



The Housewife's Corner



What Farmers' Wives Want.

The farm women of the country, in response to inquiries from the United States Department of Agriculture, have been telling of the needs of housewives in rural sections.

They represent the average farmhouse as a model of inconvenience, and the housewife's facilities for efficient work as inadequate, clumsy and nerve-racking.

They pronounce many of the men indifferent as to how hard the women may have to work, what they must be deprived of, or as to any share they should have in farm finances.

They say that women must carry in wood, carry out garbage, pump water from outdoor wells and cisterns, work in poorly-lighted rooms, waste hours in cleaning and filling old lanterns and lamps that even then give no light, fight the fly pest in unscreened porches, put up with a thousand unnecessary hardships, and take millions of needless steps every year, all because men don't care so long as they get their food regularly and their own comfort is provided for.

One woman says she has to do the churning by hand, while her husband drives to town after a pound of nails or a pouch of tobacco.

Another says her greatest work is carrying wood and cobs to the kitchen range and removing the ashes.

Another says the main entrance to her house is the kitchen door, through which everyone enters, letting in flies, tramping in dirt, and that in her kitchen all the men wash their dirty hands and comb their hair, sometimes within three or four feet of the stove or table where the food is.

Another says her house is infested with mice and rats, that none of the rooms are decorated, and most of the floors are without carpets, rugs or matting; that there is no drain from the sink, no indoor sanitary closet or conveniences, no bathroom or hot-water heater.

Most women want pretty homes, or at least convenient ones, not just boxes with a few partitions and ill-advised arrangements.

They want blooming shrubbery in yards, good fruit in their orchards, and gardens that yield something for the table. They want their lawns mowed and flower beds spaded. They do not want the chickens, dogs, horses and cows around the doorway.

One woman affirms that her men have all the modern farm implements and machinery they require, while she has not an oil stove, a washing machine, a gasoline iron, a bread mixer or other such utensils about the house. She says her men are not unselfish or penurious, but they do not stop to think.

There is complaint of lack of walks about the house, absence of poultry fences, destitution as to handy helps, like vacuum cleaners, dumb waiters and kitchen articles.

Poor water supplies are the drawbacks in many cases. One protests in this way: "Why, here is dinner all ready; the men are coming now; baby is crying; the kettle has gone dry; no water in the bucket. She has to let the baby howl, run to the creek or pump; if such is in order; come in all heated up; hustle around; make things appear pleasant; so these men can enjoy their meal. Now, can this woman get any benefit from her dinner?"

There is no bound to the expression of want, but the burden of it is that country women want at least some of the comforts, conveniences and consideration shown to their sisters in city homes.—Selected.

Famous Old Desserts.

In days gone by the mistress of the house did not trust to her cook and maids to prepare dainties and special dishes intended for the honored guest. With her own hands, waited on by cook and maids, she made puff paste, fine poundcakes, custards, jellies and fancy trifles.

Sugar must be sifted, sometimes rolled or crushed fine, spices ground and fresh butter made, but the delicacies that were the result would today gratify our best caterers.

Some delicacies which have been handed down from one generation to another:

Peach Potpie.—Line the side of a deep dish with a paste made in proportion of one-half pound of butter or lard to a pound of flour. Then pare and slice in some peaches and sugar them to taste. The canned fruit will make a fair substitute at this season. Fill with cup of water, cover with top crust; leave opening in centre to permit steam to escape while baking in moderately hot oven. When cold serve with whipped cream.

Quince Pie.—Quinces are prepared in the same way as for quince marmalade. Make the paste and line the pie plates. Fill them with the marmalade, cover with lid of paste and bake. Quince pies made in this way with the canned variety are excellent during the winter when fruits are scarce.

Plum Pie.—Cut your plums in two

and take out the stones. Make paste; line your pie plates and put in layer of fruit cake and one of sugar in the proportion of three-quarters of a pound of sugar to one pound of fruit. Roll out some paste, cover the pies and bake in moderate oven. Leave an opening in the centre of the lid to allow the steam to escape while baking.

Guernsey Pudding.—Half-pound of best suet, one pound of flour, half-pound of dried currants, half-pound of stoned raisins, two eggs. Nutmeg and cinnamon to taste and half a saltspoon of salt. Shred the suet, chop it fine and rub it through the flour. Wash, pick and dry the currants; seed the raisins and mix the currants and raisins together and dredge over them as much flour as will adhere to them. Beat the eggs until they are very thick and light and add enough milk to form a batter. Stir in the eggs, then the spices and salt and lastly the fruit. Dip your pudding bag into cold water, turn it inside out and flour it well. Then turn it back again and pour in the batter; tie the mouth of the bag with a strong string, but take care to leave space enough for the pudding to swell. Have ready a pot of boiling water; with a plate in the bottom to prevent the pudding from touching the bottom of the pot, put in the pudding and let it boil for two hours and a half. Keep a kettle of boiling water to fill up the pot as may be required. When the pudding is done, take it out of the pot, dip it for an instant in cold water, untie the bag and turn it out on dish. Serve with a sweet sauce.

Uniting the Family.

How many households have a family hour—a definite time in the week when all the members of the family gather in perfect serenity for an interval of genuine communion? Although civilization brings many advantages in its train, it has the great fault of tending to disrupt family intercourse. Each member has too many individual activities. Fathers have their business; sons, their business or education; mothers, their domestic duties or social occupations; daughters, their business, their education, or their social life.

All these things are right—and worthy in themselves, but they do not tend to weld the family. If members of a family will make it a rule to devote themselves for one hour in the week wholly to one another, the spirit of family life will be quickened and strengthened. Often the members of a family pursue parallel courses that do not intersect. It is mere platitude to point out that great events—travel, marriage, death, and the like—must inevitably cause disintegration. But so long as the family is together under one roof, the spirit of union and common interests should be fostered.

Useful Hints.

Run a thread around the hole in the stocking before you darn it. Insects dislike both salt and alum.

Always boil new ironware before using it.

Don't put simple milk puddings in a very hot oven or the milk will curdle.

Turquoise ornaments should never be wet, but cleaned with a dry chamois.

Unless a turkey is very young it should be steamed for an hour before roasting.

Mix mustard with vinegar instead of water and it will remain fresh twice as long.

When chestnuts are in season they are a delicious addition (boiled) to a simple salad.

Pour olive oil into the bottle if you open a large bottle of olives. It will preserve the flavor.

When boiling vegetables never let them stop boiling until they are done, or they will be soggy and heavy.

Silver that is in daily use can be kept bright if it is left for several hours in very hot, strong borax water once a week.

Put a good big piece of charcoal in the dish in which bulbs are planted; it will keep the water from turning sour.

Water window plants through a funnel, holding the small end close to the soil and you will have no spattered wallpaper.

A teaspoonful of powdered borax added to the water in which clothes are rinsed will be found to whiten them considerably.

There is poor economy in buying cheap blankets; and all-wool blanket not only outwears the cheaper one, but is much warmer.

If a boot or shoe pinches, damp a sponge with very hot water and hold over the part that hurts. The leather will expand and so afford relief.

Paraffin oil is excellent for waterproofing kitchen floors. Apply it cold, with a soft rag, and it will dry instantly.

When you get anything in your eye, do not rub it, but, if possible, plunge the eye into water, winking when the eye is full. The speck will probably float out.



Canadian Forestry Association, Ottawa

The Visitor: "What crime brought you here?"
The Man in Stripes: "I burned down a fifty-dollar shed."
The Visitor: "Great Scott! We settlers burned down a million dollars worth of Ontario's forests last summer and nobody said 'Boo!'"

(Newspaper note: "Eighty-five out of every hundred forest fires in Ontario during 1915 were caused by careless settlers. Unlike British Columbia and Quebec, settlers in this province have no supervision of their clearing fires during the danger season.")

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL

INTERNATIONAL LESSON. FEBRUARY 13.

Lesson VII.—Humbled and Exalted.
Phil. 2. 1-11. Golden Text—
2 Cor. 8. 9.

The profoundest theological exposition in Paul's writings gets its supreme importance from its practical and casual nature. Paul teaches us to bring the commonest things into the light of the Incarnation.

Verse 1. The Greek is a little uncertain and is hardly translatable as it stands; the omission of a single letter in one thrice-repeated little word makes all clear and grammatical, and suits some ancient evidence. Exhortation in Christ—The preacher who "cheers" his people is speaking in a divine atmosphere: Christ is all round him and within him, so that his words are not his own. Consolation of love—When Love lies bleeding, it is only Love that can heal. Fellowship—For we can never enjoy the Spirit alone: the Gift is "forever shared, forever whole," as Whitier says.

2. Make full—Paul has more joy out of the Philippian church than from any other. But their very earnestness had induced an element of strife; and Paul deals with this one danger. Of the same mind—Like the stronger phrase at the end of the verse, this was never meant to forbid honest differences of opinion. The word does not include mental processes; it refers to the heart, and not the head.

3. The cure of partisanship and vanity is to be always looking for other people's virtues and our own faults. This does not mean blindness to our successes; if we are mindful to set them all down to the indwelling Christ.

4. The word each of you, on its second occurrence, standing at the end of the verse in the Greek, may possibly be transferred to verse 5.

5. Which was—It seems impossible to get "which was" out of the Greek, which compels us to supply you have; in Christ Jesus will thus have the same meaning as elsewhere, the mystical. The "mind" they had "in Christ" was a perpetual heavenly-mindedness; let this reign also in their relations with one another. But the only way of attaining this is by Christ's living over again in us his human life of utter obedience. Hence the significant addition of Jesus, and the master strokes of the appended picture of that supreme life on earth.

6. Discussion of this problem verse being impossible, we will simply expound the view that seems most suitable. Since the purpose of this passage is to commend humility by Christ's example, the central thought must be that the earthly life of Jesus was one in which self-assertion had no part. He counted not his equality with God a reason for grasping what he was entitled to. He was always surrendering even the elementary rights of a man born in lowly station. And he did this because he was existing in the form of God, and was therefore embodying in human life God's own activities, who uses not force, but love, to win his way with us.

7. Emptied himself—"Of all but love," as Wesley adds in his great hymn. To become a real man he must leave behind all divine attributes incompatible with humanity—omnipotence, omniscience; but not love, for God is love. And since man was made in God's image, love is the essence of the Perfect Man. The "self-emptying" is described as taking the form of a servant: the King of kings becomes the subject of subjects. Likeness—As in Rom. 8. 3, Paul is thinking of human nature as it is, which makes him put in the word that suggests the immense difference between Jesus and other men. The phrase in fashion (verse 8) similarly hints that while the resemblance was deep and real it was temporary.

8. Humbled—The keynote again, for "lowliness" in verse 3 is the same Greek word. It had an undiluted flavor of meanness in non-Christian Greek, which used it only for groveling, but in the life and death of the Nazarene man found that unconditional self-effacement was the path to empire such as the world never saw. Obedient—To the Father, as in Heb. 5. 8. It is in this perfect human obedience offered to God for the first time in history, and crowned by death itself, which was accepted, because to avoid it would have been apostasy, that Paul finds the kernel of the atonement doctrine. For that Perfect Man has now taken up again all the powers of the very God, and he can live his life of obedience over again in his disciples' hearts. Yea—the climax needs no expounding. A death which was verily the masterpiece of Satan reserved for slaves and ruffians, and by the Jewish law laid under the special curse of God—that was to be the final test of his obedience.

9. Highly exalted—Literally, "superexalted," like "superconquer" in Rom. 8. 37—favorite types with Paul. We have allowed Nietzsche to translate Paul above. The name—Compare Acts 4. 12. The supremacy

of that Name is that it alone can be brought as a warrant in prayer. Angels and man living and dead whisper his name and are heard.

11. The phrase, combined with that of verse 10, is taken over from Isa. 45. 23 (compare Rom. 14. 11). Nothing could exceed the emphasis with which the prophet reserves this tribute to the one God. Paul appropriates it for Jesus and gives no sign that anyone would find the appropriation startling. It is just this incidental allusiveness of New Testament writers which makes the most impressive evidence that they took his deity for granted as a truth that needed no proof. Jesus Christ is Lord was the creed of the first age, sufficient and all-inclusive. Compare Col. 2. 6; 2 Cor. 4. 5; 1 Cor. 12. 3.

LUNGS OF A BATTLESHIP.

Ventilation of the Boiler and Engine Rooms.

One of the most difficult problems in building a modern battleship is to secure satisfactory ventilation. She is such a complicated creature, made up of so many steel boxes, large and small, for the accommodation of officers, men, coal, ammunition, and stores; dotted here and there with so many steel ladders, automatic lifts, steel bulk-heads, and water-tight doors, varied here and there by miles of electric wires belonging to lights, telephones, bells, and motors, to say nothing of the endless mileage of pipes for flooding, draining, pumping, fresh water, fresh air or compressed air, and speaking-tubes.

First in importance comes the ventilating of the boiler and engine-rooms. When you begin to think of gangs of coal-black demons working away in the bowels of a ship at a temperature of 120 degrees; when, too, you commence to realize that unless the furnaces receive their required draught the speed of the battleship drops to below that of her sisters in the squadron, you appreciate the importance of the steam-driven fans to the furnaces and boiler-rooms. The supply of air comes down through large water-tight trunks which are continued right up to the weather-deck, armored gratings being provided at the protective deck.

For ventilating engine-rooms large electric fans are employed. So, too, the coal bunkers have to be ventilated, owing to the gas which the coal gives off. This gas when mixed with air forms an explosive; so, in order to prevent the possibility of injury to men or ship, a supply and exhaust-pipe are fitted in such a manner as to cause a current of air.

During the winter it is best to air blankets and bedding well.

SHADE TREE BUTCHERY.

"Rights" of Telegraph and Telephone Linemen Is a Fiction.

For years, the people of Ontario have permitted themselves to be victimized by all sorts of specious claims regarding the rights of telephone and telegraph linemen, building contractors and others to destroy or mutilate shade trees.

As a matter of Ontario law, no one other than a specially deputed municipal officer has the "right" to remove or trim a shade tree. Linemen, contractors, etc., have on authority whatever in such matters and cannot legally remove any part of a tree without the permission of the owner or municipality. A few legal contests such as have recently occurred in the United States would impress this fact once and for all time upon the shade tree owners of Ontario. Only a few months ago a contractor was obliged by an American court to pay nine hundred dollars for cutting down two trees.

The chief flaw in our system or protection is that we have very few skilled tree inspectors in municipal employ, so that municipalities are themselves responsible for a great deal of the everyday butchery.

The Ontario statutes give a municipal officer delegated by the City Engineer power to remove a tree from private or public property on forty-eight hours' notice, but the owner must be recompensed for planting and protecting the tree. No live tree, unless within thirty feet of other trees, may be removed without consent of the owner of the property in front of which the tree stands.

The municipality shall not be liable for damage for the trimming of trees in parks or whose branches extend over streets if reasonable care has been exercised in the operation.

Any person destroying or injuring (even tying a horse to) a street tree is liable to a fine not to exceed \$25 and costs or imprisonment for not more than thirty days, half of the fine to go to the informant.

The "rights" of telegraph and telephone linemen to butcher trees is a fiction. They have no rights whatever over any tree on public or private property. This Association submitted several questions to the Attorney-General who replied: "I think it is quite clear that the owner would have the right to prevent a telephone company from stringing its wires in a tree planted by him in the street, because under Section 2 of the Ontario Tree Planting Act such a tree is deemed to be his property."

It is also an offense under Section 510-b of the Criminal Code to destroy or damage a tree in park, pleasure ground, or garden or in any land adjacent to or belonging to a dwelling house, injuring it to an extent exceeding five dollars.

It was expressly enacted by 4 Edw. VII, Clause 10, Section 74, that a telegraph or telephone company shall not acquire any easement by prescription or otherwise as to wires attached to private property or passing through or carried over such property, so that no matter how long telegraph or telephone wires have been attached to a tree, the municipality or owner, if he has property in the tree, could compel the removal of the wire.

Since the law gives considerable latitude to any amateur municipal officer, it is our plain duty as citizens to obligate our city and town councils to entrust shade tree supervision to a skilled person, and in the case of larger municipalities to appoint a technically-trained inspector or "city forester" as he is called in the United States. Municipal initiative is the weak point in shade tree inspection; the Ontario law is quite sufficient.—Robson Black, Secretary The Canadian Forestry Association, Ottawa.

STRANGLING ON LAND AND SEA.

The Allies Are Strengthening Their Grip on Germany.

Germany is starving in consequence of the cordon of battleships, cruisers, destroyers and submarines which is keeping her commerce from the seas, says the New York Herald. The situation of her armies may be likened to a blockade by land—to a great siege. Within a circle of many thousand miles the Teutonic and Turkish forces are hemmed. They have overrun Serbia, but they have put themselves in a pocket. They may overrun Arabia, but they will do the same thing, always extending their fighting line but never getting any nearer the much desired peace. They cannot move south to Paris, they cannot move west to Calais, they cannot move north or east into Russia, they cannot move south against the Italians, they cannot advance against the intrenchments which have made the Allies masters of the situation in Macedonia and able to choose their own time for striking.

Thuglike pressure is being applied and will continue until all the fight is squeezed out of the enemy.

Torres-Vedres gave Napoleon his first smashing blow, which was followed by expulsion from the Peninsula, the retreat from Moscow, the abdication at Fontainebleau and Waterloo. Now comes every indication irrevocable destiny is being worked out. The Allies have been slow but they have been sure, and the grip will strengthen as time passes, on land, on sea.

Other things are as scarce as the teeth of a hen—a rooster's for instance.

THE DEATH DUEL.

Anzac and Turk Fought Like Champions of Old.

The Australian Eye-Witness has a rare sense for dramatic incident. Here is a story—of the days when the Anzacs were still fighting the Turks in Gallipoli—which Captain Bean tells in a recent despatch:

You occasionally come across men of the madly daring sort of whom any story might be true.

Two months ago an officer was going along his section of fire trench when he found a man standing up a head and shoulders above the parapet and blazing at something over it, and then calmly lowering his rifle and standing there looking over the parapet, with a trench of the enemy's not 300 yards away.

It turned out that he was having a duel with a Turk!

I do not know by what quaint system of signalling they arranged it, but each one was having one shot at the other and then standing up there for the other to have next shot at him.

So they blazed at one another while the men along that section of the trenches looked on through their periscopes and loopholes, and no doubt the Turks were looking through theirs also.

The officer told the man to stand down at once and not to be a fool. The duellist stepped down when he was ordered to, but the moment the officer had passed he jumped up again and went on with the game. His rival's shots had almost grazed his ear. Both sides were eagerly looking on and observing quite honorably the rules of this extraordinary game, when the Australian fell back into the trench, shot through the temple.

The shot came not from the Turk opposite, but from a distance to the south. While the Australian was shooting some other Turk had shot him.

SPORT AT THE FRONT.

How the British Soldier Spends His Spare Time.

The curious phlegmatic character of Tommy at the Front is strikingly illustrated by a couple of stories which Mr. Ian Malcolm, M.P., tells in "War Pictures Behind the Line."

"One day," he says, "I was talking to some townspeople at Trilport, near Meaux. They were telling me stories of the retreat, and how highly they thought of our Army. 'But we shall never quite understand you,' they added. 'What is your army, is there which, after retiring for so many days and nights with the enemy at their heels, would have behaved like the English?' They reached Meaux, monsieur, and what did they do? They at once began to play foot-ball; they took boats and rowed on the river, they even bathed; and then they went on fighting!"

Very amusing, too, is the story of a certain Tommy, whom Mr. Malcolm and a friend discovered when they were motoring behind Ypres on a road in which Jack Jackson and Black Maria had dug immense holes. The heavy Belgian rain had filled these with water, and by the side of one such sat Tommy, solemnly fishing with rod and line. "What are you doing, my lad?" asked Mr. Malcolm's friend. "Fishing, sir," replied the angler, without a smile on his face. "But you can't catch fish in a shell hole like that, you know;" to which the answer was, "Wait and see." So my friend waited and saw. Tommy soon landed quite a big fish, to the utter amazement of the onlooker, who asked how it was done. "Well, you see, sir, yesterday I was off duty and went down with my net to the river yonder. I caught lots of fish and put them into these holes for me and my pals to catch when we wanted them."

Either Way.

"It would be nice if everything one touched turned to gold, wouldn't it?" asked the dreamer.

"Yes; or if everyone touched turned over gold," suggested the death-beat.

His Choice.

"Whiskey, my friend, has killed more men than bullets."

"That may be, sir; but, bejabbers, I'd rather be full of whiskey than bullets."

A Suggestion.

Mrs. Scrupp—I've talked to you till I'm tired to a frazzle.

Scrupp—Why not shut up for repairs?

Very Considerate.

Mistress—I shall be very lonely.

Bridget—if you leave me, my mistress, I'll not go until you have a houseful of company.

To wash hair brushes mix together a tablespoonful of liquid ammonia and about a quart of water. Do not wet the back of the brush. Rinse in clear cold water.

Milk will burn quite easily, but this can be rectified in the following way: Pour the boiling milk into a clean pitcher and stand in a basin of cold water until quite cool.

For nice dish rags, sew two little salt bags together. They will last longer than the ordinary rag of cheesecloth, etc. Flour bags also make excellent dusters.