

The Country Homemakers

CONDUCTED BY FRANCIS MARION BEYNON

THE WORLD GOES BY By Arthur Goodenough

Sun-rise and moon-rise,
And lure of earth and sky;
Sun-rise and moon-rise
And echoes that reply;
With hours between to sigh in,
To laugh in and to cry in—
To dream in—and to die in—
And so the world goes by!

Sun-set and moon-set!
And bird and butterfly;
Sun-set and moon-set
And shadows dim which lie;
And happy days and drear days,
And bitter days and dear days,
And cloudy days and clear days—
And so the world goes by!

Sun-shine and star shine
And hopes unborn that cry;
Sun-shine and star shine,
And dreams that will not die,
With flight of rook and swallow,
And songs we fain would follow
Loud-flung from hill and hollow—
And so the world goes by!

Day-light and gray-light,
And wonder in the sky;
Day-light and gray-light,
And wings wherewith to fly;
And loss and death to grieve us
And frowning Fates to weave us
A shroud when breath shall leave us—
And so the world goes by!

Oak-leaf and ivy-leaf,
And laurel leaf and all;
And hero wreath and angel wreath
And something waxing small,
And base thoughts and holy thoughts
And silence—after all!

Green leaf and red leaf,
And rain-bow banded sky;
Spring home leaf and autumn leaf
And flowers that droop and die;
And birthday and bridal days
And none to tell us why!

THE MOVIES

It was a Saturday afternoon and the audience was mostly made up of children, many of them quite small, and this was the program:

The first number showed two merchants plying their trade in a little one-horse Western town, where they were the leading citizens and led the temperance procession and performed other moral feats. But once a year they went up to Chicago and had a week's spree on the pretext of a fall buying trip. The Sunday after their return they joined lustily in the singing of the hymn—

"Yield not to temptation,
For yielding is sin!"

This film was followed by a complicated story in which an old gentleman who gambled on the stock exchange stole and pawned what he thought was his daughter's pearl necklace to tide him over a nasty twist in the market. The necklace wasn't his daughter's. It had merely been given to her by her lover to keep until his return. The lover had been trusted with the sale of it by a woman friend. Well, anyway, the lover came back found the necklace gone and suspected the old man. He had just gone to his office, made him confess, and was looking at him very accusingly and scornfully when a clerk dashed in and told the old man that the market had turned and he was saved. Whereupon the lover grasped his hand and clapped him on the shoulder. One would gather that the old man's crime lay in the fact that he was likely to be caught. Mixed with this very probable tale there was a side story of domestic infelicity and four titled men pursuing the old gentleman's daughter for her money.

The third film showed two ragged looking tramps, of Mutt and Jeff proportions, in a bare and miserable room. They got up off the bed and threw off their cloaks, revealing evening dress, and departed thru a trap door in the floor. Their destination was a fashionable up-town residence, where a masked party was being given in honor of the daughter's debut. Here the big tramp saw a clever thief detach a pearl necklace from the neck of one of the girls, which he as cleverly stole from the original thief and which was stolen from him again by the little tramp. There was much horse-play on the part of the big tramp, who found the slippery dancing floor an insecure foothold, and this seemed to tickle the children immensely. Ultimately the tramps were caught and then they wakened up in the bare room and it was all a dream.

Then there was a story of a girl switchman who was working in her office when two tramps came in, clapped her into a cupboard, apparently without a word

of explanation, scattered her papers all over the floor, and accidentally or intentionally, it was not clear which, set fire to them. Then they hiked and the girl was seen beating frantically against the door. A freight train arriving in the nick of time, the crew saved the girl, dragging her out of the burning building just as the roof fell in. So far from being discomfited by the smoke and excitement the young lady, seeing that the tramps were getting off on the freight train, grabbed a revolver and pranced onto the moving train, where she held up the tramps, both of whom, after several slips, were captured.

The performance closed with a scene laid in an ultra-rural district and the subject of it was the rivalry of three young swains who were the suitors of a buxom widow. The prize fell eventually to the little chap who had the enterprise to buy a bicycle, of which the widow instantly became enamored. She signed the marriage contract on the spot to insure a convenient and uninterrupted use of the machine.

In the whole five numbers there was not a clever situation or one that bore the faintest resemblance to every-day life, and the humor depended for its appeal upon physical inequality and horse-play.

And this is the sort of thing that children are going to see, not once in months or weeks, but daily. It is about time that parents and educationalists seriously considered the effect this sort of thing is going to have on the rising generation. For, coming down to the last analysis, the people can get what they want



"THE GLORY OF DEPARTING DAY"
From a painting by Joseph Farquharson

if they demand it long and loudly enough. The moving picture theatre has come to stay, but it remains with us to say what ideals it shall put before the children.

FRANCIS MARION BEYNON.

A DOMESTIC PROBLEM

Dear Miss Beynon:—Your paper seems to be a help for those in trouble, so thought I would write and see if some of them could give me a little good advice. I have been married two years and a half and when we were first married I consented to go in and live with his family until the next fall, when he was to put up buildings on his own farm. But we are still here, and when I try to tell him I wish he would build, he gets cross and wants to know why I'm not satisfied here—aren't they using me right? We get along alright, but it's not home. I don't think it is because he doesn't care for me, but it has always been his home and he can't see why I'm not satisfied to stay here too. We have a little girl four months old now and I certainly do think we should have a home of our own, so if any of the Country Homemakers can help me any I would be so grateful.

Will sign myself

PERPLEXED.

THE MAN'S SIDE AGAIN

Dear Miss Beynon:—Having been a subscriber for years, I have always taken a great interest in the Homemakers page. The article by "Dinah," in the issue of Nov. 10, was interesting as well as amusing. I think if some women could look into the inmost thoughts of the average young man, they would see how some of their ideas would not work out as they believe they would. I am not very old myself, but

I would like to express a few thoughts on married life, and the independent wife. I suppose my ideas are similar to those of other young men, and the reason I place such importance on young men is that they will be the husbands (perhaps hen-pecked) of tomorrow. The women that are trying to make great strides in independence should study the effect it will have on the men. By independence here I don't mean independence in thought or action or anything in reason, but rather that attitude of opposition to their husbands or the efforts of men generally. Man and woman were placed on this old earth of ours to live together depending on each other, there is no getting away from that fact. Too much independence in women will widen the gulf between them and the men. Together we stand, divided we fall. Thousands of men, breadwinners, are struggling along in this Western land, working early and late. Why? Because women are depending on them, and the majority of them are making good. It's that dependence in women which is their chief charm. There is a danger that women will get so independent they will not need us men, or I am afraid men will not be brave enough to marry them. That would mean thousands more old maids, many more shop girls, factory girls, etc., etc. Matters would certainly be worse. I am in favor of women getting the vote. I believe their vote would help in getting some reforms which we need, but I am afraid that some day they will want a dower law or something else. I am not in favor of a dower law or any law forcing a man to hand over any portion of his property to his wife when he marries or after. It would be a huge detriment to the best interests of unmarried women of any age. The men would not know if the girls were marrying them for love, or for the benefits derived from the dower law.

An illustration—When I go out to vote, I vote against the party which has the most planks in their platform I don't want. Now, if I wanted to marry a girl, one plank would be girl, next dower law, next independence of action, next equal rights, etc. I would probably do without the girl before I would take on those planks I did not want.

Again, "Dinah" says she knows lots of women who cling to their husbands and take his word, his reasoning and his decision as final. I think that is one of those extreme views she speaks of, for I think that in most arguments it is the woman that has the doing finally.

I have been in many homes thru the West and I must say that in nearly every case there is a real partnership. Usually on the farm the wife is boss in the house and the man boss outside, but they generally work together for good. I think, when everything is summed up, that most women get all the comforts that their husbands can really afford.

Wishing the page every success, I'll sign myself

CHUCK.

SUNLIGHT KILLS MOTHS

"Look out for your woolens, furs and feathers!"

This is the warning which entomologists at the University of Wisconsin give to housewives who, in the rush of canning and preserving time, may have forgotten that the destructive clothes moth is now busily fluttering about on her nightly errands of mischief.

It is no wonder that when Mother spies a little yellowish-grey insect sailing about the reading-table lamp, the whole family begins frantically to slap their hands together in an effort to crush out the life of the small intruder. This universal pest, which prizes the scientific title of *tinia pellinocella*, arranges for the coming into the world of some very undesirable citizens. In dark corners and nooks it deposits tiny eggs from which hatch out small white worms with a highly developed appetite for expensive plumes and clothing. Through the depredations of its epicurean offspring, the moth time is thus indirectly responsible each year for damaging and ruining thousands of dollars' worth of clothing in Wisconsin homes.

Sunlight is one thing which the moth cannot survive. It can live and prosper in an atmosphere of moth balls, but dies in a short time when exposed to the direct rays of the sun. By thoroughly brushing clothes and hanging them in the sunlight for a day, moths can be easily and surely eliminated. Another method to rid clothes of the pests is to place them in a trunk or tight box and then put an ounce of carbon bisulphide in a dish in the top of the trunk, afterwards closing the lid.

NOT TAKING CHANCES

It was in the cyclone season, and a bad storm having arisen in the night, the family were hastily preparing to go to the cellar. Little Hilda was hunting about in a great furore, unheeding her mother's repeated commands to leave everything and hurry below. Her brother was finally obliged to go back and get her. As she was pulled along toward the cellar, the cause of her delay came out. "My stockin's ain't mates!" she protested indignantly, as she hung back and kicked. "Do you want me to be blowed 'way up in the air an' off to some other town in one tan stockin' an' one black one?"