

The Country Homemakers

CONDUCTED BY FRANCIS MARION BEYNON

A PROPHECY

For I dipt into the future, far as human eye could see,
Saw the vision of the world, and all the wonders that would be.
Saw the heavens filled with commerce, argosies of magic sails,
Pilots of the purple twilight, dropping down with costly bales.
Heard the heavens fill with shouting, and there rain'd a ghastly dew
From the nation's airy navies grappling in the central blue;
Far along the world wide whisper of the south wind rushing warm,
With the standards of the peoples plunging thru the thunder storm.
Till the war-drum throbbed no longer, and the battle flags were furled,
In the parliament of man, the federation of the world.

—From Tennyson's "Locksley Hall."

INTERNATIONALISM

The war has done at least one thing. It has clarified in the minds of the pacifists of each of the warring countries their relations to their fellow men. It has made it clear that the spirit refuses to acknowledge the limitations of arbitrary and artificial boundary lines, that the real comradeship of human beings is international.

As the temperance workers of Western Canada have more in common with the officials of the Chinese republic who refused every bribe to permit the continuation of the opium traffic than with those English bishops who opposed prohibition because they had money invested in the liquor traffic, so the English conscientious objector has more in common with Liebknecht and his followers than with the Lord Milners of their own land.

According to The Tribunal, published by the No-Conscription Fellowship of England, many months ago sentence had been passed upon more than fifteen thousand conscientious objectors, men who believe that the killing of human beings is always wrong. Some of these men accepted alternative service, but thousands of them refused to do any kind of work which would release another man for the war. As Professor Bertrand Russell, dismissed from Cambridge University because of his pacifist opinions, has explained, this attitude brought them into a deadlock with the military authorities. The latter could not understand men, formerly useful, industrious citizens, many of them university graduates, who would refuse pleasant outdoor work, and choose rather the hardships of jail, and the harsh treatment to which conscientious objectors are subjected to test the sincerity of their belief.

Thus it has become apparent that the real foreigners are not those who have been raised in a different country and who speak a different tongue, but those people, wherever they meet, whose standards and ideals of life are so at variance that they have no means of communication.

In their belief in the efficacy of force, the glorifying of nationality, the rightness of things as they are, Lord Milner, Lord Curzon, the Kaiser, Bethmann Hollweg, the late Czar of Russia, and Theodore Roosevelt would understand each other perfectly. None of them can understand the pacifist or Socialist.

On the other hand the conscientious objector in jail in England reaches out hands of spiritual fellowship to Liebknecht and the thousands of his followers in jail in Germany, to the Russian exiles who, from England, America, France and Siberia, have begun the great trek back to the homeland, to Bryan who gave up the secretaryship of state because of his pacifist views, and to Rabindranath Tagore, of India, who in an interesting article in the Atlantic Monthly upon "Nationalism in the West," touches upon these new citizens of the world to whom the war has made it clear that no race matters but the human race. To quote from a review of his article: "He condemns and utterly derides 'the thing called the nation.' Nationalism is mechanical; rather, it is a sort of monster feeding upon 'mutilated humanity.' This war is nationalism's climax—the fifth act of the tragedy of the unreal." Tagore stands for the individual.

"Take this from the closing paragraph: 'And we of no-nations of the world, whose heads have been bowed to the dust, will know that this dust is more sacred than the bricks with which build the pride of power. For this dust is fertile of life and of beauty and of worship. We shall thank God that we were made to wait in silence thru the night of despair, had to bear the insult of the proud and the strong man's burden, yet all thru it, tho our hearts quaked with doubt and fear, never could we blindly believe in the salvation which machinery offered to man, but we held fast to our Trust in God and the truth of the human soul.'"

ANOTHER FREE TRADER

Dear Miss Bynon:—I have just been reading one of the sisters' letters on Free Trade, and it moves me to say my say in its behalf. I realize it does deeply concern any woman who looks well to the ways of her household. Therefore, I hold up both hands for Free Trade.

I have had a slight experience which may be of interest to the women of our land, which will prove that if we can buy American goods profitably, and pay the duty, we can profit much more by buying them free of duty. A few years ago I started a small business in one of the villages in Saskatchewan, my goods consisting of articles of apparel for women and children. Having had a similar business on the other side of the line, I had bought my goods from a wholesale company in Chicago, but on speaking of buying again from my old firm, I was heartily discouraged by the Canadian people, who said the duty would swallow up the profit. So I was persuaded to buy in Toronto and Winnipeg, and after two years' buying in Canada I decided to try my old Chicago firm, and found such entire satisfaction that I gave them all my orders for the past three years, and duty at 35 to 42 per cent. Still I am able to give my customers better value, at a lower price, and have more profit and a clear conscience for myself, which, after all, is the greatest profit to the woman who wants to be of service to her fellow beings and make an honest living as well. Yours for Free Trade.

A SISTER.

ALSO DISLIKES ILLUSTRATIONS

Dear Miss Bynon:—In The Guide of March 14 appears a letter by "A Reformer," drawing atten-



"I'm Only Teasing You."

tion of the women to a subject which has been causing private discussion for some time, and which I believe deserves to be considered by every woman's club. It is only a pity that a resolution dealing with this matter was not brought before the Farm Women's Conventions during the past winter.

The illustrations in these catalogs are indeed shameful. Perhaps it is thoughtlessness on the part of the issuers of the catalogs; in any case they certainly should be asked to make a change. In my opinion the article for sale could be just as well illustrated alone, without using the full figure picture of a woman, or man either, and in fact many articles would be much better not illustrated at all. The economy in space and paper thus practiced could be advantageously used toward turning out a better class of goods, which would be much more appreciated by us western women. Before another deluge of these mail order catalogs comes upon us I hope the women's clubs will have taken some effective action in the matter and that we will have a catalog free from any of these unnecessary and shocking illustrations.

SASK.

NO OBJECTION TO ADVERTISING

Dear Miss Bynon:—In The Grain Growers' Guide of March 14 there is an article "Offensive Advertising," which is nothing more than amusing to read.

"A Reformer" says it is shameful how the mail order houses have womanly forms in their catalogs. I fail to see where we should be so horrified, as the figures are to give the purchaser an idea of the goods' fitting qualities, and are a model, that is all. What would "Reformer" think if she saw how the women are dressing in the war zone now, or if she saw the works of art in marble which are to be seen anyway? In fact "Reformer's" letter is more suggestive than the advertising.

AMUSED.

RECEIVED PATTERNS

Dear Miss Bynon:—I have been silently reading and enjoying the letters on the Homemakers page, also the Children's page. I wrote your page once before for patterns. I received some from a lady, and have written her twice, but received no answer. If she sees this maybe she will write. Do not know that I got her right address as she sent two.

Please find enclosed fifteen cents in stamps for the little booklets "How to Teach the Truth to Children," and "The Most Wonderful Story in the World," as I have three little girls who will soon be asking questions and it is sometimes a puzzle to answer them truthfully. Will sign my old pen name.

CURLY.

AN INTERESTING COLOR PLAN

Dear Miss Bynon:—I am an interested reader of your page, and must say I learn something new each week from it. So, at last, I have gained courage to ask help. We are thinking of building a small house with just a living room and bedroom looking south, the living room being on the southeast. I am thinking of having the whole lined with plaster board and the living room panelled with picture moulding. My color scheme is this: I expect to have a diningroom suite in Early English, so to go with that I thought if the walls were painted buff in flat wall paint and stain the moulding and woodwork Early English to match furniture, in antique stain. What color would I do the ceiling to match? I am having cream scrim for curtains and imitation oak plank design linoleum, with one or two small rugs in tans and browns, with a touch of blue, green and red, for the floor; and small pictures done in black passe partout. Do you think this will be effective? Please tell me what you think. I didn't mention I intend having a kitchen at the north and looking east, and a pantry and clothes closet off the bedroom. My idea is to have the bedroom walls in a dull blue, with woodwork painted and enamelled in white, and floor painted a French grey, and have rag rugs in blue and white laid around. The furniture is all white. Curtains are to be cream scrim, bordered in blue and the ceiling white. I may say the kitchen will be the same as bedroom. Do you think this latter part all right?

Thanking you in advance for your kind help, I am,
AN INTERESTED READER.

Answer

Your ideas of color are so good that you do not much need help. The changes I would make, if it were my home, are really only a matter of personal preference. I would like it better with the stripes of the wallboard painted like the wall, and I prefer a matting patterned linoleum to the imitation oak plank, but, as I say, there is no special reason why my way would be better than yours. Paint the ceiling cream, in the buff room, and white in the blue and white room.—F.M.B.

NOT YOU

Time restores to earth each year
All it took away.

Snows depart and birds appear;
Woods grow green and gay;
Blossoms fill the orchard-tree;
Wintry skies turn blue;
Everything comes back to me,
But—not you.

Into port come speeding ships;
Trains rush up the rail;
And from loving hearts and lips
Rings the cry of "Hail!"
Home-returning things I see,—
Old-time friends I knew;
Everyone comes back to me,
But—not you.

So unaltered is each place,
Garden, house, and street,
Oft I turn to seek your face,—
Listen for your feet.
Times like that it seems to be
Monstrous and untrue
That all things remain with me,
And—not you!

—Ella Wheeler Wilcox.