

The Country Homemakers

Conducted by Francis Marion Beynon.

THE SONG OF CREATION

And I, too, sing the song of all creation,
A brave sky and a glad wind blowing by,
A clear trail and an hour for meditation,
A long day and the joy to make it fly;
A hard task and the muscle to achieve it,
A fierce noon, and a well-contented gloom,
A good strife and no great regret to leave it,
A still night and the far red lights of home.

THE POOR WIVES OF THE WELL-TO-DO

A wealthy man once said to my brother, "My wife is always begging me to give her an allowance but I won't do it as I don't want her to be tied down to a limited amount. She is welcome to all the money she cares to spend." My brother was duly impressed and came, with great elation, to tell me about his friend's admirable generosity. I am afraid I threw rather a wet blanket on his ardor. "In order to make a good fellow of himself," I said, "he is subjecting his wife to the life-long humiliation of having to ask for every cent of money she spends." You may depend on it that she wouldn't keep asking for an allowance if she didn't want it. This man is a very fair type of a very unpleasant class of really generous men, who, for the gratification of their own vanity, will subject their wives to petty humiliations.

I don't like the idea that the man gives his wife money at all. I protest that the wife who rises at four-thirty in the morning, in the summer, and at six in the winter, and works from nine to twelve hours a day has produced a certain amount of wealth, otherwise she must be in the wrong place in the industrial world. The manager of a business does not feel that he is performing an act of charity when he pays his employees at the end of the week. The salary is theirs by right and he would be dishonest if he withheld it.

Now to my notion, the position of the wife on the farm shouldn't be even that of an employee. She should be a partner. I fancy I hear many of the farmers agreeing to this eagerly. They say, "She has a share in all this land, and these buildings and that stock and if she was not consulted about buying them it was because women don't understand about these things" which, of course, is all rubbish. Women do know that they have to slave early and late to pay for this land, that they have to go without becoming clothes, and are denied all the comforts and conveniences that would help to make the slavery of the average farmer's wife more endurable. The farmer himself, who has every modern convenience for doing the outside work does not realize that his wife is paying for his land and his barns and his stock with good, red blood. I have seen it hundreds of times. The woman slaves early and late for fifteen or twenty years while John tacks on another quarter section on the east and an extra half on the west and builds a new barn on the home place and at last, just as they are about to move into the new house about which she has been dreaming all these years, she dies. The doctor may assign her death to one of a hundred causes but I should call it "Landitis," a complaint peculiar to western farmers' wives.

So when one of our readers asked me to write an article on a dress allowance for farmers' wives I said a cheerful, amen. There isn't any reason why farmers' wives shouldn't have pretty clothes, and thousands of them do but there are quite a number, who, as this writer says, would rather go shabby than ask for money and they haven't a cent they can call their own.

Our friend complains that farmers' wives are the most poorly dressed of any class of women and while I am not prepared to say that I agree with her, still, there is no question that the wives of some very prosperous farmers are not nearly so well dressed as women in town whose husbands are correspondingly well off.

But I want to say right here that the trouble does not all rest with the lack of money. More than good clothes are needed to make a well dressed woman. Very many farmers' wives are too busy, or think they are, to dress their hair

becomingly and to take care of their complexions.

I suppose most of our readers would hoot at the idea of tying a thick chiffon veil over their faces whenever they go out to work in the yard and yet it is the only really effective means I know of keeping the face from tanning.

When they are going to town they have to hustle around and get the eggs and butter ready to take, and dress the children and by that time the husband is waiting impatiently, so they twist the hair up into a grim little knot on the top of the head and perch above it a hat that was designed to be worn with a fluffy pompadour. Naturally the result is ridiculous.

I can't suggest a remedy unless the farmer's wife is willing to leave the beds unmade or the dishes unwashed, while she steals a little time to make herself look pretty, to fluff her hair and polish her shoes, to see that her waist and skirt come to terms all around and to hunt up a pair of gloves that match her suit. All these things require time but I fancy many women would find themselves well repaid in the added pleasure their husbands would take in their appearance if they would make a point of doing it.

Let me remind you again that, being born of the same flesh as ourselves, men are no more likely to be stingy and selfish than women, but some of them are thoughtless. So it behooves women, instead of sitting down and feeling sorry for themselves to explain to their husbands just how it feels to have to ask for every bit of money they spend and I am satisfied that the majority of men, when they come to realize the indignity of such a wifehood will hasten to remedy it.

For the next two or three weeks I will throw this page open for a discussion of this question and invite our readers one and all to express their opinion freely.

FRANCIS MARION BEYNON.

Address all correspondence to Francis Marion Beynon, Grain Growers' Guide, Winnipeg, Man.

USES GASOLINE ENGINE

Dear Miss Beynon:—This letter is just to tell you that I have found a way of making housework easier and I wish to share my good luck with everyone.

Last spring we bought a 1½ horse power gasoline engine and I use it for running both the washing machine and churn. As yet I have not bought a power washer but use one which has a wheel attached. I start the engine and then do the rest of the morning's work.

One hundred dollars, which is not half the price of a horse, will buy an engine, a power washer, a Daisy churn, an oil stove and several other labor-saving articles.

CONTENT.

WANTS TO KNOW ABOUT DISH-WASHER

Miss Beynon:—I wrote a letter to you asking you for the little book, "How to Teach the Truth to Children" and I forgot to put the five cents in, so I will write again. Is this the same book I saw awhile ago in The Guide as "The Most Beautiful Story in the World?" Will you tell me more about the Kitch-

enette family dish washer, and the washing machine.

Yours truly

MRS. E. M.

I think I have answered all your questions in recent numbers of The Guide.

F. M. B.

GIVING THE BOYS PROPERTY

Dear Miss Beynon:—We have just started taking The Grain Growers' Guide and I think we will like it very well. I enjoyed "John's pigs and Daddy's Pork," it is so true a picture of the relation between many farmers and their sons.

We were just discussing this very subject when I happened to see your article in The Guide. Father read it and has already granted the boys certain privileges and so your good work begun in your office will perhaps yield a rich reward of content on the farms.

Enclosed find five cents for a copy of "How to Teach the Truth to Children." Wishing you success, yours truly

A MOTHER OF BOYS.

A WELL-WISHER

Dear Miss Beynon:—As I am one of the interested readers of your page I saw that you had a book for sale, entitled, "How to Teach Children the Truth." I would like very much to have one so am enclosing five cents for which please forward me one.

Wishing you success in your work.

CABBAGE.

THE KINDERGARTEN IN THE HOME

By Jane Lawson Kane, in The Mothers' Magazine

Why do we have chairs?

To us adults the question seems ridiculous. Of course, we know what a chair is, to what purpose it is to be put. But, to a child the question is always hovering in its mind—what is that thing with four legs, why may it have one leg, or two legs, or three or more?

And because of this situation in the mind of the child, the new system of education is reversing old processes. We are beginning to see that we must educate the parents, particularly the mother, before we undertake to get at the understanding and capabilities of the child. The child's mind holds more than one question—it holds a thousand questions—what are windows for, why do we breathe? or why should we work, why not play all the time?

Much has been written on the fact, that a child is a bundle of interrogation points, but until recently, we have been very ignorant as to how these questions might be properly cared for. A majority have seemed to think that the school alone can take care of them and relieve the parents of all responsibility.

But, the most modern, and what I regard as the most scientific method of education yet devised, wholly disagrees with this assumption and contends that the most fundamental, important education of the child begins within the walls of the home and not within those of the school. This system, which Froebel so ably defended, insists that a partly educated and not a wholly uneducated child should be delivered by the parents to the school when school age arrives.

In large educational centres, we are trying to put this system into practical



Giant Rhubarb grown in the garden of Jas. Donaghy, Glenboro, Man. Some of the stalks weigh 2½ lbs. cut off below the top

effect by gradually educating a parent as to how to answer questions. We hold semi-public meetings in the schoolhouses to which the parents are invited and wherever we can enter homes and enlist mothers in sympathetic work with us. Once they understand how comparatively easy it is they are teachers themselves, and really part of the great school system of the world.

"What a wonderful world of knowledge has been opened to me. I see now, how almost wicked it is to turn a child away when it desires to know the origin and use of that which is about it. The fault with the child's questioning has hitherto been with me. It never will be again."

In a small country district where I spent my vacation last summer, a number of mothers asked me to explain this system of parental education to them. They all had questioning children. When I began to show them as best I could what the oat in the field, the kernel of wheat, the grain of corn really stood for—that each had a distinct history which the child was entitled to know—their amazement was extraordinary. They had hitherto been wandering through the world, with children at their apron strings, but they themselves blind.

In a small farming community in Western Pennsylvania, under the methods of this system, a dozen or more families have been persuaded to buy encyclopedias and other reference works for their own education, and to fit them to answer the children's questions properly. It is two years since this work was accomplished there, but a marked change has taken place in the educational standard of the entire community, and its district school is now one of the finest in the state.

(Continued in next issue.)

BANNER GINGER SNAPS

Scald one cup of molasses and pour it over one egg beaten with one cup of sugar, one tablespoonful of ginger and one of soda. Then add one tablespoonful of vinegar and flour enough for a stiff batter. Knead quite hard, then they will not fall and will keep crisp a long time.

JUGGED CHICKEN

Cut a large, tender chicken into pieces as for frying. Roll in flour and place in an earthenware jar or a deep enameled pan. Put bits of butter over the top, and pour in boiling water, until chicken is about half covered. Cook in oven one hour or until done; season when half done. Make gravy right in with chicken, or if preferred, the chicken may be dished on warm platter, before gravy is made.

BANANA CREAM PIE

Line a pie pan with crust and bake in a hot oven. When done, cover the bottom with thin slices of banana, cut lengthwise. (Two small bananas are enough for one pie.) Then fill the pan with a custard made in the following manner: Two glasses of milk, two tablespoonfuls of cornstarch dissolved in a little milk, yolks of two eggs and one teaspoonful of vanilla extract. Boil in a double boiler until it thickens; then pour it into the pie crust. Cover the top with the whites of the eggs beaten stiff and slightly sweetened. Place in the oven just long enough to brown nicely.

SALAD IN POTATO MOLD

Mash potatoes while they are very hot. Add butter and seasoning, and press hard into small molds of any fancy shape desired. It will harden in a short time. Unmold carefully upon individual plates or upon one large platter. Dig out the potato from the centres, and fill with a nice vegetable salad, garnishing the tops with slices of hard-boiled eggs and of small red beets. Serve with brown bread sandwiches, sliced very thin and spread with cream cheese or simply with butter.

BAKED APPLES WITH NUTS

Peel and core the whole apples, fill the centres with finely chopped nuts, a little lemon or orange peel, and sprinkle the tops with cinnamon or nutmeg. Set them in a granite dish with a heaping tablespoon of sugar, a half-cup of water to each apple, and bake slowly.