

The Country Homemakers

Conducted by Francis Marion Beynon

CLEAN MILK

There is an interesting account in the January number of the Mother's Magazine of a model dairy started by a woman at Norfolk, Massachusetts. On this dairy farm the barns are made with cement floors draining into a cement-lined tight cistern from which the contents is pumped for fertilizing purposes. These floors are washed daily. Along the walls are many windows, affording the ventilation and sunshine, which it seems are as necessary to the health of cows as of people. Before each milking the sides and udders of the cows are carefully washed and wiped and everything the milk touches is thoroughly sterilized. The milk is bottled and immediately cooled to a temperature of forty-five degrees, when it will keep sweet for weeks.

As I read this article I thought with a shock of horror of the dark steaming sod stables we used to have on the farm and remembered, too, that the hired men often went out and stirred the old bossies up out of their manury bed and wetting the udders with milk allowed the dirt from them to drip into the pail.

It is unnecessary for you to protest that you cannot afford to build model dairies to house your two or three cows. That is obviously true, but it would not cost much to put windows in the stable, and the hours of time that many men and boys on farms spend in the house during the winter playing checkers or cards might profitably be expended in giving the cattle a clean place to live in. It is probable that a large part of the masculine readers will rise up and declare that they have not a minute to spare in the winter, but when I was in the country they spent a good deal of time with their feet elevated on the stove damper.

It will not cost anything either for the milker to come to his work with spotless hands and a clean jacket that does not drip straw and manure.

Carelessness in handling milk is not by any means all traceable to the men's part in the work. I have often seen milk pails washed out with dish cloths that have been used for weeks and left rolled up in the bottom of the dish pan between meals so that the food particles have the best possible chance of decaying.

I have seen milk strained thru a piece of cheesecloth that was simply rinsed out of lukewarm water and thrown over a line in the kitchen to collect as many germs as possible between milkings.

With all these fruitful sources of dirt and disease the wonder to me is that all the kiddies who drink of this tainted milk are not sickly and the only explanation seems to be that country life is otherwise so healthy that it counteracts the bad effects of such pernicious articles of food.

FRANCIS MARION BEYNON.

AN ABLE ADVOCATE OF SUFFRAGE

Dear Miss Beynon:—I may as well confess at first that I come firstly as an advocate of votes for women, also that I am not now open to conviction along the anti-line. I think I have heard, read or imagined everything that could be said, pro or con, on the subject and am more firmly convinced as the years go by that we need, and in justice should have, the franchise.

I am not one of those who believe that all the world's wrongs will be righted the morning after the last woman gets the vote, but I do believe that it is a step in the right direction. Nor do I believe that all men are brutes and all women angels, but that has nothing whatever to do with the franchise.

I can't for the life of me get the viewpoint of a woman who disparages her own sex. She must take one of two positions: either she is bad herself or she considers herself superior to the rest of her kind. Does Wolf Willow intend us to believe that if she were on a jury she would find it impossible to grant justice to a woman who was better looking or better dressed than herself? I fancy I hear her indignant denial. Then by what method does she reason that the rest of us would be so empty-headed?

There is not one of Wolf Willow's arguments that is not as applicable to the male as the female voter. Miss M. Lathrop tells a story that fits in here so

well I'll just repeat it. She was conversing with a man who was opposed to the measure. After listening to her arguments he said, "I'll admit, Miss Lathrop, if all women were as intelligent and discriminating as you are they might vote, but they are not. Now, for instance, do you consider your cook capable of exercising the franchise intelligently?" "I do not know as to cook's capability," replied she, "but he does vote."

There are bad women in the world as well as men, but they are in the minority. To hear Wolf Willow's lament one would think these poor painted creatures were around as thick as mosquitoes; and by the way they are painted and are well known and the man whom they tempt is usually looking for the temptation. Quite the reverse with the immoral man who may occupy the front pew in the most fashionable church in the city. There are hundreds of country polls where an immoral woman would not vote once in a life time.

All the same she has just as much right to vote as the immoral man and there is just as much reason to disfranchise the good man because of the bad as to disfranchise the good woman because of her fallen sister. And another thing, Wolf Willow, it is not the earnest, progressive

settling difficulties between gentlemen were met with storms of abuse and were called names almost as charming as that hurled by Wolf Willow at the peace advocates of today. Nevertheless, the day of the duel is past and war is on the down grade. I am pleased to know that some of the grandest men of the age are among the degenerate he-suffragettes, Woodrow Wilson and Wm. J. Bryan, for example. I also saw the editor of our beloved Guide described in one of our large dailies as "one of the ablest peace advocates in Canada." Practically all our prominent women are on the side of peace too, so I feel that I am in good company; but even were I alone I could never look at war as anything but a remnant of savagery.

Far away fields look green, Wolf Willow. If you came to Manitoba you could find roads and educational matters in as much need of attention as those in Alberta, and a \$2,500,000 appropriation for roads does not amount to much when it is known that a general election is in the near future. Apropos of Sir R. Roblin, what unanimity there is among the antis. Here is Wolf Willow against female suffrage because her sons will be contaminated at the polls, while Sir Rodmond opposes it because he would not care to

families, but contributing to the keep of hired men as well, by milking from four to nine cows twice a day, churning butter, raising all kinds of poultry and pig feeding, and in nearly every case the produce is given away for checks at the stores, groceries, etc., which keep the home going. Of course there are some exceptions, but they are few and far between. I myself knew nothing of farm life when I came out here, having been reared entirely in the city, but I managed fine right from the first, and quite a pile of my produce now goes to the store. I do all kinds of outside work thru the summer, but never in winter. But, "Mere Man," I do not know what an idle moment is, nor do I wish to, and I am quite sure none of my sisters on farms do either.

May the good works of Miss Beynon and others continue and God grant their efforts may be crowned with success, for it is not "idle women," but honest, true, hard working women who want the vote, and like myself could find time for it, just the same as I find time to love and caress my "dear wee girlie" when she comes to me twenty times a day and more to put her arms round my neck and whisper "I love you, mama."

I will now close with sincere wishes to Miss Beynon and all members for a Bright and Prosperous New Year.

ENGLISH ROSE.

BRANDON WINTER FAIR

The woman's section of the Winter Fair at Brandon, which opened so auspiciously last March, promises to be more than ever interesting this spring. The crowds which attended last year were so large that President McGregor and Manager Smale have decided that this year the woman's section will be held in the Armory building, which is just across the street from the Winter Fair. Already Manager Smale has his plans drawn up for putting in larger equipment and generally making it more comfortable for the women who attend, and special attention will be given to making it easy for the women to follow the cooking demonstrations. These demonstrations will this year be in charge of Mrs. Chas. Gray, of Chicago.

Mrs. Gray, who before her marriage was Grace Viall, is a Ph. B., Ed. B. of the University of Chicago, from which institution she graduated in 1906 and immediately took up the work of instructor of Home Economics in Rockford College for Women, Rockford, Ill. She spent three years there with great success, and then accepted the head of the Home Economics Department of the Illinois Woman's College at Jacksonville, where she spent a year. From there she went to the position of associate professor of Home Economics in the Iowa State College, Ames, Iowa.

While at Ames Miss Viall, now Mrs. Gray, had a great deal of experience in college extension work and has addressed many meetings and given demonstrations before thousands of women from the farms of the state of Iowa.

In addition to her work as a teacher of Domestic Science, Mrs. Gray, both before and since her marriage, has been a Chautauqua and extension lecturer. She is national vice-president of the Associated Clubs of Domestic Science. She is on the faculty of the People's Institute of Domestic Economy. She is a regular contributor to the "Country Gentleman" and a contributor to the "North American," which has a very large syndicate connection thru which her articles go practically all over the United States.

Owing to the fact that practically all the Domestic Science teachers are very busy with their own work at that season, the board was finding difficulty in securing help along this line and are warmly appreciative of Mrs. Gray's willingness to come to their assistance. In addition to the demonstrations of cooking there will be addresses by a number of prominent women speakers, and other features which have not been fully determined upon. However, the farmer women of Manitoba will make no mistake in putting down March 2 to 6 in their diaries and keeping these dates open for the Brandon Winter Fair.

THE LONE PINE

BY H. BEDFORD-JONES

Dawn on the mist; above the trees
A lonely pine uprears
Long ghost-hung branches to the breeze,
Scarred with the olden years.

The mist writhes upward, at the spell
Of some far-hidden bird;
But clearer grows the sentinel,
His brethren dim and blurred.

So stand, my soul, amid thy fears
High over wind and wraith;
Across the darkling drift of years
A sentinel to faith!

woman who is looking for the vote, who smiles on the male villain and pulls her skirts close when she passes his victim.

Evidently Wolf Willow does not believe in trying to bring about the time when the nations shall beat their swords into plow shares. I would like her, or any one else, for I've seen the comparison made before, to tell me the resemblance between the police of our cities and the army of any nation. The police are to protect respectable citizens from the criminal class, while armies are trained to kill and maim those who are every whit as good as they are and, moreover, are just as likely to be in the right as themselves. Might is not right, too often the opposite. There is nothing to hinder the first class nations of the world—England, United States, Germany, etc.—from agreeing to reduce their armaments and maintain among them a police squadron to see that second class or semi-civilized nations keep treaties and behave themselves generally. All disputes to be settled by an arbitration commission. Some wars in the past may have been righteous, but surely we are a little nearer the Christian ideal than we were sixty years ago. It may be glorious to die for one's country, but it is more glorious, more difficult and a great deal more sensible to live for it. The first people who opposed the duel as a means of

see exalted womanhood in the mire of dirty politics! Rather he is afraid that with her house cleaning propensities she might undertake to clean up the political situation and then—

CANDOR.

COULD FIND TIME TO VOTE

Dear Miss Beynon:—I am coming once again if I may. First let me thank you for little booklets, they are splendid. Many a mother will, I am sure, feel the benefit of them. I wrote a letter intended for you some weeks back, but was unable to get it posted, in which I offered to help "Cinderella," but I see in Guide, December 24, that she has all the help at present needed.

I also read in same Guide that "Another Mere Man" thinks idle women want the vote. It is a pity he wasted his valuable time in writing those "idle words," but perhaps he is like many more men in this country, got nothing better to do thru the winter months, while their poor wives are working finger-ends to the bone summer and winter alike to help keep the farm home going. "Men support their wives," he says. May I ask where they are, not any on the farms, for most of those I see around me, and I am pretty sure it is the same all over, have got wives who are supporting the homes, not only helping to feed and clothe large