

run off with it, like a selfish animal that has discovered something good to eat. The sum of your own happiness is divisible. You are yourself a product and a survival out of a mob of ancestors; and the question now is, what will you dispense to this contemporary throng?

The strong and admirable natures have never made the mistake of looking down upon their fellows. They have not despised nor condescended. They have confessed themselves not weary and disgusted with the evil that lives on earth among men, but touched and quickened by the perennial virtue that does not die with the virtuous. The poets and the philosophers that have shaken our dispositions are they who have read deeply into the true nature of a man and have seen as in a book the authentic legend of his career and character. "To love is to understand."

The deeper one looks the better opinion one entertains of those who are poor and still brave, are tempted and still firm, are pestered and badgered with mishap and still can laugh. Do not look in the stately pleasure parks of those who can pay any price for anything if you would find the bubbling spring of happiness, but seek for it in the dooryard of some humble rural homestead where contentment dwells because love abides.

The crowd is not truly seen when it is seen in a mass: it is made of people built like you and me. To our finite understanding it is a moving miracle of numbers: it is hard for us to conceive that these thousands upon thousands have nearly all some sheltered place where they rest at night, a table somewhere spread, a circle of friends with whom they clasp hands frequently or walk, linking arm in arm.

Traverse our streets on summer evenings, and on piazza after piazza, or on one flight of white steps after another it is the same—a group of people with their own family jokes, their own intimacies or sorrow, house after house, all through the city. They have come out to take the cool of the evening air, and in the exchange of pleasantries with the neighbors or acquaintances who pass there is the blessing of a friendliness which must in time spread over the world, with other gracious dispensations to make it impossible to go to war.

The Ingle Nook.

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Dull Day Work For Children.

The other day I was in a house where the children, two little girls, were very busily and happily engaged in making furniture for their doll's house, quite the most cunning little chairs and tables, an umbrella rack, and so forth. "They've been at them for over two hours," said their mother, "I'm always so glad when they find something to keep them quiet and in good humor on rainy days."

I began to examine the various articles, and the children were only too delighted to explain all about them:

"They're just made of tooth-picks and beeswax—see!—with paste-board for the seats of the chairs and tops of the tables. We found out how to make them in a magazine. You could use shoemaker's wax, if you liked, or plasticine or stiff dough, or putty, or the salt paste like what you make salt beads with. We used our water-colors to paint the pasteboard." —they were very breathlessly anxious to tell everything all at once, and the words tumbled out almost on top of one another.

"Splendid!" I exclaimed, "and not long ago I saw some lovely little arm-chairs made with big goose-feathers and pins. The pieces of feathers had been cut three-cornered to make the bottom and back, with the feathery portion to the centre and the hard quill forming the four outside edges; then the legs were made of bare quills."

They thought they would have to try some.

"And did you ever see raffia things?" —they asked, "Sterling G—just makes them lovely! Little baskets, and purses, and picture-frames, and jardinières for flower-pots, and"—evidently there was no end to Sterling G—'s accomplishments.

Afterwards I thought how very much better it is to give children (except, of course, the babies) things that will exercise their inventiveness, than "just toys" to be looked at, played with for a little, then broken up or discarded as uninteresting. Children love to make things, and have a greater affection for any sort of thing that they make themselves than for the finest brought in, all complete, from the toy-shop. The proudest little lad I have seen this fall was one who had made "a wagon that would run" from a piece of shingle, two empty spools cut in two, and some bits of cedar. Besides, a child cannot make even the crudest article for himself without gaining more deftness of hand, and —mark this—securing a certain degree of mental development as well. This, you know, is the real principle involved in the Manual Training department in the schools. Manual Training does not mean simply "making things;" it means also a definite training in brain-power, for it has been discovered that no work of the hand can be done, carefully and well, without a corresponding development in the mental area.

There are so very many ways, too, in which children can be encouraged, to this work-play. Buy some doll's patterns for the little girls, give them a pair of blunt-topped scissors, needle, thread and "patches," and just a little of your time for instruction, and see how happy they will be. And

scheme is now afoot to encourage in Canada the manufacture of toys, hitherto confined, to a great extent, to Europe. It is thought that this and other manufactures will help to give work to soldiers who may return too much disabled to do heavy work. All this is very good, but it is hoped that the inventiveness of the workers will be largely devoted to the making of toys that really interest and occupy the attention of children, leading them to exercise their own inventiveness and imagination. Dolls, of course, are always loved by little girls, and supply abundant opportunities for dress-making. All the things useful in "playing house" also come in the category,—puzzle pictures, materials for building houses and bridges—anything and everything that will inspire the wish to construct.

After all, the human mind never gets over the wish to create, to express itself. How dear to us is the garden we make with our own hands, the house we plan or even help to build, the pretty rag rugs and cushions we design, the plan of any kind that we conceive and foster and bring to completion. The consciousness of this need in ourselves should lead us to appreciate the children's viewpoint. After all we are "but children of a larger growth."

Do you know fall crocuses? They are just the loveliest things. When "out to tea" last night (October 3rd) I saw a perfectly beautiful bouquet of white clematis blossoms (paniculata) and some of the mauve crocuses. The vase in which they were placed was mauve too, and chanced to be very much the shape of a crocus, bulging out towards the top and then recurving at the edge. You can imagine how beautiful the effect was. The fall



Troops from Annam, in Indo-China, who are helping the French in Greece. International Film Service.

as soon as they are old enough teach them to bake and cook easy things, seeing to it that hands are scrupulously clean and a dust cap on before the experiment begins; the lessons will be invaluable, to you as well as to the child, later on.

Then there are scrap-books to be made; pictures to be framed in various ways for the play-house; empty eggshells to be decorated with water colors and strung on strings or used as small flower-pots in which to start seeds and "see how they grow;" pictures to be drawn and painted with water-colors; little paste-board baskets for the play house, covered with glued on "buds" from the woods;—can't you think of a hundred things?

Try some of them on the first rainy day or cold Saturday—and don't mind the "muss." Have the children tidy everything away and sweep up just as soon as they are through, and so give them another lesson.

Dr. Montessori, that wonderful educationist, says that children's play is all work anyhow—they are always serious over it—and so her system, a development of kindergarten methods, is to make play of work, and the children are led on naturally and happily —just as you may lead them!

A far-reaching and commendable

Chinese lilies, of course do not need this long rooting-time) and so brighten the late winter months with bloom.—And don't forget some pots of parsley for the kitchen window.

JUNIA.

Waste of Meat in the Home.

A bulletin on the above subject has been issued recently by the Home Economics Department of Cornell University. The conclusions were based on experiment and inquiry and may be found very suggestive to many people who have hitherto given very little thought to the subject.

It is pointed out that, unless fuel has to be considered, it pays to buy the tough cuts, which only require long and slow cooking, after being first seared on the outside to make them retain the juices. After choice is made there are still several ways in which waste may occur. (1) In not making use of all the trimmings or bringing them from the market. (2) In failing to make use of fats that could be used for frying, shortening or soap-making. (3) In throwing away bones that could be used for soup. (4) In not using the left-overs. (5) In failing to use bones and scraps for chicken feed.

Canning Meat.

It is very handy to have canned meat on hand, and, if care is taken, the canning may be done quite successfully at home.

Method 1.—Cut the meat in pieces that will go into the jars easily, using wide-mouth glass jars with clamp tops. Sterilize the jars and pack the meat in solidly to within ¼ inch from the top. Sprinkle over the top ½ teaspoon salt for each pint of meat. Onion, pepper or other seasonings may be added if liked. Put on the jar a new rubber ring of best quality; place the cover on top but do not fasten down tight. Put the jars on a rack in the boiler in which there is warm water that reaches to one inch from tops of jars. Bring to a boil and cook from 4 to 5 hours. When done fasten the clamp down. Keep in a cool dark place. No water is used in the jars. Simply fill to overflowing from another jar.

Method 2.—Brown the meat in hot fat, then steam or simmer it until it will tear apart easily. Pack into jars, fill the spaces with hot soup stock nicely seasoned. Cook 3 hours as above.

Canned Chicken.

Chicken may be canned by either of the above methods.

Chicken Soup or Stock Canned.—Cover all bones and trimmings of the chickens with cold water, salted, and simmer slowly until the bones may be removed clean. Add onion and pepper, or any seasoning liked. Strain the stock, reheat to boiling, pour into hot sterilized jars, and cook as above in a boiler for one hour on each of 2 successive days.

Canned Chicken for Serving.—Take 1 pint chicken stock, or 1 cup stock and 1 cup thin cream; ¼ cup flour; 1 pint canned chicken; salt and pepper; onion juice, celery salt, or celery leaves. Reserve ¼ cup stock. Add the seasoning to the remaining stock and heat to boiling point. Blend the ¼ cup stock with the flour and with it thicken the hot stock. Boil for 5 minutes. Add the canned chicken and leave until hot but do not boil or it will be tough. Serve on toast, or on hot buttered biscuits, or with curried rice.

Creamed Canned Chicken.—Take 1 pint chicken stock, 2 cups white sauce, dash of celery salt. Warm the chicken in the sauce, season, and serve on buttered toast or hot biscuits, with a border of hot rice, or with mashed potatoes over the top, brushed with milk and browned in the oven. Mushrooms may always be added to creamed chicken, also chopped cooked celery or oysters.

White Sauce for Chicken.—Take 1 cup chicken sauce, 1 cup thin cream, ½ cup flour, ¼ cup butter, pepper and salt. Put the butter in a saucepan; when it bubbles add the flour mixed with the seasoning and stir until blended. Add the stock and cream and stir until cooked—about 2 minutes. If the