

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 If pen name is also given, the real name will not be published.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.]

Dear Ingle Nook Friends,—Lying awake the other night, in the eerie hours between midnight and dawn, a thought that seemed freighted with keener vision than any I had had before since the beginning of the war, came to me. As usual at such times I had been seeing it all—the dreadfulness of the fields of carnage. Indeed it sometimes seems to me that to be possessed of too vivid powers of imagination is a doubtful blessing;—one sees, and hears, and sometimes feels, so much more than can normally fall within the compass of one life, and so the burden becomes over-heavy. I think I had been looking into the trenches—and seeing them not with any exaggerated vision: the wearied men, filthy because of no opportunity for cleanliness; ill-nourished because of the impossibility of having properly-prepared food; homesick with the terrible homesickness of misery and a fading chance of ever seeing loved ones again; footsore because of the blistering of worn foot-coverings; heartsick with the sight of agonies, too terrible for words, on every hand.—Overhead the sharp scream of shrapnel and whistling of bullets! Beyond, the booming of deep-throated cannon! Now the short, sharp cry of someone wounded, and now the groans of the dying! Here bodies—of men and horses—piled in one ghastly horror; there behind, red mounds, and red mounds; and red mounds, hastily thrown up to cover the putrefying masses which, but last week, were strong in the strength of pulsing blood and acting brain.

—Over all, perhaps, gathering darkness, with searchlights mercilessly seeking out every poor device for shelter;—gathering rain, such as falls during almost every great battle, cold and pitiless, to add to the misery of the shivering wretches below,—for Nature's laws know no stopping, and the moisture of the upper air must needs condense, shaken by the detonations of shot and shell, whether poor humanity has already borne to the limit or not.

—Truly, "a dirty business," this warfare, as a French soldier, after describing some of the awful details that he witnessed, has called it,—a "dirty business, and one with no romance in it."—Truly, in the words of General Sherman, who, after the long-drawn horrors of the American Civil War, well knew whereof he spoke—"War,—hell."

Perhaps you do not like this listing of war's atrocities. But I do not overdraw. Were it possible I should like to be in the thick of it, were it given me to write so vividly of every ghastliness and horror that my pen might do some little towards spreading the horror and hatred of war that alone can make for everlasting peace. Were the artist's brush mine, I should ask to do as did Verestchagin, the famous Russian war-painter killed during the Russo-Japanese war—bring war itself before the eyes of all the people as strongly as canvas could bring it.—Verestchagin's contribution towards world-peace.

For the pen and the brush can help in such ways,—as the war-lords have well known. Only a year or so ago the circulation of a book written by William Lamszus—a simple recital of war-scenes that he had looked upon—was suppressed by order of the Kaiser.

But now to my thought of further vision: While seeing in the night the wounded, the dying, the dead—so many thousands upon thousands of them, strewn over the long battlefields of Europe, it suddenly occurred to me that the part of it that you and I and all of us have seen, be our mind's eye ever so keen, must be in reality but a tittle of the tremendous events going on in Europe. If we believe in the Christian revelation at all—no matter what our creed—we must believe that the human personality lives on after death. Then think of it,—the falling, dying men on the sodden battlefields are but half the story. What of the thousands upon thousands of souls, liberated every hour upon those same battlefields? What are

they doing? What are they seeing? Do they stand for a moment, clothed in a spiritual body, looking down upon the pitiful, ghastly model of stiffening flesh and blood which was once theirs—a little surprised, perhaps, then exultant to be rid of so hampering a mortal coil? Do they try their new powers, wondering, joyful to find out a new freedom, a liberty transcending all that they had dreamed? Do they hover for a while about the battlefield, conscious of all, remembering all, patient at the sight of suffering because they have been through the terrible way and can now see the end from the beginning? Do they find

by so many ties of affection and sympathy.

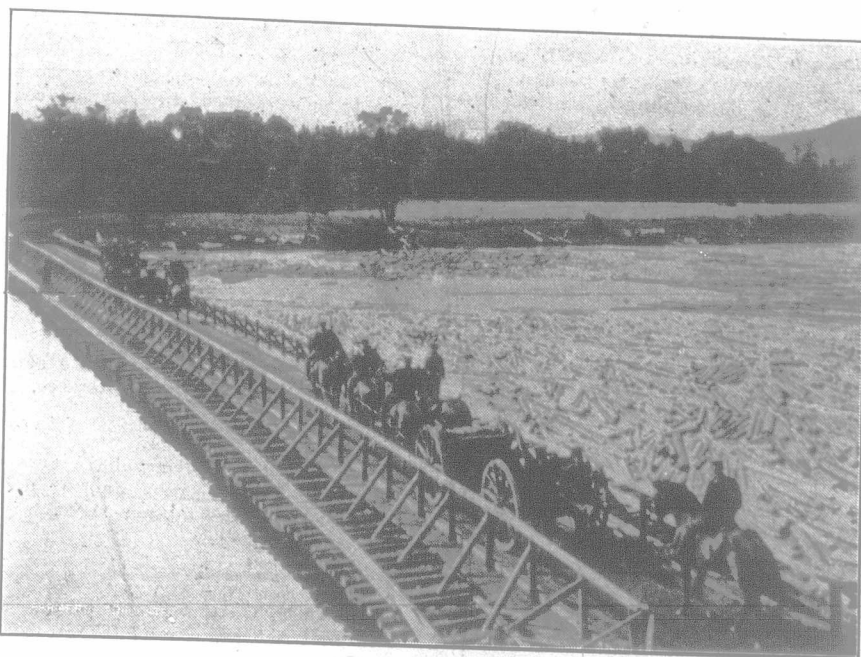
And so above the darkness and the groans along the River Aisne, one may catch, perhaps, the faint effulgence of an ineffable glory, and hear the far-off echoes of a transcendent, celestial song.

JUNIA.

A GUEST ROOM.

Dear Junia,—I have long been one of the silent members of the Nook, but am now coming forward to introduce myself and a budget of questions.

We wished to renovate our guest room,



Artillery Crossing Pontoon, Valcartier.
By courtesy of the Canadian Northern Railway.

spiritual voices and call out a glad "hello!" to each soul as it steps over? Do they minister to the dying and the wounded? Do they see bright ministering spirits on every hand, recognizing among them, perhaps, many friends who have long ago solved the Great Mystery?

Wondering about all this there in the night, it seemed to me that the distant battlefields over the sea became transformed into a fluttering vision,—spirits and hopefulness and light hovering above the hopelessness, and misery, and awfulness of all that mortal eye could see.

Do not take my dream from me. I am aware that there are as many theories in regard to what happens to the soul

but do not know what to do about the walls and ceiling. The woodwork is white, and the large, old-fashioned furniture is finished in white enamel, with a tiny gilt trimming. I would like to dispense with carpet or large rug on the floor, and wondered if it would be quite the thing to finish it with one of the stains—used so much now for floors—and have a few small rugs. What color would you suggest for the floor stain? Would hooked rugs be equally as nice as the woven rag rugs?

I had thought some of using one of the flat wall-finishes on the fresh-plastered wall, as I am very fond of the walls in plain color. What would you suggest



Getting Ready for Sunday, Valcartier.
By courtesy of the Canadian Northern Railway.

at death as there are creeds; but I have never heard that any one theory has been incontrovertibly proved. Christ appeared on earth after His death; why not these brave souls passing over every hour in far-away Europe? It is pleasant to think that one's very own personality—but with broader vision—remains after death; and to some of us, it seems quite impossible that any continuing, remembering soul, can find satisfaction in any other way than in busy, helpful work, work sometimes for the poor mortals here to whom even liberated souls must still be bound

for the wall? What color would be nice if the plain color is used? The woodwork in the adjoining room is pale green. Would you use a picture-moulding? I thought gilt moulding would be pretty, but understand that it is not used much now. I am quite ashamed to ask so many questions and be so much trouble to you on my first visit to the Ingle Nook, but, like so many others, I am trusting to your infinite fund of patience and wisdom, and I know that you will find some clever way out of my difficulty which I was too dull to see.

Wishing this good journal, the Nook, the Nookers, and yourself, Junia, every success, and thanking you in anticipation of your aid, I am yours sincerely,
AMBER.

Middlesex Co., Ont.

You have some very good ideas in regard to your guest room. I am quite sure that you will be delighted with the stained floor and small rugs—not too many of them. There are excellent floor stains and floor finishes to be bought all ready for use. Dark oak, walnut, and fumed oak, are all good colors. Get a dustless mop and find out how beautifully clean you can keep the room with little labor.

Hooked rugs are very pretty and suitable if the colors are artistic, e. g., Dutch blue for a blue-and-white room, old rose for a gray-and-rose room, tobacco-brown for an autumn-tinted room, etc. Unless you are very artistic indeed, you will find it better not to attempt working in a design on your rugs; stripes across the end, in white, or some harmonious color, will be sufficient. Some of the Navajo rug or blanket patterns (Indian) are very effective in hooked rugs, but one needs to use both coloring and design with discretion. By the way, do you know that the old-fashioned braided rugs of our grandmothers are now much in favor on "the other side"? Also woven "rag-carpet" rugs in plain colors, with stripes across the ends.

Flat-tone, dull-finish paint, will be excellent for the walls. The color must depend on your own taste, and the tone of the hangings, etc., that you want in the room. How would you like this for the room in which your white-enameled furniture is to be used?—Drop ceiling in very pale pink or ivory-white; walls warm stone-gray; rugs gray, with old-rose ends; furniture upholstered in rose-be sprinkled chintz; curtains of cream scrim with an applied band of the rose chintz; the picture-moulding enamelled in cream, and the picture-frames the same.

If you choose, you might have lavender tones instead of pink, carrying out the chintz design in wistaria.

Or you might have the walls deep cream instead of gray, and carry out the rugs and upholstery in plaid coloring, rose, or green, or dull blue. Scrim curtains stencilled or applied to match, would look well.

LEAKING PIPES.

We have a double chimney on house. A black liquid keeps running down pipe-hole in bedroom, and down pipes, dropping on floor. Chimney was covered last fall, but did not help any. Can anyone give a cure for this?

See page 1738, in our issue of October 1st, for answer to this question.

The Scrap Bag.

TO FASTEN A TILE.

If a tile becomes loose in the fireplace, make a mixture of plaster of Paris and water, and use it as a cement for resetting the tile.

INKSTAIN IN FLOOR.

Sometimes an inkstain in a hardwood floor proves very hard to remove. Try rubbing it thoroughly with very fine sandpaper, then apply strong ammonia. Finally wash with a potash solution.

SAGGING RATTAN CHAIRS.

To tighten sagging rattan chair bottoms, stand the chairs in a tub and pour two or three kettlefuls of boiling water through the rattan, then set the chairs in a bright sunlight to dry.

USES FOR KEROSENE.

Blood stains on wash material can be removed by saturating the stained portions with kerosene and then dipping in boiling water. Half a cupful added to the warm water with which windows are washed will be found a great help. If oilcloth or linoleum should become badly spotted, put a cupful of kerosene into a pail of warm water and wash; never use soap. If the sewing-machine runs stiffly, saturate the parts with kerosene and leave on all night; in the morning wipe dry, then oil with the machine oil as usual. Kerosene will be found helpful in cleaning the dark rim that sometimes forms in bath-tubs and wash-basins, especially when hard water is used; a few