



### Cookery as a Combatant.

The following message in reprint has been sent to us from across the seas:—

Cooks who are sociologists, and sociologists who believe in the efficacy of good cooking, endorse the statements made by Jacob Riis, the New York reformer, that the alcoholic taste is in most cases the craving of an improperly nourished body for stimulants.

'Physical health and the happiness of the home is the aim of good cooking. The mere pleasure of the palate is a minor consideration,' said Mrs. Alice Pelubet Norton, instructor in cooking and domestic science at the Chicago Institute. She continued:—

'A saloon keeper of Boston said a few years ago that nothing had hurt his business so much as the introduction of courses in cooking into the public schools. It is but reasonable that such should be the case. When a man is properly nourished he will not yield so easily to the craving for alcohol. When women are overworked and under-nourished they very often drink strong tea in large quantities; the principle is the same as in the case of the men who go to the saloons.

'It is not difficult to make a choice steak palatable, but when the meat is of poor quality great skill is needed. The same is true in the preparation of the cheaper vegetables, such as beans. When the wife knows how to select the best that her means will afford, and then has skill in preparing it, the tone of the home is wholesome at least. Good food and pure water are the chief essentials of health, and those who have them are usually in a good condition to resist the innumerable disease germs to which every one is exposed.

'Starvation is possible even to the well-to-do who do not understand the value of different foods. There are many persons in good circumstances who, through ignorance, do not eat the things that their bodies require, and I am sure that there are children who literally starve on dainties. It is of the first importance for this science of foods to be understood by all classes. I think with Mr. Riis that here lies the shortest path to the destruction of the saloon.'

Mrs. Caroline K. Sherman, one of the two women of the Board of Education, says:—'The hatchet cannot be compared to the cooking school as a promoter of temperance. If a man gets good, well-cooked food at home, he is not apt to buy beer in saloons to get free lunch.' We had this moral point in mind and used it as an argument when we first began to work for cooking schools. We now have twelve cooking centres. Nearly all of them are in the poorer sections of the city, where the people do not know how to buy things for the table, or how to prepare them. Anyone who sees what is served up to some of the poorer working men at their homes will not be surprised that those men prefer to spend five or ten cents in a saloon and get something better to eat. I think the cooking school is as valuable to girls as a business training is to boys.—'League Journal.'

### After the Boys.

During Major Hilton's meetings in Cincinnati he related a story of a boy in Chicago, nine years of age, who came to school drunk, and being taken in the arms of an officer, his head pillowed on his breast, he coaxed the little one to tell him where he got the vile stuff. After thinking a moment he got up and felt in his pocket, which was filled with old nails, bits of string, a top, etc., but he could not see the thing he wanted; he looked on the floor, and there he saw what he had dropped, a bright picture card, on the edge of which were small squares and some of these were punched. 'What is this,' the officer asked. 'My beer card; each boy gets a card and each hole is a drink, and the boy that gets the most holes in a month gets a

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JOHN DOUGALL & SON, Publishers, Montreal.

Armstrong, Iowa.

Dear Editor,—I am nine years old. I go to day school every day, and I go to Sunday-school every Sunday. After school I sell candy and that is the way I sent for the 'Messenger.' I have saved seventeen dollars this summer, since July.

BENNIE W.

Strabane, Ont.

Dear Editor,—I have not seen a letter from Strabane. I have a pet: a kitten. I call it Kitty. My birthday is on Dec. 13. I am nine years old. I wonder if any body else's is on the same day as mine. I have a new sleigh and there is a good hill to sleigh-ride down, and a pond to skate and slide on.

HELEN I. N.

Clarenceville, Que.

Dear Editor,—As I am a new subscriber to the 'Messenger' I have not seen any letters from Clarenceville, so I thought I would write one. I am eight years old. I go to the model school. I am in the second reader. I have a sister and a baby brother. We live on a farm in the village. We have a number of cows, three horses, sheep, pigs, geese, and seventy-five hens. For pets I have some doves, a dog, and two cats. We had a Christmas tree and entertainment.

CECIL O. D.

Strathlorn, N. S.

Dear Editor,—I never saw any letters from Strathlorn. I take the 'Messenger' and like it very much. For pets, I have two cats, and a dog, named Scot. I have two sisters and two brothers. I go to school every day, and I read in the fifth book. I study four books. Lake Ainslie is close to the school and we have great fun skating in the winter. The railway station is right beside the school. We can see the trains passing all day by looking out of the school house window. My birthday is on June 24, and I am twelve years old.

A. M. McK.

North River, P. E. I.

Dear Editor,—I am a little girl thirteen years old. I have two pets: a cat, named Harry, and a dog, named Sis. Santa Claus brought me a lovely doll last Xmas. I call her Lena, after my best friend. My little cousin, Kathleen, often comes over to play dolls with me. We have a great time. I have six big dolls and two little ones. One goes to sleep and another says papa and mama when you pull a string. I wonder if any other little girl has the same birthday as I. It is on March 18.

HELEN IOLA W.

prize.' There are three prizes, a pistol, a story of three Devils, and a whiskey cocktail.

One of the Cincinnati teachers felt impressed to relate the story to a class of fifty-five boys. The eager eyes, the distressed looks will not be forgotten. Then they opened their hearts to her how men in Cincinnati 'play pool,' and the winner receives brass checks for drinks, and gives them to the boys at the baseball ground on Sunday. 'Can I get some of them?' said she. 'Yes'm.' 'Well, bring me some.' During the rest of the week in the press of school duties, the matter was forgotten by the busy teacher, but not by the boys.

When school was called on Monday morning, the first question was, 'Will you take the checks now, Miss R?' and, immediately four brass checks were handed to her, each bearing the name of the saloonkeeper and five cents.

This is the way the men push the saloon business. A man who is mean enough to sell rum, is, as a rule, mean enough to do almost anything.—W. L. Hastings.

## Correspondence

Oakville, Ont.

Dear Editor,—I have just taken the 'Northern Messenger,' one year, but, would not do without it. I got the 'Bagster Bible' that you sent me on Christmas Eve. I am much pleased with it. I count it one of my Christmas presents. I thank you very much for it. I close wishing you and all the readers of the 'Northern Messenger,' a Happy and Prosperous New Year.

SARAH A. BOOCOCK.

[Each of our little readers can have a Bagster's Bible same as our little friend acknowledges by sending four subscriptions for 'Northern Messenger' at thirty cents each.—Editor.]

Sinclair Station, Man.

Dear Editor,—I go to school. I am in the third book. I have four brothers and two sisters. I am nine years old. I have taken the 'Messenger' for a year, and find that I can hardly do without it.

D. J. M.

Uxbridge, Ont.

Dear Editor,—I have a dog, named Jack, and though he is a bull terrier he is very gentle. When I am not feeling well and am lying on the sofa he does not like to come near me at all. I go to Sunday-school and day school. I am ten years old.

ALMA.