

# The Country Homemakers

CONDUCTED BY FRANCIS MARION BEYNON

## FLIES

It will soon be a year since Winnipeg inaugurated a clean-up week, with the officials of the Industrial Bureau as the chief instigators, and the Women's Civic League abetting them nobly.

The method of procedure was to flood the city with literature, showing the close relation between littered yards and the fly pest. Circulars were distributed in the schools, giving explicit directions for cleaning up and offering free assistance in the matter of cultivating vacant lots, and the citizens, one and all, were urged to enter joyfully upon a week of tidying up and civic improvement generally.

For six busy days rakes and hoes were in evidence everywhere, the city smelt of bonfires, and wagons were rumbling about carting away the non-combustible things.

The sequel is interesting. Not withstanding the memory of the oldest inhabitant has Winnipeg been as free from flies as it was last summer.

And now to point the moral and adorn the tale. When a city like this, dependent upon the voluntary co-operation of some hundred thousand individuals, can make such a radical change by cleaning up, how much more should the farmer be able to regulate these matters. When the city woman is fighting flies, she is frequently paying for the other woman's dirtiness, whereas the farmer's wife has only the conditions of her own farm and house-yard to blame.

It is true that it is difficult for the farmer to keep down the fly pest because stables make such splendid breeding places for these nuisances, but too frequently the most obvious precautions are neglected. Manure piles, which should be fertilizing the soil, are left rotting in the sun around the outbuildings and from these rise clouds of flies to make miserable the lives of the inmates of the house.

Again, the housewife in some farm homes has a bad habit of scraping the food left on the plates at meals out onto the ground beside the door, where it frequently decays and makes a breeding place for flies. Were it not for the chickens and dogs which take their exercise in the yard, this practise would result in much greater harm than it does.

Finally the two means by which city people combat this annoyance, namely, careful screening and the "swatter," are very often lacking in farm homes, even where the people are in comfortable circumstances and could well afford to make their houses as nearly mosquito proof as is humanly possible.

But there are evidences that an elaborate educational campaign as to the distribution of diseases by flies is having at last a country-wide effect and it is hoped that every farmer will have a clean-up week of his own on the principle that an ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure.

FRANCIS MARION BEYNON.

## COOKING OF SECONDARY IMPORTANCE

Dear Miss Beynon:—There have been so many interesting letters, in your department on which I would like to comment, but time prevents. Your offer to furnish recipes will be appreciated, but I want to suggest an idea on this line which may save you labor, several ideas perhaps. Let us devote more time to making or preparing simple, wholesome foods and the study of food values and appropriate combinations, instead of serving fancy and perhaps less easily digested dishes and with the time saved take more out-door life or rest the body and relax the mind in touch with good authors. Don't you think the discussion on parental control of the child's amusements has been much more interesting and conducive of thought than columns or even a whole cook book of recipes?

If we have a knowledge of the science of cooking and of the underlying principle of combining foods and ingredients, we can make endless combinations from any plain recipe. If you look thru any cook book you will find that all the recipes in many of the departments are but variations of one form. You may look

over a hundred and then not find what the state of your supplies will permit you to make and in the end you make your own recipe, or be like the bride who could not make soup because every recipe called for a bay leaf and she had no bay leaf.

If you look over the advertisements in papers and magazines you will find many cook books free or for a few stamps, and these books are really excellent. It would hardly do to give the names of all of them, as it would mean a free advertisement for the firms who do not advertise in *The Guide*, however, the Blue Ribbon is excellent and the Canada Starch Company advertise in *The Guide*. I have a special meat chopper cook book, a corn starch cook book, a gelatine book, and there are various books by flour manufacturers which cover all branches of cookery. To my way of thinking some of these cheap books are better than the high priced cloth-bound books. In laying in your stock of books, do not forget the Dominion government book, "Two hundred ways to cook apples."

You can substitute the words fresh fruit for apples and you have a book that will cover any kind of dessert you need. This book illustrates what I said in the beginning that many of the recipes are but variations of one formula. If we have a really fine dessert apple, is it not a waste of time and strength to conceal its delicious flavor by cooking it in 200 ways? There are really only five ways of serving apples, first, raw; second, baked; third, stewed; fourth,

What do the members think of domestic science being taught in the public schools in rural districts? I favor it, but will not take time to give my reason until later.

M. E. GRAHAM.

Tring, Alta.

## FLAX SEED DANGEROUS

Dear Miss Beynon:—I thought a few lines from a reader might be a little help to other readers. My subject is on flax seed. There are some people who believe in it and some do not. Well I will tell you of my experience, then, if you care to print this, you can. I started to take flax seed three months after I became pregnant until the last week. My little girl is getting on for eleven months and there is no sign of her wanting to use her feet, her back is so weak, and until a few weeks ago she could not hold her head up, and still I have to keep her back rubbed every day with oil. This flax seed is supposed to make an easy confinement. It did not do me any good. I advise every mother to leave it alone. After my taking it so long I had to have instruments in the long run, so I might as well have left it alone, as it leaves the baby so weak and the bones so soft she cannot sit up yet. I have read several times where mothers have asked readers' advice on this subject.

PRAIRIE VOILET.

## THE GLORY OF THE MORNING

There's a woman who gets up with the sun and goes singing thru the day, a

because she so sadly missed the glory of the morning.

KAREN NORWAY.

## BECAUSE MOTHER DOESN'T COMPLAIN

From Farm Stock and Home

The other day while looking over a farm paper I saw a picture that impressed me very much. The father was sitting near the windmill smoking his pipe and enjoying himself while the windmill was pumping the water for his stock. The mother, with a bucket of water which she had pulled from the cistern in each hand, was proceeding to the porch where her wash tubs were located. There was a haggard expression on the mother's face which showed that her strength had been greatly overtaxed. The man had all necessary conveniences to make his work light, and the woman was drudging along in the same old way that women have drudged for the past fifty years. There should be a change.

This picture no doubt represents the conditions in thousands of instances today. The farmer makes it a point to make his work as light as possible, while the woman goes along in the same old way without a word of complaint. Is she not entitled to the modern conveniences for labor saving? She is the weaker of the two, and because she has a willing hand is no reason she should be a slave. She is a co-worker with her husband, and deserves to be treated as a partner, not as a servant. Some of the money accumulated by her economy and toil, as well as by the husband's frugality, should be spent for her benefit. It would not be asking too much for her to demand that a system of waterworks be installed in the home. It can be done at a nominal cost. Instead of encouraging the husband to purchase another piece of land, a better farm animal, or a new farm tool, why not encourage him to at least pipe the water into the home? Wouldn't that save lots of steps for the wife and keep her back from breaking under the burdens? Just this morning while getting breakfast my wife said, "Isn't the pump in the kitchen nice? I'm so glad I do not have to go out in the cold for a bucket of water." Those words repaid me for all the work and expense of piping the water into the kitchen.

I believe the day is coming when farmers will be more thoughtful of the women of their homes. Most men will be willing to spend money for these improvements if encouraged a little. There are many modern inventions that can be installed to make the housewife's toil easy. A kitchen cabinet, a good range cook stove, washing machines, the milk separator run by gasoline engine or electric motor, the electric or gaslight, and the water system, all go to make the country home enjoyable and the task of woman lighter. Why not enjoy some of these things during life? If a man hoards up his money for those who come after him they will enjoy it after he is dead and gone. Father and mother should not make too great a sacrifice that life may be only a pleasure for their children. If the children are industrious they will be able to earn money for themselves which will buy these conveniences.

## THE NEST

By Florence Earle Coates in Scribner's Magazine

Glad is the grove with light,  
And the glen is song-caressed,  
But longing comes ere night  
For the one, dear nest!

Far fields may seem more fair,  
And distant hills more blue—  
Still claims that nest my care  
In the dawn—in the dew;

For tho the wild may woo  
My wing to many a quest,  
Sweet in the dawn and the dew  
Are home and rest!

## WHAT A QUESTION

"When you and Charlie eloped did you let your folks know where you were going?"

"Of course; how else could pop supply us with money?"



A quaint livingroom, in which the stairs are screened with lattice work

dumpling; fifth, pie. If you can manage these five, the other 195 ways are easy. Nearly all dried fruits can be revived by a twenty-four hour soaking in cold water. I know there are young housekeepers who want a recipe of some special dish just like John's mother used to make, but to furnish this is an utter impossibility, for even so talented a woman as Miss Beynon, for the first ingredient is John's boyhood appetite. Even John's mother has lost the recipe.

I wonder if we all know how to cook potatoes. I have heard all Western potatoes condemned as being wet and soggy and I have heard all Western cooks condemned as not knowing how to cook potatoes. When plain boiled potatoes are sent to the table dry and mealy, one never asks, do you know a hundred ways to cook potatoes?

Zola, in one of his books, describes an egg as served by one of his characters. This is the way nurses and some cooks serve it and we are very indifferent as to the other 499 methods the French chef can cook it.

Much of the pleasure of entertaining is lost if disproportionate time and energy are spent in preparing and serving an elaborate meal.

woman with sunshine in her face, one who's got time for a little chat when a friend drops in.

A woman who does her work in the busy forenoon and sits down easily with the company of a good book in the dreamy afternoon, or with some mending to do.

A woman who'll have time for a few moments each day to let her thoughts fly high above those things of everyday, and then come back again to her tasks with a smiling face.

And when her days are done she'll look back on hours well spent and look forward to the beautiful rise of another day.

I know a woman who sleeps till after the birds are thru singing their morning songs, one who gets up with that cross, drowsy feeling, that we all know so well. She never gets her babies dressed till after breakfast nor her dishes washed and her floor swept till it's time to get dinner. She goes thru the day with her hair unbrushed, in a dress not fit for neighbors to see. She never gets time to sit down for an hour to rest or read or think. A woman who will, when her time is flown, look back on all those dreary days all filled with work, she'll have nothing but a sigh for them, all