

More Essayists.

Dear Cousin Dorothy,—I am sending my essay on "A Book I Have Read." I have not tried any competition in "The Farmer's Advocate" for a long time. The skating-time has passed, for the bay is covered with snow, but I enjoyed the skating while it lasted. I hope you like your new home and work. The following is my essay:

The Grey House on the Hill.

I have not read many books, but this story is interesting and well told. It shows that truth is great and must prevail. Maurice is trying to find his brother who must go to war. Arriving too late to see him, Maurice faints, and is picked up and carried home by a kind man. This man's son, Tom, had a currant bush. One day, Tom, finding it broken, is very angry. Maurice is accused of the act, which he did not do, and sent to the workhouse. When the truth is found out, Maurice is brought back with rejoicing.

PEARL JOSE (age 11).

Rossmore, Ont.

On the Seas.

The book that I will write about is called "On the Seas." It is about some men going to the Arctic Ocean in search of a whaler, who is supposed to be lost. After numerous difficulties, they find him with his ship on an iceberg. I like this story because it is about adventures, and I like adventurous stories.

NORMAN WARDLAW.

Brampton, Ont.

"In Luck's Way."

Lettice, educated by her mother's friend, became a teacher in Hillborough, distant from home. Here she met, and promised to marry a rich, good man, though ashamed that her father was a laborer. When her father appeared, she kept him out of sight, and he, with wounded heart, returned home. Lettice, repenting, followed, and took cold by being wet. While ill, she was nursed by her lover and his mother, who, after all, thought kindly of her father and her slovenly sister. I like this book because Lettice, though foolish, was, by her true heart, brought safely out of trouble.

WINNIFRED FFFIELD (age 14).

Uncle Tom's Cabin.

Tom, who is the chief person in this story, was a slave, and worked many years for Mr. Shelby. He was liked by all the people, on account of his honesty and goodness. At last his master was forced to sell Tom. He then passed into the hands of a kind, rich man, who would have given him his liberty had he not died so soon. Tom was then sold to a cruel master, who hated him be-



cause he was good, and he soon beat him to death. I think I like this story best because it shows what a good man a negro can be.

GRACE E. NIXON (age 13).

Arva, Ont.

Booker T. Washington.

"Up From Slavery" is one of the books I like best. It was written by Booker T. Washington, one of the finest characters of any race. He was once a slave boy, and lived in the depths of poverty. His eager desire for knowledge, and, then, for service to his race, was the foundation of his position today. His burning desire to plan and work out schemes for the uplifting of his race teaches us patience and unselfishness, and that the Ethiopian and Caucasian should be acknowledged as equal in mind. His success should remove the prejudice entertained by the white race against the negro.

GRETA VAN NEST (age 13).

Solina, Ont.

Evangeline.

"Evangeline" is one of Longfellow's most beautiful poems. Evangeline was a young girl who lived with her father at Grand Pre in Acadia. She loved Gabriel, a blacksmith's son. A few days before they were to be married, the English forced all the Acadians to leave the country. When they were getting on the boats, families were separated, and Evangeline lost Gabriel. She looked for him for many years, but never found him. She became a Sister of Mercy. At last she found him dying in a hospital in Philadelphia. I like this book because it is based on truth.

NELLIE B. E. ROSS (age 12).

Woodbridge, Ont.

Robinson Crusoe.

Robinson Crusoe, a book that has gained world-wide renown, is written in many languages, besides English. What led to the writing of this book was the experience of Alexander Selkirk, who was supposed to have been cast away on the Island of Juan De Fuca, and afterwards written about by Daniel Defoe. Many editions of this story are in circulation, and probably few stories are so well known among the people. The theme of the story especially appeals to young people, arousing a keen interest in ad-

venture and travel, yet never drifting away from the yearning for friends and home.

MABLE B. MORRISON (age 14).

Arthur, Ont.

Glengarry Schooldays.

The hero of this book is Hughie. He falls into the boy's "Deepole," and is rescued by Randal. A new teacher comes to the school, and the big boys fight him. Hughie's only rival is Foxy. He gets into debt to Foxy, but triumphs over him in a shinny match in which the sixteenth school beat the twentieth school by a goal. (1) I like this book, because it is about boys; (2) because it is about a school I would like to have gone to.

FAWCETT EATON (age 10).

Carlisle, Ont.

A Book I Have Read.

John Winter was foreman of a lumberyard. He had a little daughter called Ellie, who was a cripple. When Ellie was seven years old, her father took to drinking, and lost his position. Soon after this his wife fell very ill, and the doctor said the best medicine for her was for her husband to get work. Ellie, knowing this, went on her crutches to her father's former master and procured work for her father on condition that he would stop drinking, which he did, and this was the means of saving her mother's life. I like this book because it shows us what good we can do for others if we make up our minds to do it.

IDA GRILLS.

Campbellford.

Joe Cole.

Mrs. Almer had advertised for a page. Among many letters was a queer little one from Joe Cole. He called next morning—a very small lad, but clean and tidy. He was accepted, and was very faithful. One night burglars broke into the house, and, consequently, Joe and his dog were missing. When putting apples in the cellar, they found Joe there wrapped in blankets, bound with ropes, his red stocking in his mouth. His dog was killed. They restored him to life, and promoted him to be undergardener. Later, he started business, and supported his dear parents. The reason why I liked this book is because a poor little boy worked himself up in

the world by being straightforward and honest.

ELENA I. RAYCRAFT (age 10).

Glencoe, Ont.

Another Book.

Martin was a boy whose parents died and left him in care of his sister. He stole her watch, and ran away to make his fortune in London. He lost the watch, spent all his money, wandered about, got no work, and was found on a doorstep, hungry and cold. A kind boy took him in, and advised him to go home and do better. The boy went with him, fell in love with the sister, and married her. It became a happy home. I like the book, for it teaches boys and girls to mind those older than themselves.

CLARA ELLIOTT (age 11).

Fairfield Plains, Ont.

The Listeners.

Two town boys once lost their way in a wood, and stayed at a hotel over night. At midnight, they awoke, and hearing someone talking in the next room, they put their ears to the door, and heard the hotelkeeper say, "Wife, get the big kettle ready, for I mean to kill the two rogues of the town." The boys thought he meant them, so they jumped from a window to escape, but one boy hurt his foot, and could not go on. So they were compelled to sleep with the pigs. At daybreak, the hotelkeeper came to kill the pigs, for that was what he meant by the two rogues of the town. As soon as the man saw the boys begging for mercy, he said, "You silly boys, I meant the pigs, not you." I like this book because it teaches us not to listen to what is not intended for our ears.

CONNIE HUTCHINSON (age 10).

Mount Forest, Ont.

The Good-natured Brothers.

In a cave there lived two monks, who were brothers. They were both good men. One day one of them, growing restless and longing for a change, said to his brother, "Let us quarrel." The other did not like the idea, but finally consented. They scarcely knew how to quarrel; but, presently, one said that he should claim a certain stone, and the other to do likewise. They argued for some time, but they soon began laughing. The one that suggested the disagreement said, "We cannot quarrel, seeing you are too good, so we shall have to give up the idea." This story appealed to me because of the moral: "It takes two to make a quarrel."

JANET McNABB (age 12).

Ottawa, Ont.

Kindly address all letters for the "Children's Corner" to Cousin Dorothy, 52 Victor Ave., Toronto.

A Useful Suggestion.

Editor "The Farmer's Advocate":

I have been for several years an interested reader of your journal, and have found many useful and helpful articles in it, especially in the Home Department.

I am one of those ex-school ma'ams who married while still as ignorant of housekeeping as a baby; but now, after years of experimenting, I feel that there are one or two things I really know how to do properly.

There is one department, however, in which I am constantly seeking for more knowledge—that is, in the choice and preparation of food. Not that there is any scarcity of recipes for any and all kinds of foods, but, as my husband says about his stock, "I want to feed a balanced ration," and how can I do this when I know little of the chemical properties of the human body, or of the food which nourishes it? In my school days Domestic Science was not in any school curriculum, and so I obtained no training there. It has long been in my mind to ask you to take up this very important subject, and teach us—the wives and mothers of farmers—how to choose and prepare the food which makes strong muscles and rosy cheeks.

Perhaps you may not care to undertake the task; but if you do, I

About the House.

have a plan that will show you more exactly what I want, and, if followed out, would be very helpful.

First, give a definite analysis of the chemicals that go to make up the human body which are wasted in the ordinary processes of life, and what foods will best replace these materials. Then, as meat is one of the principal articles of food, say we begin with it, and give the chemical properties of beef, how to choose good meat, the different cuts, and how each can best be cooked. To illustrate the need of this, I saw a woman who has cooked for thirty years take the choicest cut of a round of beef and boil it hard and long, until it was cooked through and through, and then she boiled away all the juice, thinking she would boil it back into the meat. The result was a shrivelled little ball like India rubber, yet it was nice, juicy, tender meat to begin on. Farmers buy meat by the quarter, and we have all sorts of cuts, good and poor, to cook, many of which are never mentioned in cook books. How shall we learn to cook them?

Then, when the subject of the different meats in ordinary use is ex-

hausted, take bread, how to choose good flour, how to make good yeast, the food values of the different breads, and so on through the list—vegetables, milk, cheese, eggs, etc.

I have a great many recipes I know are good, but I want more scientific knowledge of the material which daily passes through my hands. Can you help, or am I asking too much? Surely the need is great; and where can the housewives of the country homes obtain this knowledge better than through a farmer's paper? There are various journals published for women, some of which deal, in a measure, with these things, but they are mostly beyond the range of farm life. One would need an army of servants to carry out the directions of some of them. There are also many books bearing on these subjects, but most of them are expensive, and without a guide one can only guess at which will be most suitable to one's need.

I have tried to show you the need of help. You are ever ready to help the farmers. Will you prove equally ready to help the farmers' wives? You may say, let the Women's Institute do this; but, after all, they

reach but few of us, and often much that they do is not of any great depth. You could reach so many homes. Will you? If you do you will confer a great favor on many a hurried, careworn housewife who has the desire but not the time nor means to make an exhaustive study of this subject. I think this work might even tend to encourage a few of our old bachelors to take the decisive step, if they felt sure it would not lead to worse dyspepsia than they already endure.

"JACK'S WIFE."

We have been very much pleased to receive the above letter. We are always pleased to receive any hints whatever for the improvement of our paper, or any suggestions as to how we may meet the real needs of our readers. "Jack's Wife's" especial suggestion we think a good one. As a rule, farmers' wives, or any other "wives," for that matter, do not know enough about the properties of the foods which they prepare, or the changes, disastrous or otherwise, which may ensue during the cooking process. As noted above, even the finest, nutritious meat may be converted into a useless, indigestible mass by injudicious cooking. And that is by no means the only thing that may be so ruined. As to getting into all the chemical details of the body and its foods,