

The Country Homemakers

CONDUCTED BY FRANCIS MARION BEYNON

A SHORT RACE AND A SWIFT ONE

The day has almost-gone by for offering to our readers arguments in favor of woman suffrage. So much has been said about it during the last three years that those who are not already convinced of the righteousness of it must be so deeply dyed in prejudice that nothing but experience will convince them of its beneficent effects.

That experience is coming—and shortly. The question today is whether you, my friend, are to have the privilege of helping to bring it to pass. The opportunity to be a factor in such a great world-movement may not come to you again in a lifetime. Make use of your chance while you may.

In the province of Manitoba the all-important feature of this work today is getting the petitions signed.

Most of you know that Premier Norris has promised to grant the women the franchise on the same terms as men upon being presented with a petition signed by fifteen per cent. of as many adult women as there were men voting in the last election.

Petition blanks have been prepared and will be distributed to anyone in the country who is willing to take them about and get signatures. If you are willing to help in this way write at once to Mrs. F. J. Dixon, Suite 22, Tremont Apts., Sherbrooke St., Winnipeg, Man.

Please Remember

To state how many blanks you are likely to need. There is room for thirty names on each.

That only women may sign this petition.

That an adult woman is one who is twenty-one years of age. Being married and a mother does not make a woman an adult in the eyes of the law.

That failure to comply with these rules makes your petition useless.

Arguments

If, in your canvassing, you encounter women who are not quite converted to your cause you may tell them that we want a voice in making the laws;

Because in this province the father is the sole guardian of the children and may dispose of their futures as he sees fit.

Because, as the law stands today, a man can be sent to jail for fourteen years for stealing anything from a railway-carriage and for only five years for participating in the white slave traffic.

Because a man and woman can come out to this province and build up a fine farm and large holdings of stock thru their combined labor, and the man may either sell it or will it away from his wife.

Because our country values its women citizens so lightly—even those who are working from morning till night over Red Cross supplies—that if one of them were to marry a Dane tomorrow, she would automatically become a citizen of Denmark. It is assumed that she becomes thereby the property of her husband.

Any one of these laws should be enough to complete the conversion of the wavering ones.

FRANCIS MARION BEYNON.

FROM A MINISTER'S DAUGHTER

Dear Miss Beynon:—It is with a peculiar interest I have read the letters concerning ministers—their lives—their imperfections, etc. Some of the writers have certainly revealed shallow minds and great ignorance, and, in some cases, also a bitter unfriendliness which seemed to be the main selfish reason for standing opposed to a just cause.

I am a minister's daughter and a farmer's wife, and will say a few things I know—not merely imagine. My father is typical of thousands of ministers. I know whereof I speak, for I have also attended a school, one department of which is a theological seminary, and during my years there learned a great deal about the lives of

these ministers—our school seeming as one big family. I cannot remember one out of the hundreds who was rich or lazy. I know many had faults, and I know also they battled to conquer their faults.

But to go back to my father—he was poor, borrowed money for his education which must afterwards be paid out of—not wheat crops—but a very meagre salary. He married young and has since raised a large family. Now, after forty years of toil and struggling he is simply worn out. It is only about three weeks ago he came home sick and broken down after a series of meetings. He has now resigned from his late position. No work, no income. It is only the last year his salary was as high as \$75.00 per month. For ten years we lived in a little country town, my father ministering to the congregations of four churches, separated by many miles. He must keep a horse and buggy, and to these places he drove, week in, week out, in sweltering heat, and fearsome blizzards, that sent us on our knees to implore God to bring our father safely home. Many a time has he come stumbling thru the doorway, icicles at eyelashes, eyebrows and hair, formed by the sweat as he had battled thru the snow, walking by the side of

One who "wished to further real Christianity" (what is real Christianity?)—slandering the ministers, making vices out of their human imperfections? declares they, the ministers, of course, ought to be willing to preach the gospel, "salary or no salary." Bread and clothing do not grow of themselves in a minister's home any more than in yours. Would it be very creditable to a minister to answer his little ones, begging for bread and warmth, "No, dears, it would not be right for me to expect anything from the people for my work amongst them, unless they offer it. Run around till you get warm, and you will have to go to bed hungry while I go out to try to save the saloon-keepers and gamblers we know of, in the east end of the town, from going to hell. Perhaps our Heavenly Father will send us manna, as he did his people in the wilderness?"

No doubt there are lazy ministers existing, as well as lazy farmers, tho the latter have the advantage, as they can still profit thru hired help, if competent. What competent hireling will make a living for the preacher?

It is perfectly absurd to say or believe what "Anon" says in The Guide for July 21: "It appears that nearly

G. B. Boon, also that of "A Farmer." They do not talk what they imagine, but what they know and what anyone with commonsense and good judgment could see into.

There is one thing ministers must feel and that is the great responsibility connected with their work. They are stewards who must answer to God for the way they have used the talents entrusted to them. Do we feel such a responsibility? Perhaps many of us are only too anxious to shift it to where we think it belongs—on the ministers—and turning our backs to them, if by chance our conscience confronts us, we maybe are ready to answer as Cain of old, "Am I my brother's keeper?" Sincerely yours,

DAFFODIL.

"ARM-CHAIR" FARMING

Dear Miss Beynon:—With your permission I will take the opportunity to say a few things in answer to Helen Maloney. I do not know whether she is country or city bred, but somehow I gather that she does not belong to the country. If she did, I think she would be able to sympathize more with the country women; and find less room to criticize. How easy it is to sit at a desk in some city office and make copy out of the things that are not as they should be in the country.

I am a farmer's wife, the mother of four children, and have, at present, a family of nine to look after. I have seen something of life in three provinces, in the country, in town, in city, in villages, and I don't think any place could lay claim to a monopoly of dirty, nagging, childless women. You may find some of these wherever you go. Of course, you will not likely find any screaming chickens in the city, nor yet a cow to milk. That same cow might be the reason why the farm woman cannot put on her Sunday frock of an afternoon; for where is the woman who can milk cows without getting some spots on her clothes? And perhaps that same Sunday frock has to last more than the year she speaks of.

We get criticized for that, too; our old-fashioned clothes and our lack of a fluffy pompadour, and our hats set on our ears, etc., etc. It is so easy to see the unlovely side of anything; but sometimes we must strain our eyes to discern anything worthy, especially about the country and the folks in it.

Now, I am not saying that the things which have been written in this page at times are not true; but, while written about the country women the same could be said about plenty of women in the city or town. All the clean folks do not belong to the city; nor all the dirty ones to the country. But anyone who gives the matter a thought knows how much easier housekeeping is in town than it is on the farm. Not one woman in a dozen or a hundred in the city does as much work as the average farmer's wife. She has bread to bake, butter to make, and has her own washing, ironing, cooking, canning, paperhanging, sewing, etc., to do, besides gardening and poultry raising, and no woman who is not skilled in all these fine arts should think of making a home in the country. It takes a smart woman to be a successful farmer's wife.

Well, perhaps I have said enough, but I believe the majority of childless mothers, or those with but one child, belong to the city. The women there want to get out to bridge parties, or afternoon teas, or to see the sights. For that reason it ought to be easier for them to wear the necessary smile, for out here there is no diversion or recreation.

We certainly find it hard enough to live up to all the dictates of arm-chair farmers; even if it were possible to do so. Some of those should be transported to actual farms, and then we would see what kind of a fist they would make of it.

BLUEBELL.



A happy little Grain Grower

his intelligent, faithful horse. Do you know how much he was paid one whole year—an especially hard year for the farmers? If you wish the exact sum I can write and ask him, as I do not remember, but it was just near \$100, with occasional gifts of butter, eggs, and meat. How would you divide that on a family of eight or nine? Could it pay for the groceries, coats, shoes, medicines—for there was sickness and death in our family, too—until times grew better and the rest of the salary would be forthcoming? Oh, no! Mother made over and made over old clothes till there seemed nothing left that could stand the wear and tear of active school children, and took in two boarders (very "unminister-wifely") and worked early and late.

My parents managed to give to the seven of us children each an education. The older of us have been able to pay back to father the loans he had to make for us. The two youngest will soon be able to pay theirs.

The moving to towns a little larger than the town mentioned above, we have never lived in any house rent free, except the ones father had built, and if ministers in most of the large cities do, what about those in the thousands of small places. The people in far-away places and small towns wish to have the gospel preached to them, too, and how much can they usually offer a minister?

everyone but our ministers has to toil and sweat with that anxiety in mind" (saving money for old age). "Anon" also tells us that "miners, carpenters, farmers, railroad men, etc., toil very earnestly and many times with very little profit." And whom are they toiling for? Perhaps themselves alone, and trying every chance to get the better of their neighbors. We see that in town amongst the merchants and out here in the country amongst many of the farmers.

Notice this assertion, "The minister rarely misses a dollar of a large salary, and has very little expense." It might profit "Anon" to make some investigations. I can furnish at least fifty addresses of honest ministers who could and would give truthful information.

The farmer is mentioned who puts in ten to fourteen hours a day for a season, and you know very well that when the average farmer has worked for twenty and forty years, he is the owner of land, buildings, stock and machinery, and a bank account besides. Have you noticed all the automobiles around the country? How many are owned by ministers? With their large salary, and love of ease why do they not appear in their autos oftener?

Soldiers are pensioned, even those with rotten characters, for the good they have done their country during just a short time of their life.

I enjoyed very much the letter of T.