

The Young People's Department.

All letters intended for Young People's Department must be addressed to Cousin Dorothy, 52 Victor Ave., Toronto.

ON HOBBIES.

BOOKS.

Some people have a hobby for collecting books—old books, rare books, or books in wonderful bindings. But this is not a cheap hobby, and we had better let it alone. Of course, we want to have a few books of our own, but we won't buy them for the binding, or because nobody else has anything like them. We buy them to read them—that is our hobby. I am not talking to the poor people who don't like reading; they would not get as far as this without yawning, and looking about for some other amusement.

"Oh, yes, I just love reading," you often hear a girl say, very complacently, and you think you have come across a very intellectual person, until you hear the names of the books she loves. If they are all paper-covered novels, by writers you never heard of, you don't think her much of a reader, even if she is buried in them in all her spare minutes. That kind of reading does you more harm than you think, girls, and it is the same with the trashy detective stories many boys read. They are like cheap candies, they spoil the taste for anything pure and wholesome. Tired people may find such books useful, when they go for a holiday, and don't want to use their brains, but young people, like you and me, ought never to need to waste our time over them. It is a real temptation, I know, but do shut the silly book up, if you don't want to turn out an empty-headed, silly woman, or a man who takes no interest in anything but his local newspaper. For boys soon find out the emptiness of trashy books, and having spoilt their taste for anything else, stop reading altogether. There are plenty of good novels, which are just as entrancing, and take you out of yourself just as completely as these poor ones. If you have a bad taste in books, why don't you set to work to acquire a good taste? It will be quite the most useful thing you ever did for yourself. Get a good novel, such as Kingsley's "Westward Ho!" Dickens' "Martin Chuzzlewit," Scott's "Ivanhoe," or Blackmore's "Lorna Doone," (there are plenty more to choose from, if you can't get one of these), and settle firmly and determinedly that you will read it right through, whether you like it or not, and when you finish it, even if you don't like it, start firmly at another. Don't give up because the first chapters are

uninteresting. The reason they are so is your bad taste in reading, which, remember, you are trying to cure. When you really come to enjoy the books I have mentioned, and others like them, I think there is very little danger of your taking any more interest in a trashy book.

But a word to those who do know a good book from a bad one, and who have perhaps got past the story-reading stage, and take great pleasure in Essays and History and Travels, and such-like. Don't be conceited. This hobby, above all, should not be used to bore other people. After all, it is nothing to take any special pride in, that we can enjoy the writings of Carlyle, or Tennyson, or Shakespeare. It ought to take the conceit out of us to think that we could not even write a sentence to compare with theirs. To be able to read is a common accomplishment, and it is fortunate for us if we can get the greatest amount of pleasure for ourselves out of it. Those who don't care for reading are very likely a great deal wiser than we are, and know far more about the practical affairs which keep the world going. You can't learn very much from books, except how to think (a very useful piece of knowledge, all the same), and the people who don't read, but understand their own business thoroughly, and are doing it, are just as useful and admirable people as a great reader could possibly be. (If you don't agree with me, we might have a debate on this subject!) In fact, a person who neglects practical work for the sake of reading is perhaps one of the most uninteresting, as well as useless, people you could meet.

The question of what books to read is too large to take up all at once. As time goes on we will discuss different

authors, and make some lists. "New books" are the great trouble of many young people in the city. One must read every new novel as it comes out, in order to be able to talk about it. Generally, they contain more to talk about than to think about. The advantage of the country is that we can read what we like, without having to look at the date of publishing first. A book is just as good when it is a few years old, and, I suppose, the town libraries wait to see what a book is worth before they get it. I should like to talk a great deal more about my favorite hobby, but it is a good thing to know when to stop, and we shall, I hope, have many more chats about our old friends, the books. C. D.

A great soul will be strong to live, as well as strong to think.—Emerson.

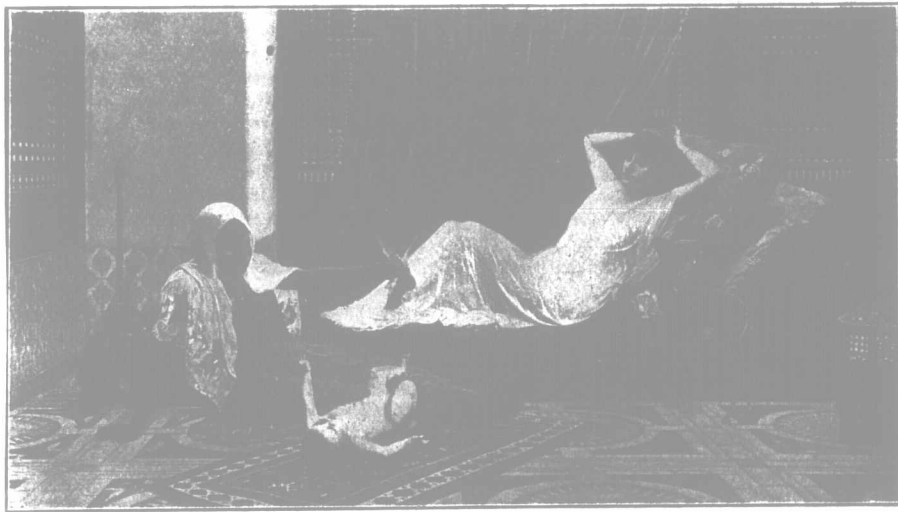
THE WHITE OWL.

I.

When cats run home and light is come,
And dew is cold upon the ground,
And the far-off stream is dumb,
And the whirring sail goes round,
And the whirring sail goes round;
Alone and warming his five wits,
The white owl in the belfry sits.

II.

When merry milkmaids click the latch,
And rarely smells the new-mown hay,
And the cock hath sung beneath the thatch
Twice or thrice his roundelay,
Twice or thrice his roundelay;
Alone and warming his five wits,
The white owl in the belfry sits.
—Tennyson.



"A New Light in the Harem."

(From a painting by Frederick Goodall, R. A., 1822-1904. Valued at \$20,000. Exhibited at Toronto Exhibition, 1906, as a loan from the Walker Art Gallery, Liverpool, England.)

Health in the Home

HOUSEHOLD SANITATION.

(By Mary E. Allen-Davidson, M. D.)
VENTILATION.

Especial care should be taken with the ventilation of sleeping-rooms, and for many reasons. Because the vitality of the body is low at night. Every organ is relaxed, and often extreme weariness is present. Because the resisting power against disease is lessened. Because we are helpless during sleep, inert, do not move from place to place, so as to change faulty conditions or impure air. Because the body, to be healthy, must have health-giving sleep, must be rested, refreshed and reinvigorated for the new day's work; and this is impossible in a close, stuffy, overcrowded, unventilated sleeping-room.

Mothers who are extremely careful of their children in other ways will crowd several of them into a small room, carefully close every window, perhaps the door, and leave them to breathe over and over again the poisonous exhalations from their own lungs, also the odors and organic particles from their bodies. Is it any wonder that they toss, grit their teeth, cry out, and spend the whole night in a fitful slumber, and, at last, wake up irritable, limp and unrefreshed, without a healthy appetite for breakfast?

Also that they contract coughs, colds, bronchitis and other throat troubles so readily? It is now conceded that consumption is caused largely through lack of plenty of pure air, and this occurs mostly at night, by breathing air that is contaminated by the respiration and transpiration of human beings. There is always an army of tubercle bacilli encamped around us ready to storm the breaches. If the resisting power is normal, they are thrown out or destroyed. Our numberless vigilant body-guard of "little corporals," the leucocytes or white corpuscles, patrol all the liquid highways of our body; in the minutest blood-vessel there, they are guarding the gateways of life and destroying or throwing out every microbic enemy. If these corpuscles are well nourished by pure blood, their work is always well done. But if the blood be poisoned, its food value is lessened; it loses its tonic and recuperative life-giving properties. The tissues are starved and poisoned, the resisting power is lessened and consumption gets a hold on the weakened system. To foul air, darkness and dampness, the great white plague owes its power. We have all gone into bedrooms, especially where several occupied the same room, where the air was so fetid as to cause nausea after coming from the pure outside air. See to it that a free access of pure air is secured to your sleeping-rooms day and night. Use the ventilating-board, previously de-

scribed. Do not close the windows, except to prevent direct drafts. Moderately cold air is good for the lungs, as it expands in the air cells by being heated to the body temperature, and so causes expanding and contracting movements that tone up the cells and aid them in their work of throwing off waste material and taking in food—the purifying oxygen.

Every morning the bed coverings should be removed—not just thrown back, all blinds sent to the top, every window and door opened, and the room thoroughly windswept. Shake your coverings, and leave them in the sun and wind.

The bedroom should be used only as a sleeping-room. No clothing should be hung on the walls, no trunks or boxes stored in it.

Never use the same underwear at night that is worn during the day. Put your day clothes where they can be aired before morning—not in a heap beside your bed. Hang the nightdresses in the air and sunlight, while the bed clothes are airing. When doing up the room, don't roll the nightdresses into a bundle and shove them under the pillows or under the spread; but hang up in an airy closet (never keep the closet doors shut—these should have a ventilator in the ceiling), or if you haven't one, hang over the foot of the bed where they can be in the changing air currents.

Empty slops as soon as you can. This should be done first thing after breakfast,

Fair day's wages for fair day's work! Alas, in what corner of this Planet, since Adam first awoke on it, was that ever realized? The day's wages of John Milton's day's work, named Paradise Lost and Milton's Works, were Ten Pounds, paid by instalments, and a rather close escape from death on the gallows. Consider that: it is no rhetorical flourish; it is an authentic, altogether quiet fact,—emblematic, quietly documentary of such, ever since human history began.—Carlyle's "Past and Present."

It is a good saying that where there's a will there's a way; but while it's all very well to wish, wishes must not take the place of work.—Sir John Lubbock.

A REAL NEWSPAPER.

The proprietors of a Siamese newspaper have distributed handbills containing the following notice:

"The news of English we tell the latest. Writ in perfectly style and most earliest. Do a murder, git commit, we hear of and tell it. Do a mighty chief die, we publish it, and in borders of somber. Staff has each one been colleged, and write like the Kipling and the Dickens. We circle every town and extortionate not for advertisements. Buy it. Buy it. Tell each of you its greatness for good. Ready on Friday, Number first.—[Bangkok Times.]

CLEVER, BUT TROUBLESOME.

The small red ant, the pest of the pantry in country or town, is as clever as she is bothersome, says a writer in the New York Tribune. Many a time a despairing housewife has marked a path of tar around the legs of tables or refrigerators, to find next day that the engineering corps had brought grains of sand to build a bridge over the tar, and that the workers were merrily carrying off the sugar, syrup or whatever they had decided to store away for winter. Once, when sand was lacking, it was found that the workers had returned to their village and had brought over a drove of their cows and had stuck them in the tar, cheerfully sacrificing them to the urgent needs of commerce.

Learning that chalk lines drawn on the floor would keep the ants away, the acid in the chalk being too strong for the sensitive ant noses, a man once drew a thick line around a party of ants that was foraging across the kitchen floor. He kept them there several days, as none would cross the line. Finally, feeling sorry for them, he chopped up some fine grass and dropped it in the circle, that they might eat and keep them from starving.

as these foul the air. Be sure to wash out and dry with a cloth kept for this purpose. Wash cloth, and hang outside when through. Drop a little carbolic acid in your slop pail after emptying the slops. Pour in boiling water, cover, and let stand for a while; then empty and leave outside in sunlight. This will keep the slop pail that it will be clean, and not a source of contamination. Never leave slop pails standing, but empty at once, and never keep them in the house when not in use.

Don't be in a hurry to make up the beds. Give them plenty of time to air. Carry bedding outside frequently for a good freshening up.

The next and last talk will be on food contamination and personal cleanliness.

RECIPES.

Macaroon Cakes.—One pint peanut kernels rolled fine, $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. sugar, 3 eggs, butter size of a walnut, 8 tablespoons Five Roses flour. Drop on greased tins.

Graham Bread.—Three cups Graham flour, 2 cups Five Roses flour, 1 tablespoon brown sugar, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup New Orleans molasses, with $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon soda mixed in, 2 cups lukewarm water, in part of which dissolve 1 yeast cake. Beat all thoroughly, and pour into two greased bread pans. Set to rise for about three hours, until very light. Bake one hour.