

INGLE NOOK

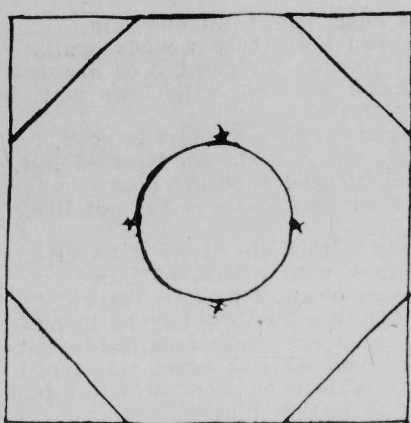
A CERTAIN SIGN

I'll have to patch a trouser knee,
And darn a sock to-night;
I'll have to scrub a grimy pair
Of roughened hands, and comb the
hair
Of such a little fright.

For spring has come; I know it well
No Foster needs to say;
Unfailing sign—this is the one:
In wet and muddy lanes my son
Is playing "dibs" to-day.

TWO GOOD IDEAS

Dear Dame Durden,—I have thought many times of writing to the Ingle Nook. I have received so much useful information that I feel I would like to add my little mite. I noticed in the last "Advocate" Prairie Maiden's request for the song "Fallen Leaves." I am sending the words to the song I know by that name. And I am going to say a few words about dish-washing. I have seen so many housewives waste so much time waiting for the kettle to boil rather than set it next to the fire for fear it would become smoked. But when I am in a hurry I set it on the fire, then before washing it I take it outdoors and rub it on the grass or a gravel bed and it takes every particle of black off, if it is done each time



after using and not allowed to burn on.

Perhaps some of the members of Ingle Nook would like to learn a very simple way to make a stocking bag. Take a piece of goods, double it and cut a square. Sew it up on each side as if you were making a cover for a sofa pillow, then stitch across the corners as shown in the diagram. Cut an opening in the center and bind it, then sew the strings on the opening as shown. These are very pretty made of flowered cotton. I am mother of five children, and I find many useful things in the Ingle Nook to aid me in caring for my little ones.

LETTIE.

(Some one had already sent the words of the song, but we are glad it roused you and gave us the rest of the letter. Come again.—D. D.)

COFFEE AND A VOTE

Dear Dame Durden,—I have been going to write to you ever since you said you could not make good coffee, for I could never make good coffee myself till this winter, and my husband says the new way is quite an improvement. I learnt from a sister-in-law. First, set the coffee-pot on the stove long enough to get quite hot; have fresh water brought to a boil; put in the coffee, and then pour on the boiling water. The coffee-pot must be hot enough to sizzle when the water is poured in, then it will cause the coffee to boil immediately. Let it boil for ten minutes, then pour in about a tablespoon of cold water and set back to settle. If you make it this way I am sure it will be good. I did not give any amount of coffee or water for tastes vary, but recipes generally

call for a tablespoon of coffee to each cup; so I leave that part to you.

As the woman suffrage agitation seems to be talked of quite a bit in the Ingle Nook, I will just say a few words. I really think a woman's place is at home tending to the household duties and children, if there are any. And while we might hire our work done, who can hire a mother for her children? True, a nurse might keep them clean and take care of them in a way, but the many little ways and impressions of a mother go a good deal farther than that of anyone else. Can we not take a part in politics by teaching our boys to follow what we believe? I hope I have not been too plain and get called down from someone on the other side. Mary's letter gave me courage to speak out my thoughts, for I am like her; it has always made me cross to think of such a thing.

OREGONIAN.

(I tried the coffee recipe and it was quite successful. Thank you very much for thinking of my necessities. Nobody will call you down in the Ingle Nook, for though we will never all agree, we can disagree good-naturedly.—D. D.)

GARDENING NEWS

Dear Dame Durden,—No doubt all the Chatterers think that I have entirely dropped out of the circle, but I hope I am allowed a little place yet. I have been wanting to write so often, but never seem to get time. I suppose most all will have thought of their garden, but the snow seems to stay with us long. I have all my seeds, and am waiting anxiously for I love to work in a garden. Last year mine was somewhat of a failure, not being able to attend it right, and my husband did not have time to do it all, though he helped a lot. I planted my asters in the hot-bed, and then transplanted them later, and they were fine. I always plant a lot of sweet peas, for they are always a success. I water them with the rinse water after washing.

I am like Mary, I have no patience when I hear about woman suffrage, for I think a woman with children has all, and more than enough to do to raise her children properly. I have four—three girls, seven, five and two years old, and a boy, nine months, and I never find any spare time after I get all the sewing and all done. Why do we not want to take the men's place running a threshing outfit or farming? I think it would be no worse. I have had two letters from Ahtreb, and enjoyed them very much. I looked all over the Ingle Nook for the address of the firm which A Farmer's Wife said she would send. That was a good bed-bug remedy, but could not find it.

A HAPPY WIFE.

THE MATRIMONIAL PROBLEM

Dear Dame Durden,—I said in my last letter that I would give my opinion of the matrimonial bureau. I believe that it is a curse to humanity. Why? There are several reasons.

At the present time there is a lot being said in the papers about white slavery. In my opinion and to my certain knowledge the matrimonial bureau is one of the most active agencies of the people who traffic in this horrible trade. A young woman, looking through a paper, sees the advertisement of some nice-sounding young man and corresponds "just for fun." The correspondence continues for a time; then the man makes a date to meet her in a certain place, and another is added to the list of white slaves. This is not so in every case, but in a large percentage.

Again, a young man sees a notice inserted by a woman living in Chicago, St. Louis, New York, or any one of a hundred cities on this continent. She represents herself to be well educated, a good musician, has

money, etc. He corresponds, meets and marries the woman and lives in hades after, or gets out when he finds out what he has got into. This also is not true in every case, but in a great many. I do not know more than one or two happy unions through this means, while I know of many that are the reverse. I do not consider that the man or woman who advertises has the self-respect they should have.

In this west there is in population on the average about five to one in the bachelors. Where did they come from? I venture to say that 90 per cent. of them came from settled countries, where they know plenty of girls from whom to choose a mate. Then there are more girls coming into the country all the while, so I do not see the need of a matrimonial bureau to get a wife. The girl who commands the respect she should will not need to advertise for a mate. For myself, if I cannot get a wife without the assistance of the matrimonial bureau, I will live and die a bachelor and think I have got the best of it.

I would like to say a little about the Dower Law. The man who would not be willing to have legislation passed granting the wife a portion of

one having the appearance of costly hardwood by the application of one or two coats of varnish stain which are now made in imitation Cherry, Oak, Mahogany, Walnut and so on, and are so durable that they will successfully withstand a great deal of wear and tear occasioned by the constant walking and the movement of furniture over them.

Wall papering is being largely supplanted by wall paints and finishes in beautiful colors and shades that will stand scrubbing with soap and water and come out of the operation bright and fresh as the day they were put on. This avoids "messy" papering operations. Woodwork such as wainscoting and cupboards, given one coat of paint, specially prepared for the surface, which will dry over night, enables the housewife to keep the kitchen and pantries fairly shining with cleanliness. "Last year's" fly screens after receiving a coat of enamel are as good as new again. Furniture, too, both in the kitchen and in the other rooms of the house need not remain shabby long. The process of cleaning it with polish, or refinishing it with paint or varnish is so simple, and the furniture so improved in appearance thereby, that most housewives include a course of refinishing furniture in their Spring housecleaning operations. This applies not only to drawing and dining room chairs, but to the rough kitchen and laundry chairs and to those wicker and cane ones that spend a good deal of their time on the veranda or lawn and not only to the tables, bookcases and lounges of more or less expensive woods, but to the home-made things of rough lumber, and so on throughout the entire house. Whereas painting about the house was once a considerable undertaking now it is a matter of very little expense and a small inconvenience. As one thrifty dame was heard to remark "The use of paints and varnishes at housecleaning time has become almost a mania with me; actually I look forward to housecleaning just because it gives me an excuse to fuss with paint."

REDEEMING HER SEX

"Are you sure, madam, you bought nothing in the upholstery department on Thursday?"

"Yes; I am sure."

"Then this receipt for \$3.29 was given you for a five-dollar deposit?"

"Yes; it must have been. I was here Thursday and paid \$5 on a rug, and when I got home I found the receipt was for \$3.29."

"Well, just take a chair, and I will look it up."

The head of the department went through a pile of papers before him. A faintly amused contemptuous glance in his eye told the underclerk that he had branded her story "another lie."

In a few minutes he turned to her and said courteously, but coldly:

"Strange; our slip says \$5. Now, I will give you a duplicate receipt. I will keep the receipt you gave me for the \$3.29. It is of no value to you," looking her in the eye.

"No; oh, no! Of course not. Thank you! I—I—know I had paid the \$5."

After she had left he took his way, with a smile, to the upholstery department. When he returned the smile was almost a sneer.

"Well," said the underclerk, with a laugh.

"Same old thing," he said, wearily. "The receipt was given for goods bought by her Thursday. She has lost or mislaid her receipt for the \$5, and, judging us by herself, was afraid we would deny receiving it, so hatched up that lie. By heavens, I believe a woman would lie her soul away to save a dollar!"

The other man chuckled.

"You think it is funny. Well, I don't."

An hour later he turned to his clerk again:

"Five more women, five more lies—a good record for an hour."

A woman stood beside him, and as his eyes scanned her quickly he smiled involuntarily.

She was not shabbily genteel, but



THE COMING OF SPRING.

what she has worked for is fit for no place but the sty. He is the man who makes such a law necessary, for he is just the one who would sell his home (for which his wife has worked as hard as he), pocket the money and make her work hard again to get things comfortable. Invariably the man who would fight such a law would be among the first, if he was out of sorts, to tell his wife that it was none of her business what he did for he owned all. To the man who feels inclined to help obtain such a law, I say let your opinion be known to your local member with the assurance of your support if he uphold such a measure.

BERTZ.

PAINT AND VARNISH TRANSFORMATION

Unquestionably, the most distasteful part of housecleaning is the taking up of carpets with their multitudinous tacks, beating and relaying them. Nevertheless, sanitation requires that it be done. Nowadays, the tendency is for painted or varnished floors covered with rugs and mats and their use is continually growing. It is a single matter to take up rugs from the floor and clean them. Not only are "finished" floors more sanitary, but decidedly better-looking for even the most ordinary wood floor can be transformed at a small expense into

shabbily grotesque. The threadbare waist-bonnet and ill-fitting all colors and materials alike only in cleanliness.

She raised her shoulders and smiled lously, showing gum of teeth. Then, straight up, she said slowly:

"I've come to see rug back."

"What is the rug?"

"Nothin', only I couple of days, I suppose."

"No; I've had it month."

"But you have course?"

"Well, it's been the time, but I only have company, a company very often apologetically. 'I an' I like it, but I back.'"

"Why did you buy it?" he asked.

"I do want it, but to have some money it unless I can send."

"How much was it?"

"Seven dollars; she answered dejectedly."

"Are you sure wrong with the rug?"

"An insinuating voice crooked or off color sent I may be able for you."

"No," emphatically; "there ain't with the rug. I right, but it ain't must have the thought you might."

"Give me your name, said, 'and I will look at it. I what I can do.'"

smile that was no contempt, but a credulity and joy to derelict wonder.

The next afternoon flights of stairs and the room with the

Its flaunting color chromos, the table ment plan album chairs and the old the one little scarlet noted in a sing looked at the o long and steadily.

battered old face, sorrow and private their desperate but each time traces to

"It's a purty rug said."

"You don't want rug. Why do you?"

She clutched her apron and shrank fore the man who room with his domesticity. He was well groomed, that old, weak and help

"Excuse me," he had no thought of business. I only out of this if I can

"I know, I know 'an' you're good—me a silly old w bear to disappoint years! It's a lo both got old an' u is just the same.

it almost the last care so much, but 'be careful of yo such a purty mou I ain't no teeth a-comin' after all a long time to be i why I want the r bright an' cheerful nothin' cheerful all but I must have

the money for the only send him to C went up from, so the money for the I must have the hands unconscious lips quivered and t down the yellow