When, on the assassination of King Humbert, King Victor Emanuel and Queen Elena came to the throne, Italy was in a somewhat chaotic condition, a scathing country out of which a new Italy had to be built, and now what the sterling qualities of the new sovereigns might mean to the land became evident. The merely social triumphs of the past reign gave way to a serious work, and the result could not long be hid under a bushel. The first words of the quiet young King "gave a new shock of life and awakened expectancy throughout the kingdom." Following these words came definite measures, encouraged by the King, for establishing economic and social justice for all the people, for the development of agriculture and manufactures, and for uniting the various factions into a loyal whole.

In all the queen has been the King's helper. The simple directness of character and speech which tended to separate her from the high court dames has enabled her to come straight to the working women and their problems, and she has done much to better the lot of workers everywhere, and to bring good

schools—sometimes vocational—within reach of all the poor. As has been said of her, "She has come into intimate personal relationship with all classes of those who toil and suffer."

At the time of the dreadful Messina earthquake the young Montenegrin was in the midst of the sufferers, working with a zeal that made her Queen of the hearts, as well as Queen politically, of the people. Tested there, she goes forth to her new task undaunted. As an angel of mercy among the wards of the wounded, Italy will once more have cause to bless her.

Seasonable Cookery.

Oatmeal Bread.—Four cups fine oatmeal, 8 cups boiling water, 1 cup molasses, 1 small tablespoon salt, 1 yeast cake, flour to make a stiff batter. Over the oatmeal pour the boiling water and let stand until cool, then add the yeast cake blended in a little lukewarm water, molasses, salt, and enough flour to make a stiff batter. Knead with a little flour, let rise, then mould into loaves. Let rise again, then bake for one hour.

Salt Pork.—In some country places considerable salt pork must be used in summer. The following are appetizing ways of preparing it:

Salt Pork with Milk Gravy.—Cut the pork thin and fry crisp. Use some of the fat in the pan for gravy. Add flour to thicken, stirring all the time, and finally add sweet milk gradually. Serve with boiled potatoes and pickles or horseradish.

Salt Pork with Batter.—Make a batter of flour, milk, and a beaten egg, having it rather thick. Dip fried pork in this and fry again in the fat left in the pan.

Cold Corned Beef.—Cut cold corned beef in as thin slices as possible with a sharp knife. Arrange the slices overlapping each other lengthwise on a platter and garnish with three hard-boiled eggs cut in fourths lengthwise, and sprigs of parsley. Pour over all a salad dressing made with French mustard added to give sharpness.

Spiced Rice Pudding.—Season 1 pint canned apple sauce with $\frac{1}{2}$ cup sugar, 1 teaspoon cloves, and 1 level teaspoon cinnamon. Add 1 pint cold, cooked rice, and $\frac{1}{2}$ cup washed and seeded raisins. Put all in a well-buttered baking dish, dot with bits of butter, and bake. Serve hot, or very cold, with cream.

Baked Cup Custard.—Beat 1 egg slightly and add $1\frac{1}{2}$ tablespoons sugar and a few grains of salt. Pour on $\frac{1}{2}$ cup scalded milk gradually and strain into small, buttered moulds. Sprinkle with a few gratings of nutmeg or a few grains of powdered cinnamon. Set in a pan of boiling water and bake in a slow oven until firm. Turn out in the moulds to serve, with a dot of bright jelly on each.

Devil's Food Cake.—Work $\frac{1}{2}$ cup butter until creamy, and add 1 cup sugar gradually, beating all the time. Next add 2 squares unsweetened chocolate (melted over boiling water), 2 eggs well beaten, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup milk, $1\frac{1}{2}$ cups flour mixed and sifted with 3 teaspoons baking powder, and $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon salt, and 1 teaspoon vanilla. Turn into a buttered and floured cake-pan and bake in a moderate oven 45 minutes. Cover with icing or whipped cream, and sprinkle with almonds blanched, browned, and rolled.

Southern Corn Cake.—Mix and sift 1 cup corn meal, $1\frac{1}{2}$ cups flour, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup sugar, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon salt, and 5 level teaspoons baking powder. Add 1 cup milk, 1 egg well beaten, and $1\frac{1}{2}$ tablespoons melted butter. Bake in a hot oven 25 minutes.

Calf's Liver, Hashed.—Cut 1 lb. calf's liver into slices and pour over it boiling water to cover. Let stand 5 or 6 minutes, then drain, wipe on a cloth and chop fine. Melt a tablespoonful of butter in a saucepan, put in the hashed liver, cover and let simmer very gently about one hour, stirring occasionally. Finally season to taste, add 2 or 3 tablespoons hot water or broth, and serve on rounds of buttered toast or with baked potatoes.

The Scrap Bag.

USES FOR MAGNESIA.

Magnesia is excellent for cleaning slightly soiled lace, white-silk gloves, white-canvas shoes, light-silk waists, and all unwashable neckwear. Rub it in well