

"For to the faithful there is no such thing
As disappointment; failures only bring
A gentle pang, as peacefully they say,
'His purpose stands, though mine has
passed away.'"

Emerson tells us that it is a mistake to hang a dismal picture on the wall. It certainly injures us, physically and spiritually, to hang dismal pictures on the wall of the mind. I don't know any better way of conquering a fit of the blues than to get out of doors. With the lovely blue of the sky reminding us of God's constant love, the ugly gray-blue of depression fades away. The sunshine, or the solemn beauty of the stars, can fill our hearts with new courage. If the walk takes us to visit a neighbor, we generally return invigorated by the great tonic of fellowship.

Right here I want to thank those who have cheered me by so many expressions of goodwill. It is wonderfully encouraging to find that my weekly chats have brought me into touch with so many kindly people. I was especially glad to receive a letter from a reader in England—"hands across the sea"—and one from a friend who reads the Quiet Hour to her sick husband every Sunday. Then there was a gift of \$2 "for the needy" from "A Friend"—part of that went out, the day it reached me, in the form of a bag of potatoes. Thank you.

I have been counting up the items in my note-book, and find that during 1914 readers of "The Farmer's Advocate" have sent me \$117.10 in trust for those in need. This sum has brought food, clothing, and other help to twenty-three families, and has also provided delicacies and books for some sick people in the hospital. In each case I have explained that the gifts came from readers of "The Farmer's Advocate," so, incidentally, your kindness has helped to establish the reputation of our weekly paper. If the people who read the paper are good, then "The Advocate" must be worth reading—otherwise good people would not subscribe for it.

Do you think I am becoming flippant? Well, this isn't a sermon, you know—though some people call it by that dignified name—it is only a little chat in one corner of the ingle nook, where we may joke if we feel so disposed.

Let us go back for a few minutes to the hardy, useful motto: "Business as Usual." Many years ago some English miners were entombed for a day and a night in a coal mine. They were rescued just in time, for even the candle was scarcely able to burn for want of oxygen. This is the story told by those brave men. When the mouth of the tunnel collapsed they had a moment of panic, then one of the party said: "Well, chaps, we shall never get out of this alive, so we may as well go on with our bit while we can." So they all went on with their "bit" until they dropped in exhaustion from want of air. They were not working for pay, simply doing the work they had undertaken though approaching death drew every moment nearer.

We must admire such faithful service. Let us do more than admire—imitate. Let us also "go on with our bit," serving our Master cheerfully in the darkness of these troublous times, knowing that we serve One Who is Himself the Light of the world, the Sun of Righteousness, and the bright Morning Star.

"One that ruleth over men righteously,
That ruleth in the fear of God,
He shall be as the light of the morning,
when the sun riseth,
A morning without clouds;
When the tender grass springeth out of
the earth,
Through clear shining after rain."
—2 Sam. xxiii.

Let us trust our Master-Friend. Do we not feel that "it is more disgraceful to distrust one's friends than to be deceived by them?" He cannot deceive us for He is The Truth, and He has promised that joy will be ours in the morning, if we are faithful servants.

Don't let us deprive ourselves of the sunshine that we can have even now if we open our hearts and our windows. "Lack of oxygen enervates the conscience," said a doctor once, and I am sure fresh air and sunshine build up the soul as well as the body.

"Open the door, let in the sun,
He hath a smile for everyone;
He hath made of the raindrops gold and
gems;
He may change our tears to diadems.
Open the door!"
DORA FARNCOMB.

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,—This time I am going to step aside to make room for correspondents, but just a word first. The other day I got into a hot discussion, and, I fear, called down wrath upon my head, by insisting that it is perfectly right, during these awful months of the world's history, to spend every moment possible, Sundays and all, knitting for the soldiers. What do you think about it? I know this, that many of the finest women of my acquaintance are spending all of their evenings and other spare odds and ends of time, and all of the Sunday hours, between "church and church," on Soldiers' Relief and Red Cross work,—and they think it no sin, either.—The people who disputed my contention, by the way, although possessing both time and money, have done nothing whatever towards meeting the emergency as yet.

The soldiers in Europe, we are told, have been suffering frightfully since the cold weather set in. First the trenches were flooded with sleety rain, then the frost came, turning the water into ice. Think of it—spending long days and often long nights, too, upon that! How can they bear it?—Often they cannot, for pneumonia comes, perhaps mercifully, so far as their sufferings are concerned, to end it.

The least we can do is knit, and knit, and knit, until the need for it is over. Socks in particular wear out so quickly.

A friend of mine has a brother in barracks here, an officer who is to go to the front with the next contingent. A week or so ago she gave him two pairs of socks made of the best wool. He began to wear them on Saturday, and by the next Thursday there were holes in the heels,—just with the marching here! The little incident will serve to show how many pairs will be needed by the millions of men in the field, often compelled to take forced marches, compared with which the marching of our men in training here is only child's play.

Really, the more I think of it the more it appears to me that the women who, during the American Civil War, knitted even in church, were on the right track. What think you?

By the way, letters that follows gives a hint regarding the size of socks, differing somewhat from the instructions given out by the Red Cross. It may be well for those who are doing such work to make sure about the matter. Personally, I can give no advice, for my work is to be altogether on cholera belts.

JUNIA.

Knitting and Other Matters.

Well, Madam Junia, you are our faithful standby. Many thanks for your sketch of Hull House, which was very interesting and edifying. Your interest in the W. I. Convention, and the newsy style of your report were fine. And to think of the sale of that paper, over \$1,000! Talk of the women's share in the Great War! They certainly are up to all that is being required of them. But say, 24 stitches are enough for any ordinary sock, that is 75 total for a leg. I saw a Red Cross helper the other day knitting, and it made me vexed at the waste of yarn. I could safely knit the fourth sock out of what she had over-much in the three. And she had over-much in the three. And they are good and dry, and just pull or stretch them nicely, and draw together. Dennis O'Donovan, you are a brick. That rich—"The Charge of the Knitting

Brigade." What has come of Helponabit? I wish she would write occasionally, and Lankshire Lass, if she is ever any better. E. E. M., the old-fashioned quilting-frames fastened with iron clamps are by far the best. I have been where other styles were used, and I wouldn't be bothered with them.

ONLOOKER.

FROM DEAR "LEEZIBESS."

Dear Junia,—For a long time I have been thinking of writing to the Ingle Nook, and perhaps should still be putting it off only for reading your "vision" of the battlefield. But I do want you to know that it was a comfort to one (and I have no doubt to many) of your readers. Facts are all very well; indeed, we are "up against" (please pardon the slang) hard facts all the time; but after all it is "the things which are not seen" which "are eternal." Thank God for our poets, our visionaries! Do we not all often feel how much closer some poem comes to the truth than any scientific treatise ever could? So please, dear Junia, let us share your dreams and visions, for, believe me, we do appreciate them.

Could you tell me where I could procure a copy of the "Life of Mrs. Dinah Mulock Craik"? Our local bookseller has not, so far, been able to find it for me, but I think there is such a book if I am not mistaken, and I would like very much to have it.

I will send a few handy substitutes. For a mustard plaster, rub well with a liniment made of equal parts of turpentine and coal oil, with enough mustard added to make it good and hot.

To use as glycerine for chapped hands, and to soften the hands after doing a washing, rub well with vinegar. It is best applied before the hands are quite dry.

Here is my favorite recipe for Drop Cakes: One egg, 1 cup sugar (brown preferred), butter or dripping size of large egg, a little salt, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup sour milk, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon ground cloves, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup currants, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon soda sifted in the flour, flour to make a stiff batter. Drop in spoonfuls on tin.

Thanking you for all the helpful hints, and more for all the uplifting thoughts you give us in the Ingle Nook, and wishing you and all the Nookers the kind of a Christmas that they wished each other in "The Birds' Christmas Carol." "If not a merry Christmas, then a happy one, for that is better; and if not a happy one, then a very blessed one, for that is better yet," I remain as ever.

"LEEZIBESS."

Thank you, and "Onlooker," and so many others, for your kind words.

I am sorry to say that I do not know where you can get the book referred to. You might try the T. Eaton Company, or any city bookseller who carries a heavy stock.

SILVER-WEDDING QUERIES.

Dear Junia,—For a silver wedding about the middle of March, what salads and dishes, also what courses would be suitable for a luncheon about 3 o'clock? Should invitations be used? The house being quite large, how should tables be arranged, and what decorations and colors used? How should the guests be entertained? Not to take up too much time, I'll close, thanking you for the many favors.

TULIP.

There is really no set rule about entertainment, especially for the country, where, it seems to me, the less formality there is the better. Daintiness, refinement, and "plenty to eat," should fill the requirements.

"Three o'clock" sounds like an afternoon tea, at which sandwiches, olives, salted almonds, cake, ice cream and tea, would be sufficient. Of course, a regular "luncheon" of the fashionable order would call for courses: (1) Soup or oysters. (2) Cold chicken (or other fowl) and salad, creamed potatoes; or creamed sweetbreads, baked cauliflower, and potato croquettes. (3) Jelly or ice cream, and cake. Coffee.—Of course, this menu may be varied or added to as one chooses. For instance, celery, small sweet pickles and fruit will be quite in place.

In a very large dining-room the arrangement of the tables will depend upon convenience, the tables on hand, and the number of guests. It is quite

immaterial whether one large table or several smaller ones be used. The decorations, too, will depend upon one's personal taste and the flowers one can get. It is best, of course, to keep to one color-tone, as the effect is much better than when a variety is used. In March, potted daffodils should be in bloom, and nothing can be prettier. If you plant the bulbs now, keep them in the cellar for six or seven weeks, then bring them gradually to the light, you may be able to have plenty of your own ready.

CORONATION BRAID.

For a "Farmer's Daughter." To arrange the hair in a coronation braid, simply part it at the front and draw it down becomingly over the face, then braid it in two braids at the back, cross them, and bring them around the head to the top, rather close to the forehead, pinning them neatly in place. Long and rather thick hair are the requirements for a coronation braid.

KNITTING THE "HEEL."

Dear Junia,—I see from last week's "Advocate" that some are having difficulty in making the heel of the socks. As an old knitter, I venture to send directions for my way of turning a heel. Knit the leg the length you wish, divide the stitches evenly, put one-half on the needle for the heel, only put one extra stitch on for what we call the seam stitch; it is just a guide when you come to turn the heel. Knit backward and forward until long enough, on the heel needle; always slip the first stitch off. When you have knit four or five inches (according to size of sock), knit across to three stitches past the seam stitch, take two together, knit one, then turn and work back to three stitches past the seam stitch; take two together, knit one, turn, knit back four, stitches past the seam stitch, take two together, knit one, turn, knit four past seam stitch, take two together, knit one, always one more past seam stitch until you have half of what you started with on the needles, then knit or take up all the stitches on the sides of the heel, take up first side, and knit across front, all front stitches onto one needle, then take up the other side, knit one round, and when you come to within three stitches of the end of the heel needle, take two together, knit one, knit across front. On next heel needle knit one, take two together, take in in that way every other round until there is the same number of stitches on the back needles as the front.

Another way of turning a heel, easier perhaps, but not so neat:—When your heel is knit the length you wish, knit across to four stitches past the seam stitch, take two together, turn, knit across to four stitches past the seam stitch, take two together, turn, knit to four stitches past seam stitch, take two together, turn; repeat this until you have them all taken in. Take in four stitches from the seam stitch. It needs a rather longer heel for this way; there will be a strip of eight stitches under the heel.

ONE WHO ENJOYS THE NOOK.

Things to Eat.

Smothered Round Steak.—Round steak, which should be cheaper than porterhouse or sirloin, may be made into a very palatable dish, as follows: Take a slice of the lean round, at least two inches thick, trim off the extra fat. Peel and slice an onion and spread it over the bottom of the dripping-pan. Lay the steak over it. Mix one pint thick tomato sauce, made by thickening canned tomato with one cup boiling water. Pour half of it over the meat, cover closely, and put in a moderate oven. Cook twenty to thirty minutes to the pound. When half-done, add a little more of the sauce, if necessary. The remainder is heated and served with the gravy.

Doughnuts that will keep soft.—Two eggs; beat whites, then add the yolks and beat again. Add 1 cup light-brown sugar, 1 cup mashed potatoes, 1 tablespoon melted lard, 1 cup sweet milk, cinnamon and nutmeg to taste, 2 teaspoons baking powder sifted in flour enough to make stiff enough to roll out. Fry in hot, deep fat.

Eve's Pudding.—Take $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. each of suet, raisins, currants, and sugar, $\frac{1}{2}$ lb.