

"Self-reverence, self-knowledge, self-control—these three alone lead life to sovereign power"

NO OCCUPATION

He rose before daylight made crimson
the east
For duties that never diminished,
And never the sun when he sank in the
west
Looked down upon work that was
finished.

She cooked an unending procession of
meals,
Preserving and canning and baking,
She swept and she dusted, she washed
and she scrubbed
With never a rest from it taking.

A family of children she brought in the
world
And raised them and trained them
and taught them,
She made all the clothes, and patched,
mended and darned
Till miracles seemed to have wrought
them.

She watched by the bedside of sickness
and pain,
Her hand cooled the raging of fever,
She carpentered, painted, upholstered
and scraped,
And worked just as hard as a beaver.

And yet as a lady of leisure, it seems,
The government looks on her station;
For now by the rules of the census report
It enters her: "No occupation."
—McLAMBURGH WILSON, in *New
York Sun*.

A GREETING FROM CHRYSANTHEMUM

Dear Dame Durden:—I hope I shall
not be too late to have this letter ap-
pear in June. The weather has been
so nice, only for the very high winds.
My chrysanthemum died after all my
trouble. I think a worm got into the
root.

Could someone please tell me how
to make rhubarb jelly? I will try to
come again before long.

CHRYSANTHEMUM.
(Perhaps some of our members who
have been successful in growing your
favorite flower will be able to give you
some advice about it. Will put rhubarb
recipes in next issue.—D.D.)

"Standing with reluctant feet,
Where the brook and river meet,
Womanhood and childhood fleet!"

A GIRL THAT CAN BAKE BREAD

Dear Dame Durden:—I am afraid
I am tardy to-day, and I did so want
to be there in time to answer to my
name with the other girls. It was a
good monitor that made you think of
giving us a day to ourselves. Just the
young girls alone ought to make a good
day, because they haven't the cares
of families and the worry mothers have.
I wonder if it will be all right if I
tell how I make bread? It's a good
thing to know, don't you think?

First of all, I make a good yeast with
potatoes (using the water they were
boiled in when I can) by adding a dis-
solved yeast cake and about three
tablespoonsful of sugar to about a quart
of the other mixture, mashed potatoes
and water. This I let stand all day
or over night, as the case may be, and
by then it is lovely if I keep it just at
the right temperature.

Another start is made by putting a
pint of lukewarm water in a vessel and
adding enough flour to make it spongy.
To this must be added a teacup of yeast
or a dissolved yeast cake and about the
same amount of sugar as with yeast.
This I let stand over night or seven or
eight hours in the day time in a warm
but by no means hot place. When it
rises to about double the amount it is
ready for use.

I mix very large batches of bread,
but we are such breadeaters. If I use
sponge, I use it all, but if I use yeast I
use a little over a pint at a mixing.
The yeast seems stronger than the
sponge but I have good bread with
either. To the quantity of yeast or
sponge mentioned above, I use a little
more than three pints of lukewarm
water or milk and six quarts of warm
well sifted flour, a handful of salt and
mix thoroughly. I have a regular bread

mixer so I get the big, strong men or
boys to turn it for me when I can. If
this is too dry add a very little more
warm water, and if too wet, just enough
flour to make it desirable to handle
without flow when moulding, and set
over night to rise. When it is up well
I turn it down again and in a few min-
utes I put it on the breadboard and
cut into the desired sized loaves, using
no flour to handle. Then I set the
loaves to come up again for about
twenty to thirty minutes in a warm
place. Then I bake if for a little over
an hour in a hot oven, spreading a little
butter or cream over the tops of the
loaves before baking. The result is
beautiful white bread with golden tops.
It doesn't last long, so I know they like
it. I handle the dough the least I can.
Well, I must close, hoping the ex-
perienced mothers won't make me feel
too uncomfortable, for I just turned
seventeen last month.

A PRAIRIE MAIDEN.

(I think you are fine and brave to
undertake such heavy responsibilities

women writers and all Canadians ex-
cept George Eliot, and I think it does
girls good and makes them more ready
for the full citizenship they are going
to have before many years, to know
what the women of our own land can do.
I'm apt to forget space when I start
talking about books and this reply has
spun out to greater length than your
letter.—D.D.)

"She was good as she was fair.
None—none on earth above her!
As pure in thought as angels are;
To know her was to love her."

AN AUTO TRIP

Dear Dame Durden:—I noticed in
the April 27th number that you were
asking all your girl members to write,
so as I am writing letters to-day, I will
drop you a few lines. I was very much
pleased to see my first letter in print.
I have also gained some nice cor-
respondents through your much-valued
paper, but have not yet received the
poem, "The Silver Cross." Would Dame



ON THE SHORES OF DAUPHIN LAKE

and do it cheerfully. Plenty of girls
would do as you have done but would
make the sacrifice complainingly and
grudgingly. But a good mother is
worth a lot of cheerful giving up, isn't
she? There were very few mistakes to
be corrected in your letter. Come when-
ever you can.—D.D.)

"To thine ownself be true,
And it must follow as the night the day
Thou canst not then be false to any
man."

A BOOK LOVER

Dear Dame Durden:—I see that you
are inviting all the young girls to have
a reunion, so I will try and answer the
roll-call, although I hope the older mem-
bers will not feel offended, as I do like
to read their good, helpful letters.

I suppose most of you have your gar-
dens in. We have most of ours in;
some of it is up, but it is pretty cold
for it to do very well.

I have read a great many books. I
do enjoy reading good books. I would
like to read the rest of the Elsie books.
They are such good ones. The Pansy
Series are fine too. Don't you think
so? I would like to see more of the
older members writing, too, but I sup-
pose they are all busy nowadays.

A WESTERN MAIDEN.
(You will weary of the Elsie and
Pansy books as you grow a little older.
Try, for a change of mental diet, "Sow-
ing Seeds in Danny" and "The Second
Chance," by Nellie L. McLung, "Car-
michael," by Anson North, "Anne of
Green Gables," Anne of Avonlea" and
"Kilmeny of the Orchard," by L. M.
Montgomery, and the books on Western
Canada, by Agnes Laut and Agnes
Deans Cameron. Try some of George
Eliot's books, too. These are all

Durden please be kind enough to send
me a copy? I would be very thankful.

Last week we took a trip up West
in our auto and we had a splendid time.
We went as far as Tilston, passing Find-
lay, Pipestone and Reston.

I do not think I mentioned in my
last letter that my father keeps a large
herd of Shetland ponies. We already
have six little colts, and they are the
cutest things imaginable.

I will close with best wishes to the
Ingle Nook. I am

QUEEN MAB.

(Am sending The Silver Cross, for
which you sent stamped envelope and
hope it will reach you safely.—D.D.)

"She knows it not: O, if she knew it,
To know her beauty might half undo
it."

TWO DISCOURAGING YEARS

Dear Dame Durden:—This is my
first letter to your charmed Nook. I
have had quite a few good hints from
the corner, and to read the letters is
the first thing I do as soon as I receive
the paper. I read Octavia Allen's
letter about dress. No doubt Mrs.
Allen's friend has little or nothing to
do but keep dressed up in white or else
she has servants to do the washing.
For my part, in the morning I wear a
flannelette waist with an old black
skirt; while in the afternoon I wear
a white waist. I think it saves labor,
and the other folks of the family can
stand seeing you like that, because they
know of the dirty work you have to do.

I am beginning to get used to farming
now, though I detested it at first, and
no wonder, for when we came West we
brought a good-sized fortune and lost
it all by staking our money on a farm.
We had the first year's crop frozen and

the second hailed out and expenses ex-
tremely high. We had a crop last year
and it encouraged us to stay a while
longer.

We came from Essex county, On-
tario. Are there any of the members
from there? The prairie seemed a
bit devastated after living in such a
beautiful place.

LENORA.

(I only know of one member who came
from Essex county, and as she hasn't
written for some time perhaps your en-
quiry will set her to thinking about us.
I taught in Essex county for three
years myself, and keep very pleasant
and friendly recollections of those
years. I was in a little village on the
M. C. R. called Ruscom. Do you
know it at all? You would miss the
orchards and the woods. Come again,
and bring your friend along next time.
—D. D.)

"And Enid brought sweet cakes to make
them cheer,
And then, because their hall must also
serve
For kitchen, boil'd the flesh, and spread
the board,
And stood behind and waited on the
three.
And seeing her so sweet and service-
able,
Geraint had longing in him evermore
To stoop and kiss the tender little
thumb,
That crost the trencher as she laid it
down."

WHAT WILL TAKE OUT BUTTER COLOR?

Dear Dame Durden:—As I have been
a silent reader of the Ingle Nook for
nearly two years and enjoy it fine, I
now come for help. Could Dame Dur-
den or any of the members of the Nook
tell me how to remove butter color from
white linen?

How many of the Nookers have their
gardens all in? I have mine nearly all
in, except some of the real tender ones
such as the vines. Gardening isn't
a very pleasant work this spring, as it
is such windy weather. The dust flies
so.

I have learned a lot on turkey-raising
in the Nook the last few weeks. This
is my first year with turkeys. I think
I had better draw to a close as my
letter is getting long. I am sending a
recipe for dressing lettuce, thinking per-
haps someone would like it: One-third
cup vinegar, two-thirds cup water, one-
half cup sugar, one and one-half tea-
spoons mustard. Boil together; take
off and let cool, then beat up two eggs
and add when cold. Stir over fire till
it thickens and when cold add sweet
cream to desired thickness.

A FARMER'S DAUGHTER.

"Fair was she to behold, that maiden of
seventeen summers.

Black were her eyes as the berry that
grows on the thorn by the way-
side.

Black, yet how softly they gleamed
beneath the brown shade of her
tresses.

Sweet was her breath as the breath of
kine when they feed in the
meadows."

INTERESTED IN EVERYTHING

Dear Dame Durden:—I'm sure, Dame
Durden, that you will not mind if my
letter isn't very lengthy this time. I
think I may excuse myself on the plea
of having written you a pretty fair-
sized letter the last time, and you know
I believe girls can run out of chat once
in a while, too. I have no fear that
our page this week will lack any chat,
for once a lot of girls get together they
can chat pretty freely on anything that
interests them.

Dame Durden, I don't know on which
subject I could write I'm sure. I'm
interested in so many things, that I
couldn't write on all of them to-day,
so will leave that to the rest of our girls
to discuss their hobbies. Really I
think we girls have so many hobbies that
it will be quite interesting to-day to
read our page. We have a lot of girl
members, too, and I'm sure we all find
the Ingle Nook very helpful.

This is such a lovely bright morning,