

The Country Homemakers

Conducted by Francis Marion Beynon.

WOMAN'S UNNECESSARY MARTYRDOM

We women love to be martyrs. So we do the work of three people and glow all over with a feeling of self-righteousness and ache with weariness. Men don't like to be martyrs. They invent machinery to do the work of two and a half people and plume themselves on their extra cleverness.

I know of at least half a dozen farms in this province where there are three hundred and twenty to six hundred and forty acres of land clear. On these farms they have windmills to cut the chop for the animals and bring water into the barn. They have chutes to carry the grain down to the horses' mangers. They have binders and mowers, steam plows and automobiles. There is nothing to lighten the work of the farmer and his male help that has not been supplied.

But—in the house, there is not even a coal-oil stove to lessen the heat of the hot weather cooking. The washing is done by the old primitive method of rubbing on the board or the other almost equally trying work of running a hand machine. Such a thing as a mangle to smooth all the large clothes is undreamed of. The water is carried ten to twenty yards into the house and out again, a sink and a water supply being unnecessary luxuries. A vacuum cleaner is too good to be true, and in many of these houses there is not even a cistern and the soft water for washing has to be carried around the house from the caves at the side. Some day a sympathetic man will invent a really good and reasonably priced dish-washer and then that will be another thing that most women haven't which they might have.

Now I refuse to believe that the greed of the husbands is the only thing that keeps these well-to-do women from making their lives more livable. I fancy that in many cases it is because the women themselves have always been doing these things and they are slow to change. One reason why I think so is that in cases where it would not cost a cent, they do everything the hardest possible way. For instance, many women keep their spice boxes in the pantry—half a city block from their stoves—and they keep the long handled mixing spoons there, too. Over every stove there ought to be a little tin box of salt and pepper at least. On hooks beside them there should be spoons and forks for stirring.

The other day I got a circular from an American firm showing a kitchenette which is a larger member of the kitchen cabinet family, with more closet and table space. They illustrated kitchens built with one or two of these kitchenettes arranged conveniently around the sink and stove, and the pantry eliminated and showed the saving in steps on the part of the housewife. As I looked at it, with its beautiful arrangements for lighting, it struck me that we don't study our kitchens enough. We don't pay the least attention usually as to whether we have arranged our windows so that the worker will always have to stand in her own light. We let the builder put in a window wherever he thinks a window ought to go and then we abide patiently by the unhappy result. We keep the supplies away off in the pantry, so that when there is any baking to be done we have to make the longest possible journey from the baking table to get them.

Some builders in this city have even taken to putting the pantries at the end of the partition between the kitchen and diningroom, so that you have to go through it on an angle to get from one room to the other, and only the other day I heard of a house where it was necessary to walk up the hall about five feet to the diningroom. Only a man with his eyes shut could have designed such a house.

Frankly I don't think that the ideal kitchen, where the maximum of work can be done in the minimum of time, will ever be realized until woman takes the problem in hand herself. Let each of us begin on it.

FRANCIS MARION BEYNON.

Never does a man portray his character more vividly than in his manner of portraying others.

ONE WAY FOR A WIFE TO SHARE PROPERTY

Dear Miss Beynon:—If a title of land is written, "Mr. Jones and his wife, Mary," will that title or deed entitle the wife to one half of same, or how must it be written to entitle wife to an equal share? Would the wife's share go to her children in case of her death or back to her husband?

Would you print information concerning same in The Guide?

TRUTH.

Answer.—If title is made to "Mr. Jones and his wife, Mary," wife is owner of a one half undivided interest. The proper way is to set out both parties' names in full. In case of death, one third would go to husband and remainder to children. Of course, wife may dispose of her property by will as she chooses.

HATS OUTRAGEOUS IN COST.

Dear Miss Beynon:—Although never having had occasion to wear mourning, I have often thought it a senseless and expensive custom. I understand that mourning goods, hats, veils, etc., are more expensive than other colors. It looks as if the merchants are taking advantage of people's bereavement and are exacting a greater profit from these goods because they know that people consider mourning apparel as indispensable.

I have often told my sisters never to wear mourning for me because they, being obliged to earn their own living, would indeed find it a hardship to be

to get and I think that is the chief reason for the expensiveness of it.

F.M.B.

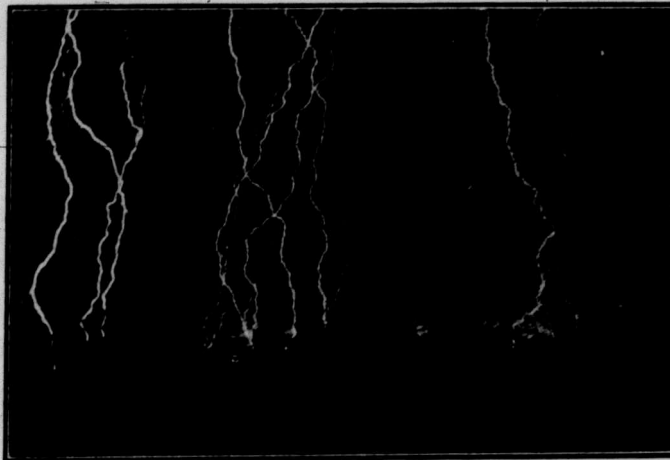
HOW DO YOU MAKE THE BUTTER GATHER?

Dear Miss Beynon:—I must let you know how much I enjoy your pages of The Guide. I think they are just great. I see some of the readers say they do not agree with everything written. Well, neither do I, but it would never do for us all to think alike.

I am coming for help. Will someone tell me what to do to make the butter gather? I sometimes churn for an hour and butter will not gather, which makes it tiresome, especially when there is so much other work to do, as there is on the farm.

Here is a help especially at threshing time. Make a plain standard cake recipe, double its size and put one half in two jelly cake plates and the other half in a plain cake pan and bake and you will have two cakes in the same time as it takes to make one. I put chocolate or any icing on the long pan of cake and jelly in between layers.

Here is a recipe for lemonade syrup. Two cups sugar, two cups water. Let boil 15 minutes, let cool and add half ounce citric acid, beaten to a powder, mixed with two tablespoons essence of lemon to the syrup; bottle for use. Two tablespoons of this to one glass of water makes a nice summer drink when lemons



A remarkable picture of lightning, in which some of the streaks show black

obliged to make a complete change in their wardrobes. I only hope to see the day when the custom will be completely abandoned. Do you not think this custom of buying costly flowers for caskets rather overdone? I know some people who have done this and really they could not afford it, but "Everybody else does," they say, and they seem to think the world would not consider their grief and sympathy just as sincere if some cheaper flowers were sent.

There is another thing I would like to see the women of this country go on strike against and that is the exorbitant price of millinery. If we did not have to buy a hat in the beginning of each season, we might have another suit to wear. A hat or covering of some kind is a necessity, but why these befuddled and befuddled things that the sun soon fades and the first rain gives it a death warrant? And what is more, the milliners ask a little fortune for them. Tag-day for the sanatorium would not be quite so necessary if fewer hats of the tinsel variety were worn. When will women learn to use common sense in their dress, like the men? Men wear caps and pull them well down over their heads when it is frosty, but women stick on a little disc of felt, with a blue-jay sitting on the top of it, and go out at 30 and 40 below, together with a wind. The doctors must smile when they see some women on the street and go home and take an inventory of their drugs on hand.

SHORTY.

I think perhaps you are a little hard on the merchants in regard to mourning goods. A really beautiful black dye is one of the hardest things in the world

are scarce, as they are 35 miles from town. I will sign myself

CHERRY BLOSSOM.

HUMILIATING THE CHILD

By Dennis H. Stovall, in Mothers' Magazine

Nothing wounds the heart of a child more keenly than humiliation. It is a form of punishment that needs to be administered with caution. There are times, perhaps, when good may come through this method of chastisement, but so rare are these occasions that the safe rule is to avoid it altogether. A child can easily detect the difference between wise correction and overhumiliation. The one leads to immediate improvement, the other brings a season of heart-breaking sorrow or stubborn resentment.

Happy is that home in which there is no self-appointed critic—that cold-eyed individual who is always and forever taking notice of the undesirable things the younger members of the family do, picking out the faults, and bringing out for inspection the unfortunate habits that the boy or girl is making a good fight to subdue. The mother or the father, the older brother or sister, the uncles and aunts who appoint themselves critics for the young, are sometimes more harmful than all the evils against which the brave boy and girl fight and struggle. A mother will sometimes thoughtlessly, while calling or being called upon, use the greater part of the half-hour, or hour, telling of the "bad" and "naughty" things her little boy or girl has been doing. The poor child, helpless and unable to defend itself, must sit in silence and endure the ordeal. And, as hinted, its heart is either wounded forever, or is calloused with indifference.

The writer is intimately acquainted with a family in which the children are never made to suffer the torture of overhumiliation. Obedience is a strict rule in this family, and a sharp line is drawn between right and wrong, but the method of correction or punishment is never overhumiliation. If a child commits a wrong, whether wilfully or thoughtlessly, the mother calls him gently to her room and the two of them talk it over. Scolding is never done in the presence of strangers, and punishment is never administered in the presence of the family. When at table, instead of talking of disagreeable and undesirable things, the good, the pure, the noble and the brave are brought to the fore. The motto of this happy family (and it is truly happy) is: "If I can't speak well of a person or thing, I will not speak at all."

How do they dispose of their faults and mistakes? In just the same open-hearted manner with which they conduct every phase and feature of the family life. Absolute confidence exists between the children and the parents. When a boy commits a wrong, if he is a very small boy, he goes at once to his mother and tells her of it. If he is an older boy, he goes to his father and makes the same frank confession. The boy was taught from earliest childhood that he can use his faults for self-improvement if only he will try. So he has no hesitancy in going to his father or mother with them. The rest of the family may never know what the faults were or how they occurred.

THE IMPORTANCE OF SLEEP

By Emily F. Yorke

The child because of its ceaseless activity during its waking hours, and the constant demand made upon its strength and nervous energy by rapid growth, requires far more sleep than the adult, and feels the lack of an adequate supply much more keenly, its system demonstrating any privation in this respect by fretfulness and temper spells. No child can sleep restfully if it must share its bed with another, and it is positively injurious to a little one to sleep with an aged person, no matter how strong the affection that exists between the two. Each child should have its own bed, even if this be the simplest cot, where the restless movements of another will not disturb it, and it should be so warmly covered that plenty of fresh air can be admitted to the bedroom without chilling it. Up to the seventh year—longer if there is a predisposition toward nervousness—the child should be allowed to wake of its own accord, and if it goes to bed in a dark, quiet, well-ventilated room at a properly early hour it will not want to sleep late, but will awake with the birds, rested, cheerful and alert. Dr. Clement Dukes has arrived at a sort of general average of the amount of sleep desirable for children of varying ages; according to which from the fifth to the tenth year a sliding scale from thirteen and a half to eleven and a half hours of sleep are required, which means the child must be in bed and asleep by seven or thereabouts if it is to be up at by half-past six in the morning. From the twelfth to the sixteenth year eleven to nine hours are needed. To secure this amount of sleep for her children necessitates considerable planning, much determination and very possibly some self sacrifice on a mother's part, but the establishing of tranquil, restful sleep habits is well worth special effort, for nothing is more beneficial to the human system at any time of life. Accustom the child to sleeping without a night light, and carefully guard it from any suggestion which may create fear of the dark. Show it the beautiful stars, show it, too, that there is never a total absence of light out of doors after the eyes have become accustomed to the dark.

WANTS SUPPER DISHES

Last year some one was asking about tomato jam. I will send some recipes along later on, but not too late to be useful. I wish some one would send in some good supper dishes, other than fried potatoes; something not too difficult to prepare. It would help me out a lot.

ZEPHYR.

