

# Who is Responsible for the Child?

By An "OLD—MAID AUNT"

THE orchard that Nancy and the neighbor children played in was a place to dream about in after years. The trees were large and old, with wide spreading branches interlacing to shut out the direct rays of the sun. The light which filtered thru this green roofing was dim and green golden. On three sides the place was sheltered by walls of foliage—vine-covered tangles of trees and shrubbery which opened on the fourth side to a group of farm buildings and beyond them the far-reaching landscape of a prairie country.

Nancy and her playmate, Barbara, had been spending golden hours of a summer afternoon in the orchard. These two children, for the past week, had been imbibing a literature of which their elders would not have approved. Barbara had found it in the attic of her home, left there by a young uncle who had gone to find in the nearest city the vivid life it delineated—a stack of copies of a publication known as the "Saturday Night," thru which one trailed long-drawn romances of the most lurid type. The missing numbers and torn pages were tragedies at first. Then the children found they could supply the missing incidents from their own imaginations. Later they invented stories of their own which were quite as thrilling and much nicer, if they had known, and played them out in the shelter and seclusion of the old orchard.

They trailed velvet gowns up and down the steps of imaginary castles. They galloped about beautiful parks upon milk-white or coal-black horses. They were waylaid by villainous suitors in ambuscade, and carried off to captivity, to be rescued by their true loves at last and led to the altar in bridal array of satin and pearls.

When they were tired of their play, they dropped down on the grass under an old apple tree.

"I'm really going to be very rich some day," announced Nancy, with her eyes on the far hills. "I am really going to build a castle with gardens all around it, and I shall have two Russian wolfhounds to go with me everywhere, and I shall wear a green velvet dress and walk down the castle steps like the Lady Hildegard. Only when the prince comes

"The proverbial 'Old-Maid Aunt,'" Dr. Cessna, in starting our series on children, "is the only one with whom wisdom on this subject will die." And again, "I think the only people who are perfectly sure what should be done are those who have never had any practical experience and have worked out their theories in the quiet of their secure, secluded bachelor lives."

We think the "Old Maid Aunt's" theory a good one and are looking forward to our November issue to hear what a Bachelor has to say.

to the castle, I think I shall wear pure white and stand at the top of the steps with the great hall door open behind me, and there will be ivy over the doorway, and white doves flying around. And the prince—"

"Huh! How's all that go'n'ta happen," demanded Barbara.

"I don't know exactly HOW, but I know it WILL happen. I can feel it coming," Nancy declared, with a wide-eyed look of prophecy. "I think, perhaps, it may come thru my Uncle Harvy. He was my mother's brother, you know, and he ran away to sea when he was only fifteen years old and was never heard of since. People get very rich sometimes when they run away to sea. I think, maybe, we shall hear that he has died and left me all his money and there will be enough to build the castle and do everything I want to do."

The grey eyes of Nancy's playmate narrowed as she listened. She had no Uncle Harvy who had gone to sea and could think of no possible avenue thru which romance might touch her drab little life. She grew suddenly scornful and matter-of-fact.

"I s'pose your folks will go on livin' in that old yellah house, and your mother will be slavin' in the kitchen and your father diggin' outdoors, and your brothers will be wearin' overalls while you are all rigged up in your velvet."

"Why, no, they won't," gasped Nancy.

"Oh, are they goin' to live in the castle with you?"

"Of course they are! You don't suppose if I were rich and could have everything I should let them stay here and be poor, do you?"

Barbara did not answer, but her smile was sarcastic and incredulous.

"I think it's time for me to go home now," she announced presently and angry. Barbara said nothing to delay her.

Left alone, sitting on a mossy hummock at the foot of the russet apple tree, her knees drawn up to her chin and her hands clasping them, Nancy tried to build up the ruins of her shattered day-dream. She tried to put her parents and her brothers into the castle and devise suitable apparel and occupation for them, but her images were persistently and absurdly stiff, and wooden and unnatural. They were even ungrateful enough to seem unhappy.

The afternoon sun fell pleasantly on the brown farm house in its cluster of sheltering trees, on her mother's pretty flower garden, and the smooth green lawn, on the old barn with its circling swallows forever dipping in the pollywog pond to build mud nests under the eaves.

Out of the kitchen door, at that moment, came Nancy's mother with a pan in her hand. Nancy jumped up and ran to help her shell the peas for supper. They sat down on the bench under the apple tree and Nancy crowded against her mother as they worked.

"I think it's lovely, mother, to live where we do, and to have an orchard, and a garden, and a pollywog pond," she declared.

"Look how you're spilling your peas out of the corner of your apron," warned her mother.

Who is responsible for the child? Parents, themselves, much less than they know. For their comfort, I would say the vital forces of life and growth are not of their molding or directing. They are older and wiser than any of us. They belong to the race and not to any individual father or mother. Wide, clean orchards to play in and pollywog ponds, and plenty of wholesome "letting alone"—these are the good fortune of any child.

## A Review of Farm Meats

By VIOLA M. BELL, Associate Professor of Household Science

Farm Meats. M. D. Helser, Professor of Animal Husbandry, Iowa State College; the MacMillan Company, New York City. 1923 pp. 267; Illustrations 125.

Altho written as a complete textbook for courses in farm meats, whether farm or laboratory, "Farm Meats" is of great aid to all concerned with selection and preparation of meats.

What is the "hanging tenderloin," the "skirt steak?" Where in the carcass is the best pot roast? Why is a crown roast so expensive? These and many

other questions are answered with the help of the illustrations, which are of inestimable value.

The carcass of each animal, skin side out and rib side out is shown, lines being drawn to mark the actual wholesale cuts used in the midwest. In addition, each wholesale cut is shown on the block with one of its retail cuts beside it. One knows exactly then, the position of the round, the porterhouse or chuck steak as the case may be.

Selection of good meat is concisely and authoritatively described under

chapters devoted to beef, veal, lamb and pork. Palatability, tenderness, juiciness, soundness, flavor and economy are considered. Practical recipes for the carving, curing and canning of meats are listed. Wrong notions of "bologna" sausage and various meat products are corrected.

Women's clubs and home economics classes would find very much worthwhile, a meat demonstration, similar to that described in chapter 17, "The Meat Demonstration."