

# The Home

Conducted by MARY FORD

## ONE WITH THE INFINITE

One with the Infinite, always in tune,  
Harmony sweet as a bird-song in June,  
Never a doubting thought, never a fear,  
Always a sense of the Fatherhood near.

Peace like a river's flow, restful and calm,  
Flooding the soul with its heavenly balm;  
Faith upward gazing, untrammelled, serene  
Grasping with boldness the treasures un-  
seen.

Love all-enfolding in tenderness sweet,  
Pity out-reaching a brother to greet;  
Courage undaunted, o'er-mastering,  
strong,  
Doing the right and denying the wrong.

Gladness unspeakable, life understood,  
Knowing that all things are working for  
good;  
Heaven close-throbbing, assistance to give;  
One with the Infinite, this is to live.  
—Emma Fisk-Smith.

## LIFE'S SETTING

Now my long life's work is done.  
Put your arm around me—  
There—like that:  
I want a little petting  
At life's setting.

For it is harder to be brave  
When feeble age comes creeping  
And finds me weeping,  
Dear ones gone.

Just a little petting  
At life's setting;  
For I am old, alone, and tired,  
And my long life's work is done.

## A TYPEWRITER ON THE FARM

Dear Mary Ford:—The Papakuk bags I received on the 6th. They are a great success. Where can I buy them by the dozen or by fifties and about what do they cost?

Ham cooked in "the bag" is just delicious. I cut the ham just "not too thick and not too thin" and laid it in the bag, and having no paper clips used just ordinary spring clothes pins, "four to a side," and I believe they worked better than the clips as they were more easily pulled away after the operation. Then the bag went on the rack of the oven of my \$13.00 stove and in twelve minutes that ham was on our plates as delectable in flavor as can be imagined—much superior to the same ham out of a frying pan. For another meal I cooked six medium potatoes chopped up with a small raw onion, pepper, salt and a half cup of diluted evaporated cream—no cows in this district—and cooked the mixture in a bag for twenty-five minutes. The potatoes were boiled and left over from a previous meal. Another "paper" dish I tried is one can of salmon, about a cup of bread crumbs, salt, pepper and one beaten egg mixed well together, laid as compactly as possible in the bag, about two inches thick, and cooked in a good hot oven for twenty minutes. I think the oven needs to be maybe hotter for paper cookery than for the ordinary utensils. One of my bigger bags I gave to a neighbor who is keeping it to cook a chicken next Sunday—so much does she think of the bag. My largest bag was cracked in the centre in the mail, which was fortunate, as otherwise I would not have thought of cutting the bag in two. With the cut end fastened with clothes pins it worked just as well. I wish I lived nearer than twenty-eight miles from a butcher shop, as mutton chops and steak must be very good when cooked in a paper bag. My bags are so nearly gone now I won't have one left to experiment with a cake. Have you ever tried cake in it? Apples baked in paper should be good. I must try cooking evaporated apples or peaches. If it is a success will let you know. You know evaporated fruit is all the majority of the prairie homesteaders see. I live on a homestead in a two roomed shack with my two babies and my husband, of course. You may be surprised at seeing this typewritten, but this old machine is about the best friend I ever had; it is an old machine, over thirty-two years in use, but you will see it still does good work.

Are the patterns shown on the "Home" page of The Guide reliable? I have hitherto always used McCall's patterns, but, of course, have to send for them by mail, and thought if The Guide's patterns were accurate would give them a trial.

I have to put myself on record, too, as being in favor of women suffrage, though I would hate to have to break windows and heads and throw bricks as our sisters in Britain are doing.

What is the Canadian Women's Home Association, or whatever is the correct title for some association of women that held their annual meeting about six weeks ago? There is a great need in this township for something to take up the attention of the women. We all have some work to do, but there is nothing that we can "play at," if you can understand what I mean. There is no working together. The township here was opened up just four years ago, so few of us have our homes yet, just living in shacks, though if Providence favors the land with another bountiful harvest and weather to save it, conditions will be much improved—and also that a railway is built somewhere nearer than thirty miles as at present.

I "had an idea" for a dirty clothes receptacle one day and this is what resulted. Got a tin cheese box from the grocery store, put on it most of a 25 cent tin of white paint, and in that I can pack most of a week's soiling of the children's clothes, and when sitting accommodation is short, a child or a short legged person like myself can make a seat out of the cheese box and no one be any the wiser as to the contents thereof.

Have you ever seen "beaver boards" or any of the other similar "boards" for lining houses? I have only read the advertisements of the articles, and it does seem as if the average prairie merchant or wood yard won't keep anything that is advertised.

I wish you every success with your page. I suppose you wonder what your readers think of the page. Well, all the women I know of, who have a chance to see The Guide, all mention your corner and how helpful and interesting it is.

Your well wishing,

FRIEND.

Dear Friend:—The paper bags for Papakuk cookery can be obtained from the T. Eaton Co., price from 28 cents to 60 cents per package according to size required. Our supply is at an end, and as they were only purchased to help our readers to try for themselves this easy method of cooking, we will not stock them again this season. The clothes pegs is certainly a good idea. The patterns on the Home page are giving every satisfaction and you need have no fear in trusting to them. The position you take up with regard to "Eugenics" is the only solution of the future betterment of the race. Man will try to live up to whatever standard a woman demands. Perhaps some of the readers will answer the question re beaver boards. Your letter is too good to keep to myself. Many thanks for your kind message re page. Write often. I am publishing a list at an early date of the towns in which there are from one to six women in favor of the vote and hope to help them to organize the "Woman's Suffrage Societies." I am sending full particulars of club mentioned and hope it will meet your requirements.

## THE MOTHER'S INFLUENCE

I do not believe that any child is born bad, unkind or cruel, but many are made so very early by education and environment. So eager and quick is the young mind, so soon does the child begin to practice the things he learns, that it is difficult for one unfamiliar with children to distinguish between that which is natural to the child and that which it has acquired. It will perhaps be somewhat difficult to prove the stand I have taken; none the less, however, I am sure that I am right.

Let us note this case: a highly sensitive, nervous, impatient baby of quick perception has a mother who loves to tease, loves to be amused and entertained by all things about her, without regard to the comfort or best interests of others. She holds her hungry child off, bares the breast

to his gaze and his little hands reach out to grasp it simultaneously with his hungry mouth. She teases him and laughs at him while he begs and cries; still she holds him off, until he screams and pants with anger, outraged almost beyond endurance. Then she feeds him and pets him, occasionally taking it away from him just as he begins to feel he has conquered all things and is ready to sink into soothing sleep, and he has the fight all over again.

Do not such acts teach that plastic, unfolding mind that he is to win with anger, cries, blows, and ugly words the things most desired in life; that he must fight fiercely for the very food which bounteous nature has supplied and placed above the heart which should love him best in all the world, and that unless held onto with both lips and hands continuously, it may slip away from him when so hardly won? If this is true of the veriest necessities, how much more true of other and more difficult things? Is it any wonder that this child learns to run a swift race, watching everyone who dares to aspire to the object of his efforts, feeling both hatred and envy, and dealing rudely and summarily with all such?

There is also the mother who teaches her baby, as soon as his tiny hand can grasp a whip or stick, to beat her, his father, the other children, whether relatives or visitors, the dogs, the cats, and whatsoever else may stay about the home, until they cry and beg for him to stop. And this is done for no other reason than that she may be entertained or that he

## EMBROIDERY PATTERNS

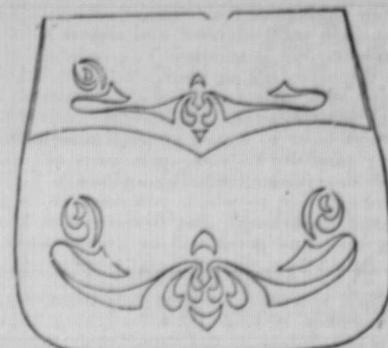
We have arranged for a new embroidery pattern service which will give our lady readers an opportunity to produce some pretty and effective fancy-work. Full and simple instructions are given with the patterns for stamping and working. These patterns can be secured by sending 10 cents to the Pattern Department, Grain Growers' Guide, Winnipeg, stating the number of the pattern desired. It will take from ten days to two weeks to secure these patterns, as they are sent direct from the publishers.



615—Design for an Embroidered Center Cloth Twenty-Two Inches in Diameter. The design can be obtained for doilies nine inches in diameter (612) and six inches in diameter (617).



641—Design for a Scalloped Edge to be Bound or Embroidered. The scallops are five and one half inches wide and two and one quarter inches deep. Three yards are given.



624—A Design for an Embroidered Wrist Bag in Bulgarian Style, Including the Outline of the Bag.

## PATTERNS

No. ....  
Name .....  
Address .....

may laugh instead of cry. Can these lessons, given so early in life, when the unfolding mind is full of eagerness to learn and equally anxious to apply what he has learned, be productive of other results than the formation of unlovely and undesirable qualities, which later on, when the boy enters school, will lead to fights, unpopularity, and animosities? though he is fortunate there, because in a majority of instances the other boys teach him many valuable lessons with their willing fists and he leaves many objectionable qualities on the ground.

Some one may say this is an unusual case and can only occur in mothers who have been born in the lower walks of life, or among the uneducated women who do not realize the far reaching influence of early lessons. This is not true. I have seen women who were refined and cultivated, daughters of the best men of the country, distinguished men of brains and eminence, tease their babies into a rage to amuse themselves, and then give them a whip to beat a dog, the cat, the floor, the bed, a chair, or anything else within reach—including the mother—to get them in a good humor.

As a rule, some years later these mothers tell their sympathizing friends how very bad their boys are—unless the husband happens to be an unusual man, with much forbearance, sense and firmness. All hold up their hands in horror and declare with one voice, "Well, it can't be helped. He was just born bad. Don't you remember how he used to beat the other children, and even his mother, when he was nothing but a baby? Yes, he was born bad and cruel. What's born in the blood can't be taken out."

In the meantime the boy is growing in strength and intelligence, and is finding larger and better opportunities for venting his unkind temper on others, for hurting and wounding whatsoever opposes or thwarts him. Sometimes this child finds a teacher who is wise enough, kind enough, and strong enough to appeal to that good which was born in him and is his divine gift from his father, God, the All-Good, and he thus is saved to usefulness and common sense, growing into a wise, kind, and thoughtful man, as God meant he should. Then the mother and her friends say, "I knew he would be all right. He was bound to be so; he inherited it. He is just like Judge So-and-So, or Dr. So-and-So," some uncle or grandfather. The teacher or friend who found the boy's soul and brought his love into manifestation is remembered only by the boy and God.

The pet scheme of many mothers is to frighten their children into obedience by stories of the evil one who comes around to whip bad boys and girls; of the great wolf that lies in wait in the darkness outside, to eat them if they are disobedient; or of the "bad man" who will burn them in the lake of fire and brimstone when they are dead, if they do this or that; and other stories of like character, until fear is the predominant note in the child's make-up. By and by everybody laughs at the boy who has been taught thus; and the very mother who trained him in fear denies him the sympathy that should be his and turns away from him, saying with a toss of her head, "Well, I don't know where he got it; but I can tell you there are no cowards on my side of the house." The father, being a wise man, knows his boy is all right, and takes him in hand. He deals with him firmly, kindly, encouragingly, but sympathetically, and soon the fear that froze the blood at that unshapely monster moving in the distance is merged into laughter as investigation proves it to be the old white cow he knows and loves so well. Before other people realize it, the good father with his love and confident statements, has led the boy back into his own.

In the home where the mother and father are like minded, and the teachers nervous, narrow, impatient and pessimistic, which, thank God, rarely happens, these unfortunately placed children follow the bent received in babyhood and grow into vindictive, and intolerant men and women, some of them finally becoming criminals, not because they are born bad. Even these criminals, if dealt with wisely and kindly while young, are many times reclaimed by the deeds or words awaking the love within—the good born within every tiniest atom of humanity. Sometimes the truth comes to the hardened criminal lying alone and forgotten in a prison cell, with none to love or care save the shamed and sorrowing mother and the all-loving God.

Continued Next Week