

three feet long, and about two feet high. When I was taking them out of the nest, the old hawks kept sailing around the tree and lighting in it. I feared they would light on me, but they did not. I managed to get the young hawks in the box. They were white on the breast and a dark gray on their backs and wings. I fed them everything I could get, such as mice, sparrows, etc., and they ate it, but one died. At last I could not get enough to feed them, so I put them in a row on the wire fence and papa shot them. As my letter is getting too long now, I will close, hoping to see this in print. I am thirteen years old, and tried the Entrance this summer.

ETHELBERT RIVIE,

Kingsville, Ont.

Can you tell, Ethelbert, which of the hawks are harmful and which are not? This will be something for you to find out. You know most of these birds do more good than harm.

Dear Beavers,—I am just going to send some riddles:

What has hands and can't feel? Ans.—A clock.

What has eyes and can't see? Ans.—A potato.

What has ears and can't hear? Ans.—Corn.

Father, mother, sister, brother, run all day and can't catch one another? Ans.—Wagon wheels.

What is it you can put down a chimney down, and you can't put up a chimney up? Ans.—An umbrella.

What goes up when rain comes down? Ans.—An umbrella.

NORMA ANDERSON (Sr. III. Class),
Glanworth, Ont.

Dear Puck and Beavers,—Here goes a little letter that I have been thinking of writing for a long time. I notice in most of the letters they tell of their pets. Now, wait till I tell you of my pets. First of all I have the dearest and prettiest pony in the world. I will send her picture, and then you can see for yourselves how pretty she is. Her name is Queenie. She is a bay, with a white patch on her back. Our little Queenie will not eat bananas, and when we give her anything she always kisses us or shakes hands with us.

I have a little dog named Tim. He is a little black dog. He will follow me, and I can carry him around, and I have lots of fun with him.

Well, I think this is long enough letter for the first time.

MARJORIE LOWTHIAN
(Sr. III., age 9).

The Ingle Nook.

[Rules for correspondents 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 If pen-name is also given, the real name will not be published.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.]

Handicraft Rugs.

"I think one can carry notions too far," said a girl to me the other day in speaking of a mutual friend now in California, the wife of an architect; "They are building a new house, in Los Angeles, and they say it is going to be very artistic, but she isn't going to have a bit of carpet in it except rag carpet. I think that's crazy, don't you?"

"Oh, an arts-and-crafts house!" I said, for I had heard and seen a little of the arts-and-crafts houses now becoming so popular for summer and suburban residences and country houses in some parts of Canada and the United States.

"I don't know,—likely," returned she, indefinitely.

"Then it will not be the old-fashioned, ordinary carpet," I went on, "but the new, pretty arts-and-crafts rugs."

"Oh!—" somewhat enlightened, "I thought of just the old striped or hit-or-miss kind."

On coming back to the office, almost the first thing I picked up was an article on "A Rug-making Community" in Maine. Needless to say, I read it with a sharp interest,—because of the "mutual friend."

The community referred to is in Center

Lovell, a "more than prosperous village" surrounded by hills over which flocks of sheep roam at will. Among the people of the village itself and the farms about, there is, it is said, "a weaving tradition" to the third and fourth generation, and many of the old looms are still in the homes, although, in later days, since the putting in rugs has grown to an industry, some machinery has been installed also.

Nearly ten years ago, a Mrs. Volk, whose summer home is there, determined to turn the weaving propensities of the people to more artistic uses, and gradually she worked out what is now known

may not be amiss. He was not at all fond of aniline dyes, considering them crude, and sure to fade to any degree of ugliness. "Anyone wanting to produce dyed textures with any artistic quality in them, must," he says, "entirely forego the modern and commercial methods in favor of those which are at least as old as Pliny,"—and then he goes on to give a few hints.

"Now, in order to dye textiles, we need four colors to start with,—to wit, blue, red, yellow and brown; green, purple, black, and all intermediate shades can be made from a mixture of these colors.

"Blue is given us by indigo and woad.

mixed with weld gives us orange, and with 'saddening' all imaginable shades between yellow and red, including the ambers, maize color, etc."

The great man—for Morris was a great man, poet, artist, originator,—then goes on to some discussion of the necessity of frequent dippings to deepen the intensity of some colors, and of the use of mordants, or fixers, familiar to everyone who has done much home-dyeing, at any time not an easy piece of work.

"As to the artistic value of these dye-stuffs," he concludes, "I must tell you that they can be modified and toned without dirtying, as the foul blotches of the capitalist dyer cannot be. Like all dyes, they are not eternal; the sun in lighting and beautifying them consumes them; yet gradually, and for the most part, kindly, these colors in fading still remain beautiful, and never, even after long wear, pass into nothingness, through that stage of livid ugliness which distinguishes the commercial dyes as nuisances, even more than their short, and by no means merry, life."

This is not an attempt to urge anyone into trying handicrafts things. Some people can never like them. Personally, I do. I admired very much the specimens of rugs, portieres, table-covers, etc., made by the French-Canadian habitants, and exposed for sale at the "Little Shop" down in old Quebec, also, in smaller quantity, at the Toronto and London Exhibitions.

Neither does it purport to be an exhaustive treatise on dyeing. The reference to the new Lovell venture is simply thrown out as a suggestion which may be taken up by someone in Canada already versed in the subject, for home adornment, or as a means of making pin-money where the neighborhood may happen to be appreciative.

Some day I intend to go out into Quebec Province and watch the habitant women at work, just to see, at first hand, how they make those pretty portieres and bed-spreads and rugs,—old blue, old rose, and olive green, sometimes with the tufted "Egyptian" borders; then I shall be able to tell you something a little more definite about it all.

In the meantime, I do not see why any woman who knows how to weave—for there are many still in the Provinces—and with artistic tastes, should not work up a nice little business by just trying rag-rug weaving in soft, quiet, artistic colorings.

D. D.

Autumn Cookery.

Baked Apple Jelly.—Fill a two-quart granite dish with alternate layers of sliced tart apples and sugar. Bake slowly for three hours, closely covered. This is delicious, and should turn out in a solid pink jelly. This dish will cook splendidly in the fireless cooker.

Pearl Barley.—Cook for four hours in a fireless cooker the day before you wish to use pudding, 1 cup of pearl barley with 1 quart water and $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon salt. In the morning, add 1 cup boiling water, stir thoroughly, reheat, and serve with good cream and sugar.

Cherry Blanc-mange.—Two cups canned cherries; add $\frac{1}{2}$ cup cold water and heat. Sweeten to taste, and add a teaspoon of butter and one tablespoon cornstarch blended with 2 $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoons cold water. Stir from 5 to 8 minutes until the cornstarch is thoroughly cooked. Pour into a mould to cool. Eat with cream.

Corn Beef Salad.—Boil the beef the day before. Put it in cold water enough to cover it, and cook very gently (it must simmer, but not boil) until quite tender. Take out the bones, place the meat in a dish, cover, and put on a weight to press the meat down. Next day cut as much of the meat as you require into very small bits, put in little heaps on lettuce leaves on individual plates, and put a little cream dressing over.

Cream Dressing.—Two eggs, 3 table-spoons vinegar, 1 of rich cream, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon salt, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon mustard, dash of cayenne. Beat eggs well, add the salt and mustard, then the vinegar and cream. Set all in a dish in boiling water, and stir until as thick as rich cream. Cool before putting on the meat.

Sweet Pickled Apples.—Make a syrup of 1 cup vinegar and 2 of sugar. Add a few small pieces of whole cinnamon and some cloves. Pare and core sweet apples; drop them in the syrup, and cook

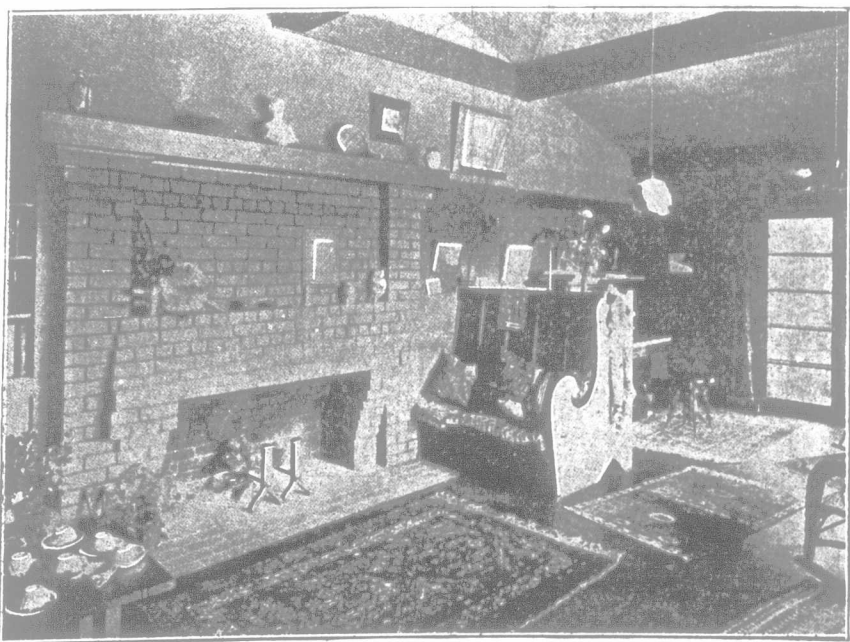


Habitant Woman Spinning.

as the Sebastos rug, with a knotted wool background, and a border design (the center being plain), taken from certain Indian pottery. The coloring is of rich indigo blue and green, vegetable dyes only being used for the different hues.

It will be seen, then, that the Sebastos rug is a wool rug, not a rag one, yet, in other places, and in private homes possessed of looms, rag rugs, equally effective, are being made along similar lines—fast vegetable dyes, simple, effective patterns; but in coloring to suit any color-scheme that may be desired. There is no rag-rug making community, at least to my knowledge, the work is wholly

Red is yielded by the insect dyes, Kermes, lac-dye and cochineal, and by the vegetable dye, madder. Yellow dyes are chiefly given us by wild, quercitron bark, and old fustic, an American dye-wood. But yellow dyes are the commonest to be met with in nature, and our fields and hedgerows bear plenty of "greening-weeds," as our forefathers called them, since they used them chiefly for greening blue woollen cloth. . . . Brown is best got from the roots of the walnut tree, or in their default, from the green husks of the nuts."—Morris knew nothing of the butternut, you see, or probably he would have mentioned it.



The kind of room in which rag rugs look well.

private, and yet there is no knowing when or where it may not develop into an organized industry.

Of course, the rugs must be evenly and beautifully woven, but above all things the coloring must be artistic, in soft olives, tans, grays, buffs, delft or Copenhagen blues, etc., or in artistic mixtures of these, whether "hit-or-miss" or as borders.

The matter of dyeing is, indeed, so important, that a few words from William Morris, who did so much for handicrafts,

"Green is obtained by dyeing a blue of the required shade in the indigo-vat, and then greening it with a good yellow dye, adding what else may be necessary (e. g., madder) to modify the color according to taste. . . . Black is best made by dyeing dark blue wool with brown. All intermediate shades can be got by the blending of these prime colors, or by using weak baths of them. For instance, all shades of flesh color can be got by means of weak baths of madder and walnut; saddening madder, or cochineal